Captains of Atlantic Liners.

By Alfred T. Story.

I.

"WHAT can you have to say about Atlantic liners?" said the captain of one of the largest of its class when I told him of my intention to write the present article.

"The subject is exhausted when you have said that they are the biggest ferry-boats in the world, and we the biggest ferrymen."

"But surely there is a little more in it than that?" said I.

"Well," replied this particular ferryman, "perhaps you may see more in it; but I confess that to myself I am nothing more than the commander of a rather large ferry-boat that takes a week in its passage."

"But"—so the conversation ran—"does it not require rather exceptional qualities to hold the command of such a ferry-boat, such as nerve, presence of mind, pluck?"

"Yes, it requires a good deal of that sort of thing, or you are not much good on one of our big ships. It does not do to lose your head when a risky moment comes. But, then, there is so little of that kind of thing."

"Are you, then, never bothered by fogs?"

"Oh, yes, we are troubled with fogs sometimes, and very dangerous they are to us while they last. Not infrequently, too, we get among shoals of floating ice, which keep you on the alert while it lasts."

"And what about broken shafts?"

"There used to be more broken shafts than there are now. They were at one time rather frequent; but now we make them of steel, and they wear better. There have been very few broken shafts or propellers of late years. The *Gascoigne*, of the French Trans-atlantic Line, was about the last. I had a shaft break once. That was in one of the Red Star boats. There was no danger attached to it—there seldom is. We proceeded along under sail, and in two days the engineers had the shaft all right again."

"And your boats?"

"They are everything that science and skill can make them. Every year we are making advances, every year improving upon what has been done. At present the *Campania* and *Lucania* beat everything else on the ocean, but as they have outdone other boats, so will they in turn be outdone; although, for myself, I cannot see how much advance can be made as regards speed with our present motor."

This chat was held with one of the captains whose portrait is first given, where some notes of his personal experience also appear. It is similar in character to a number of conversations I have had with other commanders of Atlantic liners during the last two or three months; that is, touching the general service. When it comes to personal experience, however, one meets with the greatest possible difference. One man, before reaching command, has boxed the compass of adventures; another seems to step with the regularity of a minuet from one grade to another.

All, however, are obliged to go through the mill to gain their experience before they can be intrusted with the command of a liner, with its valuable freight and hundreds of lives—and the experience has to be a very wide and a very thorough one, too. This is exemplified in the case of Captain W. H. P. Hains, up to within a few months ago Commodore of the Cunard Company's service, who counts 592 trips across the Atlantic—a record not to be beaten every day.

Captain Hains is of a race of sailors, both his father and his grandfather before him being in the seafaring line. He was born at Plymouth, and entered upon his salt-water career in 1838, when he joined the *City of Adelaide*, of London, as an apprentice, and continued in her, stepping up grade by grade, until he became master of the same vessel. Between that time and joining the Cunard service, in 1857, he went through a varied experience, coming out a thorough master of his profession. It is on record that he was once asked to describe a shipwreck, when he replied, "Bah! What do I know about shipwrecks?"

Fortunately, his experience has fallen short of that, though he did on one occasion come very near suffering such a collapse. It happened in 1850. He was master of the *Lalla Rookh*, barque, which during a terrific gale had all her sails blown away and ran a

narrow risk of going ashore off Worthing. However, his anchors held, and with some help from shore, Captain Hains was able to rig up some fresh canvas on his two remaining masts — he having had to cut away the main-stick—and so get into the Thames. The unfortunate part of the affair was that a boat that went out from Worthing to his assistance was capsized and every man in it drowned—sixteen in all.

"I started to send a boat to their assistance," said Captain Hains, speaking of the disaster; "but I saw that I should lose my men and do no good, and so I ordered them in again." An hour or two later another boat put off, and succeeded in rendering him assistance.

That is about the only "hair-breadth escape" in his experience that Captain Hains will own to—not, of course, that he has not had his adventures, but all risk was taken away or minimized by his caution. He once said that whatever temptation there might be to make a fast passage he would never neglect to take soundings, or rely upon any patent apparatus, without repeatedly fortifying its results by absolutely stopping his ship to get up and down casts with the ordinary lead. Notwithstanding this caution—perhaps, indeed, by reason of it—he was one of the most go-ahead commanders of the Atlantic "ferry" service.

CAPTAIN W. H. P. HAINS, OF THE CUNARD S.S. "CAMPANIA."
From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell, Liverpool.

On one occasion, when in command of the *Abyssinia*, he was beset with one of the densest fogs that he had ever experienced, while trying to make the port of New York. He brought his ship to anchor, as in foggy weather he would never take his ship nearer in shore than twelve fathoms without sounding. Hearing a steamer whistle, he hailed her, and inquired as to the bearings she had got, and the course and distance she had travelled since then. From that basis he was enabled to approximate his own position, and reasoned that if he steamed a certain course he would be able to pick up the necessary "holes," as they are called, which stretch along the Jersey coast, and thereby find his way into port. Accordingly, the *Abyssinia* was gradually got under way, and picking up the first hole by dropping suddenly from nineteen to thirty-six fathoms, he felt his way to the next, and from that to others, and thus gradually reached Sandy Hook and brought his vessel safely into port.

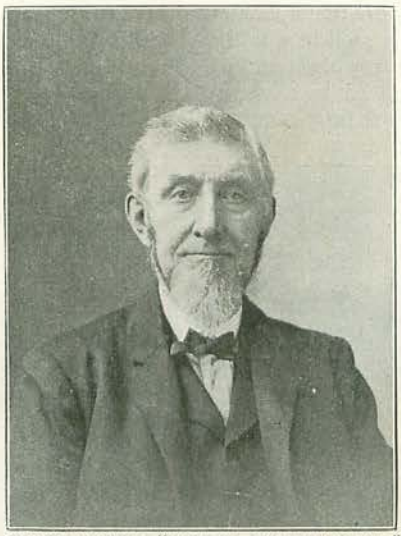
It is this combination of caution and daring in its captains that has made the Cunard the safest and most successful of the Atlantic steamship companies. The first in the field, it has ever held, and still holds, the premier position, both by the speed of its passages and the number and size of its ships. In the latter respect the twin steamers *Campania* and *Lucania* still bear the palm, though it is doubtful how long they may continue to do so, with such competition on every hand. However, the company will be hard to beat.

The *Campania* was Captain Hains's ship until his retirement, and it is inspiring to hear his eulogy of her. But she only needs to be seen—and stepped upon—to win anybody's confidence. Indeed, after listening to the worthy captain's praise and that of his one-time bar-tender, one feels that if any cataclysm were to happen on land, we should be sure to fly to this or one of the same company's other ships for safety.

