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IN THE S. S. "WEST INDIAN"

BY

HARRY FORESTER

VANCOUVER, B.C.
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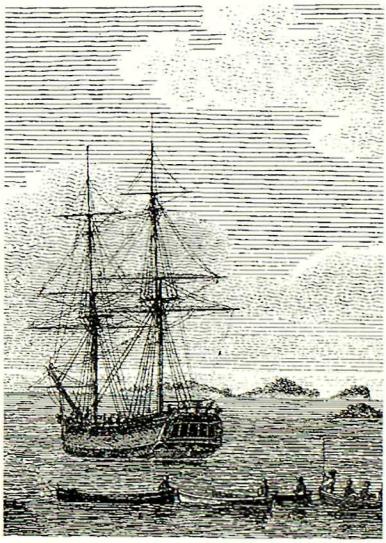

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OCEAN JOTTINGS

— FROM —

ENGLAND TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

BEING A RECORD OF A VOYAGE
FROM

Liverpool to Vancouver's Island

VIA THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

IN THE STEAMSHIP "WEST INDIAN"

AND EMBRACING SCENES AND
INCIDENTS OF

THE CHILIAN REVOLUTION (1891)

BY

HARRY FORESTER

VANCOUVER, B. C.
PRINTED BY THE TELEGRAM PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
1891.

PREFACE.

IN submitting this, my first attempt at literature to the ordeal of public criticism, and especially in a new country, I feel a certain amount of misgiving as to the manner in which my humble efforts will be received. The incidents occurring were originally intended for my private Note Book only, and were carelessly jotted down from day to day to fill up the spare moments which are inevitable in a long sea voyage. At the solicitation, however, of my fellow-passengers, coupled with, perhaps, the pardonable ambition of being considered an "author," I have decided to place on record the scenes which took place, and the impressions formed during our eleven weeks' voyage.

Doubtless it will be found deficient in that perspicuous arrangement with which the taste and judgment of a practised literary hand would have embellished it, the absence of which will, however, I trust be overlooked.

For the geographical and historical descriptions of some of the places referred to, I am, to a

certain extent, indebted to Mr. A. G. Findlay and Admiral Fitzroy, and comprised in their admirable works on navigation of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, brought up to date by information I have personally gathered.

The scenes and incidents occurring during the recent deplorable revolution in Chili, including the bombardment of Coronel and an exciting adventure with one of her men of war, are, I am afraid, very inefficiently portrayed. At the same time however, they have at least the merit of actual facts, and are not in any way fictitious, and I have thus ventured to include them, in the hope that they may prove interesting.

In conclusion, I beg to dedicate this little work to Captain S. and Mrs. Scott, in recognition of many little kindnesses shewn during an extremely pleasant voyage.

H. F.

Vancouver, B.C., March, 1891.

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CHAPTER I.

WILL PROBABLY BE CONSIDERED EGOTISTICAL, AS IT CHIEFLY CONCERNS THE AUTHOR—LONDON—MOTIVES FOR THE VOYAGE—THE RAILWAY JOURNEY TO LIVERPOOL—AN AMUSING OLD LADY—DIRECTIONS TO A BACHELOR ON "PACKING UP."

IT is November, and London at this particular period of the year wears its dullest aspect. I had often made up my mind, when an opportunity offered, to take a lengthened sea voyage, for the benefit of my health, and having recently wound up some business matters, I began making enquiries as to the most suitable trip. I was seated in my chambers one bitterly cold evening—a dense fog, which had assumed various degrees of density during the day, was gradually settling over the Metropolis in the form of a thick haze, of a thick yellow pea-soupy colour, which I think cannot be found out of London, and fortunate indeed are those lucky individuals who possess sufficient

means to be able to travel elsewhere—a copy of the *Times* was in my hand, and scanning over the advertisements I saw an announcement of a ship that would shortly be sailing for British Columbia via the Straits of Magellan. On enquiry I ascertained this would take from ten to twelve weeks, and that, perhaps, with the exception of a few days at starting, there would be the prospect of fine warm weather all the way. This was a great inducement, and I eventually decided to select this voyage. The date on which I saw the advertisement was the 12th of November, and the ship was advertised to sail "on or about" the 17th, so that the time in which my preparations must be completed was very limited. I hastily bid adieu to my friends, and now commenced that pet aversion of a bachelor, "packing up." There are some people who aver you can never overfill a Gladstone Bag, however much you try. I am almost inclined to agree. The process is very simple—Take the bag and see that there are no biscuit crumbs, or a bit of slate pencil at the bottom, then fill it as full as ever it will hold, then swear at it (N.B.—Much depends on the particular expletives which you use, which should be carefully selected, and warranted waterproof), then get a few more articles and ram them in tighter; then

think if there is anything else you would like to take, if you had room; then poke an extra pair of boots somewhere or other in the corners; then say your prayers; then lightly spread over the top some bottles of ink, scent, and castor oil; a few jumps on the top; the bag strapped down, and the thing is done.

At last my preparations were completed, and on the 15th, accompanied by an old chum, who was to see me off, I left Euston Station by the 4 o'clock train for Liverpool. Euston, as usual, was crowded with passengers bound for all parts of the country. We had taken our tickets, secured our seats, and the train was about starting, when an old lady was violently thrust into our compartment by the angry Guard. She was evidently much annoyed at the "hill treatment," as she called it, of the railway officials, and for some time we were much amused by the old lady's mumblings against people in general, and particularly railway "proprietors." From time to time she would soothe her injured feelings by recourse to a fairly sized flask, containing, as we judged from the aroma, brandy and water, and she was not at all ashamed of being seen imbibing it. When she wanted to drink, she did so, without waiting for a tunnel. She unscrewed the stopper with a squeak—tilted up the flask and

gurgled, and then stowed it away in a very substantial pocket; indeed, it must have been a very capacious pocket, judging from the number of articles she occasionally produced from it. There were articles of clothing rolled up loosely; keys, with bits of string entangled; pins, pennies, lozenges, lumps of sugar, and no end of biscuit crumbs, whilst underneath everything was her railway ticket. It was a sight to see all this rubbish turned out on the seat at Edge Hill Station, whilst the impatient ticket collector waited for the ticket. She was rather a facetious old lady too, for at Rugby Junction, where we were delayed for ten minutes, she beckoned the Guard and asked him if he called it a "fast" train. "Yes, ma'am," the Guard replied. "Humph, stuck fast I should think," responded the old lady—a joke she chuckled over for the next half hour.

We arrived at Lime Street Station, Liverpool, at 8.30, after a capital run of four hours and a half, a distance of over 200 miles.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL AND ITS DOCKS—EXCITING SEARCH FOR A "WEST INDIAN"—THE BRITISH COLUMBIA STEAMSHIP CO.—THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

THE next day (Sunday) we took the boat to New Brighton, which afforded a splendid view of the Docks and Shipping, the extent of which (as most of my readers are no doubt aware) cannot be equalled by any other city in the world. The Docks from end to end extend for nearly seven miles. The great blot, however, that struck me was the very poor vehicular accommodation for reaching them. This consists of old and disgracefully dirty omnibusses, each drawn by two horses. I am glad to say, though that an overhead railway is in course of construction, to supersede this tedious and disagreeable mode of travelling.

In the afternoon we set out to inspect the "West Indian," the ship I was to go by. We were told she was in the Bramley Moore Dock,

but on arriving there she was not to be found. The officials informed us she would probably be in the Sandon Dock, some distance further on, but on arriving there we were met with the same response, "Not here." We were referred to another dock still further on, and there we traced our weary steps, but with the same result, and we were about to abandon the chase in despair, when a dock keeper, more intelligent than the rest, referred to a register, and informed us she was lying in the Wapping Dock, some five miles off, almost at the other extremity of the city. This was very annoying—it was getting dark, and the rain came down in torrents, but we had to grin and bear it, and we were anxious to see the vessel to-day, as my friend's business necessitated his return to London on the morrow. We accordingly made the best of our way to the Wapping Dock, and about 6 p.m., on a miserable dark night, found the object of our search.

I must here state that a new line has just been formed under the title of the "British Columbia Steamship Company," with a view to trading between Vancouver, B.C., and the Australian ports, and the "West Indian" is the pioneer ship of the Company. She is a fine vessel of 1,805 tons, 200 H. P., and is a capital seaboat.

The next day, upon enquiry at the agents', we ascertained that the steamer, in consequence of the happening of unforeseen circumstances, was not expected to sail for another fortnight. This was very annoying, and hearing, through a friend in Liverpool, that a barque called the "Archer" would be sailing in a few days for British Columbia, and not wishing to wait about in Liverpool, I made up my mind to go with her, much against the advice of my friend, who considered the length of the voyage, (probally six months) would get monotonous, and that the rough fare and accommodation usually to be found in a cargo ship unaccustomed to carrying passengers, would probably counteract any good effects to be obtained from the voyage.

My friend Montgomery had now to return to London, and having seen him off, I went to the docks to inspect the "Archer," and eventually made arrangements for my passage. The cabin allotted to me was certainly very small, but I decided to put up with the inconveniences, and set out on my voyage as soon as possible.

Whilst in Liverpool, I took the opportunity of running down to Eastham, to inspect that vast undertaking, the "Manchester Ship Canal," now in course of construction. Should the work be successfully completed, the trade of Liverpool

will undoubtedly suffer, but having regard to the enormous amount of capital already sunk in the concern, and the additional capital now asked for, I have my doubts as to the scheme succeeding. The difficulties and obstacles which the Company have had to contend with are very great, and the recent heavy storms have done much damage to the works, in addition to which they will have to encounter the powerful opposition of the London & North Western Railway Company, who will always be in a position to reduce their tariff to meet the circumstances. During the progress of these works, an interesting archæological discovery was made. About a mile from the entrance to the Canal was found an ancient Roman road, with proper pavestones, milestones, etc., fourteen feet below the surface, and stranger still, the roots of several oak trees that had evidently grown on the road, were also dug out. Again underneath this road was a subterranean passage leading to the sea, and probably built to carry the water off, thus showing that at one time the land must have been at this level. Close to this spot is a large dwelling house, which, according to history, was at one time Oliver Cromwell's head-quarters. The depth of the Canal is 30 feet, which will enable the largest ships to enter, and is broad enough

to enable them to pass each other, thus doing away with the necessity of hauling into sidings, as in the case of the Suez Canal.

The next day, whilst idly sauntering along Lord Street (the Regent Street of Liverpool) I came across an old school friend, whom I had not seen for years, and after inviting him to dine with me on the following day, I returned to my hotel.

CHAPTER III.

A Precocious Boy—I again alter my Plans—Southport and Old Recollections—Impressions formed from Advertising—An Incident at the Barber's—The recent Dock Labourers' Strikes.

THE hotel I was staying at was very comfortable. Amongst other visitors there was an eccentric old gentleman, whose head was almost bald, and a widow lady with a very precocious son, a boy of some nine or ten years, who caused a good deal of amusement to some, though I am afraid annoyance to others. One morning at breakfast his mother was complaining that she was afraid her watch required cleaning, as it would not go. "Oh no, ma," the young hopeful replied, "it cannot require cleaning, as I have been washing it in the basin for ever so long before you got up!"

On another occasion, this young Turk, pointing to the old gentleman, said, "Oh, look, ma, that funny old man has got another forehead on

the back of his head!" much to the discomfiture of the old gentleman, who, muttering something like "insolent young puppy," etc., got up and left the table. This youngster reminded me of a little boy belonging to a feiend of mine, who, after being treated to several fine plums by an over indulgent grandmother, threatened to swallow the stones unless she gave him sixpence!

My friend came to dinner in the evening, and after talking over old times, I explained to him my proposed voyage. He had experienced a good deal of sea travelling, both by sail and steam, and he strongly argued the desirability, from numerous points of view, of going by a steamer in preference to a sailing vessel, with the result that I again altered my plans, and decided to follow out my original scheme. I had paid a deposit for my passage by the "Archer," but the owners kindly met me very favorably on my explaning to them my altered arrangements.

To fill up the time before the steamer sailed was my next consideration, and having some friends in Southport, a very pleasant watering place some twenty miles distant, I decided to spend a few days there. During the journey I was much amused by the numerous, and some of them curiously expressed advertisements, which

at every station covering the hoardings. Here are a few:—"Pear's Soap," "Beecham's Pills," "Reckitt's Blue," "ask for it and see you get it." *Payment* is never hinted at in the request. "Why pay rent?" was another enquiry that met my modest gaze, and I inwardly commented that it was a very sensible question; so much so that I have made a note of the name and address of the Company in my pocket book, in the fond hope that it may be useful to me in the future, when being pestered by my landlady. Truly, advertising has become almost one of the fine arts, to such an extent and extravagance has it arrived at.

On arrival at Southport I was doomed to meet with another disappointment, as my friends were absent on a visit. I accordingly decided to stay at one of the Hydropathic Establishments in the town. I selected the "Limes," and spent a very pleasant visit there, meeting some very nice people. The weather, though cold and frosty, was very bright and fine, and an agreeable contrast to dirty Liverpool.

