

MEMOIRS . . .

of

P. R. JARVIS



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Memoirs of P. R. Jarvis

I.

PREFACE

I have had it in mind for some years to write a short account of my life to enable my children and grandchildren to have in their possession a written record of many of the stories they have often heard me tell and to give them in addition to this, many experiences, and present to them scenes, through which I have passed. If they feel inclined to read these pages I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble of writing them, and if they gain some information in their perusal, so much the better.

As a man grows old and nears the boundary of the invisible world beyond, he experiences a deepening interest in all the scenes and circumstances of his younger days—he looks with a sort of pride on the olden times, in contrast with the degenerate modern days, and if he has enjoyed life and used the advantages which have come his way, he will have a strong desire to leave behind him some record, however humble, to his posterity. This is my excuse for attempting a short history of the events of a life of seventy-three years.

II.

GENEALOGY

I have thought it right to preface this account with a record of the Jarvis family as far back as I am able to trace it.

Peter Robinson Jarvis, born at Toronto Township on Lake Ontario, August 16th, 1824, son of Frederick Starr Jarvis, born at Fredericton August 4th, 1786, son of Stephen Jarvis, born at Danbury, Conn., November 6th, 1756, fought all through the Revolutionary War, first in the Queen's Rangers and afterwards in the South Carolina Dragoons.

At the end of that war Stephen Jarvis made one of the band of U. E. Loyalists who settled in Fredericton, N.B. In 1809 he came to York (now Toronto) with his family. There he held the office of registrar of the Home District and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the Honourable the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. His eldest son, Frederick Starr, obtained a grant of land between Oakville and Port Credit in the Township of Toronto, and engaged in farming there, where he

brought up a family of eight sons and four daughters. He succeeded his father as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, engaged in the War of 1812-14 and the Rebellion of '37.

Stephen Jarvis was the son of Stephen Jarvis born at Danbury, Conn., December 25th, 1729, son of Samuel Jarvis, born Danbury, Conn., October 5th, 1698.

III.

EARLY LIFE.

I was born in the Township of Toronto, County of York, on the 16th of August, 1824.

My father's farm was situated four miles below Oakville on the Lake shore road, and consisted of eight hundred acres, originally a U. E. Loyalist grant. After my grandfather's removal from Fredericton to Toronto in 1809, he felt anxious that my father should take up a grant to which U. E. Loyalists were entitled and advised him to go West of Toronto in search of land. He accordingly set out on horseback, travelling along the Lake shore, and swimming the Humber, Mimico, Etobico and Credit and came to Merrigold's Point. Thomas Merrigold was likewise a U. E. L. and had settled at this place some years before, having like my father and grandfather, come from New Brunswick, where he had first gone on leaving the United States. My father told Mr. Merrigold his errand, viz., that he was in search of land to which he was entitled as a U. E. L. Merrigold knowing the nature of the land near to his own farm said, "Why not take this land next mine?" This advice was acted on. My father selected

eight hundred acres, immediately on the shore adjoining the farm of Thomas Merrigold. How much he was influenced in this step by seeing that his friend had some bright and promising daughters, father never told us.

Having selected the farm, my father's next duty was that of felling the trees and clearing the land. On the Lake shore this was begun in a peculiar manner. The clearing was commenced along the shore, the first trees being cut in such a way as to fall over the bank into the lake. The next thing was to build a log house in which he had the assistance of the Merrigold boys. Matters prospered with him, and in due time he had a considerable clearing and a house of more modern conveniences, although it was still of logs. His farm life during this period was varied by the part he took as Major of the Militia in the War of 1812-14. The sword he carried in that war was the same one his father had used in the Revolutionary War, when Lieutenant in the South Carolina Dragoons. I have still the sword in my possession.

In 1816 my father married Susan Isabella Merrigold, daughter of Thomas Merrigold, whose farm, as I have said, was adjoining his own. Of this union I was the fifth child, and was named after Peter Robinson, (a younger brother of the late Sir John Beverly Robinson) a life long friend of the family, and after whom the Town of Peterboro was called.

My early life was uneventful. My education began in the first log school-house built in the neighborhood. It was situated on the Lake shore road about a mile from my home. At about seven years of age I began attending school and as the road was exceedingly rough, being of corduroy, I was frequently carried on the backs of the larger boys to and from school. The educational facilities of those days were imperfect, and the opportunities in that direction limited. There was no system of education in the country at the time and whatever was done was by the pioneers in any locality. A log school-house was built, and school held when the "section" was fortunate enough to find a teacher who could live on the "salary" he could get. As his salary was limited, he was forced to "board round", stopping a fortnight with each family that had children attending school. The ordinary teacher was the Irish pedagogue who had been well educated and intended for something better, but had fallen from grace and was eking out a scholastic existence wielding the birch in the Canadian backwoods. The master's habit of imbibing often led to amusing scenes in the school. On one occasion our teacher, after a visit to Oakville, brought back with him a black bottle, carrying it in the pocket of his long frieze Irish overcoat, which he wore at all times. As soon as he took his seat at the desk, he fell asleep. The boys filled his great pockets with stones, and on waking he found

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himself unable to rise. He looked bewildered at first, but soon taking in the situation, threw off the coat and grasped the birch. "Stand up, sorr!" he shouted. The boys not only stood up but rushed out of the school-house, leaving the master the rest of the day to finish his bottle.

After two years of this kind of schooling, my uncle George Jarvis, who was then a barrister in Cornwall, and who had no sons of his own, asked father to allow me to make my home with him. His intention was to educate me for the law. Cornwall at that time had about the only Grammar school in the Province, outside Toronto, and it was decided that I should go to be educated at that place. When I was nine years old I set out with Uncle George on that eventful trip to Cornwall. We left Toronto in November, 1833, in the Steamboat "United Kingdom", for Kingston, calling at all the Lake ports on the way. At Kingston we re-embarked on a small river boat, after providing ourselves with roast turkey and other provisions for the journey down the River. We reached Cornwall late in the evening of the same day we left Kingston, the whole journey from Toronto taking about three days.

I followed Uncle George through the dark streets of Cornwall till we reached his residence, where we found Aunt Julia waiting for us. She was alone, for the girls had already retired.

The first things I remember having received in my new abode are a kiss from Aunt and a large square of ginger-bread—her forte was ginger-bread. Next morning I was introduced to my three cousins, Julia, Frances and Mary. As was quite natural, there was at first some shyness between them and me. I had often wondered what they were like, and how much different town girls must be from those living in the country, and it took some days before I felt quite at my ease in their company. This feeling, however, soon wore off, and we were romping and playing together as if I were one of the family.

After a few weeks I was taken by Uncle George to the old Grammar School where I was introduced to the Principal, Mr. Harris, and his Assistant, Mr. Kay. This was the famous District Grammar School of Cornwall, the founder of which was the late Bishop Strachan. Governor Simcoe in his time, had meditated the founding of a college in the Province, and with that end in view, he had invited from Scotland a clever young school teacher by the name of Jno. Strachan. When young Strachan reached the colony, he found that Governor Simcoe had already been transferred to another part of the Empire, and he was compelled to fall back on his occupation of teaching. After doing some private tuition in Kingston, he entered the church, and at Cornwall, in addition to his

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ministerial work, he founded and taught for ten years, the Grammar School at that place. In his classes were many boys who subsequently rose to eminence in this Province, among whom were the Hon. Chief Justice Robinson, the Hon. J. B. Macaulay, Hon. Jonas Jones and Hon. Arch. McLean.

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The school building was hardly as large as the Stratford Collegiate Institute, being about twenty by thirty, containing one room. In this unpretentious building I began my higher education. I must have been duly impressed at first by my teachers for I can remember quite vividly the first lesson given me. This was Wordsworth's "Pet Lamb", and whenever I see the poem I am still constrained to read it to the finish. The teaching was of the old style, in which the main avenue to the mind was considered to lie through the skin ends of the nerves. Punishment was resorted to on the principle—"No lickin', No larnin'". The "Cat" was applied to hand and body. And on special occasions the ebony ruler was used without mercy on the hand, on palm, knuckles and finger ends. The ordinary way of using the "Cat" was on the hands, but there was another method of its application which required greater ceremony. The victim was mounted on the back of the largest boy in the school, his coat was removed and his nether garments gently lowered, so as to leave full play

for the "Cat" from the small of the back downwards. While the "Cat" was being applied, the large boy, who carried the howling victim, moved up and down the aisle, the master following and applying the strokes. I must confess that I was twice compelled to undergo this severe discipline. Aunt Julia protested and the girls wept, but justice must prevail. On a minor occasion Mr. Kay struck me with the ebony ruler on the palm of the left hand, breaking a small bone, the mark of which encounter I have carried for the last sixty-four years, bringing "pleasant" reminiscences of my school days in Cornwall.

After spending two years in Cornwall, father came to visit us. Upon leaving the farm I was so closely confined to the house and school, that when father came to see us he was startled at my delicate appearance. He decided at once to take me home with him. The journey home was very pleasant, our route being by Oswego and Rochester. At Rochester I had my first ride on a horse car. We passed the Genesee Falls where Sam Patch had recently lost his life.

On arriving home I found things much changed: the boys were larger and stronger and looked on their newly returned brother as a first-class specimen of a town dude. Mother had been worrying about me ever since I went away and she would not consent to my returning to Cornwall. In spite of the run down

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state of my health on leaving school, I soon re-
gained my usual strength on coming home, and
my strong inclination for hunting, pigeon-shoot-
ing and fishing, soon restored my old-time vigour.

In the old pioneer days a bear hunt was
a common occurrence. As the woods were
cleared, the plot of land was planted with corn,
potatoes, turnips, etc. These crops afforded a
good opportunity to the bears that inhabited
the dense and continuous forest to commit their
depredations in corn fields by night. To put
a stop to bruin's ravages, the neighbors would
organize a bear hunt. This was done in our
case by forming in the centre of the corn-plot
a small barricade of fence rails from which,
when the bear appeared, the farmers poured in
their volley upon him, which soon put Mr.
Bruin hors de combat. Then a yoke of oxen
was dispatched to the scene of action and the
bear, sometimes weighing four hundred pounds,
was hauled to the barn where he was skinned
and divided among his captors. Bear meat was
considered a delicacy by the early pioneers.

Life on the farm in the pioneer days was by
no means uneventful. Each year we cleared
from ten to twenty acres of forest land. The
cutting of the trees was peculiar. Commencing
some distance in the woods, the trees were cut
nearly through, but not far enough to fell them;
then the trees next these were cut in the same
manner, and so on to the edge of the clearing.

The last row of trees was cut so as to fall inwards on the others that were half cut. It would produce a most imposing spectacle, when all the trees came down together. The noise was deafening. After the trees were cut down, the limbs were stripped from them, gathered into brush-heaps and burned, and the trees were cut into log-lengths, rolled into heaps and burned. These log-heaps were made by logging "bees", when the neighbors came with their oxen and assisted in raising enormous heaps which it would have been impossible to make without a large number of "hands". These "bees" were to a great extent free from the excessive use of distilled spirits which in later times characterized similar gatherings. But if there was a lack of drinking there, it was fully made up by the eating. The neighbors' wives and daughters came from far and near, bringing pots and pans and other cooking utensils to help along the festivities. Oh! those delicious nights and feasts! Fish, both salmon and white-fish, common as black squirrels in those days! Roast beef and pot-pie! Potatoes, peas and beans! Pies of every description—the pumpkin being the climax of all delicacies! I can see the tables yet, and smell the savory smell as the board was filled with hungry frontiers-men and their wives. Then provisions disappeared like dew before the sun, till scarce enough was left to satisfy the waiting juveniles.

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A great stir was made in the community when the first threshing machine came into the district. This was brought from Rochester by my father. From Toronto it was transported by team to our farm. It was a stationary machine and kept in a building erected for that purpose. It was a great novelty and farmers from far and near came to see it working. Our threshing days were usually rainy ones, as the machine was under cover where we could work independent of weather.

Our well was at first of the ancient style—the pole and bucket; then as new ideas began to spread in the settlement, we exchanged these for the modern pump. These circumstances caused a considerable amount of jealousy. A threshing machine and a pump were too much for one family and the Jarvises were flying their kite a little too high!

One Sunday just as we were starting for church we heard the howling of wolves from the direction of the woods, and looking in that direction we saw a beautiful antlered deer, pursued by two wolves, making for the lake. On reaching the clearing the wolves turned back, but the deer kept straight on to the lake, plunged in, swam out. Father and a neighbor launched our fishing-boat and paddled toward the deer. On coming up with it father watched his opportunity and cut its throat with his jackknife. The deer was then towed back to

land and several of our neighbors received a goodly piece of venison. There was no church for us that day.

This kind of life was very pleasant for me, but father and mother thought that I should go to college, and I began a course at Upper Canada College. As it had been arranged that I should be educated for a mercantile life, I was put into what was known as the Preparatory form.

Life here was somewhat different from that in the old Cornwall Grammar School. The gathering of the boys in the morning in the assembly room and the filing in of the masters in Cap and Gown, inspired in me a kind of awe which never left me while at that institution. After the assembling on the first day, I was introduced to the Principal who sent me to the form which was presided over by a Mr. Kay, and I was soon initiated into the mysteries of college life.

At Upper Canada College the religious element was not neglected. Every Monday we were compelled to repeat a whole chapter of Scripture. The first chapter I remember learning was the second of Acts,—“And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.”

At this time Wm. Lyon Mackenzie was beginning his agitation. The great majority of Upper Canada boys were of a political stripe opposed to his, and one of his jibes at the College was his designation of the form to which I belonged as the Prepare-a-Tory Form.

Corporal punishment was resorted to here as well as in Cornwall, but in a somewhat modified form. The command was, "Hold out your hand sir!" From one to four raps were administered according to the gravity of the offence.

My experiences at Upper Canada were not out of the ordinary. Of course I had my encounters. On one occasion the trouble began in the large assembly room before the masters had entered, and as their entry interrupted the progress of the fight, it was renewed after four, after the usual ring had been formed by the boys. We fought under no particular set of rules, but delivered our blows in true pugilistic style until blood flowed freely from both nose and mouth. As the fight became more furious, the shouts of the backers on both sides increased, till at last by a well directed blow straight from the shoulder, I stretched my antagonist at full length on the turf. At this time a cry was raised that the master was approaching and we scattered in different directions.

At Upper Canada I discovered that my particular bent was toward Surveying, Geology and Geography. I was especially apt at map-drawing. The teacher in this subject was an Irish B. A., stout of body and strong of mind. The first map I drew had been carefully done and had taken considerable time from my play hours. When he looked at it, he came to the conclusion that it had been done by my elder brother who had had much experience in that kind of work. He threw it from him and exclaimed, "Hold out your hand, sir, I'll taitch you not to bring your brother's old maps to me!" I protested, but this only made him more violent, and he flogged me severely. At this treatment I bellowed like a bull—not because of the pain, for I could have stood that—but because of the injustice and indignity of the thing. My brother and I reported the case to Uncle William, then Sheriff of Toronto, who took it upon himself to interview the Principal and the Master. The latter, on being convinced that the map was my own work, apologized to my uncle and myself and complimented me on the excellence of the work on the map.

During my time at Upper Canada College there were many boys in attendance who afterwards made their mark in the world, among whom were; the two sons of Sir Jno. Colborne, who afterwards held high positions in the

English army; Sir Lukin Robinson and Sir Jno. Beverly Robinson, sons of the Chief Justice.

My college course at Upper Canada lasted two years. At the end of this time, as our family was large, it was thought time for me to begin life on my own account, and as it had been arranged that I should enter mercantile life, I entered the employment of my brother-in-law, Alexander Proudfoot, who was engaged in an extensive and varied business at Trafalgar and Oakville. He kept a general store and bought farmers' produce of all kinds, in addition to staves and timber. The wheat was hauled to Oakville, some of it coming from as far back as Georgetown in Esquesing. From Oakville it was shipped in our own vessels to Kingston and then forward to England. The staves and oak timber were shipped in the same manner.

