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AROUND CAPE HORN.

AFTER rambling for several months among the rivers and mountains of California, observing and sketching its scenery and people, I found myself in San Francisco again. This was now to be my starting-point for a journey which was to take me to Europe, where I proposed to continue my art studies. The two most obvious ways which lay open before me for reaching New York, whence I could take steamer for England, were either to go across the Isthmus of Panama,—a pleasant but somewhat tedious route,—or to proceed across the continent by rail. Having already taken this time-saving but wearisome overland journey, I had about decided to cross the Isthmus, when my attention was accidentally attracted to a route, formerly the only one, but now scarcely taken by any passengers except those who seek the most sea air for the least expense. I refer to the passage around Cape Horn. To me the idea had in it something racy and novel, for I always preferred a voyage in a sailing-ship when not pressed for time, and as the ship proposed to me was to sail for Liverpool direct, I engaged passage at once, and, after laying in a supply of winter clothing and sundry knickknacks, was on board with my traps twenty-four hours after.

The voyage proved to be a fairly representative one as regards incident and adventure. As those who merely cross the Atlantic in the superb saloons of the steam-liners running between New York and Liverpool,—who grumble if they are out over eight days, or if the *menu* is ever below the standard of Delmonico's,—know very little about life in a sailing-ship, I make no apology for giving them a *résumé* of the voyage of the clipper ship *Three Brothers* around Cape Horn, the sole passengers being Mrs. Hammond, wife of the captain, and one George Walden,

artist, and seeker after adventure by land and sea. The ship *Three Brothers* was formerly the famous steamer *North Star*, in which the late Commodore Vanderbilt made his trip to Europe in 1853. Presented by him to the United States Government, she was turned into a sailing-ship after the war, and proved to be one of the largest and fastest clippers afloat. It was on the 17th of March that I bade farewell to the hospitable friends I had met at San Francisco. The noble ship was lying out in the stream, well freighted down with grain. The weather was fine, and, with a long "Heave-oh, boys, o-o-o-oh!" the crew brought the anchor atrip. Amid an apparently inexplicable tangle of ropes and blocks and a bewildering confusion of voices and actions, order nevertheless reigned. A controlling mind regulated all, and it was marvelous to see how soon the vast fabric of masts and spars loomed up white against the sky, as sail after sail was cast loose from the yards by the nimble mariners, and unfolded, wing-like, in the rosy light of the setting sun. After slipping gracefully through the Golden Gate and over the bar, the pilot left us, and, heading south, we were alone on the Pacific, with a prospect of perhaps four months of solitude before we should again set foot on land. I confess it seemed very odd to me to be going around such a vast angle to the very ends of the earth, to reach a point exactly as far north of the Equator as Cape Horn is south of it. We passed the Farallon Isles at sunset, and, for some time after the last land we were to look upon for many a long day had faded out of sight, the gleam of the light-house was seen in the gathering gloom of night.

After supper, "sail ho!" rang through the ship, and a dark mass loomed mysteriously

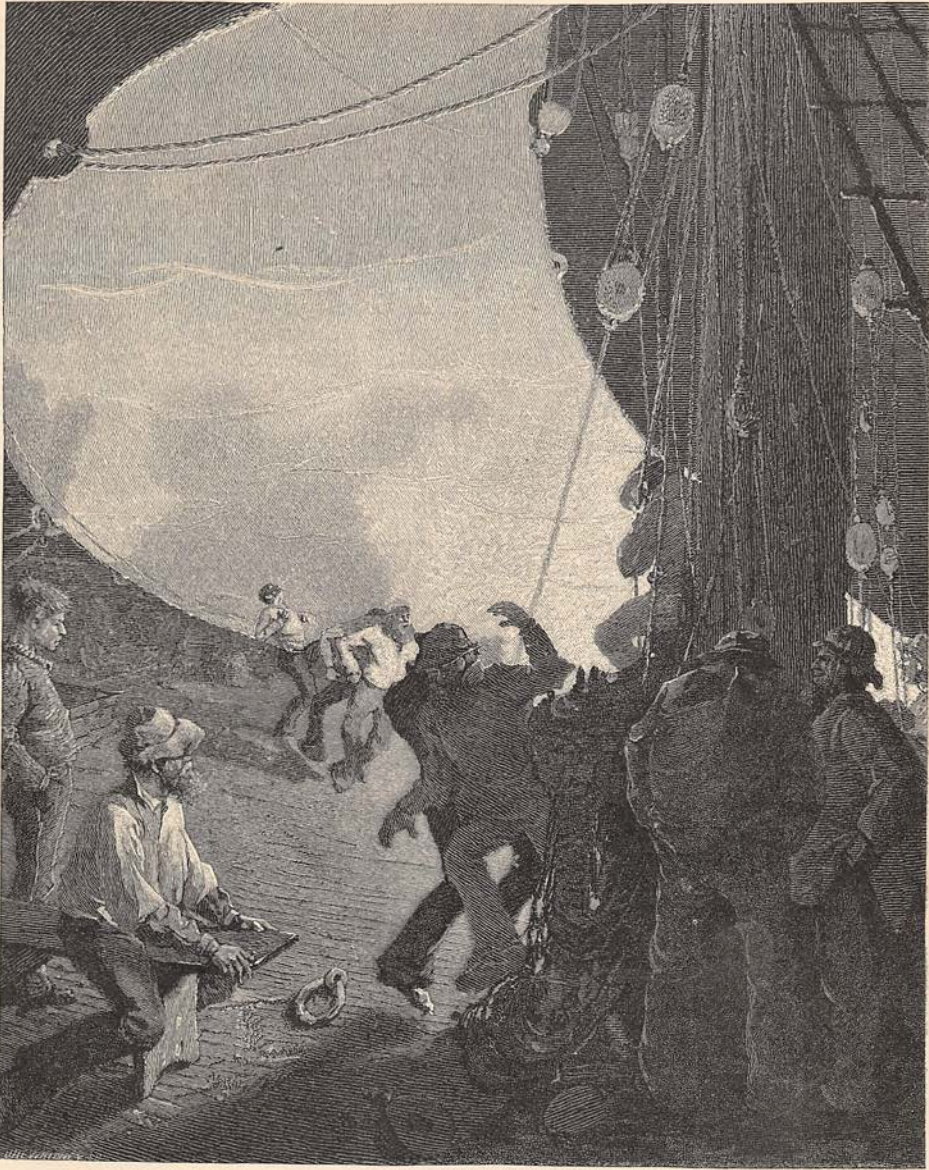
out of the gloom. It was a ship heading north. This was the last vessel we were destined to see for nearly two months. At eight bells all hands were summoned on deck. We had shipped a new crew, and the first and second mates were now to divide them into the starboard and the port or captain's watches. The men before the mast numbered forty-six, and were a motley set, from nearly every quarter of the globe. As their names were yet unknown, the mates called them out rapidly in turn, by some peculiarity they noticed in them. "Step out there, you fatty!" "You fellow with a big jib, come here!" or the like. Including Captain Hammond and his wife, the three mates, the cook and steward and their assistants, the carpenter and his mate, and myself, we numbered fifty-eight souls on board, destined to "share and share" alike whatever fate might have in store for the good ship *Three Brothers*, while she sailed her solitary course of eighteen thousand miles.

