

MY EARLY VOYAGES WITH MY FATHER
1853-1863

and

MY EARLY VOYAGES WITH MY HUSBAND
1880-1890

by

HELEN MAY PETERSON BAILEY

FOREWORD

Mrs. Helen May Peterson Bailey, of Kingston, Massachusetts, was the daughter of Captain William Peterson and Louise Sampson Peterson, (see also relationship to Deborah Sampson of Revolutionary War fame), and the wife of Captain Frederick Cogswell Bailey of Family I-8, he being the youngest child of Thomas and Cynthia Bailey.

Her family and friends for years had begged her to write down her recollections of her experiences on her sea voyages. It was not until 1936 when she was 85 years of age, that she finally got them down on paper, prefacing them by writing "I have been asked many times to write a book about my experiences on my sea voyages. Not having a diary record of them or log books (usually kept on ships) to which to refer, I did not think I could write anything interesting unless I had dates with latitude and longitude, and the voyages in order in which they came, with which to connect my stories, but I finally made up my mind to try my best without them and to write what I could remember in a haphazard manner, as I think I owe it to my family and friends."

Her notes have not been edited in any way as her style is delightful, and so like her as she is remembered.

EARLY VOYAGES WITH MY FATHER
1853-1863

Of my early voyages with my father, I remember only the things which impressed me the most, as I was only between three and four years old at that time. My mother was there, then, which I remember plainly. The ship was the "Levanter" and the ports she sailed from New York were: Valparaiso, Chili; Petropolaski, in the Peninsula of Kamchatka in Russia; Calcutta, India; and London, England.

One incident is very clear in my mind that happened aboard this vessel, and which I never forgot; a mutiny in which the 1st Officer was stabbed by a crazed Italian, one of the crew, and he rushed into the cabin and fell dead at my mother's feet. My father was wounded in his arm and hand, which troubled him all his remaining life. The Italian was finally seized, handcuffed, and confined in the brig and kept on hardtack and water until we arrived in port, where he was turned over to the authorities.

We arrived back in New York in 1857 when not long after my mother died and I was placed in care of my uncle and aunt and stayed with them until my father married a second wife in 1859 when I went again

with them on another voyage by steamship to Liverpool where my father joined the Brig "Nankin" in London, bound for Hong Kong. He stayed in the freighting business on the coast of China, Japan, and Siam for three years, sailing in the Ship "Norsemen" and Bark "Alemnna". In the meantime, visiting ports of Hong Kong, Shanghai, Foochon, Amoy, Yokohama, Saigon, and Singapore.

In 1862 while in Shanghai, my step-mother died of smallpox and also a two year old baby brother, whose bodies were embalmed and brought home in the Bark "Almena", the vessel we were in at that time, and buried from the Unitarian Church in Kingston. I was lonely on the voyage home, having no one to talk to but my father. He would take me around the decks in the fine weather, during the dog watches between 4 P.M. and 8 P.M. and teach me the names of the sails, spars, ropes, etc., and how to box the compass. This was my last voyage with him. On arrival home I went to school on Stoney Brook Hill. I was pretty well along with my studies as I had kept up on board ship with regular school hours, my step mother having been a school teacher. After arriving in New York, my father took me to some friends of his, old Duxbury acquaintances, to have me fitted out in clothes suitable to come home in, as my clothes were all out-grown and worn out. I went again to live with the same aunt and uncle, and stayed with them until my father married a third wife, in 1864, and made a home once more, where I lived with them until he sold house and furniture and left Kingston to live in St. Helena, Napa County, California, to take possession of a sixty acre farm (vineyard mostly) which he had settled for on previous voyage to California. I married then in 1875 and settled in Kingston, and made several voyages with my husband, (Capt. Frederick Cogswell Bailey) which I have written about.

Several incidents happened in the early voyages with my father which I well remember. I will mention a few. The little native shops in Bankok were built on piles in the river, where we went in boats to shop. I took a ride on an elephant with my father's friends. I was taken with my father and mother to see the King of Siam's treasures, gifts sent to him from other Countries. The trees of silver and gold impressed me, also a live pure white elephant which was in his possession. In Petropolaski I was given a set of wooden dishes, painted red with green trimmings, which I have always cherished and have one piece in my possession now.

On one of these voyages my father had laid in a store of fifty or more pumelos and a typhoon struck us which made the vessel roll and pitch unmercifully. When the locker in the cabin where they were stored burst open, the pumelos got loose and rolled across the cabin from one side to the other all night. They all came thundering into my stateroom and back again to the other side which sounded like a cannonade. Nobody could do a thing until the gale was over, Many of them had cracked open and the seeds and juice were everywhere. It took a long time to clean up the mess. They are a delicious fruit, the size of a medium sized pumpkin, of the grapefruit variety, the skin an inch thick and much sweeter, the sections inside like a grapefruit.

I remember one morning while in the Brig "Nankin" on waking up and looking out of the porthole over my berth and seeing the vessel high and dry on the beach among the do-downs in Nagasaki after a typhoon during the night.

In London I remember of going inside the Crystal Palace and seeing the glass fountain. My father took me through Thames Tunnel and bought me a cup and saucer which I have in my possession today. There were stalls on each side of the tunnel where every sort of souvenir was sold. While in America Square in London, where I was staying with my father and step-mother at "American Hotel", named because only

American sea captains patronized it, the landlord being the father of my number two step-mother, I was taken to several importance places, churches, concerts, races, gardens, waxworks, etc. It was a common sight to see Queen Victoria riding about the city at that time. "Punch and Judy" came every afternoon and performed in the Square in front of the hotel; and I was delighted to throw pennies at them. My father took me on board the "Great Eastern" in Liverpool, then a wonderful vessel, the largest in the world at that time, the same as the Queen Mary is today.

