

Around the Horn.

1.

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"What is geography?" asks a book with which you are all familiar. Answer: "Geography is a description of the earth and its inhabitants." Question: "Of what is the earth composed?" Answer: "Of land and water." We propose to take a short lesson at this time in the water part of geography.

You have all heard and read of Humboldt, the greatest naturalist of our times- yea, it may be of all time. He prepared for his future greatness by studying geography. He had a way of his own of studying it- he went where it was and looked at it with his own eyes. Now we are going to do as did Humboldt- we are going to study the water on the water. I think we shall beat Humboldt, for I doubt whether he ever took so long a journey as "around the Horn".

We sometimes have heard and hear, mostly in the Boy's vocabulary, those somewhat coarse expressions: "in a horn", "out of a horn", "the little end of the horn", "the big end of the horn", "on his horns". With the Sailor there is but one sublime expression, and that is: "around the Horn!" With him there is but one horn, and that is Cape Horn; and to double the Cape, to sail around it, is with him the greatest of human achievements. When he tells you that he has "doubled the Cape" or that he has been "Around the Cape", there is but one Cape that he means and that is Cape Horn. And he means more than this, too, when he says that he has been "around the Horn"- he means to say that he is a Sailor, a Sailor that is a Sailor. This dubs him an "Old Salt", this graduates him, this is his diploma. All others are "land lubbers"- "lubbers" at least.

a dubbed, graduated, diplomated Sailor
I, then, am a Sailor- for I have been around the Horn!

And well it may be, for even now, although it happened what seems long ago, the very memory of it is dreadful. Gone almost one-half a year, sometimes nearer a year, on the wild wilderness of waves, without the sight of one single solitary object that you love but the sky, and its silver and golden globes; ~~and~~ by and by even this is denied you- for all the stars that you once knew in the Northern heavens disappear, all the old familiar stars are lost, and you see nothing to remind you of Home, not one thing in even the Heavens above to remind you of the loved scenes amid which you grew. You even get on the wrong side of the sun and moon; in fact you get on the wrong side of every thing! Our heads point just where our feet used to do- straight down, and we shall fall off the globe- but we didn't!

It is a mighty, a sublime journey! We pass twice through all the zones of the earth, now crossing them south, then north. We cross all the tropics, now cutting them toward the south, then to the north. We cross the Equator twice, now severing the equinoctial line from the north, and then from the south. Twice we are on the spot where there is no latitude at all, and once where it runs hard up to its topmost figures. There the hottest summer never rises to zero, and there the warmest, balmiest breezes that ever blow would freeze the marrow in your bones, and in one instant would turn you into solid stone!

We are going upon a journey twenty-thousand miles long; a journey that passes around one continent, and one-half around another, and is the longest single journey without a stopping place ever undertaken by the skill and the wisdom of man!

But we must go aboard the ship! I cannot spend our time on preludes. We sail from the harbor of New York on the good ship

"Trade Wind", Captain Webber in command. She is a three-decker merchant ship, four-thousand tons burden, three-hundred feet long, and is, by all means, the largest and finest vessel that had as yet started on the voyage around the Horn.

In starting on this voyage, always start in the fall of the year as we did, for then, in the language of the poet, you will be like the Cuckoo-

"Which has no sorrow in its song,

No winter in its year."

In my own case I had "no winter in my year", but I assure you I had "sorrow in my song", for a more miserable wretch at sea than I was never rode on its bosom.

You remember the poesy of one of the chiefs of the modern bards:

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean - roll;

Ten-thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin; his control

Stops with the shore; - upon the wat'ry plain,

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When for a moment like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,

Without a grave; unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown".

A strong north-west wind comes freshening up, until it roughens into a very gale. It is just the wind the Captain wants- it is right upon our quarter- the point of all others that the Sailor loves. It carries him just in the direction he wishes to go without losing an inch by tacking. With all sails spread and so full of wind as to be hard as a board, the huge Trade Wind

dashes through the spray swift as a race-horse: ten, fifteen, twenty knots an hour- it is just what the Captain and the Sailors want. And what do I want? If I were to tell my honest heart I would blubber out like a just-well-whipped, great blubber of a school-boy: "I want to go home to my mother!"

The first matter, the last matter, the middle matter, the matter all the time with me on the ocean is sea-sickness. If there is one subject that I understand better than all others, it is sea-sickness. I think that I never saw an hour on the ocean when I was free from this, to me, most distressing malady. After I had circumnavigated The Horn, it so turned out in the providence of things that I had to make another journey. The very thought of it made me shudder as I remembered what I had suffered. I was in San Francisco, so I called upon an eminent physician and surgeon who had practiced medicine on board of men-of-war and of all manner of great ships during his whole professional life. I was determined to exhaust his experience and skill to save myself this time.

