

A VOYAGE ON THE *RED JACKET* IN 1857-8.By *E. Cuthbert Woods, F.R. Hist. S.**Read 24 October, 1942.*

THE notes from which the following paper is compiled were written during the voyage which took from 20 November, 1857, till 28 January, 1858, when the author, William Bower Forwood (later Sir William), was sixteen years of age. I am indebted to his son, W. Miles M. Forwood, Esq., in whose possession the book was in which these notes were written, for permission to use them in this way. Since the paper was read, he has presented this manuscript book, which also contains details of another voyage in another ship, to the Liverpool Reference Library.

Sir William Forwood was born in Liverpool at Mount Vernon Green in 1840. He very early developed a sense of public responsibility, for he spent one whole school vacation, when sixteen years of age, in obtaining signatures to a petition advocating the public purchase of land surrounding the Botanic Gardens, and its transformation into a public park. This sense of responsibility is evident in these notes, for on leaving the Mersey he writes, "Good-bye friends, I leave thee but to return in health and strength, to lend a hand in your hive of industry. I shall roam over seas and foreign lands, but I'll e'er remember thee my birth-place, and the stage in whose great drama I am destined to act." His very interesting book, *Some Recollections of a Busy Life* (1910), reveals how truly this prophecy was fulfilled in his numerous public appointments, and how much he was able to accomplish during that life.

On leaving school he entered the office of Salisbury Turner and Earle, one of the oldest and most prominent brokerage houses in the town. Shortly afterwards his health broke down, and the doctor ordered a sea voyage, so this trip to Melbourne was arranged. A striking feature of his notes, is the way he sees and describes so much of interest. One is often led to believe that a voyage on a sailing ship was a most monotonous affair, but what he has written proves this to be anything but correct,

at least to one of his perceptive ability. He made such good use of opportunities to acquire a knowledge of seamanship, that in 1874, when the Board of Trade allowed yacht owners to present themselves for examination, he did so, and obtained his certificate as a Master Mariner.

In 1857 the gold fever was at its height, hence the large number of passengers on board. In his notes he mentions 20 passengers in the saloon, and 446 'tween decks. In his *Recollections* he says, "Our ship was crowded with passengers, she was the crack clipper of the day, and carried a double crew so that she might be enabled to carry sail until the last moment." Her dimensions and some of her exploits have already appeared in our *Transactions*,¹ but of her subsequent history I have only been able to trace that her last voyage as an Australian clipper, was on 20 November, 1865. In the Reference Library at Liverpool there is a news cutting with these further details. In 1857, Capt. M. H. O'Halloran took command, and continued to carry passengers to Melbourne until 1869, without mishap of any sort. In 1865 she was in Calcutta, but as a rule was on the Melbourne trip. About 1870, when well water-soaked, she was sold into the Quebec timber trade until 1882, and battled back and forth across the Atlantic in that hard trade. Finally she was sent to Cape Verde as a coal hulk. On 16 December 1885, she dragged her moorings, ran ashore and was wrecked. Miss Fox Smith in her *Ocean Racers*, p. 77, says the vessel ended her days as a coal hulk at Gibraltar. She was one of the White Star Line, and the following advertisement is on p. 62 of *Gore's Liverpool Directory* for 1857:—

WHITE STAR
ROYAL MAIL LINE OF
AUSTRALIAN PACKETS

These magnificent Clippers, which have been so long and successfully employed in the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails between Liverpool and the Australian Colonies, are dispatched from

LIVERPOOL TO MELBOURNE

On the 20th of every Month

Forwarding Passengers by steam at THROUGH RATES to GEELONG, SYDNEY, HOBART TOWN, LAUNCESTON, and all parts of Australia. STEAM IS TAKEN TO CLEAR THE CHANNEL, IF NECESSARY.

¹ Vol. 67, p. 20.

RED JACKET, O'Halloran	4500	ARABIAN, W. Balmano	2500
WHITE STAR, — Brown	4500	SARDINIAN, B. Sheridan	3000
GOLDEN ERA, H. A. Brown	3500	TIPTREE, J. Pinel	4500
MERMAID, Devey	3200	MERRIE ENGLAND, Kelly	3000
SHALIMAR, I. R. Brown	3500	STAR OF THE EAST,	
		Christian	3000

The Ships of this Line are known to the World as the LARGEST and FASTEST afloat, and are fitted up regardless of expense, to suit the various means of every class of Emigrants, from the Saloon to the Steerage. Every article of dietary is put on board under the careful inspection of Her Majesty's Officers of Emigration, who likewise superintend the proper disposal of the light and ventilation. The Saloons are elegant and roomy. The Second cabins are fitted up with unusual care, and passengers in this class have Stewards appointed to wait on them. The Intermediate and Steerage berths are exceedingly lofty, and the sexes are thoroughly separated. A properly qualified Surgeon is attached to each Ship. Libraries, Chess, Draught and Backgammon Boards are put on every Ship.

RATES OF PASSAGE :

Saloon	£45 to £60
Second Cabin	£25 to £30
Intermediate, according to Rooms	£17 to £20
Steerage	£14

As conveyances for Fine Goods, these Ships have long had a preference, having uniformly discharged their cargoes in first rate order, and goods sent out by them can be Insured at the Lowest Rates of the day.

For particulars of Freight and Passage, apply to the Owners—

PILKINGTON AND WILSON,

21 Water Street, Liverpool.

Agents in Melbourne	GEORGE F. TRAIN & CO.
Sydney	HENRY T. WILSON & CO.

This White Star Line of sailing ships continued till 1867, when it came under the management of Mr. T. H. Ismay, who conceived the idea of replacing them with a fleet of steamers superior to anything then in existence.¹

We, who only know the Mersey in the era of the steamship (although we have seen great development of these, in our time) find it difficult to visualise it, when the sailing clippers made as rapid, and sometimes more rapid voyages, and were always able to get as many passengers as they could accommodate. A word about the town and its environs at this date, may not be out of place here, and a great part of what follows is taken from the *Recollections* already referred to.

¹ *The Atlantic Ferry*, A. J. Magginis, p. 80.

"The Liverpool of to-day is very different from the Liverpool of the 'sixties. The streets remain, but are widened and improved, and their often squalid surroundings have disappeared. . . Shaw's Brow, with its rows of inferior, dingy shops, a low public-house at the corner of each street, has given way to William Brown Street, adorned on one side by our Museum, Libraries, Art Galleries, and Session House, and on the other by St. George's Hall. The rookeries clustered round Stanley Street, occupied by dealers in old clothes, and secondhand furniture, have been replaced by Victoria Street. The terrible slums which surrounded the Sailors' Home and the Custom House, veritable dens of iniquity, have disappeared."¹

It is difficult for us of this generation to realise how near the open country was to the town in 1857. The end of Vauxhall Road was about the northern extremity, Upper Warwick Street the southern, and Low Hill practically marked the eastern limits of the town, at this period.

"The extreme length of the river wall belonging to the Dock Estate was five miles twenty yards."²

"The Prince's Dock was filled with sailing ships trading to India, and the west coast of South America."³

"In those days the River Mersey was a glorious sight, with probably half a dozen or more Indiamen lying to an anchor, being towed in or out, or sailing in under their own canvas. . . . At the top of high water, the outward bound fleet proceeded to sea, and the entire river from Pier Head to Rock Light was filled with shipping of all sizes, working their way out to sea; tacking and cross tacking, the clipper with her taut spars, and snow white canvas, and the small coaster, with her tanned sails, all went to make up a picture of wonderful colour and infinite beauty.⁴ . . . Very frequently after the prevalence of easterly winds, the entire channel between the Rock Light and the Crosby Light Ship was crowded with ships large and small, working their way out to sea, a lovely sight. I have often counted 300 sail in sight at one time."⁵

Another somewhat different picture of Liverpool about this time is to be found in a book called *Shapes that Pass*. The author, Julian Hawthorne, came to Liverpool at the age of seven, with the rest of the family, when his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, took up his duties here as United States Consul. I may perhaps be allowed one extract in which the author describes his impressions when the Cunarder *Niagara*, a paddle steamer which had brought

¹ *Recollections*, p. 29.

² *Gore's Liverpool Directory*, 1857, p. 32.

³ *ibid*, p. 30.

⁴ *ibid*, p. 31.

⁵ *ibid*, p. 7.

them across the Atlantic, came to an anchor in the Mersey : "Wet tug boats, with salty whistles, were plashing on the salty wavelets, manned by British mariners, with burly, foggy voices, uttering strange dialects." Of the town he says : "Grey stone edifices lined the sombre streets, their severity hardly relieved by the shop windows ; people in dun coloured clothes, forged this way and that, most of them not spreading umbrellas against the wet drizzle."

The Cheshire shore was practically *terra incognita* to the residents of Liverpool, as it was but a short time previously that steam ferry boats had begun to replace the small sailing or rowing boats used till then. New Brighton was in its infancy, and the collection of huts at Rock Point was known as the Devil's Nest, on account of the character of the inhabitants, and the manner they had of dealing with any ships or sailors who were unfortunate enough to suffer shipwreck in the vicinity. The only landmark that remains unchanged is the lighthouse. Such then was the district when William B. Forwood set sail on 20 November, 1857.