Southport is noted for its number of Churches and Schools, and also for its pretty girls. Neptune always seems to have a welcome for pretty girls. He offers them his "(s)and," and what do they do in return? "*Tread* on it." Just like girls.

The last time I was there was in the summer of 1880, being then a youth in my "teens." I was staying with a schoolfellow, and we spent many a pleasant hour on the sands picking up the common objects to be found there. By the bye, I think at the period I speak of, the most common objects to be found there were the daily excursionists; but I am not alluding to these. One day my friend and I amused ourselves on the sands in the child-like occupation of throwing pebbles. My friend hit a young lady in the eye. He apologised of course. The next year they were married! What a curious thing is fate!

A rather curious incident occurred here during my stay. I was in the hairdresser's, waiting my turn to be attended to. A very pompous and talkative young man was operating upon a somewhat nervous old gentleman, and the following dialogue took place:—

BARBER—"They say the 'Russian Hinfluenza's' in the '(h)air' again, sir."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Indeed! then I hope you are very particular about the Brushes you use."

BARBER—"Oh, I see you don't hunderstand me, sir; I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the Hair of the Hatmosphere! Your 'air's very thin on the top, sir."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"My hair thin on the top,

sir? And what if it is? Confound you, you puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!" And the old gentleman struck such a warlike attitude, and the barber looked so surprised and crestfallen that all the customers roared with laughter.

During my sojourn in Southport, I communicated with the Agents of the "West Indian," and made definite arrangements for my passage, and on the 2nd of December I returned to Liverpool, as the ship was to sail on the following day.

To return to the subject of the Docks here, I cannot help alluding to the recent deplorable strikes which have recently taken place amongst the Dock labourers, not only in Liverpool, but in other large shipping towns in England. My view is that every man has a right to sell his own labour at whatever price he feels entitled to demand, but that no one has a right to prevent others from selling their labour at any price they may choose to put upon it. Indeed, I go so far as to think that strikes, temperately conducted, cannot, upon principle, be condemned, being often a protection for the working classes; but where combinations of workmen, headed, as they frequently are, by the more skilled and best paid among them, endeavour to carry out their

particular views by threats, or molestation of their less skilled and less paid companions, then I consider such combinations to be unjust. I would appeal to the good sense, justice, and liberality of employers to make the hire worthy of the labourer, and to the justice and intelligence of the labourer, not to demand a higher rate of wages than the investment of capital, and the risk attending it, would justify the employer in giving. My view is that the working classes, although impulsive, when they come to consider matters calmly, judge wisely, and that they are as open to conviction as any other class, and as quickly arrive at a sound decision.

CHAPTER IV.

EMBARKATION—OUR PASSENGERS AND CREW—WE MAKE SOME PROGRESS, BUT NOT MUCH — OUR CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER — FAIRLY UNDER WEIGH, AND GOOD-BYE TO DEAR OLD ENGLAND.

THE next day (December 3rd), I embarked on board the "West Indian." She was under the command of Captain S. F. Scott (a very able and remarkably nice man), assisted by three officers, who, with the crew, numbered thirty hands, all told. The ship was well laden with a general cargo, and I understand is the first steam vessel that has been despatched with goods from Liverpool to British Columbia. We carried but five saloon passengers, viz., Captain W——— (an officer in Her Majesty's Militia), Mrs. W——— (his wife), Mrs. Scott, a boy of sixteen (who was the source of much amusement on the voyage, and who is hereafter referred to as "Tommy") and your humble servant.

The weather was very cold, wet, and misty, and at midday we made preparations for departure. The Directors and friends, who were lunching on board, drank to the success and prosperity of the new venture, and shortly afterwards returned to the shore in the tugboat. At 1 P.M., the Pilot being on board, the anchor was raised, and we were fairly started on our long journey. We proceeded at a slow pace down the Mersey, which was crowded with shipping of all sorts, and belonging to all nations. Off New Brighton we espied a little maiden standing in the garden of one of the houses, and endeavoring to attract our attention by means of a roughly constructed flag, apparently consisting of her handkerchief stuck on the end of a long stick. This turned out to be the little daughter of our Captain, who was at school there, and who was being separated from her parents for the first time. She was evidently a favorite, for both Captain and Mrs. Scott appeared to feel the separation keenly.

We had now left the Mersey, and got well out into the Irish Channel, when the bell rang for dinner, and as everyone had now become acquainted, we spent a very pleasant evening. The sea was very choppy, and being misty, we proceeded at a moderate pace. About 8 P.M. we were off Point Linos, and signalling by rocket for

the Pilot Boat, we dispensed with our Pilot's services. A little further on we passed that dangerous group of rocks known as "The Skerries," but on which there is a splendid light-house, and as the evening was very cold and miserable, your humble servant now turned in. The wind being favorable we set our sails, and were now steaming merrily along. The Skerries was the last glimpse we had of dear old England, and recalled many pleasant recollections of happy times and dear friends left behind.

Adieu, my native land, adieu,
  The vessel spreads her swelling sails;
Perhaps I never more may view
  Your fertile fields, your flowery dales.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE AN ATTACK OF MAL DE MER, AND "SEAS" THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS MY FEELINGS IN RHYME—A REMINISCENCE OF BOULOGNE — MADEIRA — THE CANARIES — OUR AMUSEMENTS—ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

THE weather continued very cold for the next few days, and there was a rough sea, but we had favorable winds and going well to the west of the Bay of Biscay, avoided the bad weather usually met with in that locality. I am told we sighted several vessels about this time, but as I was suffering from a rather bad attack of mal de mer, which confined me to my bunk, I did not see them personally. I was not so bad, however, as I have seen some people suffering from the same malady. It recalled to my mind one day last summer when I was crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne. The Channel was rather choppy, but for a wonder I was very well. There were two friends, however, on board who suffered acutely.

One of them retired at a very early stage of the journey, but the other remained mournfully gazing over the side for the greater part of the way. By and bye his friend, trying to look as if nothing had been the matter, came on deck again to sympathise with him. "Halloa, old man," he cried, "been queer?" "Yes," replied the other, "rather; but that's not the worst, *I've lost my teeth!*" The following lines, penned a few days afterwards when I had recovered, will, I think, express my feelings:

ON SEA-SICKNESS BY A SUFFERER.

Our good ship "West Indian," rides over the sea,
The engines work bravely, the hawser springs free,
Tis sweet without sickness the ocean to ride,
And gaily —— "Oh, Steward!"—your arm to the side.

Oh think not good Captain, from foul mal de mer
I suffer—'twas nothing—I love the brisk air,
The sun shining brightly, the green heaving tide,
And the gulls—"Oh, Steward!"—your arm to the side.

Yes, how fresh smells the briny, how soft curls the wave,
What painful sensations long usage will save.
I pace the deck bravely with heart full of pride,
Remarking —— "Oh, Steward!"—your arm to the side.

Thanks, Steward—What, really! You thought I was ill?
Absurd! (If those engines would only keep still)
I could eat chops or kidneys, or pork boiled or fried,
"So please get me, Steward—Oh!"—your arm to the side.

The weather was now perceptibly warmer, and we were able to leave off our overcoats and warm clothing, which had been necessary in England for two months past. We sighted Madeira on the 10th of December, distant from Liverpool about 1,300 miles, the run thus occupying about seven days.

Madeira, a pleasant island in the Atlantic, formerly belonging to England, but now to the Portuguese, is a health resort too well known to need much comment here. Consumptive and delicate persons here find a climate which is almost perfect and uniform. The Hotels are good and the fruit and vegetation luxuriant. There are no wheeled carriages, you have to travel in rough vehicles fixed on runners, something like a sledge, and drawn by oxen—or the alternative is to be carried in hammocks or palanquins. The streets are paved with well-polished stones, on which it is difficult and well nigh impossible to walk in ordinary boots.

Another day's sail brought us abreast the group of Islands known as "The Canaries," the principal town being Las Palmas. These islands belong to Spain, and, like Madeira are much resorted to by invalids on account of their balmy and salubrious climate. The highest point is the Peak of Teneriffe, which can be

discerned at a considerable distance, and forms an excellent landmark for navigators. When a strong easterly wind prevails, however, it brings with it large quantities of sand from the Sahara Desert on the African continent, some 150 miles distant, in fact to such an extent, that it has formed—through a course of years—a ridge connecting Grand Canary with what was at one time an adjoining island. All these islands are of volcanic origin. On the 15th we passed the Cape Verde Islands. These belong to Portugal, are ten in number and also of volcanic origin. Fogo is an active volcano, and rises to the height of 9,150 feet. The last eruption took place in 1847, and vapour may be even now seen rising from its summit. San Thiago is the largest, as well as the most unhealthy of these islands. It is thirty-seven miles long, and has a population of 32,000. None of these islands are very fertile, though there are tropical plants in some parts. Sugar, coffee, cocoanuts, corns, beans, cotton, &c., are all seen in cultivation. Criminals are transported to these islands from Portugal, and this punishment is much dreaded. All the towns are wretchedly dirty places, and there are few good houses. Cape Verde itself is the extreme west point of the African mainland.

The weather was now charming—clear blue

sky and bright sunshine, and continued so for the following ten days, when half a day's rain broke the monotony, and was very refreshing. We sighted several vessels, and about this time one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Mail Steamers, homeward bound, passed us, and we signalled her "All well."

Although the number of passengers were limited, we managed to pass the time very pleasantly. Our mornings were generally spent in reading, and the afternoons in playing ship billiards, quoits, etc. The evenings we filled up with singing and music (we had piano, banjo, violin and flute on board) and in a new game called "Ludo," a kind of draughts, which, although comparatively a simple game, is very exciting and amusing. I believe it is a new game, and thinking it may not be known in British Columbia, I think it worth while to mention it.

On the 19th we were abreast of St. Paul's Rocks. These remarkable rocks, which lie more than 500 miles distant from any continent, appear to have been raised by volcanic agency, and present the form of an oblong crater. The four largest form a kind of bay on the north-west side, in which there is a considerable swell. The highest rock is on the north-east side, rising some seventy feet above the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EQUATOR—MASTER TOMMY DISCOVERS A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON—THE WELCOMING OF NEPTUNE—A "*Barber*-OUS" CUSTOM FERNANDO NORONHA ISLAND—THE ROCOS —TOMMY HAS A SWEET TOOTH—A TROPICAL TWILIGHT.

ON the 20th December we crossed the Equator, and by way of a joke on Master Tommy we inserted a small hair in the field glasses,, telling him that on looking through, he would see the "line." The joke succeeded, and he was wonder struck, and no doubt his friends at home would be equally astonished, when they heard from him of the wonderful phenomenon he had witnessed.

Another ceremony now took place on board, which has been customary amongst sailors for many years. It is called the welcoming of Neptune. For the benefit of those readers who may not be aware of this ancient nautical custom, I add a short description. The Steward, and

another person in female garb, dress up in character as Neptune and Mrs. Neptune, and any person on board, whether passenger or crew, who has not previously crossed the Equator, has either to be "shaved" or else pay forfeit in the shape of drinks for the crew. Two of the passengers and myself had not previously crossed, but preferred to pay forfeit. Three of the sailors, however, had to undergo the ordeal, which consists of the face being daubed over with all the dirty grease and slush obtainable, and then rubbed down with a rough wooden knife, a substitute for the razor. The unfortunate individual is then plied with a number of questions, and when he opens his mouth to reply, the grease brush is popped into his mouth and nearly chokes him. He is then immersed, clothes and all, in a pail of water close by, and allowed to escape. When one is finished, he is permitted to join in the operation of shaving the others, and all appeared to enjoy the joke immensely—our worthy Captain soothing the feelings of the sufferers by an extra allowance of grog all round. *Barber*ous treatment though, I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaim.

On the 21st we passed the island of Fernando Noronha. It is about four and a half miles long and one and a half miles broad, with about 2000

inhabitants. The peak is a rugged, barren pinnacle, 1,000 feet high, which in some directions looks like a steeple. The island is used by the Brazilian Government as a place of transportation for criminals, as well as for the exile of political delinquents. The scenery is very enchanting. The shore is scooped out by inlets, and embossed with green promontories, connected by circling beeches, where rippling waves chase each other over silvery sands, and bathe the flowerets of the skirting woods. A fresh luxurious verdure crowns the summit of the hills, blending its soft hue with the general contour of the island. A richness and variety of vegetation is seen everywhere. There are no romantic hills and dales, as is to be found in English scenery, but everything is on a moderate scale, and pleasing to the eye. The island is garrisoned by a small party of Brazilian soldiers, under the command of an officer, who fills the office of Governor. He is assisted by a few staff-officers, and about 100 men. As regards the produce, there are extensive fields of Indian corn and cotton, besides a plantation of cocoa-nuts. A brick and tile manufactory is also carried on, but there are no lime kilns.