So I told him my errand. "Well", said he, "I have tried dieting with great success for sea-sickness". "Dieting", said I, "Why I dieted until I was thinner than Barnum's skeleton-man, or like the twin Irishman, so thin that it took himself and his brother to make a shadow". "With such as you, then," said this grave surgeon, "I try feeding with the strongest kind of food". "Feeding", said I, "I stuffed myself with pork and beans and with a vitriol tonic enough to make blubber on me like a whale; but I kept on being almost as sick as Pharaoh in the Red Sea." "I kept on being almost as sick as Pharaoh in the Red Sea." "I have tried brandy with good effect", said the wise son of Galen. "Brandy", said I, "it made stomach and head both whirl like a

whirligig, whereas on land it stops with the head". "I have known some medicines to succeed admirably," said the imperturbable medicine man. "Medicine", said I, "I exhausted the Captain's medicine chest, and every day on board ^{took} ~~took~~ enough to stock all the Homeopaths on the continent. But there was no homeopathy in my sickness - it was of the most stubborn allopathy kind." "Well", said the unwinking Doctor, "I know of one remedy that never fails, but it is mechanical. Do you get an octavo book about the size every way of Harper's Magazine, but with the very stiffest kind of binding, and tie that over your digestive organs - tie it very tight. You see the sea-sickness is caused by motion, ~~and~~ and by tying up your digestive organs so that they cannot move, you are safe". That looked like just the thing and I was happy. "Doctor", said I, "I will get that book, and I will tie it on so tight that those organs you speak of will think that they have grown to the back-bone." In due time I was on board, and in another due time I was out of sight of land. I tied on that ^{book} ~~board~~ so tight that I felt as if I were all back-bone. I went out on deck buoyant, strong in faith, and defiant of old Neptune and all his doses. Was I ever so sea-sick before? In all the forms and phases and retchings and qualms and pangs ever known to mortal man, this time I was sicker than all of them put together. The very book itself could not stand it, but went "by the board" and floated away on the brine!

But now we return to the good ship, Trade Wind, that cleaves and rides the billowy, bounding, foaming, spraying, angry waves at a tremendous pace before that November gale. Eight days out, and our splendid north-west ^w ~~h~~ind has ceased, and we are in the

Doldrums, a portion of the Atlantic Ocean below the Tropic of Cancer, where sea and sky conspire to make navigation a most wretched humdrum. ^{ERE} ~~Here~~ everybody has been at sea just long enough to show all his bad points and to make himself eminently disagreeable. Doldrums is a good name for this part of the ocean.

Bye and-bye we get into a part that is still worse, called the "Horse Latitudes". This name was given because here the first horses ever shipped from Europe to America perished ~~here~~. They were shipped by the Spaniards to the West Indies, and this region of the sea that lay so near alongside of the Doldrums was so utterly obnoxious that even horses could not stand it, and every one of them died and was cast into the waves.

But we soon sailed into a region worse yet than either. I was sitting out on deck in the light of the moon, within the Tropics, in the latitude of the W. I., ~~in the light of the moon~~, when an old Salt caught hold of me, suddenly, pulling me out of the moon-shine, saying: "Do you not know that the moon-shine here will make you as crazy as a loon?" Think of it! Is it possible that the Queen of Night, who because of her bewitchingly silvery face beguiles young men and maidens to plight their vows under her smile in more favored climes, here, should they undertake the same, ^{troued cause} both ~~would~~ ^{to} become stark mad? He- the sad and crazed Hamlet, she- the lorn and maniac Ophelia. And the Lover who in more favored climes gets mad, it is said, over his Darling - here he and his Darling both become maniac together. O, Moon, thou art well named "Luna"- and the madmen that you make are well named "Lunatics".!

And now we pass on into that lower world below the Equator. Will our horrors never cease? We cast no shadows! Strange

terrors seize you, and you remember the story of the man who sold himself to the arch Fiend: At last he reached the very climax of woes - he fell in love. I do not mean that that is the climax of woes! Oh, no! He invited the adored maiden to take a walk with him by the light of the moon. As they went, the moon was in their faces; it was enchanting; he was enchanted; she was enchanting and enchanted! And now they have turned the corner, and it may be they had turned the corner where he put the fatal question, and she had replied: "you may ask pa". They are on their way home, and he is going to "ask pa" this very night. The moon is behind them, and there is the sylph-like and elastic shadow of the fair one cast before them by the shining moon; but she is startled as she sees no shade of his manly form moving by its side. "What does it mean?" she asks in trembling tones, "You have no shadow?" He trembles, stammers, and is speechless. She disengages herself with horror and flies from the man who cannot even cast a shadow! So we, like that unhappy maiden, were startled from our poise. Here the sun and moon stand perpendicularly over us, and if we ever get another shadow it will fall toward the south, for we will be on the other side of the god of day and the goddess of night.