Apropos of the bar-tender, I may say that while chatting one day with Captain Hains, the former made his appearance, and was introduced to me as the "old man of the sea." Like the needy knife-grinder, he has no story to tell, and yet his record is one that it would be very hard to beat. His name is George Paynter, he is eighty-five years of age, he entered the Cunard service in 1851, has sailed in 30 of the company's ships, made 804 trips across the Atlantic, and travelled in all 2,931,912 statute miles, selling drinks all the time—when not sleeping. To make the record complete, we seem only to want to

know how many drinks he sold in the time, and how many of the company's ships they would have floated if thrown together in one basin. It speaks well, too, for the Cunard liners, as well as for his trade, that Paynter can boast never having had a day's sickness during all his passagings to and fro across the Atlantic, never had an accident worth speaking of, and never missed work a single day. After such a long and successful practice at the bar, one would think he ought to be made a judge.

But he has so much of the gravity and reticence of the judge that, after half an hour's talk with him, one finds one's-self speculating as to how strong a dose of old Scotch it would take to unlock the gates of his memory, and get at some of the stores of incident and amusement locked up there during those millions of miles of drink. What bets he must have witnessed as to the time of reaching New York, or *vice-versâ*, as to whether they would sight a whale or an iceberg, and so forth! Many an ocean race, too, he must have participated in, some against time for the securing or making of a record, others against the vessels of rival lines. Possibly he may have been in the *Etruria* when Captain Hains raced her across the herring pond for a more substantial reason than the mere making or breaking of a record, and could tell the yarn better than it is here prosily set down.



GEORGE PAYNTER—"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA."
From a Photo. by Fredricks, New York.

It was in the year 1890, when the McKinley tariff law was about to come into effect. It became operative at midnight on the 4th of October. The cargoes of vessels entered at the Custom House before that hour were not affected by the new Act, but after that hour they would be liable to double, or perhaps more than double, duty. The *Etruria*, heavily freighted with goods, was on her way to New York, and was making all the speed she could to escape the higher tariff. She reached and passed the bar at 9.35 on the night of the 4th; she sped past Sandy Hook, followed by a swell that looked like a tidal wave, so swiftly were her throbbing engines driving her huge hull through the water.

The news of the exciting race was flashed to the city, and crowds of people hurried down to the harbour to see the fun. Others—those more deeply interested, perhaps—made their way to the Custom House to see which would win, time or the ship.

As the hour neared midnight, the excitement became intense. People could hardly talk, so absorbed were they in the result—watching the clock on the one hand, and listening for news on the other. At length the report arrived that the *Etruria* was at the quay, and there was an excited shout. But now the question was: Would the captain arrive in time to declare his cargo?

Midnight approached, and still Captain Hains did not appear. Five minutes to the hour, and still no captain—four minutes—three minutes! Ah! the sound of wheels! It is a hack furiously driven—it brings up at the Custom House—out jumps a man with gold lace on his cap—it is Captain Hains! "Hurrah!" comes from a hundred lusty throats—the throats of bankers and brokers interested in the cargo—as the captain rushes up the steps with the papers of the *Etruria* in his hand and delivers them to the clerk, who has just time to enter the vessel before the stroke of twelve. Thus the tariff race was won.

"Yes," says Captain Hains, "it was a close shave, and rather exciting while it lasted. But for the most part running a liner is prosy enough." At the same time, and while he is saying so, he turns up from among a lot of papers a small photograph.

"The skeleton of a whale, surely?"

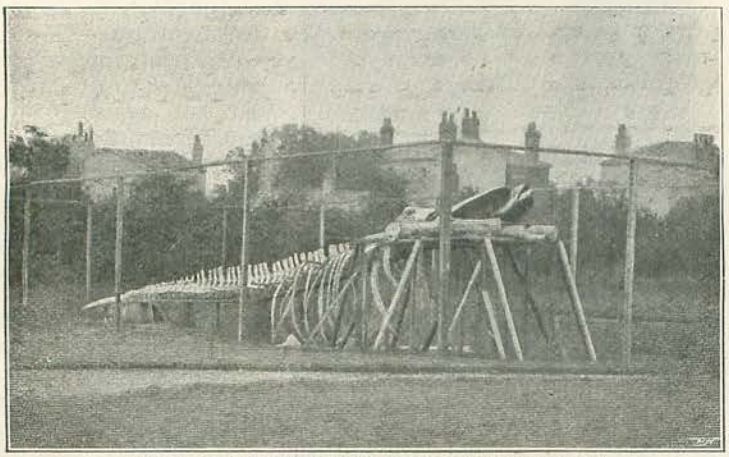
"Yes."

"Any story attached?"

"We struck it in July, 1875, on our way to Queenstown in the *Scythia*. It happened between Ballycotton Island and Roches Point, about three miles from land. We were going along in a smooth sea when the ship struck something which caused her to vibrate all over. Several of the passengers felt the shock, and on looking overboard, they saw a huge whale rise at the stern and leap over 10ft. out of the water. The

sea round about the propeller was seen to be stained with blood, and a gash 12ft. in length noticed in the side of the whale before it disappeared.

"On arriving at Queenstown I found that a blade of the propeller was broken, in consequence of which we were ordered to transfer our mails and passengers to another of our ships and return to Liverpool. The news, of course, got out before we arrived, and the papers made a great deal of fun about what they called the 'very like a whale' story. But, as it happened, we fell in with the carcass of the animal on our way back, and we towed it with us. It proved to be a sperm whale, 56ft. in length. It took forty men two days to cut it up; the skeleton weighed three tons, and the blubber filled 65 casks." This is the worst accident that ever happened to Captain Hains, who is proud to be able to say that otherwise he never had £5 worth of damage to a ship under his charge.



SKELETON OF THE WHALE RUN DOWN BY THE "SCYTHIA."
From a Photograph.

Every captain of an Atlantic liner you meet will tell you that he not only has to know how to navigate his ship, but he has also to learn to steer with safety among the human craft committed to his charge. In other words, he must be something of a diplomat. Sometimes both his wit and his patience are tried in the effort to circumvent the humours and jealousies of passengers—especially those of the fair sex, who are apt to bridle up if more attention appears to be paid to one than another. Captain Hains tells an amusing story illustrative of this trait of ocean-travelling human nature.

