REMINISCENCES
OF
WILLIAM HENRY SMITH
LIVERPOOL, N.S.

Collegiate Exercise Book

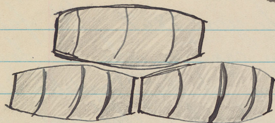
THE T. EATON C^O LIMITED
CANADA

William Henry Smith was born at Sandy Cove, between Liverpool & Brooklyn in the year 1867. His father, Spencer Smith was a fishing captain, who was lost in his vessel with 3 of his sons at the Magdalen Islands in 1873, in the famous August gale of that year. His widow was left with 3 children to support. William was then 6 years old. At 10 years he was tending the family garden & also had a salmon net from which in one good season he got 400 lbs of salmon; these were sold at 10¢ per lb. At 13 he worked in the woods, driving logs down Herring Cove stream, & picked up odd jobs around the town.

At 16 he went to sea, before the mast in the Liverpool brigantine "Georgina", owned by the firm of Anderson & Bill. She went to Berbice, British Guiana, with a lumber cargo, thence to Barbados in ballast; loaded cask sugar at Montserrat for New York, then anthracite coal from New York to Liverpool.

In loading the cask sugar, the casks were slung aboard out of lighters by a cargo gaff on the vessel's mast. Iron hooks clasped the chines of the cask as it was hoisted by the winch. This was a hand operated winch turned by 4 men (2 to each handle, 1 handle each

side) Each cask of sugar weighed half a ton or more. The casks were stowed "chime and chime" (end to end)



with the succeeding tiers stowed as shown; this was called "stowing bilge-and-guntlin" — "bilge" being the swell or belly of the cask, "guntlin" being the space afforded by the two tapering ends of the lower casks.
For stowing casks into the wings a jack-screw was used, worked by two men. The "chime" is the part of the staves projecting beyond the head.

In loading molasses, the bulk of the cargo came in puncheons (84 gallons) with a quantity in tierces (42 gals) and barrels (21 gals) for small stowage. These had to be stowed "bung up and bilge free" — with the ends resting on dunnage, and with the bung, which was in the middle of the bilge, uppermost. Due to the hot climate, the motion of the vessel, & the nature of the stuff, molasses would ferment en route north. Small vents were bored in the bung stave, one each side of the bung, to let off the gas. Often these were not enough & it was common to leave the bungs out during the voyage. If a barrel worked loose it was an awkward job to get it fastened, as it was always in rough weather,

necessitating the closing of the booby hatch. The air in the hold was stifling, a heavy sweet gassy atmosphere, and a short spell in the reek of it was enough to make a man violently sick. The molasses which "boiled over" made a sticky mess of the hold and dunnage, all of which had to be washed off after each voyage.

As the molasses casks etc were swung on to the Liverpool wharf, a customs gauger stood there running a stick through the bung-hole to measure the contents.

William Smith caught the ague fever in Berbice & suffered considerably from it after reaching home so he left the "Georgina" and did not ship again until the following year — 1885. In the spring of '85 he shipped in the two-topmast schooner "Veritas", out of Brooklyn, N.S., and went in the coasting trade to all small & large ports between Yarmouth & Sydney. In October '85 he shipped in Liverpool brigantine (built in P.E.I.) "Swiftsure" to Guantanamo, Cuba, with lumber (all white pine in those days; hemlock went to the U.S. market) Loaded bagged sugar at Guantanamo for New York. Thence with gravel ballast to Liverpool. ("VERITAS" built at Brooklyn, on the Mersey mill site, probably near the wood-house, in 1877. Measured 111 tons.)

(The "Georgina" was a brigantine of 195 tons, built in 1870 at some point west of L'pool.)

Note on Ballast:

The Liverpool waterfront originally was far in from the present riverside. Large ships could lie in the docks with their bowsprits over Water Street or Main Street. Ballast from incoming vessels was of various kinds; rock, gravel and earth. The rock and gravel was used for "fill" to level various properties between Main Street and the waterside; and after shipping began to fall off it was dumped in the inner ends of the docks; thus the docks were gradually filled. Good garden earth from the West Indies was brought north as ballast and used to make gardens. The Harrington property on the town side of the harbour has a fine rich garden of this stuff. Also the fine garden of the Wm. Sheppard property. The white limestone rock from the West Indies can be found by digging almost anywhere around Water Street. Much of this came from Kingston, Jamaica, where convict labour quarried it out of the side of a mountain & carried it in wooden trays on the men's heads down the quarry wharf and into the vessel. These convicts were all negroes in charge of negro policemen under white officers. Some of the guards were armed with rifles. The convicts wore striped cotton jackets, each with his number marked

prominently in the middle of the shoulders. Each convict had to ~~carry~~ make a certain number of round trips from the quarry to the vessel with his loaded tray. The distance was about 300 yards. They came aboard one gangway, tipped the tray, & walked ashore by a second gangway, a steady stream "like ants". As each loaded negro arrived at the gangway he sang out to the officer keeping account, "Mark one for me, massa!"

As each convict completed his share of the work he was allowed to drop out and squat on the wharf heckling the slower ones, for the ballast had to be loaded before the convicts were marched off to barracks for the evening meal. This limestone ballast must have provided a tidy little income to the government in the run of a year, for most vessels leaving Kingston in ballast took it on from the government quarry.

"I walked up & looked in the quarry one day. It was like Hell; the blinding sheer white walls of lime rock, the sun falling straight into the hollow, the absence of any breeze, the swarming sweating black men."

"Some captains, trying to save the owners a dollar or two, wouldn't take the government ballast, and loaded muck from the streets, the scrapings of the gutters etc. which could be got free from Kingston authorities. My brother was ~~there~~ in ST. LUCIA in a Liverpool vessel one time & the captain loaded this

street-muck ballast. Half the crew got yellow fever from it, and the captain and my brother died."

Ballast Cove, between Fort Point and the Wharf Rocks, Liverpool, is so called because fishing vessels often took on the big beach cobbles there for ballast before going to Labrador. The Labrador schooners used to make their headquarters on Coffin's Island, where they dried their fish, & sometimes they got beach stones there for ballast. One of the Beach Meadows Dutchmen, named Meissinger, informed on some of them, for Coffin's Island is government property. Ever after, he was known as "Ballast". I can remember as a boy of 10, some sailors egging me on to holler "Ballast!" after Meissinger; and I can remember him as an old man, leaving his wagon in the road to chase some youngsters, all scattering and yelling "Ballast!" at the top of their voices.

Bound from one island to another in the Windward and Leeward Islands, West Indies, it was customary to heave ballast overboard to save time & expense of unloading it at destination. It was a dangerous procedure if the vessel was inclined to be crank. A Liverpool topsail schooner, the "Gold Seeker" was lost thus in a West India squall, being overset. The captain was saved, and two San Blas Indians, who managed in some remarkable manner to swim out of the forecastle

by diving out from under as the vessel turned bottom up. The captain, who was at the wheel, actually walked down her windward side as she went over.

Incidentally most of the vessels operated in the southern trade by the late A. W. Hendry of Liverpool had numbers of San Blas Indians in their foremast crews. They were small dark wiry men, prime sailors, amiable & willing. Hendry operated topsail schooners to the San Blas Coast bringing cargoes of fresh coconuts to New York, & when the vessels came to Liverpool for a refit the Indians were familiar figures along the waterfront, as late ~~as~~ as 1910.