And thus "we sailed and we sailed" in the words of the old sea song. It is the fourth day of December and we are almost on the Equator, having made probably the fastest time and quickest trip ever performed ^{by any vessel going} from New York City to the Equator ~~by any vessel~~. The day is as beautiful as an houri's dream. All the elements seem for the most part to be in perpetual equilibrium at the Equator. Some of us land-lubbers are not a little fearful, however, for Neptune, the old god of the sea, comes on board every ship that crosses the Equator- so the fearful story runs among the

ancient mariners. And while he treats all the old sailors whom he has formerly met, on this, the center of old ocean, where he has set his throne, in the most endearing manner, woe to the Lubber who has never been to his central court before. Rising out of the sea, Neptune comes in over the bows, clad in ^a shaggy coat that turns off the water like oil, wearing his ancient crown, the gift of Vulcan, and grasping his sceptre, the imperial trident; ^{he is} attended by mermen and mermaids, sea-lions and sea-dogs and strange and terrible monsters of the deep. And now, with a roar that shakes the soul of every Lubber, he commands all those on board who have for the first time invaded his central domain to be brought into his august presence; he then commands his attendants to seize and initiate them into all the ancient rites and ceremonies, using soap and sand and scrubber and brine and tar and feathers and oakum, compelling the victim to ride on a spar and to perform other unheard-of ceremonials inflicted only at the order of the king of the deep, deep sea. All this is accompanied with the bark of the sea-dogs, the roar of the sea-lions, the howl of the sea-wolves, the jeers and taunts of the mermen and the mermaids, and the unheard-of bellowings of all the monsters in the train of the ~~monarch~~ Monarch of the ocean. A memorable and a terrible era it makes in the life of a man - the day in which he ^{first crosses} ~~first crosses~~ the Equinoctial line, and for the first time meets the Sovereign of the sea. It had been well for us all who were not old sailors had we then for the first time met this dreadful majesty, for we were met by a far more dreadful king, a much mightier monarch. ^{It was} ~~It was~~ the "King of Fire".

About ten oclock in the forenoon, of that to us most eventful day, the fearful

eventful day, the fearful words rang fore and aft: " Fire! Fire! Fire!" The ship was in flames. Imagine your house on fire and you compelled to stay in it until you put it out, ^{if you could not,} or to perish in its flames, ~~if you could not~~ then you have some idea of a ship in flames out upon the broad ocean. All that we had ever heard or read of fires on the mighty deep rushed quickly as light on our too faithful memory, and sent the blood back cold into the heart, or curdled it in every vein! 'Twas time to do or die! The magazine was secured, and orders were given to prepare the boats for the ~~last~~ last extremity. The Captain's gig was brought aft. The boats on the weather and lee beams were unfastened; the long-boat was hoisted from its resting place in the waist of the ship. These boats in all would not hold one-third of the human beings on board, so that some tried to make ready for the forming of rafts from the extra spars and empty water casks. All things were preparing for the last: " Cut away there! Avast! Avast there!" Chronometers, barometers, thermometers, quadrants, sextants, logbooks, water kegs, sea crackers and all necessary articles were huddled together to be ~~instantly~~ in instant readiness for the last leap into the boat or upon the raft as the flames would drive us to them.

" Avast! Avast! Avast there!" Thus we were under a burning sun and in a burning ship nearly directly over the Equator of the earth and under the Equator of the heavens, hot and brazen, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Vulcan had usurped the throne of Neptune and waged him war in the midst of his own domain.

Meanwhile all hands fought the fire. We discovered the seat of the flames to be well forward and below the second deck. They shot up through every opening, and the air became so thick with smoke and noxious gasses and forked fires that we were

repeatedly driven away to escape death. The deck was blistering hot to our feet. The main-pump, the force-pump, the donkey-pump—every bucket, every pail, everything that could pump, or dip, or bring, or hold water was hard at work; and every man doing his utmost "derring do"! No! No! It is not to be believed but by the sight of your own eyes—and then you would hardly believe your own eyes—there were some human bipeds who were worse than useless! They came near, two or three times, creating a panic, and a panic at such a time would have been certain death to all on board. One man who had been with Lieutenant Lynch in the Dead Sea-experience expedition, actually ran fore and aft crying with terror: "Captain, scuttle the ship"!! But the muzzle of a pistol planted over his heart, and a marling spike held over his brains soon silenced him. I took that fellow under my especial charge and made him work right alongside of me and under my eye for the remainder of the fight. It made almost a hero of him, for he was the first man to crawl in below the deck and on top of the cargo to find out, if possible, the stronghold of the fire. Another sailor follows him— "How now my hearties?" "The hose, the hose!" is their half-stifled cry. "Pass the hose!" The hose is passed in to them. "Pump away, my hearties!" And our good force-pump soon brought a thick stream of the briny deep to the aid of the sailor braves. "How now, my hearties! We gain on it, we gain on it!" were the welcome sounds. "Pump away, my brave lads". The deck was blistering hot under our feet. The water standing about was rapidly converted into steam; the vapors, gasses, smoke and flashes of flame thickened all around us. "How now, my hearties!" "We gain on it! Pump away my brave lads! Water! Water!" Heaven be praised we think that we can perceive that the fire is lessening.