A sailing-ship bound across the seas will generally contrive to leave port, as we did, on a Saturday. Sunday is a poor day in port, as no work can be done in loading the vessel; if the cargo is all in on Thursday, the ship will be detained a day on some pretext or other, in order to avoid sailing on the dreaded Friday. The following Sunday is employed in cleaning up the decks, and the crew take an account of stock, as they did on our first Sunday. All performed unusual ablutions, and most of them dressed for the day and idled about in the sun, sleeping, mending their clothes, or chatting in the desultory manner in which a score or two of people who have never known each other before gradually find their affinities, and adjust themselves to the little world in which they are to live together for a few months. The reckless, thriftless character of the sailor is the natural result of the life to which he is doomed. Going to sea before he has the remotest idea of what kind of a career life in the fore-castle must inevitably be, he learns to live in the present, and that fact alone tends to produce recklessness. Every voyage separates him from those he likes and introduces him to a new set of beings, tossed in a hap-hazard fashion in his path, and from whom in a few weeks he is destined to separate, never to see them again. Any storm is likely to be his last; every time he goes aloft he is liable to fall to his death. Deep reflection on the character of his destiny or the prospects of bettering his career can only result in suggestions of suicide or despair. He is, therefore, always like an overgrown boy in his mind, offering strange alternations of simplicity and cunning: now tender as a woman, now

callous and cruel as a tiger—a medley of astounding contradictions of character, moved more by the impulse of the moment than by settled convictions, and easily swayed by a mind or a will stronger than his own.

In the afternoon the crew overhauled their sea-chests. Everything was emptied on deck, and an extraordinary hodge-podge it was of clothing, trinkets, dog-eared dime novels, jack-knives, pipes, ditty boxes, cheap looking-glasses, greasy cards, sou'-westers, photographs, plugs of tobacco, and limp hats and caps without end, the latter being in excess of every other object, because the wind makes sad havoc with head-coverings at sea. The experience one has had in sea-voyaging may be fairly gauged by the number of hats and caps he stows in his baggage when starting on a voyage. With boyish eagerness each of the men now surveyed the stock of the others. An active barter was started, and before it struck six bells half the contents of the sea-chests had changed owners, either by trade or theft. The trading was enlivened by characteristic gibes and jokes, more or less caustic, but generally taken in good part. After supper, in the dog-watches, when a lovely twilight drew its star-embroidered veil over the heaving expanse of ocean, one of the crew produced from his chest an accordion, on which he played with considerable effect. A number of the crew, possessed of full, rich voices, aided the music with a fine chorus. In the meantime, the noble ship was steadily pursuing her majestic, rhythmic march over the billows toward the South Pole, blending the steady sonorous roll of the foam around her bow with the chorus of the crew.

After the music came the spinning of yarns. The "Irish Lad," as he was called, got the deck, and proved to be a very Arabian in imagination and volubility. He developed an inexhaustible capacity for romancing, which, on this evening and many subsequent ones, held the crew spell-bound. But, on a sudden, the course of one of his most startling yarns was broken by the shrill yell of the mate, ringing out: "Stand by the sky-sail halliards!" The men sprang to their feet and to the ropes in a wink; as the rattle of the blocks and canvas broke on the night, the motions of the crew were quickened by the commands following in rapid succession: "Clew up the royals! Sky-sail men, aloft! Lively there, boys! Clew up the mizzen-royal stay-sail! Let go your top-gallant halliards!" As soon as the orders were given they were obeyed; and in a few brief moments the upper spars were stripped of canvas, the top-gallant yards being down on the caps, and the great ship was almost in fighting trim under



DIVERSION IN THE DOG-WATCHES.

top-sails. On the weather-bow an impenetrable blackness could be seen rapidly rising and approaching. From the upper stratum dark, fluffy masses were constantly being detached, blown across the stars in advance by the fury of the hurrying tempest, as the arrows of an army precede the onset of a mailed host. At rapidly increasing intervals the inky gloom of the wall of cloud was riven by the intense glow of a thunderbolt. Across the surface of the sea, like the rolling of vast balls over a cav-

ern, pealed the boom of the aërial battle; and even through the darkness the agitation of the distant water was plainly visible—a wrathful white, hissing as it drew nearer. Around us for the moment reigned a portentous calm; the heaving sea was sullen and glassy. Suddenly a few heavy drops fell on the deck like lead.