A little farther on we passed "the Rocas," a long, low, coral reef—perhaps the most formida-

ble danger in the Atlantic—the currents being very powerful. These rocks have been the scene of many sad wrecks.

Poor Tommy, who was now suffering from toothache, was very indignant at the dinner table this evening, because some one suggested he was cutting a wisdom tooth. No one could be surprised at his indisposition, for the quantities of cakes, sweets, etc., he consumed were enormous. Eating such numbers of *sweet* cakes easily produce *stomach* (c)aches. However, poor boy, it was the first time he had left home, and allowance must be made for youth.

The days at this period were very hot, but a delightful breeze prevailed, and the evenings were cool and pleasant. Lovely is a tropical twilight in these balmy months,—then is the hour for contemplation,—it is then the mind rangesover its best affections, and hearts,although oceans separate them, hold a mysterious communing with each other. It is the poet alone that can describe its influence, for the art of the painter is baffled; he cannot produce the deepening tints, as the web of darkness appears to be progressively weaving over the face of the heavens.

"Deeper, oh twilight, let thy shades increase;
'Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace."

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTMAS EVE—FISHING—WE CATCH A DOLPHIN—ITS PECULIARITIES—ANOTHER HOAX ON TOMMY—PORPOISE—A FEW REMARKS ON NATURAL HISTORY—A THICK FOG, AND A HEAVY GALE—WE SIGHT CAPE VIRGINS.

ON the 24th December, we celebrated Christmas Eve with turkey and plum-pudding, and about noon we signalled a barque, bound from Antwerp to Valparaiso. We passed her close to, and exchanged the compliments of the season, and, in reply to her request, we also signalled her the longitude. It was very fortunate we did so, as she was two degrees wrong. In the evening our worthy Captain invited all the crew to the quarter deck and regaled them with grog and baccy, and a pleasant evening was spent in singing and dancing. The day had been perfect—the sea smooth as glass, and the horizon unshadowed by a single cloud. The thermometer had registered 88 to 90 in the shade. To add to the beauty of the scene, there

was a full moon, which followed one of the most beautiful sunsets it has been my lot to witness. What a contrast to dear old England, with probably frost and snow!

We wound up the evening with the usual loyal toasts, and good wishes for the absent ones at home.

On the 27th, we sighted the coast of South America, but at some distance off, and passing close to some banks, we put out the fishing-lines, and caught a splendid specimen of a dolphin. We had it cooked for dinner, and a very tasty dish it made, somewhat resembling a mackerel. This was the opportunity for another practical joke on poor Tommy. He happened to be below, and in his absence, we fastened a sheet of tin, rolled to resemble a fish, on the end of a line. We then loudly cried "fish, another bite." Tommy flew up stairs, and rushed to haul in the line, which was of some length, and it was not until the piece of tin was close to, that he found out he had again been hoaxed. Poor Tommy! another startling incident for his diary.

Fish don't take their hook the same way as Tommy did. Much, however, depends on the kind of *bait* you use. There are several kinds of bait. *White* bait for instance. Then again, there was a girl who once waited for her lover

with *bated* breath. Hooks have been baited with live men before now, but an Irishman is never *bate*. If you doubt the veracity of this statement, ask Mr. Parnell!

On the 31st December, the day broke as calm and peaceful as the preceding ones; it was, however, intensely hot, and we were glad to avail ourselves of the shelter afforded by the awning on the saloon deck. We were followed by shoals of porpoise, and fired one or two shots from a revolver at them, but they dive about so quickly and skilfully, that our efforts were unavailing. This fish, if I remember rightly, is sometimes called a sea hog, probably on account of its aptitude for saving its *bacon*. Its flesh is said to be rank and offensive, if not absolutely *(por) poisonous*. It is also averred that porpoise oil, well rubbed into the skin, will make the body impervious to cold. I should, however, consider this *oily* improbable. They feed on other fish, and travel from place to place, that is to say, as soon as they have eaten one *plaice*, they immediately start off in search of another. (See "Forester's Natural History").

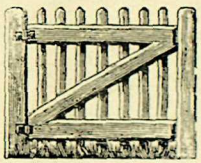
The evening was deliciously cool and moonlight, and the appearance of the water in our stern, for the distance of over half a mile, caused by the phosphorous, was a sight to be remembered.

The next day the Captain took the opportunity of checking the compasses, and the observations taken proved them to be in splendid order.

On the 2nd of January, we stopped about an hour for the purpose of recharging the cylinders, a very necessary precaution, seeing that we had now been thirty days under steam at full speed, without a break, and the distance covered being nearly 6,400 miles. I think I am right in saying that few (if any) steamers, go this distance, without calling at a port, either for coal or otherwise. In the evening a thick fog sprung up, and lasted for several hours, which necessitated our proceeding very slowly, and to continually blow the foghorn. This delayed us a few hours, but fortunately the weather was calm, and about 3 the following morning, the fog cleared off, and another fine day ensued.

On the 4th January, we encountered a heavy sea, and a strong gale (the first since leaving England). The sea ran mountains high, and continued for about eight hours. Our good ship, however, behaved splendidly, and although well laden, came out of the ordeal with great credit. The storm lulled towards the evening, and was followed by a lovely sunset, and a beautiful calm night. We were now within three days of the

Straits of Magellan, and on the 7th inst., we sighted the eastern entrance "Cape Virgins," so called through having been discovered on St. Ursula's day (October 21st). It is 135 feet high, and forms the seaward termination of a range of hills of moderate height extending into the interior.



CHAPTER VIII

THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN—CONCERNING THE FUEGANS AND PATAGONIANS — ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF AN ENGLISH LADY WITH A PATAGONIAN APOLLA—WE DROP ANCHOR.

THE weather by this time was much colder, and necessitated a return to warmer clothing. We entered the Straits of Magellan about 2 p.m. on the 7th of January, but had not proceeded far when a heavy storm arose, with hurricane gusts, accompanied by a thick mist, which compelled us to slow down, and eventually to turn back for a few miles.

These Straits are 320 miles long, and were discovered in 1519 by Fernando de Magalhaens, a Portuguese by birth, and a commander of repute, who, for some fancied slight, offered his services to Charles the 5th, then King of Spain, to whom he proposed an expedition to sail round the Southern extremity of America, if possible, with a view to find a new route to the Molucca Islands.

The land on the other side of the Straits, opposite to Cape Virgins, is called Terra del Fuego, or "the land of fire," as it was named by Magalhaens, from his seeing so many fires on the shore the first night he approached it.

At first the Straits are very wide, and covered in many places with floating sea-weed, but in a little while an extended coast line becomes visible, and we are enabled to see the utter desolation and solitude of the scenery all around. High projecting rocks ahead, when first seen, look like islands, but on approaching nearer, they are found to be connected with the mainland by bare and rugged isthmuses.

A few miles up the Straits is a solitary farm-house, occupied by an Englishman of the name of Wood, who settled here some years ago, and follows the pursuit of sheep-farming. The grazing, I believe, is very good, but the place is so desolate, and so far removed from civilization, that I should think he is not to be envied.

The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego are called Fuegans—those on the opposite side, Patagonians. They are very dissimilar in many respects. The Fuegans are low of stature, of the color of dirty copper or dark mahogany—their only clothing seal or deer skin, worn with the hair outside. They have few articles of traffic beyond their

weapons and implements as curiosities. The seal and otter skins they vend must be quite insignificant for commercial purposes. They are thievish and greedy, and the utmost caution is therefore requisite in dealing with or encountering them.

The Patagonians, on the other hand, are very tall, some of them being over 7 feet, and they are more civilized (though not much) than their neighbours, the Fuegans. Some too, are very handsome, and a story is told of a lady passenger on board one of the Pacific mail boats, who took an extraordinary fancy to one of these barbarians. Whilst at anchor in the Straits some of the natives came out in boats for the purpose of bartering, and amongst them was a youth, said to be the son of one of the Chiefs, who particularly engaged the lady's attention. So much so that a short time afterwards she made another voyage from England to the Straits, and married the young Apollo, as according to all accounts I may term the youth, that is to say, supposing Apollo had taken a bath of *coffee*, (for that matter, why should not Apollo bathe in his own *grounds?*) There is another striking difference between these people and the Fuegans. The latter cannot be induced to drink either spirits, wine or beer, but the Patagonians will drink as much of them as they can get.

In consequence of the intricate navigation, we proceeded at a slow pace, and as we worked our way through the Narrows, the scenery gradually changed. Still, however, the rocks are rugged,—still the everlasting snow hangs over the landscape,—but a stunted green shrubbery varies the scene.

A little farther on we reached Elizabeth Island—a desolate looking spot—but on which numerous swans and geese are to be seen. A few miles more, and we reach the Island of Santa Magdalena, which is about a mile long, with four or five small hills, and here were numerous cormorants, penguins, sea-lions and seals. There would have been plenty of work for our guns here, but unfortunately we could not spare the time.

It was now bright and fine again, although very cold. At 8 o'clock the next morning we reached Sandy Point, about 80 miles from Cape Virgins, and at this spot we dropped our anchor, with a view to give our engineers the opportunity of cleaning out the tubes, furnaces, etc. The Pacific Mail Steamers call here for letters, and I therefore wrote one or two, and arranged, after breakfast, to go on shore and post them.

CHAPTER IX.

MAGELLAN STRAITS (CONTINUED)—SANDY POINT—SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON FISH AND THEIR PECULIARITIES—MORE ABOUT THE NATIVES—PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE LEGAL CUSTOM OF SEALING DEEDS—TOMMY EXPERIENCES ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT—END OF THE STRAITS.

WE lowered the boat about 10 o'clock, and, accompanied by the Captain, went on shore, the Master of the port having previously boarded us to examine our papers and give us the necessary permission.

Sandy Point is a Chilian Settlement, founded in 1843, and contains about 2,000 inhabitants, of various nationalities. It was, up to a short time ago, used as a penal settlement for Chilian convicts, but this no longer exists. Although mid-summer here, it was bitterly cold and stormy. We experienced a good deal of difficulty in landing, as the surf was very strong and washed violently against the rude and badly constructed

wooden pier, which was in a very dilapidated and indeed dangerous condition. Gold and silver is occasionally found in the neighbourhood, but coal is the chief article, although, compared with other places on the Chilian coast, rather expensive. Sport is good. In December many parrots may be shot in the surrounding woods, and in the months of March and April, snipe may be found. Banduria (a species of Ibis) are also seen and heard in the settlement, but they are very wary, and it is difficult to get near them. Ducks and geese are also to be obtained in the salt ponds north of the settlement. The very high mountains surrounding Sandy Point form a magnificent background, and, covered with snow, present a very picturesque appearance. A prosperous trade appears to be carried on and it is evidently a growing place. The greater portion of the land belongs to the Chilian Government, who let it on 20-year leases at the ridiculously low rental of 5 cents per 100 square yards, but they will not sell the freehold. It is a free port. Meat is cheap and plentiful. Beef is 5 cents per pound, and we purchased a very fine sheep for sixteen shillings. I also bought some very fine Guanaco skins there. They somewhat resemble an Opossum skin, and are very warm and comfortable. Our Captain "improved the shining hour" by

selling one of his own boats to a Swedish builder, who was located here. He had married an English girl, and very kindly invited us all to his house to tea, treating us very hospitably.

We returned to our boat in the evening, and as we had ascertained good fishing was occasionally to be had in the bay, we threw out our lines. Horse mackerel and conger are often caught, but we were not very successful. The habits of the former I am not aware of, but as regards the conger, I have ascertained that he lives on "the *bottom* of the sea." It strikes me, however, that he must find it particularly hard to digest! According to natural h story the conger is found everywhere. In China he is called the *Hong-konger*, in Australia he is known as the *Konger-oo*, and in America as the *Conger-ess*. (Vide Forester's Natural History.)

Anchored off Sandy Point were two men of war, belonging to the Chilian Government, one which was quite new, and had only a day or two previously arrived from England, where she was built. She is a very fine vessel, named the "Almirante Lynch," after one of the Chilian admirals, and can attain a speed of 21 knots.

It was at Sandy Point that the dreadful calamity happened to the "Doterel," one of our British Gun Boats, in 1881. She had only

anchored there about half an hour, when she blew up; and 8 of her officers and 135 men were killed. The precise cause of the accident has really never been ascertained, but the presumption is that it was caused by the accidental ignition of the gunpowder on board. The spot where she sank is marked by a green buoy.