My experiences as clerk in Trafalgar were many and varied. We kept the Post Office as well as a General Store. The postage in those days was very high, ranging from four and half pence to three shillings in Canada, according to distance; to the Old Country it was as high as six shillings and seven shillings. On one occasion a letter came from Ireland for one Wm. Armstrong, Trafalgar, the postage on which was seven shillings. One day when I had been left alone, I saw a rough looking Irishman coming down the concession on a white horse. He drew up at the door and asked, "Is there

ever a letter for Wm. Armstrong?" I replied in the affirmative and he said, "Let me say it." I brought it out and handed it to him and told him the amount of postage to be paid. He asked if I thought it was for him, and I said, "Certainly, if your name's Wm. Armstrong." He replied, "That's my name, open it." I told him he must open it. This he did and asked me to "rade" it. I read it over and where I could not make out the names he would pronounce them for me, as many of them were new and outlandish to me. After I had read it once he said, "Rade it again." This I proceeded to do and when I had finished he said, "That letter isn't for me at all, at all. You may put it back in the office." And to my amazement he strolled off leaving the postage of seven shillings unpaid. In addition to General Store, Post Office and other business, we also kept an ashery. Out of the ashes which came from the burned log-heaps of the settlers, we manufactured large quantities of potash which we shipped also to England.

During my stay at Trafalgar there was plenty of work, but many recreations made the time pass rapidly. There were the logging-bees, raising-bees, paring-bees, spelling-bees, coon hunts, singing-school and protracted meetings. Though there was much toil and hard work in those days, the life of the pioneer, full of enjoyment, good health, good appetite and a good

conscience, made people happy and contented. Dyspepsia and quack medicines were unknown.

During all this time I had a great desire for life at sea and readily devoured any story of the sea that I could get into my possession. This desire was increased by a trip I made to Kingston one fall in one of our vessels. On the return voyage in November, an Easterly snow storm came upon us during our trip up the lake and we were nearly driven ashore on Burlington Beach, but escaped by passing through the canal into Burlington Bay.

IV.

MY TRAVELS BEGIN

HAVING nursed this ardent desire to travel and visit other countries and climes, I took the first opportunity that offered itself and left home at the age of twenty, with the avowed intention of going to Canton, China.

It may seem strange to you that I should have conceived such a step, but I can assure you that it appeared far more strange to my relatives and friends, that a boy, reared in the backwoods of Canada, should attempt such a journey and without the necessary means to accomplish so wild an undertaking. All to whom I spoke upon the subject of my intended voyage, laughed at the very idea of it, but the less encouragement I received, the more determined I was to carry out my intention. I shall pass over all the obstacles I had to contend with in making preparations for my voyage, but when they who knew me best saw that it was in vain to oppose my wishes, they lent me a helping hand and I got fairly off.

On the morning of October 28th, 1844, I left Brunswick Place in a violent snowstorm and arrived at Toronto in the evening. Here

I met Sam Ridout and we came to Rosedale where I stayed all night with my cousins,— which was very pleasant.

October 29th. This morning before I left my cousins I received presents from them and letters from my kind Uncle and Aunt. I went into town (Toronto) and left at once to catch the boat for Rochester. It still continues to storm and has all the appearance of Winter. The Lake is very rough with an East swell and a heavy North wind.

October 30th. Arrived at Rochester and we had great difficulty in getting in below the piers as the swell was particularly heavy just there. I was very sick. Left Rochester for Auburn, then went from Auburn to Syracuse, from Syracuse to Utica, Utica to Schenectady, Schenectady to Albany and from Albany I crossed the river in a ferry boat and took the cars for Boston. The distance of two hundred miles was travelled in thirteen hours and the fare was £1-10-0.

November 1st. Arrived in East Boston and went on board the Acadia in which I crossed to Boston. Today I touched salt water for the first time in my existence. Took dinner at the Tremont House; then hired a horse and rode out to Milton Hill to Mr. J. M. Forbes' residence, where I was received with great kindness.

Mr. Forbes many years before went to China and made a fortune there, and is now living in ease and magnificence at his residence in Milton, near Boston. He conversed with me on the subject of my intended voyage to China but advised me not to go. Here is another blow to my long cherished hopes. However, he advised me, as I was away from home, (and Boston does seem a long way off), to travel in the United States. He has told me he has a ship just leaving New York for New Orleans and offered me passage in her free of charge. So I have my first chance of smelling salt water, at any rate.

November 2nd. I walked over the place with Mr. Forbes, breakfasted and took leave of him and his family and rode into Boston.

The country around here is very nice and I am much pleased with it. It is principally inhabited by retired merchants who have built most splendid houses and laid out their grounds with taste. Saw the house that the last English Governor of Massachusetts (Thos. Hutchinson, 1771-74) lived in and the place where he made his escape in the river to the man-of-war that was lying outside the harbour to receive him. The house is a very splendid affair.

There is very little wooden stuff in this part of the country. The fences are of stone and they burn coal.

I saw a Chinese pagoda situated on the brow of a very steep hill. It had a very picturesque appearance.

As Mr. Forbes told me yesterday, he has a vessel sailing for New Orleans from New York, and as I have recieved very little encouragement from him to go on with my intended voyage to China, I have decided to leave Boston at once for New York, and take ship there for New Orleans.

November 3rd. I left Boston yesterday afternoon and travelled by train, at the rate of thirty miles per hour. Reached Worchester at eight o'clock and took the steam boat "Cleopatra" for New York. I slept on board. We arrived in New York at nine o'clock this morning and I had my baggage removed to the Astor House, where I saw Mr. R. B. Forbes to whom I had letters from his brother in Boston. I learned here that the "Akbar" (the boat I was to go to New Orleans on) had sailed three hours before I arrived. I was very disappointed, but took a walk down the Battery and came back to dinner where everything was served up in the most splendid manner with a bill of fare as long as my arm.

November 4th. Today I delivered letters from R. B. Forbes to Gary and Company who were civil and gave me letters to Alex Grant in New Orleans. I also called upon Mr. Beckwith (Russell & Co.) who promised to do all he

could for me, and also upon Hamilton Murray who went to the house of P. Oliver and Company to enquire if there were any prospects for me in China, but they thought chances here were much better.

November 5th. Today I went on board a number of ships and was astonished at their immense size. Straightway, I engaged my passage on the packet ship "Portsmouth" for New Orleans, for \$40.00. I went out to Hamilton's residence with him and saw his sister, and then went with him to a little party where I saw a few pretty girls and had a partridge supper.

November 6th. I visited the City Hall today and went up into the Governor's room. Walked around town and up to the Croton Water Works.

TO NEW ORLEANS.

November 10th. Left New York today (Sunday) at 9 o'clock. We anchored off Sandy Hook with a head wind.

November 11th. Got under way again this morning at 9 o'clock, with a light S. W. wind. It is now twelve o'clock noon and I am sitting with Selleck on the main-top, talking of sundry things. It is a dead calm and we are in sight of the Islands of Sandy Hook. Twenty or thirty ships in sight. A good breeze is

springing up but it does not last long as the wind is light and variable. Steering S. by S. E.

November 12th. Calm in the morning at daylight and a thick fog and rained an hour afterwards. A stiff breeze from the East, and we have all sails set.

Had a good dinner, roast beef and pie with fritters. Went and lay in the long boat with some young passengers. The fog cleared off and could see two ships, one an English brig, one a pilot boat. Towards evening took in main royal, main-top-gallant stay-sail, reef, main topsail, mizzen topsail and spanker. Begin to feel as if I were a long way from land and a singular sort of pleasure it is, being so far out on the broad ocean. The air is mild and bracing and I stand for hours gazing at the ships ploughing through the blue waves. I am rather surprised that the swells are not larger. The wind has been blowing strong for some time and the waves are scarcely any size. I do not feel any symptoms of seasickness and have done ample justice to my board which is very good. The steerage passengers are 60 in number, seven females. They are all very quiet tonight. I am beginning to feel squeamish.

I am writing on the cabin table. Captain Glover and young Aiken are playing a game.

Nine o'clock at night, steering South-east. The wind is freshening up. It's a beautiful sight to see the ship in the night with her sails

in the wind. And it seems strange to think that P. R. Jarvis is on the North Atlantic, where he will be for many a long day yet. I wonder what my parents are thinking of now; perhaps of their son, fearing that he is not as well off as he might be, but I will not write now for any consideration.

November 13th. Fair wind and a rolling sea. I, as well as the rest of the passengers, are seasick. I felt well enough to eat my breakfast, but soon sent it over the side of the ship and did not eat anything more all day.

November 14. The wind still continues fair, blowing from the North and we are steering South. We are now in the Gulf of Florida Stream. Making nine knots an hour and the Stream carries us back two knots. There is one ship in sight on our lee quarter. The sea is in a white foam and has a beautiful appearance. After lunch I came on deck and saw acres of gulf-weed.

The Mate is a big, jolly fellow and looks like two men rolled into one. He has lots of stories to tell. The Captain is very pleasant but abhors the English. He is full of jokes and anecdotes.

The water in the Gulf Stream is quite warm and higher than the temperature of the air.

I have finished reading Lord Bacon's Essays and the Gent's Pocket Etiquette. Feel rather sick and will turn in for the night.

November 15th. A beautiful day with a strong wind from the East. Running at the rate of 18 knots per hour. The sun now and then shows himself from under a cloud. It's quite like Summer and if I were not quite so sick I should feel very happy. We are passing a large quantity of sea-weed and I have a hook out to catch some. The Captain has a harpoon ready to catch some fish if any appear. Half-past 5 o'clock and sitting on the mizzen-top. There is a box of codfish here and I have been "hooking" some. The wind is blowing very hard, and the mast trembles while I write this. The sea is all in a foam and it looks very wonderful in the night.

November 16th. I have just taken a dose of almond and julep for I am dreadfully sick. The sun is shining and it is very warm, much warmer than our Summer weather.

November 17th. Passed a sleepless night. I feel rather better but very weak. The Captain has been reading service and I have been his clerk.

The passengers are now sitting about talking, reading and sleeping. Everything is very quiet and the wind Northerly, which makes it cool and pleasant. The Captain and I

are sitting on the hurricane deck, talking about pigeons and other bipeds.

The Ship's Mate has just thrown the log; the ship is running at the rate of five knots an hour. The log is a piece of wood in the form of a quadrant of a circle and loaded so as to float upwards, and when thrown from the ship, drags on the line to which it is attached and unwinds at a rate corresponding to the ship's velocity. In this way we get the rate the ship is travelling.

November 18th. Light Easterly wind and a smooth sea. I have had a fish hook over the stern of the ship and have hauled up some seaweed. We are in latitude $28^{\circ} 3' N.$ and longitude $78^{\circ} 29' W.$ I am resting on the foretop, reading a novel. It's a warm calm evening; the sunset is beautiful and the passengers are all on deck. The violin is playing and they are dancing and waltzing. It is now past 8 o'clock and the Captain has sent up orders to stop as the sailors want rest.

While walking up and down the deck a young man by the name of Howard from Kingston spoke to me—he seemed to be very garrulous, and like all the other passengers on board, regrets coming. As I am writing this, I am perspiring freely and suppose that in Canada the people are shivering with cold.

November 19th. A fine clear morning with a light head wind. We are lying motion-

less on the water. The thermometer stands at 80 in the shade. Two ships in sight and a brig on our weather beam.

There has been quite a blow up between the Captain and one of the steerage passengers, who is very insolent. The Captain read some passage of law to silence him.

About 11 o'clock the Captain saw a sunfish at the stern of the ship and harpooned him and had him partly hauled up when the harpoon tore out and let him off. I saw two porpoises and some flying fish afterwards which was quite a sight. There is a likeness-taker on board. He has taken the likeness of several of the lady passengers but, I think, not very correctly. I am writing this on the railing.

The wind is freshening up and I hope we may have plenty of it as it has been calm so long.

November 20th. Got up at 7 o'clock and on coming upon deck I saw the Island of Abaco, one of the Bahama Islands. It is a long low rocky island with a few sand dunes upon it. I felt great pleasure when I saw land and would have given something to ramble for a day or two along its shores and collect a few shells, as the Captain says they are plentiful, according to stories. There is a ship before us steering the same course. I have just discovered the lighthouse at the extremity of the Island. It is built upon a rising rock; the lower part is white and the upper red. There is also a house built

upon the rock, which I think is the only house on the Island. At the extremity is an arch in the rocks where the water runs through, from one side of the point to the other. The Island is 80 miles long, and narrow.

November 21st. A fine clear morning and a light fair wind. In sight of the Rocks of Isaac in the Providence Channel. Spoke to the Packet "Elizabeth" as she came up alongside. She told us of the Packet "Alabama" being wrecked but there were no lives lost.

We are now abreast of the Isle of Bemini. The water is quite green. I saw a school of flying fish, some as small as our small herring, and several porpoises are close under our bows. The captain threw a harpoon but the lines caught and it did not reach them. There are several wrecks anchored at the end of this Island. A boat came alongside with four slaves to sell to us, but we were going so fast they could not keep up until we threw them a line. I can see several persons walking on the shore. The air is very hot.

We have just passed North Bemini, a narrow rocky island that looks as if there were not much vegetation on it; a few trees with a beach of white sand. The coast is rocky and there are a great many detached pieces of rock. I dare say if we did not have clear weather we might get aground. We are now opposite a lighthouse. It is built on barren rock and the

Union Jack is flying half-mast near it. More rocks and keys as we go along.

November 22. The Captain called me to look at the land. I jumped out of the berth and was thrown back into it again not thinking that the ship was nearly on her beam end. I pulled my trousers on and went on deck. We were then just opposite the lighthouse on the double-headed Shot Key Island. This Island is much higher than the others. There is no sign of vegetation; nothing but rock extending for 40 or 50 miles and not more than one-quarter of a mile broad. On the opposite side are banks and shallow water.

Five o'clock p.m. In sight of the Island of Cuba, about 40 miles off. The land at first looks like a cloud, but on nearing it, the mountains and high land appear more distinct. It is very high and broken.

The wind is fair and very light. We are in the Gulf Stream and not making much headway. The evening is beautiful and the passengers are collected in groups, some singing and others dancing. Went to bed at 11 o'clock and got up at 6 o'clock.

November 23. We have not sailed far in the night, for it has been very calm. We are still opposite and near the Island of Cuba and I can see the land much more distinctly than yesterday. It appears high and mountainous. The sun is shining and the thermometer stands

106. It is much warmer than the warmest day I have felt in Canada. The sun seems much more powerful.

5 o'clock p.m. We have been becalmed off Cuba all day. I can discover a few ships sailing along the coast and we have been visited by a number of small birds. They alight on the rigging and are very tame. I fed one with some apple. I can now see some trees on the Island, orange and others. Oranges can be bought there for less than we can sell apples.

The passengers are all on deck. The fiddler is playing a waltz and the men are waltzing. After tea the Captain got the sailors to fill a tub with water and I, as well as the cabin passengers, had a splendid bath and then we sat on the hurricane deck in the cool breeze. I felt this was a great luxury after the scorching hot day.

The Captain is full of droll jokes and stories. I feel quite at home and am not at all tired of the voyage.

November 24. The ship is careened so much that I can scarcely stand. The wind is blowing strong from N.E. and we are going 9 knots.

I have been busy washing, shaving, and dressing and upon examining my shirts I find them rather scarce. I have sewed on a button or two and made one ready to wear.

We are now crossing the Gulf Stream with the current running 5 knots against us. We are 450 miles from New Orleans and have been out 13 days.

The Captain had prayers and I responded. I felt as I made the responses that some of my brothers and sisters were doing the same thing in church at home.

The wind is fresh and the sea runs high.

The moon is totally eclipsed; the first eclipse of it I have ever seen.

November 25. A heavy sea and strong wind. I am very sick and have not eaten anything all day and feel miserable. There seems to be something the matter with my chest which I hope is nothing serious. We crossed the Gulf Stream yesterday and are now in the Gulf of Mexico and a rough place it is. I shall not be sorry when we get out of it.

November 26. A fair wind. I feel quite well again. Have been looking at the flying fish. They appear numerous and are a very pretty fish. I have been on the lookout all day for whales but as yet have not seen any.

The Mate has just thrown the log. We are going 6 knots per hour. A ship under all her canvas is a beautiful sight.

12 o'clock night. I have been sitting on the railing observing the stars. There are light-houses at the mouth of the great Mississippi

River. One is situated at the S. E. pass and the other at the S. pass. We are nine miles from them.

