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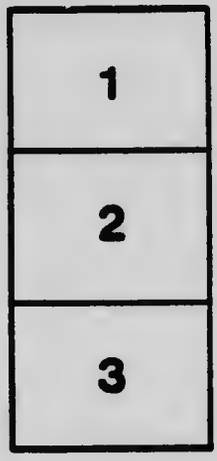

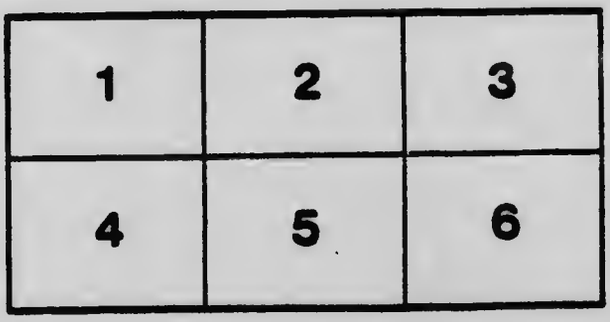

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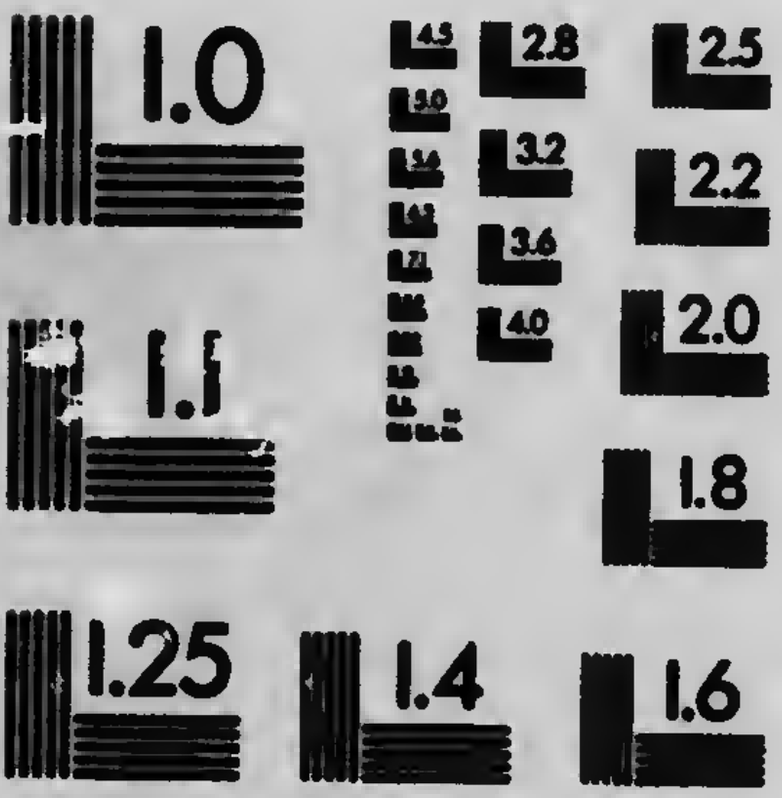

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LEAVES
FROM A

HOBO'S DIARY

OR

HOW
TO
TRAVEL
WITHOUT
MONEY

LEAVES

FROM A

HOBO'S DIARY

OR

How to Travel Without Money

BY A HOBO

Author of a "Trip to Maoriland"

"*Fact is better than fiction, if only we get it pure.*"—EMERSON

Montreal

1911

"THE HOBO."

PREFACE

In penning these pages, my prir.. .r .. .hought was to condnce to the passing away of an idle hour by a few of my intimate friends, friends who knew this particular hobo when he was on the shady side of the social scale, in fact, was comparatively "down and out," and if there was any particular cause for my pulling up and making an effort to "make good" it was so as to get the good opinion of those few but earnest friends who stood by me at that time, and from thence right np to the present moment. In fact, but for them, these pages would not have been written, for I would not have been alive, or, if alive, a physical and moral wreck.

This is not a .. .ication, but those to whom I have allu.ed will understand, ar .. believe that the motive underlying these pages will be apparent, as I hope it will, to any others who may happen to pick np this itinerary of a genuine hobo.

In using the term "hobo" I allude to the Genus Homo who is born with the lust of travel, and not being born with necessary means, takes his own particular way of accomplishing the desired result.

JOHN ROBIN.

INTRODUCTION

Having been repeatedly asked to give an account of my travelling experiences by sea and land, I have at last done so, though with as much trepidation as it is possible for a hobo to feel. There will be one phase to this, and that is, like the Irish pilot, I have been through it all, and have done my best to take my readers with me from start to finish.

Speaking of the Irish pilot, it was thus. A vessel was on the Coast of Ireland, and was in due course boarded by a man who claimed to be a pilot, and so informed the captain. In course of conversation the captain remarked that he supposed that, as a pilot, he knew every rock on the coast, and was replied to in the affirmative. The words were hardly out of the said pilot's mouth, when the vessel crashed on to a rock, when he calmly said, "There's one of them."

One difference to the foregoing will eventuate, that is in taking my readers with me on my travels, I will bring them back again to the starting point, without mishap, and perchance having enjoyed the lights and shadows of a hobo's life, in any case, I hope they will pardon the many faults and see only the lighter elements therein.

Leaves from a Hobo's Diary

It is an old quotation, and ofttimes used, "That extremes meet!" and in many senses is often aptly illustrated on this mundane sphere. As an introduction to the individual travels of this particular hobo, I might use his own quotation, that the hobo proper is one of Nature's gentlemen, and he starts out to prove his assertion.

The "Hobo" (excuse the placing of the hobo first, but I believe he is entitled to the place) and the millionaire's habits are the same, though varying in the manner of procedure. For example, the summer season is approaching and the millionaire hies himself to the country and its verdant pastures; so does the hobo, with only this difference. The rich hobo travels in a Pullman surrounded with every comfort, while the poor hobo steals a ride in or on a freight car, but he gets there just the same. The one puts up at a palatial hotel, the other has to seek a "hand-out" (and right here the rich man would pay out a good round sum if he could enjoy his food with as much relish as his poorer confrere, for hunger is the finest sauce ever invented). Then, again, perhaps the one has made up his mind to take a trip to Europe. So does the other. The one travels by one of the large floating hotels, the other wends his way down to the dock and secures a job on some cattle boat, when (if he gets anything at all) he may get the immense remuneration of $5.00 or $10.00 for the round trip, but he is as happy as the proverbial sand-boy. One reason is, he is not bothered about his wardrobe, neither as to pattern or quality, and usually starts off with what he stands up in. If in luck, he may have got hold of a pair of overalls, a worn-out shirt with an extra pair of old shoes, and deems himself well fitted out for his trip.

On arrival, they both enjoy themselves in the manner they seek, and return in due course and tell their friends of their trip to Europe, and so on *ad lib*. But to return to where I intended to start.

It is with deep regret that I start these leaves, different to the orthodox writer, inasmuch as I was not born of "poor but honest" parents, for my dad kept a store, and was, no doubt, as honest as it was possible for a storekeeper to be.

On the 22nd of August, 1840, a great and memorable event took place in the Island of Guernsey. To be strictly truthful, this great event was confined to two individuals, my parents. As far as I could gather (of course it was some time after before I was told) I was very much like other babies, but displayed great vocal powers and a capacity for getting rid of a large quantity of food, etc. In fact, one old lady declared that I was capable of eating tin-tacks and such like without suffering any ill effects therefrom. Well, it came in handy through many of the years that followed, for tin-tacks would have been a light dessert compared with some of the ship-biscuit I have had to eat since.

The first four years were uneventful, when my parents took a notion of pulling up stakes and making tracks for Brooklyn, N.Y., and right here is where my travels first commenced. Regarding the incidents of this voyage, my memory is not very reliable, which, of course, cannot be wondered at. But after the usual hardships attendant on a voyage of this kind over half a century ago, we arrived at our destination, which fact did not affect me to any great extent, though I was given to understand later, that then, as since, I put everybody to as much trouble as it was possible for a precocious kid to formulate.

In due course my father started a tailoring business on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, and as per advertisement "everything was of the best and all wool." As a location for me, he could not have picked out a more suitable one, for a little way further up the Avenue was an orchard, where I, with other "bright spirits," learned the art of climbing to the detriment

of our clothes and the near possibility of a broken neck, these expeditions generally resulting in my going to bed supperless and standing up to eat my meals for a day or two.

I may say that right here my hobo proclivities began to display themselves, for one day a funeral passed the store, and I with several other urchins took it into our heads to follow it, plodding along the whole way to Greenwood Cemetery. In due course of time, after a fruitless search in all my old haunts, the police were duly notified, and were just going to have Canary Pond dragged, when they heard that something answering my description had been seen playing marbles outside the principal gate at Greenwood, and sure enough there I was, utterly unconcerned as to the hereafter, though, on being delivered at home, I was painfully reminded that time brought its penalties to the evil doer.

After two years, my parents decided to return to their island home, and not having succeeded in losing me, took me with them. Here, on arrival, my usual luck stood by me, for having to land in a small boat, nothing must do but that I enliven things by falling overboard. Any ordinary child would have been drowned, but there are some things you cannot kill.

I have heard some folks speak lovingly of their school days. Not me. From my point of view, I did not see the necessity of a school. I with others playing truant at every opportunity, getting thrashed both at school and at home (both ends as it were), but that had no more effect than pouring water on a duck's back, and I am, to this day, not sure whether we lost much by playing truant, but I am sure we enjoyed the sunshine and the out-door life. This reminds me of the two small boys who were kept home from school as it was raining hard. An hour or so after, the two boys were up to their necks in a duck pond. Said one lad to the other, "Say, Bill, ain't you glad it is raining so that we could not go to school?" I almost believe it was pre-ordination, it hardened us and prepared our constitutions for what was to come after. We'll let it go at that, anyway. So it went along till I reached the

mature age of 13, and I had worried my parents into their giving permission for my going to sea.

The red letter day of my life was the morning when I got up (the first time without being called) to go down to the harbour where the schooner "Mischief," Captain Baker, was moored. I got there before daylight, and bawling out "Ship Ahoy" with such persistence that one of the crew came along with the small boat, thinking it must be some one of importance, a port-admiral at least, and was pretty much disgusted to find only a boy. I was duly escorted down into the forecastle, and here again my luck was in evidence. Going down the ladder into the semi-darkness, the first thing I succeeded in doing was to capsize the coffee kettle. I won't mention what the crew said, but they said it. To square them, I asked the bunch to my house to tea, my mother kindly entertaining them, so as they would be kind to her boy, for even if he was not much good, he was the best she had.

The long wished for day arrived, the day of sailing. The excitement of the moment took away the sting of parting, but the excitement was soon over, for we had not proceeded many miles when I was laid up in my bunk with mal-de-mer, praying that some one would throw me overboard and end my misery. Instead of which they took a fiendish delight in torturing me with questions of this nature. "Say, Sonney, will I get yon a nice piece of fat pork, you can tie it with a string and pull it up and down," etc., but in a day or two I was up and about and my troubles began. It was boy here, boy there, a loplolly for everybody from the captain to the cook. Never will I forget my first going aloft. It is one thing to climb a tree or pole on land, but it is another to go aloft in a schooner pitching and rolling, and to add to the pleasure of the same, to have a "grease-pot" hnng around your neck with the injunction, "say, if you drop one spot of grease on to the deck, I will cut pieces out of you," or "you will not get any 'duff' for a week," etc. I got over all these difficulties in time, but I was already tired of the sea. In fact, the only interest I took in my adopted

profession was to listen to the spinning of yarns by the sailors in the dog-watches. And they could reel them off, and I accepted them as a whole truth. But as I got older, I found that Ananias was a truthful man compared to them. One seaman, named Murray, was to my mind the acme of all that was great. I gave him all that I had that was of any use to him, and I would sit by him for hours and swallow with avidity all the impossible yarns he told me. I remember some of them now. They ran something after this style:—

"I was going round Cape Horn one winter in an old brig, some years ago, and it was that cold that when the captain shouted an order, the cook had to stand by with the frying pan and catch the frozen words as they fell from his mouth, rush to the galley (cook house) and thaw them out, before the order could be understood;" or,

"I was beating around the Cape of Good Hope some time in the 60's in the 'Excelsior,' a small brig only carrying eight hands, when we ran into a gale that blew that hard, that if the mate had not held the captain's hair on, it would have been blown off."

I naturally asked who held the mate's hair on. "Why, the second mate," he replied. I finally asked him who held the last man's hair on, but he was not to be caught napping, for he told me that "the last man did not need anyone to hold his hair on, for he was bald-headed."

And in regard to his advice, regarding my future, which he apparently took great interest in, he impressed upon me the fact that it was a mistake to marry, and quoted this as an example. He said: "I was living with a family in the old country, and was in fact treated as one of them. You know what that means, that you take anything that is put before you and must not kick. Why, he said, there was steak for dinner one day (one of those India rubber ones, no doubt you have struck one). The son was the first to tackle it, but could not make any impression on it, so he offered it to the dog, but the dog was wise and wouldn't take it on. The mother said,

"Why didn't you eat your steak, Johnny?" He replied, "Can't, it is too tough." "Well," she says, "give it to the dog." He replied, "I did, but he won't eat it." "Oh, well," she said "put it on the sideboard, your father will be home directly," adding that marriage was a risky voyage to set out upon and so on *ad infinitum*.

Well, to return to our "moutons," whatever that is. We arrived in due course at Pernambuco, in Brazil, where to my delight I was allowed to accompany the captain on his peregrinations on shore. Well, I had plenty of time to see all that was to be seen, for as we were "seeking" (looking for a cargo), for in those days a captain had to act as super-cargo, agent and everything else, and maybe some three or four years would elapse before he would see his home port again, perhaps getting a cargo of coffee for New York, then taking in flour for the Argentine, and from there anywhere, and so on.

The harbour of Pernambuco is simply a mole stretching along the face of the city and foreshore, inside of which lay the vessels of all nationalities. This harbour is infested with ground sharks, the danger from whom I was an eye-witness. A negro employed on one of the many barges fell into the water. His comrades were pulling him out by his hands, when a ground shark rose noiselessly and seized the unfortunate man just above the left ankle, and it was pull man, pull shark, with the horrible result that the leg was pulled right off at the knee socket. But this is not much noticed, for life is little valued here. Here is an incident showing this phase of the Brazilian character. I was leaning over the wall overlooking the boat-landing, watching the boats plying to and fro, when an altercation started between two individuals. It had not gone far when one out with his knife and plunged it into the bosom of the other, who fell dead at his feet. The culprit coolly walked away, no one attempting to stop him. As far as I could gather it would keep a person busy if he bothered about "trifles like that."

There was one thing that you would not see now and that is, the postman used to come off to the ships on a catamaran, said catamaran being a hollowed out log with outriggers to a smaller one to keep it from capsizing, and carried a large sail. He had a wicker basket attached to his head, in the place of a hat, so in case of heavy seas and a probable turn over, he could keep the mail dry. Now it is steam and motor boats, etc.

On this coast are found the celebrated devil-fish, which throw themselves high out of the water, and whatever they fall on they cling to with their powerful suckers, and it is death to the swimmer if one falls on him. A number have been drowned by them. I have seen them in thousands as they rushed along seawards, and if any boat is moored in their path it is carried out with them, though they generally have a knife or axe in the boat and cut away from the kedge.

Well, there was nothing in the shape of cargo here for us, but the captain had succeeded in securing one at Parahiba, 60 miles north of here, and there we were to take in coffee for Falmouth, England, where we would receive orders where to deliver it.

It was only a night's run, but it was a night I will never forget. Our longboat, which was rotten and leaked like a basket, was towed astern, and I, as of least value (in fact looked upon as of no value at all), was put to bale the water out of her. The night was pitch dark, a good breeze blowing, and every time the vessel pitched, I thought the bow of the crazy old boat would be pulled out. The experience was a hard one and would have tried the nerve of a veteran. To show of what little value a boy was deemed, I give this example. The schooner's figure-head was the bust of a woman, and on which the old mate (a grizzled old shell-back) devoted a lot of time and paint. Well, he decided to paint it, and I had to go with him over the bow and hold the paint pot. Here we had to stand upon a rope (as on a tight-rope) called a back rope, and it was a case of one hand to hold oneself and the other to hold the paint-pot, the usual ocean swell running. The schooner was

going along fairly well, when an unusually heavy swell came along and she made a dive which brought the water up above my knees. I dropped the paint-pot to enable me to cling with both hands, and away it went floating far astern. The mate was furious, and he told me (and there was not the shadow of a doubt but that he meant it) that he would rather have lost two like me than that pot of paint. So you can judge for yourself that the commercial value of a ship's boy was about nil.

We arrived at daylight at the mouth of the small river, at the head of which lies the few huts called Parahiba. Here came in the difference of then and now. Now a steamer goes in and runs up to her moorings in a few hours. We had to kedge up the whole distance (that consists of a small anchor and a long line carried out ahead of the vessel and dropped, the vessel hauled up that far, and the process repeated), tying up at night to a tree on the river bank.

Parrots being plentiful, on liberty day we all invested in a pair for the folks at home, and a great time we had, for we not only took in the sights, but we took in a quantity of casash (native liquor). Here the natives do their cooking in the street on high tripods, on which hangs a large pot. I have a mark on my arm to remember this incident by. I had a parrot on each wrist with a small chain attached to each, and as usual with sailors skylarking was in full swing. I was being playfully pursued by the gang, when, not looking where I was going, ran straight into one of the said tripods, capsizing it, with the result that the parrots and I were mixed up with hot ashes and boiling soup, and the owners were vociferating loudly and hitting and kicking me in no light manner, till I managed to get on my feet and run out of their reach.

Speaking of parrots and their talking powers reminds me of one that was presented to an old lady by a sailor, and as usual was more proficient in bad language than any other kind, and had the bad habit of repeating "I wish the old beggar was dead" any time he saw her. Well, the minister in her neighbourhood had a parrot of exemplary conduct and good language,

so they decided that if they placed the old lady's parrot for a time with the decent speaking parrot, he would forget the bad language, but the scheme did not work out as they expected. In the course of a week or so the old lady called at the minister's house to see how the bird had improved, but she no sooner opened the door of the room in which the parrots were when her parrot screams out as usual, "I wish the old beggar was dead," to be answered by the other parrot with these words, "The Lord answer prayer."

Leaving here, we arrived in due course at Guernsey, where we called on the way to Falmouth, and where I, having had enough of the sea (as I thought then) stayed at home, none the worse for my experience. In truth I had got that fat that I could hardly get into my clothes. My father came on board with the pilot and asked me how I liked it. I told him that the profession was a delusion and a snare, so while in this mood he got me to consent to learn the "art" of printing. How on earth I and the rest of the bunch ever learned anything of the business is a mystery, but we did, some of them filling responsible positions in New York up to the time of penning these lines.

Having managed to scramble through my apprenticeship somehow, I started off for the City of New York, where a *protégé* of my father's was employed in the office of the "Evening Post," then owned by the celebrated Cullen Bryant. There is no doubt but that, according to the boys, I had a good start, for I immediately called at a boarding-house where some two or three of my old school mates were installed. Well, this was where the fat got into the fire. They took right hold of me. One asked me if I had heard of the White Elephant. I told him that I had read of the sacred white elephant of India, but did not know that he was a denizen of New York City. So the boys, after feeding me up, proposed taking me out to see the "elephant." I was at a loss to understand, but alas, I soon understood. But as the said introduction is pretty well

understood by most of my readers it is not necessary to go into details.

I succeeded in getting a job on the "Evening Post," Mr. Dithmore, foreman, a strict disciplinarian and martinet. The morning of starting work arrived, and when I took a look around at my fellow-workmen, all staid men, I said to myself, "Jack, your stay here will not be long," and it wasn't. It was a heinous sin with the foreman to be late at work, and what with dances, etc., I was always late, and I soon got my *congé*. And I own that I was not sorry for I felt as if I was in prison.

It might not be amiss here to mention that my father in his younger days displayed hobo proclivities, so it ran in the family (like wooden legs), for as a tailor he travelled over the west in the early days, when that was an institution, going from farm to farm on horse-back, and remaining a week or two at each, making up their goods into wearing apparel. I remember his telling me of an occurrence regarding this time. He had purchased a young horse which had thrown him once or twice, much to his disgust, when he called at a farmer's house for refreshment. Getting into conversation and telling of his falls, the farmer proposed an exchange of horse, saddle, bridle, etc. The horse that the farmer wished to swap was a likely looking animal, though older, and the deal was made. Leaving said farm and proceeding on his journey, he had not gone far when the horse began to stumble, and meeting another farmer, who said to him, "Say, you have got So-and-So's horse, do you know he's blind?" and that was why the animal was stumbling. On hearing this he turned around and retraced his steps to the farmer, and after considerable difficulty got his old mount back again.

Somewhere about this time, he struck Chicago, then of no great size, and fell in with the great P. T. Barnum, and acted as advance agent for him for some years, then going into the show business himself, having as a partner Catlin, the show being run as Robin & Catlin, they dissolving partnership in

Paris. He often spoke of Barnum, who he said was always ready for any emergency. For example, when in London with Tom Thumb for private exhibition, my father was standing at the door of the St. James Hall, when he observed a mounted gentleman with an attendant riding behind, and having read a number of descriptions of the Duke of Wellington (the Iron Duke) he saw that it was him. So he rushed in to Barnum and informed him of who was coming, and what does Barnum do, but he dressed the little fellow up in his favourite costume of Napoleon Bonaparte, so that when the Duke entered there was the little fellow with his arms crossed on his breast, the favourite attitude of the little Corsican. The Duke patting him on the head said, "Who are you, my little man?" getting the reply that greatly tickled him. Tom Thumb replied, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte." Mind, this was just after the Continental war and soon after Wellington had won the battle of Waterloo, so you may imagine the humour of the situation. Barnum visited my father many years after in the Island of Guernsey. They dined together at Gardner's Royal Hotel, and were pleased to meet again. That recalls how Barnum fooled the people of New York (and they like to be fooled) some years ago. He advertised a Buffalo hunt over in New Jersey "Admission free." Well, the people were amazed, they thought it strange that he would give a free show, anyhow they thronged across the North River, the ferry-boats being crammed to the uttermost, and when they got there they found four miserable buffalo calves, but instead of hunting them, they had to be pushed into the middle of the field. However, the people wended their way back to the city rather enjoying the practical joke (as they thought) of this celebrated buffalo hunt, and quoted to one another that Barnum made nothing out of it anyway, only to find out later on that Barnum had chartered the ferry-boats for the day and had scooped in thousands of dollars, but as he informed them later on, that not only had he made money out of the ferry-boats, but that he had sold the buffalo calves to a butcher in Washington Market, where they had been sold

as beef. Many a time I have wandered over his museum
Broadway, and well do I remember the old negress who w
supposed to be some 120 years old, and who used to say th
she thought the Lord had forgotten her, and many othe
curiosities culled from all parts of the globe.

"Like looking for a pin in a haystack," would be an ap
quotation re the looking for an individual whose location i
this wide world was not known. "But yet how small this world
is, when we two meet here in Montreal after the lapse of so many
years," was the remark made to me by the Countess Magri (Mrs
Gen. Tom Thumb) while chatting about old times and travels
in her apartment at the Windsor Hotel on Thursday, April
18, 1911. It was a coincidence, too, for some months prior I
had introduced into these pages episodes referring to her first
husband and Barnum, and I was agreeably surprised to see her
name billed for the Theatre Français, in company with the
Count Magri and company (all midgets). Leaving a letter with
the genial manager I in due course received the attached, which
may be of interest as being a reproduction of the smallest and
most travelled woman in the world, and who, though 69 years of
age and 53 years before the public, is still full of life and
animation.

The Windsor,
Montreal, April 17th, 1911.

Mr. John Robin,
757 Cadieux St.,
Montreal.

Dear Friend:—

Your letter of April 16th received. I ask your pardon for my not replying until now.

Well do I remember my visit to the Island of Guernsey. Our party at that time were Miss Minnie Warren (my sister), Commodore Nutt, Charles S. Stratton (known as General Tom Thumb) (my first husband), and myself. I do not remember visiting the Islands since, although I have visited England a number of times.

We were commanded by Her Most Gracious Majesty the late Queen Victoria to appear at Windsor Castle in 1865, while in London.

If convenient and you would like to call, I will be pleased to meet you any morning this week after ten o'clock.

Thanking you for kindly remembering me and my dear party so many years, I remain,

Most sincerely,

(Signed), Countess M. Lavinia Magri
(Mrs. General Tom Thumb).

COUNTESS M. LAVINIA MAGRI
(MRS. GENERAL TOM THUMB)

GOLDEN GATE NO. 1. O. R. S. S.
SAN FRANCISCO.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,
U.S.A.

But to get back to where I left off. I loafed around for a while, the lust of travel strong within me, when turning over the leaves of one of the daily papers, I saw an ad calling for green hands to go whaling, apply at..... South St.

That caught my fancy right away, and it was not long before I had applied, and being young and strong was snapped up as quickly as a kingfisher would gobble up a herring. I was shipped off by boat and rail to New Bedford, where I reported to the agent, who promptly placed me in a boarding house where the predominant food was mush and Johnny-cake and where we would be looked after so that we could not get away. In the course of a few days, I with a number of other ne'er-do-weels were signed on as ordinary seamen on the whaling bark "Oceola the 2nd" Captain Hogan (generally known as "Bully Hogan"). We were equipped with an outfit of shoddy (dog's wool and oakum) through which you could blow peas, at a price some 300% beyond its value, and which, if in luck, you might pay up in the course of three years hardship. For here it might be explained how we were paid. The men got one

barrel of oil out of every 150, the captain one out of every
the mate and other officers in like proportion, so you can im
gine the chances for making a fortune when you might not
a "blow" in a twelvemonth or even more.

However, the vessel was ready for sea, and we started
on a cold day, the snow falling fast, and as medley a crowd
men as could be picked up in the country, consisting of bla
white, yellow and of every nationality under the sun.

In due course we got down to the whaling grounds in t
tropics (the habitat of the sperm whale), but whose numbe
are so depleted that it is a weary hunt, and the few are ve
shy. Life on a whaler will, I think, interest the general read
Men are placed in the "crow's nest" near the mast-head
keep a look out for whales, and one day the welcome cry
heard, "There she blows!" Instantly all was commotion, ea
man doing his allotted task, such as placing water, biscuit, et
into the boats, and in an incredible space of time the boats a
away. I pulled the midship oar in the second mate's boat,
light task, said oar being 18 feet in length, and off we went
pursuit, and when near enough, and that is with the boat's bo
nearly touching the huge fish, the boat steerer plunged t
harpoon into the hump behind the head. The fish immediate
sounded, that is settles down into the depths of the sea the sam
as a large block of stone would, then off he starts, always in th
wind's eye, and the line attached to the harpoon is reeled o
over the chuck at the bow at a tremendous rate. When it w
checked the boat was dragged through the water at such
rate that the water was curling 2 feet higher than the gunwa
of the boat and not a drop coming in, and you had to ho
on to your seat to remain on it. When after a while he tire
we hauled in the slack line so as to get within lancing distanc
when off he would dash again, taking every foot of line ou
of the tubs where it is coiled, and the bowman stands read
with an axe in case it fouls to cut away to avoid being dragge
down with him. But after covering many miles the gre
weight of the boat begins to tell and he is tired out, and w

draw up close enough for the boat-steerer to put two lances into him. Now the struggle begins, the huge fish lashes the water into foam with his powerful tail, circling round and round, and the sharp order "Pull three, back two" is obeyed to the utmost of our powers, for one blow from that tail would make matchwood of the boat, and the shark would dispose of the crew in a swift and silent manner, nothing being left by the sharks but the blood-stained ocean. After a prolonged struggle, and when everybody is nearly played out, you hear the welcome news that he is spouting blood. Then we know that the fight is nearly over, though we have to work like Trojans to keep out of his way as he lashes the water with his tail, and rolls around in his death struggle. You can imagine the velocity with which he rolls when the lances, which are made of the finest steel and as thick around as a man's finger, are twisted up like a corkscrew, but in a short while he is floating, an inert mass of blubber.

Now, all that can be done is to lie by on the lee side of the fish, and when night comes on a lantern is hung up on the boat's mast for the guidance of the ship which may not reach us till morning, so all hands eat a piece of biscuit and drink a cup of water, and coil themselves up any way they can and get a nap. The excitement of killing was all right, but when in due course the fish is got alongside, the glamour of whaling disappears. It is worse than working in an abattoir, the decks reeking with oil (the scupper holes being plugged so as none can run out), and accompanying this were heaps of blubber and blood.

However, during the six months we were out I took part in the killing of three, each totalling some 250 barrels of oil. Well, according to law it is compulsory for whaling vessels to put into the nearest port at the expiration of six months and give the men liberty for a day or so, and it was glad tidings for the crowd to learn that we were going to put into Barbadoes, one of the West India Islands. I, in particular, was more than pleased, as I had had more than enough of whaling.

The starboard watch was the first to go ashore, and with the rest wended our way aft to receive the magnificent amount of $1.00 spending money. While standing on the quarter-deck, the mate accosted me, saying, "Well, I guess you're going to run away, and if you do, don't let me catch you, for if I do I will see your backbone" (flogged). The reason of this personal remark was this: Some two months prior to our arrival he and I were trying to stand a full cask of oil on its head with the ship rolling some, when he cursed me and told me to lift. I naturally, though foolishly, told him I was lifting, when he struck me with his clenched fist, felling me to the deck. A handspike was lying near, and as I got on to my feet I seized it and felled him to the deck, when he had me placed in irons and put down in the fore-peak; but was taken out by the captain's orders some hours later much to the mate's disgust. At this time we had a whale alongside and the coppers were in full blast trying out, and I was engaged in dipping out the oil from the cooler and pouring it into the cask, when the mate in revenge, deliberately poured a ladle full of boiling oil over my naked arm (which is scarred from the wrist to the elbow), the pain causing me to run round the deck, and if they had not caught hold of me, no doubt would have jumped overboard in my agony. I was laid up from that time till our arrival at Barbadoes. Talk about misery, try and imagine if you can, laid up in a bunk in a dark, ill-smelling forecastle, surrounded with a fighting, cursing lot of ruffians, as heartless as savages. It was no idle threat that the mate made, for at the time of which I write, the unfortunate man who ran away from a whaler and got caught had far better have committed suicide, for the brutality meted out to him was such, if told, would not be credited.

However, we were put ashore by the ship's boats, and the first thing I did was to go to the "Ice House," a hotel frequented by the captains of vessels lying in the bay, and where a list of the ships was posted up. To my surprise and delight, I saw the name "Excelsior," Capt. Falla, of Guernsey, and

off I went down to the boat landing, where I invested my sole dollar in engaging a boat to put me off to the said vessel.

There's an old saying that "Old Nick" looks out for his own. Be that as it may, I had struck it right, for the captain not only knew my father, but there was a cousin of mine among the crew (4), so I was all right for clothes, etc. I never left my haven of refuge till the "Oceola" had been gone some days, for I had heard that they sometimes returned in the course of a day or two so as to catch the runaways.