On one of his trips he had Nilsson as a passenger, and as she was the most distinguished lady on board, he had her on his right hand at table, and otherwise gave her much attention. This occasioned the usual heart-burning among the lesser feminine lights, and the captain was reproached with the slights put upon them. It was a trying position; but Captain Hains proved himself equal to the occasion. He got up a bad storm—at least, there was a storm, and the captain possibly made it a little worse—when speaking of it afterwards, that is. Anyway, there was the storm, and while it lasted he had to be lashed to the bridge—seven long hours he was lashed there without a break. But he did not mind, for just beneath him, in his cabin, which was immediately below the bridge, there sat the fair cantatrice, singing her best and most inspiring songs; and the sound of her divine voice came up to him, amid the howling of the storm, through a convenient port-hole. So long as the storm lasted Nilsson sang.

Then, in the morning, when the sun shone once more, and ere the jealous ladies had got their courage up to complaining pitch again, the captain told them about the storm, and how they owed their safety as much to the divine Nilsson as to himself. For without her singing he could not so well have sustained the fatigue, etc. Whereupon it was universally voted that the cantatrice had deserved the place of honour at the commander's right hand for the rest of the voyage, and that place she enjoyed. Which shows that he is a poor captain who is not an adept in diplomacy as well as in navigation.

Captain Hains is an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, as are most of, if not all, the Cunard commanders. It may not be generally known that four of the company's fastest steamers can be requisitioned at any time by the Admiralty for conversion into armed cruisers. These are the *Etruria*, *Umbria*, *Campania*, and *Lucania*. Most of the principal steamship lines stand in the same position in respect to the Navy, several of their vessels being on the Admiralty list for service as cruisers, if needed; but I believe only two ships have been so

called upon. One was the *Oregon*, belonging to the Cunard Company, which during the Russian scare of 1885 was in the hands of the Government, and cruised for three months on the south-west coast of Ireland. At the same time the *Umbria* of that day was armed, coaled, and provisioned, and lay for three months in dock at Liverpool, waiting eventualities.

There is generally a good deal of similarity in the early training of commanders of Atlantic ferry-boats. But in the case of Captain E. R. McKinstry, R.N.R., we have a slight variation. His first experience was obtained on the training-ship *Conway*. Here he spent two years. On leaving the *Conway* he received an appointment as midshipman in the Royal Naval Reserve, "which," says Captain McKinstry, "means being twenty-eight days every year with the mess on the *Eagle* gunnery-ship."

CAPTAIN MCKINSTRY, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "GERMANIC."
From a Photo. by Falk, New York City.

After leaving the *Conway*, McKinstry served four years in the service of the British Shipowners' Company of Liverpool, during which time he enlarged his general practical knowledge of navigation and of the world. His subsequent experience is summed up in his own words, as follows :—

"After that I passed the Board of Trade examination as second mate. Then I went as second mate of a ship for fourteen months, and at the end of that time passed as first mate. After acting as first mate for something over a year, I passed as master. Having taken that grade, I entered the service of the Pacific Navigation Steamship Company as fourth officer. I was in that service for about a year and a half, and then was given an appointment as fourth officer by the White Star. This was in 1887. Gradually I worked my way up as vacancies occurred from fourth to third, from third to second, and from second to chief officer, and so to master. I was in the company's New Zealand service for nearly four years. I then succeeded to the *Teutonic* as chief officer."

Most persons who take an interest in the Navy will recollect the review at Spithead in the month of August, 1889, in which the *Teutonic* took part, and was naturally the observed of all observers, first and foremost amongst whom were the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales, who paid a visit to the new "mercantile cruiser," and greatly admired her fine proportions and her appropriate and very characteristic armament. On the occasion of this visit an incident took place which showed First-Officer McKinstry to be possessed of one of the best qualities of a seaman, "gallantry and humanity," as it is described on the medals of the Board of Trade. The training-ship *Exmouth* had put in an appearance at the review, and having approached very near to the *Teutonic* on the lee side, she found that the towering sides of the latter took her wind. This caused her boom to go over, and one of her quartermasters being in the way he was knocked into the sea. McKinstry, hearing the cry of "Man overboard," immediately jumped from the deck of the *Teutonic* and went to the man's assistance. The moment, it may be well imagined, was one of intense excitement, hundreds of persons, who were waiting for the arrival of the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales, being witnesses of the accident and the rescue. Nor is this the only instance of the kind in Captain McKinstry's career. On another occasion, when returning from church one Sunday morning while in New York, he heard the cry that there was a child in the water. In an instant his coat and hat were thrown off and he was in the water, and quickly brought the little one to land. My informant—for it must not be supposed that the hero of these rescues told me of them himself—in relating this incident

remarked, with a curious *malapropos*, "The water was so filthy that neither you nor I would go into it for any money."

But to proceed with Captain McKinstry's experience. From the *Teutonic* he went to the *Adriatic* as commander in December, 1892. "Since that time," says the captain, "I have commanded the *Runic* one voyage; the *Britannic* two voyages, and the *Adriatic* five voyages, while this ship—the *Germanic*—was being re-engined. The rest of the time I have been in the *Germanic*. I now hold a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and I have an extra-master's certificate. This is above the master's certificate, and the examination for it is quite voluntary. Since 1887 I have made one voyage to New Zealand in the *Ionic*. All the rest of the time I have been running between Liverpool and New York. We have the very worst weather that is to be had between here and New York. I never saw a worse sea than the one we experienced on the South Coast of Ireland the last time we came over."

In all my talks with captains of Atlantic liners, as well as with others, I have of late taken some pains to obtain their opinion on the British sailor question, for it is a "question," and bids fair ere long to become a very burning one. So I asked Captain McKinstry what he thought of the British seaman and of seafaring generally as a profession. Briefly stated, his reply was that on the White Star ships British sailors were chiefly employed.

CAPTAIN THOMAS P. THOMPSON, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "GEORGIC."
From a Photo. by Robinson & Roe, New York.

"We may occasionally have a foreigner among the crew, but rarely more than one or maybe two. For myself, I prefer the Britisher."

I made the remark that in some quarters there was a preference for the foreigner, because, as some said, he was less troublesome. The reply I got was:—

"It is true an English seaman may be troublesome; but so may a Scandinavian, and if the Scandinavian is a troublesome one, he is generally very troublesome indeed. No, I prefer the Britisher all the time."

As to the general question, Captain McKinstry said:—

"If a boy is manly, plucky, and intelligent, the sea offers him a fair opportunity. There are plenty of chances of promotion. My father there"—he pointed to the photograph of a handsome military officer that hangs in his cabin—"thought all his sons ought to go into the Service, and I have two brothers in it; but I would not exchange positions with either of them."