In Hong Kong where I stayed with my father after my step-mother died, while the vessel was loading, as he could not leave me on board the vessel alone, there were three children, and I became greatly attached to them, the Captain and his family being old sea friends of his from Salem, Mass. Every afternoon the Scottish street musicians (a custom in the East) dressed in Highland costume with plaids and kilts would play about an hour on the bagpipes in front of the house and all of us children would throw pennies to them from the veranda above.

The nearest I ever came to being in a shipwreck was when I was with my father in the China Sea, and somewhere between ten and eleven years of age, when we encountered a typhoon. The vessel was deeply loaded with a cargo of rice, which we were carrying to some port on the China Coast. I think it was Hong Kong or Macao. The vessel labored so hard that the seams strained in the hull of the vessel, causing a leak and kept the men at the pumps all night and day, the leak gaining every hour. Through the roar of the storm of wind and waves I could hear my father on deck shouting to all hands, "We are going down, throw the cargo overboard quick." Which they did. It didn't take many seconds to get the hatches uncovered and for a chain to throw over the sides thousands of bales of rice in the China Sea. It lightened the vessel so that the leak came above the water line, and by pumping less constantly, we arrived in port inside of two days, a sorry spectacle of a vessel; dismasted one mast, jib blown, spars gone, boats and everything washed clean off the decks as well as battered beyond description. My father said afterwards, "Only a miracle saved us."

MY SEA VOYAGES 188-1890

It was in 1880 after a great deal of coaxing and serious thinking on the undertaking, that I decided to take a voyage with my husband. So we packed our trunks, closed our house, and started with the two youngest children, having left the oldest at home with his grandmother, "Ma Bailey".

We sailed in the Bark "Nehemiah Gibson", thirteen hundred tons (1,300 tons), from New York to Java for orders. Having had an unusually pleasant and uneventful voyage, with the exception of a hurricane in the Indian Ocean (will describe that later), we arrived at Anjier (Java), a port in the Strait of Sunda. As we were to wait there a few days (our orders not having arrived), the vessel anchored. No sooner was the anchor down than the proprietor of the hotel there (Dutch), sent a boat for us to go on shore to his hotel, a small accommodation for Captains who call there, as we did, for orders. My husband knew him well, as he had been there several times before. We stayed three days there, and as there were other Captains and their wives and families, we had a very pleasant time. After coming in from a long voyage on the ocean – one knows how that is. The proprietor's wife was a jolly woman (as all Dutch women are) and was glad to see us as we were to see her, and made it very pleasant while we were there.

Being near the equator the climate was so hot one could do little else than sit on the veranda under a punka and talk and enjoy the tropical scenery. Anjier is a small village of only a few hundred native

inhabitants. The proprietor of the hotel was the only white business man there, and the ship's business was done wholly through him. The house where we stayed was built bungalow style, as are so many houses in the East. An immense banyan tree shaded it. It was soon after we left that the eruption and tidalwave that destroyed the island of Krakatoa destroyed the hotel and banyan tree at Anjier, and was never seen afterwards.

Our orders finally arrived for the vessel to proceed to Batavia, situated on the northeast coast of the island of Java, a few days sail from Anjier. So the tanks had to be refilled with fresh water, and fresh provisions taken aboard, consisting of ducks, eggs, chickens, beef (buffalo), turtles, sweet potatoes, yams, pineapples, cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, lemons, and limes, which are used so freely in the East.

The turtles of Java are worthy of mention, as they are of immense size, about two and a half to three feet in diameter, and made delicious eating. The children were presented with one which they rode around the decks on his back.

We left reluctantly to the quiet village of Anjier, and sailed for Batavia, where we anchored in the harbor to discharge a cargo of kerosene by lighters. Batavia is called the "Queen of the East" and is rightly named regarding beauty, but has a dangerous climate and unless one takes strict orders from the doctor, one is likely to get sick, as cholera, dysentery, and malaria are prevalent, owing to the Island being so low and level. It is a city of canals, as well as fine roads for driving. Under Dutch government it is kept wonderfully clean. The tropical scenery is impossible to describe – luxuriant foliage, immense palms, banyan trees, gorgeous flowers, as well as many kinds of beautifully plumaged birds.

On account of the climate the doctor advised me to stay onboard the vessel with the children as much as possible, and only occasionally did we go ashore with the Captain. It would be after six o'clock when the sun began to lower, that we would get to the ship's boat, and take a ride for an hour or so in the Public Gardens in a coupe drawn by a pair of Java ponies, with a native driver who knew how to handle them, as they are quite spirited little animals. There would be a band playing. Everybody there goes to the Gardens in the early evening before dinner, which is an attractive place to go, a perfect paradise, with luxuriant growths of immense trees, vines, and flowers, -- lovely birds and swans swimming in the canals, -- it is a sight to remember! We would sometimes go to the hotel for dinner, which would last from eight o'clock to nine-thirty. The children would get sleepy before it was over and have to be carried to the Lounge. People in the East never hurry through their dinner as that is the event of the day. I will give the menu of a dinner by courses:

First---- Soup

Second -- Caviar

Third --- Fish with appropriate vegetables (yams are freely used)

Fourth -- Rice and curry with about a dozen different kinds of relishes to eat with it, including "Bombay Duck", which isn't a duck as one would suppose but a small flat fish, dried and toasted crisp.