Sailor heroes were hauled out on deck- dead- dead from ~~inhale~~ inhaling carbonic acid gass. It required all the skill and all our available fiery medicines, and fire-water cast into their eyes and up their nostrils, and lancing of the soles of their feet to restore them to life. But we saved them, everyone. As soon as restored, then, with a double heroism, they would again stagger down to fight the fire fiend, to be hauled out as if dead as before and again to be brought back to life. And this they did again, and again, and again. Even now, after so long a time, we are compelled to stop and let our tears have way as we think over the scene. We had not thought that such heroic souls could be hidden beneath the rough jackets of the Sailor Braves! Even now with the ear of our memory we hear the Sailor Boy in his-delirium delirium pronouncing the name of the loved one who, in the homeland, comes down at the eventide and in the morning gray to the pebbly beach of old ocean, and gazes wistfully over the wilderness waste of waves where she last saw the sails dip out of sight that carried her sailor lover away, away, whilst she breathes her heart prayer to the Ever Living that He will return him safe to her side; for have they not plighted their troth that on the day of his return will be their doubly-happy wedded time? He has not forgotten his home vow.

Desperate acts of blood would have made the darkest side of that dark day had we been compelled to take to the boats. There were a few desperadoes on board; one or two of them had the reputation of having been pirates in their day. They would have persuaded others to join them; they were determined on throwing off all restraint, disobeying all orders and every sense of right, and giving themselves up to rapine, plunder and blood.

They were to have seized the last boat, robbed the ship of all the choicest valuables, and "make land, or die fighting!" As the superiors officers had concealed trusty weapons on their persons, and as the passengers would have been loaded with arms from the ship's armory chest 7 men who but an hour before had been shoulder to shoulder struggling together to save their common lives would have been breast to breast in the closer grapple where they pant for each other's lives. The last flickering flames of the burning ship would have looked upon a bloody incarnardine sea. And thus we crossed the Equator in the midst of the fire.

December 15- ~~We~~ now at night have lost sight of the North Polar Star, but the needle of the mariner's compass is true to its trust; and although for months now it will not see the light in the window of its northern home, still the thrills and the pulses of its mysterious heart will yearn without a change straight to the spot where now lie buried the window and the light and the northern home. Forever magnified with praises be the name of the Great Author of all mysteries who imprinted the love of the humble lode-stone and the beauteous lode-star, that by that untiring, unchanging affection we can fearlessly travel the trackless desert of the illimitable waves. At night we now behold the Southern Cross, the most beautiful and resplendent of all the constellations of the sky. ~~we now see the most brilliant stars of the heavens.~~ We now begin to behold the ^{brilliant and} most remarkable of the spectacles of the starry firmament: the Magellan Clouds, named after the great navigator who discovered the Magellan Straits; they are thirty-two of the nearest and most wonderful of the nebulae of stars, and look like pearl-white bridal veils thrown on the brow of night.

And here the deep blue deep below seeks to rival the deep

blue deep above for the whole ocean seems to be on fire with star-dust, and as the ship cleaves her way through the luminous ^{profound} sharp billows of flame flash up on either side and sparkle in tongues and splinters of fire. It is the phosphorus of the sea. It is thought by naturalists to be caused by innumerable glow-worms of the waves, so small, however, that no microscope can firmly determine whether this be the exact truth or not.

It was on such a night as this that the First Officer^c, about midnight, called me up to see a spectacle which but that one time I have never beheld. The heavens and the ocean were as I have just described them to you. There was a delightful, delicious breeze, and he had every sail set that a ship can carry, and she can carry as many again as are usually ever seen on any craft. The way that it is done is by temporary rigging on either side, fore and aft, of the ordinary sails- sails that are so prepared that they can be fastened on and attached to the others, and thus spread to the breeze double the canvass for which the ship is rigged. And thus he had them: sky-sails flying above the topmost tips of the three masts, studding-sails swung to the ends of every yard-arm wing on either side, sails, of I do not remember what name, whipped on the bow-sprit and the jibs, and the mizzen, or rear mast, sails reaching far out beyond the foremast and the jib boom, sails stretching many yards far beyond the sides and the beam-ends of the vessel, sails hanging away beyond the stern, and sails that seemed to sweep the sky(indeed, the sailors called them "sky-scrapers"), and every one of them had every stitch pressed abroad by the delicious breeze. We were in mid ocean. "I want to show you a sight", says the First Officer, "that you will not have a chance to see more than once in a life time", as with

conscious self-gratulation he walked the quarter-deck. "Look about and aloft, look at the ship." It looked as if the hugest leviathan of the universe had been furnished with all the white wings of all the great sea-birds of creation, and ~~ix~~ was serenely flying in mid air between the star-clouds of the upper and of the lower deep!

December 23, 1852; Latitude, $37^{\circ} 1'$ south; Longitude, $50^{\circ} 48'$ west from London. The Storm.