We proceeded on our journey at daybreak (2 a.m.) on the 9th, and the scenery now began to show a marked contrast to that we had previously seen. On either side towered mountains, gradually increasing in height, the base covered with a kind of dead brushwood, and the tops with snow and glaciers. We now came in view of Cape Froward (the southernmost point of South America), a hugh granite headland rising abruptly 1,200 feet above the sea. On the opposite side is Mount Sarmiento, 6,800 feet high. Some of the natives (Fuegans) here came out to meet us in their canoes, but we did not stop. Many vessels, however, are in the habit of bartering with them. They exchange seal and other skins in return for a few biscuits and tobacco—being very partial to the latter, and using it as a food! We had a good view of these poor creatures as we passed by. How they manage to exist is a matter of no small surprise. They must literally live from "hand to mouth,"—but

there, this is often found in civilized countries,—for instance, a dentist lives in the same way You only see a few of these natives at one time, but it is astonishing how rapidly a hundred or more will assemble if they see an opportunity of attacking a very small vessel, or a wrecked party. Their boats, too, are very crude and roughly made. There is none of the graceful gliding of the North American canoe about them. Instead of being propelled by paddles, they are rowed by oars, rudely made of pieces of board tied on the end of a pole. The canoes also, instead of being hollowed out of the trunk of a large tree into a pretty shape, like those in Canada, are simply planks, held together by fibres, without the slightest regard to form. In the bottom, in the middle, is a fire, and on each side are generally found 6 or 8 men, women and children, according to the size of the boat. As a rule they are almost naked, the women appearing to care less about clothing than the men, and they will even deprive their babies of any skin they may have on in exchange for a cake of tobacco. Admiral Fitzroy, on his first voyage, in 1830, took 2 boys and a girl with him to England, where they were most kindly treated and educated for 3 years, showing much aptness, and leading to great hopes that they might be the

means of ameliorating the condition of their countrymen, but shortly after being restored to their native haunts, he found, on his second voyage, that they had relapsed into their primitive barbarism. The noble kindness and sympathy shewn by Admiral Fitzroy to these outcasts has unfortunately proved of little avail, and the subsequent well intended, but misguided efforts of the Patagonian Mission, have also failed in lessening the savageness of these wretched people. Even within the last few years the ship "Ann and Eliza," bound from Boston, was attacked in the Straits by 20 canoes filled with armed savages, who boarded her, and in a fearful hand to hand encounter, 8 of the crew were killed. Eventually, however, the natives were beaten off with great slaughter, but the ship was left so short-handed that she was with difficulty brought to Valparaiso.

Before concluding my somewhat lengthened, and I am afraid tedious, remarks anent these natives, I should like to say a few words about an old fashioned custom they have on concluding a bargain with any of the civilized settlers. It appears that when the deal is settled, they perform a kind of war-dance around the settler and make him a present of a seal skin, thereby probably originating the legal expression, "as witness my hand and *seal*."

We saw numbers of these seals during our passage through the Straits, and as I like to air my knowledge of natural history, whenever opportunity offers, I may here state that the seal lives principally on fish. The one I saw, however, in the Aquarium at Brighton seemed to exist chiefly on thimbles, tin-tacks, French halfpennies, cotton reels, slate pencils and bits of *seal*ing wax, which were freely bestowed upon him by admiring visitors.

Near Cape Froward (before referred to) lies the wreck of the "Cordillera," a vessel belonging to the Pacific Steamship Company. She went aground about eighteen months ago, in a dense fog.

A little farther on is Cape Quod, and, as we proceed, the scenery becomes magnificent in rugged grandeur. Then we come to Astree Rock, on which the French frigate "Astree" struck in 1868, on her voyage to Valparaiso.

Sholl Bay is the next place we pass, and the Kelp Goose abounds here, but it is said to be never eatable. Point Mercy next comes in sight, a dangerous rock on which several vessels have been lost.

Some more natives here came out to meet us, but, as before, we kept on our course, which caused poor Tommy much disappointment, for

at Sandy Point he had laid in a stock of tobacco for the express purpose of bartering it for skins. I think, however, he meditates starting a pipe himself. We are all anxious to see the probable consequences.

The names of several places about here aroused recollections of home. One was called "English Reach," another "Dungeness," whilst a batch of snow-topped pinnacles was distinguished as "Westminster Hall," and, indeed, bore no slight resemblance to that celebrated edifice.

At 10 the same evening, we sighted Cape Pillar, the western entrance to the Straits, and 1,400 feet high. The weather was now very wet and cold, and we were glad to exchange our "Pea" jackets for *Hari-coats*.

I should think our Captain was very glad to reach the end of this very intricate and dangerous piece of navigation, for night and day since entering the Straits he had been incessantly on the bridge.

CHAPTER X.

We enter the South Pacific, and meet a "Swell" Acquaintance—A Spell of Bad Weather—Mocha Island—The King of Fishes—Shooting an Albatross—Santa Maria Island and Arunco Bay—A New Dinner Dish.

In the early morning of the 10th, we entered that largest of all oceans—the Pacific. There was a very heavy swell, and a strong breeze, which was very unpleasant to those persons who were bad sailors. I began to feel the symptoms returning, but fortunately they soon passed off. We were now evidently in for a spell of bad weather, and during the next five days a thick rainy haze, and strong westerly winds prevailed. Although supposed to be summer time, the sun showed himself but little, and the sky was overcast and cloudy. I believe, however, that in these latitudes, a clear warm day is a very rare occurrence.

A sad accident occurred near here in March

last, when the fine new steamer, the "Gulf of Aden," belonging to the Gulf Line, was lost whilst on her voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso. Including passengers, there were eighty souls all told on board, and of these seventy perished.

Keeping well clear of the coast, with a view to break the force of the tremendous swell, our good ship made steady, but slow progress, and on the 14th inst., we passed the Island of Mocha, seven miles long, and three broad, the summit of which is 1,300 feet above the sea. Dangerous rocks lie off it for some distance, but with our Captain on the bridge we felt quite at ease. This island, previous to the 18th century, was inhabited by Araucanian Indians, but they were driven away by the Spaniards, and since that time, a few stray animals have been the only permanent tenants.

A little farther on is Molgulla Point, on which H.M.S. "Challenger" was wrecked in 1835.

About this time we saw a huge whale, I should think quite seventy feet in length, and spurting vast columns of water into the air. On referring to "My Works on Natural History," I find this is considered to be the king of marine animals—not, as some people imagine, on account of its size, because *size* is not obtained from the

whale, but by reason of a squirting apparatus fixed on the animal's snout, with which it ejects copious showers of salt water, and is thus enabled to *rain* over his companions. It is also said that these animals are year by year becoming more shy and wary, which, of course, accounts for the great difficulty in *whale-laying* and capturing them. So much for the whale.

Numbers of Albatrosses, some of them very large, now followed us, and one day Captain W——— shot a very fine specimen, measuring 10 feet from tip to tip.

Soon afterwards we sighted Santa Maria Island, a point we were steering for, as marking the entrance to Coronel, where we had arranged to take in coal. It lies comparatively low, and is dangerous on account of numerous outlying rocks and shoals.

Arauco Bay lies inside Santa Maria Island. It is about 15 miles broad, and is open to the north. A small river runs into this bay, up which, at one time, vessels of 200 tons could pass for nearly a mile, but the terrible earthquake of 1835 raised its bar so much as now to prevent access to more than small boats. The town of Arauco—famous in Spanish song and history—is simply a small collection of huts, standing upon a low piece of ground at the foot of the Colocao

heights, a range of steep, though low hills, rising about 600 feet above the level of the sea. In the 16th century Arauco was surrounded by a fosse, a strong palisade, and a substantial wall, the work of the Spaniards. This was the first place assaulted by the Indians, after their grand union against the Spaniards, at the end of the 16th century. It was surrounded by the hostile Indians, who at first unsuccessfully attacked the fortress, but the Spaniards, seeing that they must be eventually overpowered, escaped in the dead of the night. Thus began the famous insurrection which caused the destruction of 7 towns, and drove every Spaniard out of Araucania.

At dinner this evening, the steward raised our hopes—and appetites—by the promise of a new dish, the name of which, appearing on the Bill of Fare, sounded very tempting. He called it "Woodcock a la Broadway," and we naturally concluded it was game of some sort. I think we all ate sparingly of the opening dishes, intending to reserve a capacious corner for the tasty morsel, but alas, we were doomed to disappointment, for when the cover was raised it was nothing more than a piece of roast pork and beans. The steward must look out, or there will be squalls presently. Poor Tommy was again disappointed

but this time he had the satisfaction of knowing he was not alone in this respect. This little incident, though trifling, provoked a good deal of laughter, and caused Tommy, who was making up for lost time with some plum pie, to swallow the stones. Perhaps, however, he did this with a view to *pave* the way for the cheese and dessert.

Rounding the northern point of Santa Maria Island about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, we dropped anchor at Coronel at 8 bells, and about two hours afterwards the Captain of the Port boarded us, and examined our papers. He promised to return during the morning with the necessary permission to land, but failed to keep his word, much to our astonishment and discomfiture. Several ships were lying at anchor, but none of them were coaling, and it was evident there was something wrong. There was nothing, however, to do, but to grin and bear it, as the Chilian harbour officials are very insolent and overbearing, and any attempt at interference with their absurd and ridiculous regulations, would be unwise in the extreme—a fact our Captain was fully aware of from previous experience.

A few words regarding Coronel, and the neighbouring town of Lota, may not be here out of place, and they will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Coronel and Lota—The Richest Woman in the World—Chili and its Resources—Its Rivers and Mountains—Santiago and its Beauties — A Recipe for Getting Through Time.

CORONEL is situated at the north-eastern end of Arauco Bay, and, like Lota, is mainly dependent upon its coal supply. The mines here principally belong to the Pachuco Company, and, if necessary, as much as 800 tons can be furnished alongside any ship in the bay in the space of 12 hours.

At Lota the mines chiefly belong to a Madame Cousino—who is stated to be the richest woman in the world. She has a magnificent chateau, standing in the midst of lovely grounds overlooking Lota Harbour, but she seldom resides there, and for the last four years has lived in Paris. The house stands on the summit of a bluff entirely covered with trees and flowers right down to the water's edge, and is laid out with

miles of paths winding capriciously up and down, over bridges, and along terraces overlooking the sea, and through grottoes and passages radiant with splendid specimens of Lapageria Roses, with which the Chilian ladies decorate themselves with much taste. When Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey touched here, some few years since, during their voyage in the "Sunbeam," Madame Cousino entertained them on a very lavish scale.

Five pits are now being worked by the Cousino Company, with a daily output of from 800 to 1,000 tons, and an annual production of over 200,000 tons. Nearly 2,000 miners are employed, who work 12 hours a day, and earn from 80 cents to $1.75, Chilian paper currency. The workmen are supplied with free lodging and water on the estate. It is a curious sight to see the miners walking home in the evening, after nightfall, in Indian file, with lamps in their caps burning brightly, and somewhat resembling fireflies. This is a very valuable property, and I believe the clear profits for the year 1889 were $1,200,000! There are also smelting works, brick works, and glass works in connection with the establishment, and altogether employment is given to some 3,000 people.

About 15 miles inland is the City of Concep-

tion, a thriving and prosperous town Some of the valleys at the back of the town are very fertile, producing grain of all kinds in abundance Earthquakes are, however, very common in this region, and must naturally affect the general prosperity of the country. I have before alluded to the terrible earthquake which took place in 1835. Its effects were particularly ruinous in Conception. About half an hour after the shock —the sea having retired so much that vessels which had been lying in 7 fathoms of water were aground, and every rock and shoal in the bay were visible—an enormous wave was seen forcing its way through the western passage which separates the adjacent island of Quiriquina from the mainland. This terrific swell swept the steep shores of everything moveable within 30 feet (vertically) from high water mark, and then rushed back again in a torrent which carried everything within its reach out to sea, leaving the vessels again aground. A second wave, and then a third, apparently larger than either of the two former, completed the ruin. Earth and water trembled, and then exhaustion appeared to follow these mighty efforts. This earthquake was felt in all places between Chiloe Island and Copiapo, an area of 700 by 400 miles. One of the permanent effects of the earthquake

has been to raise the level of the land. The island of Santa Maria was raised fully 9 feet.

For a great distance along the Chilian Coast there are numerous small islands, and behind rise that lofty range of mountains called the Andes. Their general elevation is from 12,000 to 14,000 feet, but many have an altitude of over 22,000 feet. The highest point, Aconcagua, is 22,426 feet—equal to $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles—and its height is only exceeded by Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, which is $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles high.

The capital of Chili is Santiago, a very beautiful town, but Valparaiso is the largest place, and the principal port. I am told that at Santiago may be seen some of the most perfect specimens of beauty for which Spanish women are so famous. These ladies take more pains, if possible, with their hands than with their faces. There is no end of the tricks to which they resort to render this organ delicate and beautiful. Some of these devices must not only be painful, but are exceedingly ridiculous. For instance, I have heard of some of them sleeping every night with gloved hands, lined with a kind of salve or pomade, tied up to the bedposts by pulleys, hoping by that means to render them pale and delicate.

The rivers of Chili are very unimportant.

In the middle and southern provinces they are small, though numerous, but the northern part of the country is scarcely watered by any, and from the Mapu to Atacama, a distance of about 1,000 miles, all the streams and rivers together would not make so considerable a body of water as that with which the Rhone enteres the Lake of Geneva, or as that of the Thames at Staines. They are quite useless for navigation, but are serviceable for the purpose of irrigation. From this cause the southern provinces are those devoted to agricultural industry—cattle breeding and the raising of grain being the chief employment. In the northern parts mining is the most important commercial pursuit, and for which Chili is best known.

