

experience taught the inmates of the adjoining houses to instantly close all their windows, and watch developments from behind the panes. The place was the delight of all the urchins in or about Regent's Park; for it was a perpetual show, free for the looking at. Strange beasts in cages, and stranger ones in casks, were constantly arriving. Visitors of nationalities which puzzled the ethnologists of Albany Street came to dine, lunch, and breakfast.

One day it was the New Zealanders, who offered to tattoo their host in return for his civilities, and on another occasion the Chinese giant had a dinner-party in his honour.

The etiquette to be observed at these feasts often perplexed the host. When Chinaman, Eskimo, Aztec, and Zulu met at the same table, there was sometimes a risk of disagreeable prejudices coming to the surface. The bill of fare was another difficulty. And Mrs. Buckland had always to think several times as to which of the four arms of the Siamese twins she should choose when taken in to dinner by these peculiar guests. Cheap Jacks, wild beast shows, talking fish, elephant-horses, edible dogs, monster pigs, dwarfs and giants, living skeletons, india-rubber dogs, brass bands, clowns—everything had an interest for this man of wide sympathies, though it would be a mistake to suppose that his life was one spent in their study.

However, in sketching in this brief outline the

characteristics of Frank Buckland, one almost irresistibly dwells on these eccentricities of a man as kindly, as honest, as truly pious, without cant, as any with whom we have been acquainted. Hard work and recklessness of his health, however, soon began to tell on him. One day in a piercing February wind he might be seen up to the middle collecting trout-eggs for New Zealand; and when a young seal he was carrying shivered in the railway carriage, he promptly stripped off his fur waistcoat to keep the pinniped warm. Illness after illness broke in upon his work, each attack being worse than the one which preceded, until on the 19th of February, 1882, he died. To the last he was as eager over his own case as if he had been the doctor instead of the patient. "Refused to take chloroform," he quaintly notes, when describing in his diary a visit of the surgeon, "as I wished to be present at the operation." He busied himself revising his books, while well aware that never more for him was to be the light of the sun or the joy of life: that the salmon-stream was no more to be seen, or the song of the oyster-dredger heard. He was at peace. "God is so good," he said, "so very good to the little fishes; I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone." And then he passed away.

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## AN ARTIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE HORN.



**W**E were nearing Cape Horn—Cape Horn, the mist-shrouded, where the long billows from that mystic southern ice-home break for the first time against rock-cliffs.

We left Sydney behind us one sweltering summer afternoon, with the sun sinking like

a bar of red-hot iron dipped into soot-grimed water, casting upwards rolling masses of flame-tinted steam, and spreading beneath and around fitch-work splashes of prismatic gleams.

For nine years ice had been a phenomenon, and even that about the thickness of a well-worn sixpence; but as the days passed, the phenomenon of nine years became an every-day common fact, to be endured as best we could: first the smell of it morning and night, then the putting on of shirt over shirt and suit upon suit of our thin colonial clothing, and eventually the vengeance of the Frost-Ghoul ever gnawing at our extremities; when the seamen came down from the rigging, hanging masses of icicles; and the salt waves, as they dashed spray-fashion over the gunwale, cracked and splintered like glass against our faces or upon the thickly-coated deck.

Personally I had courted the black cook, and

existed as often as I could inside the galley; yet, even to the warm bar at the back corner of the stove, the chill breath came and drove out comfort; but, for the sake of what we could glean of heat, we, the thin-blooded ones, refused to leave, despite the many hints which we received that we were disturbing Othello's reflections, his orders to get out, or the other inducements by which he tried to make us evacuate, such as roasting cayenne until we were almost suffocated; for even that seemed better than the bone-piercing blast outside.

So the cold increased, and we strove to counter-balance that rapid increase with what expedients we had at hand, trusting alone to time as our remedy; and with the cold, the wind and waves grew—those long lines of waves, rolling on from limitless sea to almost limitless strand—gust stronger than gust, gradation upon gradation, each roll mightier than the former, as the ship sped on, and the mercury sank until it could go no lower, and then rested compact, leaving us to guess how much under zero we were, after which we could only look out for the peaks in front, and wish with sickened hearts, and resolve with the A.B.s never again to risk Cape Horn—resolves which, we understand, are made every voyage and forgotten the week after they have rounded.

In sea-phraseology, it had been blowing hard for





the past day or so, coming on to what the "skipper" mildly termed "a gale"—*i.e.*, the waves seemed to have burst all

bounds, deluged the galley, put out the fires, and with this final stroke we thought the worst had come. Those who had work to do, tried their best to do it. To me, an idler on board, bed seemed the only resource left, so I staggered along the frozen deck, with my saturated suits and shirts like pasteboards, feeling as if I had discovered the seat of the soul from the misery within me; so I lay down under my crackling blankets, and shivered myself to sleep.