THE VOYAGE

One can picture the Mersey on that foggy November morning in 1857, when William Forwood found himself in what he describes as "a dense conglomeration of passengers, passengers' luggage, and passengers' friends, all jumbled together on the deck of the tender [as the tugs at that time were called] which with paddles beating the water, made her way, snorting and puffing, to the *Red Jacket*, which was lying at anchor off the Tranmere shore, in the slack water of the Sloyne." Another busy scene is described as passengers and luggage are transferred from the tender to the ship. Not only passengers and their luggage and their friends have to be got on board, but a cow, hens, sucking pigs, and huge masses of vegetables are also being embarked, for the voyage would take about two months, and there were no refrigerators to keep things fresh. Nor was dramatic incident lacking, for there were detectives on the look-out for an absconding pair. To add to the turmoil, passengers with their baggage were locating themselves in wrong berths, "sending the stewards in elfin array, with curious errands to out of the way people." The description

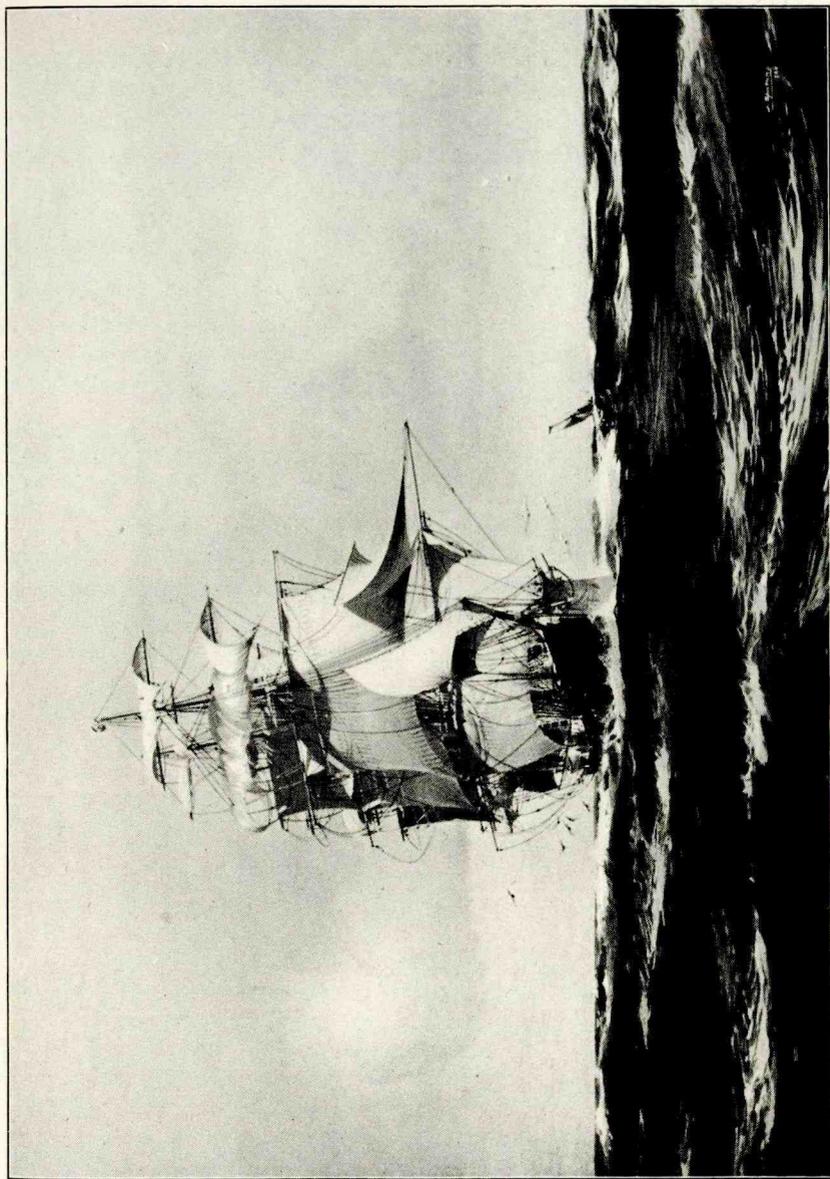
ends with a word of sympathy for the purser, "over his head and shoulders in luggage. Tender after tender, from six a.m. till high noon, had brought their cargoes of human and other freight, destined to add numbers of human beings to that rapidly increasing colony, Australia. Members of all nations were speeding hither and thither to satisfy their insatiated thirst for gold."

At eleven a.m. the Government Emigration Officer appears. The passengers file before him one by one. "With peering eyes, he gazed into their countenances, asked each one if they felt quite well, and examined their tickets." All apparently passed this (one would think) somewhat superficial examination, with the exception of one mother and child, "who hastily leave the ship in tears." This formality having been completed, the poop where it had taken place was cleared, and the saloon passengers are at liberty to go up, and from this vantage point scan the beautiful ship as she "sat like a duck on the bosom of the waters."

"Many a tear was shed that morning at 12 noon when the anchor was weighed to the sturdy song—

' In 1847, Paddy Murphy went to Heaven
(Chorus) To work upon the railroad, O poor Paddy Murphy O.' "

The *Red Jacket* glides silently by the side of the tug *Resolute*, as the bell is violently rung to warn any that are not passengers, that they must at once quickly board the waiting tug. "Long and hasty good-byes are freely exchanged, cheers forming the general accompaniment." They proceed down the river past the new landing stage, and all the dock quays are lined with Dicky Sams, giving their parting look at their favourite ship, from which come the reports of the ship's guns to bid farewell to Liverpool." This reference is to the Prince's Landing Stage, which was in course of construction at this time. Later it was joined to the older George's Landing Stage, and subsequently it was extended northwards to its present limits. I have already referred to his prophecy on the part he felt that he was destined to play in the future of his native town, which follows at this part of his description. On they go past the north docks and the country beyond on the one hand, and the sloping fields of Liscard and the scattered villas of New Brighton on the other, past the Rock Light, and down the channel to the Bell Buoy, fourteen



To face page 62.]

THE RED JACKET, FROM SPURLING'S SAIL.



miles from the Pier Head, and four and a fifth miles from the North West Ship. The ship would be in charge of the First Mate, during this part of the voyage. Now through the mist astern, a tug is seen to be overtaking them. All eyes are turned in that direction. It proves to be the *Retriever*, which has brought along the captain, and no doubt the ship's papers. He comes aboard, and the *Retriever* casts off, with three hearty cheers following her as she returns to Liverpool.

The voyage has now really begun. The wind which for many days had been fair, had changed and now was dead ahead, so it seemed probable they would have to be towed as far as Cork. On the other hand if the wind became favourable, the tug might leave them off Holyhead. To be on the safe side, as soon as darkness came and the tea was over, he wrote his letters, and gave them to the steward at once.

On a sailing ship, the direction and force of the wind, the state of the sea, temperature and other atmospheric conditions are most important, so there are daily references to these, which it is not necessary to give *in extenso*, but the description of the first three days and nights follows practically unabridged.

"At 10 p.m. we made Point Lynas, the wind coming round to the south west, a bad look out."

Nov. 21.—The scene is changed from a placid eve, to a wild morn, Neptune in his ruder and less agreeable form. The wind has increased to a brisk gale, right in our teeth, and the good ship jumps and leaps at it in gallant style, greatly to the discomforture of our stomachs, making us feel "very cheap." Holyhead we passed at 4 a.m., and we are now making slow progress at 4 knots. With the pitching of the ship our numbers at the table have seriously decreased.

Nov. 22 (Sunday).—At 7 a.m. we passed the ship *James Booth* from Liverpool to Melbourne close reefed. We are making no headway against the gale and sea. At 8 a.m. we broke our hawser and the tug *Resolute* now left us, she having been next to useless for some hours. We are now left to ourselves on the wild ocean, the last link having been broken.

Being off Wicklow Head, the ship was now put on the starboard tack, with our courses¹ and main topsail set, barely able to hold our own against wind and sea. The gale was on the increase all day.

Nov. 23.—At 2 a.m. when in stays,² a whirlwind struck us with the force of a hurricane, tearing our three topsails and foresail to ribbons. It was

¹ *Courses*. The square sails which hang from the lower masts.

² *In stays*. The act of going about from one tack to another.

terrible, the noise of the wind howling through the rigging, the dashing of the sea against our sides, the shouting and bawling, as the crew endeavoured to get the ship before the wind. It was fortunate that Captain O'Halloran had just shortened sail, or we should in all probability have been dismasted. We ran back almost to Holyhead, when, the gale moderating, we managed to bend new sails. We were beating about all day, endeavouring to make as much southing as possible. From dawn to dusk we had the Wexford hills on the one side, and the Pembrokeshire hills on the other. A large ship passed close to us this morning, with the loss of her fore-topsail yard, and indeed it is a mystery that we had only sails carried away, for we were in the very centre of the hurricane, which the captain said (for the time it lasted) was the heaviest that he had ever witnessed. The constant enquiry today is "When shall we see the Tuskar?"¹

We saw the Smalls about 5 p.m. to-day. They are a number of small rocks off Milford Haven.² We tacked off them for another long reach. We have had a most beautiful day, heavy seas, and sailing with double-reefed topsails, and two reefs in our spanker. This evening is glorious, the wind having abated considerably. We are gratified by a display of the *aurora borealis*. The stars are very bright, and we are gliding along under all canvas. The wind is coming round a little, and we hope to clear the Channel to-night. Captain O'Halloran was to-night enabled to turn in for the first time after three anxious nights."

The progress of the voyage from then on may be summarised in the following day to day résumé, in which the language of the diarist is substantially reproduced.

Nov. 24.—The wind was light and the ship was only doing 6 or 7 knots. At noon they were in latitude 51, 14 longitude 6.54, 210 miles from Liverpool, a small four days' work. After tea some heavy rain, and the wind changed to the north, with a heavy cross sea.

Nov. 25.—Doing 12 to 14 knots all day, royals stowed, a pleasant change. "At noon we entered the Bay of Biscay. What waves! defying all description, rising majestically like snow-capped mountains and verdure-clad hills, the sun shining and casting his rays from wave to wave."

Captain O'Halloran was anxious to signal a homeward-bound vessel, to report us all well. We saw two vessels this afternoon, one outward bound, which had carried away her fore and main yards, the other lying to because of the head wind. We expect to be across the bay in about 36 hours, if this wind holds.

Nov. 26.—Saw a splendid rainbow this morning. Sea has abated. A barque appeared on our lee bow, but we soon left her behind. We have all sails set and are doing about 16 knots. Our average is about 13½. She

¹ The Tuskar is about 7 miles N.E. of Carnsone Point on the coast of Wexford.