Speaking generally, I consider Chili, with its vast mineral wealth, and exceedingly healthy climate, one of the finest countries in the world, and with a proper administration (which alas is sadly defective) would be a very desirable place to settle in. The country, however, is always, more or less, in a revolutionary state, and, as will be gathered later on, we had happened to arrive just as another of these outbreaks was commencing.

Chili, like most Spanish countries, is also remarkable for the number of lotteries which are

continually taking place, and many instances are cited of poor and obscure individuals being suddenly raised to wealth by these channels. For my part, however, I consider them as incentive to the pernicious spirit of gambling. In England, as my readers are no doubt aware, all lotteries are abolished—with perhaps the exception of *matrimony!*

From the general appearance of affairs it was evident we should be delayed here some days, and how to get through the time was now a matter for consideration. A certain philosopher, on being asked the best way of doing so, replied, "Eat every *day*"—an answer which showed him to be of a very gluttonous disposition.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHILIAN REVOLUTION—ITS ORIGIN—"The ESMERALDA" (NOT VICTOR HUGO'S) BUT NEVERTHELESS "VICTORIOUS"—BOMBARDMENT OF CORONEL AND EXCITING SCENES.

THE next morning (Friday) the Captain of a neighbouring ship called upon us, and from him we ascertained the cause of the delay.

It appears that a revolution had broken out in consequence of President Balmaceda's threat to abolish the navy, a course the latter strongly objected to. He however persisted, and as they declined to yield to his demands, he had declared them as rebels. The army had taken the President's side, and consequently a civil war was imminent. The navy had despatched one of their men of war, the "Esmeralda," to cruise round Coronel and Lota, with a view of preventing any communication or business transactions taking place between those on shore and the ships at anchor, and thus coaling was practically impossible.

The Government's action instead of bringing the navy to submission, incited them to take active steps in the direction of a civil war. Loans were floated, and $12,000,000 of gold taken aboard the warships. Any Chilian vessel, large or small, which ventured from shore was seized, and relieved of her cargo, and then detained in an adjoining bay held by one of the warships.

On the afternoon of the same day, the "Esmeralda" dropped anchor close by us, and we had a good view of her. One or two lighters were in the act of discharging coal, and it was very amusing to see the excitement amongst the labourers when the "Esmeralda" was seen approaching, for if they happened to be caught they would be pressed into the naval service, and the coal would also be confiscated.

On the 17th (Saturday), having seen the man-of-war depart, we ventured on shore for a few hours, and arranged with the coaling agents to commence loading our ship the following day, if possible, as the delay was becoming serious. There were several English residents in the town, and making the acquaintance of some, we were very hospitably received. Everyone seemed in a state of great excitement, though almost afraid to open their mouths to express any opinion on

the crisis, as it appeared the soldiers and other officials had been arresting numbers of persons on the slightest pretext.

Before we could arrange for our coaling to commence, our Captain was required by the authorities to give bonds to the extent of $14,000 that he would neither sell nor give up any part of her cargo or provisions to the rebels.

The streets are not paved, and are very dusty, and with the exception of a clock tower in the centre of a small public garden, the only building worth mentioning in the town is the railway station. The line is only a short one connecting Conception on the one side with Lota on the other. It is worked by an English Company. Having called on the British Consul, and made a few purchases, we returned to the vessel.

We took advantage of the delay by re-painting the ship, and in one or two respects changed the colour, a circumstance which it seems caused some anxiety to the "Esmeralda," and occasioned us a certain amount of annoyance, as will be gathered as my narrative proceeds.

By this time several ships had arrived in the bay, all for the purpose of coaling, including the Pacific Mail Boat "Galicia," bound for Valparaiso. We now heard that yesterday the "Esmeralda had captured two Chilian vessels just outside the

bay, which were laden with coal, and had promptly dismantled them.

The next day (the 18th, Sunday,) our coaling commenced. We had arranged for 400 tons to be delivered, but had only succeeded in getting about 70 tons on board, when the demon "Esmeralda" was again seen steaming at full speed into the harbour. This was exceedingly provoking, but it was useless to endeavour to get the labourers to proceed. The same excitement and confusion again prevailed; off they rushed pell mell into the lighters, rowing for dear life to the shore, and fortunately reaching it in time. An unlucky fisherman, however, pursuing his calling, was not so fortunate, for he was captured. We afterwards ascertained, however, that he was a naval spy, who had been on shore, and who had assumed a fisherman's disguise. He had evidently brought news of some importance, for after he had been on board the "Esmeralda" for a short time, their band struck up the National anthem, the tars manned the rigging, and loud cheering ensued. This was immediately responded to by the soldiers on shore firing several shots at the man-of-war's boat while she was on her way to the Pacific Mail boat. The next moment we heard the thunder of a long gun, and the whizzing of projectiles unpleasantly near us, and we

accordingly raised our anchor and sought a more sheltered position. An excited enthusiast in the railway station also added to the noise and confusion by firing several shots in the direction of the man-of-war, needless to say, however, doing no damage to her, but on the contrary jeopardising the lives of those people who happened to be near him. The utmost disorder now prevailed—the handful of soldiers on the pier hoisted the signals of war, and began firing at the "Esmeralda." She was, however, out of range. This was followed by a volley from the sharp shooters on the "Esmeralda," and two soldiers were killed on the pier. The remainder beat a hasty retreat into the town, and left the pier to take care of itself. I suppose however it is natural for soldiers of the *line* to show a disposition to *hook* it The windows of the railway station were broken and soon afterwards a shell struck it, and exploded in the chief cashier's room, but fortunately it was deserted at the time.

The people on shore could now be seen running away from the town in all directions, and soon the neighbouring hills were covered with them. A little knot of English residents had congregated at the back of the British Consul's office, and it was evident that everyone was seriously alarmed at the aspect matters had assumed.

It was fortunate the soldiers on the shore had no very big guns, for had it been so, we were still much too near to be pleasant. The "Esmeralda" was now seen charging her big guns, and steaming away in the direction of a railway bridge, about half a mile out of the town, evidently with the intention of destroying it, and cutting off railway communication between Coronel and Lota. She fired several shells at the bridge, but her gunners were evidently inexperienced, for she did not do any damage, and apparently she was somewhat disgusted herself, for she shortly afterwards steamed away in the direction of Lota. We heard her discharge several shots there, and afterwards ascertained she had fired at a passing train from Lota to Coronel, but without managing to hit it. The damage to the inhabitants of Coronel turned out to be very trifling—3 persons killed, and one old woman dropping down dead in the street through fright. About 5 o'clock the same evening, the "Esmeralda" was seen steaming out to sea—the people returned to their homes, and peace seemed restored for the time being. Thus ended a most exciting day. It was my first experience of a bombardment, if such a small affair can be so termed, but it had the effect of relieving the monotony which every one was beginning to feel after such a long time at sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

Coaling under Difficulties—An Invitation to Breakfast — "Chili" Weather — A Chapter on Paradoxes—Views on Electric Light—A Curious Coincidence.

On Monday, the 19th, the lighters came alongside early, and coaling proceeded all day without interruption. This was continued on the 20th, when about 10 o'clock the "Esmeralda" again appeared in sight, but she steamed into Lota, and our coaling proceeded.

We went out to breakfast this morning on board the "Gulf of Guinea," where we were very kindly received by the commander Captain Livingstone. We afterwards all went on shore again for a few hours, and inspected the damage done to the houses, etc., by the "Esmeralda's" guns, but there was very little harm done.

The weather was very fine and warm, but chilly. Yes, reader, however paradoxical this may seem, it is nevertheless correct. I see, however, the printer has made a mistake in the spelling. It should have been "Chili."

Talking of paradoxes,—these formed the subject of after dinner conversation one evening, and as I heard one or two which seemed to be original, I have ventured to jot them down for the benefit of my readers.

The following is an apparently simple one, but it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping:—

"A snail, climbing a post 20 feet high, ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top?"

Or another:—

"A wise man, having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged the window to twice its former size: yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard high." How was this done?

The latter is a catch question in geometry. The window, being diamond shaped in the first instance, and afterwards made square, whilst as as regards the former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer is not 20 days, but 16, since the snail, who gains one foot each day for 15 days, climbs on the 16th day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

The following was once asked at a university wine party by a well-known senior wrangler:

"Suppose three snakes, each of which is swallowng each other by the tail; so that the three form a circle. Then, as the swallowing process continues, the circle evidently grows smaller. Now, if they thus continue to swallow each other, *what will eventually become of the snakes?*" Of course it is clear that either the swallowing process must stop somewhere, or that the snakes will vanish down each others throats. *At what point* then will the swallowing cease?

As far as I know this puzzle has never been solved, and any ingenious reader who can form a solution of it is invited to communicate with the author.

One more, and I have done:

"A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York, and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey taking (say) 7 days. How many trains will a traveller meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?" It appears obvious at the first glance that the traveller must meet *seven* trains, and this is the answer which will be given by most people to whom the question is new. The fact is overlooked that every day throughout the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveller will therefore not meet seven trains, but *fourteen.*

The "Esmeralda" could now be dimly seen steaming out to sea, but she was using her electric search lights very vigorously. What a splendid light these throw. I see it is becoming used more and more every day in ordinary passenger ships, although I have heard objections raised to it by several ship captains and others as causing too much glare and dazzling the vision. I don't know what particular system is used for ships, but should fancy *Siemens* as being the most appropriate.

I had almost forgotten to mention a curious coincidence, *i. e.*, that Captain W——— and his wife (my fellow passengers) had actually booked their passage in the sailing ship "Archer," but altered their minds for the same reason as myself, and now we had each selected this particular ship in substitution, although there were the choice of several other routes to travel by.

After a game of Ludo, (now re-named Lota, as a memento of our eventful visit), I turned in early with a view of getting a quiet night's rest, as we expected to be on the move again to-morrow, if possible.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR TROUBLES NOT YET OVER—WE ARE CHASED BY A MAN-OF-WAR—A NARROW SQUEAK—FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE REVOLUTION—FULL SPEED AHEAD ONCE MORE.

ON Wednesday morning, the 21st, after a week's delay, we finished our coaling, and at 2 p.m. resumed our journey. We had made an addition to our crew, as at Coronel our Captain engaged two extra sailors and a carpenter, all very glad to leave such a hot-bed of strife, and who were to work out their passage. We proceeded at a careful pace out of the harbour, and were soon going at full speed ahead. Our troubles, however, were not yet over, for shortly afterwards a Chilian steamer, in the service of the rebels, passed close by us, and enquired our destination. We replied, and dipped our flag in courtesy, but apparently she was not satisfied, as she continued following us for some distance, and was eventually seen making for another and larger vessel some 8 miles off. This,

on closer observance, proved to be our old enemy, the "Esmeralda." We, however, nothing daunted, continued on our course at full speed, and had emerged into the Pacific when the man-of-war was seen steaming towards us at a terrific pace. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and every now and then we lost sight of her in the tremendous waves, but steaming about 17 or 18 knots to our 10, she was rapidly everhauling us. She now ran up a signal having reference to bad weather, (which afterwards turned out to be an error on her part, as she meant to have said, "heave to immediately.") We, however, proceeded on our way, when approaching nearer she discharged one of her guns. She was now within a mile off, and there could be no doubt of her intention to waylay us, and she was evidently getting impatient, for while we were hoisting the Union Jack she discharged a second gun. The utmost confusion now prevailed on our little ship. What could they want with us? Visions of robbery and confinement in a Chilian prison rose in our minds. Poor Tommy was *non est*, thinking, no doubt, he was going to be pressed into the Chilian navy. Our engines were now stopped, and the "Esmeralda" steamed round under our lee, and launched her boat containing a lieutenant and four marines, armed to the

teeth. He boarded us and we produced our papers for his inspection, when he explained that the reason of our detention was that a captain of one of their ships had deserted and joined the opposition party on shore, and accompanied by another deserter was supposed to be escaping in our vessel! He also stated they had reason to believe we had on board a quantity of dynamite cartridges for the Chilian Government, and that we had repainted our ship with a view to avoid recognition. Our Captain produced his manifest and other papers, assuring him that his suspicions were groundless, and that he was at perfect liberty to search the ship for the deserters, if he thought fit, whilst as regards the dynamite cartridges, they were for the use of the British navy at Esquimalt.

"We must have them," the officer exclaimed, and pointing out how useful it would be to them.

Captain Scott, however, firmly but quietly explained how impossible this was. The rebel officer then insisted, but our Captain still remained firm. Four times the value of the cargo was offered in gold and refused, and the Captain pointed out the nature of the bond he had given at Coronel. The officer then suggested he could take the money and say that the goods had been forcibly taken away from him. To this Captain

Scott, of course, refused to listen, and the rebel officer then stated his intention of taking the cargo without our permission.