Barbadoes is an ideal place for a sailor. It has a mixed population, and fruit and liquor were cheap, and when a man-of-war was there, the name of the hotel was changed to the name of the said vessel, so it was getting renamed pretty often. Horse-riding was a favourite pastime with sailors. They would gallop up and down the Bay Road hollering and shouting, just like a lot of school-boys, not that they could ride, but they used to stick on somehow. That reminds me of one particular yarn as told.

A party of shell-backs took a notion to go for a horseback ride, so they deputed one of their number to go to a livery stable and make arrangements, and he did so in this wise:—"Say, Mister, have you got a long-backed horse?" The proprietor replied that they were all pretty much of one length, and naturally asked why he particularly wanted a long-backed one, and was astounded with the reply of the sailor, who told him in all due seriousness, "Because there are six of us going out, and it had to be a long one."

Well, having got the sugar and molasses on board, we started for London, where we duly arrived. On arrival letters were received by Capt. Falla and my cousin, asking them to see that I wended my way home, which I dutifully did, after being away over two years, with the only visible result of being personally on hand with what I stood up in, but as happy as a lark. I loafed around for a while, but soon grew tired. Hearing of the "Excelsior" (here I will try and give the reader a pen picture of the "fast-and-furious" brig "Ex-

celsior"). She was one of the class of vessels built at th
time by the mile and cut off in lengths as required. To p
out the bow or stern you had to be something of an expe
She did not ride the seas, as the poet says, but she batter
and smashed them up as she pushed her way through the
How she ever made a passage was a mystery. She had not
rope, but when you went to pull on it you measured yo
length on the deck and deemed yourself lucky to fall inside
the rail and not on the outside. Her sails were a mass of ho
and patches, there being no canvas on board to repair the
and as a climax to all this, the cook acted as second mate
night (keeping the captain's watch) besides his daily duti
He kept said watch by having a good sleep, while we in
watch would do likewise, letting the crazy old tub go whe
she liked, yet in spite of all this we in due course got to o
destination. As to accommodation she was teeming with ra
and cockroaches.

Well, as I mentioned above, she was again ready for s
and my cousin was again going in her, so, of course,
thought it a good idea to honour them with my company, th
time being bound to Santos, Brazil, for a load of coffee,
which port we duly arrived.

At this time the Franco-Prussian war was on and a lar
fleet of French and German vessels were lying in Santos,
loaded with coffee, but afraid to proceed to sea, as they sto
a good chance of being captured by the frigates of eith
country. And, I tell you in confidence, these large bodies
sailors made things hum for fair. The police there are sem
military and small in stature, and when a band of these sailo
on mischief bent, met one of them, he was seized, stripped
his rifle and clothes (said things being thrown in the harbor
Why, one night they invaded and took charge of the on
theatre there, and would not pay or leave; nor was it unusu
for a bunch of them to enter a place where liquor was so
and call for drink which they did not intend to pay for, an
they were duly served, the proprietor being apprehensive

to the results of a refusal. Well, things got so bad that troops were sent down from San Pauli, an inland town some distance away. That settled it. They remained aboard their respective ships, knowing what was good for them.

After some two weeks here, and our cargo all on board, we made a start for Falmouth, England., and where on arrival our generous captain, according to promise (we having been short of provisions the greater part of the passage), regaled us magnificently with "two boiled potatoes apiece." In the course of a few days, after having sampled most of the good things at our own expense, the captain got orders to take our cargo to Hamburg, and after a tough passage—and it is a tough passage in the North Sea in winter—we reached the mouth of the Elbe, where we found a French frigate exchanging prisoners of war. Securing the services of a tug-boat we were towed up to the moorings opposite this old historical town, and where those who wished could be paid off. I, as usual, had had enough of it, and with a shipmate of the like ilk (that is after painting the town red) took the Continental steamer for London, and from thence by rail to Southampton, then by S. W. Co.'s steamer to Guernsey, where I landed the next morning after over twelve months hardship, with not enough to pay a cab to the house. In fact, I remember on one occasion getting home after a long voyage with some $10.00 or $12.00, at which announcement my father was so surprised that he was speechless for some moments. And the habit of "parting" has stuck to me. Why, some years ago, to the surprise of my fellow workmen, I put $10.00 into a bank in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, but it only laid there a week. I was afraid it would get rusty. In fact, though it was a base calumny, the boys said that I hired a room opposite the bank so that I could watch it. Well, I own it worried me while it was there, so I drew it out and "blew" it in to make sure of it. That reminds me of the Irishman who had heard of the great comfort of a feather bed, got a feather and placed it on the bare floor. He laid on it all night and when arising in the

morning stiff and sore all over, he remarked: "Well, if th is how I feel after sleeping on one feather, what would I fe like if I had slept on a lot of them."

As usual, I soon tired of the monotony of home an friends, and cast about for a new route of travel, and as certained that Captain Jones was taking on hands for th ship "Nicoya," then lying in one of the London decks. Well I with a number of other choice spirits were duly sent up to London to join said ship, the voyage to be around Cape Horn to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, with a general cargo, and from there to Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, and back, the same taking about 13 months.

After the usual hardships pertaining to a voyage around the Horn in winter, where naught exists but the shrieking sea fowl and the seal, and where the sun only rises for a few hours, we eventually reached the garden of the Pacific. And the reader can readily understand how a pleasure-loving bunch of young fellows would enjoy themselves after a long and arduous passage in a place like Honolulu, the temperature being mild and balmy. I look back with a certain amount of shame to our doings, but at that time I and the others had neither thought nor care. It was a case of "Come day, go day," with no heed of the future. Here is a sample of the many doings. At the time I speak of the restaurant business was in the hands of the Chinese, and nothing must do but what we must go and secure table-board at one of them. We invited our friends, et al., pocketed knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, etc., for future use on board ship, and when settling day came along, and the "Chink" came to us for payment, he was politely told to get out or it would be the worse for him. These men firmly believed it was a right thing to do with a Chinaman, and would not have dreamt of doing it with anyone else. Sailors recognized no wrong in the pilfering of food, and were pretty sharp on the job. The cook had to watch his cabin stores pretty closely, or they diminished rapidly.

The natives were most friendly, and we used to visit a number of them, getting pretty well acquainted. While out walking one day, I espied a man at a distance pulling at a rope that was attached to the foot of a tree. Strolling over to see what was doing, I found that he was strangling a black dog. When he had choked the life out of the unfortunate animal, I asked what he did it for, and was informed that the said dog (it had to be a black one) would be incinerated and the ashes used for medical purposes.

The Kanakas are expert swimmers, and I have seen them dive down in deep water and fetch up bars of railroad iron that had slipped out of the slings when a vessel was discharging. They dive after the celebrated coral (large white coral, the shape, and called cabbage coral) and remain under water a long time. They carry on a war of extermination with their greatest enemy, the shark; they will dive underneath him and rip him open with a knife, never failing. They also have another way of dealing with the shark. They have a sharp-pointed piece of wood which they put into the open mouth of the fish, and when he snaps his jaws together he cannot open it, and thus drowns.

The women, when walking to the little church, would go barefooted and put their shoes on at the door. It was right here that I deemed it a mistake to be honest. I with others had run a liquor bill with a man named Shaw, and not having any "ready" left had decided to let the "foretopsail" pay it, when just as the lines were being cast off, the said Shaw appeared on the scene. Well, he spoke to the skipper for a minute or two, and the captain called out to me (I was going up aloft at the time to loose the sails) asking me if he was to pay him half the amount he had charged. I said yes, only for the said Shaw to sing out to me, "I hope you will fall and break your neck." I told him that "curses like chickens came home to roost," but I would have got that money back if it had been possible.

Well, after a fine weather passage, we arrived at Punta Arenas, a large land-locked harbor, and here we commenced taking in the coffee. We had to do all the loading and unloading in those days, and in tropical climates like this it came hard. Here we only had half a day's liberty, but we squeezed a lot into it. The native liquor here is particularly heady to those not used to it, and we were soon making things hum. We were to be at the boat landing at 5 o'clock, I with my usual luck coming to grief. I had a live fowl in one hand and a dozen or so of eggs in a handkerchief in the other. and to reach the boat one had to walk out some 40 yards or so on a single plank. I was unable to negotiate it, one foot wanted to go one way and the other the opposite, and between the vagaries of the two I fell overboard amidst the laughter and jeers of the rest, breaking the eggs and drowning the fowl, but was ultimately fished out and got into the boat. We got to the ship's side more by good luck than good management, and some had to be hoisted over the side like dead sheep.

Punta Arenas is worth a word or two. It is snugged away on the shore of an immense natural basin, almost landlocked. Near by was Pelican Island, on which a number of these birds dwelt. It may not be generally known why the figure of this bird is largely used over the entrances of hospitals and charitable institutions in the old country. Well, the pelican when not able to obtain food for her young, plucks the flesh from her breast so that they will not suffer hunger. On this Island also we used to go every Saturday afternoon for a boatload of cockles and periwinkles, as they were plentiful and large. To get fresh water for the ship we had to go with the largest boat (placing a cask in her) some four or five miles away to the small river Baranca, a bar extending across the mouth, which can only be crossed at the top of high water. Getting over the bar all right and proceeding up the river slowly, you could notice every here and there what appeared to be an old log lying in the mud on the bank, but it was no log. It was an ugly alligator sunning himself. This river swarms

with them, and we often gave one a prod with the boat hook when close enough. I got a bad scare on one of these expeditions. It is a back breaking job dipping water over the side of the boat, so being in shallow water at the source of the river, where the water is purest, I thought it would be much easier to stand in the water and hand it up to another in the boat. Well, it was much easier, and I was chuckling at my labor-saving device, when something brushed past me. I gave a yell and made one spring into the boat, thinking it was an alligator. But it wasn't. I was wearing loose overalls and the tide had rushed in, but I did not go back again.

The woods here are literally alive with parrots, macaws, and numerous other gaily plumaged birds and snakes in galore, the carpet snake, with his skin of yellow and black squares, being of great size, and it was a sight, though a deafening one, to fire off a rifle and see the myriads of macaws and parrots rise in affright shrieking and screaming as only they can.

This part of the globe would be almost uninhabitable, if it were not for the Punta Arenas "doctor," as it is called, and that is a sea breeze that blows in on to the shore morning and evening with perfect regularity. Where it comes from and where it originates is a great proof of the mighty power and of the every day control of the Great Creator. No one else can explain. Staying here some weeks was pretty monotonous, and the yarns that were told would fill a large volume. Here was one that was told of the cabin-boy on his return from his first voyage, and was relating what he had seen to his grandmother. He told her, among other things, that he had seen mountains of sugar, rivers of rum and flying fish. The old lady listened attentively, and after a moment or two of thought remarked: "Well, Sonny, I believe there are mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but you'll never get me to believe there are flying fish."

The great difficulty in visiting foreign places for Jack is the lingo, but he gets along somehow. Of course it is a dis-

advantage not to understand the people when they talk to you and I will here give a case in point:—

Two gentlemen went from New York to Paris some years ago, neither able to speak a word of French. I will call them Dick C—and Burke C—. On arrival they proceeded to take a walk to see the various places of interest, and coming to the Place Vendome, a huge and magnificent pillar, Dick turned to Burke and asked what it was. (I might here inform the reader who does not know French that "Je ne comprend pas" means "I do not understand.") Burke naturally replied, "What do I know, ask a Frenchman," so Dick politely asked a Frenchman who was standing by, "Who built that monument?" The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Je ne comprend pas." Dick remarking that he must have been a mighty smart man. A day or two later the pair were out walking when a largely attended funeral passed along. Well, as usual, Dick turned to a by-stander and asked him whose funeral it was, to be answered with a shrug and "Je ne comprend pas." So the poor fellow is dead, is he, that's too bad. But about a week after, as they were passing the Church of Notre Dame, a bridal party was just coming out, when Dick with his usual curiosity asked a by-stander, who was getting married, when he got the reply, "Je ne comprend pas." Then he got mad and told his informant that he was a liar, for he had seen "Je ne comprend pas's" funeral two weeks before.

It was with more than the usual heartiness that we joined in the old-time chantie getting the anchor up, and it is, I tell you, a different thing to be catting the anchor for a homeward passage that it is for an outward. The one, we were leaving parents, friends, not forgetting the best girl, behind; the other opened up a vista of the time we would have when we got home, and we all had presents of various kinds for them. The sailor never went home empty handed in this respect.

Well, in due course we arrived at the Port of London, after some thirteen or fourteen months of monotony, and the crowd determined to have a dinner at some hotel before we drifted apart, and the idea was duly carried out. It was a great gathering at that dinner table, I don't know what the waiters thought about it, and you would hear something like this: "Say, Bill, pass down some of that shivery shakery stuff" (blanc mange), or "Say, I'll take some of that 'mystery'" (meat pie). In fact, they had a nickname for everything, such name being understood by seamen, and was Dutch to anybody else.

As usual I went home without money or marbles to get fitted out, and was received with as much pleasure as if I had come home laden with the wealth of the Indies.

I had not been kicking about long when I ran against an old shipmate who was going up to London to join the ship "City of Adelaide" which was bound to the very place that I wished to go to, and that was Australia, and she was going to Adelaide, South Australia, so I packed up and started off again.

I think it will be of interest to the reader to have a detailed account of life on a passenger ship at the time of which I write, there being only one or two steamers plying to the Antipodes at that time, and they did not make much better time than the clipper sailing vessels. Well, we will start on this voyage together. All hands were ordered on board on a certain day and hour. They duly arrived in various stages of intoxication, hardly to be wondered at as before parting it was "Take one with me, old man"; "It will be a long time before you get another," and so on. This did not affect the working of the ship, as the shore gang remained on board till we reached Gravesend, where we anchored for the night. Next morning the passengers came aboard (carrying only 1st and 2nd). The saloon was, of course, aft, flush with the main deck, forming a poop deck. The second class quarters were forward, a portion of the forchold being fitted up into staterooms, the centre

forming their dining room—not so good as the steerage of th steamers crossing the Atlantic to-day. The decks were li tere with their belongings, and many a little knick-knack in th wa of luxuries disappeared, never to be found. In the deck hou is a cow, for supplying milk to the saloon passengers. A numbe of pens with sheep are lashed around the main deck, while o the poop, what appears to be a seat all round it (and it i so used) is filled with fowls, ducks and geese. Everythin had to be carried alive in those days. There were no facilitie as now, cooling chambers, condensers, etc. Why the wate was carefully handed out daily, for a sailing vessel could tak no chances of running short, for she could not get into por when she wished, as a steamer, but was at the mercy of th winds and tides, and it might take weeks to reach a port tha would not be any great distance away.

The tugboat towed us clear of the river, and we wer lucky in getting a fair wind that carried us clear of the channe in a few days, ships being weeks sometimes beating thei way down. By this time all have settled down and get ac quainted and begin to amuse themselves in various way People travelling to-day speak of the hardships of a gale o an ocean steamer, where in spite of all they have food an warmth. Here was the difference. We ran into a heavy gal one of many before we reached our destination, when yo could hear the rushing of feet on the deck as the men hur ried to obey the orders to shorten sail, the various officer shouting their orders at the top of their voices, the win shrieking through the rigging, sails banging and flappin while the ship plunged and rolled in a manner not describabl Added to this the hull of a wooden ship creaked and worke to an almost incredible extent, worked as the term was "lik a basket." Again, the vessels of that time were not like th monsters of to-day showing a side like a wall out of reach o everything but of very high waves. But the "City of Ad laide," only 800 tons, was loaded, and only showed a few fe from the water-line, and the waves would tumble aboard an

fill her deck up to the top of the rail, and the men at the braces hardly knew whether they were inside or outside, but to hear them singing as they pulled away at the halyards, you would think that they liked it. To give the reader an idea of the volume of water that came aboard, and the force of it, a strong breakwater had been built right across the after-deck to save the fore part of the saloon being broken in. This breakwater was built of 4 to 5 inch planks, strongly braced and bolted, but in one of the gales we struck, that was smashed up into matchwood, and the saloon flooded out, and it was sometimes difficult to put up the usual bill of fare, and the passengers had to content themselves with anything they could get, and for warmth, the one solitary stove in the centre of the saloon was more a source of danger than benefit. However, Providence has kindly ordained that there is more fine weather than bad, and time goes on, the passengers parade the deck, gazing at other ships, for there were more to be seen then, playing quoits, shuffle board, etc.

As regards the crew, the adage "more rain, more rest" held good, and the gale was to them a certain advantage, for when the last stitch of canvas had been taken off that could be, all he had to do was to sit down and let the wind blow him along, and he generally expressed a hope that it would last a while.

It was during these periods of idleness that we got our ship's band together. A Swede played the violin, another the concertina, another had a tambourine, and one with the bones, and we used to go aft to the break of the poop, and play to the saloon passengers. Of course, I need not mention that we did not in any way approach the Guards' or Sousa's Band, but this I do say, that it was enjoyed by those passengers to a greater degree than they had enjoyed the others when on terra firma. Now, the steward was heard to remark how little milk the cow gave to what the one did on the previous passage, the same applying to the supply of "hen-fruit" by the fowls, but it could have been explained to him, but it wasn't, that

we used to milk the cow during the silent watches of the nigh
Others could have been seen crawling on their hands and kne
on the lee side of the poop, groping for eggs, and used fo
our special benefit as fore-castle passengers.

Crossing the line in those days was not the farce that
is now. There was no going to a gold-laced captain, for
mattered not who you were, king or peasant, lady or maid
servant, it was play or pay, and it was pretty rough play a
far as the male passengers were concerned. Shaved with
large wooden razor, the lather consisting of a vile compoun
of soap, tar, grease, etc., dumped into a large sail filled wit
water and tumbled about till half-drowned, and many a on
regretted that he had not paid. Here in the tropics we woul
often have a feed of flying fish, the vessels being low in th
water many would be found every morning, then also we woul
catch the dolphin and albicore, and it was a treat in thos
days of salt horse and salt pork.

Well, every day was pretty much as the day before, bu
we got over the 96 days that brought us to an anchor at Por
Adelaide. Even to-day, after a passage of six or days
it is quite an event when the pilot comes aboard as-
sengers crowding to get a glimpse of him, so you can imagine
what it meant to those who had been tossed about on the ocean
for some 96 or 100 days, when one came aboard. He was al-
most torn to pieces for he generally brought off letters and
papers from the folks at home. The city of Adelaide is 9
miles from the port, and is reached by rail or vehicle. If you
cannot afford either, you would have to do as we often did, use
foot's horses and pad the hoof.

Jack's first night ashore is generally a replication of his
last day leaving home, the only difference being that leaving
home he said it was to drown regret, and the excuse for this
was that he was like a man just let out of prison, and was
bound to "let her go." The Wharf Hotel, Port Adelaide, was
a favorite resting place of the bunch, and there were some
great doings at times, a fight occasionally between two rival

ships' companies. Arguments were more forcible than lucid. Here is a case in point:—

An Irishman belonging to one of the ships in port was loudly declaiming against England and the great and good Queen Victoria and only stopped for want of breath. While he was silent, a Swede took up the same refrain only to be summarily knocked down by the Irishman. He naturally asked the Irishman why he had knocked him down. "Why," says Pat, "for calling down the Queen and the Ould Country." "But," said the Swede, "you were doing it." "That's all right," said Pat, "I can do it, but I am not going to let you or anyone else do it."

At this time it was a difficult thing to keep the crews from deserting. There was the lure of the gold fields, not only were high wages being paid, as labour was scarce, but very few got clean away. The mounted police got $25.00 for every man they caught, and they would follow them as far as a hundred miles up country.

I am now going to tell you something that you will think rather far fetched, but it is the truth. Most of the prisoners in the jail here were runaway sailors, or were in for small misdemeanors, and they were paid so much a day for work done, the sailors making tents (being handy with the palm and needle) and others at various things. Well, for example, a holiday came along, perhaps the local races, and the said prisoners were allowed to attend them, receiving the strict injunction that if they were not in at a stated hour, they would be locked out, and I believe it was the only place of the kind in the whole world where prisoners were ever seen running as hard as they could not to be locked out, but I guess things have altered by now. This recalls to mind the two tramps meeting in the prison yard. "Hullo, Bill, what are you doing here? What have you been up to?" "Oh, nothing at all," said Bill. "I was walking along when I saw a piece of rope lying on the ground, so I picked it up, when a cop touched me on the shoulder and asked me what I was doing

with that cow. 'What cow?' I answered, and by Jove, th
was a cow at the end of the rope and I did not know
But say, Joe, what are you in for?" "Oh, nothing at all. I
running around a corner when I ran up against an old gen
man, and he fell. I assisted him to rise, and was walking aw
when a cop said to me, 'What are you doing with that wa
and chain?' And sure enough, in helping the old gent to
up, those articles had got foul of my fingers, and I did
know it." A few days after the two of them had a row, so
aggravate the other the one called, "What time is it
to be quickly answered by the other "Just milking time."

Adelaide is a clean, well kept city, and we paid a vi
to Glenelg, a seaside resort, where the mails are landed.
few miles from the city are a ridge of mountains up which
railroad zig-zags, twisting to and fro, that at times the re
car is parallel with the engine. South Australia has its dra
backs. What with its hot winds at Xmas time, sand storm
snakes, lizards of all sorts and sizes, ants, which are
voracious that if a bullock dropped dead you would in a fe
hours only find the bones, every vestige of meat, hide, etc., go
devoured by these pests. This is the habitat of the she
parrot (comonly called love-birds), parokets and parro
and other birds of bright plumage.

Saturday afternoon was a great day with the crew. W
used to have boat races for a certain sum (not a large one
and this puts me in mind of an incident connected therewit
We used to haul the boats up on the beach the evening befor
clean the bottom well, and then blacklead it, a boat thus treate
slipping easily through the water. Then we would launc
them and moor them ready for the next afternoon. There wa
one boat and crew we were kind of doubtful about, so to mak
sure, we during the night hauled that boat up on the sand an
nailed a kerosene tin to the keel, with the mouth pointing for
ward. Well, the following day we all turned up, our crow
especially feeling pretty good, for the proprietor of the Wha
Hotel, a real sport, said hot porter and eggs was good for th

wind, and he had regaled us to such an extent that we ought to have had wind enough to beat the greatest oarsmen in the world. He was also the starter. The word "Go" was given and away we went, all the boats gaining on the one above mentioned, for the very good reason, that the harder they pulled the slower they went, and they soon tumbled that something was amiss and they beached her and discovered the practical joke, the result being that instead of the winner taking the money, it was laid out to "the best advantage" for the benefit of all hands at the Wharf Hotel. We used to go over to the Peninsula and visit a native camp, taking some tobacco with us. The Australian aboriginal is one of the lower strata of mankind, short, pot-bellied, knock-kneed, and with small limbs, so that he is far from being a thing of beauty. His "gin" (wife) is not much better. They are partial to eating snakes, the manner of catching being thus. Finding a snake they would with a pronged stick pin him to the ground just back of the head, and cut the said head off. They then skinned it and cooked it in the hot embers of their wood fire. For a little tobacco, of which they are very fond, they would dance some of their weird dances, etc. They will not work and the Government issues food rations and two blankets apiece a year. Anyone serving them with liquor was severely punished. The only known good purpose for which they can be utilized is as trackers, they being used by the police for that purpose, and they will track a man or beast over a sandy desert by signs not known or visible to anyone else.

It is here and with these people that the boomerang is used, and with which weapon the reader, no doubt, is well acquainted. There are large sheep-ranches in this part of the country, which calls to mind a yarn told me at this time.

An Englishman and a German held sheep ranches adjoining one another. The German had a dog that had the bad habit of chasing and worrying the sheep. So the Englishman called on his German neighbor and complained about it, and told him that he would have to kill the dog. But the

German demurred, saying that the dog was a good one and did not want to kill him. However, an idea had entered Englishman's head and he said to Hans: "Say, Hans know what we can do to stop him from worrying the sh without killing him." Hans, much pleased, asked how. "We said the other, "simply by cutting his tail off." "All right," s Hans. They got a block of wood, and tied the four legs of dog together. Hans had the axe while the Englishman h the tail on the block. Hans up with the axe, the Englishm gave a sharp pull on the dog, bringing its neck on the bl and off went the head. Hans looked down and remark "Gootness, gracious, we have cnt the wrong end off." "Wel replied the other, "it will cure him from worrying sheep a way."

So time sped rapidly on and the time had come wh we had to make a start for the old country, having a f cargo of wool (every pound of which was paying 3c a poun and a full list of passengers. The last thing to come on boa was the live stock, a fresh cow, etc., and off we went, t voyage home being pretty much of a replica of the passa out, but in dne course we reached our destination in safet As usual, I, as soon as paid off, started off for a visit to m folks, not burdened with "filthy lucre," but in good health a spirits.

Had been home only a week or so, and had been out f a horse ride in the pouring rain (one way of taking pleasure when my father informed me that a certain shipowner left message for me to call on him. I duly presented myself his house, and he asked me to take a berth on board the bri "Nora," one of his fleet, no men being available at the momen Well, I had no use for said vessel, for a pilot, an ol friend of mine, had been swamped nnder her quarter in tryin to board her and was drowned. However, he talked me int agreeing to go, she to start the next day for the Island of Sa (Cape Verde Islands) to load salt for Rio de Janeiro. Sh was a small brig of 220 tons, her complement consisting o

three men and a boy forward, the captain, mate, boson and cook aft. Ill luck began at the outset, it was nothing but gale after gale, and she being light, it was aloft all the time, either making or taking in sail. However, we in due course sighted the Island of Sal, a low-lying strip of land, but it suits the salt industry, which is primitive. Large squares are banked up with earth into which the sea water is allowed to run in, and it is then left for the sun to dry it up, leaving the salt behind.

We got to the Bay, there is no harbor, which our captain thought was the place, and we let go the anchor, and furled the sails. He then ordered the boat put over the side, and ordered two others and myself to accompany him. Well, there was a heavy surf rolling on the beach, and not a sign of a dwelling of any sort, so I casually mentioned to him that I thought we were in the wrong shop, to be curtly told that "he knew what he was doing," so I asked my shipmates if they could swim (for I could see it sticking out a foot what was coming to us) and they replied they could. We had hardly got into the surf when the boat swung round and over she went, precipitating the bunch into the water and casting us and boat right up on the beach, dripping wet, and our clothing filled with sand. We gazed round and could see no sign of life, except a man with a mule at a distance. We hailed the man, who was evidently surprised to see us there, and on being interrogated he told us our place was around the next headland. It is needless to say that I indulged in the "I told you so" business, which was not received in any good spirit by my superior officer. How he ever achieved his position beats me.

The next order was to launch the boat. It was all right to give the order, but the next thing was to carry it out. We would run the boat out into the surf till up to our waist then jump in, but before we could pick up our oars we were thrown high and dry up on the beach. I suppose this occurred a dozen times before we succeeded in getting clear of the broken water, and were all pretty well played out by the time we reached the vessel. We had hardly got over the rail when he gave the

order to get the anchor up, when I and the rest "politely informed him we would when we had had something to eat and dry clothing, for if we had done as he wished us, the sand in our clothing would have laid us up for fair. In the course of an hour or so we had the anchor up and beat her around the next point, where there were a few straggling buildings and huts along the sea front. We got out our ballast and commenced taking in the salt, which came off in barges.

Now, feeling as if I would like something in the way of refreshments, and happening to have a little money, I asked one of the men on a barge to bring me off a bottle of spirits and a few bananas. Well, he did, but I lost it in this wise. The mate had a suspicion of what was in the bag and got hold of it saying he was going to examine it. I told him that it was my property, bought and paid for. Well, he was pulling at one end and I at the other, and my angelic temper rose and I grabbed him by the throat and pinned him against the rail of the vessel, and I am sorry now, but I think he was sorry then that he had not left it alone. He called to the boson, who was in the hold, but he thought it best not to hear. The bottle had got broken in the scuffle, which fact disgusted me so much, that when the hour came next morning to go to work I refused. So the captain sent for me and told me that refusal of duty in an open roadstead was mutiny, and that he could send me to the adjacent island of St. Vincent, and from there home where I would be tried, but the "donkey" was in evidence then, and I told him he could do what he liked, but work I would not, so about an hour after he told me to dress myself to go ashore with him to the consul (there was no English consul there, but only a French one who I knew had no jurisdiction over me), which I was very pleased to do, if only for the run. Well, we got to the said consul and the case was duly stated, and he asked me if I had changed my mind, and on saying no, was duly escorted by two shrimps of black Portuguese soldiers to their barracks and kept there. Now, the first meal that came along (though it was the same as the soldiers

got) put a kind of damper on me, it was a mess of black beans and water, and so I put up a strong kick with the consul and he confidentially informed me that there was no law there that could put me aboard without my consent, and unless the captain and officers used force, I could stay there and repaint and fix up his barges and he would see me sent to St. Vincent where I would be able to get away, nothing calling at Sal. I told him that I would do so (not that I intended doing it) with the result that food was sent me from his own table, and I roamed about the place at will. Now, the "Nora" was loaded, and ready for sea, and there was not a man to be had there for love or money, so the skipper came and talked the matter over and said that nothing would be said re what had transpired, and promised anything and everything if I would help him out of his difficulty. Now, I saw no possibility of getting away from here and as regarded money there would be none, so I at last consented, having enjoyed the run about the island, etc.

Much to the said consul's disgust, I duly went on board, and we hove up and started on our voyage to Rio Janeiro, loaded decks down to the water. All went well till nearing the coast of Brazil when a gale struck us, and it was a gale, we could not get to the pumps, as when we got there we would be washed about the deck, so heavy were the seas that tumbled aboard. We were hove to, with a strip of canvass in the main rigging, but could not keep the vessel head to sea, the wind shifting so often. To add to the danger, one night there was a large vessel to windward of us hove to, but as she was drifting to leeward faster than us, it appeared only a question of time when she would be broadside on to us when she would sink us in less time than it takes to write it. I tell you we anxiously watched her, and it was only by a narrow margin that she cleared us, her jib-boom being over our stern as she drove past us. We were not able to cook anything for two days, and used to snatch a bit of sleep kneeling and holding on to the gratings, when another sea of many tons weight would again add to our misery.

To give you some idea of the force of the wind, and vessel being so low in the water, that the spray was flying and past us so that you could not see the man nearest to

All this time our "noble" captain was down in the c and when she shipped an exceptionally heavy sea, he po his head up the companion and remarked, "I thought that were all washed overboard." He went down and came up a demijohn of spirits and a small wine glass without a (holding about a thimbleful) and thought he would give treat. Well, knowing how narrow-fisted he was, I manage get behind him and snatched the demijohn from his h and poured out a generous quantity to all hands, not forget myself. Whatever he thought of the proceeding he nothing.

The gale moderated and in the course of a day or two entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Lying here wa Guernsey brigantine named the "Watch" commanded b cousin of mine, and the food being better, I passed most of time on board of her. Salt discharged and coffee in, we t our departure for New York. We had a fair passage till n our destination, when off Barnegat, we had one of the w electrical storms I had ever witnessed, the thunder and lightn was terrific, the clouds lying that low that it fairly made crouch, and the lightning played up and down the wire rigg as if fiery serpents were writhing all over her. Well, this where I frightened myself. I was at the wheel, the capt standing nearby. Now the captain was terribly afraid thunder and lightning (an unusual thing for a seaman) w out of pure cussedness I started to dilate on the ghastly pearance of a body struck by lightning. I described it vividly that he rushed down into the cabin and buried head between his hands on the cabin table, and I own it was greatly pleased to be relieved from the wheel a few minu after.