² This group of rocks in 1773 was the property of a Liverpool Dock Master and Merchant, John Phillips, who with a local musical instrument maker named Whiteside, as his engineer, erected the first lighthouse on them.

sails beautifully, throwing the sea in grand style on either side. We were abreast Cape Finisterre at 5 this evening.

Nov. 27.—It is most satisfactory to have fine weather, and a fair wind at this time of year in this part of the globe. We have had 'stunsails set nearly all the last three or four days. We carried away a 'stunsail boom at 8 a.m. As the captain wishes to sight Madeira, we may be gratified by a sight of green fields on Sunday.

The course which the *Red Jacket* was shaping was to pass Madeira, the Canary Islands, Cape Verde Islands, down to Tristan de Cunha, and sufficiently far south to clear the Cape of Good Hope. On 22 December, with the wind south by east, the captain said that if this wind held, he would go as far south as 60 degrees.

By 29 November the fine weather had ceased, and Captain O'Halloran, anticipating a change, shortened sail. He was not mistaken, for during the night a very heavy gale from the north-east blew up, and lasted all day. The captain said it was the heaviest gale that had occurred at that place for fifty years, which illustrates the old adage that the captain's last storm is always the worst. All day they scudded before the gale, under close-reefed topsails and foresail, doing 13 or 14 knots, and made 301 miles during the day.

Nov. 29.—The gale had abated to a nice breeze so that the ship was doing 12 knots, under easy canvas. They had reached the parallel of Madeira, but were 90 miles to the westward, having run from the Tuskar in $4\frac{1}{2}$ days, the fastest passage that had been made to that date. They passed too far to the eastward to get a sight of it, so their next hope of sighting land was the Canary Islands. The weather was becoming warmer as they got further south, and he describes how it was possible to read the smallest print by moonlight. The better weather made it possible for a start to be made in getting the vessel shipshape. The first outward and visible (and one might add audible) sign was that holy-stoning commenced at 4 a.m. on the poop. A barque was sighted hull down ahead, but by evening was hull down astern. Wind light, only doing 5-6 knots.

Dec. 1.—They had five ships all in sight during the day, all outward bound, but little or no wind as they were in "the calms of Cancer." In the afternoon, he and Dr. Nixon, having climbed to the fore yard, sighted land bearing south-east by east. It looked like a cloud, and proved to be the island of Palma, one of the Canary Group. Later in the afternoon they were able to see three others of the group. They passed so near to Palma that they could distinguish the colours of the various fields. Its lofty peak was hidden in cloud.

He remarks: "It is a truly pretty sight, land at sea, after being days at sea with nothing but the dark blue sea to gaze upon."

All day under all sail, they tacked about, getting as far to the south and east as possible. At 10 p.m., while the passengers were dancing on deck, a large ship was seen on the lee bow, on the same tack as the *Red Jacket*. At midnight an exciting incident occurred. They were alarmed by a

sudden cry of "Sail ho!" and it was seen that a barque was about to cross their bows, so near that a collision appeared unavoidable. The captain sprang on deck half dressed, the helm was put hard a-port and she just cleared them, passing close under their stern. They spoke her and found her to be the *Britannia* from London, for Montevideo, with hardware, out 18 days.

Dec. 2.—Only 25 miles off Las Palmas which looked very pretty in the morning sunshine. There was a ship about 30 yards off to leeward, which about an hour later had got to windward. The captain was very much annoyed when he saw what had happened, and told the second mate what he thought about his seamanship for allowing it to happen. Her triumph was however short-lived, for soon she was out of sight on their lee quarter. The weather was now hot, 80 degrees in the shade.

Dec. 3.—At 4 a.m. they picked up the long looked-for "North-east Trades" and with it also a heavy swell. A large ship was abeam of them, and during the afternoon, they overhauled another large ship, which was thought to be the *Queen of the East*, which had sailed three days before the *Red Jacket*, and which they naturally were very anxious to overtake. However, the sail-maker decided it was not her, as the *Queen of the East* had three standing skysail masts, which this ship had not. Again toward evening they passed another barque outward-bound also.

Dec. 4.—The Trade wind still continued. "We have all sails, including stunsails set and are doing 11-14 knots. Our skysail yard will be sent up to-morrow. The ship is rolling heavily with a westerly swell, and the chart shows that we are not above 100 miles from "Africa's burning shore." No vessels sighted to-day. To-night we expect to pass between the Cape Verde Islands, and the African mainland."

Dec. 5.—Holy-stoning again disturbed the passengers in the early hours of the morning. The day temperature was 85° in the shade. "Awnings fixed on the poop are a great comfort. There is a spice-laden wind from the shore which is very pleasant. There is no twilight now. It gets dark directly the sun goes down about six o'clock."

Dec. 6, Sunday.—"During religious service a barque crossed our bows within a stone's throw, and passed close to our quarter. She was the *Europa* of Aberdeen, sailing under the Tricolour. Our signal halliards got foul so we were not able to signal her, at which our captain was very wroth! She was very light, and looked remarkably pretty, but was soon out of sight as we were running before the wind, with stunsails set, in fact we have carried them ever since the gale off Madeira." The reason that the captain was so annoyed at not being able to signal his ship's name and destination was, that this was the only way at that time by which news of the position and safety of his ship could be conveyed home, and even this method was exceedingly slow. After dinner the captain said he was puzzled what brought her there so light, and also why she showed French colours. It looked very suspicious! She might be a pirate, but did not

look formidable enough, or a slaver, but did not look fast enough. Mr. Gould, one of the passengers who had read her name and port of registration, Aberdeen, was asked to sign the statement in the log. "Later several of the crew relieved our suspicions by saying that it was Antwerp that was on her stern, not Aberdeen, and then we remembered seeing yellow and not white in her tricolour."

We have noticed heavy black clouds on the horizon for some days past, and we expect to-morrow to see them ahead of us, indicating the approach of the south-west Monsoon and equatorial rain!

Dec. 7.—The Trade Winds are still blowing fresh, and we are doing 8-9 knots all day. The heat is very oppressive, with the thermometer at 80°. The captain predicts a change of wind, with rain within 20 hours. At noon we were only 580 miles from the Equator, and with fair winds could get there in 2½ days, but that is not to be expected, as sometimes ships are becalmed about here for as long as 30 days.

To-day a ship appeared on our lee bow, and shortly after crossed our bows, and the captain putting his helm up brought her within speaking distance. We read, *Queen of the East*, New York! The captain repeated it, and cheer after cheer rang out. The *Queen of the East* is our rival, having sailed for Melbourne three days before us: we were naturally anxious to overtake her. You can imagine the excitement on board. But on thinking it over we began to wonder if this ship *was* our rival. It was remembered that our *Queen of the East* had a poop deck, and was painted dark green, which was not the case with this ship. Some think that she was, others think that she was not our rival. What a strange coincidence that we should overtake a ship of this name, going our course just about the place we hoped to catch her up, and then she prove to be the other *Queen of the East*, there being two of that name afloat. She was soon left behind, and another fine ship hove in sight, which appeared to be a whaler: bets were made on her nationality, which she soon settled by running up the Stars and Stripes, in answer to our ensign. We ran up our numbers, but she did not carry them. About an hour later a boat from her approached us, rising and falling on the waves beautifully. She was a whaling boat painted white with a blue gunwale. She was pulled by five men, the harpooner steering her with a long oar. Having come alongside the chief harpooner (for so he proved to be) ascended to our deck with tobacco for the crew in one hand and a file of papers in the other. He saluted Captain O'Halloran, and apologised for his captain's indisposition. His ship, the *Montreal*, was a new whaler, 23 days out from New York, bound to Patagonia and the Sandwich Islands for a six years' cruise. The harpooner was a big tall Yankee, with a fine face. He stayed on board for about half-an-hour. Their boat was the acme of perfection, being fitted with harpoons and spears in a most elaborate manner, and the oarsmanship was perfect. The distance between the two ships was about one and a half miles. We are totally becalmed at present. The *Queen of the East* that we passed yesterday proved to be from London to Port Philip, and was turned for sea on Oct. 15.

Dec. 10.—About 2 p.m. a squall arose accompanied by heavy rain. We had reached a homeward bound ship, which we hoped to speak, but she was going too fast : however, we hoisted our numbers, to which she replied by hoisting her ensign meaning " Yes." We had not got over our annoyance when another homeward bounder hove in sight. We felt sure we could hail this one, but a second squall coming, blighted our hopes, and she passed without us seeing her !

We lost our friend, the *Queen of the East* in a squall this morning, but still have the whaler in sight. Up to noon we had only done 6 miles in 24 hours ! but in the succeeding squalls we reached 11 knots.

Dec. 11.—About 8 a.m. another ship homeward bound was descried on our weather bow. She was bearing down on us, and we made sure of sending our letters this time. They were ordered to be collected, and put in a bag. In about an hour's time she was abreast of us, but about four miles distant, having altered her course. The captain declared this to be too far to send a boat in such squally weather, as he valued a boat's crew more than a bag of letters, so we all pulled long faces at the failure of our third attempt. She proved to be a French clipper barque.

Dec. 12.—Have now got a steady breeze, after being more or less becalmed for four days. A squall early this morning split our foresail. We are now bearing down on the Island of St. Paul, against a head wind. We had a brig in company with us early in the morning, but she was soon hull down.

Dec. 13.—Early this morning we passed a brig, and about 8 a.m. came up with a barque. About 10 a.m., the two ships being then abreast, we hoisted our ensign, she replied with the tricolour ; we tried her with our numbers, and also the new code, but without any result, so asked her her name, etc. She was the *Vidal* from Marseilles to Bombay, out 29 days. We finished by dipping our St. George's Cross, which I guess looked stylish ! About 2 p.m. we passed a schooner and began to leave the *Vidal* astern. When the schooner had fallen astern, we recommenced signalling the *Vidal*, and read all her signals without any trouble. The schooner was the *Molly* of Hamburg, Hamburg to Buenos Ayres, 32 days out. They also exchanged longitudes. The *Molly* was 27.10 west of Greenwich, and the *Vidal* 20.25 west of Paris, both coinciding with our own position.