Captain Thompson of the *Georgic*, another of the White Star boats, but one that is chiefly engaged in the cattle trade, is in very general agreement with Captain McKinstry on one point. He believes in the much-maligned British sailor. The *Georgic* is the largest cargo vessel in the world, being of 10,000 tons burden, and carrying live-stock and cargo. She is the latest new vessel of the White Star Line, and makes a voyage to New York and back every month, doing twelve trips to and from every year. Like the passenger boats, the *Georgic* is fitted up as perfectly as can be for her special work, and Captain Thompson speaks with pardonable pride when he says:—

"During ten voyages we have carried on an average 850 bullocks per voyage, and in the ten voyages we have lost but one, or it may be two, but certainly not more than two. They are landed in perfect condition. They are stalled up, well attended to, have plenty to eat and drink, and are carefully protected from the weather, so that they suffer no discomfort save in bad weather."

Captain Thompson lays claim to an experience which, one would fancy, is some-

what unique in a seafaring career. Though he has been twenty-seven years in the employ of the White Star Company, he has neither lost a vessel nor a life. He adds :—

"I never saw a real accident—that is, anything serious; and in the last twenty-five years I have not seen a man die at sea, although I have been in all countries and all climates."

It is enough to make one think with Jack of old that the sea is the real place of safety.

The last sailing vessel Captain Thompson commanded was the *Garfield*, the largest ship that had been built up to that time as a sailer. Notwithstanding his wide experience in both sailing vessels and steamers, Captain Thompson is in full agreement, as intimated above, with the commander of the *Germanic* as to the qualities of the British seaman. "We are all British sailors"—in the White Star ships—"and we do not want anything else," he says.

"And as to the foreigner, whose praises are being sung so much?"

"I want none of him," replied Captain Thompson. "He is, in some respects, more easily managed than the Englishman; but I like him none the more for that. I want the best sailor *for all weathers*, and in that respect the Englishman has not his equal anywhere. Of course, I do not exclude the Scotchman. There is nothing to choose between him and the Englishman. I'll tell you when it is you are apt to have a bit of bother with an Englishman—it is in fine weather. Then, you know, in a sailing ship there is not much to do except wipe paint and that sort of thing, and Jack doesn't like it; nor can I say that I blame him. At such times he is hard to manage. But let there be bad weather or danger of any kind, and the Englishman is all there. Your foreigner, on the contrary, is likely enough to have to be sought for. In bad weather you have never any trouble with an English sailor; and to have him as a stand by at such times, I am willing to put up with a little difficulty now and then. Besides, half the trouble that is experienced with Jack comes from a lack of fair play in treating him. He has a keen sense of what is fair, and while he will stand a lot if he gets that, he is apt to resent ill-treatment or anything that savours of injustice." A little light on this point was recently afforded me by a Swedish skipper. We were talking about British and foreign sailors. Said the Swede: "I want to have nothing to do with English sailors. They cause you too much trouble. A foreign sailor, if he misbehaves himself, you may knock down, and if that does not suffice, you may put him in irons till you get to the next port; but you can't do that with an Englishman." "Why?" "*Because your Government protects him.*" Another foreign captain complained that our Government coddles and spoils Jack so much that there is no end of trouble with him. "If you treat him a bit roughly, he is likely enough to bring you before a justice of the peace and get you fined."

The American Line is comparatively a new departure, its inception dating only some two years back. But its newness is chiefly a matter of name, the International Steam Navigation Company and the Inman Line, of which it is composed, having been long in existence. The company owns a number of first-class "liners," of which the *St. Paul* and the *Paris* are good types. They are mail steamers, subsidized by the United States Government, and run between Southampton and New York. But in connection with the same company runs the old Red Star Line of Belgian steamers, which carry the Belgian flag, of which I shall have more to say presently.

In a talk, not long ago, with Captain John C. Jamison, the commander of the *St. Paul*, I learned that the American Line gets its subsidy from the United States Government on condition—for one thing—that it trains a certain number of American boys to the sea, and always carries a stipulated proportion of American seamen, or seamen who are American citizens.

"In the *St. Paul*," said Captain Jamison, "we carry twelve cadets—one cadet for every thousand tons of the ship's measurement. We get a nice, well-behaved class of boys, and hope to turn them into good officers. We are making quarter-masters of them. But as the experiment has only been in operation two years, I can't say much as to its practical results." As regards the ship's company, Captain Jamison said one-half must be American citizens, and the proportion increases year by year. "We engage our sailors and stewards on this side; the engineers, firemen, and stokers are all taken on at New York. The heads of the different departments, doctors, pursers, etc., are all citizens."

Regarding the employment of foreigners on the American Line, Captain Jamison said he always preferred American or English

sailors; and for the British sailor he had a compliment that is worth repeating at the present time. He was speaking of him as a decreasing quantity. "English boys, like American boys," he remarked, "are finding something better to do on shore, and do not take to sea so eagerly as they used to do. For some things it is a pity," he added, "for there is not a better sailor in existence than the English sailor. His achievements in the past have been a glory to the nation, and he would do again what he has done before if the need came."

CAPTAIN JOHN C. JAMISON, OF THE AMERICAN LINE SS. "ST. PAUL."
From a Photo. by Chalkley, Gould, & Co., Southampton.

As to his own doings, Captain Jamison is hard to draw. He is a native of New York, and began his salt-sea career as an apprentice on board a Sandy Hook pilot-cutter. But after a year of that life — and there are not many harder—he came to the conclusion that he was not cut out for a pilot. For many years after that he knew the life of sailing ships only, in which he went nearly all over the world. His last sailing vessel, the *Charlotte*, of which he was first officer, was wrecked on the "still vext" Bermudas. This was the climax of a sort of record trip — for slowness — across the Atlantic, the *Charlotte* having taken a hundred and fifteen days from Leghorn to her funeral.

After this, Captain Jamison decided to have nothing more to do with sailing ships. "Steamships," said he, "are safer. You have more control of them. You can turn them as you like, while in a sailer you are at the mercy of the winds. Hence there is less danger in a steamer." He entered the service of the International Navigation Company in 1876, as second officer, and four years later was given his first command. This was the *Vaderland*, of the old Red Star Line. It ran between New York and Antwerp. He subsequently had command of other ships of the same line. When the *Paris* and *New York* were placed under the American flag he went to Liverpool and took charge of the latter on her last trip from that port. Finally, a year ago, when the *St. Paul* was being finished, he was appointed captain of her, and he has been on her ever since.

Captain Jamison is proud of the possession of a binocular glass, a present from the British Government for service rendered to the crew of an English steamship, which had been in collision with a boat belonging to the Hamburg-American Line. "She was one of the Dominion Line ships," said Captain Jamison. "I never saw such a ludicrous sight as she presented in all my life. Her bows had been completely cut off, and they had tried to cover up the opening with canvas and boards, and so get her home. It was a plucky thing to do; but they found she was unmanageable, and rapidly filling with water. Up to the last, however, they seemed loth to abandon her. But they were obliged to do so at last. There were some eighteen or nineteen men on board, and we succeeded in saving them all, although the sea was running so high that they had to jump one by one into the sea to be drawn by life-lines into the boat. Our men were out four hours rescuing them. The officer in charge of the boat had a present of a gold watch for the part he took in the rescue, and the crew got presents of money."