“When the rain comes before the wind,
Then your top-sail halliards mind,”

says the sailor. In an instant, as it seemed,

the heavens overhead became livid, and a burst of wind struck the ship with terrific violence. Having no headway to break the force of the blow, the vessel was hove down on her beam-ends. The pale green lightning flashed incessantly, the thunder pealed with appalling rapidity, and the beat of the rain, which fell in a continuous sheet, and the shriek of the wind made it impossible to hear the orders. The sailors groped over the sloping deck, "hanging on by their eyelids," and finding the ropes by instinct. It was a fearful moment. The upper top-sails were taken in, but until the ship began to pay off before the wind, it seemed as if the masts would go or the vessel founder. But there came a moment, in the midst of the uproar, when one was conscious that the squall had reached its extreme limit. Gradually wind, thunder, lightning, and rain ceased, passing off to leeward, to work destruction elsewhere. The stars came forth once more, the sails were set again, the watch turned in, and I sought my bunk to dream of the first day of the voyage.

Variable winds, calms, and strong breezes succeeded during the remaining days of March. The heat grew intense; although rarely over ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, yet its steadiness, aided by the reflection from the water, made it very exhausting. The crew often went about with nothing on but trowsers. Every day the engineer wet them down with the hose worked by the donkey-engine. The water grew more phosphorescent at night, and the bonitos and sharks which constantly followed us clove the dark deep after nightfall, lambent, like fishes of flame, leaving meteor-like wakes of silver fire. Flying-fish by the million swarmed over the sea, and were washed on deck on the flashing crest of luminous billows. But the steady broiling of the sun as we approached the line, while it weakened one's energies, at the same time exasperated the blood. Fifty men thrown fortuitously together under such circumstances, brutish and unreasoning, without hopes, or aspirations, or lofty motives, or thoughts—without a single bond of union save that of mutual self-preservation, and the awe inspired by the authority of the master, aided by superior intelligence and weapons, are very uncomfortable and inflammable materials to coop under a tropic sun in a narrow ship—especially if one considers that the usual antagonistic elements of a sailing-ship were also at work on board the *Three Brothers*. The officers took every means to prevent the crew from obeying them through any liking or respect. Authority was asserted only by force; a command was often followed by a blow.

The captain and the mate were, as usual, out of harmony; it was the old story of the ins and the outs. The mate, Mr. Evans, was a Herculean Down-easter; his frame was awkward and angular, and the tight muscles were strained down to the hardness of steel. His arms were almost the length of a baboon's, and his enormous paws reached well-nigh to the knees. When he was excited, he swung these ungainly members about like flails. There was, with all this coarseness, a vivid brilliance of imagination combined with great fluency of language, excepting the paucity of adjectives common with seamen and others of the same rank in life, ashore. The elastic adjective which Mr. Evans ingeniously contrived to fit to every condition was the word "bloody." But these gifts had developed in this worthy son of Neptune a capacity for relating episodes in his precious experience which threw the tame annals of Munchausen into the shade.

Entirely lacking in tact, this hard-headed, iron-fisted, limber-jawed worthy contrived to be at loggerheads with the captain and the crew by turns, while he also condescended at times to such familiar terms with them as to bring ridicule upon himself. Then his ponderous wrath would be aroused, and fist, rope, and belaying-pin would be brought into active play.

Signs of insubordination would also crop out sometimes among the crew, hardly to be wondered at, however, under the circumstances. For no apparent cause, one of the men loitered aloft one day, after he was ordered down.

"Come down from there, you — — —!" the mate roared, frantically waving his arms.

"I'll come when I'm ready!" growled the fellow from aloft.

"You'll come when you are ready, will you?" cried the captain. "We'll see about that."

Stepping below for his revolver, he came on deck again, and, taking aim, fired at the man. The ball missed him and lodged in the mast. Another shot also failed to hit, but started the now frightened seaman down the rigging on the run. When he reached the deck, the captain, concluding the man had been sufficiently alarmed, contented himself with hurling a belaying-pin at him, and, as eight bells rang out, sent him below with his watch.

Occasionally a bit of rough horse-play or rollicking fun relieved the monotony and put the crew into good humor for awhile, or the very brutality of the officers was tinged by a certain grim Plutonian humor. One day, the fowls all broke out of their coop and scattered over the deck. Two flew overboard; a boat

was lowered, and, after a long pull, one was brought back. The carpenter was put on short allowance for a week on account of his carelessness in fastening the coop. Another day, "Shavings," the mate of "Chips," the carpenter, had a row with the cook, and flew at him with a block of salt beef. The cook had a plucked goose in his hand, ready to go into the stove. He belabored "Shavings" about the head with it until the belligerents were separated. The goose was then cooked, and the captain declared he never tasted a more tender *morceau*! On another occasion, the cabin-boy stole the steward's plum-duff. The steward larded the boy from head to toe for punishment, but was in turn forced by the captain to pay for the luxury of revenge by having the cost of the lard deducted from his wages. The cook made a pretty little sum selling pumpkin-seeds to the crew, who took a certain pleasure in eating them, like gallery gods feasting on pea-nuts in the old Bowery Theater. But a wag bored holes in the pumpkins and extracted all the seeds; in consequence, for some days the atmosphere around the galley was blue with the blasphemous wrath of the cook. The fun of this protracted "heated term" culminated in the sudden and unexpected demise of a pig, whose fair proportions had aroused the admiration of the crew. That a pig should die a natural death was so remarkable an event, it was universally conceded that it should be marked by appropriate ceremonies. On a serene evening in the dog-watches, the men gathered in the fore-castle and appointed "Slim Joe," a solemn, lantern-jawed, clerical-looking tar, to act the part of clergyman on this melancholy occasion. The ritual services were then performed with the formality and seriousness accorded to a deceased mariner, and the body of the pig, sewed up in canvas shroud and shotted, was consigned to the deep.

Mrs. Hammond, when not overcome by the heat, sometimes interested herself in the welfare of the crew, and repeatedly made them a batch of mince-pies. She also sent them, one Sabbath morning, a supply of religious tracts and stories which had been given to the ship by the Tract Society. But the men's taste had been so pampered by highly seasoned dime novels that they could not relish the homely fare of the church. The books were, therefore, returned to Mrs. Hammond. But the captain regarded this as a slight to his wife, and ordered the men to keep the books. Finding they could not get rid of them otherwise, the crew amused themselves by tearing them to pieces.