The day has been very fine, and we have had the south-east Trade Winds for two days which come rather from the south, and being head winds, will make us run very close to St. Paul's, which we expect to pass about 2 a.m., and to cross the Line about 4 a.m.

Dec. 14.—We passed 50 miles to the east of St. Paul's and crossed the equator at 4 a.m., having made the run from Liverpool in 23 days 15 hours.

Dec. 15.—A squall at 6 a.m. carried away our foresail completely. We had a splendid breeze all day, doing $11\frac{1}{2}$ –12 knots, on a taut bowline. We passed a large ship about 8 miles to windward of us, and hoisted our ensign, but she did not respond. We clearly saw she was bound for the

colonies. We passed the Island of Fernando de Norchna early this morning without seeing it.

Dec. 16.—At noon we were off Pernambuco, distant about 45 miles. The wind was carrying us too near the shore on this tack, so we put about. The captain commands this operation in person. The first order is, "Stand by main braces, and clew up the crossjack," the order being given to put the helm down, and haul the spanker boom to windward. In a few minutes or seconds, as the case may be, as soon as the captain sees that the right moment has come, the order is given to 'Bout Ship. The yards swing round in grand style amidst the shouts of the crew, who, aided by the passengers, do it in a first-rate manner. It is a busy scene, everything making a noise from the spar blocks to the sails. The fore yards are not hauled with the rest, but remain in their original position, until the ship has got fairly round, thus helping the helm. When we had been on the easterly tack for about an hour we put about again.

Dec. 17.—The equator has made a material difference in our logs; since then there has been little or nothing doing. We have been carrying stunsails since the forenoon. No ship in sight to-day.

Dec. 18.—Twenty-eight days out, and have had the Trades for better than 6 days. We have been doing 13 knots all day, close hauled. We passed two brigs early this morning, and came up with a large clipper ship on our quarter. At noon a brig was seen approaching, homeward bound. We bent our ensign on one set of signal halliards, and our numbers on the other. She was heading for Rio, and proved to be a Spaniard. She had no numbers, so we, determined to be reported, hoisted our St. George's Cross, with the White Star under. No sooner were these up, than she dipped her flag three times (a man-o'-war's salute) which she had evidently taken us for, so we believe that we shall be reported.

Dec. 19.—Having been driven below by a heavy squall, I commenced to write my log. We have had so many squalls of late that I am pretty well versed in the seamanship attending them. A dark cloud is seen to rise in the wind's eye. "Stand by the royal halliards, haul down the jib topsails," are the first orders. As soon as the squall strikes the ship she is luffed, that is the helm put hard down so as not to keep the sails full.

Dec. 20.—Thirty days out, and good progress made. We are three days in advance of our last voyage, which took 64 days to Cape Leeuwyn, which is equivalent to 60 days to Melbourne. To-day we saw a jackass ship¹ on the horizon.

Dec. 21.—The shortest day in England, the longest day here. We passed the meridian of the sun to day, at its greatest southern declination, so at mid-day it casts no shadow. The greatest heat we experienced (90 in the shade) was a little south of the equator. Early this morning we passed a large ship about 10 miles to leeward. We had a squall at noon and since

¹ The name given to 3-masted schooners which sets square topsails on the foremast.

then light airs. She is very light and has picked up wonderfully, and is now only about 4 miles astern.

Dec. 22.—At 6 a.m. she was within a mile of us. She is a St. John's built ship, about the same size as ourselves, and has passengers. Her name being on her stern it is impossible for us to see, and we are not foolish enough to show our numbers! By night she was 6 miles astern. It is our belief that he wet his sails and thus gained the advantage. This is the first ship that has ever overhauled the *Red Jacket*!

Dec. 23.—To-day a large ship was seen approaching, close hauled, about 10 miles off, homeward bound. She hoisted her ensign, but we were not able to distinguish it. We hoisted ours on our mizzen royal backstays, but she evidently did not see it. The crew are busy bending heavy sails, in anticipation of bad weather, but we still have every available sail set, and have carried our royals for 24 days!

Dec. 24.—Early this morning we overtook a barque, taking it easy under lower canvas only, not a staysail, jib or gaff topsail set! while we have every available stitch set! However, she afterwards hoisted her main royal. We also saw a homeward bounder pass our stern, but she was too far off. A homeward bound barque, close hauled, passed across our bows, about 10 miles distant. About 1 p.m. there was a large ship, about 5 miles distant on our beam, which we took to be the *Shooting Star*. After dinner she was within a mile of us. We hoisted our ensign, to which she replied, then took her own course, passing directly under our stern. She had evidently altered her course to speak to us, but our captain said he would see him to Old Nick first! She proved to be the *Western Chief*, deeply laden, probably from Calcutta, homeward bound: we were annoyed at the captain's attitude, as she would probably have taken our letters.

At the same time we descried a large ship about 14 miles ahead going in the same direction as we are, with skysails set. We made but little advance on her.

Dec. 25, *Christmas Day*.—The large ship is now only about 15 miles off. She is a beautiful clipper ship about our own size, and has 4 topsail yards and main skysail. She looks very pretty sailing on the wind, steering south by east to keep clear of us. She crossed our bows at a considerable distance, and got on our weather. We hoisted our numbers on our main topsail stunsail tack, of which she took no notice. She got a squall at 1, that we did not get till 15 minutes later, which gave her a good distance, but she altered her course to south-south-east, from which time we kept gaining on her. At 5, we again hoisted our ensign, and after considerable delay she hoisted the Stars and Stripes. We hoisted our numbers, to which she replied (taking us 1 hour to make it out) "You are too far away." At this time she was about 5 miles away on our beam. We suspected that she was an Australian packet, with passengers, but would not divulge her name. No doubt she knew who we were!

Dec. 26.—At midnight, the wind left us, and we were totally becalmed.

The sea this morning is like glass, our sails flapping, and the ship turning round the compass. The rudder is useless. The American is hull down, about 15 miles off. The captain is very worried about the weather, and is what he calls "Wind sick." Had we had a fair wind the last 5 days, we could have made the passage in about 62 days. A 9-knot breeze sprang up at 7 p.m., but the captain has no hopes that it will last.

Dec. 27.—Doing 11 knots close-hauled, but in wrong direction, south by east, instead of south by east half east, but the captain says if this wind holds he will go as far south as 60 degrees. The thermometer has fallen 10 degrees since yesterday. We are obliged to wrap up well and keep walking about for exercise.

Dec. 28.—Four degrees colder than yesterday! Two days ago the wind was due east, but it has worked round and before long it will be west, so we are now making good easting. We have had a rattling good breeze all day and been doing $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots on a taut bowline. At 10, when doing $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots the logline broke. Extraordinary fast sailing, but we are carrying on tremendously. As our captain confesses there is hardly a clipper ship would not have her royals stowed, and have reefed the topsails, but here we are with every sail except the stunsails set!

We put on topcoats to-day, and the awning has been removed from the poop. We were abreast of the Island of Tristran de Cunha, 300 to 400 miles distant at noon to-day.

Dec. 29.—At 2 a.m. a heavy squall struck us, and we had to shorten sail and run before it. The wind was very strong, and started the rail of the quarter deck. During part of the night we were going 17 knots, and this morning we are doing 16. At 10 a.m. we stowed mizzen royals, and the captain, to carry on more, set all the topsails, and main topsail stunsails, as one of the crew said, "To be carried away." At 2 p.m. we had another heavy squall. We stowed our fore and main royals, but the fore topgallant sail blew to ribbons. The main topmast staysail and mizzen topgallants split, and we are now under courses, topsails (mizzen single reefed) and main topgallant sails, doing 14 knots. The wind was east-north-east this morning, but has veered to west-north-west. The captain finding that we cannot weather Gough's Island, is making an east-by-north course, to pass between the two islands of Tristan and Gough. The sea is high, and we roll a great deal, a thick mist obscures the horizon and the sky also.

Dec. 30.—The wind has gradually subsided, until this morning our speed is reduced to 7 knots. The sea is much calmer, and the wind being from the south it is very chilly. It gets dark about 7-30 p.m. We are now about 5 days' sail from the Cape, and if we do it in that time, it will be the second fastest run to the Cape this ship has made.

Dec. 31.—The last day of 1857! Wind again very light, and to-night there is a heavy swell, coming from a south-west gale.

Jan. 1, 1858.—A bonnie New Year's Day, the ship rolling dreadfully, the

sea very high, and strong following wind. Thick all round and raining heavily at times. The poop has been sanded so that we can keep our feet. At 5-45 p.m. we gave three terrific rolls, the main topsail yards touching the water! which came over the bulwarks. The captain has turned in this afternoon, expecting to be up all night, the weather looks so dirty.

Jan. 2.—One reason that the clipper ships make such fast passages is that they do not shorten sail at night. Most captains are over-cautious in this respect, making everything snug at night. Last night was dreadfully dark with occasional heavy rain. This morning it is still blowing hard, but sea not so high. We had our fore and main stunsails set, but have taken them in now. We have been doing 13 knots all day, and now we are going better than 16, with all plain sail set leaning over to it, the sea forming walls on either side.

Jan. 3, Sunday.—Blowing very fresh with a heavy sea, and we are rolling very heavily with mizzen royals stowed. Fore topgallant stunsail was taken in this evening. The captain says, that if we were close-hauled we should be under reefed topsails. The seas are like mountains and valleys.

Jan. 4.—It blew very hard from midnight till 3 a.m., with a high sea, We are reduced to courses and topsails, and were logging 17 knots during the storm. This morning the wind suddenly abated and we were almost becalmed. Now we have a north-west breeze, and are doing 11 knots, with studding sails set. We passed the Cape to-day, 45 days from Liverpool, 21 from the Line, the fastest passage this ship has made so far, and the fastest that the captain has ever heard of. All in very good spirits, so now for Melbourne in 22 days.