From the "Swiftsure" in February 1886 I went to the brigantine "Resultado," owned by J. V. Dexter & Co, of Brooklyn, Queens County. She was a Portuguese vessel built of Portuguese oak, & got in financial trouble at Demerara & was bought by Captain Edwin Macleod of Brooklyn about the year 1880. She was a tough thing, that Portuguese oak was good stuff; she had a round stern (most of our vessels had square sterns) and her bowsprit was cocked up at such a steep angle (STEEVED SO HIGH) that when you stood on the end of it you were neary level with her fore yard. I signed before the mast. We went to Berbice with lumber and dried codfish in casks. (This fish was packed tight in the casks by vertical screw-jacks in the warehouses.) The brigantine Alaric was also loaded for Berbice & there was a race to get away, for the first one to Berbice would get the best price. Our craft was shipping a new main topmast but the owners' man, Capt. Jason Gardner, came down to the wharf & ordered us to get over the bar while the wind held fair. The crew was not yet shipped, so we took on a bunch of stevedores & dropped her over the bar & anchored off Brooklyn. Next morning we sent up the topmast, and while we were setting up the back-stays etc. a bunch of Herring Cove fellows got our anchor up for us, made plain sail etc, so

we could get out before the "Alaric". But "Alaric" got over the bar & was abreast Moose Harbour when we were just coming round the old cribwork breakwater of Herring Cove. We finished our rigging job & set all sail; flying jib, jib, fore-topmast-staysail, fore course, lower and upper fore topsail, fore topgallantsail, fore royal; main staysail, middle staysail, main topmast staysail; mainsail & gaff topsail. By nightfall we had overhauled the "Alaric"; we passed her just as we were hoisting our side lights for the night. We got into Berbice Lightship, 20 miles off the harbour at midnight after 20 or 21 days, and the "Alaric" got in at 3 the following morning - 3 hours behind us. "Resultado" carried captain, 2 mates, cook, and 4 sailors.

After discharge at Berbice we went up the coast to Demerara & loaded log-wood. This log-wood came in lengths of about 4 feet, ranging from 20" to 4" in diameter. It was peeled before shipment, and of a dark red colour, and very heavy. It was also very crooked & to get good stowage we had to saw some up with a bucksaw, an awful job for the wood was extremely hard & took the set out of the saw. (Sometimes we brought pieces of this wood home; it is dye-wood, and our fishermen liked to

boil it up in chips to dye their nets). We came north to Boston & discharged our logwood, then home.
A few weeks later (spring of '86) I joined the "Swiftsure" at Port Medway, going down in Morgan's four horse coach. We sailed for Madeira with lumber, 20 days on the passage. At Madeira the lumber was thrown over the side & formed into rafts, which were ~~towed~~ warped inshore as far as the breakers, where the stevedores "swam" it ashore, 8 or 10 boards at a time, the raft being anchored just beyond the breakers. This was at Funchal. We took in beach gravel for ballast, brought off in lighters & swung aboard with a tub. Then sailed 21 days before the trade wind to Barbados & never even clewed the royal on the passage, beautiful weather all the way. At Barbados we got orders to sail to Gonaives, ~~Porto Rico~~ Haiti. We lay off-shore & took log-wood from lighters. The wood was brought down the mountain by various little paths on the backs of donkeys; these small beasts laden until you could see nothing but their heads & tails. Sailed to Boston & discharged, then home. In the late Fall of '86 I joined the brigantine "Varuna", owned by Anderson & Bill, of Liverpool. At Port Medway we loaded lumber & went to San Fernando, Trinidad. This is a sheltered bay & you simply ran full into the mud off the

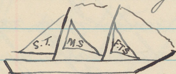
shore, got your anchors out underfoot, & discharged into the water as in Madeira. As the cargo was discharged the vessel rose free of the mud & rode to her anchors.
The niggers insisted they could pole the rafts ashore but they reckoned without the wind, which took the first raft off-shore at a great rate. We had to jump into a boat with a warp and kedge anchor, pass an end of the warp to the niggers, drop the kedge towards the shore & then help them heave in. We had to kedge again & again before we got the raft to shore. After that Captain Wolfe made the niggers take a warp & kedge with every raft.
We then went up the coast about half way between San Fernando & Port of Spain & anchored off a little place, a plantation & sugar mill or two, & they brought off molasses in lighters. Sailed north to Boston; discharged, & loaded fishing supplies (beef & pork in barrels, lard, galley stores, dory oars, fishing lines, oil clothes, rubber boots etc.) for Lockeport, N.S.; discharged, & came home to Liverpool about the end of March 1887.

In April '87 I shipped in a fishing schooner "Coral Leaf" of Pubnico, & made two trips to the Banks for codfish, discharging the first cargo at Lockeport, and the second at Pubnico where the men were to "make" the

"VARUNA" was built at Liverpool NS in 1882. She measured 195 tons

fish themselves. Shortly before Christmas 1887 I joined the brigantine "Varuna" again; loaded lumber & ~~b~~ cask fish for Demerara, the worst voyage I ever made in my life.

We sailed Dec. 26th, a bitter day, with N.W. winds and snow squalls. The gaskets were frozen to the rolled canvas on the yards, so that we had to cut the ends where the knots were tucked under the canvas. We managed to get the lower fore-topsail on her & got the anchor up & sailed. The next morning the wind swung N.E. & blew such a gale that we hove to in the heavy seas under a storm trysail, small main staysail, and fore topmast staysail.



Kept hove to under these sails all night

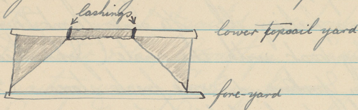
I came off watch at 8. A. M. & was just taking off my boots to turn in when I heard a big sea come aboard, heard the small boat that was stowed on the fore-house going to pieces. There was a kind of shaft left in the deck cargo to give access to the forecastle door, & the sea came down there & poured into the forecastle a stream the full size of the doorway. The sea chests floated & smashed about the forecastle. There was a small barrel of sauer kraut in the forecastle, stowed there at the last minute because the lazarette was full. That went adrift too, an awful mess.

I made a dive out through the forecastle door & clawed my way up through the deck cargo. A voice was crying "Man overboard!". It was the mate's voice. I looked & saw him floundering in the space left in the deck cargo abaft the mainmast to give access to the pumps. It was full of water of course. He was a big man & looked rather comical splashing there. He was yelling "Man overboard" at the top of his voice & I thought for a moment that he was under the delusion that he had gone overboard. Then I looked around. There were 3 men on deck when the sea struck; Dave McGowan was standing by the wheel, which was lashed; the mate was standing on the forward end of the half deck (the poop); Henry Foener was standing near the foremast. When Foener saw the sea coming he jumped for the weather rigging of the foremast, and ran up the under side of the rigging. The sea was higher than he could climb in the time he had. It pitched him off the rigging and flung him bodily through the main staysail & washed him overboard on the lee side. It flung the mate into the pump-well. The man at the wheel hung on and escaped the worst of it. I saw Foener in the broken water to leeward about 70 yards away, burdened with oilskins and rubber boots but swimming lustily.

The brigantine, staggered by the sea, was drifting down to him. The rags of the main staysail were blowing out to leeward like streamers. Foener managed to catch hold of these rags. (The sea had taken the storm trysail and the fore topmast staysail clean off). The second mate, (Billy Wolfe) and I got on the fore chains on the lee side, hanging on to the fore-t'gallant and fore royal backstays, & began to drag Foener towards the side by pulling on the rags of the main staysail. We heard the mate sing out "Look out!" and looked over our shoulders just in time to see another big sea coming. We had to let go of the sail and hang on to the backstays while the sea poured around and over us. This sea took Foener off 30 or 40 feet; as we got the water out of our eyes we saw him swimming strongly & once more managed to let the rags of canvas down to him. This time we got him in to the side, and each slipping an arm under one of his armpits, swung him aboard. The reason we couldn't throw him a rope was because the deck cargo had shifted bodily in its lashings, covering all the lee running gear on its pins.