During these equatorial days the captain spent his enforced leisure in an occupation

exceedingly common at sea, and in which seamen often display extraordinary skill. He busied himself with joinery work of the most exquisite character, such as making an inlaid chest of mahogany and ivory for his charts; when that was done he began the model of a ship, in which every detail was wrought in hard woods, silver, and brass.

The birds in those latitudes accompanied us in vast multitudes; but it was a singular fact that regularly every afternoon, about four o'clock, they mysteriously and simultaneously disappeared. At ten in the morning they would return. Where did they go during the interval?

On the 5th of April we slipped quietly across the Line. Neptune did not come on board, owing to the extreme heat, nor was there any outward evidence that we had accomplished a great feat in physics. But the mind seemed to acknowledge the fact, and one had a sensation something like the feeling we experience when, after climbing to the crest of a mountain, we begin to descend on the other side. We were now heading directly for Pitcairn's Island, about south-and-by-west. Great anticipations were enjoyed by all on board of soon sighting the island, and obtaining a supply of fresh provisions from the thrifty descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

"Sooty," the engineer, got up steam on the 10th of April, in order to condense fresh water for the laundry. A sudden escape of steam with a terrible hissing summoned all hands to the engine-room, but the steam rushed forth in such dense volumes no one dared to enter, although the engineer was in there, probably scalded to death.

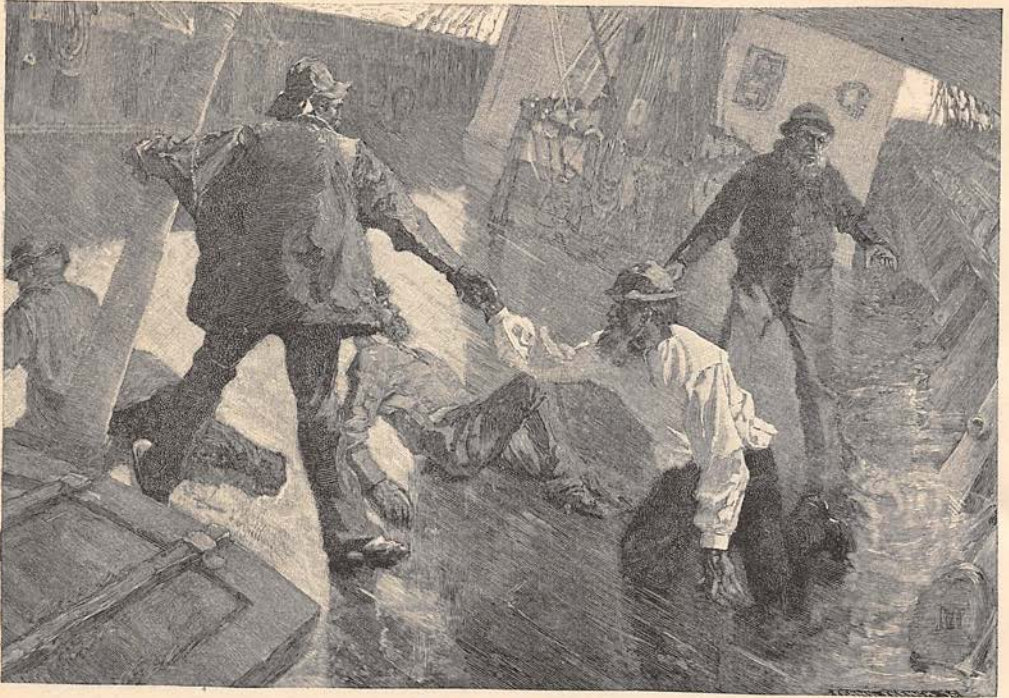
"Sooty!" cried some one, in a half-inquiring, half-kindly tone.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cheerfully replied this sea salamander, coming on deck with face and arms peeled and parboiled by the steam.

"Shut off the steam!" said the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Sooty, and plunged into the hissing steam again apparently with the utmost unconcern. After getting things to rights he went on with his work with a coolness that was almost incredible. There is no question that the extraordinary indifference to physical suffering displayed by seamen, savages, and others hardened by early or constant exposure, enables them to appear to advantage when those of finer organization, but equal temper, suffer excruciating torment.

The albatrosses which followed the ship at this time were a perpetual source of wonder. As if attached to it by invisible cords, with calm, fixed gaze they kept suspended but a few feet over the stern, like the poisoning form of



IN A HEAVY SEA.

Apollo with his mantle protecting the corpse of Hector as Achilles dragged it round the walls of Troy. Their enormous pinions seemed not even to vibrate, and when they chose to beat up against the wind, they would cleave their arrowy course in the very teeth of the raging tempest, without any apparent exertion. The mysterious manner in which the albatross navigates the air has been a matter of much speculation, but as yet no adequate explanation has been found.

As the days of April wore on, preparations were made for the weather we must expect to encounter as we drew toward the Horn. We should be in its vicinity about the season when the sub-equatorial winter begins, and must prepare to encounter very heavy weather. The summer suit of sails was unbent and stowed below, and a new suit was bent on the yards, able to stand the strain of gales and hurricanes. There is something heroic in the determined resolution with which the mariner in the plain exercise of his duty goes forth to battle with the elements, and encounters fearful hardships and perils, without even the expectation of credit or record in return.

Those harbingers of evil, the stormy petrels, the wandering Arabs of the sea, now began to appear constantly, and the wind sang in the rigging with the long, low, requiem wail which always precedes bad weather at

sea. No wonder that they who go down to the sea in ships are superstitious, and fancy wraiths and mermaids riding on the white sea-horses of the storm!