Next morning the pilot came aboard and we were s moored alongside the pier in the East river on the Brookl

side. Having two uncles and a host of cousins here, of course, it could not have been expected of me to work, but whether it was or wasn't I did not intend to. I spent my days with my cousins who lived at Greenfield, on the road to Coney Island, and had a splendid time, and also made up my mind that I would not go any further in the "Nora," so I asked the captain if he would pay me off with the seven months due me, and he said he would not. However, what was seven months money to compare to inclination, so I hied me to a sailor's lawyer in New York and told him that if he got my clothes out of the vessel he could have the money if he could get it. Well, when I went to him the next day he told me I was at liberty to go and get my clothes, whether he got the money or not I know not. Well, there was seven months money gone, but that did not keep me from having a good time for the two or three weeks that I remained with my cousins. But this could not go on for ever and I cast about for a means of getting away, and through a board-house runner got a berth for a run to London in the full rigged ship "Webster," said run being $30.00. We were 28 days reaching Gravesend, and where we had to wait a few days for a high tide, so two others and myself thought that 30 days work was enough for $30.00, decided to play sick. When Larry, the boson, called us out in the morning we told him we were sick. "All right," he said with a grin, "come aft to the 'old man.'" We did. The captain looked at us, and staring at me he said, "What is the matter with you." I replied I did not know, but that I was sick. He called the steward and told him to give me some cod liver oil. I told him I could not, nor would not take oil, but he settled that in short order. He called the second mate and boson and they held me down and pried open my teeth (which I had clinched) and poured the stuff down my throat, and I was properly sick after, if I was not before. The other two were served in the same fashion, but we did not work. I managed to get from London to Guernsey, the results of my 11 months hardships, etc., being nil.

Somehow, the man who does not look for anything bum up against it. I might have stayed longer with my friend when going to a picnic I ran against an old school mate mine who was mate of the 3-masted brigantine "Flora," Ca tain Rule, and belonging to John Pender, the celebrated cott manufacturer.

Well, nothing would do but what I must go with him London, and he would get me the berth of second mate. We the allurement was great and not to be resisted. I consente and off I went in the course of a few days.

My friends, with the idea of cheering me up, I presum prophesied that I would never return and that the West Coa of Africa, where we were bound, would put a summary end my prowling propensities, but that cut no ice with me, m mind was made up, and off I went.

Getting to London, and on the recommendation of M LeRoy (the mate) I was duly installed as second mate, and was as proud as a dog with two tails. Our cargo consiste simply of stores for the traders on the coast, consisting c cotton goods, gunpowder, machetes (hoop-iron knives), beads and last, but not least from a trading point of view, rum guaranteed to knock you down at a 100 yards distance These with stores for the (factors) agents being all that was in the vessel, leaving her just in good ballast trim. Th *modus operandi* was this. On our arrival we would take in the rubber, beeswax, blackwood (ebony), etc., which had been exchanged for the last cargo, and the one we would discharg would be in advance for the next.

In due course we arrived at our first port of call, Citi kama, which lies at the mouth of the Rembo River, up which Livingstone, Du Chaillu and others primarily made their ascent into the heart of Africa. Mind, I am now speaking of the 60's, and here money was not known. It was all barter. The profits made were fabulous. Fancy a bottle of trade rum worth about five cents (if it was worth that) given in exchange for

a pound of rubber worth some sixty cents or more, other goods bringing in like proportions of profit.

Here you lie at anchor off the coast with no protection from wind or sea, the vessel rolling and pitching the whole time as there is always a heavy ground swell running.

Well, the anchor was hardly on the bottom when the surf-boats came off with their crews, on whom a piece of coal would have made a white mark, singing, shouting, etc., for it was a great event to them, the arrival of a trading vessel, coming as we did once in 12 months. It is no joke to land cargo into surf-boats with the vessel rolling heavily all the time. Not only that, but everything has to be placed in watertight casks, as nine times out of ten the boat is capsized and all is washed up on the sandy beach. The trade is carried on during the year by the agent, he being relieved every three years, that being the limit, and even then his constitution is shattered. It is the hotbed of malarial fever, and no wonder. Here lie dense forests right down to the edge of the seashore, and here lie the mass of foliage, etc., that has fallen since the creation, rotting, and in the early morning when the sun has risen you could see the steam rising therefrom, every breath of which meant malaria in some shape. But the negro, in spite of all this, is big and powerful, his black skin shining with a coat of cocoanut oil rubbed into it to keep it from cracking in the fierce heat of the sun, for all both sexes wear is a loin cloth. There is lots of gold away in the Accra Country, way back from the coast, but their preference is for copper rings (same as on poles on which curtains are held) which they wear from the wrist to the elbow, and from the ankle to the knee, and you can see the green verdigris lying thick on their limbs underneath. The simple life is exemplified here, for with their great strength and stature, their food consists mainly of dried fish and a handful of meal. They are very superstitious. Why, if the Ju-ju told them not to go with the surf-boats on a certain day or they would be drowned, you could not get them to

do it. But there was a way. A bottle of rum was sent to old beldame, and she soon fixed that up.

Shortly before we got there the old king had moved whole of his village from one side of the river to the other, he believed he had been bewitched. That reminds me of fellow hobo, who, whether he got a cheque for a hundred doll or a black eye, would exclaim "Just my usual luck!" He w a steady customer of a certain hotel, and used to cross throu a cemetery for a short cut to his home. Well, one night, w his usual load, he started for home, taking the usual short c They had dug a grave and had not placed any boards over t opening. My Nibs came staggering along, and it being da (though I do not know that even if it had been daylight would have made any difference) he fell headlong into t grave. He tried to scramble out, but could not manage so he laid down and went to sleep. He woke in the mornin and seeing where he was, ejaculated: "Great Scott, just r usual luck, the day of resurrection and me left behind."

Here I had a slight attack of fever, and had to lay up f a few days, and I was approached by two of the negro boatm (the mate not being liked by them) who proposed to put hi out of the way, for, as they said, it was him that had bewitch me. While here, I had the experience of being in a tornad and through not obeying the strict orders of the captain befo he went ashore, we narrowly escaped getting maimed for lif There is one great blessing, a tornado gives due warning of i approach. Over the land rises a cloud resembling a clear cu black arch. When this is observed, if the vessel is close enoug in shore the anchor is let go. If not, the canvas is taken off he and you run before the wind under bare poles. The strength the wind is so great that the sea cannot rise, and the vess rushes through the smooth foam covered water as if drive by some unseen and tremendous power. We were at ancho when this one struck us, and as the vessel was not in line wit her chain, it caught her on the beam (side) and she heele over till her rail was under water, and here was where th

trouble commenced through not obeying orders. We had left a number of casks of rubber on deck which should have been placed below the previous day, but as the boats had come off late, we took a chance. Well, the casks all broke adrift, and there they were rolling from side to side, dashing against one rail then against the other, and there is no doubt but if the vessel had been wood instead of iron the whole lot would have crashed through and been lost. Now they had to be secured, but how? To get down on the main deck among them meant getting killed or maimed for life, for the sharp edges of the casks would cut a leg or arm off as clear as a knife would. I happened to get an idea. I got up a lot of bundles of new rope (coils) and a lot of bundles of empty sacks and we threw them in among them; that blocked a lot of them and we managed after great difficulty to secure them, though we got pretty well bruised. Taking chances is a ruling passion with a sailor. That reminds me of the quotation, "The ruling passion strong in death," and which was exemplified most forcibly in an instance I now relate. An old lady used to indulge in the cup that cheers, too well, so her family thought of some expedient which would cure her of this unfortunate habit, and they did it in this wise. They got two coffins brought to the house during the night, and placed them in the dark cellar. They then hired a nurse to assist in carrying out the scheme. The nurse was placed in a coffin enshrouded and the old lady while intoxicated was treated likewise. The whole family stood around (not being visible in the dark) so as to witness the fright the old lady would receive, the fright which they believed would cure her for all time. This is how it worked out. After an hour or so of sleep, she woke up, sat up in the coffin and took a look around. Her gaze finally fell upon the form lying in a coffin beside her. She nudged the said nurse in the side and asked her if she (the nurse) was dead, and was answered in sepulchral tones that she was. "Well," she continued, "am I dead?" and was told she was. So she asked the nurse how long she had been dead and was told three

years. "And how long have I been dead?" She was told about a month. When she with great earnestness said, "Say, you have been here longer than I have, do you know where we can get a drink?" The ruling passion strong in death.

These tornados are over in a short while, though the sea lasts for some hours after, then leaves the ocean with that mirror-like appearance as if it had never been ruffled.

The great peculiarity of this section of the coast of Africa is that it is apparently below the water-line, and one has to approach it with care, though there are no rocks, but you would soon find yourself on the beach if you judged by appearance and did not use the head line. Now the surf-boats come out, about 12 niggers in each. They use the paddle here, not the oar, and as they paddle they chant some kind of a tune to keep time by. A lot of others also come off to see what they could barter or steal. I never used to let any of them get up on the quarter deck, for this reason. There is here what is called the desu (I do not know whether that is spelt right, but I guess it is near enough), an insect that gets between the toes, boots or shoes not being used here, where it lays a little bag of eggs, which turn to a larvae and rot the foot away, and they were always squatting on the deck digging away at their feet, for it has to be cut right out and the said bag taken out without breaking it. The natives working the boats (who are always termed the boys) accompany us from port to port, two large surf-boats being hoisted on board and one placed each side of the deck, over which you had to crawl every time your duties called you at either end. At night the boys used to sleep on the deck, no covers being needed in this climate, and often, when in haste, I would jump off the poop, step on one, fall over another, in an attempt to get forward in the dark. I was always an adept at labor-saving devices, and I was here able to utilize these powers to a great extent, such as getting a boy to cut up my tobacco, get a live ember from the cookhouse, etc., feeling, as I lay in my hammock hung up under the awning, as if I were King of the Cannibal Islands.

They make some handsome mats (size of an ordinary hearth rug) of native grass and dyed in lots of brilliant colors which they get from some vegetable matter known only to them. There was also carved ivory ornaments, etc. I managed to get hold of quite a lot of these curios for an old blanket, some beads and an old pocket knife.

The only means of getting a letter here was when a man-of-war happened to come down the coast from the Gaboon. There was another small trading vessel lying here which belonged to a Russian firm which was somewhere up the river, and for some reason Captain Rule had instructed us to have no communication with them. Be that as it may, the mate, who imbibed pretty freely, took a notion to take two of the men in the boat with him and went off to pay a visit. This was not only disobeying orders, but if a tornado should arise, he would have been blown to sea and none of them ever heard from. However, it was none of my troubles, though I naturally watched the sole moving object on the wide expanse of water. He got aboard all right. Evening came along and no boat had come, so I placed a lantern in the rigging so as he could find the vessel. Hour after hour went by and no mate, and tired out I tumbled into my hammock to get some rest. At daylight I noticed that the boat was no longer hanging astern of the other vessel, and I was afraid that he had missed our vessel and that he had been carried out to sea. I got the spy-glass and scanned the horizon, but could see nothing, but turning the glass toward the shore I saw a larger gathering than usual, but we lay so far off that even with the glass I could not discern anything very clearly. However, it turned out he had taken more to drink aboard the other vessel and nothing must do but he must make for the shore. The reader may understand the foolhardiness of this proceeding, when I tell him that the surf-boats specially built to go through the high, thundering surf that rolls up on these sands capsize nine times out of ten, that being the reason why everything had to be placed in casks for transportation to the shore, and numbers

of the boys show the results of that by having only one leg o one arm, said members having been cut off through being caught between the chimes of two casks. The average whit man would succumb under half the injury these men received but a boy gets his leg cut off in this wise, and a simple appli cation of some vegetable compound known to their old men and he is hopping around in the course of a week or two

Well, I soon heard all about it. A little while after I was able to see the surf boats coming through the surf and at the stern of one of them was fastened our boat. They had had a narrow escape for their lives, for they had capsized going through the surf, and if it had not been that the boys were watching them, they would have been drowned. He got a hot time from the skipper and he did not try it again.

Rum is a bad component part of a ship's cargo, especially trade rum, and it made things pretty tough for me, while I would be on deck, to see the cargo put over the side into the surf-boats, the hands below would be sampling and filling their private bottle with the result that they were quarrelsome and saucy. I had often to use means of a rather forcible nature, and it is not always possible to come out on top even if you are an officer. It was a good job for me, in one sense, that the commercial value of a hogshead of trade rum was not much, for one day when breaking one out in the hold, the ship rolling heavily, it slid out sooner than was expected, and there happened to be a piece of wood sticking up which went right through the head, and out poured the spirits. We got hold of it, the rum running over our legs, and managed to get it up on end, saving about a quarter of it. To give you some idea of the strength of this liquid fire, it burnt the skin of our legs pretty badly. Well, of course the captain had to be informed of it, and the mate (secretly pleased, no doubt) did so. The reply came back, remarking that accidents would happen, and to be more careful in future. The said mate made it very hard for me through his heavy drinking. I had to be on deck doing what he should have been doing, when I should have

been down in the hold looking after the men, and he would one day give them a lot beside what they were pilfering. However, we got all our cargo ashore, and proceeded to get the stuff in for the home-market. The captain had already sent on board two Muscovy ducks, several monkeys, and a number of grey African parrots. One of these monkeys was being sent home to the Zoological Gardens, London, and it was only the second one of that species that had ever been caught, but he never reached there. He could not stand the cold and died before we reached the Channel. Another was a great source of amusement and had more than the usual amount of intelligence. She, with others, was kept chained to the rail, and one day one of the other monkeys got loose and we were trying to catch it, and were just going to give up, being afraid that he would jump overboard, when he happened to pass within reach of Jinnie," as she had been dubbed, when she immediately seized hold of him and held him tight, jabbering all the time, saying, as it were, "Here he is, fellows; he is not going to run loose while I'm tied up," and so we got him, much to her apparent satisfaction. Here was another source of amusement she offered the crew. They would throw a rope over the stern, and then they would chase Jinnie and off she would spring aloft, we after her, some one way and some another, but you might as well have tried to catch a Will-o-the-Wisp. She would jump an incredible distance and catch hold of some rope, and from there she would metaphorically put her finger to her nose and jabber away; but if we got her at one of the yard arms where she was bound to be caught, she would jump overboard, seize the rope in passing that hung ready for her and clamber over the stern, ready to keep it up longer than we would.

As I have said before, malignant fevers were a source of danger on this coast, not that there was any danger for those remaining on board the ship; but for the greed of gold, Captain Rule remained in this trade though he was down with malaria every trip, and so it was on this one. When ready for

sea, he came aboard and immediately took to his stateroo
where quinine was the principal medicine. During the cour
of the disease he went delirious, and we had to hide ever
thing with which he could do himself an injury, and I and t
mate had to take turns to watch him during the worst pa
of it. One night I was watching him, and feeling completel
worn out, I placed my chair right in the doorway of the stat
room, facing him, so as he could not get by me if I doze
Well, I suppose I must have dozed off, for he made one sprin
out of his bunk, and before I could get on my feet he ha
knocked me sprawling, and up the cabin stairs he rushed, m
after him, and I was just in time to get hold of the tail o
his dressing gown as he was going to plunge over the side
The noise had brought the mate and the steward to my assis
ance and we had a desperate struggle with him before w
succeeded in getting him back to his room again. A few day
at sea, and he was himself again, though, of course, much
shaken in his nervous system. He was great on astrology, an
much to my disgust, he would stay up in my watch from
to 12 and discourse (as he thought) to my advantage on th
solar system, etc., when I would rather have been cummuning
with my own thoughts and building castles in the air.

My careless procedure re the watching of the sick man
reminds me of the incident where a man was left to watch
sick individual, and the doctor impressed upon him the strict
necessity of his giving the patient his medicine (a powder)
every two hours, and the quantity was to be as much of the
powder as he could put on a dime. One day, the said man
wished to go out on business, so he got another man to relieve
him, giving him the instructions he had received from the
doctor, and off he went. He came back in the course of a
few hours only to find the man dead. And questioning the
other, he found out the reason of this sudden demise. When
asked if he had administered the medicine as told he replied
that he had, but not having a dime on him, he had put as
much of the powder as would cover two nickels (the old-

fashioned five cent piece) instead, and seemed perfectly satisfied as to the performance of his duty.

All went well till we arrived near the Channel, when the captain was again confined to his room ill, and the mate was laid up with a bad foot. Let me say right here, that the anxiety was almost turning my hair grey. We were getting close to the land, of which I really knew next to nothing, but I brought my usual proclivities into play and looked at it from the point of view that if it came out all right, all right, and if it didn't, what's the odds. But remaining on deck all the time, catching a nap on the gratings occasionally, I successfully got her up as far as the Isle of Wight, when the pilot came on board and wishing to get up as soon as possible, took a tugboat which towed us as far as Gravesend, at the mouth of the Thames. As I have mentioned previously I had had considerable difficulty with the men on the coast through the mate. The boy who lived with the men informed me to look out for myself, as the men were going to get even with me. Well, I was always the one to take the "bull by the horns," so when the captain had gone ashore and the Custom House officer was on board, I went forward and told them to chalk for anchor watches. This anchor watch is run thus. There are, say, seven men in the crew, and the hours of the night have to be equally divided up between them to see that the anchor does not drag, keep an eye on things generally, see that none of the river thieves do not get on board and steal anything. I called them on deck and gave them the order, likewise informing them that I had heard (never mind how) that some of them had it in for me, and as I had no wish to make a blackguard of myself when I had left the ship, I preferred that anyone of them who was looking for trouble would step out and settle it right then, but no one stepped out. I was never much troubled when a man told me what he would do to me in the future; if he did not do it when his blood and temper was up, he rarely did it after. Of course, with foreigners it is different. They will bear malice for years.

Now, when we were paid off, I feeling at peace with the world and thinking the others like myself had left behind us, proposed to the steward that we go and spen little time with our late shipmates, so we wended our way the boarding house where they hung out and soon regretted They were at dinner when we got there, and in as quick t as it takes to write it, the steward and I were fighting our out into the passage and down the stairs. Our own moth would hardly have known us if they had seen us then, but were not long repairing damages and made tracks for ho I got home as usual, and at this time the whole talk was N Zealand. Everybody was talking New Zealand, and all t could manage it somehow were going there, and not to behind hand I very soon got the idea into my head that t was a country I would make my mark in, thinking, a rightly, that Hobos would be scarce there, and I would h a large field all to myself; in fact, that I would be somethi of a curiosity to the people thereof, but *bon gré, mal gré.* made up my mind to get there. But how? I could not ship a run away with any certainty, but I struck a brilliant id Agricultural laborers were in great demand, and the Ag General for New Zealand was granting a passage all found \$5.00 to Wellington. I procured the necessary papers fr an "obliging" agent, got the minister of the parish necessity) to sign a blank form of application, forwarded and was in due course furnished with my ticket, etc., al instructions when to be on hand in London to be put on boa a ship with some 400 or 500 others. The date arrived, and duly presented myself at the company's office, where I receiv an order for a donkey's breakfast (a straw mattress), 2 blanket tin cup, plate and all the other articles necessary. The pri cipal article of the above was the "hook-pot," said artic holding about a pint of tea or coffee, the flat hook bei attached so as you could hang it on the side-board of yo bunk, there being no tables, sitting on the floor when the sh was rolling and pitching (safe if not comfortable), though eve

then it was a difficult job, the vessel sometimes throwing us all in a heap to leeward, and you lost your meal. The greatest hardship, especially to those not accustomed to the motion of a vessel, and there were very few that were, they being mostly from the country districts and with hob-nails in their boots, was having to go to the cook-house and fetch your food. It was no easy job to get along the slippery deck, the seas tumbling aboard and the vessel pitching and tossing. Even I, that was used to it, used to come to grief. Well do I remember one day in particularly bad weather taking my hook-pot in one hand and a tin plate in the other to fetch my dinner, when coming back about half-way the captain, who was standing on the break of the poop, sang out, "Look out, here's one coming." So I braced myself with my back to it, but it was more than I bargained for. It knocked me down and I was washed from side to side, and I was pretty well half drowned before I regained my feet, dinner gone and not in the best of spirits, but where that occurred to me once, it happened dozens of times to others. However, this is ahead of my story.

All being fitted out, we wended our way down to the dock where the full-rigged ship "Rodney," Captain Loutitt, was lying, and going on board was confronted with a scene of such confusion as beggars description. I was surprised that many with wives and families did not lose heart and turn back, but were told it would be all right in a day or two. The accommodation was in the upper hold of the vessel, around which were built the bunks, into which you had to creep head first, like a dog getting into a kennel, a plank running right around in front of these forming all the seating there was. The lavatories were roughly built up things on the main deck, and no matter what the weather or temperature was there you had to go. There was no heating apparatus of any description. Below you froze in the southern latitudes, and sweltered in the tropics. The food was indifferent, oatmeal, salt-beef, salt-fish, biscuit and such like, and the sameness was intolerable. For even of a good thing you can have too much. Here is a case

in point: A farm laborer was always growling about the f
so the farmer asked him what he would like to eat all
time. He said that he could eat turkey for the whole of
days. "All right," said the farmer. Monday he had roast turk
that was bliss indeed. Tuesday was all right. Wednesday
began to tire, and when it was placed on the table on Thurs
he called his employer to one side and said, "Say, boss, g
me any old thing you like to eat, but for goodness sake
more turkey." So it was with us. But in spite of these ha
ships we only had two deaths out of this large number,
young girl and an infant, but we broke even, for there had b
two births. We had been 96 days out when we sighted
land, and soon were plowing through Cook's Straits, the co
of the North Island on the one side and the South Island
the other. The appearance of the country from the sea is rou
and weather-beaten, and this called forth the remark from
of my fellow passengers, that no wonder land was cheap if
was all like this. But Nature seems to have placed these rou
and massive hills purposely around to protect the valleys a
dales inland from the fierce gales that blow in these latitud
which they do. It did not take a great while before we we
entering Port Nicholson Heads, the only entrance to t
arbor of Wellington. Here a tug-boat took hold and tow
us up to the Quarantine grounds, but the doctor soon gave h
permit, and we then towed up to the wharf, all being in goo
spirits, and glad to have reached their destination safely, aft
having covered over 14,000 miles.

Wellington at this time was like a box of toys laid out
a child, little houses scattered here and there on the level ar
on the sides of the hills, but it is the Empire City now wit
handsome buildings, etc.

Well here I was, and funds were low, so after trottin
around a bit sight-seeing (all the married people were take
charge of by the Government Agent who accommodated the
in the Emigration Barracks till they had placed them all),
started off to see an old fellow apprentice of mine, who wa

working in the Government Printing Office. He was glad to see me, and though I did not get a job at the G. P. O. I got on the N. Z. Times. This office suited me right down to the ground, for in those days when a shipment of De Kuyper gin, whiskey, etc., was landed, accompanying the advertisement was a case for the boys to sample, and was never refused. How they got to hear about me, I know not, but I received a letter from the American Novelty Co., in Sydney, asking me if I would accompany their two agents up and through the Wairrarapa Valley on terms which would be satisfactory. I jumped at the chance. Anything to keep moving. So in the course of a week or two along came said agents, Mr. Lambert was one, the other name I forget. Why I suppose I do not forget Lambert's name was that he was the talker. Talk! Why he could talk the leg off a wheelbarrow. Well, they proposed terms that suited me, my duties being to be, as it were, land pilot, and to make all the travelling arrangements. There was no railroad over the Rimutaka Mountain then, but you had to take the coach from the Upper Hutt, some 20 miles or so from Wellington. I put a man in my place at the office, and we started on a Saturday morning. The whole of the goods were in two boot trunks, and considering that the freight on the coach was $5.00 a trunk, these were enough. The coach road on the Rimutaka is 11 miles up and 9 miles down the other side. It is a road cut on the face of the mountain, with room only for the coach (every mile or two a deep cutting is made so as to enable any two vehicles to pass). And the height would make you giddy. Looking down at the gorge beneath, a good sized cottage looked no larger than a dog-kennel. And the way it blows up here, it was not an unusual occurrence for the coach to be blown over, when it would roll over and over till it was brought to a stop by some stumps of trees which protrude here and there, and the passengers would be seen coming into town with sticking plaster much in evidence, and it was marvelous that more fatal accidents did not occur.

On this occasion, however, we penetrate the mist th generally hangs some distance below the summit, and it is great experience to climb through this and then find ones confronted with a clear sky and glorious sunshine. Reachi the top and commencing the descent is where the "gree hand" is nervous, for now the driver touches up the leade of the four-in-hand, and they negotiate the descent in qui time; but it is touch and go, for the off-wheel is perilously ne the edge all the time. But all's well that ends well, and pull up at Featherston (situated on the bank of Lake Wai rarrapa. Here we feed the horses and feed ourselves. O again, and do the nine miles to Carterton, where we stop f a while to water the horses (but it is really an understandi between the stage-driver and the hotel-keeper), but it suits th passengers all the same. An hour or so's drive and we rea our destination, Masterton, the largest town in the Wairrarap Valley, and we take up our quarters at the Club Hotel. O Ike, the driver of the stage, was one of the coolest men at th job. I was told of numerous occasions where his coolness save the lives of his passengers. But I doubt if he was as cool a the commercial traveller who was stopping at an hotel whe it caught fire during the night. One of the waiters rushed u to the fourth floor where he with others slept and knockin loudly at the door informed him that the hotel was on fir He answered the waiter thus: "Where is the fire now? The waiter told him it was on the first floor. "Well," h replied, "call me when it reaches the third."

I told my partners to go out and join all the clubs tha there were in the town, and to spend their money freely, an get acquainted, not forgetting to inform everybody why w were up there, while I hustled and got a half of a photographer' store, placing our goods inside and some in the window; th goods consisting of the ordinary combination glass cutter, tac hammer, dress lifters, cheap jewellery, etc. Lambert did th street corner business, and talked anybody who got near enough to him into buying. I was not a success at that portion of the

business. He asked me to do it for him one evening. I did so, but I sold next to nothing, and had some half-dozen or so of articles pilfered from under my very nose. He did not ask me again.

While here, we saw a large number of Maoris gallop past. You would have thought they were being pursued by some fierce foe, but we were told that was the usual way they rode. They have no mercy on a horse, whether it is one mile or a dozen it is covered at a gallop. They are a fine race of people. You should see the older Maoris. They are tatooed all over. I saw one old chief, he would have scared Old Nick himself. Their mode of tatooing is not as we know it. They cut deep incisions with a sharp shell, following the contour of the cheeks, the nose, chin, etc., then lay pieces of wood therein till healed up. These incisions being then dyed a blue of their own preparation. We sold most of our cheap jewellery. Anything of that kind finds in them a ready purchaser, and they will not haggle at the price, that was the beauty of it. Well, in the course of a few days we had sold everything at a handsome profit, and returned to Wellington, where we parted, the other two for Sydney, where I told them I would soon follow them.

I went back to the office of the N. Z. Times, and the boys kindly helped me to lighten my load of surplus cash. I suppose they were afraid it would do me harm. Talking about the boys reminds me of what mad things we did. Here is an instance. We were in the parlour of the Shamrock Hotel one night at about 11 p.m. talking of goodness knows what, when some limb of Satan proposed that we go down to the harbour, and take a cruise in the 3-mast Government schooner "Ellerton," said schooner being used for training the Naval Reserve. She was somewhere about 150 tons. Well, there was only myself that knew one end of a vessel from the other; but what mattered that to them. They had made up their mind to go, and off we sallied, the landlord doing his best to dissuade us. She was lying out in the Bay at her usual anchorage, so we confiscated a small boat and pulled off to her, singing and yelling as if

possessed, though the night was dark. Getting aboard, I w
appointed commander. I could get no one, of course, to
aloft and loose the topsails, so I had to go myself, though
never once entered my muddled head how they were going
be taken in. When I got down on deck, I got them at the win
lass, and we started to get the anchor up. Well, the crowd ha
never worked so hard before, nor have they worked so hard sinc
It would have sobered the gang if it had not been for the nun
ber of bottles that had been brought off. By what means
know not, we got the canvas sheeted home and the anchor u
to the bow, and off we went. There was more wind than I ba
gained for, and the vessel was laying over with her lee ra
nearly under water. I could not leave the wheel, and there wa
no one to take in sail. They were all badly scared, and told m
it was all my fault. They could not stand on the deck, and wer
crawling about on their hands and knees, vowing vengeance o
one another, and me in particular. The vessel all this time wa
gradually making so much leeway, that I saw if something wa
not soon done, we would be on the rocks near a place called
Oriental Bay. Without assistance I could not put her about
and there was not room enough left to wear her, so to save the
vessel, I, when we got somewhere nearer shore, tied the helm
down, bringing her head to wind, ran forward and let go the
anchor, and none too soon, for, when enough chain had run out
to hold her, her stern was only a good jump from the rocks. I
went aloft and managed to make the sails fast after a fashion,
enough anyway to keep them from flapping about. Well, here
we were, with the "Ellerton" some three miles away from her
anchorage, and no way of getting her back, so a council was
held, and it was decided that we get back in the small boat,
leaving the schooner where she was, which was duly carried out,
and she was there found next morning and towed back to her
moorings. We expected to get trouble over it, but in those
days such things were overlooke ut the printers' organ came
out with an article re the said expedition, and in part of it
said: "That sailor Jack was at the helm, singing 'Our Bowsprit

Points to Cuba,' etc." Well, all's well that ends well, but it was the acme of foolhardiness.

Shortly after this I was attending the races held at the Lower Hutt (Waiwetu), and there met Capt. Stahl, of the American schooner "Josephine," which was discharging general cargo from New York. Well, finding congenial company like this was not conducive to attending to work, it resulted in my making up my mind to go with him to Newcastle, New South Wales, and only 60 miles from Sydney. So, metaphorically speaking, I shook the Wellington dust off my feet and was off again, not knowing where I should stop, or caring much anyhow. Our passage of some ten days was without incident, and we dropped anchor at the great coal port of Newcastle. Here, again, opportunity came my way. A new paper had just started, called the "Call," and I got a situation thereon; but the heat (or the beer) was not conducive to regularity, and the majority worked only a day or two a week. Tiring of this I held my job steadily down for the long period of a whole week, and thus acquired enough to get to Sydney and still have (for me) a fair balance in hand, about a whole week's board in advance; that was, of course, if I could make up my mind to commit such an insane act. A one-night passage and I was dumped on Circular Quay, Sydney. Sydney, the hobo's heaven, no room rent to pay. There was the large Domain (a large wooded park, fronting the harbour), where he could lie down and listen to the purling stream (how's that!) and the twittering of the birds in the foliage overhead. If my reader could take a walk through the Domain in the early morn, he would see a number of men making up their bed, a few newspapers, then go down to the water-front and have a wash, a newspaper being used as a towel. This is no hardship, for in the summer time (like in New York) the houses are so hot that the occupiers would give a lot for the privilege of the Domain if it had been near enough. Here they can take a walk through the Botanical Gardens, where there are flowers and plants from all over the world; then stroll into the city to scare up a hand-out

or a light job for a few hours. As usual, I struck a job at Sa
office, George St., Sydney, on a Post Office Directory, on wh
we were making £1 ($5.00) a day, it being piecework.