Foener was never any good again. He had been a good seaman but that broke his heart. The captain sent him aft to the cabin because the forecastle was still flooded.

Then we had to get some sail on her, so we went aloft and goose-winged the lower topsail.



We squared her off before the wind & ran to the S. W. After 24 hours of this the wind swung right around to S. W and blew just as hard. We had to go about & run N. E, butting into the heavy sea kicked up by the previous north-easter. Gale followed gale, always reversing. In all we spent 12 days of running back & forth before them before we reached the Gulf Stream. Then we managed to get our sodden quilts and straw-sacks on deck and spread them in the sun to dry. My straw-sack blew overboard as soon as it got fairly dry & for the rest of the voyage I managed without a mattress. From there on we had fine weather to Demerara. Discharged, loaded sugar in bags, and sailed to Delaware Breakwater for orders; suffered off-shore winds & were blown off the Delaware several times; in all we were 40 days from Demarara to Delaware, ordinarily not more than a 20 days voyage, and I have done it in a smart barque in 12 days.

Delaware Breakwater is at the mouth of the Philadelphia river. Got orders ~~from~~ for New York by a tug-boat, ~~and sailed~~
The captain was feeling ill. He sent Mont Minard & I ashore in the big boat with the mate (John Reece) to get a pilot for New York and some fresh stores. The mate left us at the wharf & told us to come up in half an hour for the fresh beef etc. After that time we went up into Delaware village & found the mate & pilot in a rum shop. The mate told us to take the stores aboard & come back for him in the afternoon. This we did, and fetched him and the pilot aboard, blind drunk both of them. The result of this delay was that we lost the best of a fair wind and that night within sight of Highland light the wind came around N.W. & blew a gale, drove us off the coast, and we were 9 days beating back to New York. Discharged there and took sand ballast & came home to Liverpool, 9 days from New York. Signed off. Wages for a 'fore-mast hand were $18 or $20 a month.

About mid-April 1888, I joined the fishing schooner "Coral Leaf" again & went to the Banks, hand-lining, with clam bait shelled and salted in herring barrels. That year fish were scarce. In two trips we got no more than 500 quintals altogether & I got about $50 for my summer's work. I never went fishing again.

pronounced HI-A-LEEN
Built in 1881 at Brooklyn.
She measured 187 tons

In the fall of 1888 I shipped before the mast in the brigantine "Hyaline", about 200 tons (most of these brigantines in which I sailed were about that size.) owners I. V. Dexter & Co, Brooklyn, Captain John Mulhall. One of the sailors was a Cockney, ~~known~~ Joseph Broadfield, known as Crooked Mouth Joe because his mouth was pushed to one side, perhaps by a flying jib-sheet block while tending head-sails, and had set that way. Loaded lumber & sailed to Savannah la Mar, Jamaica. We anchored off-shore & rafted the lumber ashore. Loaded log-wood which came off in lighters & sailed to New York. Discharged & came home to Liverpool in ballast.

She loaded lumber & fish & when she was loaded the crew signed on again & sailed to Port of Spain, Trinidad. Captain Enos Macleod of Brookfield was master. Loaded molasses for New York, thence home in ballast, in the spring of 1889. She was then torn down to the bends and a complete new topping put on her all except the masts.

Built for John Harlow in 1883
She measured 124 tons

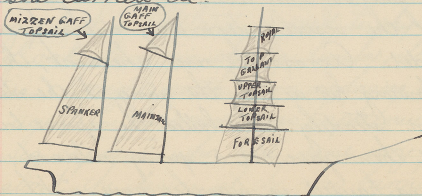
I shipped in the two-masted schooner "On Time", which operated as a packet between Liverpool and Boston. Captain ~~Gilbert~~ SAMUEL Kempton of Milton (brother to Harvey Kempton) was master. She carried lumber & passengers to Boston & brought back general cargo & passengers, making a

round trip every fortnight as regular as clockwork.
She sometimes carried 60 passengers, men women & children, —
& the only boat we had held 9 at most! Many of
these passengers were women going to Boston to work in
domestic service for the summer, while their husbands were on
the Banks fishing; they came mostly from the "Dutch"
settlements. — Cherry Hill & other places to the eastward.
Left the "On Time" in the fall of '89.
During the spring & summer of 1889, James Leslie
of Liverpool, had built a barquentine in the
shipyard at the north end of the present highway
bridge, behind what is now Edgar Wright's mortuary
(formerly Wm. Sheppard's ice cream parlour.)
She measured 673 tons, with a beam of 32 feet;
I cannot remember her length. She was buitt for
the firm of J. H. Hamlin & Sons of Portland, Maine,
who had a rum distillery in Martinique & a large
woodworking plant in Portland, & used to ship large
quantities of oak staves in shooks, lumber, etc. to the
West Indies, & brought north rum, molasses etc.
Hamlin's agent in Liverpool was Capt. Louis Sponagle,
a retired sea captain who had some very fixed
opinions about the design of the new barquentine.
He brought his model to Leslie, who objected violently

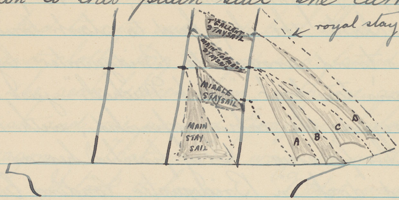
to building such a craft. In the end Leslie got his way, changed Sponagle's model, & built a fine vessel. This barquentine was called the "James H. Hamlin"

Launching a vessel of this size from the shipyard was a neat trick owing to the narrow width of the river at this point. A line was run out from the stern bitt to Patch's wharf, which was across the river and up-stream. The anchor was made ready to let go. As she slid down the ways & took water, the running ways and plank packing spewed out from under. The gang forward let go the anchor & paid out 15 fathoms of chain. She was now heading stern first across the river straight for the dock which opened on the S.W. side of Hendry's wharf. The entrance to this dock had been blocked beforehand by a boom of green spruce trees lashed together, branches and all. This was to take the shock of the vessel's stern-way without injuring her rudder. Across the river she went, the anchor chain slowing her a bit, the gang at the stern hawser heaving in steadily. She butted the spruce trees, which gave, and then gave her a spring outward, the stern hawser being hauled in heavily now, until at last the pressure of the river on her bow, and the

heaving in of the stern line, brought her neatly alongside the wharf, stern up-stream.
She was planked with 2" or 2½" spruce plank below the water line & her topsides were hard pine from the Southern States. Her lower masts were Douglas fir, her top masts and all the yards were of native spruce. She had a cabin house and a half deck extending a little forward of the mizzenmast. She had a fore house for the sailors, built around the foremast. Otherwise she was flush decked, with a bulwark about one foot high all round; around the half deck was a spoke railing about 2 feet high. She had a 'tween-decks five feet high, & then the main holds. ~~This deck was the~~ The fore house had two doors facing aft; one led to the galley, on the port side, the other to the sailors' quarters on the starboard side. On the foremast she carried etc. —



In addition to this plain sail she carried:-



A = fore topmast staysail
B = jib (on the jib stay)
C = flying jib (on the flying jib stay)
D = jib topsail. (on the topgallant stay)

She had a short square stern and a good clean run. The captain of the "James H. Hamlin" was Capt. Francis Annis of Sandy Cove, the first mate was my brother Zenas Smith, the 2nd mate was Pat Butler from Lahave. The cook was James Young, a coloured man of Liverpool, N.S. The foremast hands were Bill Luby, (a P.E. Islander) Adolphus Benoit (a Newfoundland Frenchman) Charlie Rehfuss (of Conquerall Bank) Mont "Frank" Minard (of Milton, Queens Co.) and myself.