November 27. The Captain called me up this morning at daylight to see the steam tow-boat "Phenix", a short low boat, coming out and pitching about in the sea like a duck. These boats come out some distance to find ships to tow in and up to New Orleans, as the City is about one hundred and two miles up the River. The sailors are busy taking in the spars, ropes and sails, as they strip off all the canvas when they go into port. The water for miles out from the mouth of the Mississippi is a whitish green. We are just going past the wreck of a ship on a bar. She was an English man-of-war, "Spartan", lying at anchor, carrying 20 guns, and drawing 20 feet of water. A few old logs are floating past. The Mississippi's mouth is a low ragged beach. There are a number of tow-boats lying before us.

The pilot came on board an hour ago. He asked: "Where from?" "New York." "How much water do you draw?" "Fourteen feet." The tow-boat "Porpoise" has just passed us, towing a Mexican schooner, an oddly built craft painted white. We are lying in the South-west Pass, another ship just ahead. The tow-boat left us to go out to look for another ship but she is just coming back not

having found any more vessels. She will hitch on and take us up the River.

The current runs four knots per hour. The place where we lie is low and marshy, full of snags. Looks something like the marsh at Credit.

Five o'clock. We are going up the River. I am sitting with young Selleck on the bow of the "Phenix".

November 28. Morning found us on a bar but we got off and are again under way. The fog is still so thick that it could be cut with a knife. We have passed two plantations. The bank of the River is now about four feet high. Breakfast is just ready and I suppose it will be the last breakfast I will eat on board the ship "Portsmouth".

I have just seen the Live Oak tree—it looks something like the elm, only thicker and mossy. The fog is so thick that I cannot see anything distinctly. We are now twenty miles from New Orleans and opposite a sugar plantation. The cane is green. They are cutting it now and at the mill they grind and press it. The mill looks like a foundry. It is built of brick and there are large tall chimneys. On this plantation is a row of log houses that are for the slaves, and what with one building and another it is like a large village. I can also see oranges growing on the trees.

The River is from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide and very deep. The planters are in danger of having their places overflowed with water at this season of the year.

We are now passing the battle ground of the Battle of New Orleans, a large piece of ground grown up with weeds. The two generals were Andrew Jackson, the American, and Sir Edward Pakenham, for the British. The latter was killed on the ground and lies buried near the spot. It is five miles below New Orleans and we are in sight of it.

The shore has some very pretty houses upon it and there are lots of slaves along the shore splitting wood and hauling it out of the River. They have mules and oxen to work with but no horses. The scenery is now very pretty and if there was some rising ground it would be beautiful. It has more the appearance of Spring than Fall.

We are now passing a very pretty residence. It has trees very regularly planted; they resemble spruce but are more beautiful. The gardens seem to abound with flowers.

V.

NEW ORLEANS

We arrived at the levee at six o'clock, 28th November, 1844.

Walked up with young Aiken to Mrs. Purcell's and engaged board and lodging at \$16.00 per month.

November 29. I got my traps from the ship "Portsmouth" to my lodgings at No. 29 Royal Street. Called at the Post Office but did not get any letters. Did not care very much.

Walked down and went on board the "Akbar", Mr. Forbes' ship. The Captain asked me to call and see him often. She is a very fine ship, 650 tons, 6 guns and very good cabins.

I called upon S. J. Peters at his store, Samuel J. Peters, firm of Peters and Milliard, Corner of Old Levee and Bienville Streets. He has a very large wholesale and retail business. He was very glad to see me and asked me to go to his house to dine at 3 o'clock, which I did. I was introduced to his sister, Mrs. Peters, his son, his daughter and two French gentlemen. I stayed until dark and I'm invited to dine on

Sunday and go to church with them. Hoped I would call often without ceremony.

The mosquitoes are as thick in the houses here as they are about our Black Ash swamp at home and we have to put a piece of muslin around the bed.

November 30. Called upon the several persons to whom I had letters of introduction and am now sitting on a bench in one of the parks. Walked out back of New Orleans and the whole country is covered with water, a regular swamp. While out there some persons were shooting and a ball whistled close by my head and struck in the marsh a rod from me. Pretty close shooting. Went on board the "Akbar". She is a splendid ship. Saw the Chinese they have for steward. A great deal of French is spoken here. The day is warmer than our summer weather.

December 1. (Sunday). Went to the Episcopal church and sat in Mr. Peters' pew. Heard a good sermon and hope I will profit by it. Dined at Mr. Peters' and then walked with Miss Peters to Mr. Grierson's and went with them to another small church in the evening.

December 2. Wrote a long letter to William about Mrs. Bradley's fortunes, a subject I just happened to think of as I was lying in bed in the morning. I have been walking about calling on people to whom I have let-

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ters. As the young ladies here are very gay, they invited a Mrs. Mortimer to spend the evening and we danced quadrilles and waltzed until late. I then walked home with the young lady and will soon be wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

December 3. After breakfast I walked down town and took the Pontchartrain Railroad train to the Lake of the same name, a distance of 5 miles. We passed the Louisiana race course. The shore of the Lake is low and marshy and crowded with old trees and roots. The pier extends some distance out and the steam-boat leaves there for Mobile. The cypress trees are very large and they resemble cedar. They are covered with long moss with which they stuff beds and cushions. The locust tree grows here. The Lake near the shore has banks of small shells which are taken to New Orleans to pave the walks and streets with. I am sitting on a palmetto stalk on the shore, writing this. The palmetto leaf is made into fans here. There are two schooners in sight and they remind me of Lake Ontario. The cows go out into the Lake and eat the sea grass. I have walked along the shore to the Bayou and up the Shell Road, a road made along the bank of the Bayou of the mud that was thrown out of it and macadamized with shells from the Lake. It is a very good carriage road. On one side it is all swamp and large trees are growing in it, covered with

moss; they resemble our woods very much after the snow has fallen and lodged upon the trees, only rather of a browner cast. I saw the Castor Oil tree, and oranges growing in a grove; also the China tree, the Magnolia, and many pretty birds, some of which I have no doubt are natives of Canada. I passed some fine residences near Town and beautiful flower gardens with flowers in bloom like Spring.

December 4. Saw Mr. Chisholme. Bought some crackers to shoot while the Democratic procession was on. I also wrote a letter to Archibald Gracie at Mobile.

December 5. Very warm. I have called upon several persons but there appears to be small prospect of getting anything to do. Business is very dull. I have some queer notions of making my fortune here but require time to put them into practice.

December 6. Raining hard. Mr. Chisholme has been here and we have been talking about old times and laughing over the future, thanking our stars that we have no wives or children to provide for, but are free and unencumbered. Spent a pleasant evening.

December 7. I have been walking on the levee and it is astonishing the quantity of produce that is brought there. Found no letters at the Post Office. Walked up town and saw Mr. Gallagher. He says he will look around

much after the trees, the Castor dove; also my pretty natives and flowers
amongst his friends and see what he can do for me. It has been quite cold. I am sitting in Mrs. Purcell's armchair, studying stenography and have looked out a room today as I intend to commence teaching it next week.

December 8. Went to Church; came home and got dinner. Then went to S. J. Peters' and asked Miss Peters to church in the evening, and walked back and spent the evening there.

December 9. Mr. Chisholme and I have taken the ferry across the Mississippi to Algiers, a small village opposite, where one has a splendid view of New Orleans. It looks very beautiful from here. There are numberless ships and steam-boats at the levee. The steeple of St. Patrick's Church and the dome of St. Charles' Church, show you what part to look toward to find the place you want. There are several ships repairing here. I am writing this on an old work bench while Mr. Chisholme is teasing a bear that is tied up. It is rather cold. The artillery companies have their cannon out on the other side and are firing them, while a steam-boat is leaving the wharf crowded with soldiers, band playing.

I went into the Pavilion Garden and picked a large handful of roses. Have put them in a vase on the mantel-piece and they look sweet. I then went to the Post Office and got a letter from William which I am reading while sitting

in the rocking chair. I also saw the arena where they have the bull-fight.

December 10. I have been down and had a long talk with the Captain. I am getting ready to commence my school. Dinner is nearly ready and I am sitting by the fire talking to the two Miss Purcells and passing the time very pleasantly. I have been to the Crescent City office and ordered 200 copies of my advertisement to be struck off, and saw them printing their paper. It is getting quite cold. Evening has closed in, the young ladies are playing on the piano and singing—and so the World goes round. I have been waltzing until my head goes round.

December 11. Quite cold and dry. I dined at S. J. P's and have got the desk put up in my room. Received a letter from Mr. Gracie. He does not want my services. I have put in a lottery for a ring at 50 cents a ticket. There are some visitors here tonight, one a splendid singer. Mr. Peters gave me a description of Havana.

December 12. I have been walking on the levee and it is astonishing to see the immense business done there. I am sitting in my room. I have just hired a nigger to clean it, to get ready for my school. The St. Charles Hotel is just opposite; it is one of the most splendid buildings in the World.

December 13. Got my school bills out today, and have been writing out my speech in shorthand and preparing my school for tomorrow.

December 14. I have bought a stove and it smokes badly. Have been walking about the Town and wearing out shoe-leather. I bought a barrel of coal,—going into business heavy. I am sitting in the arm chair and have been reading Milton's poem, "Paradise Lost".

December 15. Went to church and saw S. J. Peters who asked me to dinner—went—and then walked with Mrs. Peters up to Mrs. Sulley's and Mrs. S. went with us to church. It was a fine day.

December 16. Cold and windy. The young ladies are getting ready to go to school. Miss Harriet has been showing me her likeness. The boys have a pet gray squirrel—he is very fat and tame. I have been sitting in my school-room all day with poor prospect so far of getting any scholars. I got some cards struck off this afternoon and will distribute them tomorrow. I have not felt in good spirits today. I have spent a great deal of money and have no return for it yet. The clock has just struck 8 o'clock and I think it is about time for me to return to my lodgings. I was asked to a wedding today, a cousin of Mr. Boland's, but did not go as I wanted to be at my school. The carriages are

rattling through the streets and the wind is blowing strong. I have been in the St. Charles' bar-room. There were about 2,000 persons there, and the old saying I felt verified, that: "A man is never so much alone as in a crowd."

December 17. A cold North wind has been blowing the dust about and tried to imitate a northern snow storm.

December 18. I have been down and had a chat with the Captain of the "Akbar" but find that I cannot get to China any other way but before the mast, which will not suit. I was up at the liaison, the commencement of the canal. There is considerable business doing there with small locks. I also saw a steam flooring mill. It planes and grooves a board in no time. The prairie, about seven miles from here, was on fire yesterday and the burnt cinders were coming down on the streets quite thickly and the smoke darkened the sun.

December 19. Sent a paper to William after dinner today. It commenced raining and the streets were filled with water. The water runs from the River instead of to it. I am sitting at the window looking at the various persons passing in the rain and jumping the gutter. Just opposite is the Union Bank, a fine building, and under the pillars are three wenchers with apples, oranges and toffy to sell. I've been trying to raise two bits to buy some oranges as

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I think I can get them cheap now as the business must be dull, but the gents I have applied to are too fond of money to give it away. The ladies, tired of waiting, have gone. The rain is over and I am in my room opposite the hotel writing shorthand and eating figs. It is amusing to sit here and see the different characters pass in and out of the hotel. One young fellow comes out and looks around as if he were never at the hotel before and thinks himself the greatest man—his face covered with hair and his height shortened some inches by the tightening of his strap, he struts up and down under the splendid pillars, as if they belonged to him, when at the same time he owes the tailor for his suit. Then some come out with a look of melancholy, thinking that if they do not get a situation soon they will not be able to pay their bill which runs up fast at 25 shillings a day. The lord help them.

I have written a long letter to Gurley. I went down with young Aiken to the lower end of the City. We then went and dined with the Captain of the "Portsmouth". Had vermicelli soup, boiled mutton, rice pudding, oranges, apples, hickory nuts and a bottle of good cider. After, we went over to the Merchants' Exchange and heard a very pretty Dutch woman sing and play on the guitar and her husband played on the harp. She came around with a box for the diners. I did not give any but said

I would wait and hear her sing a few more songs. I then left and came up to my old schoolroom (where I am writing this), and worked at the room.

December 20. Got a letter from Rosclins, the President of the Municipalities School and applied for a situation as first assistant teacher in Mr. Dauphin's School. He told me to apply in writing which I did.

December 22. Went to church in the morning; came home and got dinner, and then went with Mr. Zick to Lafayette and crossed in a small boat, the "Father of Waters". The wind was blowing strong from the Northwest.

December 23. There is a man in front of the St. Charles playing the hand organ. He has a small monkey dressed in a glazed hat. The monkey will take off his hat and make a bow for every picayune the gentlemen give him. He plays on the cymbals and the triangle and has collected a crowd of five hundred persons already. There has been a false alarm of fire.

December 24. Was walking on the levee. Bought some oranges, etc.

December 25. Christmas Day. Got up in the morning and had breakfast, shaved, and went for a walk up Common Street to the Gas Works. They were well worth going to see.

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Everything is kept in good order and clean. I saw the hospital; should not like to be taken there. Came back and went to church, which was decorated with cedar and magnolia trees and bows over the pulpit. As I was coming out I met Captain Glover who made me go down and take dinner with him. We had turkey, apple dumplings, oranges, hickory nuts, mint and cigars, with some jokes to top off with. Another old Captain came down after dinner. I then went home; stayed half an hour, and then went up to S. J. P's. They hadn't finished dinner. I sat down, drank some wine and ate some more dinner. I then instructed Miss P. in shorthand and showed Mr. P. my system. He said that if I practised he would get me a situation as reporter. Bid them all good-night, and came home. Found Mr. Daily, the Temperance lecturer and Mr. and Mrs. Giles there, and talked to the young ladies until it was time to go to bed. Went to bed, slept very soundly and did not wake up until I heard the breakfast bell ring.

December 26. Have commenced practising my shorthand.

December 27. Rather cold, rain in the evening. Spent the evening with Mr. F. O. Have been practising hard at shorthand. Wrote a letter to Amelia.

December 28. Called at the Post Office but did not get any letters. The rain still con-

tinues. There are some men selling honey in the streets in small boxes. They make a hole in the top of the hive and put the small box in it. I went down to the Rainbow with Aiken and got David Selleck. We went and took a farewell dinner with Captain Glover. I am now at the Theatre; the play is very good and exciting. Not many ladies. The play is "The Bridge of Abydos".

December 29. Went to Church. Then went up to see the ship "Akbar". Walked about Town. Quite cold. There was a man by name of Way, stabbed with a bowie knife by Dr. Kennedy who went to the wharf to inquire for another man. Way said he was not at home. Kennedy commenced abusing the man. Way said Kennedy was saying what was not true. Kennedy then stabbed him through the heart. He is in jail and will be hanged.

December 30. Sat in the rocking chair and talked to the young ladies and then came up to my room and wrote a long letter to Thomas. Sent the "Picayune" to William. Went down to the court; there was so much noise I could scarcely hear what was said. I went up to S. J. P's in the evening.

December 31. I walked down on the levee. Went on board the "Alabama" steamboat. She plies between this port and Havana. The last trip she made in 60 hours.

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I called upon Alexander Grant. He did not know of anything he could do for me. Called upon Mr. Smith and he says business is very dull. Called upon Messrs. Whiting and Wright. They say there is nothing doing. Called upon Marion Ward, Esq., but he was not at home. Think it is about time to get to dinner. I am now walking amongst the tombs in the Protestant cemetery. It contains four acres of ground and is more than half filled with the dead, the most of the tombs having very neat marble plates with the date and name of the person buried.

January 1, 1845. Happy New Year. Very hot indeed. After wishing all the folks a Happy New Year, I had my breakfast. I then walked down Royal Street to its extremity, and at every corner I met troupes of little boys beating their little drums and wearing black. After strolling about for a long time I went to the Post Office and was disappointed at not getting a letter. I saw Mae Chisholme who says she is going aboard a steam-boat on Saturday. I walked up to the reading room over the Merchants' Exchange; the news from Europe had arrived by the "Acadia". I then came home and took dinner, and talked with the young ladies for some time. Gave two bits for five oranges.

We heard some music in the streets and all went out on the gallery, and behold, an

old Guiana nigger was playing on a hollow cane. He had some small bits of iron fastened to his banjo and when he would dance they would jingle and make considerable music.