Jan. 5.—The glass fell rapidly this morning, and it looked dirty all round. We took in our stunsails, reefed our mizzen topsail, stowed the fore and mizzen royals, and had everything ready to reduce her to reefed topsails, when the sou'wester struck us. It was one of those far-famed storms that are met with off the Cape, and only equalled in magnitude by those encountered off Cape Horn. These storms only occur in summer. The weather remained much the same all day, but at 7 p.m. we had again hoisted our lower and fore topmast stunsails, and were doing 14 knots. At 8 all hands were called, there was a rising sea with a little rain, and it looked black all round. The wind freshened and the order was given to shorten sail, but was countermanded, and we took single reefs in our main and fore topsails. The main topsail was hauled up and sheeted home in 8 minutes, there was a contest between the two watches taking part, to see which could be done first. There is amazing activity displayed in reefing. As soon as the yard is lowered down, there is a rush up the rigging for the weather earing, that being the post of honour, and the man who gets it through is considered a sharp and skilful fellow.

Jan. 6.—Last night was the darkest I have ever seen, for we were unable to discern one another's features however close. The breeze freshened

all night : at 11 we were doing 15 knots, and between 3 and 4 a.m. it blew with great violence, but since then the wind has gradually fallen. At 12 noon we were doing 9 knots, and now at 8 p.m. we have hardly steerage way.

Jan. 7.—Another dark night, calm until 4 a.m., then it began to blow, and by 7 a.m. when I came on deck there was a fresh breeze. At 8 a.m. the captain gave the order "Furl royal and reef topsails." No sooner was this done than he ordered the mizzen topgallant sail and spanker to be furled also. The sky looked very threatening. The captain did not know what to make of it, so he set his main topsail and mizzen topgallant sail, but on the breeze freshening he took them in again. At 4 p.m. the wind fell light again, and now we have studding sails set ; we have had showers at intervals.

Jan. 8.—Soon after midnight a breeze sprang up, and we shook the reefs out of our topsails, and with studding sails set are now doing 12-14 knots. There was a little sea running this morning, which has now subsided. We passed Prince Edward's Islands at noon, distant about 40 miles. We now expect to see icebergs at any time, this being the region in which they are encountered during the summer. As long as we do not see any we carry on with all sail during the night, but if any are sighted we shall reduce sail at night ; so far we have made the fastest run ever made by the *Red Jacket*, beating the last by nearly 2 days.

Eight p.m., have just had a squall, and have put a single reef in our topsail, and furled our fore and mizzen royals ; it is blowing very hard and the sea is rising, with slight rain. Reefing may be said to be one of the most exciting things in a sailor's routine. The rivalry between the two watches, the alacrity with which the weather earing is loosened, the stout haul to leeward, and then to see them descending down stays, halliards, etc., like a pack of cats ; and what with the noise of shouting, and the howling of the wind, combines to make it a scene not easily forgotten.

Jan. 9.—We had a dreadful night. At 11 p.m. the sea looked like a field of snow. We were doing 15 knots and there was little sleep to be had. The gale has increased, and the weather is looking very wild, with heavy rain at times. At 10 a.m. we put a reef in our courses. The captain told us at lunch, that this was the most dangerous gale we could have, not when it is blowing, but when it is dying down, for the north-westerly gales here generally drop in an instant, leaving the ship without a breath of air, in a heavy sea. This happened to the *Red Jacket* on the last voyage, and she was left rolling her yard arms under water, the captain fearing that her masts would go by the board. Our only hope was that the sun would kill the wind gradually, which it fortunately did, and at 2 p.m. we made all plain sail again. If the gale has lasted, the captain said, and we had been obliged to keep a south-east course, on account of the heavy sea, and compelled to run before it, by early this morning we should have been among the Crozet Islands. It was not possible to take an observation

to-day, but our distance by reckoning was 332 miles, so considering all things we have made good progress since passing the Cape. The sea is going down rapidly and the glass rising. This morning it was 29.25 inches. We are now doing about 13 knots. Our time is 3 hours in advance of Greenwich. We have only 6 hours of dark now, but it is dark and no mistake.

Jan. 10, Sunday.—The wind has fallen considerably, a beautiful morning, the ship going $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 knots. About 2-30 p.m. a sail was descried on the lee bow. This news was gladly received, as we have not seen a single sail for 16 days. She proved to be a barque, which had lost her fore topmast. She was about 6 miles off, and soon put about and bore down on us. On seeing this we put our helm down in order to meet her. We were approaching her rapidly, and the steersman, not being able to see her for the foresail, would have run her down, had not the foresail lifted and disclosed her. We put our helm up, and backed our foresail and so got clear. Our captain stood up and hailing her asked "What ship is that?" She replied "The *Peri* from Melbourne. What do you want? I do not understand you. Longitude 49.25. This is my station. I thought you wanted something because you hauled up. This is my course." She was a whaler, which by all appearances had been to Melbourne for a refit. On her stern was *Peri*, New Bedford.

How these seamen like to deceive landsmen. Ask any of the officers what they think of the weather yesterday, and they say "O, only a breeze." However I got a glimpse of the log to-night in which it was entered thus: "Very heavy gale, ship labouring and chafing much, shipping large quantities of water, being struck continually by very heavy seas and raining incessantly."

Jan 10.—About 2 a.m. a breeze sprang up and continued to freshen, until by noon we had a stiff gale with a heavy sea running. The captain reefed down at 11 a.m., furling the mizzen, fore royals and topgallant sails. At 2 p.m. it began to abate, and now with all stunsails set, we are doing 11 knots before the wind, the ship rolling heavily. We passed the Crozet Islands at noon yesterday.

Jan. 12.—Fine and bright this morning, what we would call in England a frosty morn. I walked up and down before breakfast with the captain. He talks of going to 50 degrees south, but at present we are making an easterly course, there being 3 points of variation. This is because we want to pass north of Kerguelen Island, and then turn south, being now 3,740 miles from Melbourne. He thought that there was an iceberg near us from the cold; I went up the mizzen mast to-day with the second officer. He was showing me some improvements in the rig. I helped to take a reef in the mizzen topsail, and to furl the crossjack. This afternoon I took the weather earing of the crossjack! Furling is hard work. About 5 p.m. we took in our stunsails, having a strong breeze with a heavy swell.

Jan. 13.—This morning we were nearly becalmed, doing only 2 or 3 knots until noon, then a breeze sprang up from north-west by west; at 4 p.m.

we were doing 13 knots, when we reefed our mizzen topsail. The wind continued to increase greatly and at 7-30 we reefed other topsails and double-reefed the mizzen topsail, stowing fore and mizzen topgallant sails and all royals. Notwithstanding our snug canvas, at 10 p.m. we were doing $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots, dashing through the water in grand style, sending it flying. To-day we reached our farthest southing, the captain not intending to go any further south. I helped to reef the mizzen topsail this afternoon, no easy matter with a gale blowing, my station being close to the weather earing. However, I knotted my "points" to the satisfaction of Colchester, the sailor next to me.

Jan. 14.—Rolling heavily all night, and all day, the sea having risen with the gale. It blew heavily all night, but moderating this morning we hoisted our topgallant sail, and shook out the reefs. Have been going 13 to $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots all day. We passed Kerguelen's Land last night.

Jan. 15.—This morning was the coldest we have had yet, with the thermometer at 48° . We are now half-way between the Cape and Melbourne, which is 2,750 miles distant. The captain gives us 6 days from here to the Lewin, and 5 days from there to Melbourne, a 68 days' passage, with 4 days deducted for detention in the Channel, will be 64 days, the fastest on record. Since we left the Cape we have averaged 264 miles per diem.

Jan. 16.—Bright sunshine. Going steadily all day with stunsails set, but rolling heavily. Thermometer is at 44° , indicating that there are icebergs about. Two men have been put on the look-out.

Jan. 17, Sunday.—Fine morning, doing 13 knots with stunsails set. Sea calm, but the captain predicts a fresh gale to-night. During the afternoon the wind increased, we are going $16\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Jan. 18.—The first really wet day we have had. The gale moderated early this morning, and we have only gone 8 knots all day. The glass has fallen to $29^{\circ} 40$.

Fresh gale with sea rising. From midnight yesterday we logged 140 miles, and if the gale had continued, should have done 420 miles in the 24 hours.

10 p.m. Blowing a heavy gale, sea rising rapidly, the ship labouring greatly; we have taken in mizzen and fore topgallant sails; going $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The night is inky black, the sea roaring and dashing, wind howling and rain coming down in torrents. This is the fifth storm we have had since we left the Cape.

Jan. 19.—A very dirty night, about midnight doing $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots, at 2 a.m. the ship rolled terribly. This was due to the gale suddenly veering to leeward, and blowing with terrific violence. Luckily sail had been reduced, and the yards squared to lee, letting the fore weather braces go, so we were not taken aback. We were struck at times by very heavy seas. However by daybreak it had moderated to a 9-knot breeze, and the sea was smooth. To-day we are only 1,750 miles from Melbourne.

Jan. 20.—Passengers are getting anxious at our slow progress. At 10 a.m. "Mackerel scales and mares' tails"¹ appeared in the sky, and about half-an-hour later a breeze sprang up from the north-east. At 12 (noon) our run was only 184 miles, reducing our daily average since leaving the Cape, from 268 to 258. However, at 12 we were doing $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and the wind freshening, we stowed our mizzen royal. At 4 p.m. we reefed topsails, and stowed fore and main royals, the ship going $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The captain now expects a gale from the north-east.

Jan. 21.—At 10 p.m. last night we double-reefed our topsails, and stowed our topgallant sails and courses. We are doing $14\frac{1}{2}$ knots close hauled. It is raining incessantly, and the poop has been sanded to prevent slipping. This morning we are under the same canvas; it is blowing a fresh gale, with a heavy sea on. It blew hard between 5 and 7 this morning. We are abreast Cape Leeuwyn, 500 miles to the south, being 61 days 7 hours from Liverpool, beating all former runs by the *Red Jacket*. Wind began to decrease at 11 a.m., and we gradually increased our sail and are now doing $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots with stunsails set, but the captain expects a stiff breeze before morning. To-day we were 1,300 miles from Cape Otway; the captain says if we sight it on Tuesday he will give us 2 dozen of wine.