I had held this down fairly well for some weeks, whe
went with others to see a balloon ascent at the Albert Grou
Mr. Wells, an American, was the aeronaut. He started be
he had sufficient gas, with the result that the balloon did
rise perpendicular fast enough, and the wind, taking it fou
a chimney, dragged away the car, leaving him hanging by
ropes; but, fortunately, he passed over a high sand-hill, wh
he dropped and escaped without injury. This is not of m
interest, but it leads up to what followed.

Not feeling the necessity of working, I, a few days af
was strolling aimlessly about, and was standing by the gate
the Government Buildings, when I was accosted by the s
Wells (I knew him again), and, getting into conversation,
asked me if I knew where he could get a balloon netting. N
I knew where there was one to be had. An hotel-keeper do
by the Quay had one he had held from an aeronaut named G
for a board bill. I also informed him that I thought he co
get it cheap, as it was fit for nothing else. He asked me i
would go with him, and as it always had been a pleasure to
to attend to other people's business and neglect my own,
course I assented. He bought the netting all right, then ask
me to accompany him to the firm of Moore, Henderson a
Boucher, a firm dealing in cotton goods, etc., Lower Pitt Stre
It was here that the new balloon was being made. It was bei
made of cotton, equal to silk, which had taken the prize at t
Exhibition. While standing there waiting for him, one of t
promoters, Mr. Gordon (firm of Gordon & Bennet, proprieto
of the Albert Grounds and the Victoria Theatre), came ov
to me and asked me if I knew anything about balloons.
course, I replied "Yes" (the only one I had ever seen was t
Graphic Balloon in Brooklyn, and that from outside the fence
Well, he informed me that they did not have much faith in t
said Wells, and asked me if I would look after the making, o

ing, etc., and if Wells did not go up, would I. I unreservedly answered yes to everything proposed. There were about 50 girls at sewing machines stitching cloths together (Wells having cut it out), and I had to see that the double stitching was properly done, for, as the reader might know, it was of great importance that there be no leakage. That part was duly finished, and I had it taken up to the Albert Grounds to oil it. There I filled a large tank with oil (this part I understood fine —I had made my own oilskins), dipped it in, and got the men to tread it in well with their feet, then taken out and hung over poles stretched along a large shed (as it was raining all the time). Being pressed for time, I took a chance of the balloon going up in smoke. I had charcoal fires in several kerosene tins, and kept two men on watch all the time with buckets of water, for the oil was dripping all over the place. Then the weather got fine and it was taken out, and we started to put the head in, which was like an inverted tambourine, the two halves opening downward when pulled by the cords attached to allow the gas to escape so as to descend, etc. Here is proof of how much I knew about it. I said to a mate (a man named Gray, he being an engineer out of work): "Say, George, it will be easier if you crawl up with it inside." When that man put his head inside he soon pulled it out again; why, he would have been a dead man before he had been there a minute with the hot and poisonous gas that had accumulated. So we took the slow but safer way of working it up by hand from the outside. Then, with a miner's blast, we filled her sufficiently full so that she would roll about on the grass and so dry and harden. Well, the day before the ascent arrived, and she was placed in connection with the gas main, and was gradually filled, being weighted down with bags of sand with a hook attached, which we would keep shifting down as she rose (she was some 150 feet in circumference and proportionate in height). It was a calm night, and all went well; but our hopes were soon dashed to the ground. Shortly after six in the morning a southerly buster came up, and we could not hold her, so, to save the balloon, we had to let

all the gas out, and she laid as flat as a pancake, all our labour gone for naught. I sent a messenger to notify the promoters and the newspapers, for it was not possible to fill her again in time for an ascent that day. I might say right here, that Gray and I agreed that if we had to go up in her we would try her valves before she got very high up, and if they did not work all right we would put a knife into her, it being better to fall a lesser distance than a greater. However, I saw how things were going, so I went down and got the money due to myself and the men, and summarily cut my connection with it, and she never went up. But said Wells got a hot air balloon going on the Domain and had it attached to a windlass, thus making money taking people up a certain height, then it was hauled down by said windlass. But his luck could not have been of the right sort, for the wire rope broke and, in its fall, killed a printer who was a looker-on. As usual, if there is a printer in a crowd, and anyone is going to be hurt, it is him. But ill-luck runs in some families, like wooden legs.

I meandered around looking for something new to turn up, and running across a ship's steward, whom I had recently got acquainted with, he asked me if I was doing anything, and on my answering in the negative, said, "Why don't you come up to the exhibition where I am, and get a job carving?" But I told him that I could not carve a pound of butter. "Oh!" he said, "that's nothing; do as the other man next you does and you will get on all right." He also impressed upon me that if they asked me what I had been doing to say a ship's steward. The advice of doing what the other man does, does not always work out as expected. Here is an example: A trombone player in the orchestra of a certain theatre wanted to stay away one evening, so he got a "dummy" to take his place. He told him that all he had to do was to follow the motions of the other trombone player, and it would be all right. Well, said "dummy" turned up accordingly with his instrument, taking his seat alongside his fellow-player. The conductor moved his baton, all the instruments tooted, but the two trombone players sat gazing

at one another, both being "dummies," the two principals having, unfortunately, done the same thing.

I wended my way to the Exhibition Grounds, which were out at Redfern (a suburb), and presented myself to the manager, and was duly engaged. I got on all right, as I was put with others cutting up salad. We were only there for about two hours in the evening, for which we got one dollar, and that gave me plenty of time to roam around during the day. I got on the coach for Botany Bay, where, in the years gone by, were sent the convicts from the Old Country, but now a pleasure resort for the masses. I also visited the immense pumping station which supplies the city with water, and which is well looked after, as it has to be in a country where long droughts occur. Why, before the refrigerating process came along, in the hot season you could buy half a sheep for a shilling, and if you kicked at that they threw it at you, for up country the sheep had to be driven hundreds of miles for water, thousands perishing for the lack of it. You could get a three-course meal for twelve cents, and at one place a glass of beer was thrown in. There is no need of mentioning that it was there I used to eat. That was at Julian's, in Pitt Street, which calls to mind the episode of two foreigners who were hard up and felt like eating something. They had been looking in the window at the tempting viands displayed, when one of them made up his mind to go in. He entered and sat down at a table, and a waiter asked him what he would eat. He replied, "Vat you please." Well, the waiter thought that he could not speak English, so he put him up the regular dinner. As usual, when the diner was about finished, the waiter placed a check alongside his plate. The foreigner asked him what that was for. It was explained that the said check was the amount he owed for his dinner. The foreigner told him that he had no money, but had asked him to give him "vat he pleased." So the waiter told the boss, who, admiring the gall of the fellow, said, "Let him go." On getting outside his compatriot asked him how he had got on, and he told him, so he thought he would do likewise; but, unfortunately,

he sat down at the same table, and the same waiter, who aske
him what he wished to order, to be met with, "Vat you please.
The waiter informed the boss, who took down a cane hangin
by his desk, and thrashed him out of the place. On emergin
into the street, his partner asked him how he had fared, and h
told him that he had got more than vat he pleased.

The exhibition was over, and I was again near rock-bottom
when I met an old shipmate, who was seaman on a brig calle
the "Britain's Pride," Captain Linklater, who was going t
Newcastle and from thence to the Bluff, New Zealand, and a
they wanted a hand, I took it on. Not being used to it for s
long, one of my hands went so sore that I could not use it, an
when we arrived at the Bluff I decided to quit and try to get t
Wellington. The captain tried to dissuade me, but for som
unaccountable reason I would not be persuaded. It must hav
been a presentment. I remained on board till the day she sailed
and shouted a good-bye to my old ship-mates, little thinkin
that I would never see them again. She was bound to Hobar
Town, Tasmania, to load timber, and from there to Wellington
She got there all right, was duly loaded, and left for Welling
ton, having two of the owner's daughters on board as passengers
also her complement of nine hands all told, and from that da
to this she has never been heard of. It must have been some
thing out of the ordinary that was encountered, for the captai
was a most able and careful man. Here, indeed, my luck stood
by me.

Now, to get on the road for Wellington; a long way to ge
without money. I got a deck passage on an old steamer called
the "Comerang," that plied between there and Dunedin, the
next port up the coast, the passage being granted on the con-
dition that I assist in working out the cargo on our reaching
there; but, being absent-minded, I quite "forgot" that part of
the arrangement. Absent-mindedness is prevalent among many
men, but for a case of absent-mindedness give me the man who
was engaged to saw off the branches of a tree. He got on a
branch and, not noticing what he was doing, he sawed away at

the limb inside of where he was sitting astride, and did not tumble to that fact till he had tumbled to the ground. He was an absent-minded man, if you like.

I called at the various printing offices, and there was nothing doing; but I raised a little collateral and was thus enabled to keep on top. Going down to the dock, I met Captain Fraser, who was down to fetch a new steamer (a small one), called the "Jane Douglas," which was going to Wellington, via Lyttelton, and he said he would give me a lift up. Luck again.

We got to Lyttelton. It is a busy port, large numbers of ships lying here taking in grain (grown on the Canterbury Plains), frozen meat and mutton, tallow, hides, etc. The town is situated on the side of a hill, and mainly consists of hotels, outfitters and other businesses found in a seaport town. A story was going around that a Jew, who kept a clothing store, saw a one-legged man approaching his place, so he called to his wife to cut off one of the legs of a pair of pants. She duly did so; but unfortunately found out on the arrival of the man that she had cut the wrong leg off.

We laid here for a few days, then made a start for Wellington, soon making Cook Straits. There are two notable things connected with these Straits, one being the celebrated French Pass, in the centre of which lies a rock, where, owing to the velocity of the tide, a steamer could not touch even if she steamed on it at full speed, the velocity of the rushing water would throw her off. The other is the presence of the only fish in the world that is protected by Government. This is a large white Grampus, which the oldest Maoris say was there long before they came on the scene (in fact, according to Maori traditions, it must be centuries old). This fish apparently pilots every vessel through, swimming ahead, leaving immediately on arrival at the end of the Pass and returning to the other end to follow out the same tactics with the next arrival. It is always seen and was never known to miss.

We steam along past Cloudy Bay, said bay being, as far as I know, the only harbour of refuge in the Straits, and that

only from three sides; it is full of fish and many go there for that purpose. Cutting across, we soon enter the Heads and steam up to the wharf. The boys were glad to see me, and I joined in, as usual, with whatever was going on. There is something in having a reputation. There was a livery stable here, where I used to hire out a horse occasionally in the past, kept by a man named Tanner. Well, some one had presented a pair of young mules to a certain hotel proprietor, who had given them to Tanner to break in, and he had got them to the stage of being able to put them in harness (with a great deal of trouble), and, knowing my liking for anything in the shape of excitement, he proposed that I should have the honour of driving them out for the first time. He was not taking any chance s while he could get anybody fool enough to do it. There was an old stage-coach lying in the yard. It resembled a hearse with all the trappings stripped off, and, being very heavy and strong, I determined to take it for the occasion, and, to make sure of having enough weight, I got about a dozen sailors from various ships in the harbour to accompany me for a drive, though I did not enter into any details as to the kind of drive it was going to be. If I had, I doubt if they would have so quickly accepted.

Leaving Wellington, there is a fairly straight road, called the Hutt Road, some nine miles in length; it runs with the steep hills on one side and only a fence on the other to separate you from the railroad, which is built on this section on the shore of the Bay. I got the bunch inside and had one with me on the box for assistance and company. Talk about a start. It is only those who have handled mules can form any idea. When one made up its mind to start, the other would back for all he was worth, and there they see-sawed for quite a while. It is almost a moral impossibility to drive mules or bullocks without cursing. To illustrate this, I will give an example. A minister came along one day when a bullock-driver was prodding and cursing his team of six oxen. The minister accosted the man thus: "Say, my man, there is no need of your using all this profanity, pet them a little and coax them, and they will go all right. Here,"

he said, "I'll show you how easy it is." The man, with a grin, said, "All right, mister, go ahead," and sat down by the roadside awaiting events. The minister patted them on the neck, only to get a vicious thrust from their horns, and when he patted them on the back they would lash out with their tails, but not an inch would they budge. However, he coaxed and patted for quite a while, when, getting out of all patience, and thoroughly exasperated, he yelled out: "D—— you, go on," and off they went, he telling the man that he would never blame a man for swearing at a bullock team.

But when I got these mules to start, it was with a bound that threw all my inside passengers in a heap, and I, with a rein in each hand, and with the arms almost pulled out of their sockets, galloped down the road, the crazy old vehicle swaying from side to side—for the mules were taking the whole road for it, I could not keep them straight. All I could do was to pull for all I was worth. To make bad worse, we had the misfortune to meet a train, and the mules, in affright, bounded up the side of a hill. How we got there with these mules and coach was a mystery, why a goat could hardly have done it. And there we were. How to get the brutes and coach down was the puzzle; but, with the aid of ropes, we managed to get them back on to the road. Well, if they did not want to go then, we made them, and we got to the Lower Hutt in record time. But coming back, what a difference. They were all pumped out, and what with the whip, etc., the best we could get them to do was a walk, but it finished the breaking-in process all right.

The time came pretty soon when something had to be done to replenish my "coffers," and through a friend I heard that a rancher up in the Wairrarapa wanted a man on a paper he was going to start in the Township of Carterton. Well, that was my opportunity, and it was not long before everything was fixed up, and I duly presented myself to the man in charge, Mr. Fawcett, and as there was nowhere else I could put up but at the hotel, he said I could sleep on the sofa in his kitchen till Mr. Edmonds came into town and made arrangements. Never will

I forget the length of that night. It was an open fire-place, with a huge log burning in it. It spat and spluttered all over the floor the whole night, and, talk about sleep, it took me all my time watching each spark fly out and watch to see if it went out. I started in on my duties, which were many and varied, set type, go out and get ads, collecting, reporting, etc. The paper was not a success at that period. There was only a few scattered houses in the township at this time, though there were a number of outlying ranches. I was at first kind of doubtful of going to the next township, Masterton, thinking that, perhaps, my connection with the American Novelty Co. there some time previous might be held against me; but it wasn't, for even if the things they had bought had proved useless that did not bother them, for the articles we sold them were like the Yankee razors, which the agent sold four for a quarter. A man paid his 25c and took four of them. He came to the agent the next day and said, "Say, boss, those razors you sold me won't shave," and was duly told "those razors were never meant to shave, they were made to sell." So it was with the articles we had sold them.

As a general utility man I was not a success from the employer's point of view. But from my own I was a dandy. Why, there was a travelling theatrical company came for a one-night stand, the performance being held in a hall not much better than a barn, and it having been raining a lot previous, the ladies of the company had to be carried across the large pool of water at the entrance. Needless to say, I proffered my assistance, and by assisting, I deemed myself almost as one of them, and nothing must do but off I go to the hotel and procure a quantity of refreshments (taken medicinally, so as not to catch cold from damp feet), with the result that the whole company were completely demoralized, and were about the only ones in the hall who enjoyed the entertainment. Another example of the vast interest I took in the concern was when I was sent off to report a race meeting in the district. It was a week before I got back with that report, and yet, in spite of all

this expenditure of energy, the thing would not go. But I had a memorable ride while on this job. The proprietor thought it a good idea, if I took a horse and rode down to Wellington (over the Rimutaka Mountain) and see what ads I could pick up at the various townships, and also to call on all the business men in Wellington, some 96 miles of a ride. You did not have to hire a horse up here. Anyone would be pleased to lend you one, so I borrowed a good, upstanding grey gelding from a friend, and off I started. I got to Featherston all right, where I put up to feed my horse and self. A storm had been brewing for some hours, and it burst forth with thunder, lightning and rain. The road which I was going to traverse over the mountain (which I described earlier in this book) was now hardly ever used, the coaches being taken off when the railway came along on the other side of the mountain, so that the road was full of stones that had been washed down from the mountain side, etc. I also had a document of importance in my pocket that had to be presented at the court house in Wellington the next day, and which, if not so presented, would entail a serious loss to the one who had entrusted me with it. So, storm or no storm, I decided to push on, everyone trying to dissuade me from the attempt. It was a night. The thunder and lightning were terrible, the reverberation of the thunder among the hills resembling two masses of artillery opposing one another, and the lightning so vivid that it fairly blinded one so that one could hardly see before the next flash came. I got to the foot of the mountain safely, and then I let the horse pick his own way. The horse has better sight than a human being in the dark and also a finer instinct, and slowly we climbed (the horse often stumbling) the eleven miles up and then down the nine miles the other side. Well, I got down to the level safely and proceeded at a fair pace for a dark night till I got to a bridge that crossed a small, but swift-flowing river, the Ruamahunga, and here I could not get my mount to proceed. I plied whip and spur, but it was no use. He would rear up nearly falling backwards, and swinging right around. I kept at him for about

half an hour, till I was tired out, when I retraced my steps
an accommodation house some half a mile behind, where
knocked them up and got them to feed my horse and self,
laid down on the sofa all dripping wet and told them to
me at daylight. It was the dearest feed I ever paid for, a
of cold meat and bread and a cup of coffee, amount $3.
However, I paid it, as there was no way out of it and proceed
on my journey, and it was well for me that my horse refused
be urged, for the bridge had been washed away, and if we
plunged into that, it would have finished my travels, for
swift running waters would have dashed us to pieces against
banks, and I had to go some four miles down stream to find
ford. I crossed the ford safely, and negotiated the Mungaa
Swamp, arriving at the Upper Hutt so cramped with the
and cold that I had to be assisted off the horse. Here I
able to get a hot bath and rub down and that fixed me up,
I saw that the horse had a hot bran mash and a good rub do
as well. Starting after a short rest I got to Wellington ab
mid-day, not sorry for the experience, though it was a tough o
As usual, entertaining and being entertained did not le
much time for the business end of it, but it did not matter,
it happened, for I got a telegram to come right back, as oth
arrangements had been made, so I duly saddled up and
on the back track, the return journey making up for the d
comfort of the other, for it was a glorious day, the sun shini
bright and the birds singing their loudest. I fully intended
get some of my money back at the road house where they h
overcharged me, by having a meal and then telling them I h
no money (even if I stood for a beating), but I guess they s
me coming, for I knocked and knocked but could get no o
to attend me, so I pushed right along till I got back to wh
I had started from, neither horse nor self any the worse. Th
had decided to sell, so I cut my connection with it, it being
slow for me.

I had the opportunity of joining in a pig hunt here bef
I left. The hunt is conducted in this manner. A number

pig-dogs, who are of the mastiff breed, powerful and tough, accompany the men, and when a drove is seen the dogs rush in get a pig by the ear, and hold on till the man gets up and shoots him; and they have to run too, for these pigs are like grey-hounds, a regular razor-back breed and they jump like deer; the dogs get badly torn up by the tusks of the boars and are pretty well stitched up and scarred all over, but it is pretty exciting, and you are all right if there is a tree handy when a boar makes a dash at you.

I packed up my few duds and proceeded to my base of operations,—Wellington. I took a run up to Auckland in the "Rangitira" and meeting a party of gum-diggers I chipped in with them. A description of gum digging (which is pretty near as remunerative as gold digging) will I think be of interest to the reader. The gum-digger makes up his "swag" with the following articles:—a blanket, a "billy" (tin pail, which does to boil his tea in, etc.), a frying pan, knife and fork, etc., he has also a long rod with a sharp steel point and a shovel; thus equipped off he starts. The Kauri gum is found on the plains where once stood large Kauri forests and which were destroyed by fire long ago. He reaches the area where it is probable to find and he walks along, prodding the soil with his sharp pointed rod (for it lies near the surface), and when he strikes something hard he shovels away the earth and finds anything from one pound to fifty pounds weight of Kauri gum. He thus goes on making heaps of his finds, and when he has got as much as he can handle he starts off for Auckland and sells it. It has the appearance of amber, and like amber, has two qualities, the clear and the cloudy. He sells his stuff and then proceeds invariably to enjoy himself till broke, and off he goes again.

Like other hobos they do not like a steady job, but roam all over the country, sometimes working a day or two on a farm. One applied once to a farmer for a job, and was asked if he could milk, of course he answered yes. So the farmer gave him a can and milking stool and sent him off to the field to milk a number of cows. A little while after the farmer thought he

would go down and see how his new hand was getting along, and here is what he found. His new employee had placed the stool with the can on it under a cow and was patiently waiting for the milk to come. It is needless to remark that he could not fall back on the old yarn that that was the way they used to do it where he worked before. Two of this class got a job in the city to clean some windows in one of the lofty buildings, so to manage it with safety, they got a short plank. One sat on the end inside so as to support his mate who sat at the other end outside. Well, the one doing the cleaning got busy and in his haste dropped his cloth. The one inside sang out "I'll go and fetch it" and jumped off, ran down the stairs, and was so surprised to find his mate lying on the sidewalk, that he asked him "how on earth did you get down here so quick?"

Right near this part of the country are geysers, sulphur springs (from which you emerge covered with sulphur), boiling mud springs in which you can cook potatoes, and the celebrated pink and white terraces, which are all of volcanic origin, and occasionally break out in eruption at various points. The climate is semi-tropical. There are lots of deer, quail, etc., and the river, lakes, and sea are full of fish, so you can readily understand that it is an ideal country for a genuine hobo.

The King country lies away back from here, and it is here that the Maoris (as you may say) are making their last stand for old customs. When I was there recently a strong petition had been presented to quash some licences that had been issued in that part of the country, for one of the last acts of Tawhaio (the late Maori King) was to write to Queen Victoria and with great pathos asked her to never let any liquor be sent or sold to his people, and while he lived not a drop went into the King country.

Talking of fish, why, right alongside the wharf in the Harbor of Auckland, I saw a king-fish caught that weighed nigh on 400 lbs. They are something similar to the halibut. Oysters are plentiful (they are of two kinds, the mud oyster, like ours, and the rock oyster). Said rock oysters are in clusters, like a

large jagged piece of rock, and take time and trouble to open them, but they are nice and what more could a poor or rich hobo want. We used to get a bottle of vinegar and make our way down to the beach where we would regale ourselves plentifully. That was far ahead of putting up at a boarding-house where the coffee was strong and the butter and eggs stronger yet. Or you could borrow a boat and with any old kind of a hook and line you could pull up horse-mackerel, rock-cod, red mullet, etc., at any time you felt inclined for a fish dinner. The harbor is like a long river and boating is a favorite pastime. That brings to mind the story of a young man taking his best girl out for a row. The boat started leaking badly and the young lady got frightened, and in an attempt to cheer her up, he said to her, "Never mind, dear, if the worst happens we will both go down together;" but she did not see it in that light, for she replied, "That may be some satisfaction to you, but it is none to me."

However, I do not remember whether it was that I had had enough of Auckland, or that Auckland had had enough of me, but whichever it was, I got aboard the same old "Rangitira," Captain Harvey, and hiked back to Wellington via Wanganui, and other parts. Hobos had a great regard for Capt. Harvey and his vessel, mainly, I presume, because he did not ask them to work the passage out. We got to Wanganui without mishap, and laid out in the bay to take in some cargo and passengers and off we went. The Rangitira's smoking-room was at the head of the cabin stairs (it was not called saloon then) and we were as usual putting in the time singing, and, of course, "wetting the whistle." One of the party sang the song, "The Wearing of the Green," and that fetched up a lady from the "Old Sod" who kept an hotel at Wanganui, and from that moment things went with a whirl. She kept him singing Irish songs and saw that the glasses were never empty the whole night long. In fact a loud and not musical chorus could have been heard as we got alongside Wellington Wharf.

I now felt that a complete change of air and scene would be beneficial to me, so I made up my mind to take a trip to the

Old Country and see the dad, he being the only one left, so I cast about for ways and means. As to means (financial) I had none, and for clothes I had what I stood up in, so it looked a pretty tough prospect to make a voyage of some 60 or 70 days duration. But I was not to be deterred by a trifle like that. The then shore captain of the White Star steamers was a Captain Babot, a Jerseyman, so I went to him and asked him if he could get me a passage home in the "Copic," which was nearly ready for departure for London, via Lyttelton, Rio de Janeiro, Teneriffe and Plymouth, and he did so. Well, I got a little money from some of my old cronies and bought a few necessaries, and when we got to Lyttelton, I called on the boys and got still further helped out. In fact they tried to dissuade me from going, as there was plenty of work at the office where I had been formerly employed. But donkey-like my mind was made up, and there was no changing it. Here again my usual luck was in evidence. The second officer accosted me, saying, "Say, we want another hand. Why don't you sign on and have some money to take for your work. It will come handy when you get to the other end." Now, you bet, I jumped at the chance and went with him to the shipping office and duly became one of the crew. Knowing my fellow seamen as I did I had no fear of any great suffering for want of suitable apparel, for when it rained one of the watch below would lend me his oilskins and seaboots, another would offer this and that, and so on. I never in all my experience saw one seaman want for anything while another had it to give or lend. In fact, they would offer a thing to a weaker man that they wanted themselves. We got to Rio Janeiro all right, and here we took in coal. The way a steamer is coaled here is worth noticing. The coal barges come alongside and two planks are put aboard. A large number of natives with a basket on their heads, which holds about 25 pounds of coal, form an endless chain round and round, the full up one plank, and the empties down the other, and in an incredible short space of time 800 or 900 tons of coal are placed on board —light and quick labor.

A few days brought us to Teneriffe, the noted peak of which can be seen some 30 or 40 miles off, the summit being generally invisible for it pierces the low-lying clouds. We drop anchor, taking on passengers and telegraph to the home agents the probable date of arrival. The town looks well from the sea, the numerous white painted houses, backed with green foliage and grass, forming a pretty picture.

A few hours and we up anchor and off for Plymouth, where the saloon passengers and mails will be landed. Talking with one of the engineers one dog-watch, said talking being yarn-spinning, he told me of an engineer who was particularly fond of children, and having had an addition to his family some few days before his arrival, a lot of the women folks thought they would give him a big surprise. They gathered together from among themselves some five or six babies somewhere about the age, and placed them in the bed with the wife of said engineer. As usual, as soon as the vessel was tied up, he made tracks for home. They were all there to see how he would act, he having always quoted "the more, the merrier." The women were all sitting in the room looking as innocent as doves, when he started to look into all the cupboards, under the bed, dressing table, etc. They asked him what he was looking for, and he replied, "Well, I am looking around so as to make sure that none have got away."

Arriving at Plymouth, the bulk of the saloon passengers went ashore with the mails on the tender, and we were then on our last lap. Steaming along as we did, close to the shore, was one of the grandest panoramic views that could be seen. Every headland would open up some fresh vista, the lighthouses, the church steeples poking up from a little village, a little timber here, a green field there, and the white chalk cliffs, was something to remember. On the cliffs of Dover (I believe it is) is the white horse. Right on the face of the chalk cliff is the figure of a gigantic horse as plain as if carved by human hands. We skirt the edge of the Goodwin Sands, whose treacherous shifting sands swallow up the ill-fated vessel that is wrecked

thereon, and they are many, a long death-roll being registered against them. We passed numerous signal buoys (such as electric-lit buoys, whistling buoys, etc), not forgetting the light ships; we turn our bow up the River Thames, bringing up at Greenwich for a while. This is a place worth seeing, but take my advice and be careful when you see the sign "Tea and shrimps, 9d." I tried one and the shrimps must have come out of the ark. But here is to be seen the celebrated Observatory, the painted-hall, where battle scenes of both army and navy are painted life-size, also that celebrated (world-famed) Greenwich Hospital, and numerous other things of interest. The river pilot (commonly called the mud-pilot) comes on board and with the flowing tide and an assisting tugboat we soon reach the dock gates. It would astonish some of my readers who, if they had been on a vessel that docked at night, woke up in the morning to find themselves surrounded with warehouses, the streets intersecting all around, and the cargo being hoisted up direct from the hold to the warehouse. We were all packed up (that is those who had anything to pack up), and all having contraband in the shape of cigars and Florida Water from Teneriffe besides more tobacco than the customs permitted, but, as far as I know, they all got through.

This is where the hobo feels a bit lonely, all the rest having some one or other to meet and give them the glad-hand, but he breaks even on the outward passage, as he has no one to part from or to care whether he ever comes back again, for that matter he does not care whether he does or not. A sailor's wife is not to be envied. When the wind howls around her home, she prays for his protection, and perchance just at that particular time he is having a good time in port. That reminds me of the story of the old lady being told of a large steamer being wrecked on the coast. She asked her informant if any passengers had been drowned, but was told no, but that four of the sailors had been drowned. "Oh," she complacently replied, "they're used to it."

We were paid off in the course of a day or two, and I had £6 ($30.00) to take, which was the whole of my assets for a period covering some six years. My wardrobe could have been carried in a large handkerchief, but I managed to get a cheap suit, so as to be a bit presentable, and off I started to visit the "hump" (Guernsey) and the old dad, knowing that all would be well, and if anybody else talked, he wouldn't, and it was as I expected. He was more than glad to see his prodigal and asked no questions, on the principle, I presume, that if he did not, he would be told no lies.

At this time I was about tired of my knockabout life, so I told the dad that I thought I would stay awhile, so being a large shipper of grapes and tomatoes on his own account, as well as being agent for a large London firm, he got me a job as checker on the empties on the Great Western Railway boat landing. The pay was $5.00 a week (good for here). Why, the way my father and others spoke of it, I ought to have been able to buy automobiles, etc., in time. But to me, it did not keep me in pocket money. However, it occupied my time and kept me out of scrapes (though goodness knows I got into enough as it was). The fact was, I was too well acquainted. The farmers when they used to come for their empties would bring a little flask in their pocket, so that I and my sole assistant were always pretty well muddled, and like the ostrich when he has his head in the sand, we thought no one noticed it. For we cannot see ourselves as others see us. A good job if we could. However, the climax came (though I held it down for somewhere about 6 months), when having taken a ticket for a ball, I proceeded to go there, but being considerably "under the weather" they would not admit me further than the bar, but not in the dance room. As usual with me, the mere fact that they would not allow me, determined me to get into that room at all costs. I do not remember what happened, but they told me after, that they had had the time of their lives in keeping me out. I was badly used up, and a number of the attacking party had to lay up for repairs as well as myself. Well, I was not able to get

out for a day or two, and I heard that I had been suspended, but I got back again, leaving it shortly after of my own accord, and thus it was that the G. W. R. Co. lost a *valuable employee*.