I then went up to S. J. P.'s and was asked to dine there. They were at dinner when I got there. There was quite a large party. After it was over most of them left. Miss Myrtle gave me some wedding cake to dream on and a paper with the names of ten young ladies. Mr. P. showed me a book and a paper printed with a pen 1050 years ago, by a monk. It is in Latin and one of the most valuable curiosities of the age. He has the Grant from King Charles II to William Penn of the State of Pennsylvania, given in the twentieth year of his reign. He also has the deed for the land that Philadelphia was built upon, given by Mr. Penn to some persons for four hundred pounds.

I prevailed upon the young ladies to have a dance. We accordingly waltzed and danced until twelve o'clock.

January 2. Called at the offices of Tropic and Bulletin to see if they did not want reporters. Told me to call again. I wrote a letter to Mr. Forbes at Boston. I have been all over the City inquiring for something to do but find it a hard case. I feel considerably down about it. We have been singing this evening and the noise has revived my spirits. I now go to bed.

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January 3. Went to the Post Office and got a letter from father from Montreal and from William and Tom. Nothing strange going on at home.

I went with the Peters family to the Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society. There were several eloquent speeches delivered. When we were coming home the fire alarm bell was ringing and the whole city was illuminated. I immediately ran to where it was and I saw a most splendid sight. Seven fire engines were playing on the building which is five stories and of brick. Fire caught in the upper stories and the flames were streaming out of the windows and ascending to the skies. The sparks looked brighter than the stars. The crowd was immense and when I got into it I had to stay until the fire was over before I could get out again.

January 4. Foggy today. Walked down on the levee. Saw Macdonald and delivered my brother Tom's letter to him. He said he could get me a situation on board a steam-boat. I also called upon several other gentlemen and told them they must do something for me. Walked about town all day inquiring about something to do but am discouraged in every quarter. It seems as if all my exertions are to be of no avail as I have been at it for the last two months and my prospects are not better

now than when I first came here. However, I will do my best for the next month.

January 5. Went to church in the morning and heard a good sermon. Came down and spoke with Mr. Chisholme for half an hour. Got dinner and stayed at home all the afternoon. After tea I went to church again and walked home with Miss Peters and Mrs. Peters.

January 6. Went to the auction rooms and got the money for my stove. Rented the room to a man for \$1.50 a week. Went up to the State House and saw the Speaker of the Legislature and the Ministers sworn in. Saw Macdonald and then went to the Post Office and got a letter from William. Went to Mr. P.'s in the afternoon; stayed until nine o'clock. Came home and was invited to a ball at the Carrollton.

January 7. Walked nearly up to Lafayette. Saw two steam tow-boats bring up three large ships, two of which were crowded with passengers. I stopped at three of the large cotton presses and watched them press cotton. Am writing this in the office of the Tropic Newspaper, where I have been applying for a situation as reporter, but like all my other applications, it's no go. Came home, dressed and went with the young ladies to the Carrollton Ball. Went up in the cars; got there at eight o'clock. There were eighty ladies and a

hundred gents. It's a very good ballroom. Danced till three o'clock and then came down in horse cars.

The ladies were very agreeable and I spent a pleasant night. Danced every dance. At these balls the gents can dance with a lady without being introduced as they suppose no gent will be admitted if he is not of a respectable character. More than half of them were French.

January 8. I have had a few hours sleep. Today is the celebration of the glorious battle of New Orleans, A.D. 1815. The soldiers and all the volunteer companies are out and make a very good appearance. Flags are hung out and it is a general holiday. They are marching past the house and the old veterans are riding on horseback.

January 9. Dull prospects, still nothing to do. I have been walking up the street to the Bayou, and the longer I stay in this place the more like home it seems and the more I like it. I attended a lecture on history tonight. I walked up with Miss Purcell and Miss Fundy. After the lecture we came home. The young ladies sang a few songs and Mr. French and I walked home with Miss Fundy. Coming back we stopped a few minutes at the St. Philip Ballroom. It is a common place. The most of the dancers were masked and presented a singular appearance.

January 10. My month's rent for the schoolroom is up today. I have been a great loser by renting it. I shall make another effort to do something and then I will go to the shipping and see what I can do there. I shall not write any more letters home at present as I do not know how long I may stay here. However, I always think of home and my parents, brothers and sisters and friends, before I sleep every night, and pray God to bless them. This evening I engaged a situation with Mr. J. A. Noble in a book auction store, and have been writing like a good fellow until half past ten o'clock. I have to board with him and am sorry, for I have got so accustomed to my old quarters and the society of the young ladies, that it feels like leaving home.

January 11. I have commenced again in the World. Prospects very dull, spirits low. I have thousands of books to look over and shall make as much of my time as possible. Have been reading until 11 o'clock tonight. I take account of all the books that are sold.

January 12. Went to church this morning. A new minister preached and the church was crowded to overflowing. White bonnets in any quantity. Moved my things.

Up at my new quarters and do not feel very well.

January 13. Very warm and windy. The dust is drifting about like snow. Have

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been busy making out auction bills. The street that I now live on, Philip St., runs through the Poydras market. I called at the Post Office and was disappointed at not getting a letter. Have been hard at it tonight and have just got through.

January 14. It is very warm. I have been busy getting the books ready for sale and have come home to tea before the auction commences.

January 15. Quite windy, warm and dry. Sent two papers to William today. Have been out collecting some debts but find it as hard to get money out of people here as anywhere else. Went to the theatre; saw "Richard III" acted.

January 16. Very warm. The same routine again today. It has been raining hard this afternoon.

January 17. Warm, and heavy rains. I went to the theatre and saw "Cassius and Brutus" acted. The farce was, "The Irishman in London".

January 18. Cold and incessant rain. Evening,—the weather has cleared up and it is quite warm and pleasant.

January 26. Sunday morning. 12 o'clock. I have walked down to the battle ground and have cut my name on Jackson's Trunk, a large live oak tree covered with moss and riddled with bullets. There is a little negro boy here

who is giving me all the information he can and I have just paid him twenty cents for a grape shot that he found on the battle field. The ground belongs to Mr. Prevost who is now in the field. He is a little short man and is very rich. The spot where Sir Edward Pakenham was buried is in sight. Nothing presents itself in particular worthy of notice. The ground is planted with Irish potatoes. The two houses belonging to the plantations are in sight. I have walked over to the lower side of the ground and am now standing beneath the trees under which Pakenham is buried. They stand at four corners and are large branching live oaks thickly covered with moss. The plantations are very beautiful. The ground before the mansion is tastefully planted with trees of beautiful shapes and appearances.

In walking up along the levee, the hundreds of ships with all their colours flying present to the mind a scene of wonderment scarcely to be credited,—flags and ships of all nations; and along the levee you hear all languages spoken, from English to Chinese.

I have just returned to my room. I have been walking eight hours without stopping to rest a moment. I did intend answering William's and Charley's letters but feel too tired to do it now. I will brush my hair and go up to Mr. S. J. Peters'.

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January 27. Got up at 8 o'clock this morning; walked about the yard before breakfast. The bell is just ringing. It looks like a fine Spring morning.

February 2. Sunday. Another week has passed. I have been busily employed at the store from eight in the morning until twelve at night. There is a Mr. Clarke working with me. He lost an immense amount of money.

I have taken the Carrollton cars this morning for Mr. Waggerman's plantation. We have already left New Orleans behind us and are now in the open country. On one side is the Common and the Lafayette, and the other is dotted with residences. There are long ditches cut to the Lake to drain the water off. There is a ridge upon which the railroad runs that, it is supposed, the sea washed up on one side and the River on the other. The country looks very beautiful and the immense live oak trees with their spreading branches improve the country very much. The grass is quite green. Everything has the appearance of Spring. We are just passing the race-course. The cars are noisy and shake. I crossed the River at Carrollton in the ferry, which cost me one dime. I walked up along the levee and saw about twenty flat boats going up and four coming down. Some small vessels are going up to the plantations after sugar. After walking five miles I came to Mr. Waggerman's plantation,

the finest one on the Coast. He has 150 slaves. They live in little houses and have some meal and other provisions served out to them twice a week. I visited the sugar-house and found Mr. Waggerman there, and was very kindly received. I was introduced at the same time to Judge Oakley who asked me to come and see him in the City. Mrs. Waggerman appears to be a kind, ladylike woman. She lives in a fine mansion and has everything in the best of style. The garden is beautifully laid out; the walks bordered with rose bushes. They have all kinds of vegetables here, the same as we have in Canada in June. They have made a large quantity of sugar this season. After spending a pleasant day and with an invitation to come often, I left and came down in the carriage to the ferry, crossed over and took the cars for home. I went from the railway depot to S. J. Peters' and spent a very pleasant evening. Mr. Peters was telling me that Navarre was drunk for a week and was giving him a harangue of his sufferings in Mexico. I returned to my quarters. Brushed and put away my Sunday clothes.

February 10. I have been trying to get a better situation but prospects in New Orleans are not as bright as I had expected.

I have been to see Captain Glover and learn that Mr. Forbes' ship, the "Akbar", is sailing for China in a few days time with a

cargo of cotton and lead. Immediately I decided to wind up my affairs in New Orleans and engaged with Captain Glover as seaman aboard the "Akbar" for the long passage to Canton.

February 12. Purchased a pigskin chest on the levee, to hold my sea clothes.

Everything is in readiness for my voyage.

(This was the first cargo ever to leave the Southern States direct, as the ships generally touched at Liverpool on their way.)

VI.

THE VOYAGE TO CHINA

NEW ORLEANS. February 13th, 1845.
The "Akbar" was towed down from the Upper Cotton Press near Lafayette by the tow-boat "Mississippi" and made fast opposite the mint to get the hands on board that were to undergo the hardships and privations of a long and tedious voyage to Canton, China.

They came down at dark from their numerous boarding houses, some of them rather noisy from the frequent treats at parting with old shipmates. I have my traps stowed away in the forecastle and am leaning against the windlass listening to the sailors who are gathering in clusters talking of the looks of the ship, the voyage and the time we are likely to be away from our native shores. I have taken farewell of my friends and look upon the ship as my future home for some months. The deck is lumbered up with water casks, hen coops, wood, etc.

As soon as all hands were aboard we cast off and went puffing down the River.

February 14. I was obliged to make my bed on two chests as there was nothing put in

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order in the fore-castle and there are only twelve berths for the ship's company, which comprises; eighteen men before the mast, the Captain, and Captain's Clerk, two Mates, Carpenter, Steward and Cook, who have their berths aft. We have been going all night and are nearly at the mouth of the River. All hands were called and went to washing down decks. At eight bells we got breakfast which consisted of potato scones. It was brought forward in a small tub called a 'Kid' and each one helped himself by dipping it out with an iron spoon into his tin pan. We have to take our tin pots, which hold about a quart, to the galley and get them nearly full of coffee. This is breakfast. It puts me very much in mind of the days I sometimes used to spend in our shanties in the woods.

There are two young men, like myself, who have never been to sea before the mast. Another has been to China before. They are pleasant, well educated fellows, and I have no doubt will make good companions. I feel that I am a complete greenhorn, as the sailors term it, but am determined not to be one long. Every rope, spar and sail has a different name and it completely puzzles me. The old Steward is a Chinese, as is also the Cook. They are talking to one another in high words because the latter has not the Captain's breakfast ready. The pigs are squealing, the tow-boat is puffing and roaring, and I am sliding down the Mississippi

on my way to the Celestial Empire, unconscious of all the fatigue I may have to endure before my return.

I am sitting on a chest, robed in a striped shirt and checked trousers with a strap around the waist. It seems rather loose after parading the streets of New Orleans with French boots, striped pants and black coat. How some of the fair and lovely Creole ladies would stare if they saw me now in my sailor's rig. Still I feel easy and do not mind the change at all. We have been busy all day clearing up the decks and getting things ready for sea. We are drawing seventeen feet of water and have grounded upon the bar in the South-west pass.

February 15. I kept my first watch last night. It is called a chalk watch. Two are called at a time and keep watch an hour. I walked the poop and an old salt the top-gallant forecastle. I was glad when the hour was up as I could scarcely keep my eyes open. The Captain has just called us aft and made a speech. He said we were going on a long voyage and hoped we would get along well, but it all depended upon ourselves; if we obeyed the officers and kept civil, everything would be all right; if not, it would be the worse for us, as he would have his own way in everything. There was one man on board with whom he thought there would be some trouble but would not name him, and hoped we would not

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be led away by him. He then asked for our knives and made the carpenter cut the points off as he said he was afraid they would stick into some of us.

I do not feel very well today; the change is rather too sudden. The wind is Northerly and we will go out if the water is high. The sailors all appear to be good fellows and are very friendly and intelligent in their conversation. I feel quite settled in the fore-castle. The berths are on one side and the chests on both, with a narrow passage between them. It is quite chilly. Some of the feathered tribe departed this life in their coops last night, being too much crowded I think. They will have more space before we are out three months.

February 16. Two steamers have been trying to get us over the bar for the last two hours but their efforts are of no avail as we are on hard and fast. Several ships have been towed out to sea this morning and it is too bad that we are obliged to remain in this desolate looking place, but we must bide our time I suppose. The watches have been chosen; I am in star-board or Captain's watch and was called at midnight to keep lookout on the poop and strike the bells every half hour. At 4 o'clock we turned in again and slept until half-past seven, or seven bells. We set the sails to assist the steamer but it was of no avail. The weather is quite warm today although the night was

cold and very damp. I have lots of time for meditation during my almost solitary watch in the night, and to make the time pass more pleasantly, I repeat all the speeches, pieces of poetry and songs, that I can remember. There are nine in a watch. Numbers of ships are going out and coming in. There is not much romantic scenery about this place, merely a few small islands or banks of mud grown up with grass. As this is Sunday, we have very little to do and are very still. I attempted to shave during my watch but the Captain saw me, and after I had my face well lathered, he sang out, "Starboard main brace!" and I was obliged to run with the rest and rub my face with my hand as I went along, to get the lather off. This caused quite a laugh but as I am green I must put up with it. There are a large number of ships and steamers in sight. The "Emerald" of St. John, N.B., is aground just ahead of us. The "Panther" has been tugging at us this afternoon but to no purpose.

February 17. I had the watch from eight in the evening until twelve and from four to eight in the morning and feel quite sick and tired, but I am determined not to give up as long as I have strength to hold on a rope. It is quite foggy. The Pilot has been on board all night and is sounding. This afternoon we pulled the boat to one of the mud islands as the Mate wanted to find a plank amongst the drift-

wood. We went on shore on Dead Man's Island, and a very appropriate name it is for it, as there are no less than eight men buried there. They were nailed up in rough boards and only partially covered with earth. They belonged to the crew of some ship that grounded on the bar, and died of the Yellow Jack. I picked up a few broken pieces of skulls there, merely to remind me that I had been at the place.

February 18. I had the middle watch last night which was rather pleasant as it was warm and the moon above was bright. The sun is up and the day is very calm. An oyster boat came alongside and sold the Captain three barrels of oysters. We hauled them up the side in a bucket and I lowered the money down in mine and made the fellow fill it up with oysters, which were very acceptable. The porpoises are playing about us in every direction and in immense numbers. They make a noise like a hog when they eject the water. We have an awning spread over the quarter deck which keeps it cool there. Two of the crew are playing draughts; others mending old sea clothes.

February 19. Still calm and pleasant. We have what is called watch-and-watch; that is, half the time on deck and the other half below. I hope it will continue as it gives me plenty of time for reading and writing my journal. I am beginning to feel rather more at home. I like the sailors and agree very well with them. As

my watch is about out I must prepare for going on deck. As the steamer was towing down a ship, she ran her so near us that our yard arms caught and it carried away our main topmast, studding-sail boom and brace, before we could run to the braces to brace the yards 'round. The moment was quite exciting to me to see the war among the ropes aloft. The other ship received more damage than we did. One of the sailors is sick and the Steward is asking him in his broken half-Chinese, half-English lingo, if he wants anything. The Captain is called the "Old Man".