Just after she was launched, the owners got a fine charter for her to load pine and spruce lumber at

1889

Bridgewater, N.S. for Montevideo, at $18 per M.
To get the charter the ship had to start loading at once, so she was towed around to Bridgewater by Capt. James Ryan's tow-boat "Saint Michael" just as she was, only half rigged, the cabin unfinished, with the riggers and carpenters for crew. They finished her as she lay at the railroad dock in Bridgewater, loading lumber from railroad cars. At that time the railroads from Halifax and the Annapolis valley met at Bridgewater & went no further. The barquentine was to sail from Bridgewater after Christmas.
When I got orders to join her I had to go to Bridgewater by the mail ~~coach~~ cart. This was a wagon with a long box and high wheels. The driver's seat held two persons besides the driver. Other seats could be fitted in the box as required. For this particular trip the seats were left out, because the cart was to take a load of light sails for the "James H. Hamlin" made by Stephen Annis in his sail loft on Water Street. The mail drivers were a drunken lot, so although I had left word for the cart to stop at Sandy Cove for me, I kept a sharp look-out. About 3 in the afternoon I saw it coming, pulled by two horses at a smart pace. "Midge" Godfrey was the driver. Beside him sat one Grant, a painter, going down to finish painting

the barquentine. Both were drunk. They went right by and I had to run out and hail them. I got my sea-chest and clothes bag aboard and lashed & then climbed in the seat between them, with one arm around Grant's waist and one around Godfrey's, holding them in the wagon. That was the way we went to Bridgewater. It took 4 hours. "Midge" was thirsty and he wouldn't drink ~~water~~, but he knew every cool spring in the edge of the clearings where the farmers kept their creamers, and he would stop and we would all go down the little path and help ourselves to a drink of milk. It got dark, & going through the pine woods this side of Bridgewater "Midge" went to give the horses a lick and caught his whiplash in an overhead branch. It nearly pulled him overboard & when he let go it was some distance before we got the horses stopped. Then I (the only sober one) had to go back in the dark and hunt for the whip, for "Midge" wouldn't go on without it.

I stayed at Mrs. Foshay's hotel in Bridgewater where the mail carts always stopped. Next day I found no crew & no cook aboard the barquentine, so I got a room in a boarding house just across the river & stayed there till a cook arrived.

At last we were ready. The barquentine had her holds full and a big deck load, 600 M. in all. It was getting to be cold weather & the captain was glad to get out before the river froze. A tow boat took us down the river as far as Getson's Cove, near the entrance to Lahave River. We anchored there. That night was sharp cold and sheets of ice as thick as ~~like~~ window-panes came drifting down the river in a steady stream of floes. It began to cut the planking at the waterline the way a band-saw would. We had to get a boat over. She was riding with her bow up-stream & the ice was cutting her stem and the planking as far back as the fore chains. We nailed boards to protect the waterline but the ice cut them like so much cheese. We tried hanging bights of chain along the water line but this did not work well. We spent the whole night labouring there, breaking the thin panes of ice with capstan bars, all of us with our hands cut and bleeding. (SEE NOTE ON PAGE 29)

At the first crack of daylight we got up the anchor and made sail, the sails all new and stiff. The steering wheel was of iron with wooden grips on the handles, and the binnacle had been set immediately in front of it. The effect of this iron

wheel so close to the binnacle had not been considered when the vessel was equipped. Actually it was throwing the compass out 2 points. However none of us knew this at the time, and Captain Annis shaped a course to take him nicely clear of Sable Island. There was a thick south wester blowing & the barquentine was travelling fast. That night I was in the mate's watch, with Minard at the wheel, Bill Luby and I on lookout forward. Zenas, my brother, who was mate, was down below eating supper with the captain & second mate. She was running under all plain sail, with a rising sea.

Suddenly I saw a light dead ahead. Luby said "That ~~the~~ looks like a land light."

I said, "It must be a steamer light. There's no land this way but Sable Island and we're 50 miles clear of that." But Luby was uneasy. "I'm going to call the captain," he said.

"And be called a fool for your pains!" said I.

Nevertheless Luby went aft, put his head down the companionway & sung out that there was a land light dead ahead. Captain Annis laid down his knife & fork and roared with laughter. My brother jumped up the companionway & took a look.

"Captain" said Zenas, "it *is* a land light."
By that time it was clear that we had entered shoal water for there was a tremendous sea running. Captain Annis then got out his spare compass and checked it with the binnacle compass and discovered the error at once. "That's Sable Island" he said, "Down helm & let her come up! Brace the yards sharp!"
We swung off to the southward. I took the hand-lead and got into the main chains. The lead gave 9 fathoms. We held that for a time. When we got 12 we swung the yards in and let her go on her course, having missed the west bar of Sable Island by a few lengths.

The next day we shifted the binnacle down into the cabin and cut a window in the house so that the helmsman could look down and read the card. It was a little awkward but all we could do with the lay-out aft, and it adjusted the compass error nicely.

We had an uneventful passage, running well off to the eastward and then coming down the north-east trades well clear of Cape San Roque. We were fifty days from Bridgewater to Montevideo. The brigantine "Ida", also of Liverpool, Capt. Edward Smith, also loaded lumber at Bridgewater & left 18 days before

us. We both anchored at Montevideo on the same night. The "Ida's" passage was nearer the average. Our 50-day passage was a smart one. We lay in the roads, discharged our lumber into lighters & again from lighters took a load of hides. These hides were stowed carefully, and laid with the stiff legs against the ship's sides, which allows a space for air. To get full stowage the hides were laid shingle-fashion and then jammed into place with jack-screws. We also loaded some bales of wool.

There were a lot of vessels, English, Nova Scotian and American, lying in the roads. We were there two months. Several of the captains had their wives on board and they got up a round of parties to while away the evenings. One of the ships had a little American organ which was boated from ship to ship as the parties were arranged. More than once I had to go with one of our sailors & row our captain over to pick up the organ and take them both to the party; then lay around till midnight or after, waiting to row the captain back, and sometimes to deliver some of the other captains aboard their ships. This after working all day in the hold stowing hides!

We sailed from Montevideo some time in

May. There was a barquentine leaving at the same time, a New Brunswicker with a young captain from St. John. He sung out to Capt. Annis, "I'll beat you to New York, captain, — or limb her!"
Captain Annis looked at his vessel and said "You'll limb her!"
There was a New Brunswick barque also leaving at the same time; she had brought out a cargo of furniture for a big hotel and was going back in ballast.

The "James H. Hamlin" was 43 days from the Plate to New York, including a week in the doldrums. In New York we heard that the St. John barquentine had lost her top-hamper somewhere off Barbados. As for the St. John barque, she was 80 days on the passage north. On our way north we holystoned the decks, and painted the deck houses etc, set up the rigging; yards & topmasts were scraped and painted; and just before we got into New York we even skinned aloft and polished the pieces of copper sheeting which protected the yards in the way of the backstays. She was such a picture that a lady artist came to the ship for several successive days making sketches. This took place in New York.