I knocked about for a week or two, when I heard my father say he was going to have his green-houses painted (one was 200 ft. by 40 ft., the other 120 by 25), no small job to crawl over on a plank and not fall through. But I wanted money, so I told him that I might as well have that money as anybody else. He, knowing me as he did, was willing, but rather dubious as to my finishing the job, but I told him that if I started it I would finish it, so he let me go ahead. But I never want to paint another greenhouse. You get a long plank, nail a ridge on it, and then you have to do the tight rope business of walking up on a two-inch wide ridging (with your plank as a balancing pole) to the top (when the greenhouses are built spikes are left protruding for the purpose of holding a plank when repainting), descend again and fetch your paint-pot and brush, and up again, get on your knees, being careful not to put the toe of your boots through the glass behind you. You paint one fleet, then you have to shift your plank down, and so on, and a slow process it is. At the expiration of the first day my back and knees were sore enough. When I started I thought it would take me about three weeks, but with the number of adjournments I made, it was nearly three months before I completed them. The deuce of it was, you could not skip any of it, for being on the slant you could see exactly where you had left off. I had just about finished this work, when I sent a lad to the stores where we had empties, and having promised a friend a few old barrels for firewood I sent a lad down to the man whom father employed to repair them as well as work about the greenhouses, and he refused to let him have them. Off I started (my beautiful temper) and I pitched into that man pretty rough, with the result that he threw up his job and went to my father about it, but he could not be persuaded to remain while I was around. Well, the big greenhouse had to be dug from end to end, pretty heavy work, and there was no one to be got at the time, but I

told father that rather than that man should be employed, I would do it myself, and I did. It was my first experience at that kind of work, and I swear it will be the last. Work was no name for it. I thought I would never get to the end of that confounded greenhouse. Speaking of work puts me in mind of Pat, who, writing to his friends from New York to Ireland, told them that he had a fine, easy job, all he had to do "was to carry the bricks up to the top of the building, and the men up there did all the work.

At the completion of my task, I determined to cut away from all agricultural and painting pursuits, as not suitable for my personal health and comfort. In fact, one has to be taught these pursuits and get used to them. Like the darky who was caught stealing chickens. He was up before the magistrate and his father being among the attendants at the trial, the magistrate addressed the father and asked him why he had not taught his son better. "Well," the old darky replied, "I did teach him better, but he always bungles it and get's caught." So having had more than enough, I cast about for a way out of it. Now, the "Morning Star," Captain Pritchard, was lying there getting refitted for another voyage to ports on the Gaspé Coast, where she had been trading carrying salt and codfish to the Brazils for some 12 years or more. I called upon Captain Pritchard (he owned the vessel also) and got the position of second mate, which meant the worst job on the vessel, as there was only four hands forward and four aft, making eight all told. I signed the usual form for a voyage to so-and-so, not to exceed three years, and away we went for Cadiz in Spain to load salt for various fishing villages on the Coast of Gaspé. Give a dog a bad name and it sticks to him, but it did not apply to the ill-famed Bay of Biscay this time, for we had a splendid fine weather run right across, reaching the port of Cadiz in some four or five days. The anchor was scarcely on the bottom when the barges were alongside to discharge their salt, and it is pretty heavy stuff. About break of day one morning I was awakened by hearing loud voices and scuffling on deck, so I

turned out to see what was going on, and found the captai
holding the cook by the throat and pounding him for all h
was worth. He had caught the cook disposing of some of ou
salt beef in exchange for whiskey. The man who was dealin
with the cook had, of course, rowed away. He docked I don
know how many days pay from him, more than enough to cove
a whole barrel of beef I expect.

Now, the "Morning Star" was a 3-mast brigantine o
only some 150 tons, though sparred heavy enough for a vesse
twice her size, and when the watch was on deck it meant on
man at the wheel, one on the look-out and myself to sail th
vessel, take in or make sails, etc. Many a time I held on to th
canvas when it should have been in to get out of having to g
up with the one man and furl it, and I would have hardly go
into my bunk when I would hear the other watch taking it in
but that was the mate's trouble, not mine, and I would feel a
the more comfortable. It was mean, no doubt, but excusable
It was no place for a book-learned officer, like the one of whic
the story goes. The officer of a certain ship was on the fore
castle getting ready to anchor the vessel, book in hand; he ha
read off from the page various orders when unnoticed by hir
the wind turned over a leaf and he shouted out what he saw
there, "Let go the anchor." The boatswain told him that th
chain was not yet bent to it, but that did not matter to him, th
book said let go, and let go it was, of course, losing the anchor

When loaded our deck was awash (that is, the vessel wa
so low in the water that it used to run up the scupper holes i
smooth water in the harbor. Then I knew what it was goin
to be when we got to sea, and I devoutly wished myself back i
Guernsey again, but here I was and here I had to stick. T
make matters worse she leaked pretty badly, it being necessar
to pump her for quite a spell every two hours, and only th
two of us to do it. Talk about hardship, I thought that I ha
seen the limit, but what I had gone through before could no
hold a candle to this trip. The cargo is a bad one anyway, heav
and dead, and is of course hard on a leaking vessel. Well, w

got away from the land, then we had nothing but gales, the deck full of water the whole time. Why, in one gale we could cook nothing for two or three days, she rolled and pitched so that nothing would remain on the galley stove. We had our oilskins and seaboots on the whole time, in fact, I often slept in them, and our arms were covered with sea-boils (arising from the friction of the sea water and oilskins) and it was painful to move them; but boils or no boils we had to be pulling and hauling the whole time. We got to the Banks of Newfoundland at last, a dangerous part of the trip, crossing as we were the whole length of the banks in a thick fog, liable to be cut down at any moment by some of the liners bound to the States or Canada. Not only that, we had to keep a sharp lookout that we did not run down one of the many vessels anchored away out here, some 200 miles or more off shore. They were mainly French and formed the home and storage for the large crew engaged in fishing, the fishing being done in dorys (small boats), which were often lost with all in them, perhaps driven out to sea and their crews perish with starvation, or cut down by some vessel. To illustrate the danger, all hands were on the lookout, for as we had a fair wind we were making pretty good headway, when we heard the tolling of a ship's bell (the signal of a vessel when at anchor in a fog), and though we could hear it we could not locate its position, and that is a peculiarity of a fog, the sound seems to come from anywhere. Well, we shot past a vessel, just clearing her by perhaps 50 feet. It was a narrow margin for both of us, for if our 20-year old hull had struck the other, both of us would have gone to Davy Jones' locker. It was just after this occurrence that I was standing holding on to the poop-rail, where I was constantly sounding a mechanical fog-horn (3 blasts to signify on what tack we were, if I remember right), when she shipped a sea that washed me and the fog-horn off the poop on to the main deck, just escaping being washed over the lee rail. And if ever I was mad right through, it was when the captain sang out to me, "Look out for the fog-horn." Here again, you see, the fog-horn was of more importance than the man.

The wind remaining in our favor we soon picked up Bonaventure Island, where we were to call first. We laid our course for there, passing between the island and Perce Rock, a notable sight, the rock I presume deriving its name from the tunnel that runs right through it, and it was covered with sea fowl. Shooting around the corner of the island we get to an anchorage and not sorry for a rest, having been 26 days on the trip and the deck was thick with grass, through having been under water the whole time, there having been too much water to use the deck scrubbers. In fact, I have had the water rushing higher than my waist while we were at the pump, not once, but almost continuously.

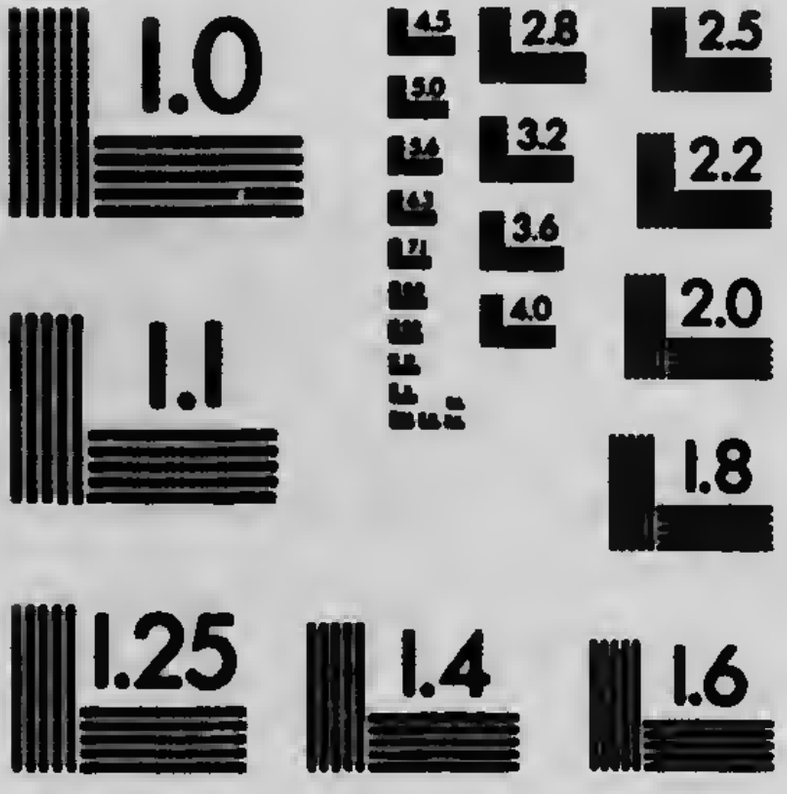
To enhance the pleasures of this voyage, we had to heave every pound of salt up by the hand winch and discharge it into the boats that would come from the shore, we lying in an open roadstead at each place, and if the wind started to blow in shore we had to up anchor and beat off, so as not to take any chances of being blown on the beach. We left what salt was wanted here and got across to the mainland to Perce, where we gave them their quantity, then up to Cape Cove, Grande Riviere and Paspebiac, etc., leaving salt at each place. The salt out, then the tubs of dried codfish are taken aboard, calling at each place on the way down, each place sending off their quota (each tub having to be hauled up by hand), and put into the hold and stowed — stowed close too—for the more tubs put in the more money for the owner.

At Malbay, our last loading place, we were caught napping. The wind blew in from the sea so fast and so strong that try as we could we could not get the anchor up, though we tried hard. We paid the whole 90 fathoms of chain out, lashing the end around the foremast, so as the old windlass would not be pulled out of the deck, and there we passed the whole night, the vessel burying herself half way up the foremast and the seas coming over the bow and rushing over the stern. Not half a mile astern of us were the high cliffs of Malbay, up which a goat could not climb, so you can imagine the anxiety we labored

under, all depending on that cable holding. If that parted, or the anchor dragged, it was all up with us. The inhabitants watched the whole night on the cliff, expecting the worst, but toward morning the wind and sea moderated and we got through with only a weakened foremast where the chain had cut into it, and the leaking hull made more leaky. The fishermen here have to make hay while the sun shines, for that is their main industry, and it about takes them all their time to exist and pay their store bill of the past winter, but they appear to be a happy and contented people. However, we got away all right, and after a fairly moderate and quick passage arrived at our port of discharge, Rio de Janeiro. The harbor of Rio is, in my opinion, the finest harbor in the world. It is an immense basin dotted with small islands, each having a dilapidated fort on it, from where you may hear the bugles sounding the whole day long. They are great at playing soldiers and the officers strut about with more gold lace and buttons than any character in the most overdrawn comic opera. Entering Rio you pass through a passage on each side of which tower bold headlands, a lofty mountain towering on the south side, on the sides of which are scattered handsome villas of the wealthy class, for here they get a cooler atmosphere and the first of the sea breeze. The city, like all tropical cities, is a heterogeneous mixture of buildings, a large one alongside a small one, all shapes and designs, and apparently placed anywhere, all painted (or white-washed) white with green shutters and blinds to keep out the glare of the sun. They have a nice public park and a drive along the shore and along the bay. But the gem of the place is Bota Fogo, lying near the entrance, and where most of the English speaking residents reside. Stretching along the sea front runs a double row of trees, seats placed along the entire length, electric lights are plentifully scattered about, the whole forming a good idea of fairyland. As if to keep the electric lights company the fire flies dart hither and thither in myriads. All this in connection with a laughing, well-dressed crowd of pretty women and well-groomed men formed a *toute ensemble* that is not soon forgotten.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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That part is all right, but when you get down to the worki
class it is the other extreme. The pay for all labor is small, a
the climate is as hot as——. Their living is mainly dried fi
and jerked beef (sun dried and termed carne) and which loo
like a side of leather rolled up, which swells up a little wh
soaked, and to my idea about as palatable as an old boiled bo
Why, we had to watch the laborers discharging the vessel as
cat would watch a mouse, for they were keen on getting a fe
of dried cod on the cheap, for it appeared as if it was a lu
ury to them. As far as I could gather, their diet consisted of
little food and plenty of casash (native whiskey).

The medium of exchange here is silver, and it fluctuat
daily. It sounds big to talk of a millrea (million reas), but i
value is only half a dollar, and if changed into "dumps" (t
copper coin), which are larger than the old silver dollar, and yo
were to put the change of a millrea into one pocket you would
walking lob-sided with the weight. It took about a week to g
the cargo out, when we took in ballast and started on the bac
track for another. The passage back was more comfortable tha
the last, the vessel being light and thus not leaking so ba
Having no salt to peddle this time we soon covered all the por
taking in a quota from each.

But the winter was now upon us and we could not ris
being caught in the ice, so the captain decided to go down t
Gaspé Basin, a small coasting craft would bring down the res
so we up anchor and made for said port, at which we dul
arrived, having to beat the whole way up, no small job to beat
vessel up the narrow portion of the river. Gaspé Basin has a
hotel, and around it are numerous cottages owned by outsider
who come there in the summer months, fishing being good
There are plenty of salmon, trout, and other fish. But th
winter is the time for the hunter, then the bears come down fro
the hills and regale themselves with the fish left on the beac
near the places where that industry is carried on. Deer an
other animals are plentiful. I had been told that the bears wer
of a harmless nature and would not interfere with anyone wh

did not interfere with them. Well, that may be so; but I took a stroll one early morn along the beach, when I espied two bears coming towards me, and, according to hearsay, I fully expected them to turn off out of my way, so I bravely kept right on; but, finding that they did not display any intention of deviating from their path, I deemed discretion the best part of valour, so I discreetly turned to one side, not wishing to claim precedence, as it were, for I had no doubt but that a live "donkey" was better than a dead bear. Speaking of the donkey puts me in mind of the costermonger, who, having to pay a toll for the donkey crossing a bridge, asked the toll-keeper if there was any toll for a man drawing a barrow across, and, being told there wasn't, he deliberately unharnessed the donkey, put him in the barrow, and dragged him across himself, thus escaping paying the toll. Undoubtedly there are more ways of killing a pig than cutting its throat.

It was time we got away, the ice was coming down the river in large masses. It would be parted by our chain, only to cut into the vessel's side and drag off the copper sheathing; and when a coaster was alongside the ice would grind between the two in an alarming fashion. It was quite a sight to see the snow-clad hills around us. Here, in Summer, was an old-fashioned ferry, the only way you could get to the other side, and for which a stiff rental was paid; but, I believe, it paid the lessee all right, for he had to ferry teams and all else going from one side to the other. Of course, in the winter all crossed over on the ice. It was an every-day occurrence to see seals floating down on a cake of ice. They seemed to enjoy themselves, resting their two flippers on a cake and leaving half their bodies out of water, thus giving a splendid chance for a shot. In fact, the said ferryman used to shoot quite a number. Speaking of ferrymen: A party of people wished to be taken off to an island, so they engaged a boatman to take them over, and, on asking the charge, were much pleased when he told them there was no charge. They engaged him to come off for them late in the evening, and he duly arrived; but he informed them

that the charge would be $2.00 ahead. They, of course, kicked at this extortionate demand, but, as he politely informed them, "it had cost them nothing to get there, but that was what they had to pay if they wished to get off!" Well, if the rest of our cargo had not got here, we would have had to go without it, there being three other vessels in a like fix, and we all got under weigh together. Cold, that was no name for it. The ropes were twice their usual size with the ice on them. The sails were like boards, and it was only after a fashion that we got sail on the vessel, and then only to strike a gale of wind, such as I had never felt before nor since. We took every stitch of canvas off but what was necessary to keep her head to the sea, which was running mountains high, and I own that as I clung to the weather rail I thought it was all up with us. To add to the misery of the situation, she made one dive, and she dived as if she was going down head first and never coming up again. The stove and table were torn from the lashings, and the captain was fighting the fire scattered about the cabin. To add to all this, there was, according to the captain, the certainty of going ashore on Sable Island, if the wind did not alter its position. But Providence was with us, for the wind changed round a point or two, driving us off from the land instead of on to it, for which we were truly thankful. At daybreak the captain called to me to see if I could see anything of the others. I took the spy-glass and, after a while, was able to discern two of them—that is, when they were on the crest of a sea, for when in the trough you could only see the tops of their masts. As regards the third, she being only a small schooner, I could see nothing of her, and I have often wondered if she came out safely. I hope so, anyhow. I happened once to remark to the captain that I was generally pretty lucky, and when we had a head wind he would, kind of sarcastic like, ask me if this was some of my usual luck. I would tell him everything was all right, and that we were doing well; and how he found that luck generally stood by me I will tell you later. Somebody had made him a present of a barrel of salt herring on the coast, so it was herring fried,

herring boiled, herring every old way, the whole passage. When anyone mentions herring to this day I feel like doing him an injury. Of course, he being owner, it was quite a saving. However, I suppose we should have felt thankful for anything after our late narrow squeak. It is astonishing how a Jew loses sight of everything else except the financial end. Here is a case in point: A certain Jew and his son took passage from New York in a steamer bound to the Old Country. Well, they ran into a heavy storm. In fact, it was the general opinion that it was all up with them. The son was on deck, and, hearing this remark, he ran down into the cabin, where the old man was in his bunk, and said to him, "Father, father, get up, the ship is sinking," to be answered in this wise: "That's all right, Isaac, we don't own the ship." All this time we had not seen a sign of the other two, but we all arrived at Rio within a day or two of one another; and, in comparing notes, found that we had not been more than 25 miles apart, and that the other two had met with worse weather than we had. It is truly astonishing what a difference there is in the weather with only a few miles apart. I have seen a rain cloud pass and I could hold my hand over the stern and get it wet and not a drop come on board.

We got up to our dock and proceeded to discharge, and here I had two kinds of luck. I had indulged too freely in casaah and went to the edge of the hold to speak to one of the men, when my foot caught in a chain that was lying on the deck and down I pitched, head first, right to the bottom. Fortunately, my head landed between two tubs of fish, thus saving a broken neck, but I was knocked insensible. They carried me up on deck, and when I came to I did not feel much the worse for the fall. But the next day I was not able to move, so I determined to go to the hospital. I got an order from the agents, and duly wended my way there. They examined me and found that, like the cat, I must have had nine lives, for they could find nothing wrong with me; but they put me to bed, painted my back with something, that, when they blew upon it, it rose up in blisters. Whether it did any good or not, I do not know; but this I do

know, it was mighty uncomfortable. Well, in the course of a few days the captain came up to know if I would be well enough to go to sea, and they told him I was. Now, I had been doing a lot of thinking (though one should not think, it makes one look old), and knowing that the vessel was going to be loaded with green hides (that meant, that the hides were all spread out in the hold and brine poured into the vessel continuously, and which would have to be all pumped out on leaving), a filthy stinking cargo, that I had made up my mind to play "possum" and not go any further in her. However, I left the hospital, wended my way down to the agents' office, wrote a letter to my father, then went down to the boat landing. She was away out in the stream loading, and I proceeded on board, had a chat with the mate, and told him I was not well enough to go and that there was not hands enough on her for one to be sick, which fact he recognized, and said he thought I was right; so he let me have two hands in the boat and I returned to the shore. Nearing the landing-place, I saw our skipper, he remarking: "What the —— are you coming ashore for now?" I told him that I was not well enough to go to sea, and he cursed and fumed about all the trouble it would be to get me paid off; but I had it so well fixed that he had no way out of it. But he said that I would have to get a doctor's certificate. Well, I managed that all right. There was a doctor in the sailors' quarter that I had heard of, so I hunted him up, finding him in a drinking saloon half-seas over. I invited him to have one with me, told him what I wanted to get, and got it, without the examination, which he duly charged the captain for. I went to the consul's office, where I was discharged, and what money due paid to the consul, the captain shipping another man at the same time in my place. The consul asked me what I intended doing, and I told him that I wished to go to England, so he got me a passage (which they call a consul's ticket, at a reduced rate, the British Government paying the balance). So far so good. I was to leave on a certain day by the Mail-boat, and on that day must needs go and fill up with casash, and, getting into a scrimmage

with a Greek down by the boat-landing, he managed to slash me with a knife under the left eye, nearly severing my left wrist, so I was a pretty spectacle when I boarded the Mail-boat, being immediately placed under the ship doctor's hands for repairs, but was all right in a few days, though I will carry the scars to my grave.

Well, we steamed off, passing close to the "Morning Star," on which I had been some eleven months without putting my foot on shore and having covered some 20,000 miles under canvas. In a day or so we put into Rio Grande, taking on cargo and passengers, one Portuguese passenger taking into his head to jump overboard during the night and was duly fished out, but died before they got him on board, and was buried in the lonely sea next day. Off again, calling at Vigo in Spain, Lisbon in Portugal, thence to Cherbourg, France, another 5,000 or so miles; from there to Southampton, and from whence I duly presented myself at home in the "usual state of impecuniosity." However, all's well that ends well. I remained some months in Guernsey and no sign of the "Morning Star," but before leaving I heard that she had been bound to Havre, France, with her hides, and when near the Channel had sprung a leak and had to run back all the way to Bermuda, pumping for their lives and throwing over a great part of her cargo to lighten her. I fully intended, if I had met the captain, to ask him, "How about my luck?" but I have not seen him since, though I daresay he remembered my words.

Now, never having been to Canada, I thought it a good idea to go thither in search of fame and fortune, so my father, as usual, fitted me out with clothes and money and I duly took passage on the Allan boat "Corinthian." We had an average passage. The one thing most impressed upon my memory is that the $50.00 or so the dad had given me, so as to be able to hang out a week or two till I got employment, had all melted away. Watch also had taken wings. However, I managed to secure lodgings at the Western House, McGill Street (since pulled down). Meeting a fellow-countryman, he gave me a

note to the late Captain McMasters, the stevedore for the Allan Line, and I proceeded to the dock to interview him. He told me that he had all his checkers and there was nothing that he could give me but hard graft. Well, I was stumped for fair, so I said I would tackle it. I was put in a gang to go down in the hold, and I got along all right while discharging a quantity of iron, etc.; but there was a large quantity of coal in her, and four tubs were used (each holding a good load), with two men to a tub, and you had to drag these heavy iron tubs about and fill up in your turn. I stuck to it for about one hour and could do no more. My back was fairly broke, and spirits also, so I called out to the foreman to send another man down in my place. He did so, and I could hardly crawl up the iron ladders from the hold to the deck. Well, the foreman told me to accompany him. I thought sure it was to get my money and discharge; but no, he put me in the place of another at lighter work, so that I managed to finish this vessel. We worked night and day to achieve this, then went to the office and got what was due to us. I had earned some $12.00 or so, and I have every sympathy for the 'longshoreman. It is the hardest and most dangerous work I know of, and they more than earn every cent they get. But I determined right there that I would have no more of it, whatever happened me. I paid up at the Western House and trotted around to see if anything was to be found; but day after day passed and I could see nothing but hard work sticking out, and I ran against a number of well-educated men "scratching" for a living. Speaking of education reminds me of a hit at the Civil Service examinations. A man, who had been discharged from a number of private firms for incompetency, was riding on the front of an open tramcar, when he accidentally fell off, receiving an injury to his head. He was taken to a nearby doctor, who found it necessary to trepan him. While proceeding with the operation, and having the brains out on a plate, the said doctor received an urgent message. He quickly replaced the cranium (whatever that is) and hurried away. The doctor, some time after, happened to meet the man, and said to him: 'Why, my

man, I thought you were dead!" The man naturally asked him why he thought that. "Because," said the doctor, "when I fixed you up that time I forgot to put your brains back." "That's all right," replied the man, "I have done better without them than ever I did with 'em; I have got a Government situation."

Now, the Western House was the hang-out of most of the cattle-men and, of course, I had become pretty well acquainted with a lot of them, so when one proposed that I accompany him with a load of cattle, it offered a way out of my difficulty, so off I went. Now, life on a cattle boat is no picnic, but there is worse jobs—the wharf, for instance. Neither is there much money in it, but it suits a hobo "right down to the ground." He signs on, then proceeds to "fill up," gets down to the boat somehow or other without getting run over, manages to get up the gangway without falling into the harbour, and throws himself down on a bale of hay and sleeps it off. The cattle are all tied up by the shore gang, and by the time he has slept off his attack of "white whiskey" he is rousted out and has his duty assigned, some feeding, some watering, others bedding down, etc. The food is not up to the Windsor style, but you can exist on it. Of course, your tea is full of hay seeds, etc., but trifles like ; are not noticed. The routine is something like this: You called out at about 5.30 a.m. to give the cattle water and , which is finished by breakfast time; then you lay around till about half-past ten, when the process is repeated. It is pretty hard work shaking out these compressed bales of hay, and if done by hand you soon have your hands full of prickles. Then dinner and another two hours' rest, when the hay and other feed is hauled up from the lower hold for the next day. Another dose of hay and water and you are finished for the night. There are generally one or two appointed to watch the cattle at night and sleep in all day (that is, if they can). This goes on daily till we docked at Birkenhead, where the cattle are landed and are all slaughtered within twelve hours. Now our duties are finished. We go up to the agent's office, receive what we signed

for, and have to shift for ourselves till the vessel is ready to go back; but if one of the company's steamers is going back sooner you are placed aboard of her, and this is where the hobo is happiest; he has nothing whatever to do but lay around and smoke, play cards, etc., and he never tires, but wishes it might go on that way for ever; but in about nine or ten days he is again steaming up the St. Lawrence, when he will tie up his bundle and make for his old stand, hang around free lunches, get a beer or two, and within a day or two will be on some other outbound cattle boat, bound to some other port, for he likes a change of scene.

While sitting in the smoke-room of the Western House one day, a cattleman (a Scotchman) said he had heard that the C. P. R. Secret Service were wanting men, and asked me to go with him and have a slap at it. Well, anything but hard work, and off we trudged, saw the head of that department, and much to our surprise, were engaged, sent down with a number of others to the Court House and sworn in. There was some trouble up Farnham way with the Italians, and we were sent up to assist the powers that were to protect life and property. Well, we were each handed a $5.00 bill and a revolver and ammunition, and took train for our destination (not forgetting a pocket pistol, flask of whiskey) and got to Farnham some time in the afternoon. We duly reported ourselves to the Head and were assigned to walk around the yard and see that everything was all right. We had too much time on our hands, and, the whiskey being plentiful, we would have been more likely to shoot ourselves than anyone else. Well, there was nothing doing, and, recognizing that even if there were, we were not very reliable, the superintendent packed the two of us back to Montreal, where we duly reported ourselves and got a pretty severe setting down. In fact, they were almost on the point of having us arrested, but thought better of it, and gave us a dollar instead, telling us we were more fit to sell patent medicines. Talking of patent medicines: There was a man who sold one of the best hair restorers extant. It is said that a farmer bought a bottle of it, put it in his coat pocket and started for home. He took a short

cut and, having to climb over a fence, he accidentally broke the bottle. Well, the next morning, having to pass that way, he was surprised to find the fence where the liquid had run covered with hair. I wish I had some of it, for the top of my head calls to mind the quotation: "It is all shining, and no parting there."

I dare say, the proprietor of the Western House was not overjoyed to see us back, but the usual formula, "I promise to pay," etc., put things right temporarily. However, there was nothing for it that I could see but a cattle ship, and so decided. Here I struck a bit of hard luck. I took my bag of clothes on board the boat the evening before. We were to sail at daylight, and sallied off to have the usual "good time," with the result that I was not up time in the morning and the boat had gone and my duds with her. It was a fix. I met a cattle foreman I knew and told him the fix I was in. Well, he was going with a load of cattle to Portland, Me., and I thought if I went with him I might catch the other boat in Liverpool and have my clothes for the passage back anyhow. The way I managed was this: The foreman put me night watchman, and down on the cattle deck it was good and warm. I used to strip off one article of clothing at a time, wash and dry it and put it on again, and managed to get through all right, but missed the boat by a day or so and my clothes were travelling ahead of me for Montreal. When we got back I found my clothes left at the Allan Shed and went and got them, and it was a slice of luck that I ever got them. In fact, it was a miracle. I could see no way out of the rut I was moving in, so I took another trip with cattle to London, arrived there all right, and took 40s ($7.50) instead of the passage back, and went to visit some folks I knew. They persuaded me to remain a while, so, being acquainted with the foreman of the "Daily News" (Mr. Lane), I went up and saw him and, for old times' sake, he put me to work; but I had the "moving fever" bad, and after a few weeks took a trip on a steamer bound to Glasgow. On landing I called at the "Glasgow Herald" office, where I knew a compatriot named Stewart was working, we having worked together in New York. Well,

he found me a lodging and a little ready money and gave me a list of the offices in town. They have a "splendid" system here. Every office you go into in search of work and do not get it you are given 1s. (a quarter), and it comes in mighty handy, and you bet I called at the whole of them. I did not succeed the first day or so, but finally, it being Fair Week and a general holiday, I got the opportunity of putting in a few weeks' work for men who would alternately go on their week's holiday. So, I was right in it, and I must give myself the credit of holding it down for a whole long month, when I thought it was about time to move on. I took the train for Edinburgh, and I did enjoy roaming over the old town (for there is what is termed the old and new town); then I wandered on to Leith, that old shipping port with a canal running through it, and where you could fall in easily if not careful. Four miles further and I reach Granton, where I managed to get a passage with Captain Carteret, a Guernseyman, on the steamer for London, where I duly arrived. As the steamer I was on was drawing up to her pier, just below the celebrated Tower Bridge, I saw a Guernsey brig, called the "Acorn" (she must have been built shortly after the Ark), which I knew was owned and commanded by an old shipmate in the old days, Captain Sarchet, so I thought I would do him the "honour" of calling upon him. I duly presented myself on board the "Acorn," and I must say the reception was the most cordial I had received for a long time. After a talk about old times when we were sailing to Australia, he proposed that I should go with him to the North (Newcastle), where he was going to load coal for Guernsey, and he said he would also pay me a wage the same as the rest of the hands. Now, he had his complement, but he wanted company and someone to talk to, so, you bet, I jumped at the chance. Well, we took in ballast and started for the North. We managed to run into a gale, which gave me the opportunity of seeing that great fishing port, Grimsby, where we put in for shelter, for Captain Sarchet never stayed out in a gale if there was any place to run into out of it.

They are a hardy lot these fishermen. Here were we running in for shelter and they were putting out in the teeth of a gale in their small smacks. We crawled along the coast, for you could not hurry our good vessel, even if you wanted to. The skipper was the same as he had been in the old days and took any amount of chances. Here is an example: He would take a nap of an afternoon and he would say to me (who knew nothing about the coast, tides, etc.) to keep outside the buoys and follow the vessels who were ahead of us. Now, said vessels were going two feet to our one, with the result that they were soon out of sight. Not wishing to disturb him and following out his own rule, I took the chances and played it "blind." If anything happened—well, she was insured; but you couldn't lose her. I'll bet he wished I had. Before reaching, we struck another "blow," and, to hold what we had, we again put in for shelter. I forget the name of the place, but you ran in behind a high ridge of sand bank, where you laid in perfectly smooth water and yet could see the other vessels struggling against the heavy sea and wind, and we got there just as soon as those that stuck out; but, of course, the captains were not the owners (like ours) and could not take the same liberties. Well, we got opposite the mouth of the Tyne, which is a bar harbour. This bar is notorious for the number of wrecks and lives that have been lost crossing it. A heavy sea is generally running and it is crossed at the top of high water. It has repeatedly occurred that when a number of vessels have been waiting to cross the bar, one or more of the last would strike the bar and have their backs broken and all hands perish in sight of land. However, we negotiated it all right and proceeded up to our pier, where we discharged the ballast and proceeded to take in coal. Newcastle is a quaint old seaport town, some of the old streets being so narrow that a vehicle has to wait at one end till the other gets through, and, like all other seaports, every other house is a liquor store or ship's chandler.