On April 16th we were in the neighborhood of Pitcairn's Island, but the strong breeze then blowing headed us off, and we did not even see that or any other of the neighboring isles, to our great mortification. We had a heavy, jumping sea and fresh, variable breezes, indicating a general disturbance of the elements. Frequent squalls forced us often to clew up the "kites," and the horizon for days at a time had a brooding and uncanny aspect, showing what sailors call a greasy sky. In one squall, the thunderbolts pierced the water within a few yards of the ship. On the 21st of April we struck the north-west trades, and on the night of the 22d the foul weather we had been expecting attacked us "butt-end on," as the sea phrase goes. We shortened sail when the middle watch turned out, and a long, heavy job it was. At dawn—and what a fearful dawn!—a hurricane was tearing the sea to foam. The ship was hove to, under close-reefed fore and main topsails and fore and main stay-sails. A tremendous, tumultuous sea was running, the wind fairly blowing the gray crests of the seas off, and driving the spoon-drift, or salt stinging sleet, in a dense sheet across the ship, almost burning the skin



REEFING THE TOPSAIL.

off one's face. The ship labored heavily, and, notwithstanding her great size, shipped vast quantities of water. The wind shifted frequently with great rapidity, and thus, while we were hove to at one time, we were running on our course at another. This naturally made the waves much more "hubbly" and dangerous. In a tremendous squall on the second morning, the reefed foresail was blown

out of the bolt-ropes, flying off to leeward like a vapor, and several of the furled sails were actually torn out of the gaskets. It was a very anxious time, and for two days Captain Hammond did not dare to leave the deck to eat or sleep. We took a prodigious green sea over the quarter, which swept away the binnacle and washed off one of the men at the wheel. The ship would have broached to

if the captain had not sprung to the wheel and aided in putting the helm up. The "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to look out for the life of poor Jack" was nodding at the time, and so we lost poor Jim Davis, for he was swept out of sight in a moment, like a feather tossed on the froth of raging billows. As eight bells tolled wildly over the surging waste of waves on the second night of the storm, there came an ominous lull. It was considered the precursor of a shift of the wind, and all hands were sent to the braces, to be ready to meet the emergency in the event of the ship being taken aback. But the lull continued so long that it seemed as if the storm had fairly blown itself out. In the meantime, the ship so rolled on the vast surges that we feared the masts would go out of her. In order to steady her, a reef was cautiously shaken out of the upper topsails. As the calm continued, Captain Hammond served out grog all round, and the first watch were sent to their bunks, exhausted; the captain then went below, but not to sleep, leaving word to be called on the slightest change in the weather. But he was so weary he fell into a deep slumber as soon as he sat down in his arm-chair by the table, notwithstanding the violent lurching of the ship and the thunder of the wet sails as they flapped against the masts.

Suddenly, without warning, there came a flash that whitened the whole ocean, accompanied by an appalling crash, which shook every timber in the ship. The captain leaped to his feet, and on the instant the topsails thrashed against the masts with a burst of wind that caused the vessel to quiver like a frightened steed as she was driven stern on against the mountain walls of water.

"She's taken aback, by God!" yelled the captain, as he made one bound for the deck. The most terrible crisis which can overtake a sailing-ship had arrived.

"Call the watch!" shouted Captain Hammond. "Starboard fore and main braces! Pull for your lives, now, my lads!" rang out in wild frenzy above the storm. The canvas was flattened like boards against the masts, and no effort would avail to get it in before the ship would go down, stern foremost, under the hungry seas that even now towered over the taffrail. Only one maneuver could avail. That was to get the head-yards around—a tremendous task with the pressure on them. Fifty men pulled on the braces as they never pulled before, and aided their efforts by a wild chorus—perhaps their last, like the death-song of an Indian brave. Already the seas had begun to boil over the quarter, as the yards finally yielded to the strain on the

braces. Relieved of the pressure, the ship began to fall off and gather way. For the time, at least, we were saved! But as the noble *Three Brothers* came broadside to the wind, she heeled over to her scuppers, and would have gone on her beam-ends with the terrific pressure of the cyclone, now at its height, if the upper topsails and jib (new canvas) had not split to rags. Toward dawn the fiery horn of the moon, now in its last quarter, clove the scurrying clouds low down near the horizon for a few moments, and tinged the sloping hollows of the sea like liquid flame. Of all the wild aspects of ocean, I know of none more eery and awful than the waning moon in a night like this.

The storm blew itself out before the following evening, and the sun appeared once more, setting glorious in the serene western sky, but it was days before the turbulence of the sea was allayed. It was characteristic of sea-faring life that, beyond an occasional allusion, neither the storm nor the great danger we had escaped were mentioned after they were passed. The sailor's life, like the soldier's in war, would be melancholy indeed if he allowed himself to dwell on his hardships and perils. He meets them heroically when they come, but returns to reckless hilarity when they are over. This is practical philosophy.

But the weather after this continued boisterous, and the cold increased rapidly as we made our southing. On the 15th of April the temperature was ninety-five degrees, and on the 1st of May it was down to zero. This forced the crew to draw largely on the captain's stock of supplies. Every Saturday, Captain Hammond opened what is called a slop-chest, in the cabin, and traded with the men. Improvident or too poor to lay in a supply sufficient for their needs on a long voyage, the crew of a sailing ship must largely depend on the master, who sells to them on account. Until we crossed the Line, tobacco and thin clothes were what they chiefly required. But now they eagerly sought warmer clothing. The cabin, as the goods lay spread out, resembled the cheap clothing and variety shops one sees on the water-streets of a seaport. Saturday was the regular day for the fair, but the cold was so severe on Friday, the 27th of April, they crowded into the cabin and made a general demand for woolen shirts, mittens, stockings, boots, tippets, and sou'-westers, clinching the request with "and two pounds of tobacco, sir."