"Not while we have Englishmen on board,' was the reply, "there are 40 of us, well armed, and we shall make a mighty lively fight of it."

This the Chilian officer treated as a joke, and asked what 40 men could do against a warship?

"We can kill you just as fast as you come on board," was the determined reply.

"But we have big guns, we blow you out of the water," said the officer.

"Well," replied our Captain determinedly, and trying to scare the officer, "if you fire on us I'll get up full steam and charge into you. I've got a good strong ship and she's heavily laden, and if we don't sink you I'm a Dutchman."

This bravado seemed to fairly upset the Chilian; he looked at the Captain to see if he was joking, but a firm and resolute demeanor met his enquiring gaze. Presently he remarked: "But you'll all be killed then."

"All right," returned Captain Scott, "we'll all go to the bottom together."

At this he appeared fairly non-plussed, but eventually he appeared satisfied with the explanation given, although he again pointed out the terrible punishment that would await us if it

afterwards turned out we had deceived him. The amusing part of the story is that their spies at Coronel had ascertained we had an army captain on board, and our unassuming and innocent passenger, Captain W———, was supposed to be one of the deserters they were in search of!

The lieutenant now returned to his boat, having previously made an ample apology for the delay and inconvenience they had occasioned.

Whilst the lieutenant was closeted with our Captain, the "Esmeralda" drew closer to us, and several officers on the bridge scanned us very narrowly, evidently being sanguine they were on the right track. She drew perilously near, although there was a heavy sea running, and the remarks made in a previous chapter with reference to their inefficient gun fire, applies with equal force to their bad navigation, for she steamed right across our bows and narrowly escaped boring us, indeed, had we not set our ship in motion, half speed astern, a collision would have been inevitable. Apart from this it was a most stupid piece of business on their own behalf, for assuming we had been hostile, and had been fitted with an iron ram under our bows when she crossed us there would have been nothing to prevent our going full speed ahead into, and sinking her. However, "alls well that ends

well." The "Esmeralda" took up her boat, and steamed away — Master Tommy emerged from his hiding place, and we proceeded on our journey.

From the Chilian officer I gathered a little further information concerning the state of affairs. He explained that at Valparaiso the soldiers had fired on the British man-of-war "Warspite's" boat in the harbour, but had since made a sufficient apology, and that further, British sympathy was entirely on their side, and that they were ultimately sanguine of success. He further stated that the President had imprisoned 3,000 people, and had them flogged in the square every morning, holding feasts and other entertainments in the afternoon. Truly a barbaric state of affairs.*

At 6 p.m. we were again under full steam and our new paint being a *fast* colour, we expected to make up for lost time. We now lost sight of land, and did not expect to see it again (with the exception of one or two small islands) until we reached the coast of California, some 4,000 miles distant.

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* Since the above was written I hear that Coronel, Iquique and Santiago have been under a state of siege by the rebels, and destroyed, and we must be considered fortunate to have got away at the time we did.—H. F.

CHAPTER XV.

JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLAND—SCENE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ADVENTURES — ISLANDS OF ST. AMBROSE AND ST. FELIX—ON SALT WATER BATHING — CONCERNING AN OCTOPUS — A SUMMER'S DAY — THE BOOBY BIRD—THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS—ON LAUGHTER.

ON Friday, the 23rd, we sighted the Islands of Juan Fernandez, sometimes called "Robinson Crusoe" Islands. This group (if it can be so called) consists of two chief islands, at a considerable distance apart, with some smaller ones attached to each. Their name is derived from Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who discovered them in 1563. He designed to settle here, and requested a patent for them, but did not obtain it. It was much visited by the Buccaneers in their marauding expeditions against the Spaniards. In 1681 a Mosquito Indian was left on it by a passing ship, and was taken off again in 1684, he having lived three years there solitarily upon the goats introduced there by

Fernandez. In 1709 Captain Rogers touched here, and found the well-known hero, Alexander Selkirk, who had been left on it by the ship "Cinque Ports" over four years previously. Selkirk gave an account of his sojourn to Daniel Defoe, in order to prepare it for the press, and from the ideas there given the excellent romance of Robinson Crusoe was founded.

In 1819 the Chilian Government formed it into a penal colony, but it was not kept up on account of the expense.

An Austrian officer, Baron Von Rodth, has been a resident of the island for the past 15 years, with a small colony of natives, and European deserters from civilization. They only communicate with the world once a year, when they dispatch a fine yacht to Valparaiso for supplies.

The next evening, about 8 o'clock, we passed between the islands of St. Ambrose and St. Felix, situated about 500 miles west of Copiapo in Chili, and are only visited for the purpose of fishing and procuring water. They are 11 miles apart. A remarkable rock, very much resembling the Bass Rock at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, lies off the east end of St. Ambrose, and a small rugged conical shaped rock to the westward.

Through the west part of the Bass is a remarkable fissure, leaving a cavity through at the water line, and about 20 feet high, shaped like a triangle.

St. Felix consists of two islands, connected by a reef, and about 1½ miles to the north is a remarkable islet, which, from its similarity in shape, has been named Peterborough Cathedral, and which, from most points of view, resembles a ship under sail. These islands all appear to be volcanic, and are without an appearance of verdure.

The next day we again entered the tropics. It was one of those days when existence seems most full of delight, and when the human frame is most susceptible of the beauty and grandeur of nature. Not the least charm about our long voyage was the pure and refreshing daily sea water bath; although, strange to say, sea-faring men, as a rule, prefer a bath of fresh water.

There was somebody once who, having a little spare time on his hands, calculated the exact amount of common salt there was in all the oceans, and who proved it satisfactorily to be 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles, or about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one third less than that of the Himalayas! Just fancy that now, and at Brighton they only

charge two shillings per *head* for a hot sea bath —of course you can wash lower down than your head without extra charge, if you think it necessary!

This morning, whilst pumping the water into the bath, I pumped up a young octopus, but did not keep him long as he soon showed signs of exhaustion. The octopus, I believe, feeds upon other small shell fish, and its greatest enemies are the dog fish and the ray. This probably accounts for its legs *raydiating* from a common centre.

A hot day was followed by a lovely ocean sunset, even more splendid, if possible, than the one I witnessed in the Atlantic, and which I have before referred to. The sun was yet an hour above the horizon, and the sea like a lake of molten gold. The colour of the sky nearest the sun of a pale green, with two or three burnished streaks of vapour, so thin, you could almost catch the sky through them, and fixed, as it were, in this gorgeous frame. The sun now hovered over the horizon, quivered for an instant, and then sank—gradually the surrounding clouds seemed suffused with a rosy light, turning afterwards to a bright violet, and then fading into purple—but the glory of the sunset long lingered in the west, whilst in the east the moon, at full, rose to complete the beauty of the picture.

On the 27th, a bird called the "Booby" flew on the top of our awning on the saloon deck, but in trying to catch him. he just eluded us. These birds somewhat resemble an Albatross, and are so stupid that they frequently alight on the deck of a ship, and fall asleep, thus allowing themselves to be caught.

I have nothing else worth chronicling until February the 2nd, on which date we again crossed the Equator, and at some distance off passed the Galapagos Islands. They extend on each side of the line, and are about 600 miles distant from the west coast of the Republic of Ecuador, to which they belong. They were discovered by the Spaniards.

Land turtle, or tortoise, and guanoes abound here, and the latter are so tame that a man may knock down twenty in an hour's time with a club. The land turtle are so numerous that 500 or 600 men might subsist on them alone for several months, without any other kind of provisions. They are so extraordinarily large and fat, and so sweet, that no pullet eats more pleasantly.

There are six principal islands, nine smaller, and many islets, scarcely deserving to be distinguished from mere rocks. The largest is Albemarle, sixty miles in length, and fifteen

broad, the highest point being 4,700 feet above the level of the sea. The constitution of the whole is volcanic, and there are supposed to be in all the islands at least 2,000 craters. These are of two kinds, one consisting of scoriac and lava, and the other of finely stratified volcanic sandstone. Considering these islands are placed directly under the equator, the climate is far from being excesssively hot, a circumstance chiefly owing to the singularly low temperature of the surrounding sea.

Charles Island, though one of the smallest of the group, is one of the most important, as upon it is the only permanent settlement. The beach here has been called "Pat's Landing," from an Irishman who lived alone on the island for 18 or 20 years, with occasionally a sailor or two, deserters from the ships touching. He was killed in attempting to bring off a wife from Guayaquil. Innumerable crabs and hideous iguanas abound round these islands—the latter are extremely ugly, being lizard-shaped, about three feet in length, of a dirty black colour, with a great mouth, and a pouch hanging under it, a kind of horny mane upon the neck and back, and long claws and tail. They swim with ease and swiftness, but use their tails only at that time.

Taken altogether, these islands form one of

the most interesting features of the Pacific Ocean. Whether they are considered in the physical formation so distinct to the low coral groups which dot this vast expanse of waters; the strong and devious currents which surround them, varying so much from other portions of the great ocean—the active volcanic agency everywhere visible—their position on the equator, or their importance to shipping for the supplies they afford—these islands (sometimes called the "Tortoise Archipelago") must be evident as one of the most interesting features of the globe.

A burst of hearty laughter now greets my ears, which I find is caused by some one recalling the fun we had the last time we crossed the equator. A good hearty laugh does one good. To laugh heartily and musically is, I think, one of the most enchanting of God's blessings. Laughter and tears are, however, so closely allied, that one often is puzzled to know where sorrow ends and laughter begins. Once at a funeral I observed a gentleman who was weeping copiously, pull off his wig with his hat, and a deep mourner giggling at it!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOLDRUMS — TURTLE — THE BOATSWAIN BIRD—ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST—A WHITE SQUALL—EXPERIMENTS ON CALMING THE WAVES—ALSO A WIFE—CLIPPERTON ISLAND.

THE next day, the 3rd, we got into the Doldrums, and there was absolutely not a ripple on the ocean. Numbers of turtle, fast asleep, floated close by us, and in the absence of a proper net, we endeavoured to catch some with the hammock, but unfortunately without success. If we had been able to stop and lower a boat, we could have caught plenty.

A bird, called the "Boatswain Bird," now fell stunned on the deck. It flew into the thick heavy smoke from our funnel, and was blinded by it. We did not keep him however, for he seemed so miserable, and after a short time we threw him overboard, and he went away at a tremendous pace, followed by several others who had been hovering around the ship, and who

were probably anxious to overtake him to hear the result of his adventures. This bird has a long white beak, something like the albatross, but the curious feature of it is a long red quill protruding for some distance at the end of its tail.

This was another beautiful evening, and I remained on deck until a late hour meditating on the beautiful works of nature. The stars studded the heavens, so I thought I might appropriately study the stars.

The following day we emerged from the doldrums, and had the benefit of the north-east trade winds, but they set in very strong, and made our boat very lively. To keep in unison with the ship, our cook sent us some new "rolls" for breakfast. In the afternoon we experienced one of those squalls so often found in the region of the equator. A white mist began to curl above the horizon — the barometer fell so low, I thought it would *break*—the blueness of the sky seemed suddenly to fade and become a dingy grey color, and the swell on the ocean covered the waves with a scurfy foam. The rain now came down in torrents but the squall soon died away, the heavens again became bright, and though the waves were still tumultuous, no evidence of the storm was visible with the exception of the agitated state of the ocean. In

these times of science and invention, I shall not be surprised, one of these days, to hear of a wonderful discovery for breaking the force of the ocean waves. I recollect once hearing that a Commissioner of a certain royal institute had experimented on a portion of the North Sea by pouring several gallons of oil upon the restless waves, without, however, having the effect of diminishing their motion. On the contrary these experimentalists, beginning to feel very ill, put back, and reported that the conclusion they had arrived at was that when anyone talked of calming the waves with oil, it was merely meant as a "poetical embellishment!" It reminds me of a story I once heard of an American gentleman, with a wife whose temper was like unto the fury of a tempest. One day, having taken home a tin of petroleum, he set it down on the hob in her presence, and went for a stroll. When his friends saw him a few days afterwards, he wore mourning! He must have possessed a good deal of courage, but there are some people who have more than others—men who marry twice, for instance!

On the 5th inst. we passed by Clipperton Island, which is nothing more than a very dangerous rock in the middle of the Pacific, and, with the shoals, is about three miles in length.

No living trees can be seen, but the whole island is covered with gannet, boobies and pelicans. Its colour is very dark, and nearly black, and in its vicinity sharks, turtles, and porpoise are often seen in great numbers. I remarked to one of our officers, on seeing a large shark go by, "How would you feel if one of those brutes got hold of you?" "Rather down in the mouth," he replied, which struck me as being very much to the point.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Strong Current Impedes Our Progress—The Revilla Gigedo Islands—Again in Sight of Land—An Attack of Indigestion and its Consequences—Guadaloupe—The Californian Islands—Off San Francisco.

On the 6th we encountered a very strong current from the north-west, which impeded our progress as much as twenty-four miles a day, and we continued to feel the force of it, more or less, for the remainder of our journey.