Regarding the speed of the *St. Paul*, Captain Jamison said, "We have made a number of voyages with an average speed of over 20 knots an hour, or, to be exact, 20¾ knots. But the *St. Paul's* record passage was done at the rate of 21·07 knots an hour."

(*To be continued.*)

Captains of Atlantic Liners.

By Alfred T. Story.

II.

ANOTHER of the American Line commanders is Captain H. D. Doxrud, of the steamship *Belgenland*, one of the old Red Star Line, sailing under the Belgian flag from Liverpool to Philadelphia. He has been for fourteen years in the employ of the two lines, his full career at sea amounting to thirty years. Fate seems to have purposely thrown in his path vessels needing the aid of brave and willing hands, knowing that he would do his best to give help and succour. His achievements in this respect have been so remarkable that *Tit-Bits* last year said that he held the "world's record for saving life."

His first act of rescue from a watery grave took place when he was but a boy, and on his second voyage. His ship was lying at Cork, where they were taking in ballast. It was a fine mild night, and it being his duty to keep the deck till midnight, he was walking to and fro, "thinking of home." Suddenly he heard a heart-piercing cry, which seemed to come from a vessel lying close by. Jumping on to the quay, he ran to it, and there, between the quay and the ship, he saw a man in the water. He sprang on board the vessel, seized a rope and threw it over the side, and then went down it himself. The man in the water got hold of his legs, and hung on to him. Thus he found himself in the painful position of being unable to regain the deck himself, let alone pulling the man out. Fortunately, however, he had strength enough to hold on to the rope until their united cries brought assistance from his ship. It turned out that the man in the water was the watchman of the neighbouring vessel, who, having gone ashore for some "cratur" comfort, was thereby rendered too unsteady to walk the narrow plank from the quay to the ship, and so came very near losing his life.

CAPTAIN H. D. DOXRUD, OF THE SS. "BELGENLAND."
From a Photo. by W. G. Matthews, Philadelphia.

Captain Doxrud's next achievement in this line occurred when he was captain of a barque belonging to Bergen, Norway. About 400 miles from the Brazilian coast he fell in with an Italian vessel called the *Vassallo*, laden with salted hides, bound from Buenos Ayres for London, which had sprung a leak and was fast filling with water. He took off the crew, consisting of eighteen men, and landed them at Rio, 600 miles from the scene of the wreck. The ship went down about two hours after the rescue. This happened in March, 1879. In the month of December of the same year Captain Doxrud rescued the fever-stricken crew of the schooner *Ibis*, of Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic (long. 20 west, lat. 49 north). She was from Lagos bound for London with a cargo of palm oil, and had been drifting for some time. All her crew, consisting of eight men, were down with yellow fever, quite helpless, and slowly pining away. There was a lot of water in her, and her cargo had shifted. After they were taken off the wreck the crew gradually recovered. "I landed them in London," said Captain Doxrud, "and the British Government gave me a pair of binocular glasses in recognition of my services. I myself was from Rio, and had lost three men with yellow fever, and so was short-handed, or I should have tried to save the vessel, which was afterwards picked up and brought in."

The ship of which Captain Doxrud had

command at this time was the *Alert*, which, in September, 1880, he lost in mid-Atlantic, on a voyage from St. Pierre, Martinique, to St. Nazaire, in the Bay of Biscay, with guano. The ship sprang a leak during a hurricane, and the water getting into the guano choked the pumps, so that it was impossible to keep her afloat. "We left her in the boats," said Captain Doxrud, "and after thirteen hours were picked up by an Austrian sailing vessel bound to Yarmouth, where we were landed." In March, 1881, while in command of a small steamer called the *Plover*, trading on the Norwegian coast, Doxrud took six men from a capsized fishing-boat and landed them at Mehaven, in the Lofoden Isles. In 1886, when second officer of the *Belgenland*, of which he now has the command, Captain Doxrud rescued the crew—eight in number—of an American coasting schooner named the *Charles E. Paigle*, about 300 miles south of Sable Island, and brought them to Antwerp. She was loaded with lumber, but in a severe gale the night before had sprung a leak as well as lost her masts, and was only kept afloat by her cargo. When the crew were taken off the wind was moderate, though there was a heavy sea.

In answer to a question, Captain Doxrud said that in such cases as these boats were always manned by volunteers. "There is never any difficulty in getting a boat's crew for such services," he remarked. "For this rescue," Doxrud added, "the captain of the *Belgenland* was presented with a silver tea-service by the American Government."

A still more dangerous rescue in mid-ocean was effected in December, 1889, when the crew of a vessel belonging to Salcombe, in Devon, were saved. She was going from Newfoundland to Glasgow, with a cargo of cod-liver oil in barrels, which, during the rescue, was poured overboard by bucketfuls to allay the fury of the waves. In spite of that, however, the sea was so heavy that their boat could not get near the ship, which had been dismasted in a gale of wind, and so each man was obliged to jump for his life with a line attached to him and be drawn on board. All the crew, nine in number, were thus got into the boat. But the danger was not yet passed; for, in returning, the boat, which was damaged as they left the ship, was so badly smashed alongside that they had to be pulled up with ropes and the boat abandoned. For this act Doxrud received a gold medal for "gallantry and humanity" from the Board of Trade, and each of the four men who accompanied him got a silver medal and a present in money besides. He was at this time chief officer of the *Pennland*, running between Antwerp and New York.

Three years later, while chief officer of the *Noordland*, he had a similar experience close to the Banks of Newfoundland. Towards ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a gale from the north-west, they saw a signal of distress. They put out a boat and went in search of the vessel asking for succour. It proved to be the *King Oscar II.*, a Norwegian barque, which had been partly dismasted some hours before and was completely at the mercy of the waves. There were fourteen men on board, who had to be got off by means of a life-buoy and lines, as in the case of the Salcombe vessel—a very difficult matter in a high sea and on a pitch-dark night. For this gallant rescue both he and his crew were rewarded. He received a gold medal from the Norwegian Government; they silver medals. The Benevolent Association of New York also presented Doxrud with a gold medal, and each of the crew with a silver medal. He was likewise appointed a member of the Life-Saving Association, "Union et Constance," of Antwerp, and received the Society's Cross, which is only awarded for saving life.