Jan. 22.—A beautiful morning, sea beautifully calm, azure sky and 13 knot breeze. We have been painting, scraping, and airing for a week past, preparing for port. To-night a double purchase was hung on the main yard to hoist the cattle out of the lockers. The pinnace and captain's gig have been painted and fitted. All this preparation smells of shore. We have every stitch of canvas including stunsails set, and are going along first rate.

Jan. 23.—The breeze continued fresh all night, and until noon, when it began to abate. The sea which had risen considerably this morning has now subsided, but we are only doing $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots this afternoon. We got our chains up to-day with a medley of sea songs. It took 2 watches (that is 8 hours) and we are tarring, rattling down, painting outside, etc.

Jan. 24, Sunday.—A fine morning, calm sea, and a light head-wind of 5 knots is our speed this morning, and 9 this afternoon, sailing close-hauled, 7 points out of our course.

Jan. 25.—Another day of disappointment, strong head-winds, again—braced up, going at the most 9 knots. More or less squally all day, and we reefed down at 7. We have been coming up all day, and are now heading east by north. The captain has given orders that if she comes to windward of east-north-east, to keep her clean full.

Jan. 26.—The clouds began to break at 10 o'clock last night, but we are still making an easterly course. At 5 a.m. the breeze freshened considerably from the north-east, we stowed royals, and in a quarter of an hour it chopped round to south-west, and in the space of 2 hours it was north-east and south-west 6 times. It finally remained north by east.

¹ Mackerel scales and mares tails

Make big ships carry small sails (Sailors' weather lore).

The glass fell rapidly to 29.65, on which account we stowed our royals and reefed the main topsail. About 3 p.m., we came gradually on to our course, and at 5 squared our yards and kept our north-east course, on which we hope to continue. The sky westerly looks very windy. The last log was at 8, and only 3 knots. We are to-day 410 miles from the Heads, 320 from the Otway, instead of being as we expected in Melbourne. Wind came better about 9-30 when we squared our yards; going $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Jan. 27.—I got up at 4 a.m. and found we were doing 13 knots. I had a cup of coffee with the captain. At 5 a.m. we went on deck, and he thought he saw land; 20 minutes later there was no mistaking it. High blue ground running along the horizon. I went on the fore crosstrees with the mate, and saw the Otway right ahead, but could not see King's Island. We were now within 10 miles of the land. The captain was very pleased with the correctness of his reckoning. We passed Cape Otway at 7, bearing south-west, making the passage from Liverpool in 68 days 5 hours. As Captain O'Halloran anticipated, the wind died away just as we rounded the Otway. Here we met a screw steamer bound to Adelaide, and the barque *Robin Gray*. The bold headlands now stretched as far as the eye could see, in hill above hill, densely clothed with verdure, the average height of the mountains being 2,000 feet, valley entering into valley, hill beyond hill, with white sand skirting the shore. At 9 we were becalmed, drifting rapidly towards the shore, and by 1, were barely 7 miles from it; the captain was very anxious. We must have inevitably gone ashore had not a sea breeze sprung up at 2, which carried us along at the rate of 5 miles an hour ever since. We expect to reach The Heads about 11, and are getting blue lights ready, and loading the cannons.

Jan. 28.—We hove to at dusk last night, fired a cannon, and sent up 3 rockets for a pilot. It was very thick and dead calm during the night, a light breeze springing up this morning. At 6 a.m. we stood on our way, and within $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour were sailing within 3 miles of the shore, keeping close in for a good offing, to run through The Heads. The captain gave the order to "'bout ship." At 7, all being ready, we were "staying," when the ship struck 3 or 4 times. The captain ordered all the passengers to "sway the ship," by running fore and aft. He got his chart, which showed the shallowest water marked on the coast was 14 fathoms, and by our leads we had only $4\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms. Each time the ship struck, she was shaken from stem to stern; the yards were hauled backwards and forwards in order to back her off; the passengers and crew behaved with the greatest coolness, but some of the women were frantic. We let go our anchor and backed the after sails to make her pay off, our lead going all the time, the soundings varying from 6 to 8 fathoms. When the ship had swung, we slipped our cable and stood off, lowering a boat to put a buoy over it. From the quantity of wreckage that floated to the surface when we struck, we think that this must have been a sunken vessel we struck, off Landy Point. We stood off the coast south-east by east, and at 12 backed up again north-east, direct for the Heads, and spoke a ship called the *Huntress*.

At one we saw the pilot boat, and fired a signal gun. She stands down to us and puts a pilot on board. Three cheers rend the air, as a middle-aged good-natured-looking mariner ascends the gangway. What is the latest news? Has the *Queen of the East* or *Shooting Star* arrived? No! Three cheers. We stand towards the Heads. High sandhills, with sunken rocks, stretch across the entrance.

Soon we got into the tideway, which runs here at about 7 knots, creating a heavy sea, with breakers at every point. We bravely stemmed the tide, and slowly proceeded. The wind falling light, the tide carried us out again. We played this game from 2-30 to 6-30 p.m. The *General Nowell* passed us outward bound. At 3 p.m. we hoisted our numbers and the number of days we were out, to the Telegraph Office, whence it would be sent to Melbourne. At 6-30 we again proceeded and were opposite Queenscliffe at 7. We backed our yards, and a whale boat painted yellow, flying the yellow flag, and manned by 6 oarsmen in white, came alongside. It was the doctor, and was followed by the Pilots' boat and the Custom House officers' boat. The *Victoria* steam sloop-of-war passed us at an enormous speed, in search of the mutinied crew of an American whaler, known to have landed on the coast. We saluted her as she passed. The Emigration Officer passed us, pleased to hear that we had had no deaths on board. We now stood over for the quarantine ground, where we furled our sails and let go the anchor. The tug *Black Eagle* passed us and offered us steam, but we declined. Next morning the breeze was strong, and we quickly got up the Narrows, where it fell calm, and with the exception of a few squalls continued so. We anchored 6 times. During the time we were becalmed boats came alongside with fish and fruit, which was readily bought by the passengers. After dinner there was a fresh breeze, and going at 12 knots we soon arrived off Williamstown, and fired 6 guns at 3 p.m. on Jan. 28th, 1858, thus terminating one of the most prosperous voyages ever made to the Colonies.

CONDITIONS ON BOARD: EATING AND DRINKING

In the gale they encountered on 29 November he says, "Eating was a physical impossibility," owing to the excessive rolling of the ship. In one berth the glass rack came adrift. Twenty-four of the poultry died, making a total of over 200 since they had left port, that is in 9 days. Only on Sunday was wine and dessert served after dinner. On Christmas Eve, eight barrels of flour with equal quantities of fruit were mixed in a huge tub, for the 'tween decks' Christmas Pudding. On Christmas Day (only the second day racks were not on the table) the ship began to roll so heavily that it was no easy matter to keep the plates and dishes on the table. To mark this festive occasion champagne

was served to saloon passengers, and grog to the others. The result was "Some first class fights, and other scenes of the cup. Whiskey was the favourite beverage, the captain had to stop the grog." Before the Christmas festivities began he says, "We have little or no drunkenness on board, and on the whole the passengers are a most superior class."

Christmas and the New Year seems to have been the excuse for several lapses on the part of the 'tween deck passengers, as well as those in the saloon. On 1 January, a man named Chapman (a Captain in the 56th during the Crimean War, where his father was a Colonel of Dragoons, got mad drunk and fought his brother. This was a drunken dissipated fellow, who left his country (Ireland) for his country's good. They fastened a rope round him and lowered him into the sail locker, and fastened the grating above it with iron staples. He swore vengeance on his brother, and with one push dislodged the staples. They then made the fastenings doubly secure and left him with a jug of cold water. Unabashed he spent the time toasting the Army and Navy in water, singing songs, and telling himself stories of the Field. When released from his captivity the next morning, he said that he had never spent a more comfortable night! A saloon passenger, Mr. D., also got rather "merry" over tea, and put the toast rack into one pocket, and some cakes in another, and poured a cup of tea over them. On New Year's Eve there was a wild debauch in the forward saloon. A Mr. McMillan ordered a bottle of every kind of wine in the ship. Toasts were drunk with musical honours. About 11 p.m., when the captain and Mr. Forwood joined them the company was decidedly "elated." Five dozen wine and champagne were drunk, 2 buckets of wine were swept off the table, as well as a bucket full of broken glass. At midnight the ship's bells were rung vociferously for 5 minutes, and "Rule Britannia" sung in great style. As the ship was rolling heavily the company had difficulty in remaining upright, and became quarrelsome, but their blows were so wild that few fell where they were intended. It was a difficult matter to get them to bed, but by 2 a.m. it was *fait accompli*. "Jan. 1. Bad heads are prominent things to-day, and no soda water in the ship."

On 2 January there was another jollification. A Mr. W. got so lively that he tore a Mr. Jerrod's coat to tatters. He then went

into Miss Bevin's berth, and laid down beside her while she was asleep. She awoke, and caught hold of him by the beard, and commenced to belabour him, calling out for Mrs. MacMillan, who came to her help, but it took the chief steward to remove him by force. The narrator states that unlike other passengers he is never late for breakfast; "they seem to prefer to miss breakfast, which is the penalty." Considering the "night before" they had, this is hardly to be wondered at. By 14 January, all their fresh potatoes had gone bad, so they were reduced to preserved ones.