NOTE: re damage to bow planking by ice in Lahave River (page 24) When the "James H. Hamlin" was discharging at Montevideo, and as she rose in the water, we were able to see the exact damage done to the waterline planking by ice. From the stem as far back as the fore chains the planking was cut in to a depth of fully one inch. We filled this groove, which was fairly even and as much as an inch wide, with ordinary Portland cement. Later on, in New York, carpenters cut the old plank out and put in new. This was my first and worst experience with "window-pane" ice in a river mooring. It is a strange fact that thicker ice, such as the ordinary pack ice you meet off the Nova Scotia coast in winter, would not have damaged a wooden ship so much.

(Old time sailors had a term, "bow-grace", for a frame of old rope or junk, laid at the bows, stem and sides of a ship, to prevent her being injured by flakes of ice.)

All the crew signed off articles in New York. The captain and mate stayed in the "James H. Hamlin" on new articles, and I also signed on again, this time as second mate. I moved my clothes-bag and chest aft. My wages as seaman had been $20 per month. As second mate I got $25 per month. The coloured cook, James Young (always known as "Jim Eye") also signed on new articles.

Butler & Keffuss went home by rail. Minard went to Boston for a job in a coasting vessel.

Just above our dock in New York was a boarding house for deep-water sailors run by a notorious crimp. Bill Luby fell into conversation with the boarding house runner on the wharf, and as soon as Bill had drawn his wages he left the ship with the runner. Bill was a drunken sort and he had been away from his home in Prince Edward Island for years, never having money enough to go home, always drinking up his wages in some deepwater crimp's place and then being "shanghaid" away for another long voyage somewhere. This time he swore, all the way north, that no runner would ever entice him into a boarding house again, because he wanted to go home & see his old father and mother before they died.

The runner had a bottle of rum in his pocket.

He gave Bill a couple of drinks and then it was, "Come on up to the house, Bill, they'll be glad to see you," & off went Bill, chest and all.
Adolphus Benoit, a dull-witted fellow, was anxious to get a passage north to Nova Scotia by some vessel or other. He didn't know how to go about it and he was afraid of the crimps, so he stayed aboard two or three days after signing off.
After a few days Bill Luby came down from the boarding house. He was "broke" again. He called me aside & said, "Look here, is Adolphus signed on again?" I said "No; he's just staying aboard till he gets a chance for home."
Bill winked and said, "If I can get him up to the boarding house they'll give me five dollars for him." So he persuaded Adolphus, saying the boarding house people could get him a passage home. Off went Adolphus with him, and his sea-chest and $75 in his pocket. A couple of days later Bill Luby came down the wharf again. There was a big iron ship, an English four-master, going down the harbour loaded with case oil for Yokohama. I said, "Where's Adolphus?"
Bill jerked his thumb at the English ship.

"There goes 'Dolphus, bound for Lunenburg!"

This Bill Luby was a man of about 50, a fine seaman and a good shipmate. His downfall was always drink, and when he was "broke" and thirsty he worked as a boarding house runner, helping to get his old shipmates crimped at $5 a head.

The "James H. Hamlin" was discharged, and moved to another dock to load general cargo for Demerara. When she was loaded we shipped 5 new seamen. Boarding house runners brought them aboard. One was a Brazilian Indian, there was a Mexican Indian; the other three were niggers, one of them a nigger tramp who had never been aboard a vessel in his life. One of the niggers was an old man of over 60.

We had the deck load (lumber) to lash down, and all the sails to bend. (NOTE: Sails were always dried, unbent, and stowed in the lazarette at the end of a voyage. This was because a wet sail must always be unfurled to dry, and then furled again; and in port there would be no crew until the vessel was ready to sail again.) The two Indians & one of the niggers were good seamen, and the tramp nigger was willing and intelligent; but the drunken old nigger I hauled out of his bunk on to the focsle floor

three times and could get no sense into him, so I gave him up. We got the sails bent all right, however, and the tramp nigger went aloft the same as anyone else.

(NOTE: While we were discharging the hides in New York I had a comical misadventure. The mate was busy tallying out the hides. As she rose in the water the worn place began to show between her copper and the water line & I undertook to paint her there all round. There was a little raft in the dock, two short logs fastened together with bits of nailed board. I decided to use that instead of rigging a stage, & to reach the high strakes I stood an empty pork barrel on the raft and daubed away. It was nice and calm in the dock till one day a big ocean-going tug came churning into the dock. The wash made the raft wobble and I fell off my pork barrel into the dock & went under completely. The big can spilled black paint over the surface of the water and when I broke surface I came up through this floating paint and got it all over me from hair to boots. The tug-boat men were laughing their heads off, all curled up in knots, and me

cussing them. The mate (my brother Zenas) said "Come aboard & get that paint off you before it dries." But I was too mad to bother with that. I got more paint and went back to my raft, slapping the stuff on till the job was done. That night Zenas got the paint off me. I stripped, and he rubbed grease ("slush" from the galley) over me to soften the paint, and then scrubbed it off with oakum.

I mention this incident because it shows how the second mate had to work during these between-voyage periods when there were no hands before the mast.

The "James H. Hamlin" towed down as far as the statue of Liberty, & we lay there anchored while we got the sails bent, & deck load lashed. Next morning the captain came aboard and we got the anchor up and made sail. The Brazilian Indian was called "August". He was as smart as a whip, a fine fellow. The Mexico Indian was slower; but they were both good seamen. We had an uneventful voyage out, somewhere about 17 days from New York to Demerara. In my watch, going south, I had "August" and the tramp nigger. The cook used to get this tramp nigger out on the main hatch, nights, & get him telling

about his experiences. He had hoboed all over the States. He was short a big toe, nipped off by a train when a brakeman knocked him off the couplings somewhere in the west. Once, he said, he travelled down into the deep South, into the swamp country, which he had never seen. "No place to live dere, boss; if you gits off a road to lay down, a 'gator gits you."

Another place he strolled into just after a white girl claimed she had been raped by a negro. The white men were rushing all over the place grabbing niggers and bringing them in for the girl to identify. Finally they brought in an old darkie. "Is this him?" She said "It looks like him." They took the old darkie out & hung him to a tree. The tramp nigger lay hid, watching all this. He told the story to us, "Yes, dey hung him 'cause the gal thought he looked like the man. I made up my mind it was poor place, dat, for a strange nigger. So I greased mah shoes an' slid outer de Souf — an' never went back!"

As soon as the "James H. Hamlin" tied up in Demerara, this tramp and the old nigger jumped ship. The old nigger stole aboard ten nights later, hoping to get his clothes, but the wharf watchman, a Demerara nigger, caught him.

I came on deck to find out the cause of the row.
The watchman said "Dis fella say he belongs your ship."
I said "He doesn't belong here," for we were glad to get
rid of him. The watchman kicked him all the way
up the wharf. Another time a policeman came aboard
and said "Those two men who deserted your vessel
are working on the Diamond plantation up the river. I
can get them for you any time you want them."
I said "Don't bother. We don't want to see them again."
This Diamond plantation produced the best sugar and
molasses in Demerara; all their casks bore the
diamond for a trade mark.

After discharge we took on bag sugar. I
remember the exact quantity because it was 9,998 bags
and I've always wondered why they didn't put 2 more
aboard and make it an even figure.

We shipped 2 new seamen, niggers, who had come to
Demerara in a Nova Scotia schooner which was sold
there. We had a good voyage north to Philadelphia,
12 days on the passage.

(NOTE: When we left Demerara we were towed down as
far as the lightship. There we encountered the Liverpool
brigantine "Hyaline", 40 days out of Liverpool and
given up for lost. My brother Horatio was in her.