Hitherto we have had no terrific storm; we have had gales ~~h~~ but no tornadoes, no hurricane, no cyclone, no white squall, no typhoon, no water-spout save in the distance. But now all things look ominous; we are off the coast of Buenos Ayres, but hundreds of miles away from the land. The barometer runs down rapidly, and very low; the lurid and murky air brings nightfall two hours before its time. The winds come from every quarter and twist the long excited clouds, that almost touch the top masts, into-writhing writhing, zigzag lines, like huge, flying boa constrictors, the serpents of the sky. Every sailor is on the yard-arms clewing down every inch of sail in double clews. And now the whirling winds catch the great ship and turn her round and round like a top! We begin to feel the fingers of the awful Pampero (the name of the tornado in this part of the seas). And now, I confess, the strangest horrors that ever froze my blood seized me, for straight down from heaven came great balls of fire and fastened on the tops of the three masts, and there they remained, glowing, burning, flaming, writhing; it was horrible- the sprites of the storm coming before to behold their awful work. "Corpos Santos" cried the Captain with cheeks ashen as death as the light fell

upon his upturned face. "Corpos Santos" (their name in that part of the globe). Ship and men and all things looked ghastly in that weird light. Hark! The roar as of a thousand forests felled to the ground at a blow! And on it comes! The Pampero! It strikes us! The ship goes over on her beam-ends, the great yard-arms snap in two like pipe stems, the clew ropes break like thread, the loosened sails are slit into a thousand rags, the howling wind sings funereal notes on the great cords of the ship as if ^{on} a mighty harp, immense seas go over us and wash ^{overboard} everything ^{on} that can give 'way, ~~over board~~ ^{overboard} into the foaming brine as swift as thought, as swift as thought disappearing in the foaming brine. Not a human voice or cry can be heard above the roar of the elemental war in that fearful midnight, black as Erebus. But the hand of the merciful God was stronger than the Pampero, and kinder than the storm fiends that still clung to the tops of the masts. All night the good ship heaved and pitched and struggled with the storm, and tried to shake off the fiery sprites that clung to her top-masts. The morning brought the beginning of the calm, and we were safe. This morning we observe several land birds, one of them a dove, that have been driven from the shore hundreds of miles away, and are trying to shelter themselves in the rigging of the ship. There ^{are} butterflies and dragonflies in abundance; it is sad to think that not one of them, birds and all, will ever be able to return to their happy land again.

December 25, Christmas Day. We are nearly in the same latitude south of the Equator that New York City is north of it; we send up all the flags we have on board to the breeze, and keep Christmas with all the solemnities and all the honors. We are in the midst of mid summer and keeping Christmas! We

We are having a trying time here - our ideas and our speech are all topsy-turvy. Now it is "the cold, bleak south, and the sunny, warm, hot north. Here it is hot December, and cold July, delightful November, balmy spring, bleak, mournful May, the harbinger of winter. How could a man write poetry here where all his poetic figures would have to be overhauled or fail him entirely! How could one write a letter home to his friends so that it would be understandable?

January first, 1853. We keep New Year's with all the honors. "Captain", said I today, "you have not shown us a whale. We have passed through many of the marvels of the deep: we have been on fire, we have come through a pampero, we have seen and experienced almost everything - but a whale". "Never do you ^{mind} ~~mind~~ replied the Captain, "you shall see a whale - you are coming to the place where you will see everything. Don't you know you will see everything 'Around the Horn'?"

January second. Today, in the afternoon, the Captain remarked, "Tomorrow morning, about nine o'clock, you will see land on both bows; that is to say in land-lubber language: you will come in sight of land lying ahead of us on both sides." It showed the confidence of the Captain in his navigation. And sure ~~enough~~ enough, so it turned out, for at nine o'clock the next morning, "Land ho!" sang out the watch. "Where away?" "On both bows" was the answer. It was the triumph of the ^c ~~science~~ ^{ience} of navigation. All hail the sight of the blessed land! that we have not beheld these many, many weary days! The very scent of it, as it comes to our nostrils floating across the wave, is more fragrant ^{to the sea farer} than ~~all~~ the perfume of all the flowers ^{is} to him who has

never been at sea. If I shall ever get my foot upon thee, Thou Blessed Land, I will never leave thee for all the glories of the unstable, wearisome, sickening wave.

We are entering the Straits of Le Maire. On our right is Terra-del-fuego, the southernmost land of South America; and the southernmost point of this southernmost land is the veritable Cape Horn. Whether any civilized man has ever seen it is doubtful, for it is in a region of almost everlasting storms; in fact it is the very last thing that the sailors wish to see, for if they should get near enough to see it, they would almost inevitably be driven on the rocks, for the wind with an almost incessant blow from the south-west, heaves the lashing waves upon its roaring cliffs. On our right are the Straits of Magellan that run from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cutting right through the continent of South America. These Straits, discovered by the great navigator, Magellan, make one of the very finest of ship channels, the waters being free, and deep, and perfect. "O Captain", I said, "let us sail through these Straits and take a short, easy, and safe cut to the Pacific, and so escape the perils of the horrid Horn." "That cannot be", said the Captain, "for the shores are so rocky, steep and high that the ship would never get a breath of wind, and the little wind ship- she might get would be from the west, dead ahead, and we would never get through." If we were on board of a steam-ship now, we would go through and save time and storms." So around the Horn it had to be!