On the 9th we passed the Revilla Gigedo Islands, the largest of which, Socorro, is stated to be thirty miles in extent. The name was given by Colnett in 1793, out of compliment to the Viceroy of Mexico, from whom he had received much kindness and civility. Socorro is lofty, the highest peak being about 2,000 feet above the sea level, and it can be discerned sixty miles distant. It is in a great measure covered with brushwood, intermixed with low

prickly pear trees. Although they have not recently given evidence of volcanic origin, there is little doubt that the whole of this group of islets originated from that source. Off the north and north-west coast of Socorro there are some detached rocks, and some also extend off the south shore, which is a high bold coast. A few miles north-west of Socorro is San Benedicto Island. Our ship passed between the two. This island is about six miles long, and has a barren appearance, with little or no vegetation. Its surface is uneven, and is sometimes described as romantic, having the appearance of two distinct islets when seen at a distance of nine to ten miles.

On the 10th we were again within sight of land (the first time since leaving Coronel), this being Cape St. Lucas, the southernmost point of Lower California. An attack of "bad colds" seemed now to pervade the ship. No one seemed to escape, in fact, we all appeared to be *(ca) tarred* with the same brush. About this time too I had a very severe attack of indigestion, causing horrible "nightmares" which seemed to thrill one with their reality. By-the-bye what absurd and idiotic phantasies these dreams seem to develop; mine was something like the following:—

First I dream't the "King" of Chili
Captured me in Piccadilly,
And for payment of a Bill, he
Threatened he would take my life;
Then I thought his only daughter
Saved me from a dreadful slaughter,
Treated me to gin and water,
And eventually 'came my wife.
Then I dream't that Mr. Goschen,
In the House caused great commotion,
For like inmates of the ocean
He appeared with tail and fins;
Then he turned into a sailor,
Like you see on board a whaler,
Whilst Parnell, dressed like a gaoler,
Locked himself up for his sins.
Then I dream't that Julius Cæsar,
Called out "Back her, stop her, ease her!"
Then there rose a sudden breezer,
And the ship was nearly wrecked;
Then a blow, a push, a shaking,
All my drowsy senses waking,
Proved that last night I'd been taking
Too much lobster, I expect!

Moral—Beware of lobster suppers.

On the 10th we passed (though at some distance) the Alijos Rocks, a dangerous group, lying off the coast of California, the southernmost and largest rock being about 110 feet high.

We were favoured with beautiful warm days, and yet bracing, but the evenings were cold, and our great coats proved of service.

On the 12th we passed close to the Island of

Guadaloupe. This island is 15 miles long by 5 broad, and a chain of hills extend throughout the interior, the highest being nearly 3,500 feet high. Off the south end are two rocky islets, at some distance from the shore. The island is quite rocky and barren, and affords very little sustenance for anything except goats. There were two schooners on the south side, bound northwards, and these were the first vessels we had seen since leaving Coronel, 22 days ago.

On the 13th the weather became much colder, and with a strong head wind and current, we did not make much progress. We saw shoals of grampus, or small whales, in the afternoon. At midnight we passed well to the west of a rather dangerous shoal, called Cortez Bank, which is about 15 miles in extent. We were now abreast of San Diego, which, with perhaps the exception of San Francisco, is said to possess the finest harbour on the Pacific Coast, as it is subject to less swells, rain, fog and haze, and the entrance is less difficult to make and enter on that account.

At 10 a.m. the next day, we passed the island of San Nicolas, 8 miles long and 4 broad. Its sides are bold and precipitous, and composed of coarse sandstone. At midday we passed the islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Miguel. The former is the largest of the Cali-

fornian Islands, and lies about 20 miles from the coast. It is about 25 miles long, and its greatest elevation is 2,400 feet above the sea. On the lower parts of the surface grass is abundant, and for some years has sustained a flock of sheep so considerable that 15,000 to 20,000 head have been taken from it annually.

Santa Rosa is eighteen miles in length, with a bold outline, but it is not so high as Santa Cruz. The hills are undulating, and covered with coarse grass and bushes.

San Miguel, the westernmost of the Californian Islands, is six miles long, and numerous small rocks are in its vicinity, although there is plenty of deep water.

At 4 o'clock we were abreast Point Conception, and here the wind suddenly veered round to the south-west, and a strong gale soon afterwards sprung up, which lasted several hours.

At mid-day on the 15th we were abreast San Francisco, which I suppose can safely be described as the "Western Metropolis" of the United States. Its geographical position and size, its depth of water, noble entrance, and bold shores, the Sacramento and tributaries draining the rich agricultural valleys and auriferous slopes of the Sierra Nevada, together with the prosperous city on its shores, and the salubrity

of its climate, have combined to make San Francisco emphatically *the* port of the Pacific.

A small brigantine bound to that city, here passed us close to, and the heavy cross sea caused her to pitch about tremendously.

At midnight we made the light on Point Arena, and the coast line for several miles beyond this presents a low shore, with sand beach, changing suddenly to a straight high bluff shore, with a few trees, and backed by hills 2,000 feet high, covered to their summits with wood.

The morning of the 16th broke fine and bright, and by 11 a.m. we were abreast of Cape Mendocino. Here the range of hills from the southward appear to meet a range coming from the eastward, the junction resulting in a mountainous headland about 3,000 feet in height, the tops of which were covered with snow, and reminded me somewhat of the scenery in the Straits of Magellan, though here the verdure was much softer and brighter. It was now much colder, and we had a fire lighted in the saloon for the first time since leaving England, nearly three months ago.

At midday we entered Humboldt Bay, nine miles across. Close by are the towns of Humboldt (with its port and military station) and Eureka, a thriving town.

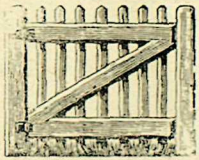
In the afternoon we passed Trinidad Bay and Head, the latter 380 feet high, and covered with a thick, low undergrowth of scrub brushes. The town lies round the roadstead, to the west, and the land is very rich and well adapted for agriculture.

At midnight we were abreast of Crescent Bay, which is said to be a very dangerous roadstead, on account of the numerous shoals and rocks in its vicinity. The mountains in the background present a magnificent sight. The largest, Mount Shaste, over 14,000 feet high, is always covered with snow, and its conical shape indicates its volcanic character, although no crater is visible.

At 6 a.m. on the 17th we passed Port Orford, and in this neighbourhood are found immense quantities of the largest and finest white cedar on the coast. Northward of Cape Orford (sometimes called Cape Blanco) the nature and appearance of the coast assumes a marked change. Long reaches of low white sand beach occur, broken by bold, rocky headlands, and present a light green appearance, being covered with fern, grass and bushes.

At 10 p.m. we passed Cape Foulweather, about 800 feet high, so named by Cook from the exceedingly bad weather he met with soon after-

wards. It seems to have kept up its reputation too, for we here experienced heavy and frequent southwest squalls. A little farther on is Cape Lookout, very high and bluff, and terminating abruptly in the sea. About two miles distant from it rise three large rocks, which are very remarkable from the great resemblance they bear to each other. The middle one has an archway perforated in its centre, through which the sea can be plainly discerned. These rocks sometimes go by the name of the Three Brothers.



CHAPTER XVIII.

DESTRUCTION ISLAND—CAPE FLATTERY—WE ARRIVE AT OUR DESTINATION—ON THE BENEFITS AND HEALTHFULNESS OF THE VOYAGE—A FEW REMARKS ON BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ON the 18th, at 7 a.m., we passed Cape Tillamook, the face of which is much broken, and formed principally of yellow clay, presenting a bright appearance in the sunlight. It is said that at 1,200 feet above the sea level occurs a stratum of white earth, used by the Indians as paint; and that the hill sides slip away in masses of 50 to 100 acres at a time.

At 9 a.m. we passed Cape Disappointment which presents a geological formation not before met with on the seaboard, being composed of horizontal columnar basalt, rising to an elevation of nearly 300 feet. A little further on the Columbia River enters the ocean. The snow covered peak of Mount St. Helens is seen in the distance, although 75 miles inland, and is esti-

mated to be 13,500 feet high. It is volcanic, and occasionally discharges volumes of smoke.

At 2 p.m. the wind veered round to the north west, and we were deluged with heavy rain and sleet. A steamer passed close to us, pitching violently, which we made out to be the steamer from Victoria to San Francisco.

At 5 p.m. we passed well to the westward of Destruction Island, situated about four miles from the coast. It is about 75 feet high, flat on the top, and covered with grass, but destitute of trees. It received its name from Captain Berkeley, who in 1787 sent a long boat from King George's Sound, to explore as far south as latitude 47°. The crew of their smaller boat entered a shallow river, and rowed up some distance, when they were attacked and all murdered by the Indians.

At 10.30 p.m. we sighted Cape Flattery, and soon afterwards passed the Tatoosh Islands. These small islands, connected by reefs, are quite flat-topped, and without trees. From the top of one of them appears a leaning rocky column, about 140 feet high, and goes by the name of "Fuca's Pillar."

At midnight we rounded Cape Flattery in a blinding snowstorm. It did not last long, however, and soon afterwards the moon shining

brightly, we entered the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and the last stage of our long journey. Cape Flattery presents a bold rugged surface, and the highest part is about 2,000 feet high. It appears to be cut up by gorges, and covered with a dense growth of fir.

Passing the Race Islands at 7 a.m. on the 19th February, we soon afterwards slowly steamed into Esquimalt Harbour, and dropped anchor there soon after 9 a.m. The weather was very cold, and it was not the choicest season of the year to enter a new country, but the first impressions of Victoria and its surroundings, as seen from the deck of our steamer, were certainly favourable.

I should here like to make a few remarks as regards the good effects to be obtained from a sea voyage similar to the one I have just completed.

To those who are content with the gentle excitement to be got in the course of an ocean voyage, and who wish for the bracing effects of the sea, without the disturbing elements of frequently going into port and taking in relays of new passengers, the route I came by could not well be improved upon. Over and above the pleasure that usually arises from contemplating the ever varying moods of the surface of the

ocean, of the enjoyment of a bright atmosphere and the purest air, there are certain persons for whom a holiday at sea is peculiarly suited. To anyone who is what is termed "run down," either by muscular fatigue, long office hours, or prolonged study, the sea-holiday affords the surest and quickest means of restoring their vital powers. The fresh sea breeze has all the invigorating qualities of mountain air, whilst the deck promenade is better calculated to bring back the flush of health than the exertion of fatiguing ascents.

The next day, the 20th, we landed at Esquimalt, which is a charmingly situated and picturesque suburb of Victoria. This is the North Pacific Naval Station of Her Majesty's Fleet, and in the summer, there are generally several vessels of the squadron lying here. There is an excellent dry dock and government works, and the harbor is a perfectly land-locked refuge, and easy of access for vessels of the deepest draught. From Esquimalt we took the electric tramcar to Victoria, four miles distant, the journey occupying only twenty minutes.

Victoria, the Capital of British Columbia, is located on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, and has a population of about 15,000, principally Europeans. It is a wealthy and pros-

perous city, and the least practical observer cannot fail to note its essentially English character. It very much resembles a town in the south of England, not only on account of its balmy and salubrious climate, but by its handsome private residences, and well kept grounds and gardens. It is a favorite winter resort, and in the summer is filled with tourists.

From the Beacon Hill Public Park a charming view across the Straits of Fuca is obtained; the snow-capped Olympic Mountains on the American side rising to a great height, and the white cone of Mount Baker standing out conspicuously. The winters are short and not severe, and there is usually a long dry summer.

Victoria is the headquarters of the salmon and fur trades, and with all these advantages it is rapidly increasing in size. The streets are well laid out, and the numerous buildings, blocks and warehouses, and those in course of erection, testify to the increasing prosperity of the town.

Electric tramcars traverse the principal streets, and a complete system of sewerage is in course of construction, which will embrace the whole of the city area.

The houses of the Provincial Parliament are nicely situated overlooking the harbour, and by the courtesy of the Mayor, Mr. Grant, I was

shown over the new Municipal Buildings, and the Jubilee Hospital, which are a credit to the city.

About seventy miles north of Victoria, and connected by rail, is the rapidly increasing town of Nanaimo, where coal has been discovered in large quantities, and the mines give employment to a large number of men. The coal is said to be of superior quality, and most of the principal towns on the Pacific Coast are supplied from these mines.

The country between Nanaimo and Victoria is very picturesque, valley, river, lake, and mountain producing an attractive variety of scene. There are numerous thriving settlements along the line, and there is enough fishing and shooting to satisfy the keenest of sportsmen.

After a few days in Victoria, I took the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's boat to Vancouver, some ninety miles in a north-easterly direction, and the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Vancouver is situated on a peninsula, rising to an altitude of about 200 feet, with a gradual descent to the water's edge on either side, thus affording a most complete system of natural drainage.