In the course of a few days the ship was loaded, and we were towed to sea and started down the coast Talking about

taking chances, here is one of them: It was a dark and windy night, a thick, drizzling rain falling when we reached Great Yarmouth Road, through which runs only a narrow navigable passage. Bad enough in the daylight for a sailing vessel, and it was that bad on this particular night that the whole fleet of coasting steamers had anchored, not caring to take chances. At the lower end was a bell buoy that marked a bad point of the shoal, and if you went inside of this it was all up with you. However, the "old man" decided to try it, and there was the whole bunch of us peering over the bows, straining our eyes and ears to catch a glimpse or hear this bell buoy; but what with the noise of the water rushing past the bow and the flapping of the sails, we could not catch a sound. We got through all right, but simply through plain "bull-headed" luck. So we gradually got down till we reached the Bill of Portland, under the shadow of which lay a seaside resort, the name of which I forget; but, being close in, the captain thought he would still get closer and get some boatman or other to take a letter he had written to his wife. Well, it was not long before he wished he hadn't. The wind got so light that we could not get off the land, and the wind changed around from seawards, and there we were jammed in the bay, and it commenced to blow, so there was nothing for it but to anchor, which we did, paying out the whole of 90 fathoms, and there we laid the whole night, the waves making a clean sweep over the bow and rushing out over the stern, and here the old brig pitched and rolled the whole night, we momentarily expecting the cable to part and the vessel to be thrown on the beach. The inhabitants were up the whole night (we were told after) watching us, expecting the worst to happen, as it was never known of a vessel anchoring there before. But they never knew that there was a Captain Sarchet and a brig called the "Acorn" before. When the sun rose the wind moderated and swung back to its old quarter and we got the anchor to the cathead and started for across Channel. But the fates were against us, the best we could do against the prevailing head wind was to get off the Port of Cherbourg, France, and,

being out of rum, tobacco, and bread, he determined to put in. You will probably notice I mention rum first—well, that was the order of priority. Like the barge captain sending the boy ashore for stores, he gave the boy a quarter, and when the boy asked him how he was to lay it out, he told him to get a five-cent loaf, five cents worth of cheese, five cents worth of tobacco, and ten cents worth of "John De Kuyper." The skipper and I went off with a couple of hands in the boat for the shore and got the above-mentioned articles. I had a stroll around Cherbourg, a port which has its whole mouth protected with a massive breakwater, which leaves only a narrow entrance at both ends—forts being here, there and everywhere. The streets are full of red-trousered soldiers, said pants being about a yard wide at the waist and two inches at the bottom. They may be beggars to go, but they are not much to look at. Here, also, you see a horse, not much bigger than a large Newfoundland dog, harnessed to a cart of enormous size, the proportion being ridiculous if it were not cruel. The loaves you buy here, too, are about as long as an ordinary table and almost as wide. Bread and soup is the mainstay of the working class, and the soup is "soup de bouillon," one bucket of water and one onion. Well, getting on board, we got under weigh and took a course through the dreaded "Race of Alderney." Here a 7-knot tide rushes through and many vessels are there lost, though it sometimes happens, as in the case of a vessel called the "Iris" that had been dismasted and was driven ashore, so the crew left her in their boat and made for the harbour. Two or three days after some French fishermen picked her up near Cherbourg. She had drifted through safely, escaping all the rocks, etc., much to the chagrin of her captain and crew; but they were not to blame, for it was simply a miracle, nothing less. At daybreak we were near the Island of Sark (one of the Channel Island group) and nine miles from St. Sampson's Harbour, Guernsey. I might mention that we had a Lascar (West Indian) on board, which brings to memory the case of two Lascars having been ordered, by way of penance for some misdeed, to walk some ten miles

with peas in their shoes, a most painful thing to do. Well, they started on the road; and one of them began to limp and groan, and at last, not being able to go any further, he said to his partner: "How is it that you can stride along as you do suffering no pain?" "Why," replied the other one, "I boiled my peas; didn't you?" In the course of a few hours we duly entered the harbour, which can only be entered at or near high water. There is a phenomenal rise and fall here, somewhere about 30 feet, and you can walk out an almost incredible distance at mean tides; but, in any case, the vessels in the harbour are left high and dry every tide, which strains them a great deal when loaded with stone, which is one of the principal exports of the Island.

Guernsey is one of the gems of the earth, for it is naught but hill and dale, the main roads extending all around the Island and intersected by numerous lanes with their massive hedges, on which the primrose and wild violet grow in profusion. In season, too, the wild blackberry can be picked as you wander along. There, too, are the water lanes (so-called), a wide, trickling stream running for miles, a little stone path on the one side for the pedestrian and where the boys go with bottle and net to catch the tiny minnow and a species of gold-fish. Here, too, you get your tobacco at 25c a pound; cigars at a cent apiece, good ones at that; and, to cap the lot, a bottle of imported sherry or port wine for a quarter; imported Holland gin at a quarter; and yet, with all this, there is less drunkenness than in any other place of its size. The Island is only some ten miles long and 4½ miles wide, and carries a population of 45,000—perhaps more now. It has good fishing, good driving roads, splendid bathing and boating advantages, and is a place well worth a visit, besides not being far away. Here they have their own money, their own laws and judiciary; in fact, it is a complete lesson of home rule, or, more properly speaking, of the old patriarchal system. In one of our chats, Captain Sarchet remarked he wished he had my disposition, nothing seeming to affect me, good or bad luck, etc. I told him the first step he could take to approach acquiring a disposition like mine was for

him to give me half of his earthly possessions, and naturally saying he wouldn't, I told him that that was the only way he could get any way near being like me.

I duly presented myself at home. It is needless to reiterate my financial position. I was just about making up my mind to migrate when the opportunity presented itself of my getting employment on one of the evening papers, the "Comet," and I started in and was told not to tell any of the others that I was getting £1 a week ($5.00), that being about fifty cents more than the ruling rate; and how they lived on it with a family was, and still is, a mystery to me, for it was not enough to get me into mischief. No doubt that was an advantage, though I did not see it in that light.

There is large quantities of shell fish shipped from here to the London market, and the sea-serpent or conger-eel grows to an immense size. A peculiar fatality occurred here at one time. A man was searching among the rocks and crevices at low water for limpets (a one-shell fish ahat grows on the rocks) when a lobster seized his foot and held it in the crevice of the rock, and though he made desperate efforts to free himself, he was drowned by the rising tide, his body being found when the tide went out, the lobster still holding the foot. One of the most determined cases of suicide that I had ever heard of occurred while I was there. The piers are all built of solid granite, and pieces of timber are fastened perpendicularly on them to keep the vessels off (like a fender). This man deliberately, in broad daylight, and with numbers of people around, dived down and seized hold of one of these, clasped his arms around it, and there held himself till drowned, though several men dived down and tried to wrench him away, but could not do it, and they had an awful job when the tide went out to get the death grip of his arms asunder.

Talking about the methods of earning money, what do you think of the urchins in the country parts here, who used to walk barelegged in certain streams for the leeches to cling to them,

and they would put them in a bottle and take them to a chemis who purchased them for a few cents a dozen.

While here there was also a terrible disaster in the loss o the S. W. Co.'s steamer "Stella," which was bringing a larg number of excursionists from Southampton to Guernsey an Jersey. Considerable rivalry is displayed between the S. W. C and the G. W. Co.'s boats, their captains, naturally, trying to b ahead of the other all the time. In this instance, a dense fo set in, and instead of heading seawards till it lifted, took th usual chance, with the result that she struck on a rock near th Casket Lighthouse, only comparatively few being saved. Th last seen of the unfortunate captain was that he was holdin fast with both hands to the railing of the bridge, no doub determined to go down with his vessel. It is the most treache ous coast in the world. Approaching Guernsey at high wate you would think there was not a rock, but when the tide goe down it displays a perfect network of rocks, leaving only no much more than a good-sized ditch for a vessel to come throug from the north. From the south it is much better, more roon less rocks and less danger.

It is right here (St. Sampson's Harbour, Guernsey) tha the basis of Victor Hugo's story, "The Toilers of the Sea," emanated, his vivid imagination drawing a most realistic pictur of the terrible fight of an engineer under water with the "devi fish" (octopus) while working under water on a wreck, etc. T give some idea of the force of the under currents around thes islands, an old tug-boat, named the "Gosforth," was chartere to bring over the Seigneur (M. Collings), the feudal title of th head man of Sark, and, among other things, was a heavy ches of family plate, etc. When she endeavoured to pass throug a narrow passage between the two small islands, Jethou an Herm, she struck on a rock and foundered, the crew and passen gers barely escaping with their lives. Well, they dragged an dragged this passage in an attempt to save these treasures with out success, but some years after it was found near the coast o

Alderney (the most northern of the group), some 25 or 30 miles away.

Speaking of Sark. The language is a peculiar French, even a Frenchman having difficulty in understanding them. There is an abyss there called the "Creux Terrible," which is apparently bottomless. Visitors hurl large stones down, but not a sound can be heard. Which recalls the yarn of a certain lawyer, who was going to pay a visit down into a tin mine in Cornwall, and had got into the cage to be lowered down (in the old days, if they do not yet), when he asked the man who was at the winch how far it was from there to the lower regions. The man scratched his head and apparently was calculating the distance, but finally replied: "Well, sir, I do not know the distance, but if I let go this handle you will be there in about a minute and a half."

Well, I found the "old hump" about the same as I left it. They are shy on innovations. In fact, the inhabitants are kind of proud of the title conferred on them, "Guernsey donkeys," for once they have put their foot down nothing will shift them. Take, for instance, vaccination when it became law. A native was arguing against it, and thus, as he thought, finally clinched his argument: "Why, one of my children was vaccinated on a Monday, and when it fell out of the window a few days after, vaccination didn't save him. Bah!"

Taking a trip to Alderney, which has only a small population, and whose only export is granite, but where the British have expended a lot of money attempting to form a massive breakwater for a naval harbour, but the force of the wind and waves have so far defied them. As fast as they build it up, so fast does the sea wash the immense ten-ton blocks away, as if they were pieces of cardboard. It is from this island that the celebrated Alderney breed of cattle emanated, and which are distributed all over the world.

After a short period of home life, I made up my mind (I have to call it something) to again honor Canada with a visit, and, as usual, was supplied with the "necessary means" of

accomplishing that worthy object. I guess the folks thought that this was the cheapest way of working out the problem, for there is not the shadow of a doubt but that I was a hard problem to solve. As the late Government Printer in Wellington, New Zealand, once said to me when being hauled up on the carpet (I generally being suspended at least once a month). He looked at me, as I stood looking as if I had never done anything wrong in my life, in fact as if I couldn't, and said: "Well, Robin, if you were only a little worse or a little better, I would know what to do with you, but you are so equally divided I don't know what to do with you." Well, I guess, he was about right. In fact, I hardly knew myself at times.

In due course I got back to "Mon Moriale," and took up the old life, a job here and a job there, so as to have (first) beer and tobacco, and, last, food and lodging. But I got among the old cattle-punchers and made a trip in the old "Memnon" to Bristol. Getting to Bristol, I took a notion of running up to London to see some friends, with whom I stayed a day or two, then I made a borrow and took train back again and joined her as a seaman. I made the trip out to Montreal and back to Avonmouth in her, where we were paid off, which enabled me to pay off my indebtedness to my friends and give them a good time while it lasted; but it did not last long. So I hied to Liverpool, where I managed to ship on the old "Corinthian" on the Montreal run. I might remark here that my friends had an idea of coming to Canada, so I arranged at the office to leave half my wages so as to be able to give them a hand (one of them is in Montreal now). Now, it was winter time and I was badly fitted out for a passage of this sort, but there was no way out of it. Now, I could not have picked out a worse vessel (the vessel was all right, but the crew's living quarters were of the worst). Why, it was better to be on deck than below. The heating apparatus was such that all round the forecastle was covered with frost and ice.

We started, and, as usual, part of my money had to go for a "Guernsey" with "A.S.S." across the breast, and a navy

cap with ribbon on it, etc. However, I pulled through till we arrived at Halifax, where we took the pilot aboard. I foolishly took off my mittens to put the side ladder over, and got three fingers of both hands badly frost-bitten; the next morning they were as black as a lump of coal and about as much use. Well, the doctor had a go at them; but what did the most good was an old sailor's remedy of grating a turnip and poulticing them with it, which took all the frost out. Well, we got to St. John, and by having drawn more tobacco than we wanted, were thus enabled to get our beer. In fact, several needed articles of wearing apparel went down our throats. In a week or so our cargo was out and in, and we were again steaming for Liverpool via Halifax. Reached Liverpool once more, but my usual luck was not with me, for when we were docking I, with two others, was holding the rope that was checking the vessel, when, through a wrong order, she was put ahead, with the result (I being nearest to the winch end) that the rope flew off, taking my left hand between it and the barrel of the winch. The miracle was that my hand was not taken right off (it would have been if it had been anybody else); but it was badly crushed and I was sent off to the hospital to have it fixed up. There they applied lotions and bandages, and while the ship was in port I was put as watchman during the day. Well, I had heard of and seen some pretty dense fogs on the Banks of Newfoundland, but while I was on this duty I started to go from my lodging to the dock and it was with difficulty that I reached there, and when I got to the dock and managed to find the pier she was lying at I could only find the gangway by the shouts of those on board, for you could not even see the light that was hung there only a few feet away. Why, you could have cut it with a knife. She was again ready for sea, and the shore captain said I could go with her, as no doubt the hand would be all right in a day or two under the ship doctor's treatment; but it wasn't. The swelling would not go down; in fact, got worse, and in this shape we reached St. John. Now, the misery of my quarters was such that I was prepared to endure anything as long as I got out of her, for, whatever

happened, it could be no worse. The agent gave me a note to the hospital there, where they wanted me to stay in; but I refused, so they applied some remedy and bandages. On getting on board I asked the captain if he would let me leave, and he said I could if I wished, but remarked that I was foolish, as I could remain on board with my wages going on, and what could I do ashore with only one hand. However, I was obdurate about this. I must remark I had, outside of what I had agreed to leave at the head office in Liverpool, just 50 cents to take; but I went to the purser and asked him if he would advance me $10.00 of what the Company held. He, naturally, demurred, for, as he said, "I know that you have been leaving money at the office, but I do not know what for. It may be paying off an old debt." Well, after a lot of persuasion he consented, I giving him an order for the full amount at the office, the balance of which he would leave at the Montreal office on his return. He not only did that, but he got me a cattleman's ticket, thus saving me quite a lot. Well, I got on the train for Montreal, and arrived one Sunday morning, with one hand and a five-dollar bill. Who said you could not get anything to drink in Montreal on a Sunday? Well, I know that I got too much, and had not a cent left the next morning. Well, here I was, not a cent and nowhere to put up, so I sauntered into the Salvation Army place (then on Commissioners Street), and here I might say that the Army has been a haven of refuge to many a human wreck in their hour of need. The officer in charge fixed me up with a meal and bed, and in the morning I called on Mr. Bell, at the Seamen's Institute, and he happened to have a job on hand—that was, taking down his storm windows, etc. It was kind of him, for he had to do the most of it himself, as I, having only one hand, could only manage to take them from him as he took them out. Luck's all, for I managed to get a few nights' work, such as night watchman at the General Hospital, and by this time my hand had got all right again. I then drifted up to the Brewery Mission, where I thought, as a hotel, it was more central, and what with the job I got from that and from the Labor Organization Society or

Bleury Street, I got all the work I wanted. Now, from a hobo point of view, the man that wrote, "Work, boys, work, and be contented as long as you've enough to buy a meal," must have been a hobo for fair and could never have done a day's work or he would never have written these lines. Why, even at school they mislead your infant mind by trying to impress you with the dignity of labour and tell you to emulate the "busy bee," but they forget to tell you that the said bee only works about three months in the year, and that when the weather is at its best. But, I suppose, even the bee has its troubles, as the lines run:—

"Big fleas have little fleas to bite 'em,
Small fleas have lesser fleas,
So on ad infinitum."

Now, a fellow hobo with the laudable desire to get one of the two or three dimes that I possessed told me that he had a job for the two of us in the morning, and on the strength of this news, I let him have what he asked me. He was to meet me at a given point at ten the next morning when we would go to the place he spoke of. Well, I was there at the appointed time, and after waiting for over an hour, I thought I would go and see the gentleman myself. I did so, and on telling him what I had called for, found out that he knew nothing about it. However, he talked to me for a while, and he said it was rather early, but that he had some work that he thought could be started on a place that he had just purchased out at Lachine, so with full instructions and my cash fare, I started off on my own, and found the place all right, started with pick and shovel, etc., and to repay the said gentleman for his confidence in me an utter stranger (and a pretty disreputable looking one, too), I worked like a beaver. Ancient history comes in handy sometimes. There was an immense stone lying right in the centre of a piece of ground that was wanted for a lawn. It was too near the house to blast it, and it would have been near an impossibility to break it up, so I thought of the Egyptians and took the circumference of that stone and its probable depth,

then I dug a hole the same size (a little larger) and kept trying it with my hands, for if it had slid while I was in the hole, my name would have been Dennis, but I got it just right without mishap, and with the help of an improvised lever, it slid into its new bed, leaving a few inches (or more) of earth above it, thus removing a serious difficulty. Well, I dug for quite a number of weeks, till finished. Then the said gentleman got me a job in a warehouse, but the lifting increased an old complaint of mine to that extent that an operation was necessary, and after putting it off for a while, I at last called up for the order of admission, at the same time trying to borrow a quarter, but as appearances were against me, he gave me a car ticket, taking no chances. Now, quitting the boose was what troubled me more than the prospective operation, and it was only by metaphorically taking myself by the neck that I got there. I duly presented my order of admission, and was asked various questions by a doctor, took a bath and was put to bed. The next morning the same doctor started to again question me, so I reminded him that he had asked me a lot of questions the day before, but he told me that he thought I was "better able" to give replies. I made myself useful during the days I was waiting to be in shape, by assisting the nurses, carrying round the trays to those not able to get up, and my turn came, but I got up as usual (the order being to eat nothing) thinking to snatch a bit of food, but the nurse was on to me and ordered me back to bed. A medical gentleman who had attended me prior to this and in whom I had great faith kindly lost his valuable time to be at the operation, which was, I know not why, a great satisfaction to me. Well, the concern on which you are run out to the operating room came in and I was trundled out, my fellow patients calling out "Good luck," I waving my hand in return. The doctors told me after that I was the worst case they had ever run against in taking ether. Just like me, putting everyone to as much trouble as possible. Well, the operation was a most successful one, and after coming out from the effects of the ether, I anxiously asked the nurse

what I had said. She said not much, but one of the patients was singing and that I called out for him to come to me and I would give him his time. Also when the doctor asked how I felt, I replied "Never felt better in my life, excuse me telling such a big lie." I was soon up and about again but had to walk with the aid of a stick. Not being able to do anything much I again took up night watching at the General Hospital, and was later put on the staff as out-door orderly, and I believe I filled the bill fairly well as regards the patients getting their proper turn. In fact, meeting some later, they told me they had missed me greatly, and wished I were back again. While filling these duties, I got into conversation with a man who had brought his son down from Tupper Lake, N.Y., to have his eyes examined. Well, he spoke of it in such a way, and said he was acquainted with the boss of the only printing office there, that he would make it right if I came up. I was tired, as usual, of the sameness of my life, and he had not been gone many weeks when I took a ticket on the N.Y.C. and got there all right. He was, I think, taken kind of unawares, but there I was, and I went to his home with him. He told me where to find the office of the "Tupper Lake Herald," and thither I went, introduced myself to Mr. Kemp, who instead of knowing anything of what the other had told me, knew nothing at all about it, and had no need of anyone. But he said under the circumstances he would give me two or three days work a week until I could strike something. I jogged along this way for a short while, when he told me it would not be a bad idea to apply to the Stephens House (the largest hotel in Lake Placid) for a job of printer there for the season. It would be only for three months, but good living and little to do, only the bills of fare and house stationery, so I applied there with Kemp's recommendation and got the job, the date fixed on which I was to present myself, etc. Well, the time arrived, as it generally does, and I reached as far as the American Hotel, Lake Placid, where under the genial influence of the host (Mr. J. Hurly) and the liquid refreshment, I started in

by telephoning that I had got that far and would be at my duties the next day. The proprietor of the Stevens House must have been a bit surprised to see his printer arrive with a black painted sailor's bag (with the initials J. R. painted in white across it), a contrivance that carries a lot, and is all right as long as you do not want anything out of it, as the chance is that you will have to empty it out before you get what you want. Through a mistake on my part I was some two weeks ahead of time, but the boss said it was all right, and that I could fill in my time getting ready. Well, I did with a vengeance. The room in which the printing was carried on was badly situated for one of my proclivities. It laid between the bar and the barber shop, and following out the traditions of a certain advocate of intemperance, who advised this way, "If your work interferes with your drinking, why give up the work." I did not go so far as that as I always managed to get my few duties performed, which only occupied a few hours, leaving the balance of the time to keepir up the counter. Things went on all right till about the middle of the season, when the boss and I came to loggerheads, which resulted in my quitting, but I remained till he got someone to fill the position. Well, here was the orphan thrown out on the wide world again, so I got on the back track and made for Saranac Lake, calling in at the office of the "Enterprise" there. They offered me a job right off, but it was too sudden for me. I told them I would be back in an hour or so, and I started off to display my figure about the town, incidentally calling in to an hotel. I went to the telephone and called up Mr. Kemp in Tupper Lake, and told him I was on the tramp, so he said to come right along as he could give me seven or eight weeks anyway and perhaps more, but that outlook was far enough ahead, so I told him that I would come up by that night's train, which I did. Well, everything was O.K. He had arranged for my board, etc., at the American Hotel, and I was right in it. It was the roosting place for drummers, trainmen and lumbermen, as fine a bunch for putting in a so-called good time as could be got to-

gether, and we used to make things hum, sessions every evening, a dance every Saturday night, and many sore heads on Sunday, of course taking medicine every hour as required.

My landlord had several horses and rigs, and it was a source of pleasure to put a horse in and take a drive. One drive especially in Littlefield Park (where there are a number of deer stocked), the road to which is an ideal one; for a few miles it skirts the water of Big Tupper Lake, then turns sharp off into a thick forest of timber. This road is cut right through the eight miles. Here we would let the horse walk, both sides being redundant with the wild cherry, raspberries and strawberries in endless quantities, the blueberry bushes in due season yielding enough for the whole community besides what was exported. I do not know of a finer drive. Each side the green undergrowth, with the towering pines and the maple, etc. At parts you can see the shimmering lake through the trees, the birds and squirrels chirping and chattering. Especially noticeable was the tap-tap of the woodpecker, then a frightened deer would bound across the road, the whole combined filling out a day of indescribable beauty, one which could not be reproduced by any artist, and which has to be seen, for it cannot be adequately described. There are two or three saw mills here, and you can hear the whirr of the circular saws the whole day long. One of the men working at one of them said that at one time fowl feed was not to be had in the town, and to make what little he had go further, he brought home some sawdust and mixed it, and said it produced a most peculiar result. That one of his hens was sitting at the time on thirteen eggs and every one of the chicks were hatched with wooden legs.

Though I might have remained longer, I deemed it wise to get out of town, so I started off for Montreal, getting a job at my trade ("art" I should say). A few months after, I got a letter from a fellow workman in Tupper Lake, stating that he had started in for himself at Lake Placid, and had reached that stage when he could employ a third man, so off I went to Lake Placid.

Lake Placid is an ideal place in the summer, high up in the Adirondack Mountains, and lying under the shadows of Whiteface and other lofty mountains. You are able to enjoy a good night's sleep while the unfortunate sleepers of the cities are sweltering with the heat. Here they retain a pleasing policy of leaving natural beauties alone, for you may think you improve, but you simply disfigure, for nature unadorned is the acme of perfection. It has Mirror Lake on the one side, around which is a splendid driving road, which skirts the club grounds. If boating on Mirror Lake and wishing to get over on to Lake Placid, there is the "carry" at the upper end, where you can put your boat or canoe on a specially constructed truck and wheel it across the narrow strip of land separating the two lakes.

Of all the days impressed upon my memory, is one that carried me back to the early days, and this was, only fancy, that a number of the subscribers were at their various camps all around the shores of Placid (said camps being handsome buildings, with motor boats and bathing pavilions). Handsome places nestled among the trees, above which only the chimneys could be seen.

Well, the boss decided to interview our subscribers and likewise endeavour to increase their number. Now, to do this, we had to rent a boat and row from boat landing to boat landing, it taking the whole day to make the circuit, but though our arms ached, the list showed a substantial increase.

In the summer season golf, tennis, etc., alternating with climbing Whiteface and other points of vantage are much indulged in. To climb Whiteface seemed to be the ambition of everyone. One said to me, you ought to go to the top of Whiteface. Why, on a clear day you can see Montreal. I told him that was all right, but when I wanted to see Montreal, I would take the train for it, life was too short for that sort of thing. Some like one thing, some another, and mostly for notoriety. Like the fanatics in India, who in the name of religion (but I believe mainly to get out of working) have a large hook stuck

through the skin at the small of the back, and are hung up in that way. Others clench their hands and retain them in that position till they remain fixed and the nails grow into the palms of the hands.

Both the Stevens House and the Club House have magnificent golf links, which are largely patronized. I, with a friend, was strolling over the links one day, when a lady of the petite assortment passed us. She turned around and called out "Come along, baby." We turned round to look at the baby, and was disgusted to find that it was the pet name for an individual of the opposite sex, weighing some 250 lbs.

In the winter they have a great time. What with trotting matches on the ice on the lakes, skating, ice boat sailing and carnivals, they enjoy these healthy sports to the utmost. Then there is deer hunting, bear trapping, the catamount, etc., for those who are fond of sport. In fact, life in the Adirondacks at any time of the year is an ideal one for health, and the winter visitors are visibly increasing yearly. The people of Placid are most homely and democratic. The same with the visitor, he drops all the restraints of society life, and enjoys him or herself in knocking about en neglige.

I was nearly forgetting the annual boat procession on the lake, and the regatta, which is taken part in by owners of motor boats, sail boats, canoes and every other kind of boat. This boat procession is held at night, the boats and banks of the lake illuminated with myriads of Chinese lanterns, and other lights, forming a scene not soon forgotten, fireworks playing a great part.

I wish I could take the reader into the office of "The Lake Placid News" with me, and when he had looked around, all he would have to do if he wanted to fish in the lake, would be to open a window and cast a hook. Why you could look out of the window and see the trout lazily swimming around. And in the winter you could look out at the various trotting matches being run off on the ice, which to me was an improvement to going out and standing in the cold. While up here, and passes

being then in vogue, I used to break the monotony by taking a run to New York or Montreal and generally came back a sicker, but not wiser, man. When the season was over, and not caring to remain the winter, I then returned to Montreal and followed my trade there. Talking about coming back sicker and not a wiser man reminds me of the celebrated John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, who at a crowded meeting asked his audience what was a moderate drinker, to be promptly answered by a burly individual in this wise, "A moderate drinker, sir, is the man that can drink anything from a thimbleful to a hogshead," for it has different effects on different people. Some are jolly, some for fighting, etc. I unfortunately was generally walking around with one or both of my eyes in a sling, through my pugnacious disposition, and not minding my own business. Like the man who was looking for a job, and got one to wheel a heap of stones from one corner of a yard to the other. He completed his task, and went to the boss to find out what to do next. The boss told him to wheel them back again to where they were before. He asked the boss if he took him for a —— fool, and putting on his coat walked off.

Well, as before mentioned, I took up the old trade and the old life in Montreal, remaining during the winter, and getting on a prolonged "holiday," broke away and found myself in New York, and my old workmates seemed glad to see me, but after hanging about a week or two, and not striking anything and being short of cash, I wrote up to my old boss at Lake Placid for a remit, which duly arrived, accompanied with a pass to Placid if I cared to go up and I jumped at the opportunity, taking the train the same night for Saranac Lake, and instead of going right through, must of course get off there for "refreshments," but managed to get to Lake Placid the afternoon of the next day. I remained up here the winter (for the first time) and to pass away the long evenings I wrote "A Trip to Maoriland," which was very well received, but by the time the winter was ended, I had got my usual restless fit

and I took the cars for Montreal, getting into work promptly. I had now got into the old printing groove, and thought it best to stick to "my last," for in taking hold of anything and everything it sometimes happens that like the individual who was waiting for something to turn up saw an advertisement calling for an editor in the agricultural department of a weekly Well, he gave himself away the first article he wrote. It was on potatoes, and he started by informing his readers that it was now time to "shake the potatoes off the trees."

At about this time I made up my mind to take a trip to New Zealand, from whence I had been absent some twenty years or so. So having a long head (something after the style of a horse) I timed to leave so that I might get there near about the Session of Parliament time, there then being a possibility of a job in my old office, the Government Printing Office in Wellington. So about the latter part of the month of January, 1909, I entrained at the Windsor Street Station for Halifax, via St. John, where I boarded the Allan steamer "Corsican" for Liverpool, and after an ideal passage for this time of the year, we duly arrived at our destination. I took my traps to the old diggings, Moreton's Hotel, having to remain a few days and fix up matters re the passage to New Zealand. Well, I got a third class ticket on the SS. "Langton Grange," which vessel was lost in the English channel at the commencement of her next voyage. The day of sailing arrived, when I with some forty or fifty others were put on board on a tender, she lying out in the river. What a different outlook from that presented to me my first voyage out some thirty years previous (which I have already given a detailed account of). Here we had good comfortable quarters in the centre of the ship, the staterooms being of a fair size and from two to four berths in each, and dining tables on both sides, bath rooms, and lavatories, and the four stewards attentive and willing. We had nearly the whole of the vessel to roam over, and what with a library, a gramaphone and the various improvised games time sped quickly. Why, we even had an awning stretched passing

through the tropics, which was a boon when we were steaming under the direct rays of a burning sun, and with no more wind than what the vessel made by progression. We passed through the Cape Verde group, going close enough to St. Vincent to discern the houses on the hills, and here too, we saw some American men-of-war firing at a floating target. In fact they had to cease firing till we got out of range of their shot. Away off could be seen the Peak of Teneriffe, visible some thirty miles off in clear weather. Leaving these islands we see nothing till we reach the desolate group of three small islands, called the Crozets, which lie away down in the South Pacific. Here the British Government have a store-house in which provisions are kept and replenished annually, for the needs of any unfortunate castaways who may be thrown upon these inhospitable shores, for there is nothing there but the non-eatable sea fowl of various descriptions. Scurvy used to be the curse of the old sailors, long voyages and salt provisions being the primary causes. Among the old fashioned remedies was burying the patient up to his chin in the ground. Well, an old sailor told me of what happened once to a patient undergoing this drastic treatment. He was duly planted in the earth up to the chin, and two of the crew were left to look after him. After a time, and feeling as if they would like to take a stroll and see about a bit, they went off leaving him to himself. They had not been gone a great while, and on returning were horrified to find that the wild pigs had eaten their unfortunate messmate's head off.