February 20. Had the middle watch and saw lots of porpoises swimming around the ship. There are two ships on the bar within a short distance of us. There is one passing us now with two steamers ahold of her and they are making slow progress through the mud. I am overhauling my trunk and getting my sea clothes handy, that I may be able to shift in case of squalls. It is cloudy and warm. I had a dream about home last night which has made me think more of it today than usual. The watch are lowering the boat to take the stream anchor out ahead to try and heave us over the bar. We have been heaving at the windlass for some time and begin to move her, and I am not sorry to get out of this place, as we have been here a week tonight. The water is higher than usual and the wind light and fair. They

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are loosing the sails and setting them. She moves slowly. The other ships are working off. We are fairly under way, and are hauling up the anchor; it is covered with mud and makes my hands smart handling it. I have been aloft and helped to furl the fore-top-gallant sail and felt rather lofty as it is the first time I have ever been higher than the "top". We are leaving the muddy waters of the Mississippi astern. There is scarcely any wind. The royals are set. Toward midnight it came on a dead calm with a rolling sea. The other two ships that were on the bar with us are within hail and there is great danger of getting foul as we are gradually sagging nearer one another. What a helpless unmanageable thing a ship is without wind. The watch has been called and the boat got out to haul her bows 'round to prevent her from pitching into the "Angeto" of Boston. When in our most dangerous position, luckily, a breeze sprang up and all hands were set to making sail. We are ploughing through the blue water at the rate of seven knots per hour. If I had not got seasoned to hard work while lying on the bar, I never could have stood the hardship that I went through tonight.

February 21. I had the lookout on the forecastle this morning and consequently the pumping of the water with which to wash down the decks. It is blowing quite fresh and the spray dashes over the bows and on to me, which is

rather uncomfortable. There were five sail in sight at sunrise. Two are steering the same course that we are and six or seven miles ahead, but we are coming up to them fast. We sail like the wind, notwithstanding we draw seventeen feet of water. We are now abreast of the two ships; they are making more sail to keep up but it's no use. It's a magnificent sight to see how we are tearing through the water like race horses forced to their utmost speed. Each one appears to strain every rope to take the lead but the "Akbar" has it. It gives me new energy to crack along in this way. There is nothing to be seen this afternoon but the sky and the water.

I feel the affects of sea sickness very strongly but keep hard at work to get rid of it. I have now nothing more to look forward to but to learn to be a sailor and navigator, until I get to Canton, which will be many a long day yet. I feel too sick to write any more. We will have to tack ship shortly which will be stirring work. It is quite warm. One sail in sight to the windward.

February 22. The rain poured down in torrents last night and it blew a perfect gale. we furled the royal and top-gallant sails, reefed the top-sail. While reefing the main, my cap was blown off and my hair slatted in my eyes so, that it almost blinded me. It was hard work for me as my sea sickness has made me very weak. None of the hands got any sleep the whole

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night. Jack life is not so pleasant as some people imagine.

February 23. Sunday. It is a fine day although rather squally, and while sitting on the weather side of the long boat reading my Bible, the spray would dash over and it wet me so badly that I had to put my Bible back in my chest again. We have nothing to do but work ship—it seems like a regular holiday. There is a Captain's Clerk on board, a Mr. Cabot, who is from Boston and knows a number of my friends there. We got together and had a long talk about past and future prospects. The ship is pitching about very much in consequence of a head wind. There is a distant sail in sight.

February 24. The wind is light and fine. We have the studding sails set and a sail that rigs out under the swinging boom, called a water sail. I have been fixing rope yarns. I do not like handling the tar to put on them, but I expect before the cruise is out, to get used to such things. Seven bells have just struck and our afternoon watch below has nearly expired.

February 25. I had eight hours on deck last night. We had heavy rains with thunder and lightning but fair light wind. There are seven sails in sight. We have passed all that were steering the same course as ourselves. We are nearing the Tortugas Keys. A large number of Portuguese men-of-war are in sight.

They are a singular looking craft and have a thing of a light colour they hoist for a sail. It is getting quite dark and stormy now; 6 o'clock. I am glad we have only four hours on deck to-night, that is if all hands are not wanted. I dreamed while sleeping in my forenoon watch, that I was near home and saw my mother. I was with a sailor and had on my sea dress. When she saw me she shuddered and turned away. I am not entirely over my sea sickness yet. Captain Glover told me there were two things that people were subject to at sea, they being, getting sea-sick and then getting sick of the sea. I do not know which is ailing me. It looks very threatening, the clouds are heavy and black, the wind is increasing and the royals are furled, and the ship is careened very much.

February 26. Light winds. We are running down the coast of Florida. A number of sail in sight. I had a very comfortable sleep last night and feel quite well again. I have been busy cleaning boarding pikes. We have sixteen on board; they are kept in a frame on the top-gallant rail. We have four hours below now. The men are mending their clothes; I have attempted to patch up a rent that I made in my trousers and succeeded pretty well for the first time. One of the sailors says the mosquitoes are so large in China that a *great many* of them will weigh a pound. I have just been holding the reel; she is going six knots an hour.

We have two Spaniards, one Swede, three Italians, one native of Denmark, one Dutchman, one Canadian (myself), eight Americans and one Englishman in the fore-castle—quite a mixture I think for one ship's company. There is a ship on our starboard bow with all sail set and drawing. She is a gallant sight. We are coming up to her.

February 27. On deck nearly all night. At one o'clock saw the lighthouse on the double-headed Shot Key reefs. At daylight this morning the land could be plainly seen; it is a long narrow reef of rocks and very dangerous on account of the numerous shoals about it. There are several ships still in sight. After we get clear of this reef we will not be in sight of land for a month. One of the men had the lookout on the fore-top-gallant cross-trees. When the Captain went up to make out the land, he found him asleep and consequently, for punishment, kept him on deck during his forenoon watch below. There are large numbers of flying fish constantly sailing from wave to wave. The wind is blowing fresh from North-west. We have furled the royal jib, topsail and top-gallant sail, still the ship is almost on her beam end. We are steering close haul. Every rope and sail strained to its utmost. We have double-reefed the topsail; I never have felt the wind so strong; all is bustle and activity; the watch were kept on deck for some time, and as

soon as we went below we were called out again. I stuck to it like one that was willing to learn and while on the main-topsail yard, reefing, I thought of home and what was going on there, and what my mother would think if she knew the situation I was in at midnight. The moon arose bright and clear and then the scene was wild and beautiful, the seas rose to a great height, and the good ship was tossed about as if she were not any heavier than an egg-shell. The Captain has been on deck for three nights as we are in a very dangerous part of navigation, near the Island of Abaco. When I turned in, my berth and bed-clothes were saturated with water and every time she pitched, the water would force through the planks all over me in consequence of some of the caulking being out under the cat-head. It also comes in through the hawser holes and leaks through the bulk-head into the fore-castle. Such is the way one young man has commenced travelling to see the world. Such is glory, such is life. The wind has fallen a little now but the ship is tossing into it so that I can scarcely write.

February 28. We have shaken out the reefs and set the light sails. There is a fore-and-after in sight with reefed fore and main sails. I have been knotting rope yarns and getting the rigging out of the hatch to have ready in case any carries away.

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Last night put me in mind of a night I was out in, on Lake Ontario, but the weather is not so cold. I must turn in and try to get some sleep.

We tacked ship this afternoon. I have been stationed at the cross-jack braces and when the word "mainsail haul" is sung out, I haul around the yard as soon as possible.

We had the clews of the mainsail hauled up and as I was assisting with a dozen more to haul down the weather clew, the sail slatted and threw me off the water casks onto the deck, and I sprained my ankle—it was near breaking my leg. As soon as I fell, all hands commenced laughing as if I had performed some wonderful feat. I crawled away on my hands and knees into the forecabin and got into my berth where I fainted and was brought to by having rolled my face against the side where the water was coming in. There appears to be little sympathy for a poor fellow when he gets hurt.

March 1. Calm light winds. I am able to hobble about the decks with pain. While on the lookout from twelve until two the ship was taken aback and we were some time bracing around the yards. I like to have something to do during my night watch as it passes away the time, which seems very long and tedious when one has to keep on deck four hours during the night. I have lots of time for meditation. I think of past and future, and think my present

situation a singular one, after living at home for so long a time, to be off on the wide and trackless deep. We have a good crew. Most of them talk of leaving the sea and turning farmers—they all envy the farmer's life. Some of them have been absent from home for years and are always talking of returning but say they are ashamed to go home as poorly off as when they left.

I saw a number of dolphins but they were not hungry enough to bite. There is a brig near us on our weather quarter. Hundreds of sharks have been swimming around all the forenoon. The Mate baited a shark hook with pork and caught one, and we had quite a job to get him on deck. After he was dead, we tossed him overboard. He was six feet long. My ankle is still very painful. The day is calm and beautiful, but we know not what tomorrow will be.

March 2, Sunday. Had the royals set all night but as the wind is increasing they have been furled. The mizzen-top-gallant sail has just been clewed up. This is quite like Sunday as we are sitting about the decks reading and spinning yarns. The forecastle leaks so badly that the Captain has ordered the Carpenter to caulk it tomorrow. We are in the longitude of St. Johns River, Florida. We had a good dinner of fresh pig today; it is the first fresh mess we have had since we have been on board.

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There is a youngster sick in the next berth to me—he has been sick for some time but is getting better. The Captain called me aft this afternoon and asked me what sort of quarters I had. I told him they were rather damp and uncomfortable in bad weather. He then told me if I liked I could move in with the Carpenter as there was a spare berth there. I was delighted with the offer of such comfortable and pleasant quarters and moved all my traps in at once. It is a small house built on deck forward of the main mast, occupying the space between the mast and the stern of the long-boat. There are two small windows to it and being amidships, it is the best place in the ship for heavy weather.

March 3. I slept in my new quarters last night and am now quite by myself and out of the close damp fore-castle. I can sit and read or write comfortably and have no person to disturb me. The Carpenter is a decent, quiet little man and understands his business.

We reefed the topsails again during the first watch and ran all night under them but as soon as we were through washing decks, we shook the reefs out again and hoisted the fore-topmast studding sail and are making nine knots per hour. My ankle is nearly well. It has just struck eight bells and I must go to dinner.

March 4. Light steady wind. Large quantities of gulf-weed spread over the ocean in

every direction. A brig on our weather beam. I have been turning the spun yarn winch to make spun yarn and like it better than any other work I have been set at. I have commenced a new book and as it is my afternoon watch below I shall have plenty of time for reading. The royals are all set although it blows hard enough to carry them away.

We have in each watch a forward and after guard; there are two old sailors and two young fellows with myself in the after guard. We have to remain aft the main mast during the night watches. As soon as the watch is called in the night, the sta'board watch musters after on the quarter on the sta'board side, and the la'board watch on the la'board side, and are counted to see that all have turned out. As soon as this is done the order is given, "Relieve the wheel! Go below the watch!" Then the watch that have had the four hours on deck turn in, and the other watch remains out.

We have several roosters on board which commence crowing at daylight. The pigs make a squealing noise and the quacking of the ducks makes me fancy, when half asleep on deck, that I am near some farmyard and will shortly see the milkmaid issuing forthwith, pail in hand, to milk the cows—when I am awakened by the 2nd Mate's hoarse tones, "Turn to there, wash down the decks! George rig the head pump!" The boy got a ropes-ending for not feeding the

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chickens and did not seem to relish it very much. We passed a ship in fine style this morning. We are steering East. While washing the decks we all go barefooted and I was sent aloft to overhaul the main-top-gallant buntlines and cut my feet on the ratlines, which will teach me to put on my shoes the next time I have a job of that kind to do. We have set the top-gallant-studding sail and while hauling out the tack, one of the sailors, a Dutchman, was standing on the rail, hauling, when the tail of the block parted and let him go head-first against the bilge of a water cask and hurt him very much. The raccoon we have is nearly dead. I am sleepy.

March 6. During my watch last night I felt quite sick. My ankle pained me very much and I was glad when I heard the order given, "Go below the watch!" We have been hard at work all the forenoon setting and shifting studding sails, bracing the yards and all other annoyances which attend light shifting winds. There is a sail in sight on our weather bow. The sea is smooth and it is sprinkling rain. The Captain has just ordered the jib sail to be set. I still feel unwell and in low spirits but hope to cheer up as soon as I can walk comfortably on my ankle.

March 7. The wind is blowing fresh and it feels quite chilly. The sun now and then shines out from behind thick banks of clouds

and then disappears again. I am in my room writing on the Carpenter's tool chest. It is the most substantial writing desk I have ever written on. There is a hand axe at the back of it for the purpose of cutting away the mast if we should be so unfortunately unfortunate as to be thrown on our beam ends. The watch are at work on the rigging and making spun yarn.

Sailors are a singular class of men; sometimes they are very friendly and will do anything to oblige you—at other times they are harsh and disagreeable. I manage to get along with them very well, as I have selected only a few amongst them that I have anything to say to. Cabot the Carpenter, and myself have been talking about China. We are calculating what articles we will purchase there. Camphor-wood chest, satin shoes and chop sticks are the first articles of purchase. I feel quite well again today. Four bells have just struck and that ends the first dog watch, so must get supper.

March 8. The ship rolls about very much as there is a heavy swell and no wind to steady her. There is not a single object in sight except the blue above and the blue below. I am at a loss what to write as there appears so much sameness on board ship after one is out a few weeks. I shall give a description of what I see before me. The first thing is the Carpenter's tool chest, on which I am writing; two small pieces of hard biscuit that I employ my ivories

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upon when at a loss for more profitable employment. The door of the house is on my starboard hand; before it is a hen coop, full of ducks that keep up a continuous quacking. The only harm that I wish the poor feathery bipeds is that I should like to have two of them stuffed and roasted before me. The other objects are the main rigging, the main and monkey rail; the Captain's gig with an awning spread over it. The gig has eyes painted on the bows and steering as if they could distinguish anything. On the larboard side are a lot of augers and other tools. There is a looking glass over my head but as I am not particular about the parting of my hair or tying of my cravat, I scarcely ever look into it. I do not know what else to scribble so I reckon I will stop.

March 9, Sunday. Another week has passed away and another Sabbath is passing. I have not had much time to read my Bible as the wind is fair and we have been shifting and setting studding sails which is very tedious, tiresome work. We are sailing in the trough of the sea which is running very high and makes the ship roll, while the port holes are nearly under water. The Captain has distributed some tracts and testaments to the sailors. I have been reading one of the former: it describes the temptations that poor Jack is led into the moment he sets his foot on shore. I have just finished the evening service in my prayer-book,

and while doing so I thought of the number of times I had repeated it after the Minister at Church when the pew was lined with my parents, brothers and sisters, but a wide space separates us now and I can visit them only with my thoughts. The sun is setting, not behind the trees as it used to when I was on land, but behind the blue waves.

March 10. A fair wind with studding sails all set. There are three men sick. The sun is very hot today. I am busy putting a patch on the stern of my pants. I furled the flying jib for the first time today. The jib and the flying jib boom are very long and it is quite an undertaking to get out on them. There are two men working on the sails and some at the rigging. We are worming, parcelling and sewing it up as far as the fair-leader and turning it in afresh. When I left home my sister gave me a hussif, a very nice little article containing buttons, needles, thread, etc., which I now find the value of, and when I use it, I think of her. The sailors suppose it was given to me by my sweetheart and I do not take the pains to undeceive them.

March 11. Quite calm and warm all night. We jibbed ship twice during my watch. While washing down, the Captain ordered one of the men, a Dutchman, who cannot understand English very well, to coil up the spanker sheet. He did not know what he was told to

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do; then the Second Mate told him again in a cross tone which made him commence muttering. The Captain told him to stop but he did not. The Second Mate then took a ropes-end and laid it over him until he roared like a bull. Our Skipper has a strict commanding way with him that is not possessed by many captains. He and the Mate are on the quarter-deck cutting out a royal-studding sail. I loosed the mizzen-top-gallant sail and royal last night. This morning I was sent up to look out for a sail but there was none in sight.

March 12. Studding sails still set—wind light. I have been employed during the forenoon turning the spun yarn winch. The sailors are at work on the old sails. I have just finished a good dinner of boiled rice sweetened with molasses, and beef. The sun is quite warm. We are going along smoothly and quietly, but how uncertain is a sailor's life. Nothing can be more serene and still than the sea is now. Perhaps in less than half a watch the ship will be pressed along by the fury of the wind and waves; the decks that are now clear, strewn with rigging; and all noise and activity. The Carpenter has a very lame back and is unable to work. They are squaring the yards.