Fifth --- Roasts of numerous kinds, sometimes a roast pig the size of a ten pound turkey, served with appropriate vegetables.

Sixth --- Generally frozen desserts, accompanied with all kinds of fruits, nuts, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.

Always coffee, which is taken to the veranda for the ladies, while the men guests sit at the table with their coffee and smoke.

The servants (native) are well trained and glide about like mice. After dinner the guests play cards on the veranda under a punka until very late. No one thinks of retiring before one or two o'clock the following morning, and not arising before ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, generally having their breakfasts in their room. They take advantage of the cool hours to sleep, although a punka is swinging in every room throughout the twentyfour hours.

We generally went on board ship directly after dinner on account of the children. This is the only recreation in Batavia except when a theatrical troupe on tour stops there for a few days, and play in the open air theatres. The climate is too hot to have races, golf, tennis, or any of the strenuous sports, and Dutch residents lead a very indolent life. The women go around in the daytime with a cobish (jacket) and sarong (skirt) with toe slippers and no stockings, hair in braids, until about five o'clock, when they take a bath, which a native boy gets ready for them, and lays out their clothes to be worn. Then they get dressed for dinner and the drive in the Gardens, in the finest of clothes; velvets, silks and the like of the latest European style, corsets, high heels, and hair dressed by a hair dresser. One would not find on Fifth Avenue in New York City any greater style than is seen in Batavia on the late afternoon and evening drives. No white person goes out in the mid-day heat, and if then, with a cork hat and an umbrella to protect from sun-stroke; only the natives are seasoned to it and many of them take a few hours rest in the middle of the day out of the sun.

We only visited the American vessels in the harbors here, and so did not see much of the Dutch residents on shore, but for the few we did become acquainted with, we found to be very nice sociable people. There were vessels of all nationalities in the harbor. I found we were more comfortable staying right on board, under the awnings. It was so hot I did not feel like dressing to go anywhere.

Finally our cargo discharged and ballast in, we sailed for Singapore to take a cargo of rattan for Wakefield & Co. of Wakefield, Mass. Singapore is a much healthier place than Batavia. So we went on shore much more often, and I finally spent two weeks at a hotel there while the vessel was loading. Every morning at six o'clock, tea, bread and butter, with bananas, was brought to our room by a native servant. While there we all took a ride in a pony cart every morning before nine o'clock breakfast, through groves of palms, orange, lemon, mango, and cocoanut trees, as well as many other kinds of tropical growth especially in the "Lantana" which runs up into the trees overhead ten or more feet high covered with blooms the size of a teacup. Every few rods apart we would pass through a native village of five or more huts built in trees with swarms of nude children, pigs, dogs, ducks, and hens all running about together enjoying the natural life. Once in awhile a cocoanut would shy close to us and nearly hit us in the pony cart, and looking around we would catch sight of a mischievous monkey scooting through the trees overhead.

We found Singapore a delightful port, and as there were other Americans there at the hotel, it made our stay very pleasant. People take life very easy in all Eastern Countries; never walk, always take sedan chairs or a jinrikisha if they have only twenty feet to go, and sit on the veranda under a punka most of the time. The verandas are fitted out very attractively with rattan furniture and straw matting rugs, Chinese

pottery containing dwarf orange and kumquat trees, and ornamental vases three feet high, birds in cages singing all the time, as well as hanging vases with vines of every description. People never stay in the main house except to sleep, dress and eat. The white women who live in that climate long at a time get sick and have to go to the mountains for a change. They never do laborious tasks, but employ boys to wait on them. If they should want a book or any other thing ten feet away, they would ring a boy to get it for them.

The principal recreation of the day as in Batavia, was the dinner and drive in the gardens, which were quiet restful places to go, and a great contrast to the hurry and bustle of our American life. In front of the hotel was an immense tree, with little bright red seeds, white and black spots for eyes – called “Black-eyed Susans” – which covered the ground beneath keeping the children busy picking them up to string and wear around their necks. The houses are built low bungalow style, and always under large trees, and cover over large areas of land with a wide veranda on all sides. The cooking is done in separate building, not connected with the main house.

The tropical scenery with its luxuriant growth of everything makes one from home discouraged to try to raise flowers after seeing how quickly they grow in the tropics. Of course it is the even climate that makes the difference. It is the same with the fruit that is picked from the trees ripe. It tastes entirely different from fruit picked and forced to ripen – the mango, litchie, mangestino, persimmon, kumquat, cocoanuts (eaten green), several varieties of orange, pumelos, -- all of these fruits are luscious, especially with custard apple, which is eaten with a spoon. It is a pretty sight and looks good too, to those coming off the ocean, to see the Comprador coming on board in the early morning with the daily provisions including the odd fruits and vegetables. The large crabs and other kinds of fresh fish are very good. There would always be a special basket of fruit and a fresh bouquet of flowers every morning for the Captain’s wife, (gratis). The same for each vessel in port.

On arriving in the Eastern ports it is interesting to watch the bum-boats that collect, ready to come aboard as soon as the anchor is down, so eager to show their wares and get trade. Of course the doctor is the first to board the vessel. The Comprador and washer-woman generally get the first attention, the provisioning and the washing, - a large bundle it is that they collect. They do splendid work, but break buttons unmercifully, as they pound and rub the clothes on rocks with stones. They generally go where there is running water on the hillside to wash and rinse, spreading the clothes on the surrounding hillside to dry. So that looking on the hills from the vessel in the harbor one would think them covered with snow. They use starch made from rice, and even starch pillow cases and towels.