He came aboard and scrawled a letter to his wife and I took it north in the "James H. Hamlin" and mailed it promptly in Philadelphia. I knew that Captain Enos Macleod (of HYALINE) was too tight-fisted to spend money on a cable home until he was nearly discharged and sold and ready for another charter, so Horatio's letter would be the first news in Liverpool that the "Hyaline" was safe.)

I stayed by the "James H. Hamlin" in Philadelphia until she was loaded again ready for sea. I wanted a trip home, so I asked for my discharge. Captain Annis' daughter Edith had come down from Nova Scotia to make a voyage south with her father, & she & the captain urged me to sign on again for the voyage. But I'd made up my mind and so I got my discharge October 25th 1890.

(NOTE: The "James H. Hamlin" signed on a Norwegian second mate in my place & sailed to Castries in St. Lucia with coal. She took on muck ballast from the streets of Castries and sailed for San Fernandino Florida, to load hard pine for the River Plate. As soon the "Hamlin" got to sea several of the hands went down with yellow fever, probably from the muck ballast. Off the island of Haiti nearly all on board were down with it & the "Hamlin" drifted. They spoke a steamer

and got some quinine. Edith Annis was pretty sick but after she got around a bit she nursed the others. Captain Annis and my brother Zenas, the mate, died and were buried at sea. Edith & the cook, James Young got over the fever; they managed to get the foremast hands on their feet, & the 2nd mate did the navigating. They worked her up off Jeremie, in Haiti. There a pilot came off. Edith made him name his price before she consented to let him take the vessel in, otherwise she feared he might claim some sort of salvage. They stayed in Jeremie until a new captain, a Liverpool man named Dauphinee, arrived from Nova Scotia to take command. The British consul in Haiti sent Edith home by steamer. Edith Annis was a fine girl of 18 or 19 then. She afterwards married Linwood Starratt of Brooklyn, N.S.)

NOTE: The Brazilian Indian, "August" had an adventure one night in Demerara. He never went ashore. He had drawn his wages well ahead and bought himself a good suit of blue cloth, shoes etc. One night "Jim Eye", the cook was persuading August to go ashore and take a look round the town.

"Got no monnee," said August. I spoke up then, and gave him ten shillings & told him to go ashore

and have a good time. I liked August. He was a fine seaman, able and willing, good-natured, a short thickset man with close-cropped black hair. Off they went.

Late in the evening I turned in, and was wakened by "Jim Eye" whispering through my open porthole.

"Wake up, wake up, Sonnie Boy!" whispered Jim Eye. He always called me that, when the captain was not around; he had known me since I was a boy. He whispered because he didn't want to ~~to~~ waken the captain and perhaps be accused of coming aboard drunk. "Jim Eye" was extremely sober.

"Hurry up and give me a hand, Sonnie Boy. That dam' Injun's fell in the dock!"

Well, I tell you, I came out of my bunk in a hurry, jumping into my trousers.

It was a long wharf and a corrugated-iron shed sat on it, leaving a very narrow space at the sides. There was supposed to be a watchman to unlock the shed gate so people from the ship could pass back and forth through the shed. Tonight the watchman had crawled off somewhere to sleep, & our cook and the Indian decided to make their way along the rim of the wharf, outside the shed. They edged along sidewise, getting what little support they could by clutching the ridges of

the corrugated iron. This was all right for the cook, who was one of those six-foot spindly niggers with arms like a vessel's yards. But the Indian was short and chunky, he couldn't flatten himself in against the shed wall like "Jim Eye" and he couldn't take a long hold either.

The cook made it all right, and stepped round the corner of the shed onto the wharf again. But August missed his footing somehow and fell in.

Well I grabbed up a coil of rope & ran. "Where is he?" I whispered, for we didn't want to wake Captain Annis. "Jim Eye" pointed, without saying anything. It was broad moonlight and the tide was out, and there was poor August sunk up to his lower ribs in yellow Demerara mud. He wasn't saying a word but the look on his face was pitiful. I thought he was worrying about the tide, which came in quickly over the river flats and would drown him in no time. But I guess it was the state of his fine blue suit that pulled his mouth down so. I made a running bowline and slung it down over August's shoulders. He settled the rope under his armpits & the cook and I began to pull. I'm over six feet and I was a powerful man in those days; so was "Jim Eye" Young, the cook. We nearly pulled poor August in half before the mud let him go, and then

he came out like a cork and swung in with a bang against the wharf spiles; he never uttered a sound, though. In fact the whole affair was conducted in utter silence. The first thing August said to me was "Sir, I no drunk-a". And he wasn't.
Long afterward, when the barquentine was in Phila. and the foremast hands had gone to pay off, August took the trouble to come all the way back to the ship to pay me the ten shillings I'd lent him in Demerara. Not many white sailors would have done that.

Note The "James H. Hamlin was coppered, with a white streak 2" inches wide painted all the way round above the copper; then came an 18" stripe of green boot-topping and finally the black paint of the upper hull.

Nearby in Philadelphia lay a three-masted schooner the "Louis G. Rabel", L. Morton, master, loaded with coal for Portland, Maine. She was short a mate, so I signed for the trip, to get that much nearer home. Left her in Portland Nov. 6th 1890 & took the steamer that night for Boston, where I caught the Boston-Yarmouth steamer "Yarmouth".

When I arrived the brigantine "J. C. Hamlin" was almost ready for launching. She was 530 tons, built in the old shipyard behind Edgar Wright's mortuary, (as was the "James H. Hamlin")
It will be remembered that James Leslie had insisted on changing (Page 18) Louis Sponagle's design for the "James H. Hamlin". In the building of the "J. C. Hamlin" Sponagle insisted that his model must be used; so Leslie, as he said, "put all the Sponagle into her". The result was a rather nice looking brigantine but a terrible craft to sail. I signed on her as she lay on the ways, as second mate.

She was an awkward thing from the start, for she shot across the river and then swung stern-on against the stone-and cribwork pier (which stood above the highway bridge for warping vessels through the draw.) and broke her rudder. She was full about the bows

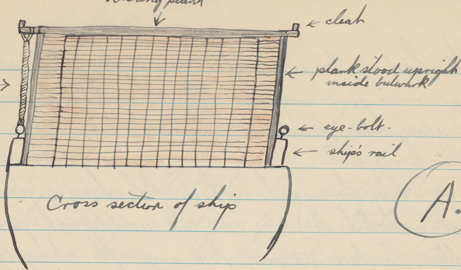
and had a poor run — a great lump of wood under each quarter so that when she was only going 6 knots the water boiled up under her quarter with a sound like Herring Cove Brook in flood, and left a wake on the ocean as broad as a street. With any kind of a breeze it took two men to the wheel and they had a job to hold her within 4 points of the course. She had an evil trick of sneaking up into the wind and catching herself aback; you had to watch her like a hawk, and the moment her bowsprit started sneaking up to windward you hauled hard on your spokes and put the helm hard up. That was the way she sailed, no matter how you trimmed her canvas, coming up and falling off, coming up and falling off. We called her "The Workhouse". She had the virtue of being a good sea-boat, and in a gale she would lie-to nicely without a rag of canvas on her.