The harbour is one of the finest in the world,

and is always navigable for vessels of the deepest draught. The capacity of the city for marine commerce can never be outgrown, no matter to what extent it reaches. The growth of the place is simply wonderful, and almost unparalleled. But five years back its site was covered with a dense forest, whilst now it possesses many miles of well laid out streets, with fine brick and granite buildings, and has a population of about 17,000. It is well-lighted by electricity, and a well organised system of electric tramcars is in operation along the principal streets. A new tram line is in course of formation between this place and the neighbouring City of New Westminster, some 12 miles distant, and when this is opened about June next, as expected, the value of land on and near the route must necessarily be of great value. There are fine hotels, with all modern conveniences, and an opera house which would do credit to many large cities in England of far longer standing. Three fine new steamers are now being built in England, for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to trade between this port and China and Japan—in fact one is now on the way, and is expected to arrive here about the end of April. A line direct to Australia and New Zealand is also under consideration. There is no doubt in my mind that in the near future this

place will be the natural outlet, not only for the undeveloped resources of the country, but for the products and manufactures of the eastern provinces.

Whilst in Vancouver I made a flying visit to the adjoining City of New Westminster, and here again was much struck with the air of prosperity all around. This is the great river port of British Columbia. It is situated on the Fraser River, which is the highway of water communication for hundreds of miles in the interior. Here are situated several of the Government buildings, both of the Province of British Columbia and also of the Dominion of Canada. Although its population is not half that of either Victoria or Vancouver, it is rapidly increasing, and in the near future will prove no mean rival to both. Its chief wealth is derived from its lumber and salmon industries. The farmers of the Fraser valley here dispose of the bulk of their produce, and purchase implements and other necessaries for their farms.

Speaking generally, I feel sure that British Columbia has only to be known to attract attention. Its rich agricultural and grazing lands, its mineral wealth, lumber industries and fisheries, are capable of maintaining a very large population. Labour is in great demand, and

well-paid for, and there is an utter absence of the poverty so often met with in the old country.

Although there is a certain amount of rivalry between some of the cities, I fail to see any cause for it, seeing that the future prosperity of each town arises from a different source.

Vancouver, being the terminus of the greatest railway in the world, only requires time to stamp it as *the* port of Western Canada, and to rival the size and prosperity of San Francisco.

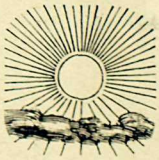
Victoria, the Capital, is fast increasing, and must continue to do so along with the other cities of the coast. Its old established financial and wholesale houses, added to its beautiful situation and salubrious climate, will keep it to the fore in the struggle for wealth and population.

New Westminster has its fisheries, lumber mills, and the Fraser River trade, whilst in close proximity are the finest agricultural lands in the whole Dominion.

Nanaimo also, with its fine seams of coal, and the rich farming lands surrounding it, must necessarily go ahead.

In conclusion, I would strongly advise any of my readers in England, or elsewhere, who contemplate settling in a new country, to visit

British Columbia. To the man of means it offers a safe and well-paying investment for capital; to the manufacturer a splendid field is open, and trades of every description are bound to flourish, whilst innumerable channels are open to the artizan and workingman, and labour is well remunerated. Here also the gentleman of leisure will find a genial climate and magnificent scenery, and the sportsman unlimited scope for his amusement.



ITINERARY OF THE VOYAGE.

Date	Lat.	Long.	Position.	Days Run.	Total Miles
1890.		West.			
Dec. 3	52 N	3-30	Liverpool.....sailed	12 no	on.
" 4	52- N	5-30	Tuscar Light-Ship ...	190	——
" 5	49- N	12-40	English Channel.....	227	417
" 6	46-50 N	14-22	W. Bay of Biscay....	200	617
" 7	43-32 N	15-34	Do.	204	821
" 8	39-56 N	16- 7	Off Coast of Portugal.	221	1042
" 9	36-23 N	16-46	Off Gibraltar.....	210	1252
" 10	33-15 N	17-30	Abreast Madeira.....	198	1450
" 11	29-56 N	18-37	Do. Morocco.....	207	1657
" 12	26-29 N	19-42	Off Canary Islands...	216	1873
" 13	22-59 N	20-49	Off Sahara Dst. (Afca.)	218	2091
" 14	19-30 N	21-46	Do.	216	2307
" 15	15- 5 N	22-14	Off Cape Verde Islands	216	2523
" 16	12-33 N	23- 1	Mid Atlantic.....	209	2732
" 17	9- 1 N	24-12	Do.	221	2953
" 18	5-56 N	25-39	Do.	204	3157
" 19	3-10 N	27-40	Off St. Paul's Rocks	205	3362
" 20	0-12 S	28-49	Equator	216	3578
" 21	3-31 S	30-30	Off Coast of Brazils .	223	3801
" 22	6-51 S	32-16	Off Parahaiba, S. Am.	226	4027
" 23	10-14 S	33-51	" Beneibo "	224	4251
" 24	13-22 S	35- 1	" San Salvador "	220	4471
" 25	16-40 S	37-24	" Porto Seguro "	221	4692
" 26	19-57 S	38-53	" Spirito Santo "	210	4902
" 27	22-57 S	41-42	" Rio Janeiro "	240	5142
" 28	25-26 S	43-49	" Paranacua "	180	5322
" 29	27-50 S	45-34	" Santa Catarina	179	5501
" 30	30-39 S	48- 1	" Port Alegro "	208	5709
" 31	33-33 S	50-48	" Uruguay "	226	5935
1891.					
Jan. 1	36-36 S	53-29	" Rvr. Plate (abreast Cape of Good Hope)	226	6161
" 2	39-40 S	55-40	Off Bns. Ayres, S. Am.	211	6372
" 3	42- 0 S	58-19	" Glf. St Matias "	188	6560

Itinerary of the Voyage (continued).

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Position.	Days Run.	Total Miles
1891.		West.			
Jan. 4	44- 0 s	61-44	" Cape Raso, S. Am.	196	6756
" 5	46-11 s	64-12	" Glf. St George "	163	6919
" 6	49-28 s	65-43	" Pt. St Julian "	206	7125
" 7	52-18 s	68-18	Straits of Magellan . .	199	7324
" 8	52-30 s	70-40	Do.	anchr	——
" 9	53-53 s	71-11	Sts. of Magellan (left Sandy Point 2.30 a.m)	100	7424
" 10	51-44 s	76-16	Abst. C. Pillar 1.30 "	180	7604
" 11	48-25 s	76-31	Off Coast of Chili	204	7808
" 12	45- 1 s	76-40	Do.	200	8008
" 13	42- 0 s	76-18	Do.	177	8185
" 14	38-20 s	74- 5	Off Mocha Island	193	8378
" 15	37-14 s	73-28	Coronel, Chili.	anchr	——
" 16	"	"	Do.	"	——
" 17	"	"	Do.	"	——
" 18	"	"	Do.	"	——
" 19	"	"	Do.	"	——
" 20	"	"	Do.	"	——
" 21	"	"	Left Coronel 2 p.m. . .	"	——
" 22	34-10 s	74-41	Off Valparaiso, S. Am.	186	8564
" 23	30-57 s	76-58	Off Juan Fernandez Id	225	8789
" 24	27-46 s	79- 0	Sts. Ambrose & Felix Is	221	9010
" 25	24-35 s	81- 1	Mid Pacific.	222	9232
" 26	21-26 s	83-26	Do.	226	9458
" 27	18-15 s	85-37	Do.	228	9686
" 28	15-33 s	87-58	Do.	211	9897
" 29	12-40 s	92- 1	Do.	227	10124
" 30	9-48 s	92-39	Do.	211	10335
" 31	7-00 s	95- 0	Do.	219	10554
Feb. 1	4- 0 s	97-21	Mid Pacific.	231	10785
" 2	1- 0 s	99-30	Off Galapagos Islands.	218	11003
" 3	1-58 N	101-24	Mid Pacific	224	11227
" 4	5- 0 N	102-58	Off Gulf of Panama . .	206	11433
" 5	8- 0 N	104-35	Clipperton Island. . . .	208	11641
" 6	10-53 N	106-48	Mid Pacific.	212	11853
" 7	13-37 N	108-40	Off Coast of Mexico . .	197	12050
" 8	16-51 N	109-48	Do.	205	12255

Itinerary of the Voyage (continued).

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Position.	Days Run.	Total Miles
1891.		West.			
Feb. 9	19-46 N	111-38	Off Reveillo Gigedo Is.	204	12459
" 10	22-35 N	113-10	Off Lower California, (Cape St. Lucas)....	195	12654
" 11	25-25 N	115-30	Do.	207	12861
" 12	28-31 N	117-20	Guadaloupe Island...	217	13078
" 13	31-21 N	119- 6	Off San Diego, Cal. ..	194	13272
" 14	34- 0 N	121-28	Off Pt. Conception Cal.	206	13478
" 15	37-30 N	122-58	Off San Francisco, Cal.	215	13693
" 16	40-28 N	124-30	Off Eureka, Cal.....	196	13889
" 17	43-12 N	124-53	Off Cape Blanco, Ore.	180	14069
" 18	46-40 N	124-32	Off Point Toke, Ore..	185	14254
" 19	48-26 N	123-27	Esquimalt, B.C. 8 a.m.	146	14400

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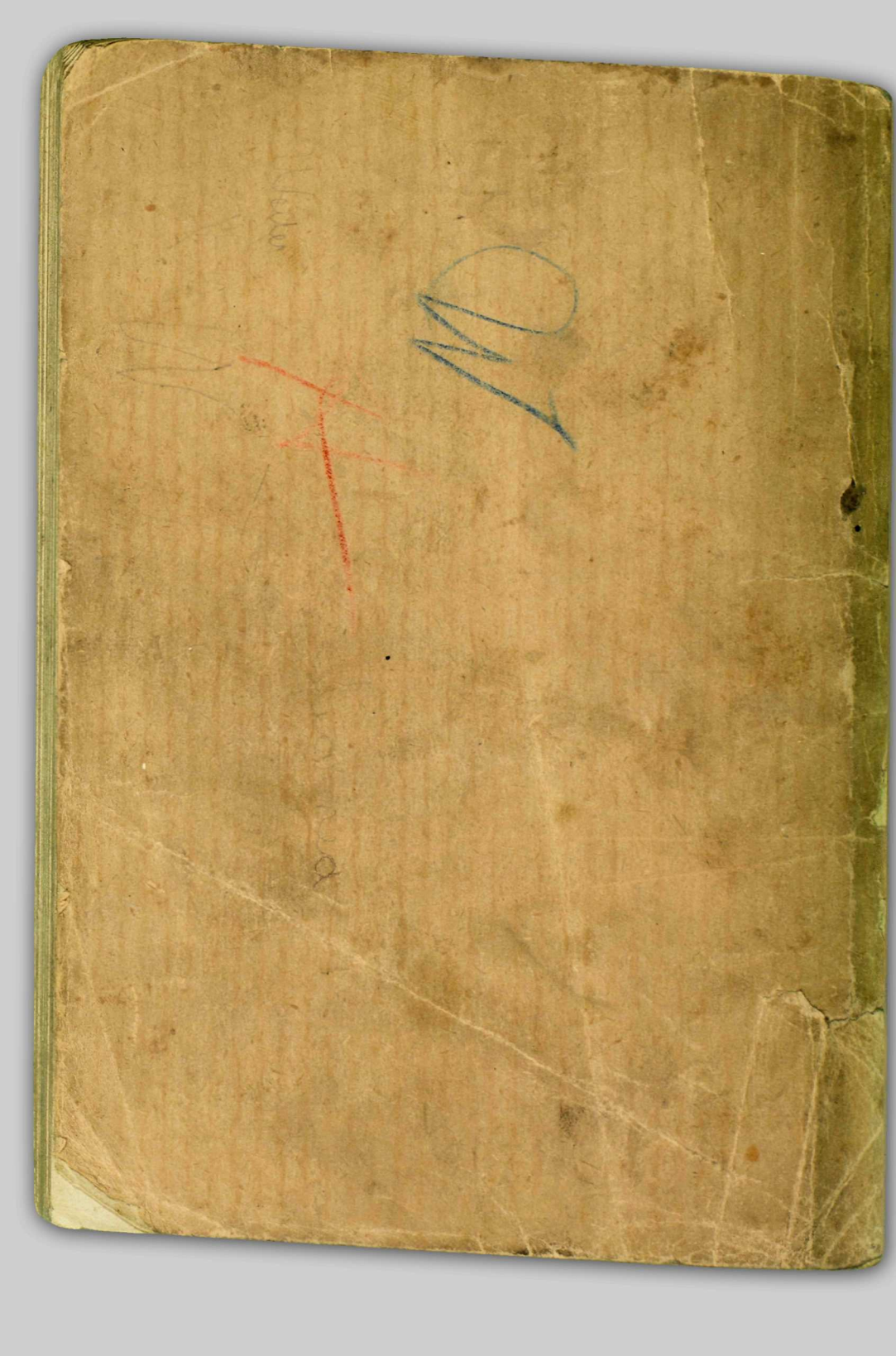
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