There are fruit boats that come alongside with all kinds of fruit and vegetables that the climate affords. The shell boats have wonderful shells of every description, also all kinds of red, pink and white coral. The merchants come in sampans with beautifully embroidered dry goods and curios in ivory, ebony, and lacquer. Then there are boats with all kinds of plumaged birds, and other boats with monkeys of every size and color. No one vessel ever leaves port without a cage of Java sparrows, or a monkey apiece as well as a parrot in the crew. On our voyage we had ten monkeys aboard. It is always a very excitable time arriving in port with the furling and stowing of the sails and getting all the ropes coiled and put in place, and the decks cleared up for a long stay in port. It takes all hands on deck at that time and these bumboatmen are not allowed to board the vessel until the decks are cleared. They watch for vessels just outside the harbor and then follow them in their wake until they anchor, so that when the vessel is

anchored, she is surrounded with sampans. One need not go to the shops on shore, as everything is brought to you this way. They come to the hotels in this same manner and exhibit their goods. Sometimes a policeman has to be called when they get too persistent. If the Captain's wife is with him, they calculate to do some good trading. We did not visit much on shore as the climate was so hot that the less one moved about the more comfortable it was. There were enough in the American fleet in the harbor to visit to keep from getting lonely.

There is always that assurance in sea-going, one is always as sure of meeting people of their own nationality in whatsoever port they may go. The time passed so pleasantly while here in Singapore, that it came too soon to go on board ship again, and get ready for another long voyage. The vessel loaded, and ready for sea with anchor up, we sailed for Boston, having a very tedious voyage owing to calms and light winds in the China Sea. We were glad to get home of course, so that the children could be all together again.

CEBU

On another voyage we sailed from New York in the Ship Vigilant to Banjowangi, Java. Banjowangi was very like the little native village of Anjier with Dutch residents, where the vessels stop for orders and take on provisions, etc. I did not go ashore there. The vessel anchored, as we were to stay there for a day and night. We had to take on fresh provisions and have the fresh water tanks refilled, also get our mail from home before sailing for Cebu in Phillipine Islands. We had a cargo of kerosene oil which was taken off in lighters.

Cebu we found a very interesting port. The Islands were under Spanish government at that time. It was during the Easter holiday that we arrived there. The Inhabitants make a great display of their religion. There were large numbers of Catholics as well as several large cathedrals and hundreds of priests in the port. Every morning at sunrise the cathedral bells would ring and peal out beautiful chimes to be heard all over the harbor, which I enjoyed very much. Our vessel was near enough to the shore so that by looking through the spyglass, we could see the throngs of natives pouring in and out of the cathedrals to the early morning mass. The Port Commandant asked the Captain to dress our ship in mourning from Good Friday until the following Sunday. As all the vessels in the harbor agreed to do it, we of course did the same. And a pretty sight it was to see the vessels in the harbor flying bunting from the missen-mast and foremast heads to the decks, as well as from all other advantageous peaks where flags could be placed. Our whole flag chest was used and some flags had to be hired from the shore. With yards of goods on each mast cockbilled (a signal of mourning), it was a very striking picture. If cameras had only been popular then, I could have had some pictures to go with these travels. On Easter Sunday morning a wonderful chime of bells pealed out on shore, so loud that they could be heard all over the harbor, and lasted a whole hour. Then the same chimes were again heard at sunset when the flags and decorations were taken down. We were invited to go on shore to witness the Easter Parade, and we saw some very fine religious floats, which I doubt could be equaled in our own Country. The Parade took nearly two hours to pass. We sat on a balcony overhanging the sidewalk and had a fine view of it. There were hundreds of nuns (natives) marching tow by two on the sidewalk by the sides of the floats with their prayer books open and chanting prayers. Nobody works there during Easter week. The inhabitants, both Spanish and native, spend the week in religious services and mourning.

The American Consul (by custom) always invites the American Captains and families to dinner on their arrival and the invitation is always accepted. As soon as we arrived we found a letter awaiting us from a resident and his wife, with a "Down East" invitation to make our headquarters with them while in port, which we partially accepted. We went to their house many times and found them very nice homey people. He was a business man in Cebu, and had married a young girl from Maine, who was very homesick and glad to meet some Americans from so near her old home. After dinner we would play games or sit on the veranda under a punka and talk. Sometimes we would go for a drive in the Gardens where time passes very pleasantly and idly. No one hurries in this hot climate and always has a hired man to wait upon them. In some families the hired man is so accomplished that he makes from the European patterns underclothes, dresses, coats, hats, and even suits, as imported garments are very costly.

One meets many pleasant people from the vessels in the harbor, and every port one goes to there is a different set and type of peoples. It is seldom that an evening goes by without two or more of the Captains in the fleet come on board and spend their evening, and usually the single ones would go to the vessels where the Captain had his family with him.

There are many fine residences in Cebu with well kept gardens and lawns, owned by the Spanish and English residents, also fine roads for driving. Ponies are used principally. The caribou is the beast of burden. On the early evening drives in the Gardens one sees many beautifully dressed Spanish ladies in their native costumes, with high combs and veils on their heads, riding in their private coupes drawn by ponies with a native driver. It is a common sight to see the native women carrying their produce to market in the cooler part of the evening. They have a flat, round, low basket about two feet in diameter on which is piled oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, vegetables, and even eggs, perfectly balanced upon their head, without touching their hands to it, while they walk straight and erect. They are a very strong and healthy race, do open-air work in the fields, giving them fine physiques.