Captain Doxrud's latest experience in saving life at sea will probably be recollected by most. It took place in October last year, when, being then captain of the *Pennland*, he fell in with the *Obdam*, a steamship belonging to the Netherlands American Line, which was flying a signal of distress. She had broken her shaft, and was quite helpless and in a very dangerous position, being about forty miles to the south-east of Sable Island on the coast of Nova Scotia, towards which she was drifting. He took her in tow, and in spite of bad weather and the parting of his cable twice, succeeded in taking her into Halifax, to the lasting gratitude of her hundred and eighteen passengers and the crew.

Much has been said in these experiences about the merits and demerits of British seamen. But an incident, which I shall now relate, speaks for itself:—

From Glasgow runs a line of steamships between that port, New York, and Jamaica. It is known as the Atlas Line, and for many years Captain Morris has been in its service. In the early part of last year, however, his ship, the *Ailsa*, came to grief, and under peculiar circumstances. She sailed from New York on the 1st of March, but

anchored in the harbour off Fort Hamilton because of the fog. While in that position the French Transatlantic steamer *La Burgogne* came into collision with her, striking her near the bow and tearing a great hole in her. The passengers in the *Ailsa*, fourteen in number, had just finished their luncheon, and the fearful crash of the impact was the first warning they had of the approach of the French liner. The blow was a glancing one, otherwise the Glasgow boat might have been cut in two. Captain Morris immediately sprang to the bridge and touched the electric button, setting the winch and machinery in motion for hoisting the anchor. He then signalled to the engine-room for the engines to go ahead at full speed, and pointed the ship towards the Staten Island shore. Among the sailors and firemen were many Spaniards and Italians. They rushed to the boats when the collision occurred, knocked down two women passengers, severely injuring them, and threatened to stab some of the male passengers who interfered. They seized the only available life-boat, climbed into it, and, cutting the ropes, pulled away from the ship, in defiance of the commands of the captain and the prayers of the passengers. The boat was still in sight when the steamer sank.

CAPTAIN MORRIS, OF THE ATLAS SS. "AILSA."
From a Photo. by George H. Rockwood, New York.

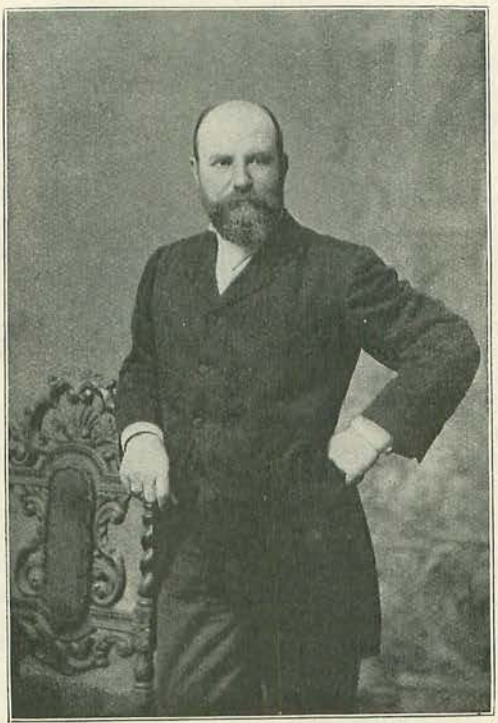
Meanwhile Captain Morris was on the bridge doing all he could to encourage the others on board. The steamer was plunging ahead towards the shore, but was sinking deeper and deeper with every foot she travelled. When the decks were awash the captain ordered everyone into the rigging, and men and women swarmed up the rat-lines as far as they could get to be out of the sea, which had now covered the decks. The captain remained on the bridge till he was immersed up to the waist, and then clambered on to a boom. The *Ailsa* then gave a lurch and plunged bow first to the bottom, sinking in 30ft. of water. The top of the smoke-jack and the topmasts remained above the surface. Two women refused to climb any higher up the rope ladders and stood waist-deep in the water. One of them fell from the ladder in a state of exhaustion, and was rescued by her husband, who plunged after her. A tug-boat fortunately soon came to the rescue of the shipwrecked people, taking them all off except Captain Morris, who, seeing how crowded she was, and how low in the water, refused to increase the danger of those on board her by joining them, electing to remain on the boom until the passengers had been taken to the city and the tug could return for him.

The Postmaster-General of the West Indies, who was a passenger on board the *Ailsa*, wrote to a New York paper respecting the conduct of the foreign sailors. He said: "All of the Anglo-Saxon race on board acted like men. The dastardly cowardice was only found in the foreign element, and I can only regret that passenger steamers should be compelled to leave port with such crews on board."

Captain Morris received his training in the Royal Navy, in which he holds the rank of lieutenant; "and though," says one who knows him well, "he has not, perhaps, reached the top of his profession, he has, nevertheless, always made himself conspicuous when opportunity has allowed, and never has he failed to fulfil his duty to the pride and admiration of all concerned." For saving a derelict in the Atlantic he was elected an honorary member of the Halifax Military Club. Apropos of the tragic end of the *Ailsa*, it may interest some to know that when, on her last voyage, she had just left dock, she was called back by a passenger who had arrived late. Captain Morris ordered the engines to go full speed astern, at the same time remarking to an officer on the bridge that it was a bad omen to go back.

Captain Randle, of the Anglo-American Line, is what one may call a typical Anglo-American. There are some Americans you cannot mistake, just as there are Englishmen who carry their nationality as it were on

their eyelids, and who can't wink without you knowing whence they came. It is not so with Captain Randle. You might be in converse with him for days, and not discover where he was "raised," and yet he is Philadelphian to the backbone—"bred and born on Philadelphian waters," one might almost say. His father being a shipmaster, and always taking his family about with him, Captain Randle does not remember the time when he was not a sailor. He went through all the grades of seamanship under his father, learning almost everything he knew from him, never being much at school on land. Finally, in 1861, he took charge of his father's ship, and remained in command of her during the whole of the American War, on several occasions coming near being captured by Confederate cruisers.



CAPTAIN RANDLE, OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SS. "ST. LOUIS."
From a Photo. by the Cheapside Photo. Company, Southampton.

Once he was chased by the Southern privateer, *Retribution*, for a whole day and night amongst the West India Islands. He was on a voyage from Rio Janeiro *viâ* St. Thomas to New York, and only got rid of his pursuer by the superior sailing qualities of his vessel, joined, no doubt, to his own superior seamanship, although, of course, he would not say so himself. The *Retribution* had been a tug-boat, but was converted into a schooner, and did a good deal of mischief to Northern shipping during the war. Captain Randle, however, was fortunate to escape her clutches, although several shots came very near mauling his craft.