15 January was a red-letter day, for there was a round of beef for dinner, and he adds rather pathetically, "It is 6 weeks since we had tasted beef for dinner." On Thursdays dessert was served but no wine, so they bought their own. On 23 January he writes, "There have been champagne parties almost every night for a week past, always ending in the company getting screwed, and last night one of the stewards had D.T.'s." Another type of passenger, the Rev. Mr. Meade, was always anticipating horrors and catastrophies. He became alarmed that there would be a food shortage on board. The captain knowing this, when they were all at dinner in the saloon, called the chief steward to him, and told him it might be another 14 days before they saw land, and told him to provide accordingly. Mr. Meade's fears were confirmed, and his indignation great. The difficulty of having meals comfortably in a sailing ship is frequently alluded to, as on 4 January. "To-day at dinner we had the racks off the table, the ship being fairly steady, this being only the second day this voyage that this has been possible; however in the middle of dessert, she gave a good roll and the decanters of wine, dishes and wine glasses all went higgeldy-piggeldy into the laps of our friends opposite."

There appears to have been no shortage of food 'tween decks, so we may I think infer, that the same applied to the saloon. Mr. Forwood was down there on one occasion when stores were being given out and this is how he describes it: "It was such a busy scene, 5 large pairs of scales were suspended near the store room for weighing flour, rice, meal, sugar, etc. Now who's for flour? Who's for meal? Then a shuffling and hustling, for it takes a long time to serve stores to 466 passengers." They expected to

sight land (Cape Otway) in the early morning of 27 January, so Mr. Forwood retired early on the 26th, so as to be up in good time, but it was no good, for there was a spree in the fore saloon, accompanied by laughter and song, which ended in a drunken scene. To sum up, I think we may infer that there was plenty to eat, and a good deal too much to drink.

RECREATIONS

It may be felt that I have dwelt too much on the Bacchanalian scenes, but there were many other means adopted of spending the evenings, both on deck if the weather allowed, and below, probably in the after saloon, if shelter was necessary. Reference has already been made to the pastimes of the 'tween decks, which ranged from playing cards to making bread. We will now deal with the saloon passengers. Promenading on the poop was "most agreeable" at first, but when the passengers became more intimate, hide-and-peek and hunt-the-slipper were indulged in. The male passengers also played pitch-and-toss, vingt-et-un, deck quoits, baste-the-bear, football, and sledging on a tray on the poop. Various trials of strength were also attempted. There were, moreover, social evenings with music. Capt. O'Halloran sang "Ethiopian Melodies," a favourite one being "Nancy Till." It has a pleasing refrain, and the words of the chorus are:—

"Come love come, the boat lies low,
She lies high and dry on the Ohio.
Come love come, will you come along with me?
And I'll take you down to Tennessee."

Others played whist, when French was the only language allowed; sketching and a mock auction are also mentioned.

Neptune and his court did not visit the ship when the Line was crossed, as Capt. O'Halloran had forbidden it, to the great annoyance of several of the crew, who had some of the passengers marked for special attention. When the ship was approaching Australia, lanterns were hung in the rigging, and there was dancing on deck. An attempt was also made to publish a paper, to be called *The Red Jacket Journal*. This was on 5 December. "We had some fun in proposing who should take the various duties. The only things we found we should be short of were

Marriages, and we strongly advised Miss Hasty to make up to some gentleman, as we have two clergymen on board." One day a number of messages were written on pieces of paper, and sealed up in bottles and dropped overboard. Some mild practical jokes were also perpetrated, and no resentment expressed. They got to know each other so well that before the end of the voyage, they were calling one another by their surnames, and even nicknames in some cases.

RELATIONS BETWEEN PASSENGERS AND CREW

In the days of sail, the captain, and probably the senior officers, lived aft, and were much more among the passengers than in the steamship. Capt. O'Halloran is described thus: "In Capt. O'Halloran I found a friend, yes, a truly kind friend. He is no everyday man, a thorough sailor, a skilful navigator, a learned man and a gentleman. His universal good-nature and his impartiality and kindness, made him esteemed alike by both passengers and crew." The following story that he told is worth recording. "The *Red Jacket* was built by an American called Taylor, who took a very active part in the American Revolution, and on one occasion was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians who would have killed him if it had not been for the Chief of the Seneca tribe, called Red Jacket. In return, Mr. Taylor promised him that the first ship he built after he was free should be called after him. This was a schooner that was lost shortly afterwards. About the same time he laid down the clipper, and transferred the name to her.¹ Red Jacket was a great orator, and very shrewd. On one occasion the United States Government deputed General Court to use his well-known eloquence on Red Jacket, to settle a dispute. The General however came off second best, having been completely outclassed by the Indian." The Captain had a pleasing voice, and could recite well. Another side of his character is shown, when one of the steerage passengers "got to loggerheads" with Mr. Mawson, the overlooker below. They came to the captain with their grievance, and began to fight before him. "The captain gave the passenger but two blows, and he was finished, they were blows and a half." On one or two Sundays

¹ The figurehead of the *Red Jacket* was a full-length figure of this Indian chief.

the captain presided at religious service, but did not seem to enjoy it.

Another thing that seems strange now is that some of the passengers ascended the masts, and Mr. Forwood even assisted in reefing, as well as helping to work out the ship's position. The Chief Officer, Mr. Rhind, the Second Officer, Mr. Deary, and the Surgeon, Dr. Nixon, are all mentioned by name. Two of the crew are alluded to thus: "I helped to reef the mizzen topsail this afternoon, no easy thing when blowing a gale. I knotted my points to the satisfaction of Colchester, the sailor next to me. He was at one time a notorious pirate (?) and his very look would frighten you. Very dark complexion, with heavy growling face, in fact you could believe him guilty of anything." The other, Stanhoff, had been 30 years at sea, 15 of them in a slaver. She was a brigantine trading between the coast of Africa and Rio. "At times they had as many as 385 slaves on board, so closely packed they could not move, there was no ventilation and their cries were most pitiful, but to all that the crew turned a deaf ear. They were fed on farina and jerked beef, just sufficient to keep them alive."

Other members of the crew are just mentioned by name, with one exception, and that was *Mr. Mann* the cook, "For we always designate him by "Mr." and favour him with a shake-hands when we see him." I think his autobiography should be included, so here it is. "He emphatically calls himself a gentleman, the son of a general, and was at one time the master of a Ship of War, took 13 prizes, was tried by a 2-days' court martial, and dismissed the Service, went out with Soyer¹ to the Crimea, as a gentleman volunteer, could beat Soyer himself at cooking, could have had a larger remuneration for his services, which he refused. He lost £10,000 last year, and still had a large fortune left." He was also a poet (!) and broke into verse when a birth occurred during the voyage. The first two lines will I think be sufficient.

" 'Twas at night on the sea, where the porpoises roll'd
And the dolphin showed its track of gold."

¹ Soyer, Alexis. A famous cook who was sent out to the Crimea to reform the food system of the army. Was author of several books on the subject.

Just before the voyage concluded he composed another poem, to wish all the passengers adieu. It would appear that his forte was romance rather than poetry!

When the ship was approaching the equator, it was usual to leave one's window open. The sailors would deliberately shy a bucketful of water in, on to one, and then tell the victim to keep his window shut. "On Dec. 7th, I was awakened at 4 a.m. by a sailor endeavouring to force the window up, which he ultimately effected, and finished by introducing his fist through the glass." Although there was so much intercourse between the passengers and crew, there were limits, for when one of the passengers, a Mr. Walker, spoke to the man at the wheel, the captain was very wroth.

There were only five ladies among the saloon passengers, and only two of these single. "Of these two, one was an eccentric old maid, and the other a terrible flirt." About the best practical joke perpetrated was on a Mr. Gould, who was discovered lying asleep on a sail, laid out to repair on the poop. With a sailmaker's needle they sewed his legs together, and then sewed him "bodily to the sail." What happened when he awoke is left to the imagination. On another occasion, in the early hours of the morning, six saloon passengers after consuming numerous bottles of wine, amused themselves by pushing six live fowls (which they got from the deck) in through the windows of the cabins of passengers, who were in "the arms of Morpheus." They were successful in inserting two into a cabin occupied by Mr. Brock, a German. They were in the act of introducing a third, when the occupant thrust his head out and strafed them in lurid broken English. Miss Hastie also received one in her berth, and her screams helped to swell the tumult. Even the Rev. Mr. Jackson was not immune, for he received a large cock that immediately began to crow lustily, and continued to do so till daylight. The services of a black cat were also enlisted to assist the pandemonium, "so amidst cat howlings, cock crowing, and Miss Hastie's screams" there was not much rest for the other saloon passengers. His entry for the day ends: "Long faces and headaches are the predominant features to-day."

When they were out about a month, all the luggage not required on the voyage, which had been stowed in the hold, was brought

up on deck for examination. One lady complained that her box had been broken into, and some silver spoons abstracted, another reported that a ham had been removed from hers. During one night a saloon passenger had £7 stolen from his purse, which was in his coat pocket by his bedside. The captain seemed to think that one of the passengers was responsible for this theft. The Rev. Mr. Meade was a rather credulous person, who gave Mr. Deary, the Second Officer, a chance to indulge in tall stories. On 16 January the thermometer was at 44°, indicating the presence of icebergs in the vicinity. The look-out was doubled, which alarmed Mr. Meade, "who looked frightened and hoped they would not meet ice in the night." This chance was seized by the Second Officer to demonstrate his powers of narration. He was, he said, going from England to Melbourne, in the *Boomerang*, and in this same parallel they passed between two icebergs, which were so close together that one might have thrown a biscuit on to either of them. A white bear jumped from one of them on to the ship, and all the crew sought refuge in the rigging, except the captain, who handed firearms up to them. "Mr. Meade believed every word of it." Another of Mr. Deary's stories was that on a voyage that he made home from Quebec, the ship was so waterlogged that his bed was always more or less wet during the voyage. After he left her he suffered from insomnia, and wondering what the cause could be, thought possibly it was due to his bed being too dry, so he tried the experiment of pouring a jug of water over it before retiring that night, and found it to be a complete cure.