March 13. The wind still continues fair. My ankle is still much swollen and my shins are barked from it to my knees. My hands have become like iron and would require a

regular holystoneing before they would look respectable in decent company. We are just a month from the city of New Orleans today and three weeks from the mouth of the Mississippi, the great "Mother of Waters".

March 14. Nearing the Equator at the rate of nine knots per hour. The weather is quite warm during the day but chilly in the night. The ducks are doing as much quacking as if we had a doctor on board. A number of fowl are walking about the decks as though they were on shore. We have not seen a sail for several days and the white canvas of one would be welcome to me.

March 15. The wind fair with studding sails set; have been bowling out eight and nine knots all night. I was not called when my watch came on deck in the morning. The 2nd Mate said if formerly I had not been pretty good at turning out, he would have thought I did it on purpose. The seas are rolling high but as we are running before the wind we ride them beautifully. The sun arose bright and hot but it has disappeared under the clouds which makes it cooler. We are steering E. N. E. 6 o'clock p.m.; a ship in sight to windward bearing N. E. I saw her from the top-gallant forecandle and sang out, "Sail-O!" When we both happen to be in the trough of the sea together we cannot see her, and when

we rise on the top of the billows her hull is visible.

March 16, Sunday. The sun came out hot this morning but towards noon it clouded up and became pleasant. There is a Swedish sailor on board who has a spelling book and is learning to read. I am instructing him. It is a calm, comfortable day. I feel in good spirits and as active as a cricket. The Captain is teaching the boy Charles to write. There is a large ship to windward; what she is we cannot make out. I am reading, "The Christian Father's Advice to His Children". The Carpenter and Captain's Clerk are sitting here cracking jokes and pecan nuts. The watch are squaring the yards. We have just passed the ship "Waterloo" of Hull, bound for New Orleans. We passed to windward and hailed her after the following manner: "Ship Ahoy!" "What ship is that?" Answer: "Waterloo of Hull!". "Will you report us, ship Akbar, thirty-four days from New Orleans?" Answer: "Aye-Aye and a pleasant passage to you!" "Thank you!"

March 17. A pleasant moonlight night. Took in all the studding sails as the wind hauled ahead. Passed a Hermaphrodite brig during the morning watch but did not come within hailing.

March 18. Fresh breezes. Furled the royals after dark and have run all night at the

rate of nine and a half knots. We had the middle watch and while I was squaring the cross-jack yard a flying fish flew on board. It is about the size of a large herring with the two side fins about two thirds as long as its body and when spread out there is a thin light skin that assists it in flying. The seas run high and the good ship is pitching into it, bowsprit under. The decks are wet with spray. The watch are furling the mizzen-top-gallant sail. A ship in sight to leeward.

March 19. Made out a ship on our lee beam in the middle watch. I had the lookout on the top-gallant forecastle and the spray dashed over me every five minutes and rattled on my sou'wester and oil-skin clothes like hail. She pitched so lively that I was obliged to hold on to the capstan to keep from going overboard as there is no railing around the bows. Our latitude today is 10° North and longitude $30^{\circ} 7'$ West. The wind keeps the air quite cool and the sun is obscured by clouds. I do not find it as warm as I anticipated from the accounts I have heard of the heat between the tropics. There has been a shark about the ship all day. I have been busily engaged during my watch below altering a pair of trousers.

March 20. It has been squally all night and still continues so. We furled and set the royals several times during the night. It is damp and cloudy with rain. I had the extreme

pleasure of learning how to scrape down and slush masts. All hands were kept on deck on purpose to get through with it today.

March 21. We have run into the North-east trade winds and will not have so much hauling at the braces. It is very warm and we have plenty of hard work to do. I can make myself as useful as any of the crew at anything I understand. We have been taking all the chests out of the fore-castle and cleaning it out, which is done every Saturday afternoon. I have been wetting the floor of my little cabin to make it cool. Our Chinese steward has been telling me that he was cook for the Emperor Napoleon when he was on the Island of St. Helena for five years. He says it is a barren, uncomfortable spot.

March 23. Had eight hours on deck last night. We hadn't much to do the first watch, but from four until eight we were hard at it trimming sails and washing down at daylight. It commenced raining very hard. We put the deck-tub under the spout of the house and got water enough to fill three empty casks. It is not good tasting water as it falls on the tarry rigging and becomes quite bitter, but it does well enough for the stock. I had a good fresh-water wash which was very refreshing. I also washed my clothes in it. This is the first time I have been my own washer. It is cloudy still, with light winds. There are several stormy

petrels or Mother Carey's chickens flying playfully about the ship. The sailors are trying to catch dolphins and bonitos. There are numbers about the bows. The dolphins are very small.

March 24. All hands were called at five o'clock this morning to take in sail. Squally and threatening, but the wind continues light and it is clearing up a little. We are steering South-east by South, half South. The weather still continues warm with a little rain. If it were not for the breeze the heat would be insufferable. There are a great many bonitos under the bows but we are not fortunate enough to catch them. Our latitude is $4^{\circ} 9' N.$ and longitude $25^{\circ} 52' W.$

March 25. We have had a rainy night. The moon would shine forth for a short time and suddenly a heavy dark cloud would rise up and the rain pour down in a deluge. The wind was light and variable which kept us bracing the yards without intermission the whole watch. At 8. a.m. it was a dead calm. The sun has just made his appearance through the dirty looking clouds. There are large numbers of stormy petrels flying around. I feel very tired and stiff, having been up in my wet clothes all night. Latitude $3^{\circ} 18' North,$ longitude $22^{\circ} 44' West.$

March 26. The night has been warm and pleasant. The moon's silvery beams reflected

from the waves, made it appear like the partial eclipse of the sun. I had the lookout from two until four o'clock in the middle watch and passed it away agreeably by conversing upon our future prospects with a young gentleman from New Orleans who shipped before the mast to try his fortune in China. It is extremely warm today. The sun shines with all his intensity on the deck and fries the pitch out of the seams as if it were on fire. I feel quite well but the heat is dreadful. There are a number of porpoises grunting about the ship. I have just been taking a refreshing wash by hauling up buckets of salt-water and having them thrown on me. It cools and refreshes one and is a great luxury. It is nearly calm. We have made only eighteen miles the last twenty-four hours.

March 27. The night has been warm and sultry; the sky looked splendid; the moon and stars very brilliant. We have a light favourable wind. There is a sail in sight on our lee bow but so far away that only a white piece of canvas can be seen. It is not quite so hot as it was yesterday. At twelve o'clock the sun is directly overhead. I washed a pair of trousers last night and while rinsing them over the side with the tow-line, the line slipped out of my hands and left me minus a pair of useful pants and indebted to Jack for a new tow-line. The Captain comes on deck at daylight in his

drawers and one of the hands gets on the rail and pours buckets of water over him. This is what we call, "washing down the Old Man". The sailors are beginning to find fault with their usage as they do not get the afternoon watch below as formerly. For my part I see nothing to dissatisfy me so far. I think the Captain is a man who knows his business and how to treat his men as they deserve. As we are only six weeks out and the sailors begin to be dissatisfied already, I think there will be rough times before we get back.

March 29. Some rain during the night. My neck, face and arms are badly blistered with the sun as I go with my sleeves rolled up and shirt unbuttoned at the neck to give me as much freedom as possible. One of the sailors harpooned a porpoise but as we got him up to the cat-head, he slipped off again into his element with rather an ugly wound in him. We have come up with the main-stay and have stripped off the old service and are putting on new. The sea is quite calm and a light breeze is wafting us through the blue water at the rate of one and a half knots per hour. I dreamt during my watch below, that I fell in with some of my relations who, like myself, were on their way to China. It's warm, very warm.

March 30. Cool and cloudy. We tacked ship four times during the night and I was called twice during one watch of four hours

below. I have got into the good graces of the officers who think I have learned very soon to understand the every-day work on board ship and I have been taking a lesson in navigation. There are large numbers of sea birds flying about. I must turn in and get some needed rest.

March 31. Sunday has again come round and really, in fine weather one feels more thankful for this Holy Day at sea than on shore. I have been reading the morning service in my Prayer Book.

It is still quite calm and warm, but a Scotch mist is falling which keeps the sun from pouring down his rays with such excessive strength. There are a great many birds flying about the ship and a number of fish, but we cannot tempt them to bite.

I took the wheel for a short while last night for the first time and felt very proud to think that I was directing so fine a ship to the Celestial Empire. We were then very near the Equator and when we were crossing it, I filled a bottle with salt water to take home as a curiosity, as it is not often that I expect to cross the line on an outward bound voyage. The watch are rigging out the studding sail booms and the rain is pouring down in torrents. The lee scuppers are stopped up and the deck is flooded with water, so the ducks and geese have been let out of their coops and are

enjoying themselves in it by diving, quacking and fluttering.

April 1. The studding sails are spread out to dry over the house and long-boat. The wind is very light and we have scarcely made any headway during the last twenty-four hours. The Captain and Mate take great interest in me and give me great praise for getting along so well. At seven bells in the forenoon watch the Captain and Mate got their quadrants and watched the sun until twelve o'clock to get the altitude.

There is a sail in sight ahead steering towards us and it is believed that she is a homeward bounder. I have therefore been writing a letter to my parents and lost my dinner as my watch below was up before I finished the letter. Several others have written and the Captain has his papers all ready to send. The quarter-boat has been lowered down and manned under charge of the Mate. It has put off. The surface of the sea is as smooth as glass but the high rolling swell sometimes hides the boat entirely as she pulls for the other ship. They have returned with a present from the other Captain of one dozen bottles of Holland Gin. The hands were all treated with it when they were alongside. The vessel is a Dutch bark from Batavia to Rotterdam.

I saw the Magellanic clouds for the first time last night; they are a small white cloud

and resemble the Milky Way. Latitude 25' South, longitude 21° 35' West.

April 2. A heavy squall struck us about six this morning. I was lying in my berth and when I heard, "Stand by the topgallant halliards!", I thought our watch would be called but it passed over without giving us the disagreeable necessity of turning out. We are in the regular South-east Tradewinds but they blow very light yet. I had the misfortune to lose my knife overboard while easing a Scotchman on the forestay. It is a great loss as there are no hardware shops convenient.

April 3. A very squally night and at daylight a sail hove in sight about three miles ahead on our weather bow. At eight bells she was on our lee beam and the colours were run up to the peak of the spanker gaff. She hoisted the blue and white which makes her a French bark bound the same way as ourselves. It has been squally all day with the heaviest rain I ever saw. One old salt was telling me a yarn, that he had seen it rain so hard on the line that it filled a cask with water through the bung-hole and both heads were out.

April 4. We have been going eight knots for the last twenty-four hours. The sun is getting less powerful and consequently more pleasant. A sail is in sight on our weather beam. The studding sails are spread out to dry. Watch-and-watch is stopped and I have

not much leisure for reading or writing. There are a number of blackfish sporting about the ship. Our latitude is $40^{\circ} 20'$ South, longitude $23^{\circ} 32'$ West. I can scarcely suppose it possible that I am to the South of the Equator and in the South Atlantic Ocean

April 5. The steady South-east Trades are wafting us towards the Cape of Good Hope and until I get in the latitude of it I shall scarcely believe myself on my way to China. While working the head pump this morning, I saw a sail ahead and sang out, "Sail, O!" She proved to be a homeward bounder and we passed a quarter of a mile to the windward of her. It has clouded up and looks like rain, but as it is my watch below I feel quite comfortable.

April 6. A bark to windward steering the same course as ourselves. The Trades blow very strong. We have the fore-castle to wash out every Saturday afternoon and the chests are taken out and stowed on the deck until it is dry again. The sail that was in sight this morning to windward still holds close to us, and as our Captain would carry every mast out of the ship rather than another should beat him, he has all hands employed wetting down sails. For this, the water is drawn up to the royal masthead in buckets and capsized by hand so as to wet the sail thoroughly. This occupied about two hours and wet all hands as much as if they had been towing overboard but it had

the desired effect of making us leave our neighbour far astern. She is the only sail that has kept up with us since we have been out.

April 7. Sunday. I steered part of a trick last night and, as the wind was light, I kept the ship very steady. The sun is out bright and clear. The day is delightfully cool and everything is quiet. The Second Mate has borrowed two books from me, and Cabot has brought some Boston papers out, and we are reading them. They remind me of that fine City and the pleasure I felt in visiting it, but long and tiresome days have to intervene before I behold it again. I can picture to myself its churches, crowded with the wealthy, the poor, and the pretty smiling faces of the ladies. How happy I should feel if I knew of one who was offering up a silent prayer for the safety and welfare of poor Jack.

April 8. The Trades are steady and strong and the morning is fine and cool. Sent down the mizzen royal and bent a new one. We are busy worming, parcelling and serving the shrouds. I have the pleasure of turning the winch to make the spun yarn for it. The Captain and Mate are very particular in their dress. The former is always well dressed and at present he is leaning against the lee rail smoking a cigar. I am in the house writing on the Carpenter's tool chest. After eight hours on deck last night feel quite willing to turn in.

April 9. The wind hauled round aft and we had the studding sails set and head sails furled. It is very calm now with the air cool and bracing. At two o'clock in the afternoon it became dead calm. We are scarcely making any headway. The sunset is beautiful with the sky of clear vermilion. The sea is like glass, and the large waves as they rise and fall, give you the only warning that they are restless and will not be still. The moon appears to have a different appearance to what it has to the North of the Equator.

April 10. The yards are braced sharp up; the wind light and the air warm. I have been overhauling my trunks and took a great deal of pleasure in it as everything I took out reminded me of some pleasant little incident on shore. The wind has freshened up this afternoon.

April 11. Squally. The royals have been taken in and set twice this forenoon. The poor Dutchman got another flogging today. Poor fellow, I feel very sorry for him as he can scarcely understand a word of English, and does not know what he gets the rope's-end for. A good many of the la'board watch are very much dissatisfied and say they will leave the ship as soon as they get to China. They think the Mate gives them unnecessary work during the night watches. He gave the boy Charley a rope's-ending for not going to hold the reel at eight bells. He, poor fellow, was dozing and

did not hear them strike. The old cock is crowing in the stern of the long-boat and creating great excitement amongst the hens. The ship is careened so much that I can see the foam come through the port holes out of my windows. The sea is very uneven and pitches up in all directions like small mounds. The sun, shining bright upon it, makes it glisten like silver. I do not think I ever felt more contented in my life than I do now. I do not feel anxious to get to my journey's end, but like a true and genuine philosopher, I take things as they come.

April 12. This morning at daylight a sail hove in sight on our weather beam. As soon as it clouded up I made her out to be a bark on the same tack that we are. All hands have been unbending the fore-top-sail and bending another, and we have had to wait an hour longer for our breakfast and lose part of our forenoon watch below in consequence. There is a heavy rolling sea although the wind is light.

April 13. Sunday. This day is really more like a Sunday to me than many I have spent on shore. The wind is steady and the ocean quite smooth. I have commenced taking my regular tricks at the wheel and do very well, but I have to be constantly watching the compass, the sails and the bow of the ship. In the night I look out a bright star and steer by it, which is the best way. I have employed myself

reading books, amongst others, my prayer-book, which I consider a great treasure as it was given to me ten years ago by my grandfather, who was then eighty-two years of age. I feel quite happy and am not without my pleasures. We knock off work at two bells or 5 o'clock, clear up the decks and get together on the topgallant fore-castle where we spin yarns, skylark and play tricks on the greenhorns. The watch are hoisting the fore-top-mast studding sail. Everything is quiet and peaceful.

April 14. The sun rose in great splendour; the clouds were tinged with a most beautiful gold colour; the delicate blue sky formed a magnificent scene to gaze upon. I am employed at the spun yarn winch. There is a rolling head swell but a fair wind.

April 15. A cloudy night and rainy morning. We were set to scraping the tar off the rail and scrubbing the paint. A sail in sight to windward, homeward bound. The wind has freshened and hauling more ahead. We have taken in all the studding sails and braced up the yards. The ship is careened over so much that I am obliged to hold on by the rigging and rail in walking the decks. The fore-top-gallant brace-block has given 'way; the mizzen-top-gallant sail has been furled; the wind is increasing and I think it will not be long before I will hear the word given to call all hands and reef the topsails. Sure enough we

were all called and single reefed the top sails. A sailclose by to windward with all hands busy taking in sail. The sea is in a white foam. Mother Carey's chickens are skimming about in large numbers and the immense Albatross is in sight. We are near the Cape of Good Hope and are expecting bad weather. The sunset was beautiful and indicates good weather. We have shaken out the reefs again.