Captain Hammond sat at the head of the table with his spectacles on, demanding in a peremptory tone which awed his customers, "And what's your name, and what do you

want?" In most cases the men seemed entirely ignorant of the state of their account, relying upon the honesty of the captain. Thus, one inquired for a pair of boots worth twelve dollars, and was surprised to learn that he had only twenty-five cents to his credit. It was also a psychological study to observe the struggle between shrewdness and simplicity, or between vanity and practical sense which alternately swayed these tawny, uncouth sons of the sea. Bill Symes wavered some time between a crimson shirt, which he did not need, but fancied for its color, and a heavy cap and tippet which he needed sorely. Strange fits also resulted from this ill-assorted medley of wares. Thus one of the crew, diminutive in size, purchased an enormous pair of pantaloons. A day or two after, he appeared in a complete suit, including a cap, and double thickness across the knees, made out of the single pair of pantaloons, aided by contributions from an older pair! Another, who stood six feet four in his stockings, was forced to lengthen out his woolen breeches by a strip of canvas four inches wide.

Baffling and variable winds with squalls retarded our progress, as we neared Cape Horn. A sullen sky brooded over the sea day after day, as if the Antarctic Pole, never yet visited by man, was determined not to allow us to approach any nearer to the secrets of its impenetrable domain. The cold was excessively keen, and yet frequent lightning gleamed across the horizon. It was now dark at four and sunrise at eight. The long nights of gloom made the vast solitude oppressive, and we seemed to be wandering alone over the unexplored waters of an uninhabited planet. But on the afternoon of the forty-fifth day out the strange cry "Sail ho!" from aloft called every one on deck. The vessel was so distant, however, it could only be discerned from the mast-head. May 2d, we took a slant from the westward, which bowled us east by south on our course at the rate of twelve knots. We ran three hundred and six knots, or near three hundred and fifty miles, and were then seven hundred miles from the redoubtable Cape. Notwithstanding the exceedingly unwholesome appearance of the weather, the fair wind put every one for the nonce into good spirits. The captain, who had boasted of the extraordinary paces of the clipper ship *Three Brothers*, had been in very bad humor for some days. On one occasion he exhibited it, by throwing the second mate into irons after badgering him into insolence. At another time Gawkly Pete was found sleeping in his middle watch and was compelled to sit astride the stanchion beam for eight hours.

Considering the enormity of the misdemeanor, the punishment was not excessive, although this perch was far from comparing favorably with a bed of roses, for the wind and sleet nearly froze him to the marrow. On the 6th, a Cape hen, one of the most important denizens of this hyperborean region, made its appearance. It is a species of gull the color of a raven. On the 7th the glass fell below 28, and a long-threatening gale opened its wrath on our ship. She was reduced to close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. The night was so dark one could not see his hand at arm's length. Dense, driving snow fell at intervals and the cold was intense. Grog was served out to all hands at six bells. A lull of one day was succeeded by a second and fuller edition of the gale. The violent lurching and heavy seas coming on board caused several casualties. The man on the lookout was dashed into the lee scuppers and broke his leg, and the cook and his assistant were thrown to leeward and suffered severe contusions when bringing the dinner to the cabin. Such accidents, singular as it may seem, are more liable to occur in a large than a small ship. As we came off the pitch of the Cape, the seas became larger and the plunging of the ship proportionately dangerous.

On the morning of the 9th of May the wind had moderated, but the decks were covered with snow and ice, requiring great caution in moving about the ship. Toward noon the wind began to pipe up again, and at six bells in the evening, ocean and sky were rent by the fury of a raging hurricane. During a temporary lull, a green sea, towering twenty feet above the bulwarks, burst over the ship fore and aft, setting the decks afloat. The starboard quarter-boat, the binnacle, the skylight, the man at the wheel, were carried away; the latter, fortunately, caught in the rigging, and was saved. Through the skylight and the doors the deluge of water burst into the cabin and washed above the lower berths, and as it quenched the fire in the stove, the cabin was filled with steam. The after hatch was burst in, and a quantity of provisions were spoiled. A cry arose that the rudder had also been carried away, but happily this proved to be a false alarm.

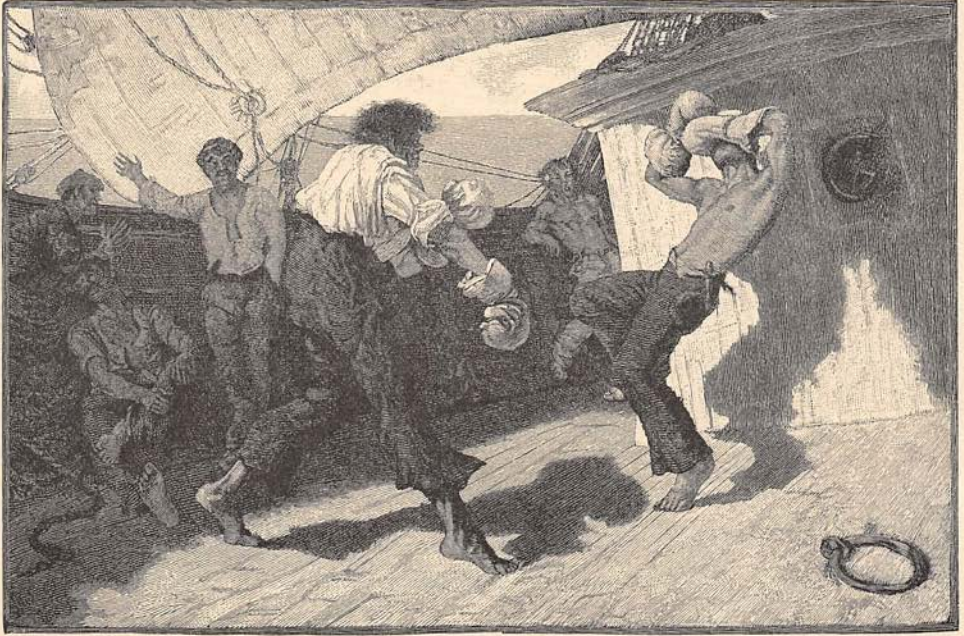
This was not a very encouraging outlook. And when the wind returned, although it steadied the ship, matters did not improve, for both wind and sea were more violent than any we had yet encountered, and many on board never expected to see another dawn.