In Cebu and Manila one can buy beautiful Pina cloth, embroidered by the nuns in the convents, and very few leave this port without owning three or four pieces of it. It is made of the softest part of the pineapple leaf, and it is very thin and cool for that climate. The native women wear short jackets of it. Several of the women in the fleet carried home some of the prettiest party dresses. Finally our stay here came to an end and after all the preliminaries attached to sailing were over, we sailed for Hong Kong, where we were to wait for a rise in freights, and a long wait it was, - six long months, which in the end none of us regretted. There were several other vessels waiting with us, and many of them had women and children on board, so that when we were all together, the crowd mustered about seventy in number. It was like one whole family, as we generally all went places together, and enjoyed many pleasant gatherings while there, which made the time pass quickly. Every evening some of the crowd would gather on board one of the American vessels where there might be musical instruments. There was always someone who could sing or play for our entertainment.

In the forenoons the Captains would spend their time in their consignees office watching the freights and tending to the ship's business in other ways. In the afternoons they had the time to themselves and would often go ashore with the crowd to the stores, or to the races. The women would take their children in the afternoon sometimes and all go to Chinatown shopping. The shopkeepers got to know us pretty well. We had lots of fun with them, beating them down in their goods' prices. They enjoyed it too, as they expected it. Whenever they saw a crowd coming, they would mark their goods up to a highprice, only to take it off

when they had to, which is a Chinaman's trick. It is when the big liners stop there on their way up the coast that they reap a good harvest from the tourists, as they have only a few hours on shore while steamer is taking on board fresh provisions, refueling, etc., and the tourists have no time to argue over prices. Chinamen treat the Americans with great civility. Their idea of America is "Melica plenty big country, got plenty money". While shopping we would often get treated to a cup of tea and some delicacy which they always have on hand. They always have a small tea kettle of water boiling over a charcoal stove ready to make a cup of tea at a moment's notice, and are great drinkers of tea. They all said they were sorry when it came time for us to leave, and on our last visit to their shops, we received very nice cumshaws (presents) which proved it.

After finishing our afternoon shopping the children would be restless, so we would take jinrikashas and ride out to "Happy Valley", (a burying ground for the white population), in the suburbs of Hong Kong, but more like a park, a beautiful spot, luxuriant growth of trees, vines, and flowers, as well as lovely birds. It was worth the trip just to hear the birds sing, which I shall never forget. One could sit around on the settees provided there as long as they wanted to and rest in the quiet peace of the place. We went quite often. It seemed good to get away from the smell of joss sticks burning all the time in Chinatown. No one goes away from Hong Kong without visiting "Happy Valley". We would then go to the wharf (Prayer it is called there), and meet our husbands who had been playing billiards in the Hong Kong Hotel through the afternoon, and each of us go to our vessels in our sampans, which were waiting for us at the wharf, to an appetizing supper which was always waiting for us. Sometimes a lone Captain or two would be invited to go with us on board our vessels for suppers. There was one vessel, the largest in the fleet that the Captain had turned over to the American fleet for a home ship to have our celebrations in, after having the between decks scrubbed, scraped, painted and varnished until it was equal to any hall. As we were to stay over the winter holidays, we found it very acceptable. So we congregated to spend Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, Washington Birthday, and several other minor festivities there. The ship's carpenters had put up tables the full length of the hold, and we all carried food, and sometimes took the steward along. When he couldn't go, a boy from shore substitute to wait on tables and look out for things in general. After dinner the tables would be removed by some of the crew, for dancing and two or three Portuguese musicians could always be found to play for dancing.

The English residents there think a great deal of horse racing. It is one of their favorite sports, and often we would get together to go to the race course and take the children, as it always fascinated them.

There is a cable line to Victoria Peak, (the highest peak on the island), also a telegraph station to flash the arrival of vessels outside the harbor, as soon as they get in sight. I did not care to go to the peak this time as I went with my father at the age of nine or ten in a sedan chair (used at that time) carried by natives, and I remember the terrific cold when we reached the top. There are many fine roads that wind around the mountains, especially Victoria Road. Sedna Chairs and jinrikishas are mostly used owing to the steep hillside. Hong Kong is built on the side of a mountain so that many of the streets run up the mountain from the waterfront or from the main street. All the large business houses are on the waterfront. Looking on shore at night two-thirds of the way up is a blaze of lights and gives the harbor a welcoming appearance. The English have some fine houses, but are very exclusive and do not mix with the harbor people.

A rich Portuguese there, of which there are many, offered the American fleet the use of his bungalow to use while he was away on a long visit to some other country. It was situated over on the Kowloon Coast of China just opposite to the site of Hong Kong. We went many times on day picnics and carried our food. It was an old estate, immense in size. The bungalow was fitted with everything. The children enjoyed it very much, as they could run about with no restrictions.

There was a typhoon while we laid in Hong Kong, when some Chinese jinks came crashing into us one evening, but very little damage was done. Such a jabbering as the natives make at a time like that. If there is one thing they fear, it is a typhoon.. They are always watching the sky at sunset (in the typhoon season) and if it looks the least red they will say “Me tinki catchee typhoon”. The English residents on shore being so seclusive, we did not have much in common, but for the American Consul and family, where we were invited to dinner, and also had it not been for the number of our nationality in the American vessels there, I should have had a dull time, but there was a large crowd of us. We had some very pleasant times together which many, if not all of us, will never forget.

Finally one vessel after another finished loading, and sailed for New York. All were reluctant to leave the port where we were so happy. As each vessel sailed for home, the remaining vessels gave us a rousing farewell party, giving us presents of flowers, fruits, etc., in such quantities that the cabins were fairly lined with flowers of every description, especially the magnolias, azaleas, and roses. I saved the rose leaves and made pot-pouri, and have a jar of it in my possession now.