We arrived safely at the Crozet Islands, through which as is customary we passed close enough to scan with spyglass whether there were any ship-wrecked crew there, but fortunately we saw no signals of distress. Here the boobies flew around, apparently waiting to be shot, and even when the captain (much to the disgust of the crew, who deemed it unlucky) shot several of them the foolish birds would still keep flying around, and that is why I presume they got the name of "boobies." We now began to look forward to the ending of our long journey

of some 14,000 miles, the weather getting warmer, as our good ship pushes her nose daily more to the northward, and in a few days we reach our first port of call, Melbourne, the capital city of Victoria. The entrance to the river is a perfect maelstrom, numerous tides meet here and the whirlpools were numerous. How the sailing vessels got in was a mystery to me.

Melbourne is a fine city, handsome buildings, wide streets, and a number of parks, and splendid shipping accommodation, and everyone appeared well dressed and contented. It was here the first eight hour day was inaugurated, and a handsome monument commemorative of that event stands in the centre of one of the principal squares. I noticed that quite a number of Chinamen had got into business here. They talk of the Jews, why they beat the Jews hollow, for they pay the heavy poll tax and yet accumulate wealth. And for cunning, they beat all. Why, on the Ballarat gold fields so many miners were losing their blankets at night in a most unaccountable manner, so a watch was set. The miners simply pull off their shoes (do not bother with socks) and outer garments and throw themselves down on their blanket, and a Chinaman was seen approaching one of the sleepers and kneeling down, proceeded to tickle the sleeper's feet with a feather, lightly, so as not to wake him. Well, he patiently kept it up till he had shifted the sleeper off the blanket, rolled it up and was sedately trotting off, when he was seized and condign punishment administered. And for ingenuity, they are "it." The hobo (or anyone else) who has reason to scratch his back has to wait till he finds a tree or door post to perform on, but the Chink has an article specially made for the purpose. It is a long slender stem, made of bone or ivory with a small hand at the end, and when wishing to indulge, he inserts this down the back of his neck, and there you are, ease and privacy combined. Here is an instance when a Chinaman was puzzled. He had to put the head into a barrel, so he got his laborer to get inside and hold the head up while he fixed it, and never thought of how he was to get the other Chink out, till he had the head in.

In a short while we reach and enter Port Philip Heads, the entrance to the Paramatta River, and push our way through the various crafts going up and down, soon reached Woolloomoolloo, where we tied up to the wharf. Here we remained some five days, then started to cross the Tasman Sea for Auckland, the trip taking some six days. We got past the Great Barrier, rocks, etc., all right, and wended our way up the serpentine harbor of Auckland, and here we discharged quite a lot. Quite a number of our fellow passengers landed here, getting immediate employment, a large amount of building being proceeded with, as well as the construction of a large dock, etc. We then proceeded to do our last lap, that is as far as I was concerned, by starting for Wellington, getting a beautiful run, and having a splendid view of the islands and headlands of the coast all the way down, and crawling through Cook Straits we were soon lying at anchor, awaiting the arrival of the health officer, and in about an hour or so, we were tying up at the dock, on which were quite a number of folks waiting to meet relatives or friends who were on board.

Well, here I was again in the old city, after an absence of some twenty years, and I was surprised at the vast strides the city of Wellington had taken. It had fine streets, fine buildings, etc. The hills had been tunneled, opening up the level country at the back of the hills that surround the city. Suburbs had sprung up in every direction, among the principal being Seatown, which lies right near the entrance to the harbor, and is reached through a tunnel cut through a massive hill. It must have been a formidable undertaking, but it made the place, bringing it to within 40 minutes ride from the city. Then there was Island Bay, quite a large place, lying between two ranges of high hills, and many others, all of whom had sprung up during my absence.

Speaking of Island Bay recalls to mind a pathetic incident that occurred years ago. A married man with a young family had not been successful in getting employment (that is of the sort he had been accustomed to), and losing heart deter-

mined to drown himself. He walked out to Island Bay, leaving a letter on his clothes in which he remarked that as the world would do nothing for his family while he was alive, perhaps it would when he was dead, and it was just as he prognosticated, the money poured in to the wife and family without stint, and I have often seen examples of this kind, where it would have been much better though to have given a helping hand sooner.

Here lived an old fellow workman of mine, and we talked over the old days, bringing up an incident that occurred. Jack, like myself, used to indulge pretty freely, and being out together one day he asked me to come up to his house with him. Well, we duly reached there, having quenched our thirst considerably on the road, as it was a warm summer's day, but we at last reached there. The door was open and Jack threw his hat inside the door and waited. I asked why he had thrown his hat into the hall and was waiting. He informed me that if the hat remained in, it was all right, but if it had come flying out again, we would have to take another walk, till the home atmosphere had cleared. He and I had a day's sport spearing crayfish. It is strange there are no lobsters in these southern waters, but crayfish are in abundance. The modus operandi re spearing them, is a long pole with a barbed steel point (something like a small harpoon). You get out on the furthest rocks where they are to be found, and the water is so clear that they are plainly visible, and quite a number can be got this way, though many a good wetting is got through losing your balance, or from slipping off the rock, but it is great sport just the same. As regards line fishing, I am something of the opinion of the writer (I do not know who he was), but he said that fishing consisted of a piece of string with a hook at one end and a fool at the other. I guess he must have been brought up where there was no water. It does not do to take things too literally, for speaking of the rocks brings to memory the case of the shepherd whose employer used to feed him so poorly that he complained that all he got was bones.

"Well," said the boss, "the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." A day or two after he found the said man had taken the sheep down to the rocks on the seashore, where there was no herbage. Naturally he got on to him about it, but got it all back this way, "Well, boss, the nearer the rock the sweeter the grass."

I could always tell when Jack had something good. So one morning on his arrival at work with a "kind of far-off look," I said, "What's the matter, Jack." "Matter," he said, "here was I walking the floor all night with a crying baby, and there was no water in the room to drown it; and the razor was down stairs. What could a fellow do then?"

Another time he told me that one night he was walking up and down the room in great trouble as he had a bill to meet on the morrow, and had not a cent to his name. When his wife (a sensible woman) asked him what he was walking up and down that way for, he told her, and she promptly told him to come to bed, and let the "other fellow do the walking."

After taking a look around and seeing a number of old cronies, I thought it time to do something, and with my usual luck got employment in the Government Printing office, where I had been employed in the years gone by. I was surprised at the number still on top, and I said so, but as one pertinently asked me, why should they have died any more than myself. Well, that was a question I could not answer, but still I stuck to it that I was surprised, though pleased. Some of them were taking life easy, being in receipt of their pension, which is given to Government employees on the arrival at the age of 65. Not only the Government employees, for all persons, male or female, who have been fifteen years in the country, and arrive at the age of 65, get a pension of 10s ($2.50) a week—not a bad lift for an old couple. Well, what with visiting, working, and other means of putting in time, it soon took wings. Why, I lectured on Canada while there, and got quite a favorable notice therefor. One evening I went to a spiritualistic meeting (or seance, I should say) where spirit-rapping was the

order of the day. Among the visitors was a young widow who wished to get in communication with her late husband, who had died a year or so before. Well, the medium informed her that his spirit was around, and for her to proceed to ask her questions. She asked him if he was happy where he was, and got the reply, that he had been happier the last 12 months than ever he had been before. She did not ask any more questions.

An incident has just come to my mind re an affair that occurred in the Sydney Parliament years ago. One of the members called another a blasted liar, and was called to order by the Speaker, and told that he must apologize, and this was promptly and beautifully given in this wise:—"When I called the member for —— a blasted liar, I meant he was like a lyre blasted by the wind." It was nothing unusual in the early days for one member to ask another "to come outside," and was often promptly obliged.

Wellington is also building an immense dock in which vessels may be repaired, etc.

Feeling a bit peckish while walking around, I dropped into a restaurant to have dinner, and picking up the bill of fare, I noted the item "Colonial Goose," and being partial to that kind of thing, I ordered some. I was duly served, but the size of the slices of meat impressed me that it must have been an enormous goose. But on inquiry I was informed that this kind of colonial goose had four legs and no wings. It was the term given to a shoulder of mutton which had the blade bone taken out and stuffed with sage, onions, etc., so that the flavor, color, etc., was just the same. I would advise the reader to try it.

What anomalies one does run across in boarding houses. In one boarding place there was an individual who was a tremendous eater, so the landlady called him aside one day and informed him that she was sorry but that she would have to raise his board a half dollar. He did not seem put out in the least, but during the next week he ate more than ever, so

the landlady, in sheer desperation, proceeded to inform him that she would have to again raise his board, but he pleaded for her not to do so, for if she did he would surely "bust," as he was bound to eat his money's worth.

I made it my business while here to go down to the Waiwetu, where in the years gone by I had a friend, though a Maori Chief. When I got there, I found not a vestige of the Maori village. Well, there was a vestige, a few deserted whares (huts). I was told that they had moved away further inland. I was disappointed for I had often passed a week or two with him there. When you meet a Maori acquaintance you are greeted with "kiora" (good-day) and you rub noses, on the same principle I suppose as the Frenchmen kiss each other on each cheek, and in parting it is "tinaqua" (good-bye). I have seen them dance the Haka and other dances (it is similar to the houla-houla of the Sandwich Islanders) and also some of their war dances, in which they seem to lose all control of themselves. They leap and bound and yell, brandishing either a club or rifle, and display an energy and agility that is marvellous. Their funeral rites are similar to the Irish wake (the same in the Sandwich Islands), except that when the Maori dies, his whare is fastened up and left to go to ruin. I remember going with a party of tourists to the Waiwetu, and when about half way, I espied a bundle I had often seen before lying on the front verandah where the sun shone on it. I knew that that bundle was an old Maori lying there with his blanket thrown over him, so I asked the party if they would like to see the whare (I intended to give them a surprise, I did not tell them what was under the blanket). When close to the place, I hailed him, and he arose to a sitting posture; the ladies of the party turned with a yell and were off as hard as they could go. Well, honestly speaking, his appearance would have intimidated "Old Nick" himself. He was old and shriveled, like an Egyptian mummy. His face, neck, arms and breast elaborately tatooed, a piece of greenstone hanging from the lobe of one ear, another piece hanging from the cartilage of the nose. What

with the leanness from age, and the sunken eye, it was enough to give you the creeps. Well, after a word or two, I gave him some tobacco for the trouble we had given him, and as regards the visitors I believe they will carry his picture in their mind's eye to the day of their death. But there are very few of the old time Maoris left, and the modern product apes the latest fashions and foibles of the day. That was one of the great changes that had taken place in the years that had gone by. When I was there before, I would see a group of Maori women squatted on some corner having a chat. They would stroll into the stores, and look over everything, and sit down on the floor and smoke their pipes, for the old Maori woman was a great smoker. Why, right opposite to where I hung out was a handsome, up-to-date residence, in which one of the Maori members of the Upper House lived. Well, he with his daughter and sons used to dress in the latest style, but his wife would not, and did not give up her old habits and customs to the day of her death. She would start out with her grass-woven "kit" (used as a hand bag), a gaudy colored shawl thrown over her shoulders, and often bare-footed, and she would go down to Pepita Point or along Lamton Quay to meet some of her old cronies, squat down and light her pipe and enjoy a good chat, and there is no doubt in my mind, but that she was the happier for it. They are a lovable people, and are very affectionate to one another, and display their affection different to some people of other nationalities. Here was one way of displaying affection. Mrs. B. met Mrs. C. one day and in the course of conversation Mrs. B. remarked that her husband was sick. "Why, what is the matter with him?" queried Mrs. C. "I don't know," said Mrs. B., "but he must be very sick." Mrs. C. naturally asked what made her think so. "Why," Mrs. B. replied, "here is Friday and he has not beaten me once yet, he must be very sick." She was worrying the life out of herself on that account.

Another change I found was Petone, which I had left a long stretch of sand, lying at the foot of the bay, now a thriv-

ing township of factories, refrigerating works, etc. The Gear Company (the largest) killing and freezing thousands of sheep a week, besides hundreds of cattle, rabbits, etc. Why, lots that I could have bought for about $2.50 each, were selling for a great deal more than that a foot.

Another thing noticeable, too, was the spread of local option, quite a number of the towns having gone "dry." Whether it will remain so is hard to say, for these towns may be like an old fellow-workman with me. Ned would, at the expiration of 12 months indulgence, take the pledge and become a total abstainer. When on this tack, no one was any good (with Ned) that drank, but after about six months or so, Ned would break out again, and no one (according to Ned) that didn't drink was any good. As Mark Twain put it, "'Tis human nature." Ned was an enthusiast (when about three sheets in the wind) on the kind treatment of dumb animals, as he said once, when talking about a man who ill-treated a donkey, kind treatment will go a long way even with a donkey, and if you can't get him to start with that, why "fool him." Asked how he would "fool him" he replied, "I would cut a long stick and tie a bunch of carrots to the end of it, then I would get into the cart and hold that over his head just in front of him, and the 'moke' would be after those carrots without any urging." Not a bad idea.

Here in Wellington is a paper called "Truth," said paper being a proper "mud slinger," nothing being sacred to the proprietor of the same, and he is always being hauled up before the courts and paying heavy fines. He reported the case of a man who had been heavily fined for tickling trout (which is illegal), and he remarked among other things in the article dealing with this particular case, that the fine was too heavy. "Why," he said, "a man could tickle all the barmaids in the City of Wellington and would not be fined half as much."

Another thing I missed greatly. The old "swagger" was almost defunct. In the old days you would meet them having a high old time. They would come down from the country,

perhaps, shepherds, bushmen, etc., with a good sized cheque (the proceeds of a year's isolation), and knowing what was coming, used to give it to the landlord to mind for him, and some unscrupulous ones did mind it for fair. They would keep him drunk for a week or so, then they would let him sober up, and present him with a bill, which apparently showed the items of disbursement. He could not contradict it, whatever he might think, and the landlord would give him a bottle of spirits and his blessing and off he would go back for another year's isolation, a sadder but not a wiser man. That was called "Lambing down," and when the law was able to get hold of them, which was not often, they were severely punished.

The Chinese have pretty well captured the green-grocery and fruit business here, too, in spite of the heavy poll tax. In fact, they are about the most successful market gardeners, for, different to other nationalities who depend on the rain, and if it does not come, say it is the will of Providence, they will shoulder a bamboo pole with half a barrel hung at either end, and trudge miles to get water to keep their vegetables going, and that is the reason of their success. They say a Chinaman is cowardly. Well, he is in a sense, but show me any other nationality who, when told, go out in the yard without an escort and wait to have their heads taken off. Well, the Chinaman does it. A Chinese culprit is to be decapitated. They generally wait till there is five or six of them, then proceed to the place of execution and kneel down (quieter than the proverbial lamb) and await their turn while the executioner walks along and cuts their heads off. Why, any other people would, under the circumstances, make a break for liberty, if not manacled or tied, but they are fatalists of the first water.

While on the subject of Chinamen, I do not believe there are many who know the original reason of their wearing the pigtail (it is a proper name, too, it fits the wearers). Well, it is said, that it was to facilitate matters on the day of resurrection, as with their tails a dozen or so could be taken up at a time, like a bunch of carrots, while only one without, could be taken.

Just before I arrived a terrible shipwreck occurred just a few miles from Wellington Heads. The SS. Penguin, with a full complement of passengers, struck on a rock and sank, very few being saved. Most of the bodies were recovered, though strange to say the tides carried most of them away down the coast, far from the wreck. One particularly sad case was that of four children of one family, who were coming home from an institution to rejoin their father, and all perished. The four little bodies were found lying on the shore close together, and at the immense public funeral, these four little coffins were given the lead in the sad procession.

This wreck recalls my being called to serve on a jury in Wellington in the early days. The body of a young man had been found floating in the harbor. Well, at the inquest, the opinion of most of the jurors was that it was a case of suicide, but one individual stuck out that it was not. On being asked what he based his opinion on, he replied, that no man would commit suicide while he had any money in his pocket. There had been some $10.00 or so found in the pockets.

Visiting a friend of mine who had a very small garden, I saw an experiment that could very well be carried out here. That was, he had some four or five flour barrels, with numerous holes bored into their sides, and filled with earth. In these he had strawberry plants, and let me assure you he got quite a nice picking therefrom. It is all right, if you have not much room, so try it.

As the session was nearing its finish, I began to make arrangements for getting away, taking a passage on one of the same Company's boats on which I had made the outward passage. This time I took the journey on the "Sussex." She had met with a terrific gale on her passage out, having been detained some weeks in Sydney for repairs. The whole of her cargo had broken adrift and smashed up. An iron deck house had been torn from its fastenings on the iron deck, which may give some idea of the seas that swept over the vessel. The captain and purser who had been many years at sea said they

had never seen such a gale before, and never wanted to see another. They were all expecting the worst, but fortunately the weather moderated sufficiently for them to repair after a fashion the steering gear which had been broken and was the main cause of the vessel being in such dire straits.

Age makes a difference, even to a hobo, for here I found myself refusing an offer of $25 for the run to England, some of her crew having, as usual, taken "French" leave, and the laws here are so stringent that a vessel cannot go to sea even with only one hand short. But I had a premonition that it would be no picnic (for I had looked down into her hold and there was tons of damaged cargo, coal, etc., to be got up when the vessel got to sea), so I preferred to pay the small sum of $65.00 and enjoy my sea voyage in comfort. A millionaire could not have a better time. He could have got a little more fancy stateroom (not more comfortable), a silver dinner service and a shade better "grub," but we had the same bracing air and sunshine, the whole of the deck to walk on, and she was a length, too, and in a gale he would have had to put up with the same inconveniences pertaining to a blow. We were only seven of us, all old travellers (not in years), and when running our eastern down we discussed the affairs of every country under the sun, in fact, if those countries had only known of us, they would have no doubt handed it over to us to run. The debates at times would approach very near to a fight, but we managed to pull through and part friends. However, to go back to the start.

I wished everybody good-bye and proceeded aboard at the time fixed, she lying out in the bay (so as no more of her men could get away). Getting aboard and picking out a stateroom all to myself (a little arrangement between myself and the steward) I, as an old traveller, started in to make things shipshape while in harbor, so that if we did strike a "blow" on getting into Cook's Straits, I would be all ready and "comfy." However, we did not start that day, but the next day (the day before Christmas, 1909) when the anchor was catted and we started for our more than 14,000 miles passage. We were in

splendid trim, room having been left for a large quantity of frozen mutton, etc., to be taken aboard at our first port of call, Monte Video, Uruguay, S.A. We soon left the land behind us, and would see none for some three weeks or more. Having fine weather and a fair wind and sea the Sussex made short miles of it. At daybreak one morning, I witnessed a sight that I had given up hopes of ever seeing again. That was, the appearance of three large full-rigged ships under full sail and running before the wind. I do not think there is a prettier sight than a large vessel with her white sails swelling to the breeze as she glides noiselessly through the sea; in fact, the appearance of a vessel of any kind, after being weeks on the lonely ocean, seams to bring a feeling of companionship, and do away with the loneliness. We soon left them behind and sighted the Ramares, a group of small islands close to Cape Horn. From thence we soon rounded the Cape and though homeward bound, it was the first time that our bow was pointed that way since leaving New Zealand. In fact, we had in a sense been going from it, as the last 25 days had been consumed running the eastern so as to get round Cape Horn (round the corner, as it is termed). We crawled right up along the coast, passing various islands on our way, as well as the entrance to the Straits of Magellan and the coast of Terra del Fuego (land of fire), and reached our port without mishap.

Approaching Monte Video from the sea, it presents a fine appearance. The city lies on the shore of an immense bay, and has a number of large buildings, all, as is usual in these parts, being painted white. The shipping is protected by a large mole which extends along the fore shore, which enables ships to lie at anchor in comparative smooth water, though they have commenced an inner harbor at which ships will be able to discharge their cargoes without barges. All the small coasting steamers lie in this inner harbor. Every evening you may see the boats leaving, all decorated with electric lights and a band playing, all bound for Buenos Ayres in the Argentine, which lies up the river, a night's passage. The climate is hot, and if it

were not for the "pamperos" (gales of wind accompanied with lightning and thunder) which clear the atmosphere, it would be almost unbearable. These storms are hailed by the inhabitants with thankfulness, as they renew their vigor and freshness. While lying here there was the usual bull fight on a Sunday. I did not go, but some of the others did, and returned not very enthusiastic over the entertainment. The usual tinpot revolution was also on, and I was told in all seriousness that the Government had the situation well in hand as they had corralled all the mules in the country. What effect that had on events I know not, but I suppose it was all right.

It was here I first saw a "sloth," an animal found solely in these regions. It has the appearance of a small bear, with very short legs and immense claws. When on the ground it can hardly make any progress at all (that is how it got its name I presume), but getting from branch to branch and tree to tree, it is said they are exceedingly quick. Their jaws are also of great power. Why, I saw a man take an iron bar and prod one, when it seized the bar with its teeth, leaving the marks of its teeth in the iron. In fact, as a pet they would be worse than useless. The animal put me in mind of the "Guy-a-cute-us," which is worth telling. The king of hobos (the late Barnum ...) of a time that he and a mate were badly stalled in a small country town in a western state. They were lying in bed one morning feeling pretty blue over the outlook, when the one said to Barnum, "Well, can't you think of some way of raising the wind." Barnum was in deep thought and told him to wait a while. In a few moments Barnum sang out "I've got it." "Well," says the other, "what is it?" He was instructed to go out and get the largest packing case he could borrow or steal in ... place, likewise any old kind of a chain, while he went out to bum a hall and some printing. Well, they succeeded in their respective quests. Flaming posters appeared on the walls of the advent of the show with the most ferocious and marvellous animal in the world (and the only one of its kind) to be exhibited at such a hall on such a date.

Well, on that date a team drew up before the building with a large cage bound around with chains, and taken with great care into the building. Everybody was talking about it. At the hour appointed the doors were besieged with people eager to get in and the hall was soon packed with a curious crowd. All at once a tremendous racket was heard behind the curtain, shouts, yells, and chains banging, etc., and Barnum rushed out to the front, with hair dishevelled and yelled out, "For goodness sake, get out, the Guy-a-cute-us is loose," and as he remarked later, they rushed out of the front door, while he walked out of the back door some $300.00 the richer, but that solved their difficulties.

When a train of thought runs in this groove, it brings other things to mind. They have a way of catching monkeys that is unique, to say the least of it. They have a small breaker (like a small water barrel) which has a very small bung hole, so small that the monkey has to elongate his paw to get it in, and in which a lot of sugar is placed. Now he knows enough to elongate his paw to get it in and grasp a handful (or pawful) of sugar, but he does not know enough (or won't) to open his paw to get it out, and thus his captor gets a hold of him by the back of the neck and captures him, though he fights and chatters hard enough, but of no avail, and is perhaps later to be found sitting on an organ grinder's organ reaching said paw out for pennies.

There is also an easy way to gather the cocoanut without the trouble of climbing the tall, straight tree. Get a few suitable sized stones and proceed to a cocoanut grove and start to pelt the monkeys, and it is a 100 to 1 bet that these semi-human animals will retaliate by aiming cocoanuts at you, and if one hits you on your "nut" you would have reason to remember the occasion.

We remained here two days and got under weigh for St. Vincent, Cape Verd Islands, where we would take in coal. A few days and we reached St. Vincent, situated as it is in almost mid-Atlantic, and where the orange and banana grows

in luxuriance. It is owned by Spain. The cost of living is not much to the working class, there being little work to be had. They only eat one meal a day, and that is at 8 o'clock in the evening, and that being mainly composed of frigoles (beans), but they take a considerable quantity of casash (whiskey) between whiles. They have got it down that fine, that it reminds me of the man that undertook to bring his horse down to living on nothing, but as he remarked that he had got the animal down to one straw a day, when the darned thing died. Here I got a lot of curios in exchange for various articles of wearing apparel, they being keen on an old shirt, hat or anything else, it being difficult to get these things, they being only to be got for money, a thing they rarely ever see. Cigars are cheap here, you can get 100 of fair cigars for 50 cents; fruit is also exceedingly cheap, but for all this, it was not a place the average individual would care to pass his days in, life being monotonous and enervating. Well, we took in a private stock of fruit, etc., to carry us to our next stopping place, Las Palmas, one of the Grand Canary group. Here conditions were similar to St. Vincent, only more dead than alive, if anything, and for thieving you had to keep a constant watch or everything would disappear. The principal population of these islands are Portuguese negroes. Speaking of negroes calls to my mind a visit to a colored church in Bridge St., Brooklyn, N.Y., (from which we were summarily ejected for laughing) when the preacher remarked that the great proof that they were the lambs of God was because they had the wool, and spoke of the white people as that "white trash."

Speaking of the darkies puts me in mind of an incident as told to me by a friend of mine who took part in the Civil War. He had an old open-face turnip watch, which had no hands, let alone go, so he sold it to a darky for $2. Some one told the darky that the watch was no good without the hands, so he came to Steve saying, "Say, boss, this watch is no good, it has not got any hands." But Steve was equal to the occasion and told him that was all right, any time that he wanted

to know the hour he could come to him and he would lend him the hands off his watch. The darky went off perfectly satisfied.

While here a British man-of-war came in from the West Coast of Africa station, this being the nearest point for supplies and also to give the men liberty. A very remarkable phase of the British Navy was this, and takes place in every quarter of the globe at the same time (that is allowing for the difference of time) on a Sunday. Church of England service is held on board of every ship in the Navy, and all those belonging to other denominations are marched under charge of an officer to their respective churches. It is a beautiful organization, when you come to think of it, the immense body of men, of every religion, attending a service in all climes and countries at one and the same moment. As an example how thoroughly the British system is carried out, I had a friend in the British Army who died away up in the mountains in India. About six months after, his father received an itemized account of the articles of his that were sold and the money coming to him, all of which, with his medals, being forwarded. That is system if you like. It shows that the British Government keeps track of the least of their servants and subjects as well as the greatest.

We now were filled up to the hatches and away we steam for our port of discharge, Avonmouth. We had to congratulate ourselves at not having been sooner, for a heavy gale had been blowing a few days before we sighted the land and a number of vessels had been lost. It was toward evening when we sighted the first lighthouse, and it was an object lesson to witness the picking up of each light before losing sight of the other. It has been stated that the English and St. George's Channels are as well lit as a street, and it is marvellous in its splendid system of light, fog signals, lightships, bell buoys, etc., and employs a large number of men and a vast expenditure of money.

We manage to save our tide and get into the dock without delay. The vessel is no sooner alongside than the shore gang jump aboard and proceed to put out cargo. The Company's agent comes on board and gives us our railway tickets to wherever we are booked, some for London, Scotland, Ireland, and I for Liverpool. Before we parted, our mob of seven passed an hour or two together seeing the place, which is fast growing in importance and has by its position taken all the shipping (except the smaller coasting vessels) from that old and historic town, Bristol. How on earth the large steamers used to get up to Bristol is a mystery, for when the tide runs out from this so-called river, it is nothing but a large ditch, with sloping mud banks, on which lay barges and other craft waiting till the next flowing tide. It is a splendid walk from Avonmouth to Bristol over the Downs, and here also is the celebrated Clifton Bridge, one of the wonders of the world. I enjoyed walking along the quays of this old harbor, which are ancient and picturesque.

The hour arrived to take our respective trains, and we parted in all probability never to meet again. It is a splendid scenic ride through Hereford, where on either side were green pastures and comfortable homesteads, all surrounded with the noted white faced cattle. Now we go through the southern portion of Wales, and find another distinct breed of cattle, smaller and hardier, in fact, everything seems to have a different appearance. Then we are again in England, and reach our last destination, Liverpool.

Liverpool has to be seen (like London) to get an idea of the immense amount of trade that is entering and leaving day by day, for and from all parts of the globe. The immense docks, in which these leviathans, the Mauretania and others enter with ease. To walk around these would take a week of interesting study. For here you will see one vessel unloading produce from the East Indies, another from China, in fact it is no use enumerating, for the statement can be made with accuracy, that he will gaze upon the products from all parts of the trading world,

never ceasing night nor day. The port is equipped with every modern appliance for quick handling, and has cranes to lift anything that comes along, no matter what the weight.

I wend my way down to the old stand, the Allan office, and managed to secure a berth on the "Hesperian," calling as usual at Moville, which, if the weather is fine, is worth the delay; for passing close to the Irish coast it opens up a magnificent panorama of scenery, and every headland and cove has a beauty all its own. Here a few passengers come aboard, and we up anchor and proceed on our journey, though following the coast line for nearly a whole day, getting a cheer every now and again from some passing fishing boat or small coasting steamer. On this passage we ran into a heavy gale, one of the Empresses being in company with us, each one meeting with the loss of a passenger. We lost one young fellow from hasty consumption, the one on the Empress was killed by a sea that tumbled aboard her. This gale lengthened our passage out to eight days, but we arrived at Halifax in pretty good shape. Here, after the usual tedious examinations, etc., we are entrained for the City of Montreal. And take it from me, that this part of the journey is the worst of all. Individually I would rather make two passages across the Atlantic than the one ride from Halifax to Montreal on an emigrant train.

I was not sorry to see the old place and the old friends, and was soon back to work again, taking up, as it were, where I left off, and feeling all the better for the change of scene, etc. Whether I shall ever take to the road again is hard to say, but as there are no more countries to be found, and every inch of land worth having has been accounted for, it narrows the novelty down to a fine point. But while there is life there is hope. One of the old-time earthquakes may throw up some new country to replace the many she has swallowed up, or one may arise like the one I passed by in the Pacific, which had been erected by the coral insect and on which verdure was growing, it being a somewhat large island, and as informed by our captain the next trip that we passed right over where it had been; the action

of the sea at its base had weakened it, and thus it toppled over and disappeared. These coral islands form a danger to navigation, as at their earlier stages they are not visible and even when above the water, are of course, not expected.

Having got to the end of my tether, and having shown my reader how to travel without money (but not without work or hardship), I do not want the reader to think that I advocate the life as I led it; but the young man with a good constitution and who wishes to see the world can do as I have done, especially if he has a trade, and can without much hardship traverse the whole world, and, perhaps, come back with more than what he started with.

One individual of a sarcastic turn remarked to me that "a rolling stone gathered no moss." I told him that might be true, but if the rolling stone gathered no moss, it got polished and brightened up, and if the individual took notice he would come back with a mind broadened and better able to estimate the grandeur of the world and the various people on it, and, perchance, after it all, he settles down with a conviction only gained by experience, that there is "no place like home."

It would be far better for the young man to travel before he takes the responsibility of a home than to be like many I have heard saying fretfully, "I wish I had travelled when I was single, now I can't." There is no doubt that the man who has travelled and knocked about a bit appreciates a home, for he knows the difference, and is generally one of those that are called "stop-at-homes."