Almost at the end of the voyage Mr. Forwood again emphasises what a decent lot the crew were, and states his belief that "there never were 26 passengers who pulled together as those in our saloon . . . never a quarrel or semblance of it. We call each other by nicknames . . . each one is ready to oblige another at any trouble to himself. . . . A fellow occasionally gets screwed, but it is very seldom, there being no drinking (!!!). We might in fact have known each other all our lives, such is the familiarity between us. The ladies play the part of sisters, mending anything we may want and advising us what to do in any little ailment." The concluding words of this narrative are . . . "In the saloon we were so knit together by the ties of friendship, that for a week

after our landing, we used to meet every day, and go and look at the old ship."

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE

On this voyage they were fortunate in having two clergymen among the saloon passengers. Unfortunately one of them, Mr. Meade, was prevented by ill-health from taking the services on several Sundays. Mr. Jackson on the other hand seems to have been quite ready, and even anxious to officiate, even in the atmosphere of the 'tween decks, but was not popular with all the passengers in that part of the ship. On one occasion at least he had a service for a small number on the main deck. No mention is made of a service being held on the first Sunday out: probably the bad weather prevented it. On 6 December an awning was spread over the poop, and forms arranged for service. The Union Jack was spread over the skylight, which formed a very suitable reading desk. At 10, the small bell on the poop was tolled, alternately with the large one on the forecastle, the sharp tones of the one mingling with the deep sonorous tones of the other. This was one of the few occasions when Mr. Meade officiated, Mr. Jackson acting as precentor and clerk. On 27 December, Captain O'Halloran read the prayers. "With the exception of sundry mistakes in finding places, he did his part well; Dr. Nixon acted as clerk." They had a short sermon, and the Old Hundreth psalm. "The last word of which was as it were a signal for the captain to bolt, which he did, and when he gained his room he got hold of his pipe and kicked up his heels, thankful that this job was done."

Mr. Jackson had the temerity to go into the forecastle one Saturday night, to tell the crew, as they had very harmonious voices, he would be glad if they would join him in a psalm, but he was promptly told "To go and roar at his own end of the ship." On 3 January, there was no service in the morning, but Mr. Jackson preached in the 'tween decks in the afternoon. When the service was over, one of the passengers, "an Irishman of no small stature, nor pleasing gait, a one-eyed monster, mounted a table and told the Rev. Parson that his presence was not needed." Mr. Jackson, turning the captain's permission into authority, defied him. Our Prometheus then said that he would bet him

200 sovereigns that he would not come down again, and moreover that if he did venture down he would fight him. Our Reverend friend, armed with truth, descended again in the evening. The result was that a deputation came to the captain on the quarter-deck. The captain stood in the centre of the motley group, the ship gave a heavy roll, and the deputation fell in a mass to leeward, prostrating themselves at full length, the return roll bringing them back to their original position. The captain granted their request, and Mr. Jackson is not to go into the lower regions again.

Next evening the captain went down. He had evidently had requests that Mr. Jackson should continue his ministrations. The captain proposed that as so many had expressed a wish for it, he should begin to preach at one end, and progress 40 yards each night. This would take five nights to get from end to end, and by the time he had performed a revolution of 1,000 feet, the ship would be at Melbourne. So Mr. Jackson was permitted to continue "on his own hook" and take all insult that might be offered. By 6 January, Mr. Jackson had so far reduced the opposition element of the 'tween decks that still another deputation waited on the captain, with a petition signed by nearly all, which ended the embargo on his movements, and no doubt gave him the freedom of the 'tween decks. On the Sunday after Christmas, as Mr. Meade was not well, the captain again deputised for him, "which he did with his usual grace, notwithstanding several blunders, such as reading the *Te Deum* twice, and the Collect for Christmas day!" Of all the various duties the captain was called upon to perform, one would imagine that this was the least to his liking.

SOME OTHER INCIDENTS

No description of a voyage undertaken at this time would be complete without stowaways being found, nor was this one an exception. Four days after the ship had sailed, nine of them were discovered "including a small boy, who had been a boot-black in Liverpool." The captain asked them what brought them there; slackness of work in Liverpool, was their sole reason. He frightened them a little by asking the mate if he had irons ready, and then picking out the likeliest of them, he sent them to

the forecastle, giving the others to understand that they would be sent back by the first ship we met. It was reported that a death had occurred on board, but it proved to be only a rumour. However a birth took place, which as already stated, caused the cook to break into verse. Several members of the crew were injured during the gales they experienced. Three were severely hurt by the rolling of the ship, during the hurricane when in the Channel. On another occasion a man fell from the fore yard-arm and broke his arm.

One amusing incident was an auction on deck. One of the 'tween deck passengers came to Liverpool with his sister, who sailed for New York, and took his box in mistake for her own, so he was left with her box, which contained her clothes, etc., and as they were quite useless to him he disposed of them in this way. One afternoon one of the intermediate passengers lost his hat overboard, whereupon one of the crew pulled off his jacket and dived in after it. He had to swim a considerable distance to recover it, and on the owner of the hat refusing to give him anything for his trouble, he flung the hat back into the sea.

There were a number of pets on board, cats, dogs, and birds; one lark got out of its cage and made a circuit of the ship, and was blown overboard. It was given up for lost, when the gale fortunately blew it on board again. On the last day of 1857, a large portion of some ship's bulwarks was passed, a reminder that sea travel was not without its dangers. She seems to have rolled a great deal for on 1 January the cow-house broke adrift, and tottered to and fro, and the hen coops on the poop also became dislodged. She seems also to have been rather "wet." One evening after tea, when a number of the passengers were promenading on the poop, she suddenly shipped a sea, which wet quite a number of them, including Miss Hastie, and the German "Old Block," also deluging the latter's berth, "to our intense satisfaction."

Besides the human interests, there are many allusions to the wonders of nature. On 6 January the sunset is described in these words: "There was a dense mass of black cumulus to windward, the blue heavens streaked with light strata, and the feathery cirrus formed a glowing contrast. Presently the sun peeped from behind the cumulus, with a dazzling brilliancy, making

the sails to appear as if lit up. The golden cirrus stretched far and wide, rendering it a sunset, unsurpassed for brilliancy of any sunset I have ever witnessed." He describes the Magellanic Clouds, or, as sailors call them, "Sacks of Coal." They are patches of deep blue in the Milky Way. The stars are also referred to, his attention being called by Capt. O'Halloran to the South Polar star, Opricus. South of the Equator, he misses the constellations of the northern hemisphere, familiar to him all his life, and finds it strange to see the Southern Cross, and other strange groups of stars occupying the night sky. He remarks upon the Zodiacal Lights, seen soon after sunset, caused by the sun and nebulae. They appeared very streaky, and did not impress him. Many different kinds of birds and fishes are mentioned. Among the former are stormy petrel, albatross (some of which were caught with a line and hook), Cape hens, Cape pidgeon, Mother Cary's chickens, mollymawks, boobies, and whale birds. Once a whale was seen spouting in the distance, flying fish came aboard, and they had some success with shark fishing. Porpoises, dolphins, black fish and bonitas, are all mentioned, as well as the pretty little Portuguese Man o' War.

ACCOMMODATION OF THE VARIOUS PASSENGERS

Not much information is to be gleaned about this subject. In the company's advertisement they mention: Saloon, Second Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage passengers. It also states "the Intermediate and Steerage berths are very lofty," which is hardly borne out in the manuscript where he says: "Nov. 24. In the afternoon a few of us ventured into the 'tween decks. The close atmosphere was most intolerable, and the darkness very great. There were motley groups of men, some playing cards, others playing musical instruments and singing, the women making bread, cakes, etc." There seems to have been very little privacy in the 'tween decks! On 19 December, he went all through the 'tween decks and store rooms with the purser, and saw "one old woman who had been very ill on the voyage, reclining on a pillow, while a quite young girl was reading to her out of a small book." Another couple "were deserving of notice for their great industry" for they not only "were assiduously studying modern languages, but also the sciences."

The Saloon State rooms or Berths, were evidently off the saloon, and had a window which opened on to the alleyway between the deck-house and bulwarks. The roof of this erection was the same level as the poop, and could be reached from it by a permanent gangway. Bathrooms are not mentioned, but he tells how in the hot weather, the men-folk went up on deck early in the morning, and a sailor sluiced them with buckets of sea water. How the passengers in other parts of the ship managed is not mentioned.

CHANTIES

Allusion is also made to some of the chanties sung by the sailors on various occasions. The anchor was weighed to

" In 1847, Paddy Murphy went to Heaven,
(Chorus) To work on the railroad,
O poor Paddy Murphy O."

When the passenger complained of the abstraction from her luggage of some silver tablespoons, the captain ordered an examination to be made of the crew's sea chests, and a watch set on the forecastle, but without success. The sailors retaliated by paraphrasing the well-known

" Who stole the boots? Who stole the boots? Who stole
the boots?

'Twas . . . Paddy Murphy O,"

substituting spoons for boots, and laying an additional emphasis on that word. Then on the loss of a ham, by another passenger, they varied it to—

" Who stole the ham? Dirty greasy ham. I know the man
'Twas Paddy Murphy O."

This chanty is generally sung at short pulls. "Haul the Bowline," the White Star bowline tune, is repeated as solo and chorus. For long pulls they have many songs, in which the chorus only is standard, the other words being put in at the discretion of the soloist: for instance—

" If I had an Irish girl, I'd keep her like a lady.
If I had a Yankey girl"

" At the pumps they have a new song, ' Oneida, ' "

" Oneida, I'll roam all night,
Oneida, I'll roam all day,
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
And somebody bet on the grey."

This last has a striking resemblance to the " Camptown Races," which I imagine was written about this time, and was one of " the pleasing Ethiopian Melodies," such as the captain used to sing. The words of the chorus are :

" They are going to run all night,
They are going to run all day,
I bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
Somebody bet upon the bay."

In conclusion, may I say that in this digest some incidents and details have naturally to be omitted on account of lack of space, but even this paper shows what a wealth of detail was observed by Mr. Forwood, which would have passed unnoticed by the average traveller. As already stated, the original is now in the Liverpool Reference Library, where all who wish may study it.