We did not see Cape Horn after all, for we passed it in the night of May 10th. But on

the eleventh day, or the fifty-seventh from San Francisco, land was sighted from aloft, dimly discernible twenty miles away. It proved to be the jagged peaks of the Diego Ramirez Islands. Never before was I more impressed with the heroism of the first navigators who dared to penetrate the unknown wastes beyond Cape Horn. After passing the straits which bears his name, Magellan sailed one hundred and ten days in a direct

rolling in a dead calm off the Falkland Islands. The chief phenomena were fogs and whales. The warmer atmosphere thawed the spirits of the crew. Some of them indulged in a Sunday shave; the boatswain bloomed out in a blue velvet smoking-cap, and the first skylarking seen for many a day filled the fore part of the ship with boisterous mirth.

We had a heavy southwest blow on the 18th of May. The wind was for the most

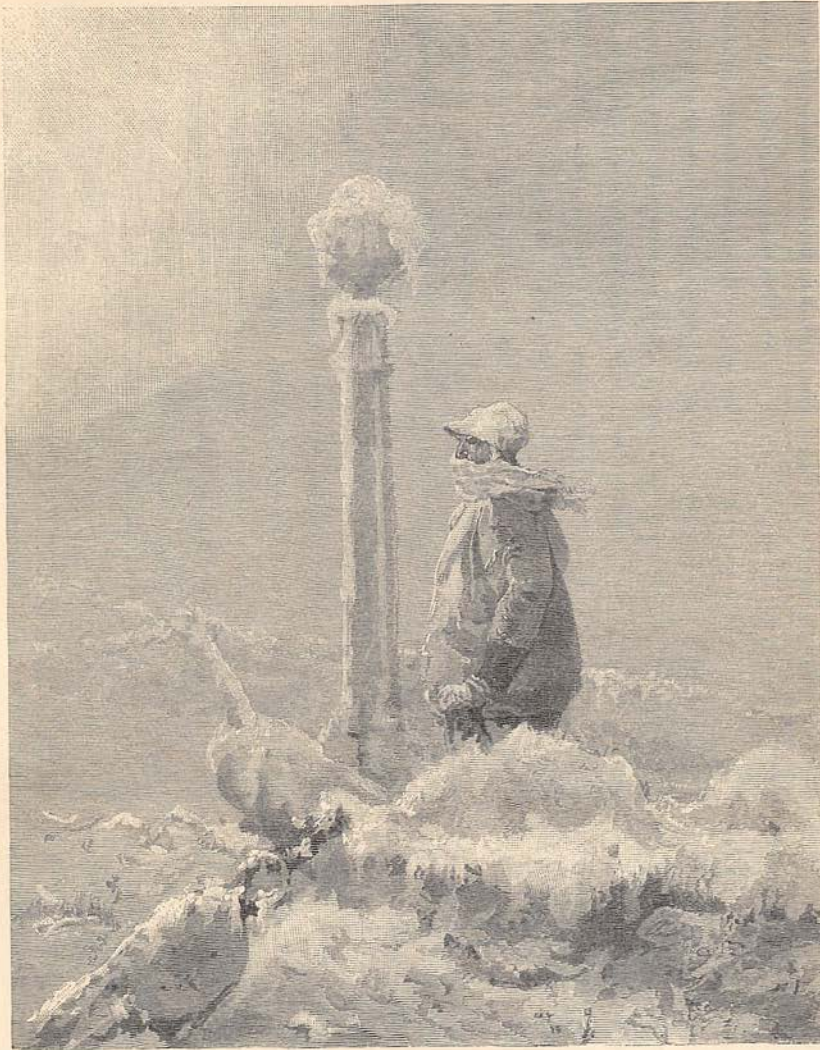


SAILORS SKYLARKING.

line on an unknown sea, before sighting land.

Our course was now changed from east by south to north by east. There was a prodigious swell, but the night proved fine, with a fair breeze, and the constellations were seen unclouded in their glory the first time for weeks. The Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds gleamed directly overhead at night. The 12th of May was ushered in with a noble sunrise. Several ships were in sight, one near enough to signal us, and the lofty peak of Cape St. John, on Staten Island, was sighted on the weather-bow in the course of the day. We were now fairly on the Atlantic racing before a ten-knot breeze for the North and Old England. But the weather continued cold and then became thick and a gale came on. Although it was in our favor, Captain Hammond kept the ship under short sail, as we were liable at any moment to encounter ice. On the 17th of May we found ourselves

part free, but attended by a dangerous cross-sea. As the gale moderated we spread all sail, and flew at the rate of fifteen miles an hour for a steady twenty-four hours, reeling off three hundred and sixty miles from dawn to dawn. "The girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope this time, and no mistake," observed the bos'n, hitching up his main backstays, as he called his suspenders. We were now off the Rio de la Plata, where we had to keep our eyes peeled for pamperos, the well-known hot gales which spring out of that region upon passing ships, like the simoon upon the traveler of the desert. We were in the spot where the captain had lost the mainmast out of his ship on a previous voyage. Nor were we to escape without a touch of what a pampero is capable. It commenced to blow on the evening of the 23d of May, when we were in latitude 34.05, and longitude 32.83. First came a clear moonlight, then a succession of sou'west