We were towed to Yarmouth by the little iron steamer "Bridgewater", there to load lumber for Buenos Ayres. It would not have been good policy to bend the sails & ship a crew to sail her to Yarmouth, for it was a windy season (November) and she might be blown off the coast and lose the charter. On the passage were Captain Newton

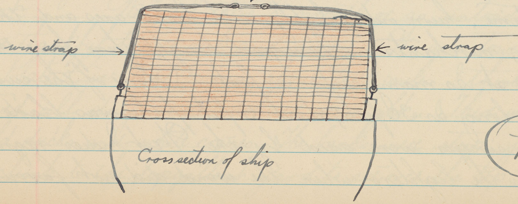
Sponagle, a Lahave man; first mate Fred Remby, also of Lahave; second mate (myself); Spencer Remby, seaman, of Lahave; cook, Jacob Lohnes, of Sandy Cove. Also on board were five Liverpool stevedores, going down to Yarmouth to load our vessel, because competent men for stowing lumber were scarce in Yarmouth.

We lay in Yarmouth about a month. She took, in the holds and on deck, 600 M of lumber — exactly the amount taken by the barquentine "James H. Hamlin, 670 ton vessel) The "J~~ames~~. C. Hamlin" had been designed to carry cargo — but not to sail!

The usual method of fastening the lumber on deck was to lay "lashing planks", 2" × 8", across the deck load. The ends of these "lashing planks" were cleated to hold in place the lashings. The lashings were of 3" (circumference) hemp rope, rove through eye-bolts in the rail and around the end of the plank inside the cleat. The rope was passed through the eye-bolt and around the plank end two or three times and then "frapped" — wound around and around the whole lashing to set it up tight. This was done with dry rope. The first sea over the side or the first rain wet the rope and set it up tighter than ever.



But Captain Sponagle had a new-fangled idea about lashing a deck cargo. There were no lashing-planks on top and sides. He had wire straps made, which were fastened to the ring bolts on each side, the two ends brought together on top of the deck load and set up tight with a lanyard. The sketch below gives a crude idea. Actually the straps lay flat and tight on the top of the boards.



We had no trouble with Sponagle's wire straps that voyage — fine weather all the way. We were 75 days to Buenos Ayres.

NOTE: Re. the usual method of lashing a deckload of lumber (sketch A) As an additional precaution we often lashed spars fore-and-aft along the ends of the "lashing-planks", their weight helping to keep the cargo lashings in place. These spars were of spruce, about 30 feet long, just rough, with the bark on. They were sold in the West Indies for masts for the lighters which handled cargo in most of the ports down there. There was always a demand for such spars, which the purchasers could fix up to suit themselves. Incidentally we usually took along a number of "sweeps" for sale in the West Indies. These "sweeps" were long oars of spruce about 25 feet long on the average. Most of them were made in the back yards of ship carpenters in their spare time, hewn out roughly with broad-axes and then shaped; merchants in Liverpool bought them from the makers at so many cents a foot. (Some of the sweeps were as long as 30 feet; about 5 feet of this was blade.) These sweeps were used by the West Indies negroes to row the lighters when the wind did not favour a

sail.

At Buenos Ayres we unloaded in a fine place, called the "Riachuelo" a creek running in from the Plate River, lined with concrete quays. The city lay mostly between this creek and the river. Next us lay an Italian barque loading horns and bones. On the dock was an area of at least an acre piled twenty feet high with these beef horns and bones, awaiting shipment. That hill of bones was actually blue with flies, and the stink was terrible. Our vessel became literally full of these flies. They were everywhere. We had no fly screens or mosquito netting. It was warm weather and we had to keep doors and portholes open. At night before turning in we would take a towel and beat the flies off the wall and sweep them out with brooms. When you turned over in your sleep you would disturb the newcomers and you would wake up in a great buzzing as if you had whacked a hornet's nest. We were there a month or so, unloading, and were thankful to get out and away. We were towed up the Plate River to Rosario, about 500 miles I think; we towed all day and anchored at night. There were many wild ducks and white cranes. The banks were steep; you had to climb to the topgallant yard to see over the top; the

west side as far as you could see was a level prairie; the east side seemed to be wooded to a great extent. The river water had a reddish tinge, but in a cask it looked as clear as crystal and fine tasting water it was, after the sediment had settled. We used to fill a big barrel on deck by dropping a bucket over the side; after the mud had settled we would run it off into one of our water casks. In that way we filled our casks. The Plate water was counted good for the health; some said it was because the banks for hundreds of miles were full of sassafras root, which made it medicinal.

The only illness we had on board was when we first arrived in Buenos Ayres. Fresh beef was only 2 cents a kilo. We ate it all the time, and the sudden change from "salt horse" upset some stomachs.

We kept our watches 4 hours on and 4 off, all the way up the river. I spent most of my time on the (fore) topgallant yard watching the herds of cattle, and men on horseback working amongst them, and the scattered ranch houses.

At Rosario the wharves lay at the foot of the steep clay bank. The hide warehouses stood on the edge of that bank, at the level of our topgallant yard (about 90 feet from the deck, and our vessel was light.)

They made the dry hides, folded and flat, in bundles of about 50 hides, and let them slide down a galvanised iron shoot. When they struck the wharf they skidded along the planks and jumped right down the hatch, a neat trick. To go ashore you used an iron ladder fastened to the clay bank. One day the cook of a barque that lay in the stream outside us came down from the town, drunk. He got about two steps down the ladder, fell, rolled clear, and dropped 90 feet into about a foot of water. We all thought he was killed, but he was grunting when they picked him up and bundled him into his ship's boat. Next morning I saw him, large as life, walking aft from the galley with the officers' dinner in a "dog-basket" on his arm.

We had to stow the hides ourselves, jamming them well back into the hold with "screws". One of our crew was a home nigger, Bill Stoutly of Sandy Cove, a famous chantyman and we screwed hides all day to Bill's singing. There were special shanties for this work. One that I remember was "Down Below" (page 5 of song collection.)

Bill Stoutly was quite a lively fellow. After a hard day's work screwing hides into the back hold he would go ashore to Rosario for an evening's fun.

Not far from the waterfront was a big "free-and-easy" kept by an Englishman. Most of the girls were English or Scotch. The whole downstairs was a big hall, full of chairs and little tables, and there was a small stage, and a piano played by an old Spanish man who spoke English well and could play any tune you asked for. There were many ships in the river and the "free-and-easy" was full of sailors every night. We had two negroes in our crew, a quiet little Jamaica man, and Bill Stoutley, both fine sailormen and expert singers and dancers. Bill had met on shore a cousin of his, a Nova Scotia nigger named Bill Francis who had jumped his ship in Rosario and was "on the beach". These three were together a lot. They were anxious to go up to the "free-and-easy" for a drink or two but thought the white customers would object. So I said I would go along with them. We went in and sat at a table in the back of the hall and a girl brought beer. The customers stared at the niggers and me, and I stared back. Bill Stoutley and I had been friends from childhood in Sandy Cove; he used to come down and help me with my chores, mornings, and in the afternoons we would go sailing around the bay in an old boat I had. Bill was a "white" man in the true sense of the word; and his negro pals were good quiet amiable fellows.

Well after the customers had got used to the sight of the black faces a bit, I urged Bill to get up on the platform and sing a song, for he had a grand voice, and a fellow from an English ship had been singing on the platform. Bill took some persuading, fearing the white men wouldn't like it; but finally he went up and whispered to the pianist and got on the platform and gave a comic little bow. I forget what song he sang, but it brought down the house, hands clapping, feet stamping, voices roaring "More! More!"