On another occasion the notorious *Alabama* gave chase to him, and would probably have nabbed him but for his clever seamanship. He was on the northern coast of Brazil, a port with which he was well acquainted, and so, under cover of night, was enabled to elude his pursuer by running inside the reefs with which the coast is lined. There he was safe from pursuit, and inside the reefs he kept until out of the reach of the Confederate freebooter.

During the early part of his career, Captain Randle's experience was very largely gained in South American waters, although for three years he ran the packet-ship *Tuscarora* between Liverpool and Philadelphia. After that he returned once more to his father's service, and he tells one experience in particular while in it, the recital of which is almost enough to turn a landsman's hair grey. They were struggling to get round Cape Horn, and Cape Horn came very near getting its watery winding-sheet round them. Randle was then second officer, and for three days and three nights he was down in the hold with his watch "baling and digging at the guano to keep the ship from sinking." "Yes, I tell you, we had a time," he finishes; "and it was more by good luck than good management we got through; or at least, it was Providence more than ourselves that brought us through."

In 1868 Captain Randle quitted the sea for mercantile life on shore, and remained in business until 1873. "In that year," he says, "the American Line was started with four ships. I sent in an application for a master's berth; but as there were so many applicants, I had to content myself with a chief officer's position in the *Ohio*. I went ten voyages in the *Ohio*, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Then the American Company came under the control of the International Navigation Company, of which Mr. C. A. Griscorn was general manager. He immediately transferred me from the *Ohio* to the command of the *Vaderland*, which ran between Antwerp and Philadelphia. After four years on the *Vaderland* I was transferred to the *Nederland*, and after being two years

in command of that ship, I was ordered to Barrow-in-Furness to superintend the construction of the *Rheinland*, which, when completed, I commanded until 1883."

Subsequently Captain Randle superintended the construction of a number of the company's other ships, including the *Friesland*, the *Nordland*, and the *Westernland*. When the *Paris* was transferred to the American flag he took charge of her. Subsequently he superintended the construction of the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* at Philadelphia, becoming master of the former when completed—a position he still holds.

During his career Captain Randle has made 600 trips across the Atlantic, "in all weathers and under all sorts and conditions," he says. Two of his experiences connected with Atlantic liners may be given as samples. Both happened while he was in charge of the *Rheinland*. One took place in October, 1880, the vessel being at the time full of passengers. When 500 miles west of the Scilly Isles they lost the entire propeller by striking some sunken wreckage.

"Of course," says Captain Randle, describing the mishap, "I put the ship under canvas, and we worked her back against strong north-westerly gales, and succeeded in reaching Falmouth in seven days. There she was docked, and a new propeller put on her, the passengers in the meantime having been transferred to another of our steamships and sent forward to their destination."

On the same ship Captain Randle had one of his most terrible experiences. It is told best in his own words:—

"We were running before a very heavy gale from the west. It had swept all the way across the Atlantic, and a number of our boats had been carried away. One morning, after having been on deck the whole night, I was conning the ship so that she would be steered in safety, when I noticed that No. 1 boat was adrift, and in a dangerous position. I gave orders to the second officer and his watch to secure it. While they were doing so, I saw an enormous sea rolling up astern. It was so tremendous that I knew it would come clean over the ship. I sang out to the second officer and his watch, 'Run forward to escape that sea!' and then called down the speaking-tube to the quarter-master, who was at the wheel, to watch it carefully. I then sprang from the bridge into the main-topsail sheets, the mainmast being close to the bridge. I had no sooner got up there than the sea struck the stern of the ship, and rolled right over her, so completely covering her, that from where I was I could see nothing but the foremast and the smoke-stack. The whole of the ship's hull was for a few moments entirely submerged. I shall never forget the feeling I had as, looking down upon the seething mass of foam and spray beneath me, I said to myself, 'My God, they are all gone!' It did not occur to me that if they were gone I should be done for too."

"You did not think she would come up again?"

"No, I did not. But being all tight and strong, substantial in every part, the ship presently showed herself above the water again, coming up, as you might say, like a huge bird. I came down to the bridge, and, on looking round, saw that all the boats were gone; the railing round the promenade deck was gone, and there was not a soul in sight. A great cloud of steam was coming up from the engine-room; the skylight had been driven down upon the cylinders; and the engineer, whom I saw standing in the second-class companion-way door, cried out that the ship was full of water below. I told him to go down and use his best endeavours to keep up steam. Then I began to look round for my sailors and officers. I found the second officer and the carpenter wedged in between the second-class companion-way and the skylight of the engine-room, both of them severely injured and insensible. I got them down below into the doctor's care, and then went forward to try and find out what had become of the other men. I found that the sea had carried them right forward under the turtle-back. Five of them were terribly injured, with thighs, arms, and ribs broken, while another had clean disappeared—gone away with the sea.

"Shortly afterwards the sea seemed to moderate, and with the assistance of the watch below things were presently got square about the decks, and in due course we arrived safely in Antwerp. The curious thing is that all the passengers experienced of the affair was that it went quite dark for a moment or two down below; but they were ignorant of the cause, and they never knew the risk they had run."

Captain Cameron is another good type of the ocean-ferry commanders. He set out on his salt-water career as a midshipman-apprentice on the Black Ball Line, his early experience being in sailing vessels, the best "primary school for thorough seamanship,"

in Captain Randle's view. In that, most masters of ships agree with him. From the Black Ball Line, Captain Cameron went into the White Star service. That was twenty-nine years ago. He has been in that service ever since, though not always in the Atlantic boats. He began in the company's sailing ships as first officer, and for four years was on the West Coast of South America.

CAPTAIN CAMERON, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "TEUTONIC."
From a Photo. by Falk, New York.

"Indeed, I have been in all the companies' services," he said, "and in all parts of the globe. I used to go round the world every four months. That was in the Australian trade—out by the Cape of Good Hope and round by the Horn back again—calling at Teneriffe, Cape Town, Hobart, and New Zealand, and at Teneriffe and Plymouth on the return voyage to London. For the last eleven years I have been in the Atlantic service"; and it may be added that, as master of the *Teutonic*, Captain Cameron is one of the most popular commanders "on the beat."

He confesses that the life suits him, and in truth it does not seem to have hurt him one half as much as the anxious life on shore hurts the stay-at-home landsman; and that, notwithstanding the fact that before now he has had to be on deck forty-eight hours at a stretch. That was during a fog—"a most anxious time, especially about the Newfoundland Banks, where there are so many fishermen, or when you have to feel your way along the coast with the lead."

"The career is full of life and incident," says Captain Cameron. "There is always something going forward on board to keep people on the *qui vive*, even if it is only noting the progress of the ship, and the excitement becomes intense if there is a chance of making a record passage."