In case my reader might take it into his head to travel without money, I will give him this advice, which, if followed, will entail far better results than I achieved, and that is, "Do not drink." Leave the drink out of your travels, and you cut out nearly the whole of the hardships. Not only that, but you will see more, hear more, and enjoy more of life in all its phases in the various places you visit, and there is no reason why the individual (hobo) should not return with sufficient in

his pocket to start housekeeping with the one he has had in his mind's eye during the length and breadth of his peregrinations.

There is yet one more aspect to be viewed by those who travel the world over, and that is the respect that is paid to the British Flag; not only respect, but the absolute safety (compared with other flags) of the man who is a subject of the British Empire. I need not dwell on this, for my reader has no doubt read at various times accounts in the newspapers of the protecting power of the British Flag, for instance, only of recent date, the safety of a people foreign and of a different religion in Lisbon, Portugal, during the late revolution.

It is with something of regret that I lay my pen down, and though the writing of these pages has forcibly impressed upon my mind that my earthly travels must necessarily soon draw to a close, I unhesitatingly say, and believe, that if I had my life to live over again, I would travel, if possible, still more, of course steering clear of the many rocks that I stranded on. Oh, well, perhaps these only added zest to the production of the whole.

I enjoyed writing these pages, for they have brought to my mind old friends and faces long gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, and I have almost lived the time over again, and my one great wish is that the reader may find this hodge-podge a means of passing away an idle hour, and if it does that, my feeble attempt will have been a success. For myself I am still singing that old refrain—

"I've wander'd about a bit in my time,
Of troubles I've seen a few;
And I found it better in every clime,
To paddle my own canoe."

So wishing my reader all the good that can come to the individual on this good old world, I say Au Revoir.

Having come across these lines in an old paper, I think they will form a fitting climax to what has gone before, and will not be out of place here.

THE HOBO'S SWAN SONG.

Behind a western water tank, one cold November day,
Inside an empty box car, a dying hobo lay.
His partner stood beside him, with low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words this dying hobo said:

"I am going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night,
Where you don't have to work out at all, or even change your socks,
And little streams of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

"Tell my sweetheart, back in Denver, that no more her face I'll view,
That I have jumped the fast freight and I am going through.
Tell her not to weep for me, no tears in her eyes must lurk,
For I am going to a land where I don't have to work.

"Hark! I hear her whistling. I must catch her on the fly,
Farewell, partner; I must leave you; it ain't so hard to die."
The hobo stopped, his head fell back; he'd sung his last refrain.
His partner swiped his hat and shoes and jumped the eastbound train.

I mentioned in a previous page the fish called "Pelorus Jack," and I think it would interest the reader to hear this detailed account culled from a New Zealand government handbook, so I duly insert it.

"PELORUS JACK,"

The Lone Fish of French Pass.

Travellers going to or coming from Nelson by steamer via the French Pass (a narrow sea-channel between the high mainland and D'Urville Island) will have a chance of seeing the famous white dolphin called "Pelorus Jack," probably the most singular known of the creatures of the sea.

"Jack" comes out regularly to meet the coastal steamers trading between Wellington and Picton and Nelson, which almost daily traverse the French Pass—Te Au-miti, the "Licking (or Swirling) Current" of the Maoris). For about twenty years this strangely sociable marine pilot has been closely observed by the crews and passengers of these vessels. He seems to constantly lie in wait for his steamer-friends. In the neighbourhood of Pelorus Sound-mouth "Jack" usually appears, and disports in front of and around the steamer's bows until the entrance to the French Pass is neared; in the case of the steamers bound to Wellington, he joins them near the Pass, and escorts them until the Chetwode Islands are about abeam, then he returns to his secret home to feed on the cuttle-fish and other life that there abound, until the next vessel heaves in sight. He seems to be always on the watch, night as well as day. Steamers navigating the Pass even in the midnight hours are joined by "Jack" who is readily identified, so well known is he, swimming swiftly along in the phosphorescent waters, appearing and reappearing on either side of the ship's cutwater, and darting ahead like a flash of flame in the darkness of the sea.

"Pelorus Jack" is a cetacean, of the dolphin family, and is about 14 feet in length, has a blunt nose, a humped forehead, a high falcate dorsal fin, and a narrow fluked tail. His colour is bluish-white tinged with purple and yellow, and with irregular brown-edged scratch-like lines in all directions. His flippers are blackish, and mottled with grey.

For a long time the actual species of "Jack" was in doubt. He was often described as a white whale, sometimes as a monster

white shark. He has now, however, been classified as Risso's dolphin (*Grampus griseus*). It is said that a school of fish similar to "Pelorus Jack" was first noticed in Pelorus Sound, near French Pass, about half a century ago, and that "Jack" is the only survivor.

"Pelorus Jack" enjoys the distinction of being protected by a special Government Proclamation, under the hand of the Governor-in-Council. Steamer passengers and others frequently shot at the big, harmless creature as it played around the ship. To prevent its destruction a notification by proclamation appeared in the New Zealand Government Gazette of the 29th September, 1904, to the effect that during a period of five years from that date it would not be lawful for any person "to take the fish or mammal of the species commonly known as Risso's dolphin (Grampus griseus) in the waters of Cook Strait or of the bays, sounds, and estuaries adjacent thereto." A breach of this regulation is punishable with a penalty of not less than £5 nor more than £100.

Having already mentioned about the loss of the steam-fishing trawler "Duco," which, unfortunately, took place when I was last in New Zealand, and whose captain was an old friend of mine, he with all hands being lost with her, supposedly the same night as she left Wellington in a gale that was blowing in Cook Straits, some of the wreckage being found later on the shores of some islands lying to the southward. Capt. Abram was quite at home with his pen, and I take the liberty of giving my readers a specimen of his handiwork, for it is true that, though gone, your deeds live after you. It is here given without addition or substraction.

TWO RETIRED MARINERS.

The two skippers—Gray and James—had passed the best part of their lives on the sea, and, being old sea chums of many years standing, they decided to retire together and live quietly in a small country village.

But it was a trifle too quiet for them, so they sought for amusement. They hit on a good idea, and acted on it. It was to purchase a horse and buggy and drive about together and view the surrounding country.

The purchase was made, and Skipper Gray had it sent to his house. The first drive was to take place the following morning.

At the appointed time, Captain James arrived, and was much disgusted to find his colleague not ready.

"I thought you'd have been ready to start," he said in a disappointed tone.

"Sorry, James, but we can't go to-day," replied the other.

"Oh! How's that?"

"The buggy's not complete."

"Why, what's wrong with it?" asked James hastily.

"Well, James," explained Gray, "we must have some sort of preventative attached to the buggy, in case the horse bolts."

"Um—er—I see. Good idea, Gray, er—very good, and your suggestion is—"

"To have a Sampson's post fitted on the after part of the buggy."

"Then we can carry an anchor and rope cable, in case we get too much weigh on," laughed James.

"Sure!" responded Gray. "We shall certainly feel more secure with an anchor on board."

The intended trip was therefore put off until next day to enable the buggy to be properly rigged up.

The following morning the horse was put in the buggy, then much to the amusement of the neighbours, the skippers stowed an anchor with about twenty fathoms of rope in the after-part of the vehicle. The end of the rope was attached to the Sampson's post.

"I say," remarked James, "it isn't exactly ship-shape to have the anchor aft, is it?"

"Well, no," laughed Gray. "It certainly doesn't look ship-shape, but you see, James, we are not likely to have much

stern way on—it'll be all headway, so we must have the anchor aft."

Gray took the reins and the drive commenced. All went well until they were in the main street of the village, when something startled the horse, and it bolted. Gray held on to the reins like grim death, but the animal only increased its speed.

"Cock-bill the anchor!" shouted Captain Gray.

"Anchor's cock-billed!"

"Let go!"

It did not hold.

"Give more cable!" roared Gray.

"She's got nineteen fathoms," answered James, clinging desperately to his seat.

"Give her the lot!" was the next order.

"She's got it all now!"

The horse was still galloping furiously. The anchor was jumping from one side of the street to the other, capsizing everything with which it came in contact. Civilians were running in all directions to escape danger. In its wild course of destruction the flukes of the anchor hooked on to a brewer's cart-wheel, and immediately the vehicle, its load of empty barrels, and driver went flying in all directions.

"The darned thing won't hold! The ground's too hard. Hullo! there goes another cart-wheel!"

"Port a little, and catch a telegraph pole," answered James.

Gray did so with such abruptness that they suddenly stopped dead, whilst the locomotive part of their conveyance, the horse, disappeared with the shafts.

The remainer of the buggy capsized on the two unfortunate skippers. A crowd quickly gathered and enjoyed themselves immensely, watching the two captains peeping out from the debris. They wanted to see how the land lay before they made their next move. A few minutes later, they emerged from

beneath the buggy, fortunately none the worse for their curious experience.

James wanted to know what was to be done with the buggy.

"I guess we'd better have her fitted up again," replied Gray.

"All right!" replied James. "Just as you like."

They proceeded to a coach-builder's, and arranged with him to repair the wreck which lay stranded near by.

The horse had been caught, and the shafts recovered, so the mariners were ready to return home. As they were getting under weigh, an officer of the peace accosted them.

"I must trouble ye for yer names, gentl'men!"

"Sure, for what?" demanded Skipper James.

"Ye'll most likely 'ave to appear at court, sir."

"Eh! What for?" they asked in astonishment.

"For furious drivin' and draggin' an anchor about the streets, endangerin' the lives of His Majesty's subjec's," replied the man in blue.

"Oh?" ejaculated James. "Then there's a nautical inquiry on? When is it to take place?"

The officer grinned broadly at the skipper's question.

"I only want to take yer names," he said, "in case there should be any trouble over the matter."

"Who's likely to be nautical assessor?"

"The magistrate will settle that question," was the reply.

The captains gave their names and addresses, and departed for their homes.

The next day Captain Gray received a blue paper. It was a summons for him to appear at court. He straightway sent for James.

"What's up, now, Gray?" said the latter, on meeting his colleague.

"I've got a summons to appear at court. There's to be an inquiry about the buggy accident," replied Gray seriously.

"Yes, I know. I've got one as well. We've got to appear at the court to-morrow."

They were interrupted just then by the arrival of two men, who furiously demanded instant compensation for losses they had incurred.

"In what way?" asked Gray quietly.

"You capsized my trap, frightened my wife out of her wits, and did terrible damage. And now you've got to pay for the repairs," retorted the man angrily.

"And you?" said Gray to the other, with a lift of his eyebrows.

"You took a wheel off my dray, stove in my beer barrels, and did a lot of other damage."

"Well, gentlemen, as there's to be a magisterial inquiry, we settle no claims till that's over—so get!"

Then the skippers talked seriously about t' pending inquiry.

"Well, James, we'll have to attend, both of us."

"I suppose we will, Gray. We may as well hear what these land-lubbers have to say."

Gaining experience from their late accident, they decided that one anchor was not enough, they would carry two and a kedge to prevent further fatalities.

They rigged up the vehicle according to the Board of Trade rules, an anchor on each quarter of the buggy with the cables bent on to the anchors, and the other ends drove through a fair load, and made fast round the horse's neck to prevent the animal leaving the buggy as it did before.

On the morning of the inquiry the buggy was put into commission again.

Captain James was in charge of the steering gear, Gray undertook to look after the anchors.

They started for the magistrate's court at a moderate speed. As they approached it, they espied a piece of spare ground by the side of the road. They decided to bring up on this patch.

A large crowd had collected in the vicinity of the legal

tribunal, curious to see the skippers, and hear how they were going to defend their case.

When the buggy approached the ground, the magistrate was trying a case of drunkenness.

The crowd outside began to laugh and shout.

The people inside, hearing cries of "Here comes the two skippers!" quickly filed out of the court to witness the fun, until no one was left inside but the officials. The magistrate, who had not heard the cries, wanted to know what the disturbance was outside, and sent the orderly out to see. He did not return. The laughing and shouting still went on uproariously. Then the clerk of the court was sent out, but he also did not return.

The magistrate thought it very peculiar—all going out and none returning.

"I wonder what's going on out there?" he muttered, as he left his seat to go and investigate, leaving the prisoner at the bar alone.

Then a happy thought struck the prisoner.

"This is rough, my case not going on, an' me a' dying for a drink," he soliloquised. "It's not good enough. I'll act the magistrate myself." Adopting a tone befitting the solemnity of the occasion, he continued, "Your case is dismissed, prisoner—now git!" And he slipped quietly out of the court, which was now empty. As the officials were intently watching the mooring of the buggy, in which he took no interest, he departed in another direction.

The captains drove on to the spare patch. Skipper James gave the order:

"Cock'-bill the anchors—we'll bring up!"

"Let go the port anchor!" James roared out, as he gave the buggy a sheer to spread the anchors. "Let go the starboard anchor! Give thirty fathoms each!"

Having thus moored the vehicle to their satisfaction, they got out.

"I think she's well moored as far as going ahead is con-

cerned," said Gray thoughtfully. "But she might go astern and foul the anchor. I reckon James, we'd better run out the kedge."

"Why, sure, Gray," his companion replied. "We had better run out the kedge. As you say, she might break her share, or go astern and foul the anchors."

They ran the kedge out with twenty fathoms of rope which they made fast round the horse's neck amid roars of laughter from the much interested crowd. The two genial skippers then made towards the court.

"What are those country yokels laughing at?" inquired James angrily.

"Well, James," answered the other, "I reckon they don't often see a buggy moored in ship-shape style."

The magistrate had been so deeply interested in the mooring of the buggy, that he had quite forgotten about the prisoner until he entered again.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "Where has the prisoner gone?"

He mounted the bench, the court officials took their places, and the crowd hurried into the court-house, eager for the coming case.

"The last case is dismissed," said the magistrate. "Bring on the next."

The clerk read out loudly:

"The next case is against two master mariners, Gray and James, for furiously driving and dragging an anchor through and about the main thoroughfare."

"Captains Gray and James are wanted!" cried the orderly.

Both skippers made towards the dock. One was ordered into the witness box to take the oath. They were both scrambling into it when the magistrate roared out: "What are you getting in there for?"

"We were both in the buggy, your Worship," answered

Gray, and his words were greeted with roars of laughter from the back of the court.

James was ordered to stand down, leaving Gray in the witness box.

"What is your name?" from the bench.

"G. D. A. Gray, your Worship."

"I want your full name."

"That's how I sign the official log-book, your Worship."

"Will you, or will you not, give me your full name?" cried the incensed magistrate.

"All right, your Worship, you shall have it. It's Captain Gerisam Dam-as-ce-nus Am-phit-ry-on Gray, your Honour," was the heated reply.

"O, Lord, what a name!" growled the clerk of the court.

"What is your name, again?"

"I have told you my name," answered Gray savagely.

"Tell it again," snapped His Worship.

The clerk of the court had his ears propped up like a donkey's to catch the captain's name as it was repeated a second time.

"Captain Geri-zam Dam—Have you got that? Dam-as—Have you got that?" he asked hotly; then continued slowly: "Dam-as-ce-nus Am-phit-ry-on Gray. Will that do, your Honour?"

A voice from the back of the court, imitating the magistrate's tones, said, "Repeat it again!"

Gray looked ferociously at His Honour, as he retorted:

"I'm darned if I do!" (Roars from the back.)

"Who spoke?" demanded the magistrate. There was a prolonged silence. Then he turned to the skipper.

"G. D. A. Gray, you are here on a serious charge of furious driving and dragging an anchor about the main streets, endangering both life and property."

"All right, your Worship, fire away!"

The magistrate looked black.

"What position did you hold in the buggy?" he asked severely.

"I had charge of the steering gear, your Honour."

"Who was to blame for the horse running away?"

"The horse, your Honour."

"What made you cast that anchor?"

"You mean, let go the anchor," corrected Gray. "Use the right term, your Honour."

"I shall use what term I think proper," retorted the bench with passion.

"Keep your 'air on." To all appearance the words came from Gray.

The magistrate looked sharply at the captain.

"You shall be locked up for contempt of court, if you dare to address me in that manner again!"

"Well, I'm darned if that isn't good, your Worship." (Roars from the interested crowd.) The case proceeded.

"What made you let go that anchor?"

"I never let go any anchor, your Honour."

"Who the ——! I mean, who did then? You had an anchor down," angrily questioned the bench.

"My friend James, your Honour."

"Repeat it again," rang out the mysterious voice, as if from the magistrate.

"I will not repeat it again, your Honour."

"Repeat it again," continued the unknown voice.

Gray felt certain it was the magistrate this time. He eyed him with a savage glare.

"I suppose you didn't say 'Repeat it again,' that time, your Honour?" he asked with cold scorn.

"No, I did not!" retorted the bench.

"Well, your Worship, if you can't keep better discipline than this in a court, I don't know what you'd do in a ship on a long voyage."

His Worship became furious at this insulting remark from the captain in the dock. He swore that, if the court were interrupted again, he would order the crowd out. This threat had the required effect, for the desire to hear this unique case to the end overcame all other considerations for the time.

Gray was waiting patiently to be examined.

The magistrate was so confused that he had to ask the clerk what the last question was.

"You say your friend let go the anchor?"

"Yes, your Honour."

"What did he do that for?"

"To bring the buggy up, your Honour."

"Did he bring it up?"

"No, your Honour," replied Gray ruefully. "It was bad holding ground, worse luck!"

"What happened them?"

"Capsized the buggy," the mysterious voice replied, amid roars of laughter. "And on the skippers, too."

"He is perfectly correct, your Honour," exclaimed Gray. And the crowd tittered.

"This is unbearable," muttered His Worship. "I'll have that man turned out of court."

"If you can find him," suggested the voice, to the intense amusement of the crowd.

The bench glared at Gray.

"You shall be fined, sir."

"Well, I am darned if I spoke a word, your Honour."

He was abruptly ordered to stand down, and Captain James took his place. After taking the oath, he was asked to give his full name. The clerk's ears were pricked up.

"Captain Ver-cen-get-o-rix Trip-tole-mus James, your Worship."

"Captain V. T. James, you are here on a serious charge of furious driving and dragging an anchor about the main street. Do you understand?"

"Yes, your Worship, drive ahead."

"Were you in the buggy when the horse bolted?"

"Yes, your Worship."

"Who do you blame for the horse bolting?"

"The darned horse," answered James quickly.

"What did you do?"

"When I got the order, I cock-billed the anchor, your Worship."

"What do you mean by cocking the anchor?"

"Holding on to the stopper, and letting go the shank-painter, your Worship," explained the shipper.

"Another foreign name," growled the clerk of the court.

"What did you cock-bill the anchor for?"

"To have it ready to let go, you land-lubber," answered James, with some heat.

The magistrate looked at him. "How dare you speak to me like that!" he exclaimed.

"You shouldn't ask such darned silly questions, your Worship."

"Cock-bill the shank-painter," rang out the mysterious voice.

James turned his eye on the magistrate.

"Did you give that order, your Worship?" he asked.

"No, I did not!" was the snappy retort.

"Well, whoever gave it must be a country bumpkin, and an ignorant one at that, to want to cock-bill the shank-painter."

"What position did you hold in the buggy?"

"As far aft as I could get, your Worship, attending to the anchor."

"What did you do next?"

"Stood by the starboard main brace," came the voice from the back.

"Did you speak?" sharply inquired the bench.

"No, I did not, your Worship, but the man who did is a sailor."

"How do you know?" queried the voice.

This roused the skipper's ire.

"I'll show you in a brace of shakes, you fat-headed lubber." (Roars from the crowd.)

"Would you like to have that man with the unknown voice at the bench, your worship?" asked Captain James.

"If you can get him, I'll give him a term in jail," answered the magistrate with considerable heat.

"Breakers ahead!" from the voice.

"Yes, you swab, and you'll be stranded in a few minutes," retorted James, glancing round. He left the witness-box and looked intently at each individual in the crowd. Stopping suddenly in front of one, he hailed a constable.

"Take this man in charge," he said.

The man protested that he had done nothing to be arrested for. But his protests were of no avail. He was taken before the bench. Captain James asked permission to examine him, and obtained it.

"Are you a sailor?" began the skipper.

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Well, we shall soon see about that. Turn up your shirt sleeves."

On examination his arms were found to be well tatooed.

"Where did you have that done?"

The man stammered an inaudible answer, clearly showing his guilt. James turned to the bench.

"Your Worship," he said, "this is the man whose voice has mystified us all."

The fellow was put in the box, and the oath administered. Skipper James then went for him.

"What's your name?"

"Tom Getout."

"Tom Getout, is it? It strikes me it'll be Tom Get-in before long."

This remark tickled the crowd at the back, but the mirth was stopped sharply by the cry: "Silence in the court."

"Are you a ventriloquist? Mind, you are on your oath," asked the worthy skipper.

"A little, sir," stammered the man.

"Ahem, I thought as much. Now, you son of a sea-cook, you come to this magistrate's court, and interrupt the defense of two respectable mariners, eh?" Then turning to the constable, he added: "Let him have a run as an outing every two days."

He was sentenced, and the constable marched him off to jail.

"I want my own case finished, now," demanded the captain.

The case proceeded without any further interruption.

His Worship summed up much as follows:

"The ruling of this court is that, as you, Captain V. T. James, and your friend, Captain G. D. Gray, evidently did all in your power to the best of your knowledge and ability to avoid an accident when your horse bolted; and as you, Captain V. T. James, did perform a manly and praiseworthy action in effecting the arrest of a dangerous and inveterate ventriloquist who sought to pervert the ends of justice and make a mock of this court, you are both of you exonerated from all blame, and leave this court without a stain on your characters."

Uproarious cheers rose, unrebuked this time, from the back of the court, and the crowd hurried out to witness the triumphant departure of the two mariners.

The court rose.

Among the Maori legends, I think the one appended is the most striking, and will undoubtedly take a place in this pot-pouri of a hobo's collection of anything and everything that came his way, and will, anyhow, be a novel introduction to the old time customs of an almost unknown people and country. It is also culled from a very readable publication issued by the Tourist Department of the Government of New Zealand.

THE SEA OF RAUKAWA.

The Legend of "The Brothers." Canoeing in Cook Strait.

Many Maori stories and songs are associated with the Sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait). In olden days Maori canoes very frequently passed to and fro across this ofttimes stormy strait; flotillas of large war canoes, particularly those under the command of the famous cannibal conqueror Te Rauparaha, many times made their way from islands from Otaki or Kapiti Island or Porirua Harbour, bound on expeditions of blood against the Ngaitaras of the Greenstone land. Sometimes the canoes met with sudden gales in the strait, that placed them in great peril, and not infrequently these long narrow crafts were capsized and lost with all hands. Sometimes, for safety, two canoes would be fastened together and strengthened with a deck or platform across midships, so as to form a double canoe, such as those in which the Polynesian ancestors of the Maori navigated the Pacific Ocean. The Maori canoe-men of those days were weatherwise sailors, and would wait for days in some cove or bay along the coast until a favourable slant of wind and a smooth sea offered for sailing or paddling across the strait. The Maoris of Wairau, Cloudy Bay, Marlborough, say that the canoe sailors of former days would carefully watch the weather conditions at the time of the rising of Kopu, the morning star (Venus), and if the sea were smooth then and the wind fair, it would be a favourable day for putting to sea over the Wairau Bar and laying a course for Kapiti Island or Mana, or the Whanganui-a Tara, now known as Wellington Harbour.

Crossing Cook Strait at night from Wellington to Picton or Nelson, the ten-second flashlight of The Brothers will be seen as the steamer approaches the coast of Arapawa Island. This lighthouse is situated on one of the high rocky islands known to the Maoris as Nga-whatu ("The Rocks") and christened by the early white navigators "The Brothers." Captain Cook's ship, the "Endeavour," was in considerable danger there when working out from Queen Charlotte Sound in 1770, and

was nearly carried on to the rocks through being becalmed in a strong tide-rip. These islets of danger lie off Cape Kowmaru, Arapawa Island, and were in the direct course of the Maori canoes in the olden time making from Kapiti Island or Mana to Arapawa or Kura-te-au (Tory Channel) or Cloudy Bay, and from Wellington Harbour to the northern parts of Queen Charlotte Sound, or Pelorus Sound, or Nelson. They were dreaded because of their rock dangers and the high and broken seas which frequently arose as they were neared.

Nga-whatu was regarded as a tapu place, and was invested by the superstitious Maori with a supernatural mana or influence of dread. An atua, a deity, who had dominion over winds and seas, abode in those surf-beaten fog-wreathed cliffs, and it were well to appease him with appropriate karakias or charms, and with other ceremonious observances, so that canoes could pass his sacred crags in safety.

It was a custom in former days, when strangers to the Sea of Raukawa were crossing the strait for the first time, to veil their eyes when the isles of Nga-whatu were neared. It would be a breach of the tapu for these tauhou or newcomers to look upon the isles of omen on their first voyage. So if any tauhou happened to be in a canoe, while yet some distance from "The Brothers," their eyes were blind-folded (koparetia) with a covering usually consisting of several large leaves strung together, and it was not removed until these rocks were well astern. If strangers looked upon these sacred cliffs on their first crossing of Raukawa the atua of the isles would be affronted and would by his enchantments stop the canoe and fix it there, so that, paddle the canoemen ever so strongly, they would never get past Nga-whatu: a belief that has in it something of the elements of the legend of Vanderdecken and the story of Jonah. A stranger who refused to veil his eyes when nearing Nga-whatu would probably be dumped overboard as Jonah was, and he would be lucky if a friendly taniwha were at hand to rescue him.

There was, fortunately, a beneficent atua who could be summoned from the blue deeps of rolling Raukawa if a canoe were in danger of being lost. This sea-god was Pane-iraira ("Speckled Head"), from very ancient times a traditional taniwha or marine deity of the descendants of the Polynesian adventurers who came to New Zealand from the South Sea Islands in the "Tainui" canoe. Pane-iraira is described as a great whale-like fish with a hollow on his back. He is the guardian of the high chiefs of Tainui stock when they travel by sea. Says Hare Pore, an old whaleboat sailor, chief of the Ngati-ranrus Tribe Wairau:—

"If our canoes were in danger when crossing the Sea of Raukawa in former times, particularly when nearing the coast of Arapawa or passing Nga-whatu, through a gale of wind coming on suddenly, or a high sea rising, those on board her would repeat invocations to Pane-iraira, the taniwha, to come to their aid. If there were a tohunga or priest on board he would recite a karakia to Pane-iraira, who lived in these waters. And if the tohunga were a man of mana and he recited the charm correctly, then the sea-god would appear and save the canoe. He would swim along by the side of the waka, and his sacred mana would smooth the seas and make safe the ocean way for the crew who trusted in their ancestral taniwha."

The mana of a Maori taniwha was evidently as potent as oil upon troubled waters.

The following song, well known to the old Maoris on both sides of Cook Strait, contains an allusion to the custom of blindfolding strangers on their first voyage of Raukawa past The Brothers. It is a pao or love song composed about sixty years ago by a young woman named Tuhupu, of the Ngati-Awa tribe, who lived on the coast of the North Island not far from Wellington Harbour, for her lover who sailed away across the strait in the war canoe of the chief Heteraka Patutahi, uncle of Hare Rore:—

E ao ma-uru
E ata haera ana
Na runga ana mai
Te hiwi kei Te Tawake;

Katahi te aroha
Ka mauru i ahau
Ki te tau ra e
I rangia i te itinga.

Pirangi noa au
Ki te kimi moutere,
Kia utaina au
Te ihu o Te Rewarewa,

Te waka o Patutahi,
Hei whiu ki tawhiti,
Kia koparetia te rerenga i
Raukawa
Kia huna iho, kei kite ai
Nga-whatu;
Kia hipa ki muri ra,

Ka titiro kau atu,

Kia kite noa aka
Te koko ki Karaurupe
Nga mahi a Kupe
I topetopea iho.
Kei whea te tane

I rangia i te itinga?
Ka rukea kia au
Waiho i muri nei;
Ka nui te ngekau—I-i-i!

(Translation.)

O gentle western breezes,
So softly blowing o'er the sea
Across Tawake's distant peak,
You bring to me fond thoughts of
love
For one who's far away,
For him to whom I was betrothed
While yet but a little one.
Oh, would that I could go with
him
Across the swelling sea
To seek some island of our own!
I'd seat me in the bows
Of "Te Rewarewa," the canoe of
Patutahi,

And sail so far away;
I'd bind mine eyes so carefully

That while we crossed Raukawa's
Sea,
Lest I should see Nga-whatu's
crags;
And when we'd passed the isles of
dread
And freely gazed around again
We'd see the shores of Cloudy Bay
The wondrous works of Kupe,
Our ancestor who sailed these seas
And severed islands from the
main.
But where is now my loved one,
My love from childhood's days?
I'm left behind to mourn alone,
My heart swells high with sorrow!

The Maori singer often addressed his poem to the winds; a very frequent opening to a love song or a lament is a reference to the idea that the breezes and the scudding clouds are messengers from those who are far away. The girl who composed this waiata had evidently ascended a hill where she could see the mountains of Arapawa looming blue in the west across the strait, in the direction in which her lover's canoe had gone. Te T'awake, mentioned in the song, is a prominent peak on Arapawa. The sentiment with which the chant begins reminds one of Robert Burns' old love song—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west."

Cloudy Bay, the name which Captain Cook gave in 1770 to the wide indent into which the Wairau River flows, is here pidgin-Maorified into "Karaurupe," the proper Maori name is Te Whanga-nui ("The Big Bay"). The allusion to the "works of Kupe," refers to the Maori tradition of the canoe explorations of Kupe, the early Maori navigator who sailed to these Islands of New Zealand from his far off home in Hawaiiki, in the eastern Pacific in the canoe "Matahourua"; he came down the west coast, naming many places on the shores as he came, and explored the islands and sounds of Cook Strait and the northern shores of the South Island. In the poetic symbolism of the Maori, Kupe's discovery and circumnavigation of the various islands hereabouts, is spoken of as his god-like severing of them from the mainland. The row of jagged rocks on Barretts Reef at the entrance to Wellington Harbour was named "Te Tangihanga-a-Kupe" (Kupe's Weeping party), because of the fancied resemblance of the rocks to a row of mourners at a Maori tangi. There are many other coastal place names memorising the great canoe sailor.

Kupe, in the "Matahourua," entered Porirua Harbour and remained there some time. A celebrated and venerated relic of his stay there is the great stone called "Te Punga-o-Matahourua" (the anchor of "Matahourua"). This is a very large

block of sandstone, with a hole in it, said to have been used as the mooring stone of the canoe; it lay on the sandy shore near Paremata Railway station until recently, when it was handed over to the government for safe-keeping, and was placed in the Maori room of the Wellington Museum.

The rocky point on which the lighthouse stands in French Pass (Te Au-miti) is said by the Maoris to be one of the pari-rau or wings of a famous bird, the Kawau-a-Toru (Toru's Cormorant, or shag), which came from the Hawaiiki fatherland, the South Sea Islands, and which in endeavouring to breast the strong current that sweeps through the pass was killed and its wings broken and cast ashore, where they were transformed to stone.

THE END.