We encounter the mightiest leviathan of the mighty main! A fifty- thousand dollar sperm whale. It was a most beautiful day; the sun shining in all its glory. It was in the midst of

one of the most magnificent of scenes, formed by the sublimest combination of land and water: the hills and rolling mountains of Terra-del-Fuego on our right, the sublime summits of the mountains of Staten-land on our left, the great ship under a delightful breeze, riding the waves at ten knots an hour. Here came the encounter, head to head.

And now we have reached the home of all water-fowl. We have had Mother Carey's chickens and the Stormy petrel and species of gulls with us all the way; and we have, now and then, seen a booby and a goney and flocks of whale-birds; but we have at length reached the place where all the water and all the air and the shores are full of birds: Cape-pigeons, Cape-hens, penguins, and the king of all the water, the albatross!

January fifth, we overhaul a ship. We are bearing down gallantly toward the Horn. We have left Staten-land out of sight long ago; we have given Terre-del-Fuego a wide birth, for he who would double the Cape gets as far from it as he possibly can, so far that you could put a thousand Cape Horns between! "Sail ho!" shouts the lookout. "Where away?" "On the larboard bow." "What is she?" "A ship sir." There indeed was a ship almost dead ahead, a little to the left, or larboard. We had scarcely seen a sail since we had started from port, and what we had seen were far away in the distance. But this one was almost dead ahead in our very track, and it might be that we would get a close view of her and possibly see a human face besides our own. Every eye was strained. "As sure as you live we are ^{gaining} going on her!" The wind is strong on our beam and the waves roll high. "We are certainly gaining on her!" As she rides a wave she shows ~~almost~~

almost all her sheeting of copper; she cannot be loaded. What can she be? " She is a whaler and has no oil aboard" says an Old Salt. "We are overhauling her; why, maybe we will be able to speak her " As certain as fate we will- we will soon be alongside. The Captain gets his speaking trumpet; every being on board is full of excitement; we, every soul on board, gather along the larboard taffrail and bulwarks; every whisper, every breath is hushed. And now we can see them on the other ship, gathering in like manner on their star-board. And now we speak her. Our Captain with trumpet to mouth cries out: " Ship ahoy!" The captain of the Stranger answers: "Halloa!"

Trade Wind: "Where from?"

Other ship: " Nantucket."

T. Wind: " Where bound?"

Other ship: " Whales."

T. Wind: " How much oil?"

Other ship: " None at all."

T. Wind: " How long out?"

Other ship: " Four months."

T. Wind: " What ship is yours?"

Other ship: " 'Daniel Webster.' " What's the name of your ship?"

T. Wind: " Trade Wind."

Other ship: " Where from?"

T. Wind: " New York."

Other ship: " How long out?"

T. Wind: " Fifty-three days"

(Here the Daniel Webster shows signs of admiration.)

Other ship: " What is your longitude?"

T. Wind: " 70 degrees."

Daniel Webster: " Will you please report us?"

T. Wind: " Aye, Aye, Sir!"

Here the voices became indistinct as the Daniel Webster dropped fast astern. All hands: passengers, officers, company and crew, were off with our caps, and we gave them three hearty cheers; these were cheerily responded to by the crew of the Daniel Webster — and all was over. Her men became less and less distinct, her hull disappeared, and so, too, not long after, every sail and spar as the rolling waves and the rounded surface of the globe came between us. And now I will read to you, word for word, just what I wrote within a couple of hours after the event: " The Captain in a large fur cap, looked long and lank as a Long Island Yankee Montank-pointer; the crew wore uniforms made apparently of "sheep black and white mixed", with fuzzy, frontless Russian looking caps, so that they looked like a compound of Russian and bear. These were the first human beings that we had seen, or to whom we had spoken since leaving port, and the scene was one of intense emotion. Some shed tears. Not a pulse or breath seemed to move. Every eye strained every nerve of vision to see all that could be seen. We parted; and many tears were brushed from eyes that would never again look on a single one of these forms. They were the sole representatives of the great world that we had not seen for fifty-three days; and here, somewhere near the bound^Ary between the two greatest oceans of the globe, the Atlantic and the Pacific, we met — and parted from them forever."