I went to Hong Kong on a second voyage, but it didn't seem the same. It is a very healthy port. We were there during the last half of the Southwest monsoon, and the first half of the Northeast monsoon. Then it is cool enough to wear a light weight jacket out of doors, and no fires are needed. The winds are fresh and sometimes disagreeable, but a great relief from the heat.

In a later voyage to Hong Kong in the Ship “Vigilant”- (1728 tons), it was at the season of the Chinese New Year, when Chinatown keeps open house all through it, which lasts a week or more. All one can hear is “bong-bong-bong” night and day. It is deafening to us on shore, so I stayed on board ship in the harbor until it was over. They make all the noise it is possible to make with tom-toms and firecrackers. They hang a rope from an upper story, then begin to coil strings of firecrackers (the most powerful made) around it until the top is reached. Then they light it at the bottom and imagine the results! One needs to be a long distance away to appreciate the glorious blaze of light. These celebrations are generally held on the waterfront. We would sit on deck aboard the vessel in the evenings and enjoy it all. The English residents were disturbed very much, but they had to put up with it, as it is a part of the Chinese religion. The “Festival of the Dragon” is a wonderful sight. That took place while I was there this time.

The “Dragon” is made up of sections attached to poles which are carried by hundreds of natives, one to a pole, in such a systematic way as to make a perfect whole, and on looking down on it from a veranda above, where I saw it to good advantage, wiggling from side to side of the street below, one wonders how it could be done so well. The bright red, yellow, blue, and green colors blended with lights and accompanied by the deafening noise of the tom-toms make it a sight worth seeing. There are many interesting things to do and see in this port, and plenty going on in the harbor of interest, as well as the loading and unloading of a cargo, to interest the children. The crew generally stay with the ship in Eastern ports and are not discharged until the vessel gets back to her home port.

Once in a while a party of us would go to the convents to carry work for the nuns to do. They do beautiful work of all kinds, and much cheaper than it could be done at home. Many of the women in the fleet carried pongee, grass cloth, Pina, linen, and other goods to be embroidered, such as table cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, and underwear. I had three sets of Pina underwear embroidered to take home for a wedding gift.

We often went to church. The Episcopal Church has the largest attendance. I was invited to go to the house of a Chinese amyah (nurse) to take tiffin. I took the two children with me. The table was decorated with flowers and several kinds of sweetmeats and small cakes of rice, after the Chinese custom, along with other dainties. A bowl of rice with chopsticks was placed in front of each person as there were six at the table, (her daughters were among them). We must have amused them all, as I could see them smiling and looking funny at the way we used the chopsticks. Finally one of them got up and brought knives and forks and spoons for us to use. They all talked Chinese except the amyah who had invited us, and she was the interpreter. She had lived in America years with a sea Captain's family and could speak the English language very well. She also stayed on board our vessel two months to look out for the children, as many times I went places where I could not take the children, especially in the evenings with my husband.

In 1882 on one of my voyages while in Hong Kong my youngest son was born, and as we had a colored stewardess on board, (the cook's wife), she took care of both of us while in port, and on the passage home. She had been a nurse for several years. Whenever the children got restless we could take them to see the English soldiers drill, which amused them very much. The English Army keeps a standing army in all their Chinese possessions, and a war vessel stationed in the harbor as well. One afternoon we witnessed a funeral procession passing through the main street. The paid mourners were following the body, crying and howling while the near relatives rode in sedan chairs with the shades tightly drawn, and were not seen. Soon with the sobbing and howling, one could not call it crying exactly, and the deafening tom-toms (which accompany every occasion), it made a very uncanny sound. In some Chinese ports they do not bury their dead right away, but keep the coffin above ground for a day or two, so that friends may come and bring offerings, such as fruits, rice, and flowers, etc. Some of the rich would bring roast pig, chicken, and duck, and as it is taken away by the ghouls (poor) in the night, they will keep on bringing in a fresh supply as long as port regulations allow, and then the body has to be buried. Being a superstitious race, they believe that pleases the "joss" (their false god), and will keep them from harm. I saw a coffin covered with every conceivable kind of an offering once when I was in Shanghai with my father, (and about 10 years of age) in 1861. The food was fairly falling onto the ground. I don't know whether that custom continues to survive at the present day.

As one rides in a sedan chair around the suburbs on the mountain side, small temples are seen by the roadside, just large enough to hold a life-size bust idol of "Joss", where the wandering natives may go to worship. "Joss" sticks are always burning in these places as it is their religion. Every house and shop in Chinatown burns them throughout the twentyfour hours, as well as in all sampans, and all junks; it is a common smell and makes the white people sick.

In all the Eastern ports the harbor doctor visits the vessels in the harbor every morning and inspects the crew as well as the Captain and Officers. As he came from Salem, Mass., he was most interested in American vessels and would always come into the cabin to have a smoke and talk on home topics. I was fortunate to have his attendance when my youngest son was born in 1882. When the Comprador would

come on board with the ship's daily provisions in the early morning, he would always say the first thing, "How little Tuck Lee this morning?" And he would come into the cabin to find him. The fleet called him by that name while we were there, but he soon outgrew it after we arrived home. The Comprador would always bring us a basket of California apples, (a delicacy in Hong Kong), whenever a steamer arrived from there. They were good but not like the apples raised in New England.

On Sunday afternoons a party of us would get together and take the children for a walk around the suburbs, as there are many nice roads which the English residents used to take their exercise on. Walking is one of their pastimes. They never do any work around the house. Labor is cheap so that one can employ three or four servants for the price of one at home.