Bill leaned over the piano and said to the Spanish man, "Gimme somep'n close to de flo'." The Spanish man caught on & began to play a jiggy tune, and away went Bill, heel and toe, such tap-dancing as you never saw in your life. Well, they wouldn't let Bill get off the platform, first a song, then a dance, then a song again. And after a time I got the Jamaica nigger and Bill Francis to go up there too, and they all danced together. At the end of the evening the proprietor followed us to the door begging Bill & his pals to come back again the next evening & giving him a bottle of gin for his entertainment. Well, after that those darkies didn't need any sponsoring from me. The place was theirs. The proprietor had striped costumes made for them, and sent all the way down to Buenos

Ayres for a banjo for Bill to play. The customers would name their choice and Bill would play it, sing it, dance it, or do all three together. It wasn't all comedy, either. I remember one night Bill sang "Home Sweet Home", and all the girls wept, and some of the men, too. When we were ready to sail again the proprietor offered Bill good wages to stay and entertain, but Bill shook his woolly head.
"Ah'm a sailor, suh, and I belongs to de ship."

Poor Bill came to a sad end some years later aboard the Liverpool schooner "D. C. Mulhall" coming up from West Africa to Barbados. He had contracted some kind of African fever and was ill all the way, and as so often happens, he died as soon as land was sighted. The Barbados authorities refused to allow the body to be brought ashore for burial, so Bill's shipmates rowed him five miles off shore in the schooner's boat and committed his body to the sea, wrapped in canvas and weighted. There went one of the best shipmates a man could wish for, and one of the finest chantymen that ever sailed out of Nova Scotia.

It was the springtime of 1891 when we finally sailed from Rosario for Boston. We came down the river under sail, taking advantage of the down current, anchoring each night because the river pilot would not

risk movement after dark. On the way down we encountered the barquentine "J. H. Hamlin" towing up and I helped to row our captain aboard the barquentine for a chat. We were 75 days from the River Plate to Boston.

NOTE: The hides were sprinkled (at the warehouse) with some sort of poison to prevent insects from eating them. We were warned about this, and when working in the hold stowing hides we kept a bottle of olive oil handy to apply to the membrane inside the nostrils. If this was not done frequently the membrane began to get sore and eventually would develop a very large sore whose scab would practically close the nostril. On the passage north Fred Lemby, the mate, told me to put one of the hides in soak as he intended to cut it up and sew it along the foot of the foresail where it chafed on the rigging. We had tried canvas and leather chafing gear there, and the mate thought the raw-hide would wear longer. When he was sewing it on, pushing hard on the big needle, the needle slipped out of the socket in the leather sailmaker's palm and the eye went deep into his hand. The hand was poisoned at once and swelled to a great size, and his forearm as well. He was in agony for days. We kept putting linseed poultices on his

hand but they did no good. He was light-headed when we got into Boston. We didn't stop to furl sail but left them clewed and hanging in the buntlines and hustled him ashore looking for a doctor to lance it. Finally we got him to a hospital but they didn't lance it, they said it would have killed him to lance it. They just kept pouring hot water over his hand and arm and after eight days of that he was able to come back to the ship.

After discharge we were towed to Portland, Me., and loaded box-shooks etc. from our owners' factory. In our fore peak, up on the breast hooks, was a small iron cannon, a four-pounder. It had stood for many years in the shipyard, a relic of Liverpool's privateering days, and when J. C. Hamlin came over from U.S.A. to see his brigantine launched he took a great fancy to the cannon. So we slung it into the fore-peak while the "J. C. Hamlin" was still on the launching cradle carried it to Rosario and now delivered it to Mr. Hamlin in Portland at last. He had a granite carriage made for it and set it up in his front yard.

We sailed to Martinique. It must have been the early fall of '91 because I well remember it was in the hurricane season. Our deck cargo consisted of 100,000 f.b.m. of white pine boards, all 12' by 12" by 1".

It was fastened in the "Sponagle" fashion shown in diagram B on page 45. All went well until we were somewhere south of Bermuda. The glass dropped like a plummet one day, and it came an uneasy sultry calm. We got every scrap of canvas stowed, and got the storm trysail bent but stowed on the boom. We put the helm hard down and lashed it there, with a man standing by to let it go if necessary. We rigged a lifeline aft across the poop. It seemed a long time, waiting for the hurricane. An hour, perhaps. It came in a rush then, first a squall, then the real thing. What a howl it made! It was the first time I'd ever been in a real hurricane and I expected a heavy sea, but it was actually blowing too hard for a sea to get up. The wind tore the top off the least wave and flung it onward as spume. The sea seemed as level as a floor. It was like being in a nor'east blizzard, with spray driven instead of snow. You couldn't see forward from aft. We were all aft, hanging on to the lifelines. Suddenly the windward end of the furled upper topsail blew out of its gasket, gave a flap, and tore out of the boltrope. An Illinois Dutchman and I went aloft to try and get another gasket on it, to save the lee half

of the upper topsail. This Dutchman was a Great Lakes sailor who, like many Lake sailors, went deep-water in the winter season. He was a good man. We went up the weather rigging. The brigantine was lying over, with her lee rigging-light box under water. Between the gusts of the great wind we would get up a ratline or two, then we would be pressed flat against the rigging by the force of the wind, unable to move hand or foot. It was very slow. It must have taken an hour to get up and another hour to get down; but we got there, got a gasket on the sail, and saved what was left of it.

Back on deck, through the sheets of flying water we could see the deck cargo moving over to leeward bodily, bending the wire straps (see page 45). At last it fetched up against the lee rigging, and it was only a matter of time before the standing rigging would go and the masts with it. Captain Sponagle put his face to the mate's ear and shouted "I think it's time to cut away." The mate nodded. Captain Sponagle crept away below and came back with two axes. Remby, the mate took one axe, I took the other. I was to cut the lashings from amidships forward while Remby cut from

amidships aft. This enabled us both to get clear before the boards began to go. We had to crawl on hands and knees, hanging on for dear life. It was awkward work to cut the lanyards that bound the wire ends together. You cannot stand up in such a wind, nor can you swing an axe, for the wind would take it out of your hands. From our knees we worked the axe blades back and forth across the frapped lanyards until they let go. When my last lashing was cut I jumped clear and crouched against the fore house, watching the boards go. It was a strange sight. The wind lifted them in tiers of perhaps ten or twelve boards, a layer at a time, like picking cards off a pack. When it got well under each of these tiers they flew into the air and separated then into individual boards. I could see them going over the lee fore-braces and vanishing to leeward high in the flying spume, as if they had wings. The lower tiers didn't go so fast, for the brigantine was steadying a bit and rising as the weight went off her deck; but in less than 30 minutes not a board was left on deck of the 100 M of beautiful clear pine boards we had stowed in Portland, Maine.

After the wind went down a bit the sea

came up very quickly and we shipped a big one over the bow. Our two boats were fastened to a pair of skids that lay athwartships on the roof of the fore house. These skids were bolted down through the roof beams. The sea tore them clear, hauled the bolts right up through, threw the weather boat against the foremast (fortunately without hurting her very much); but the lee bolts held the skids and the lee boat stayed in its lashings.

When the storm was over the cook, who had been aft with the rest of us throughout the racket, went forward to his galley. It was full of water, and a kitten he had left in his bunk was lying drowned in its basket. Altogether the storm lasted 36 hours. We were apparently in the centre, for the wind circled us, and we got it from all sides in turn, blown first one way, then the other. We were a weary lot, I tell you. I fell asleep on the deck afterwards with the captain talking to me; and all through the rest of my watch I had to keep sousing my head in a bucket to keep awake.

When we arrived at Martinique we found it desolated by the hurricane, every palm tree seemed to have blown down, the red-clay huts of the negroes had blown off the slopes into the gullies of the big hillside.

But the queerest sight was a barque, dismasted and capsized, lying high and dry on the beach with her keel to the sky.