Perhaps I had slept an hour, possibly not so long, when I woke up choking with salt water and slushy ice-paste—a wild struggle, the flinging up of arms, and then the spike-charged waters rushed from my head while I gasped for life, the wave poured along the passage into the saloon, breaking in doors, tossing the

skipper's harmonium like an orange from end to end until the sides parted, and the keys floated loosely amongst other waste.

I made up a portion of that drift-waste as I pitched aimlessly about, and mixed with the mashed potatoes and dissolving flour, or watched other potatoes, not yet mashed, careering along the tables like billiard-balls, while plates, cruet-stands, salt-cellars, and wine-glasses, possessed of animation, rushed recklessly to destruction. As I saw all this, and then turned to where the swarthy Aberdonian skipper rolled down the companion steps, squinting horribly at the severed key-board and floating pieces of his pet instrument and friend of lonely sea-hours, I felt the drowning of the galley fires was not the last stroke of sullen Fate.

"Pick up the bits, lads," he groaned wearily—"and you, painter-chap, come on deck if you want to see a wave." This title referred to me, and as the planks were becoming somewhat firmer under foot, I groped the best of my way after the skipper to where three seamen were clinging to, rather than controlling, the wheel.

Behind them reared a dense black precipice of solid water, beetling cliffs which rose far over our heads, seeming to rise over the top of the mainmast, straight as a wall, with a coping at the head, rushing after us like the Scotch express, growing every instant bigger, bending every instant farther, casting its great shadow—the dark shadow of death—along the poop, main-



deck, and portion of the fore-castle, leaving only the straining sheets and bulging sails at the bow glittering like three flakes of snow in the ghastly sunshine.

We were "head-reaching," running a stern race against Death. All our hopes rested in those two narrow strips of swollen, shadow-darkened canvas on our fore-top and main-top sail-yards, with the three shining ribbons at the bow. If these split, farewell to life and England, for thousands of tons will fall and crush us to atoms in one instant, without leaving a whole plank to tell the fate of the *Christiana* in that pitiless Antarctic Ocean.

Sliding gradually down the sides of that black mountain, we raced over it, while it galloped madly under us, a mountain smooth as glass or fused asphalt from its own velocity, with the surge steadfast upon its breast, and the ice-lumps and spike-ends pointing steadfastly towards the base, each lump and foam-curd reflected like our weather-worn hull within the darkness down to the gulf before us—that gulf of boiling, whirling spume.

In front, upheaved another vast mound, spreading triangularly, and solid as that behind, but glittering under the beams of the white sun, piercing the thin scud-work of cloud, and leaving bare patches of cold blue beyond the steel-grey of the surrounding space, with the crispness and sparkle over all like to a polished shield.

The three men at the wheel watched the compass-box before them intently, their oil-skins close up to their necks, and their sou'-westers tied down over their ears, their lips shrunk apart, with the clenching of teeth beneath their frozen, tangled moustaches,

and their dusky cheeks pallid with fear, or the intense cold.

And the hardy old Aberdonian master never spoke a word, but motioned with his hand the direction he wished to impart, and which they seemed to see without turning their looks from the compass-box. He was facing them and the black enemy behind, with his stern eyes upon the men, and in his hand a heavy marline-spike, looking as he stood, with legs apart, sturdy and unflinching, the proper hero for such a fight.

"Ye've been here lang enou'; gang below while ye can!" As he roared this hoarsely in my ears, I was spared the trouble of obeying his command, for we had reached the foot of the mountain, and were rushing butt against the white wall which wedged us in. A savage yell of torn-up waters rang through my brain as I was caught up and pitched head-foremost down the companion ladder, an ocean around and after me.

The steward, poor fellow, had been inspired by curiosity likewise to see the great wave, and at the moment of my hasty descent was crawling up the steps to the poop: fatal spirit of curiosity to him, however providential to me, for my head, coming in contact with his mouth, stove in a couple of his front teeth, besides nearly dislocating his jawbone, as we both shot back into the confusion-crowded saloon, while behind us broke wave upon wave, covering all up to the ceiling, as we choked down brine, fought madly for breath, and gave it up.