January 9, 1853. Here we are at last — off the Horn at last — as nearly as we can guess, for navigation here is guessing; this is the place where the sun may be said never to shine

last. Imagine a Yankee schoolmaster getting into some inhabited island or land in this turned about part of the world; ~~and where~~, if he should ever catch a few wild boys and girls and should undertake to keep school, how could he teach the wandering innocents? How could he teach them geography? He would say, "Now my little man, now my little lady, do you not see, my little darlings, that the geography says: 'You stand with your face to the north, then your right hand will be east and your left hand west.' Now try it, my little darlings - now stand - all right - face the north - all right - now lift your right hands and point east! What consternation would seize the poor man, when to the horror of all sound knowledge, their little right-hand fingers would be pointing dead - west! He would declare a recess on the spot, until he had time to cogitate; and after a very long recess the hopeful-aspirants after science, tired of play, would come in and find the master in a brown study. And he would declare a holiday. And then in good time, early in the morning after the holiday, the little urchins coming to school would find the Master browner and more puzzled than ever. Then in some such tones as those of the husband, whom we read about, ^{who} addressed his wife: "You'r a liar, honey", the amiable pedagogue would say: "I'll skin every one of you, darlings, there is a vacation of one month, darlings." Before that month would be up, that first and last schoolmaster in that topsy-turvy world would "go abroad", and "be abroad", and stay abroad.

The worst is still to come: we are getting into that part of the earth where Christians keep Saturday for the Sabbath, and the Jews keep Sunday; the Seventh-day Baptists do not know whether

they are Christian or Jew, for they do not know which to keep; and all the outside sinners have a general jubilee. Thus we sailed and we sailed and saw sun-rises and sun-sets of which no lands-man ever dreamed. One day when not far from the Tropic of Capricorn, a calm and beautiful day such as you will see nowhere but on the Pacific Ocean,- the ocean as smooth and bright as though varnished with a sun-brush - the lookout with a cheery cry sang out: "Sail ho!" "Where away?" "On the starboard beam". It so turned out that we came nearer and nearer and we noticed some little stir on the stranger ship. Directly a small boat was let over their side, was soon well manned, and pulling away made straight for us. You may well imagine that we were deeply interested. They reached our side; we let down a man-rope ladder; a man soon came up and stood on our quarter-deck - the first human being that had come on board since we began our voyage. That man was well looked at! We scanned him o'er and o'er, as the boy devours with his eyes his first elephant. That man was Captain Palmer of the ship: "Navigator", of Nantucket, a whaler. I think he was the saddest man I ever met. He had been on the present cruise for nearly four years, and they had not taken oil enough to make five dollars apiece; four years away from all human kind - for five dollars! His bride who had started with him he had buried with a broken heart on Pitcairn's Island (famous for being the home of the mutineers of the ship "Bounty"; one of the daughters of the mutineer was her nurse on her death bed). The poor Captain burst into tears and sobs. We were very greatly moved. So we persuaded our Captain to let us visit "The Navigator". All our boats were let over into the sea; they were soon filled. "Pull away, my hearties", and our good, strong, willing sailors brought us along side of "The Nav-

igator". We were soon up the bulwarks and all aboard; and there was a sight seldom seen: not a single sailor had a hat or a shoe, and not one of them had more than a single article of apparel.⁷ One snapping turtle and one yellow rat-dog were the only beings on board that seemed to have a full article of clothing. The crew seemed to be from every nation under the whole heavens: pure Congo Africans, tattooed Marquesans and South Sea Islanders, quadroon Spaniards, Kanakas, English, Norwegians and Yankees, mixed up in untangleable confusion. Poor fellows - they must have loved each other most intensely if misery loves company! We soon struck up an immense trade with them; they had nothing to eat and nothing to wear. We had plenty to eat and to wear. They had no money. Thus far there could be no trade; but they had something that we did not have- they had "schrimshandering". By this peculiarly strange word the sailor means to describe the work of transforming the whale-bones, and whatever else he can obtain from this leviathan, into articles of use or fancy. Thus he frequently employs the leisure time on ship-board. He not infrequently produces articles of the most fantastic character, as well as those of real worth-~~usefulness~~ usefulness.

Monday, February seventh, 1853. Latitude $0^{\circ} 56'$ north. All hail the north! All hail the day! We have just crossed the great Equator! I begin to feel kinks and twists getting out of my brain and tongue already. I can begin again to talk in the language of home ~~once more~~, and think with the thoughts and feel with the feelings of home, although so many thousand miles away! Latitude $0^{\circ} 56'$, north! Absolutely crossed the Equator just a few minutes before noon today. Longitude $121^{\circ} 21'$ west from London. Thermometer 80.

February twenty-fourth, 1853. "Land ho!" shouted the man at the mast-head. "Where away?" "On the larboard bow." Every eye was strained, peering into the distance ahead. By and by there arose on the horizon two or three rocks, tall, and grey and slim like needles piercing the sky. They were the Fara Leones, the sea-lions' islands, that lie right off and dead west from the mouth of the Golden Gates, the famous straits that lead into the Bay of San Francisco and the bosom of the State of California, the golden land. All hail, thou harbinger of our journey's end! - ~~Alrē~~ Already I begin to scent the land, sweeter than the smell of incense and frankincense and myrrh. And yet, would you believe it, there are some on board who are very sad - they love the ship and the sea far above the land. They are miracles to me. With me *as soon as* I begin to scent the blessed earth the long-racking sea-sickness leaves me, my old strength returns as if in an hour - and "Richard is himself again."