The English stores carry imported goods from England, and are run like stores there with English clerks, and carry the latest goods and styles that are in vogue in England. The tourists usually patronize the Chinese shops.

It is an amusing sight when an ocean liner arrives in the harbor. She is immediately surrounded by sampans, steam launches, and boats from the vessels in the harbor, which take the passengers on shore for a few hours of sightseeing and shopping, while the steamer is refueling and provisioning. As soon as these sampans get the flash from the "peak" that a big liner is outside, they all go out to meet her, and follow her in her wake until she anchors.

All the vessels that anchor in the harbor hire a sampan by the month to be in attendance from six A.M. to 10 P.M. Their whole family live on them, sleep, eat, and seldom leave to go anywhere, except to their grandmother's funeral – she has to die once in awhile, for an excuse to get away. They know no other home. I watched them many times over the ship's rail, when they made fast to the vessel, cooking their meals over little charcoal stoves, consisting of boiled rice and some delicacy to savor the rice, and always tea. When it is ready the family gathers around in a circle on the floor with a bowl of rice apiece which they eat with chopsticks. Once-in-a-while each one will dip into the center dish which contains the tidbit. The meal over and cleared away in no time, dishes washed over the side of the sampan with harbor water, the family contented and happy. Some of the families living in sampans have eight children, and always a baby which the mother carries on her back the most of the time. It is a common sight to see them other sculling and steering with the stern oar, a baby strapped on her back.

After sailing from Hong Kong we got outside the harbor when the wind died out to a calm and the vessel anchored. So the Captain had one of the ship's boats lowered into the water and we went on shore to a little fishing village along the coast (one of many), the two children, the stewardess with the youngest (then three months old), and myself. The natives evidently had not seen many white babies and they came running from all directions and beckoning for others to come, all the time saying, "Come see small piece white man." until the Captain thought it was time to leave.

The crockery warehouses are worth mentioning, where the women of the fleet visited quite often. They cover large roomy floors where thousands and thousands of dollars worth of crockery are displayed from Japan, China, Indian, and many other countries. Cloisonne vases worth hundreds of dollars a pair; Satsuma, Kirito, Kagher, and Benares ware, tea sets of eggshell china, dinner sets of Chinese and Japanese ware, valued at hundreds of dollars. A friend of mine bought one valued at four hundred dollars. There is also the ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and lacquer, carved ivory boxes and fans, etc. It almost takes

one's breath away to go into one of these warehouses. The rattan warehouses are fully as interesting. Every conceivable piece of furniture that can be made of rattan and bamboo is there, whole bedroom sets, rugs, chairs, settees, carpets, baskets, etc.

The lower rank of women do the drudgery, while the men sit and do fine embroidery, and hand carving in ivory and ebony. It is a common sight to see higher class of Chinese women hobbling the streets with a cane, their feet bound and fitted into very small shoes that a child of ten would wear. The smaller their feet, the more desirable they are to the men who marry into the upper ranks of China.

Pagodas and temples where the Chinese worship are found in the more northern cities and ports of China.

AUSTRALIA

Another voyage we went in the "Nehemiah Gibson" to Port Adelaide and Newcastle, Australia, and laid up to a wharf to discharge the cargo and to load. The residents (English) we found to be very friendly and congenial people, and they invited us to come to their homes right away. We went many times while there and they seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. It is the custom there to call in the afternoon about four o'clock and have a cup of tea with their family. A thin bread and butter sandwich is always served with the tea. Their dinner is at seven. No children are seen at the dinner table. They are put to bed early after a light supper.

The vessel tied up to a wharf so we could step on shore whenever we wanted to, and we soon got acquainted with other Captains and their wives and we could go to the stores, races, etc., together. Seagoing people get acquainted very easily. They do not stand back, for conventions, as they do in a community. Many times we would congregate and take the children on long walks into the country so that they could be free to run and play. We would follow the brooks and streams that run down the hillside and pick water cress to take on board ship for supper. It grew in abundance there. English people are very fond of it with mustard, bread, and cheese, and with tea or beer. Evenings we went to a theatre quite often. The children could be left on board asleep in the care of the 1st officer, who was always glad to do us a good turn, having been on the vessel three voyages, and a very fine man. "Pinafore" was playing at that time and was very fine and popular. We saw it six times. Everybody seemed to go wild over it.

One Sunday afternoon a party of us went to the Zoological Gardens where there were all kinds of animals and beautiful birds. The kangaroos, ostriches, and emus, interested the children the most. We visited the museum and saw the wax figures of all the dead kings and queens of England, also the war implements of that period and many other things too numerous to mention. Sometimes we came into contact with some of the old settlers there, as we did one morning on the wharf. An old man with a cane, as he lifted his hat said "Feon dee mum!"

I was not sorry when it came time to sail again, although the time passed very pleasantly while we were there, but on account of the coal dust from the cargo that we were loading, it was hard to keep the children clean, and very inconvenient to keep them shut up tight in the cabins, as all doors, including the skylight and port holes, had to be closed all day until late afternoon, when the day's work was over. The crews would then wash down the decks and clean the paint work. When everything dried off, the cabin would be opened up and we would go on deck for the evening. Nearly all vessels load coal from

Australian ports. Another export is wool, also hides and tallow. These are much more preferable where the children are concerned, and also cleaner to handle.