When life came back, or rather the consciousness of our misery, we had passed through the Valley of





Death and left in our rear the three mountains of waves, now clashed into a yeasty chaos upon the backs of other upheavings. The brave old skipper, having done his work, had resigned his post to the first mate, and was then toiling, waist-deep, to his comfortless cabin. For two days had he watched on deck, eating nothing, but working well all the while, and finishing his task with as daring and splendid an inspiration of sailorship as ever skipper conceived and wrought successfully out, literally cutting through the mighty wedge; for while we were choking below, our gallant *Christiana* had been diving through that mountain's base, righting herself at the other side, and, once more caught up by the blast, scattering the waters from her streaming sides, and rushing along at a breathless rate over the lessening waves.

A very few moments had done it all, and even as we were trying to find out which was the warmest, under or out of the water, a keen cry startled us all—a cry which seemed to ring throughout the ship and through every beating heart which heard it.

"Man overboard!" was the cry; and it sent us, from skipper to Johnny Ducks, up to the freezing deck with a simultaneous rush of excitement which banished all sense of cold in the flush of sickened horror.

There he was behind us, already miles, striking out bravely, with his heavy oil-skins and sea-boots weighing him down, in sight of all, who could only watch his vain efforts and see him sink, for we could not have stopped the vessel if we had tried with such a wind and such a sea.

On we rushed, and he became a dark spot upon the grey hill-side; on, our hearts bulging with the gloom of bitterness; on, without the power to stop, although forty lives, instead of one, hung on it; onward, with the sun-broken clouds overhead, and the seething masses of waters around and scurrying after us; onward we fled, and the brown spot has become a hazy purple speck. Onward, onward, and the purple has grown to blue-grey, and the blue-grey speck has vanished into the general blue-grey of that heaving campaign.

"Wha wass it?" asked the skipper, running his eyes over the silent and melancholy group.

"Charley, the Swede," replied the gruff old boatswain.

"Paur chiel," said the skipper, hanging his head for a moment thoughtfully, while the comrades of the drowned sailor poised into attitudes of sheepish dejection, so peculiar with rough men aboard ship, when aught touches their sympathetic hearts; and so for a space they ranged about their master, watching him with side-long glances and shuffling feet, while they thought upon the one now at rest, and the woman who waited at home for him, until the skipper, lifting his voice with his head, cried—

"Come awa tae the cabin, all o' ye, and let us read a verse or twa over the laddie's death."

After we had read and prayed, with the wind howl-

ing all round, and the planks creaking, with the cold salt water rolling amongst our legs as the vessel lurched heavily forward or from side to side—prayed with our teeth chattering and our hearts like lumps of cold lead—it was the burial service which the skipper led off, and we followed, and we were more moved than ever cathedral service with its mighty organ accompaniment could have moved us, for the music of our service was the wailing of waters half spent with their own fury; of waters seeming to wail over the uselessness of their passion, mingling with the fearsome shrieking of the dying blast.

After the skipper's deep-toned and final "Amen!" each went forth in silence, with bent heads and softly-planted feet: the sailors to their work or their watch below, the three mates into the skipper's berth to consult, and the little French officer, my fellow-passenger, and myself to our ice-starved blankets.

We must sleep somehow, whether we are miserable or happy; we lie down and toss, or sit up to shiver, thinking that it will never come, and so fade into slumber, as we do into death, without any knowledge of the supreme moment.

So upon that evening the conditions were about as unfavourable to sleep as they possibly could have been. I was drenched to the skin; my bed saturated; my box, with every article of use, wet, where it was not frozen; my soul weighed down with care unutterable, and my body suffering from pangs of hunger only partly numbed by pangs of cold; and yet, despite of all, no sooner was my head down and my body horizontal, than I was warm, well-fed, and happy, because I was asleep.

And while I dreamt about Australia and summer, our good ship plunged on her cheerless way; over dark ridges of broken-up waters, with the horned moon lying upon her back in a trough of inky clouds, burying her faint lustre within a heaving foam-flecked grave, to reappear between the froth-apertures in broken threads of silver.

And when I woke to find the steward standing beside me with the morning coffee in his hand, he had at last succeeded, after infinite efforts on the part of the black cook, in lighting the galley fires, and boiling the kettle, and so greeted my waking senses with a fragrant steaming panikin of the fluid two hours earlier than usual, and never before or since did I put lips to beverage so delicious.

The worst of the storm was over, and the morning blast did not smell so keen, while through the open doorway I could see one sailor at the wheel, and above him a star or two, with that uncertain sparkle which stars have before the dawn; there were points rising and dropping behind the stern, rounded off like stage waves and very black, and the vessel was cleaving her way steadily.

"Where are we now, steward?" I asked, as I drank from the panikin.

"Round the Horn!"

HUME NISBIT.