April 16. Spent a busy night hoisting studding sails. Everything was wet and went hard. We had to watch tackle, both the tacks and halliard, before they were trimmed. It has cleared up, dry and chilly today. I am tired and sleepy, and do not feel well. A sail in sight to windward. The watch are squaring the yards and top sails again. This afternoon has been very squally and we shorted sail accordingly. The rain came down in torrents at intervals and made it very unpleasant.

April 17. A very squally night; have been running before the wind under double-reefed top sails at the rate of ten knots per hour. The spray dashes over the rail and keeps us continuously wet. At daylight, shook out the reefs and set the topgallant sails and royals. It is quite pleasant although rather cold. The sun shines bright and the wind blows fresh. The good ship careens as if she were going over. The Albatross are very numerous. Our lat. is 34° 10' South.

April 18. A fine clear, cool morning; a light breeze South-east. I feel in good health and spirits and trust I may continue so.

April 19. Calm and cloudy. The watch are at work serving the main shrouds.

April 20. I have had a hard morning of it at the head pump. The decks have not been washed for several mornings and they required more water than usual. The sailors have another version of the fourth Commandment. It runs as follows:

“Six days shalt thou labour
And do all that thou art able;
The seventh, holystone the deck
And scour off the cable.”

It is dead calm. The sails slat against the mast from the motion of the ship, although the surface of the water is as smooth as glass. There is a large rolling swell that tosses us about. We were all called aft this afternoon and put upon an allowance of three quarts of water a day. The reason that we have been put on an allowance is that there has been a great deal wasted and we will be short of it if we should have bad luck or a protracted passage. The water is served out by the 2nd Mate and several of the crew club together and have their water put in the same keg; if a poor fellow is so unfortunate as to slip down and spill his allowance, he has to remain until the next day before

he can get any tea, coffee or water to drink, unless he is well enough liked by the crew to have his wants supplied out of their allowance.

April 21. It has been quite cold all night with light variable winds and have been obliged to tack ship several times. I took my first lesson in navigation today and I find it a most interesting study. We have watch-and-watch allowed us again, which gives me lots of time to read and study.

April 22. A fine breeze which drives us along at the rate of eight knots per hour. During my middle watch last night one of the after-guard fell asleep and for punishment the 2nd Mate turned us all to work, bracing taut the sheets and halliards of the different sails. I do not think it is right to punish all the watch when only one is guilty. The moon was directly overhead at midnight and looked very much like the sun when it sets. It is getting very cold and stormy and we have reefed all the top sails and main sail and while reefing, the rain poured down in torrents. The ship pitches into it, forecastle under, and almost throws us off the yards by the sudden plunges she takes. The sea looks more wild and terrific than I ever saw it before. Reefing top sails is very exciting and if there is not too much of it, I do not mind.

April 23. All hands have been up nearly all night. The weather is dreadful. We

furled the main sail at eight o'clock in the evening. Before we got down from the yard, the jib split and we furled what was left of it. At twelve we furled the fore sail and double-reefed the top sails. The seas are half-mast high and have run over the bows until everything is swimming with water. I have had the morning lookout and have been standing on the forecastle holding on by the capstan and catching every sea that breaks over her. It is very unpleasant but still it is a sailor's duty.

April 24. "Land O!" was sung out by the man at the head pump just as the day was dawning. It is the Island of Tristan da Cunha and we are steering directly for it. It appears like a blue cloud tapering off in the sky. We are steering S. W. by South. This afternoon we tacked ship and left the Island on our weather beam. This is the first land we have seen since we left the Bahama Banks. The gale still continues unabated and quite cold. An immense number of birds are flying about. The Mate is getting a hook to catch some. We have reefed the fore sail and furled the main again. It is turning quite foggy.

April 25. Squally. The sun comes out warm for a few minutes and then is overcast by clouds and the rain pours down in torrents. The deck tub is under the spout of the house and as it fills with water, we carry it and fill up the empty casks. It is very disagreeable water

to drink as it has a bitter, sickish taste. Every time the sun comes out the ship is covered with wet clothes as everything is wet from so much bad weather. I have four hours below and will occupy part of the time in reading my prayer-book. We have two men sick in our watch.

April 26. Cold rain with frequent squalls of wind. I wear a thick canvas southwester and two waterproof coats with which I keep dry and comfortable. When it is my watch on deck, I keep employed at something, and when I get below, I know how to enjoy my time much more comfortably than if I were on shore. I have got accustomed to go aloft and do not mind having to feel my way up to the topgallant mast-head of a dark night to furl the royal. I think I am a useful hand on board now and unless it is working on the rigging, I think I am not far behind half of the crew in usefulness. The clouds look dark to windward and there is every appearance of a squall. The watch are standing by the royal and topgallant halliards ready to let them run the moment the order is given. Altho' it is calm and raining now, the ship will be nearly on her beam end in a few minutes. Such is the state of a sailor's life.

April 27. Night cold and rainy; reefed top sails and main sail. The wind is on our quarter. Our course is South-east, half-east.

It has rained all day and is very cold. Although the thermometer is not at freezing by ten degrees, still the cold raw wind makes one feel colder than if it were really freezing. I have been wet through three times today and begin to find a scarcity of dry clothes. I have often heard and read of Cape of Good Hope weather but never thought it could be so uncomfortable as it is now. We have split the top-mast-studding sails and carried away a studding-sail yard. The winds continue to blow very hard.

April 28. A good stiff breeze right astern the fore-top-mast and lower studding sail. The Captain is cracking on more sail than some of his officers and men think prudent, but he knows how much his ship will stand best. The seas are running half-mast high. It is very cold and feels like Winter. The wind, being aft, makes the ship roll so much that the deck ports are half under water and the decks are flooded night and day.

April 29. Still cold with a fair wind and cloudy sky. The sun has not cheered us with his presence all day. This afternoon we appear to have sailed out of the stormy part of the Ocean as the seas and wind have gone down together and it has turned quite pleasant. The studding sails are set. I have been officiating as butcher's mate, assisting the steward to kill a pig and fancying to myself what a delicious

dinner he will make tomorrow, stewed up with potatoes and duff.

April 30. Sunday. The wind hauled ahead during our morning watch and we have had a busy time of it taking in and hoisting sail. We have three men sick in our watch which makes a great difference in our work. I feel thankful that I keep in good health and spirits for it is required in such times as these. I have been reading the morning service in my prayer-book and thinking of the old times when I used to follow our good minister with it, but times and seasons have changes and I am having mine. As I feel tired, I will turn in, and in the arms of Morpheus, pass away a few hours. I was awakened by one of my shipmates shoving his head in at the door and singing out, "Eight bells there, Jarvis, turn out and get some of the fresh grub!" As soon as my portion of the anticipated repast was carefully stowed away in my locker, we had to turn to and bend a new fore-top sail.

May 1. I have no doubt this is a pleasant Summer's day with my friends who are at the North of the Equator, but the case is different here, as it is the Fall of the year and commencement of Winter. The wind is light and ahead, with squalls of rain. I have had the toothache all day and feel as if I could beat the whole ship's company. I had a trick of three hours at the wheel last night, as we tacked ship after the

watch was called, and it is not customary to give up the helm until your watch is ordered below. This is the first time I ever had the wheel while we were tacking. There are a great variety of birds flying about, from the size of a swallow to the albatross.

May 2. Calm and pleasant. The sails are slatting against the mast and we are not going an inch. I hope such weather will not last long, as calm weather is more tedious than stormy and sails and rigging wear out faster than if there was plenty of wind. This afternoon the wind came up aft and put motion in the good ship again. Her bows begin to dash the white foam from them and she ploughs through the blue water as if anxious to make up for the lost time.

May 3. It has been blowing a gale all night and still increases. We have made several attempts to set the top-mast studding sail, but before it is up, something carries away. The waves break over the topgallant rail and pour through the port holes, and if the cabin door is left open, the water rushes in without respect to Captain's cabin or anything else. Everything is upside down. I am obliged to brace up against my berth and trunk to write this.

May 4. The wind on the quarter. We are expecting to be at Java soon and I look forward with feelings that cannot be described, to

think I am so near Java's Isle, "where spicy breezes blow". We have been kept busy all night trimming sails. The air is very cool and bracing. I feel very contented. I have four hours below and will employ them reading and sleeping.

May 9. For the last five days we have had nothing particular to disturb the monotony. The wind is abeam. All the weather studding sails are set. We are going nine knots. I have just been at the wheel and my arms are nearly pulled out of the sockets, the wheel gripes so.

May 10. The day is cold but pleasant. I have been getting some sole leather from the Captain and our Jack-of-all-trades is going to half-sole my coarse boots for me. This man is a good sailor, sailmaker, tailor, shoemaker, etc., and cannot read nor write.

May 11. Braced sharp up and making nine knots, which is good work in a headwind, but our ship will go ahead if she only has wind. Things appear to go on very well. We have a few grumblers but they only serve to pass away the time when there is nothing else to talk about.

* * *

Here the daily sea journal breaks off and we are left to imagine events until Java is reached, probably about the seventh or eighth of June.

Of Java, he writes:—

“The only land we saw after leaving the Bahamas was the Islands of Tristan da Cunha and St. Paul, until we got to the Straits of Sunda.

The Island of Java exceeds in beauty all the descriptions I have ever heard of it. When we came in sight of its verdant hills and smelled its spicy breeze, it was delightful, especially to me who am unaccustomed to being at sea so long.

We anchored off Java Head or Agiie Point, when the natives came off in their bombé boats with fruit and poultry for sale.”

Again we are left to imagine the events of the comparatively short run from Java to China, except for the following short note:—

“We were twenty days in running from Agiie to China, through the South China Sea, which is interspersed with small islands. We had a favourable wind up the River (the Shu Kiang, or Pearl River), and anchored off Whampoa on the evening of the 29th of June.

I went up to Canton, eleven miles above, the next day, where I was astonished with everything I saw.”

How he occupied his time while in China is summed up in this brief statement gleaned from an old letter:—

“I found when I got there that I could not do anything that would make it an object to stay, so I employed my time collecting curiosities and studying their manners.”

VII.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

THERE follow some of the impressions that he gained of China, its people, religion, commerce and geography.

The passage over the endless waste of waters, sixteen thousand miles, to the mouth of the Shu Kiang River, occupied nearly four months. And then, I was in China. Had I taken a balloon and landed in the Moon, and found it inhabited with human beings, I could not have been more astonished than I was in sailing up this River. Here was an immense Empire, the oldest civilized nation upon the Globe, carrying on its commerce and doing all its business in such a peculiar manner and so very different from that of my own country.

Macao, at the mouth of the River, is situated on an island belonging to the Portuguese. As they, together with the Spanish and Dutch, were the first European discoverers of this Country, they hold many important places in the Eastern part of the World.

The banks of the River for some thirty miles from its mouth are barren rock covered with a grey kind of moss, and the scenery is not very inviting until you reach Lintin.

From Lintin, the country becomes green and cultivated land appears. We passed the Bogue forts which the British knocked about the ears of the Chinese two years before* and at last anchored in the Whampoa road, eleven miles below Canton.

The moment the ship was moored the little Tartar washer-women came on board with quantities of fruit and solicited our washing. One rather pretty looking girl claimed mine as she said she remembered me when I was there last time and left for the West Indies, although I did not remember her. I gave her a large canvas bag full of clothes to wash. If the ship should remain three months, they will wash all that time for you for one dollar. The women live in their boats and fasten a large gourd to the backs of their children, the use of which I did not comprehend until I saw a child tumble overboard. The gourd kept its head above water and, when the mother had finished her ironing, she paddled after the youngster and hauled him on board.

The number of junks upon the River can be reckoned by the millions, from the little canoe to the proud war junk.

Whampoa is a large town, situated on a hill. Close by is a pagoda of immense height and of so ancient a date that there is no authentic record of its erection. It is supposed

*The Anglo-Chinese Opium War.

to have been built to commemorate some particular epoch of Chinese history. On the face of this steep hill, almost perpendicular, are their burying grounds. As the country is thickly populated, every available spot is cultivated and such steep places as these are used for interring the dead.

As soon as we got the ship properly moored, two large junks came alongside and we commenced breaking bulk with fifty Chinese coolies. Two Chinese clerks were seated under the awning, taking down the weights of the bales of cotton and the Surang, who weighs them, sang out the weights in Chinese and English.

During the evening there was a great display of fireworks at Whampoa, the most splendid I ever saw, far surpassing the display we had in Stratford at the turning of the first sod of the B. and B. Railway.

The next day I went up to Canton eleven miles above in one of the quarter boats, having with me four seamen who were discharged from the ship. It rained heavily all the way up the River and the crowds of junks became so dense that when we got near Canton, we had to take in our oars and pull our boat through by the gunwales of the junks. We landed at the stone steps opposite the American factory and walked up through the garden into the City, where we were immediately beset with

“runners” from all the shops and trades people, wanting us to go to their places to buy, but we followed our leader and went up to Hog Lane to Jimmy Thompson’s, to get something to eat.

To give a fair description of this immense City, is out of my power. It is classed next in size to London, England. The streets are as narrow as our side-walks and it is with great difficulty that one can pass through the crowd.

There are no horses or carriages seen in the streets. Goods are transported on the shoulders of coolies and it is surprising what immense weight they carry. They have a water-bucket slung on each end of a bamboo pole and balance it on their shoulders, but very heavy bales of goods are slung in the centre and two strong fellows run off with it; the heavier it is, the faster they travel.

They have a sort of chair on two shafts in which they carry the Mandarins and rich Chinamen; and when one of them passes along, he has fifteen or twenty servants with him. The Mandarins have an entirely different appearance from the Chinese. They are taller, darker, and of fierce aspect. They carry a long whip with them and although you may be surrounded with runners, the moment a Mandarin appears in sight, you are left alone; your body-guard disappears, as if by magic.

Nearly all the Asiatic nations are to be seen here,—Persians, Armenians, Arabs, etc.

The houses and shops are one and two stories in height, and in each business establishment there are several partners. About two o'clock they partly close their stores and dine in them, their coolies sitting at the table with them. It is very amazing to see them eat with chop sticks.

In the morning, the shady side of the streets for miles is occupied by barbers, who shave their customers as they sit upon a little stool. They shave the face and part of the head, leaving the back hair long, which is plaited with silk and false hair and forms what is called a "tail". The razor is a singular instrument. It looks more like a knife for opening oysters than for shaving the face.

The streets of Canton most frequented by Europeans and especially sailors, are Ogg Lane, Old China Street and New China Street. "Ogg" means fire and is called in derision by sailors, "Hog Lane". Here are congregated tailor shops, shoemaker shops and restaurants, and it is the first place visited by sailors for the purpose of getting something to eat and drink. They cook their victuals upstairs. What you get to eat is called chow-chow, and when a Chinaman is naming over his bill of fare he commences with, "What you likey?" You answer, "I don't know; what have you got?" "Me havey some pork chow-chow, some chicken chow-chow, some eggs chow-chow,

some fish chow-chow, some puppy chow-chow, some rat chow-chow,—” You hold up your hand and tell him that that will do, but you will dispense with the dog and rat chow-chow. After being confined on board ship for four months eating salt pork and hard tack, I can assure you that Chinese chow-chow is delicious and am afraid that if a little puppy should by accident be served up, it would not be objected to.

The drinks consist of tea and sam shue. Tea is the universal beverage of China; it is the first drink introduced at the meeting of friends and is used at all their meals. It is generally used without milk or sugar but I have seen the Chinese use both. Tea is not cultivated in the immediate vicinity of Canton but some distance in the interior of the Country. Consequently, I did not see any of the plantations, but saw odd trees growing in Canton. Sam shue is a spirit distilled from rice.