The sun sets, it grows into the night, I retire to my last night's rest on ship-board - but not to sleep. The hours pass on whilst I am in this sort of rapturous trance; it is three o'clock in the morning; a bright moon shining. What is that? A white wing passes my window port. Can it be the sail of the pilot-boat? It is! I hear the Pilot mounting up the side. I am soon up and dressed and on deck; and there he is - a Pilot from San Francisco in full command of the Trade Wind. He is the first human being that we had seen from the land in four months, and a fine specimen of a man he was: robust, ruddy, dressed even to elegance with a glittering diamond on his finger and a still superior one on his breast! The air of command - the wave of the

hand all told of the selfasserting and conscious prosperity and superiority of the Land of Gold and of the Pilot of the Golden Gates. Nor were these selfasserting traits at all lessened as he trod the planks in full command of the largest and finest ship that had ever entered those unpeered straits. He gave me the latest newspapers, printed in San Francisco, "The Alta California", it bore date: February twenty-third, and was filled with the account of the great celebration of the birth-day of Washington ~~the great~~, on the day before the twenty-second. Franklin Pierce had been elected President, and Louis Napoleon had become Emperor of the French! And what else, O what else had happened in all the world during four months that we had been buried in the deep?

And now the mountains that guard the Golden Gates arise up on either hand, and we pass into the greatest straits of the globe. How beautiful rises the morning sun dead ahead, how bright the waters, how black the cliffs, how green the sward and the trees, and how sublime the piles of mountain on either side! The glories of the Hellespont, of the Dardanelles, of Gibraltar have passed away before the greater glories of the Golden Gates. How balmy the air! February is the very paradise of months on the Pacific coast. And now behold opening before us the bay of bays, the Bay of San Francisco, the largest of the earth. We turn short to the right and we are in front of San Francisco, the city of hills. "Heave O!" "Aye! Aye Sir!" The greater links of the cable chain begin to rattle for the first time since we left home; the flukes of the huge pronged anchor slowly dip into the waters. "Steady so." And soon we stand firm as a rock

anchored in the Bay before the Queen of the West, the City of the *Going-down* of the Sun, one-hundred and fifteen days from the day we lifted that same anchor in the Bay of New York, the metropolis of the East. And our journey and our story are ended together.

These two pages not to be used

Around the Horn.

(extra)

Many most interesting episodes transpired during the progress of the fearful fire. To mention my own particular case: three times during the hottest part of the contest my lungs collapsed. As the Good Providence would have it, a cessation of the attack on the flames relieved me without my being compelled to leave my post or drop in my tracks. Had I done either, stationed as I was, a panic would have ensued - then farewell to ship and safety and to each other, nothing would have saved us. We would have ^{been} an inevitable prey to death in all its most ghastly forms.

The fire had its origine from ashes and sparks and small coals that had sifted down beneath the cook's galley into combustibles of parts of the cargo such as boxes of candles. We afterwards discovered that the fire had approached to within eighteen inches of tierces of alcohol. If they had caught, nothing could have saved us.

There were some fiendlike wretches among the crew such as the sail-maker and the carpenter. These broke into some of the state rooms and drank whatever spirituous liquors they could seize. In their frenzy of drunkenness and fright combined they became very dangerous. They were soon put in irons and placed under hatches, and we were compelled to keep them in irons until we reached San Francisco; then they were delivered to the appropriate officers.

We had, perhaps, as popular a captain as ever commanded a ship, Captain Webber. He had not a particle of the mere rough "sea-dog" in his character, but was a Christian gentleman. During the fire the sailors would frequently shout out: "We

Around the Horn .

(extra 2)

will save the ship for your sake, Captain Webber."

There was a moderate breeze during the struggle. The Mercury stood at about 85 . We crossed the Equator at some time during the fire. If every accompanying condition had not been favorable, we could not have saved the ship and ourselves. The fire was discovered immediately after breakfast when we were fresh and strong and had the day before us in which to do battle with the enemy. The breeze was light and on our quarter just as we would desire it to be. We had good pumps and all in the best of order. As we have already stated, the Captain was most popular with his crew. He was well advanced in years, with grey hair, which helped to create respect for his authority. The heat was so intense that the stone parts of the common school slates were burnt into white ashes. The small boats would not have held the one-half of us, so that had we been compelled to take to them, in all probability, every soul would have been lost. The ladies helped most materially in saving the vessel: they pumped in the midst of the heat of the sun and fire; and this, in all probability, was one of the chief means of keeping us from sinking because of the floods of water brought in to quell the flames.