Captain Cameron's best record in the *Teutonic* is 5 days 16 hours and 38 minutes. On one occasion the excitement was varied by watching the rescue of a passenger, who had jumped overboard, and the gallant third officer taking a header after him. Another time nine men were rescued from a wreck. This, however, was in a terrific blizzard, when nearly all the passengers were below—"the worst blizzard I ever experienced," says Captain Cameron.

"We put out a boat to fetch them off, but it was four degrees below zero, and our men got so frost-bitten that they could not go on. So we took them in, and I backed up to the wreck. They then put one of their boats out, and we hauled them on board."

Captain Cameron explains that "they" are the crew of the American schooner *Josie Reeves*, and that for the rescue, which took place off the American coast, he received a watch from the President of the United States.

There are few Atlantic skippers who have not had their experience of rescuing. Captain B. T. Eastaway, commanding the *Sardinian*, belonging to the Allan Line, whose steamers run between Liverpool and Quebec, *viâ* Londonderry, last year took off the passengers of the *Mariposa*, which came to grief in the Straits of Belleisle.

"They got off the ship on to the rocks," said Captain Eastaway, "and then made their way overland to a small bay, into which we went. A singular thing connected with the rescue was this. On my last voyage I took out Mrs. Brown, wife of the Hon. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, Ontario, member of the Dominion Parliament, under the last Government, and she died on the passage within 300 miles of the place

where she had been rescued twelve months before."

Another singular experience in which Captain Eastaway took part was that of one sailing vessel towing another for a period of a week. This was the *Palmyra*, of Appledore, which his ship fell in with 700 miles south of the Lizard. She was bound from Liverpool to Calcutta, and had lost her masts. They towed her into Falmouth, and his owners were awarded £1,600 salvage.

Captain Eastaway joined the Allan Line in 1881 as fourth officer, and was appointed captain in 1893. He is proud of being commander of the vessel which is known in the Allan service as "the Royal ship," the *Sardinian* having brought from Canada the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Stanley, the present Lord Derby, besides numberless other persons of note. He went through all the grades in his way to command, having begun his sea-career as an apprentice under Messrs. Wilson and Blair, of South Shields. Their ships traded chiefly to India and China. In one of his trips he had the unusual experience of being 180 days going from South Shields to Point de Galle, Ceylon. For three weeks they were becalmed off the Maldive Islands, during which time they drifted back eight miles.

CAPTAIN EASTAWAY, OF THE ALLAN SS. "SARDINIAN."
From a Photo. by L. E. Desmarais & Co., Montreal.

"I was never wrecked," said Captain Eastaway, "and I never lost a ship; but I once came very near losing my life. I hardly know what saved me, unless it was Providence. I was standing on the bridge when a heavy sea swept it and the boats clean away. I found myself among the *débris* on deck, none the worse for my experience, and exceedingly thankful that I was not overboard."

Every sailor has had his hair-breadth escapes; but it would, perhaps, be hard to single out a narrower escape from drowning than befell Captain Eastaway's brother, who was an apprentice with him on board one of the Wilson and Blair boats. One day, while he was at the wheel, a heavy sea struck the ship and washed his brother, who was alongside of him, from the deck. "I threw him the end of a rope," said Captain Eastaway; "he caught hold of it, and with the back wash he was landed on board again."

Captain Eastaway preserves with religious care a memento of the sailors' food of the "good old days," and is a relic of his apprenticeship. It is a Noah's ark carved out of the salt beef that used to be supplied for ships' use.

"Happily," says the captain, "in these days the food is examined by Board-of Trade inspectors, and is of better quality."

It would be difficult to light upon a more varied career than that of Captain Angus Macnicol, of the Allan Line *Numidian*, a native of Glasgow, whose first voyages were from Glasgow, as apprentice to Charles Smith, of the then well-known City Line, to Calcutta, and who has no hesitancy about confessing that he is a thorough "Britisher," and would never have any but British sailors under him if he could help it. He is certain they are the best in the world, and certainly not the worst to manage. "But," says he, "they have to work with foreigners, and they despise a captain or mate who is a foreigner." Captain Macnicol affirms that he finds no more difficulty in managing a British than a foreign sailor. "Of course," he says, "you have to pick your men, to treat them with consideration, though firmly, and they will do their work equal to any and better than most."

Macnicol's early experience, after his apprenticeship, was gained in Australia and the South Seas. He went to Sydney with a fellow-apprentice when out of his time, determined to make — both of them — £25,000 in ten years. The ten years passed, however, without the fortune making its appearance. In Australia there was a good deal of coasting and a good deal of going to the diggings when there was a "rush," and quite as much coming back "broke." New Zealand was tried with like success. Then

followed some years of South Sea Islands trading, with Upolu as head-quarters. For a time he turned cotton-planter, for a time engaged in the "labour" trade; but in neither of these lines was the £25,000 gold-mine to be met with. Finally, thinking a change of scene might change his luck, he shipped as mate for San Francisco, and shortly after found himself on a vessel engaged in the Alaska fur-sealing trade. In October they were cast away on Behring Island, not far from Kamtschatka. "We wintered there," said Captain Macnicol, "building a house, and adopting Esquimaux habits. The monotony of our life was varied by my setting to work to brew some beer for the company, and burning the house down in the attempt. We got away from there in June, and arrived in San Francisco a month later.

"After this," said Macnicol, "it struck me that I was losing time, and making tracks for home, I started where I had left off. I joined the *Strathearn*, one of the Allan Line sailing ships, as second officer. This ship was one of the fastest afloat, and was noted for her quick passages to and from New York. I finally commanded the *Strathearn* — my first command—in 1877. After being master of her for three years I was transferred to one of the Allan steamers sailing out of Glasgow, and have been master in steamships ever since. My present ship, the *Numidian*, I got new five years ago. That is the sort of career a man goes through to fit him for command of a big steamship. As a master, my experience has been uneventful. I like the post and I like the life. We get a good deal of nasty weather; but in a good ship there is nothing to be afraid of. It is a healthy life, you know, with sufficient excitement to make it interesting; and you meet with a lot of nice people to chat with."

"Then you think the sea is not a bad sort of career on the whole?"

"I do, as professions go. When I look round, I really see no career that would have suited me so well. You have to work for your promotion: so you have in every profession. I have had very little to complain of. When I was an apprentice I had an excellent captain, who treated me with the utmost kindness, and did all he could to teach me my business. The only thing I did not like about seafaring in those days was the food; but it is better now."

CAPTAIN ANGUS MACNICOL, OF THE ALLAN SS. "NUMIDIAN."
From a Photo. by W. Clement Lavis, Birkenhead.