The first articles we bought were manilla hats, for which we were asked a chop dollar each. But when you go shopping in Canton, do as the sailors do in Stratford,—take a pilot, some person who has been there before, and you will just save half your money; or perhaps if you do as the Irishman did with his stove, take two pilots,—you may save it all. Well, we got manilla hats for just half a dollar and a broad black ribbon on them into the bargain. There were five or six of us. After we had paid for

our hats, we were asked, "Wantey some ting more?" Answer, "No!" A pair of shoes of European make can be purchased for a quarter of a dollar, but they will not answer for wet weather. Whatever article you inquire for, the shopkeeper always says he has it but is out of the article. He dispatches his clerk for it and will occupy your attention with showing you someting else till he returns.

Old and New China Streets are really well worth seeing. The display of paper and tinsel on the fronts of the shops, combined with food, gives to the streets a handsome bizarre-like appearance. They have stores for the sale of green-house plants, although they grow there in the open air. What struck me particularly was their dwarfed oak, pine, maple and other trees of the forest. The idea of seeing a full grown oak in a small flower-pot, fairly took me aback. I walked through the market and saw them selling all kinds of fish, flesh and fowl. Fish are kept alive in large tubs of water and are so tame that you can put your hand under them and lift them up.

Immense tubs or tanks filled with water are kept near, by order of the governor, to be used in putting out fires. While I was in Canton, eleven Chinamen were being tortured for setting fire to the City, and of all the cruelties I ever heard of, I think that resorted to by the Chinese Mandarins is the most dreadful.

When a prisoner is brought into Court, he is crushed down into a tub with a lid that fits tight about his neck and he is kept in this posture for hours until his limbs become almost lifeless. In the case of the incendiaries, they were kept, suspended by boards or plank yokes about the neck of each, standing upon the tips of their toes and were shown plenty of food and water but did not get any till near dying, when their yoke was lowered a little, but as soon as they recovered, they were hung up again. They sometimes exist in this state for from eight to twelve days.

The beggars are a most loathsome set and lo betide the green-horn who gives them any cash. They remember him for ever after and take him under their special protection, showing their sores, wounds, malformations and all other infirmities that flesh is heir to. They are really the most dreadful beings to look upon that can be imagined. They do deserve the name of beggars, and it was only after I returned to Canada that I could realize the comfortably clad, decent, I may say princely-looking fellows here, in comparison with the Chinese, asking alms.

The Chinese ladies do not make their appearance in the streets. Their feet are bandaged when infants and many of them are unable to walk. In expostulating with an old Chinaman upon the absurdity of the custom of

squeezing their women's feet, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "English women do much worse. English women squeeze here (waist). Of course I could make no reply to such a convincing argument, but I have thought since that if the Cantonese altered their custom and allowed their ladies to walk, that they would have to build another city, as it would be impossible for crinolines to get through the narrow streets.

They also, like many of my esteemed friends in Stratford, have a great aversion to dancing, and at a ball given at Canton by some Europeans, many of the influential Chinese were invited. After looking on in solemn silence for some time at the dances, one old Mandarin asked his host why they did not let their servants do that for them.

The common Chinese dress consists of a hat made of bamboo nearly as large as an umbrella, a loose frock coming down to the thighs, and trousers with very large legs, the seat coming down to the calves of the legs, the waist fastened by a scarf in front of which they carry a watch and purse. The shoes of the men have satin worked uppers and a sole an inch thick, of white leather.

I made the most of my time seeing the City. Those of the same trade congregate together. All the old fashioned tea-sets that our grandmothers prized so much are still manu-

factured here, together with writing desks, clothes chests made of camphor wood and most beautifully carved, mother of pearl work and ivory chess-men, shells, coral craps and shawls.

DRAGONS AND GREAT BEASTS.

From the most ancient times, both in legend and history, do we hear of dreadful dragons and great beasts with flashing eyes and flaming tongues, ravishing countries and districts. In the legends of savage nations, some tale of devastation and horror is rehearsed and handed down from father to son, from tribe to tribe and from nation to nation. Even the Chinese who were and are the most civilized of the ancient nations of the Earth, still, as thousands of years ago, believe most implicitly in dragons and other most outlandish beasts. They believe that upon the occurrence of an eclipse, a dragon is running away with the sun and make the most horrid noises to frighten him away. Our own legend of St. George killing a dragon in Egypt is another illustration of the ideas held by the first generations of the Earth with regard to good and evil. From these images upon the mind, arose the ideas of giants and ghosts and it is only in the last few years of the present generation that those views of hobgoblins are being looked upon as fabulous and only existing in the ignorant or superstitious imaginations of the people. Take the

ancient history and legend of any nation and compare them with the present age of magnetic telegraph and railroads and it is then we can see the mighty strides we have made in the way of progress and civilization.

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VIII.

HOMeward BOUND

THERE is no indication of how long he remained in China, but it appears from fragments of old letters that he shipped out again with the Akbar, touching at Singapore and finally leaving the ship at Calcutta, India.

In November, 1845, he shipped with the old ship "Grotius", bound from Calcutta to Boston.

After leaving Calcutta and dropping down the Hooghly River to Saugor road, they sprung a leak, when they were obliged to put back to Kedgeree and repair. Putting to sea again, they sprung another leak, and after expecting to go to the bottom for three weeks, got into Port Louis, Mauritius (Isle of France).

Here they discharged part of the cargo; hove the ship over; caulked her sides and after a detention of forty-seven days, got to sea once more.

The Grotius next touched at St. Helena, and the following is an account from the pages of his diary, of his visit to this historic Island.

ST. HELENA

Friday, 13th March, 1846. I went on shore in a waterman's boat and landed at the upper landing place. The boat backs in and has a staff in the stern to steady oneself by. The surf is continually dashing up amongst the rocks and into the caverns, which creates a roaring noise very much like the falls of Niagara. The

first things that you see are guard rooms and sentries. In every part, the wall that runs in front of the Town is well mounted with cannon. There are some very fine stores and hotels in the lower part of the Town. The streets are steep and irregular.

I hired a horse and had a little boy sent with me to show me the road, and we commenced mounting the hill for Napoleon's tomb. The road runs zigzag up the side of the mountain and after travelling for a mile and a half, you are 1200 feet higher up and look down upon the valley and Town and the surrounding country. A more beautiful view cannot be imagined. You keep ascending. As you ride onwards, the fir trees and shrubs now make a pleasant appearance. The road is smooth, considering the roughness of the surface of the place, and numbers of small mice keep crossing it before you. I saw a number of pheasants; they look much larger than our own. You have a view of Francis' Valley on the right, a very fertile place; also a small water-fall which drops from such a height that the small stream appears like mist before it reaches the rocks below. It continues its course through the Town to the sea. The white house that is so conspicuous from the sea, is close before you. It is a very pleasantly situated place, with groves of fir trees around it. You then turn to your left and meet with a

level and softer road where you can put the horse to his full speed, sometimes passing along the edge of the mountain where one leap over the low stone wall would send you 1500 feet below; and then over the tops of the hills through groves of fir, coffee and other trees and shrubs. Large quantities of prickly pear and furze grow here. The latter is cut for wood and loaded on the backs of asses and carried to the Town. You sometimes meet quite a drove of them. There is a post planted in the ground at the turn-off roads for the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte in Saint Valley. You then follow down this to a white house occupied by Mrs. Talbot who has charge of the place. She keeps a register book, wherein I wrote my name,—“P. R. Jarvis, A.M. Ship Grotius, Toronto, Upper Canada”; paid £3:6, and was admitted to the enclosure.

The first thing that I took notice of, was an old painted sail spread out over a frame of bamboo showing an iron rail. Underneath this was the tomb of the Hero. The old guard led me through this railing and I stood upon the brink of the vault that once contained the remains of the fallen Emperor. There are wooden steps that lead down to the bottom of it. I went down and examined the bottom, which is about 5 x 8 feet. Two and a half feet high. The place then becomes larger and is like a small room. The cement is cut full of

names and I pried some of it off to take home. After meditating for some time upon the scene that had taken place within this vault, (and taking a branch of the weeping willow and cypress), I returned to the Town and was soon on board again.

TO BOSTON

A period of about six weeks intervenes, which was occupied by the voyage from St. Helena to Boston.

The diary breaks in again as he nears the shores of America.

April 29. We make about 5 knots, which is doing very well for us. 10 o'clock in the morning; the breeze still freshening. We are surrounded with ships, barks, brigs and schooners, which makes the morning lively and interesting. The nearer I draw toward land, the more anxious and happy I feel, after being away so long and seeing so many strange countries, to be once more nearing my native land.

April 30. We close reefed the top sail at dark last night. The wind blew a gale and every now and then the rain poured down in torrents. The drops were as large as main rope knots. It was very dark and cold, more like the 1st of March than May. The phosphorus balls lit on our yards and tops in any quantity. The deep-sea lead was hove several times during the night. The fore yards were backed and jib and stay-sail sheets eased off. We got at the

different soundings, from 75 to 30 fathoms. This morning the wind decreased, but there was a thick fog that kept us from seeing the ship's length ahead. The reefs were shook out of the top sail and topgallant sail set. We suppose that we are near Nantucket, but the fog is so dense that nothing can be distinguished. This is indeed very uncomfortable weather to be knocking about here, uncertain of our position. The ship is rolling very much, which makes it very tiresome writing. The fog cleared away toward night and the air became cold and clear. A bark hove in sight and passed to windward of us. I think the Captain does not know his whereabouts. He keeps standing to the Eastward.

May 1. We have had a very tiresome, cold night. We got on a bank called a fish rip and the lead was hove as often as it was hauled in. The water shoaled from 25 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms in less than an hour. The ship was kept off East and the soundings became deeper again. We spoke to a top sail schooner from Portsmouth who told us that the Cape bore N.N.W. I saw a light on the weather quarter but at a great distance. When sounding there were some pretty pieces of shell on the arming. The sun has just risen bright and warm, which I hope will moderate the cool air. We made Cape Cod at 12 o'clock off Chatham, and at 4 o'clock were abreast the lights. We bent both cables and

were clearing up for port when a dense fog came up so that we could not see half the ship's length ahead. We kept on our course until 9 o'clock, when we headed W. by N., a direct course for Boston light. The lead was hove and only 30 fathoms water showed, which made the Captain suppose the current was carrying him on the Cape and she was put about and stood off to sea again. It was almost calm with rain. Such was the way our hopes were crushed when we so anxiously expected to be safely moored by 12 o'clock the next day.

May 2. The fog is still very thick and we are still standing out. Towards noon the fog cleared away and land was seen on the lee bow, and a number of sail were seen. The ship is put about again and the wind is fair, but we are very uncertain where we are yet, so there is every likelihood of our being out another Sunday in the Grotius. (Oh Patience, how thou art needed!). The fog has cleared off; it is nearly dark and we have got up abreast Situate light. Boston light can be seen about 15 miles ahead. How happy I felt when I first saw it.

May 3. One can scarcely believe it possible, but soon after dark it died away calm and a thick fog set in. The current sent us in shore to 7 fathoms water, when we let go anchor and brought up; and here we are, Sunday, 3rd May, lying off Situate at anchor. If it clears off and breezes up we may get under way, only 23

miles from Boston; hurrah! It has kept calm and foggy all day and night. Spoke a schooner and asked him to report us.

May 4. At 6 o'clock a.m. a Barnstable packet ran foul of our jib-boom in the thick fog. The passengers came out of the cabin and asked where we were from and upon answering, Captain Codman, who had the Sophia Walker in Port Louis when this ship was there on her passage out, came up and spoke to our Captain who was called on deck. They lowered their boat and came on board with some newspapers, cigars and a dozen lobsters. Then they left. It seemed like old times to hear white men laughing and congratulating one another again. Still thick and calm. Got under way at 1 o'clock p.m. with a light breeze from the Eastward and took a pilot aboard an hour afterwards. The fog is as thick as ever. A pilot boat has just passed us and told our pilot that a steamer has got ashore on the Cape. We are near the islands at the entrance of the Bay. They got us to work studding sail after we had taken the blocks off the boom and unbent the sails, which made a considerable growl. We passed Boston Light at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and hauled up alongside of long wharf; furled the sails and made her fast.

The decks were soon crowded with land sharks who no doubt expected to get a good haul from poor Jack. As for myself, I took a

great deal of pleasure in hauling a rope across their legs and letting something fall from aloft amongst them, and when they spoke to me I told them to go to hell. As soon as we had her sails furled, we went below and commenced scrubbing and holystoneing our hides to get the tar and tan off and make ourselves look like Christians. After dressing, I leapt onto the wharf with a loud huzzah and was soon in the midst of the noise and bustle of the City.

What a change from the confinement on board ship to the free will on shore. I felt thankful when looking back to the dangers and hardships I had gone through, that I was on shore in a free country and my own master again.

So ended my voyage from Calcutta to Boston. May 4th, 1849.

IX.

SHORTLY after his return from the Far East, Mr. Jarvis established himself at Stratford, Ontario.

He had a flour-mill and a saw-mill on the Avon River, which was then a considerable stream flowing through a densely wooded country. Beneath the flour-mill was a small distillery, and farmers calling with grain or logs for the mills, filled their jugs with raw spirit and took an order on the store for the price of the goods they had delivered to the mill. Very little money passed. The lumber and flour from the mills was drawn to Hamilton by Mr. Jarvis' teams, which brought return loads of goods for the store. A system of barter prevailed and Mr. Jarvis grew prosperous.

He had married in 1849 and built a large house, now the nucleus of the Convent. He was Mayor of Stratford for many years and a Captain in the 28th Perth Regiment. He was out with his company during the Fenian Raid.

He was all that a good citizen should be, a Britisher, a Conservative and a staunch member of the Church of England. We all

remember him as a kind and indulgent grandfather and an interesting story teller. He died in 1906 at the age of 82 without ever having been ill so long as any one could remember, and is still missed by all who survive him.



CENEA CO. CO.

GENEALOGICAL CHART

NAME	BORN	DIED	REMARKS
1. William Jarvis		1740	of Huntingdon, L.I.
2. Samuel Jarvis	Oct. 5, 1698	Sept. 27, 1779	from Huntingdon, L.I. lived and died in Norwalk, Conn.
Naomi Bush	Mar. 19, 1701	May 3, 1756	of Cold Spring, L.I.
3. Stephen Jarvis	Dec. 25, 1729	July 20, 1820	5th son, born at Danbury, Conn.
Rachel Starr	1733	1824	
4. Stephen Jarvis, Jr.	Nov. 6, 1756	April 12, 1840	1st son; Lt. Cavalry, So. Carolinas. Born at Danbury, Con.
Amelia Glover	Aug. 28, 1756	Dec. 2, 1819	
5. Frederick Starr Jarvis	Aug. 4, 1786	June 21, 1852	eldest son, born at Fredericton, N.B.
Susan Merrigold		Aug. 22, 1863	daughter of Thomas Merrigold, see (*) below.
6. Peter Robinson Jarvis	Aug. 16, 1824	Oct. 27, 1906	5th child, married Feb. 12, 1849. Born at Toronto Tp., Lake Ont.
Marion Neilson			
(*) Thomas Merrigold married Elizabeth Ansley, of Charlestown, S.C., Feb. 14, 1782.			
Susan Merrigold		Aug. 22, 1863	
F. Starr Jarvis	Aug. 4, 1786	June 21, 1852	
Peter Robinson Jarvis	Aug. 16, 1824	Oct. 27, 1906	

APPENDIX B.

THE AKBAR.

The increasingly keen competition in the 1830's between English and Yankee traders at Canton, created a demand for more ships, speedier ships and bigger ships, and led to the most dramatic and thrilling development which shipbuilding has ever experienced. The China trade gave birth to the clipper ship.

The first full-rigged ship to be built along the lines of the fast little Baltimore schooners, from which the name 'clipper' was derived, was the *Ann McKim*, 493 tons. She was a remarkably handsome vessel and very swift, but on account of her small carrying capacity, was not a commercial success on the Pacific route.

Then in 1839 Samuel Hall of East Boston built for the Forbes China fleet, the clipper ship *Akbar*, 650 tons. She was the second clipper and the first of any commercial use. She mounted six guns and was of very fine construction; the last word in shipbuilding of the period.

Her first voyage was to Canton in 1839, made in 109 days. By being out during the China War she made a very handsome profit for her owners. So successful was the experiment that the *Akbar* was quickly followed by a series of other vessels built along clipper ship lines, that ultimate perfection of shipbuilding.