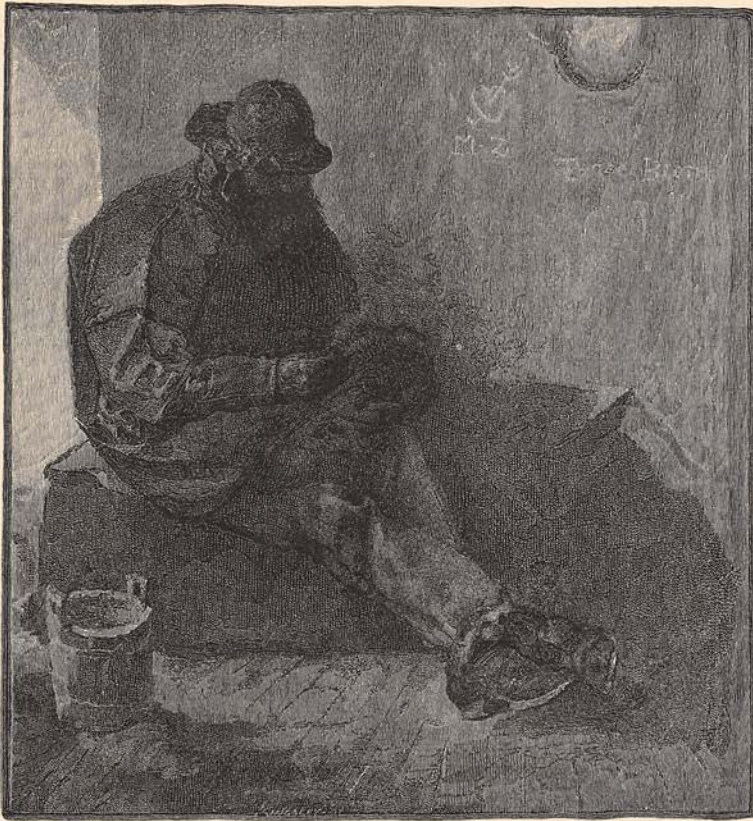


ON THE LOOKOUT.

squalls, each harder than the previous one, as if the gale were pouncing on us with the rapid springs of a beast of prey. Then, with a long, steady scream, the pampero smote us in force, tearing away the foresail and mizzen-topsail, and almost suffocating us with the dry heat of the Pampas from whence it came. Fortunately, the wind was in our favor, and we flew before it at a prodigious rate. But the mountainous seas, whipped to a mass of shapeless foam, grey as a snow-clad waste from horizon to horizon, chased us amain, towered over the taffrail, and boiled over the rail on every side. The sea was all aflame with phosphorus. No language can describe the sight at night. The waves tumbled on

board like masses of white, boiling lava; the men as they waded over the drenched decks walked in molten silver, and when they raised their feet, flakes of white fire dropped from their legs. The spars, meantime, were tipped with phosphorent lights. It was an awful and magnificent sight. The greatest force of the pampero lasted four hours.

On the 24th of May the captain and the mate had a serious controversy, as the latter did not obey orders. However, the quarrel was quieted for the time. Heavy and variable winds accompanied us as we approached the tropics again, but the weather grew warmer every day, and one by one winter garments were discarded for summer linen. On the



LAID UP FOR REPAIRS.

sixty-ninth day out there occurred another difficulty between the captain and the mate. The latter insulted his superior officer, who summoned witnesses to sign a paper he drew up on the subject, and threatened the next time to throw the mate in irons.

Never were the balmy breezes of the tropics more grateful than to us, tossed as we had been over stormy seas, amid the rigors of a polar winter. In less than two months we had passed through a tropical summer into a polar winter, and from that into summer again. Being fairly in the region of good weather once more, the crew were set to the usual task of overhauling the ship before she arrives in port. Boatswain's chairs were rigged out, and the spars and rigging were scraped, oiled, painted, and tarred from the main-truck to the dolphin striker. The standing rigging was set up anew, the shrouds rattled down, and, perched on planks swung over the side of the ship, the men painted the weather-worn sides of the *Three Brothers*.

On the 29th of May a somewhat dramatic and thoroughly nautical scene agitated all on board. It originated in some of the men jeer-

ing the mate when he came on deck. The mate, being unable to ascertain who were the offenders, referred the matter to the "old man," as the captain is called by the crew when he is out of ear-shot. Summoning all hands aft, Captain Hammond addressed the men from the capstan as if it were a pulpit, and laid down the law to them. Either, said he, the men who hooted should stand out manfully and acknowledge the fault, or the whole watch should stay on deck twelve hours without food or sleep. One of the men boldly stepped out and replied that they had heard the mate use insulting language before the crew regarding the captain, and claimed that if he could go unrebuked, they were entitled to the same right. The point was well-taken, and the captain accordingly dismissed the men without further parley. But the breach between the two officers was, after this, irremediable. May 26 we caught the south-east trades, and, on the 31st, were wafted into the south-west trades.

June 8 we entered the Sea of Sargasso, a vortex whither a vast quantity of seaweed collects, floating on the water in such dense quantities sometimes as to impede the prog-

ress of the ship. On the 11th the quarrel between the captain and the mate came to a climax. The insolence and insubordination of the latter reached such a point that Captain Hammond ordered him to his stateroom. He then caused the window to be boarded up and the door locked. Once in four hours the mate was permitted to walk on deck for fifteen minutes under guard, and he was served with the common fare of the crew. Considering the very great and continued provocation he had received, Captain Hammond's conduct on this occasion was remarkably moderate, and could scarcely have been less rigorous without risking his authority.

Passing in the vicinity of the Cape Verd and the Azore Islands, and holding a north-

east course thence for England, attended by southerly and westerly winds, we sighted the coast of Great Britain June 27. It was a welcome sight to all, and the sailors' songs were cheery indeed as they gave the finishing touches towards completing the holiday appearance of the noble ship, drew the cable on deck from the chain-lockers, or rigged out the fish-tackle and swung the anchors from the catheads. We sighted the Skerries light the night of June 28. A pilot-boat loomed up alongside out of the darkness, and a bluff, hearty British pilot sprang aboard and welcomed us to Old England. A tug took us in tow at sunrise, and the good ship *Three Brothers* entered the magnificent docks of Liverpool one hundred and five days out from San Francisco.

JEWESS.

My dark-browed daughter of the sun,
 Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
 Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
 Of savage Sinai, Babylon,—
 O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
 A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes.
 The obelisks, the pyramids,
 Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
 The tawny Nile of Moses lies
 Portrayed in thy strange people's force
 And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
 Falls like some twilight sad of June
 Above the dying afternoon,
 And mourns thy people's mute despair.
 The large solemnity of night,
 O Israel, is in thy sight!

Then come where stars of freedom spill
 Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,
 The same broad hollow of God's hand
 That held you ever, outholds still.
 And whether you be right or nay,
 'Tis God's, not Russia's, *here* to say.

Joaquin Miller.