Just about a week before we arrived in Newcastle we encountered a terrific hurricane, which lasted thirty hours. It blew the sails away, stove boats in, and did minor other damage, but nothing serious. If no lives are lost and the ship doesn't leak or get dismasted, I don't call it serious. After we arrived in port we heard there were three other vessels in the same hurricane and in the same vicinity as ours. One foundered, one of the Captains' wives was thrown out of her bunk and killed, and the other went into Sidney in distress. So we thought we were wonderfully fortunate to escape with the slight damage we got. We sailed finally for Hong Kong and passed through the Eastern passages into the China Sea and had a very pleasant voyage, owing to the many small wooded islands that we passed and the fine weather we encountered.

There is one thing in Australia that is the best in the world, and that is mutton, and the people there know how to cook it. It fairly melts in the mouth and is as tender as lamb. There are immense sheep ranches there and the ranchers make a good business of it and become quite wealthy.

PUGET SOUND

On another voyage we went to a small port called Esquimalt in Puget Sound for orders, on the west coast of the U.S.A., where we stayed only a week. There was one other (a foreign) vessel besides an English warship in the harbor. While there, my father, step-mother, and brother came from St. Helena, Napa Co., Calif., to visit us. We all took the train to predominate there. In the early morning our men visitors, with the Captain, would go by boat out duck hunting as there were large numbers of them there. They would always bring us a lot when they returned for breakfast. There were a number of boats out with Indians hunting for ducks behind their blinds every morning. Often the men would go fishing for salmon and so we had plenty of salmon and ducks to eat while we were there. The cook would often hail an Indian to come along side early in the morning with salmon right out of the water, and when the breakfast bell rang, it would be on the table, and such a salmon! I will never forget. The cook had once been a chef and knew how to cook salmon to perfection. It did not taste like salmon out of an ice chest.

We all hated to leave the quiet little land-locked harbor of "Squimalt," as it is called there, but our orders came to go to Port Townsend to load lumber, a few hours by tow. The vessel laid along side of a wharf loading and a busy port it was. All day and every day the big saws kept humming and buzzing, as there were several other vessels loading their lumber. Many of the mill owners have transient homes at lumber camps in Puget Sound, and we soon became acquainted with the people in the place. The Western people being very sociable, we were invited to their camps. The mill owner who was furnishing our cargo offered us and the American fleet his camp to live in and use in anyway we desired. As his family was not using it, several of us women took advantage of his offer, and would go there once in awhile and carry our lunch, but would go on board our own vessel at night. We went as much for the childrens' sakes as anything, to give them a change from ship board. These camps are built in the clearing where the lumber has been cut off, on hillsides right in sight of the vessels loading at the wharves.

There was quite a snow fall while we were there and as the inhabitants hadn't seen so much snow for years, a sleigh-ride was planned by one of the mill owners. A hay cart was placed on runners and filled with straw and hot bricks and plenty of warm blankets and robes, and as many people as could be

crowded into it comfortably. Away we went with a pair of horses and bells, and the jolly crowd that one meets in the West Coast. There were nice roads through the heavily wooded section of the Northwestern part of the U.S.A. We all had a wonderful time and a good appetite when we got back for our supper which was awaiting us.

The night before we sailed there was a large gathering at one of the camps, when the American fleet was invited and a very pleasant time enjoyed by all with a nice treat, music, dancing, etc. It came time for us to sail, the cargo all aboard, and everything settled up, and many of us sorry to leave the good homey, sociable times behind.

CALLEO

Calleo, a port in South America where we stayed but a short time. I was not sorry, as I do not like South American ports. There was an insurrection there at that time, a few miles north of where the vessel laid at the wharf. Our second officer on watch one night while walking the decks barely missed a bullet that went buzzing past his head, so near were we to the fighting. On a previous voyage that the vessel went there, a bullet came right through the wall of the cabin. The hole was kept covered with a picture. While there we went with another Captain and his wife to the city to do some shopping. The night before there had been some severe fighting in the city. The dead were being picked up and carried away when we arrived there. Our husbands had to get permission from the City Authorities to go into the city as they said there would be no more fighting for a few days, so we felt perfectly safe in venturing in.

While there we went inside the Lima Cathedral. Some friends whom we met there invited us in, but we only looked around a little as it was a solemn occasion and we felt out of place. There were crowds going and coming in and out continually, who just went in to kneel and pray. The beautiful organ was playing very softly. Everyone looked very sad because of the war. The City presented a very sad appearance. All private residences had the windows boarded over and many of the women we saw in the streets were in mourning. Only a few of the stores were open.

In Calleo where the vessel laid at wharf, one could go about in safety, so I could get up early in the morning, get the children dressed and we could step out into the wharf and go to the market place, a short distance away from the vessels, and buy strawberries, (luscious and sweeter than ours at home and much larger), fresh eggs, fruit, cakes and crackers, etc., for the children, and lots of things that I could select better than the steward.

The natives, half Indians and half Spanish, came in from the country farms early every morning with donkeys heavily laden with produce for the market place. It was a rural sight to see ten or more of them hurrying to get to their journey's end, as I often saw them. The market place covers a large tract of land, which was divided inside into hundreds of stalls. Each merchant has a stall of his own, where one can buy everything needed. I bought shoes, dress goods, hats, dishes, and many other things, as we went there very often.

On the Ocean

A Sea voyage is like everything else, some good things about it and some not so good. When a person goes on a voyage to sea in a sailing ship, he must make up his mind to undergo many deprivations. Many pleasant incidents happen on the ocean, as well as on the land, and it is just as one looks at it whether they

can be happy and enjoy it or not. I, for one enjoyed everything connected with sea life. Perhaps I inherited the love of it through my ancestors. My father's family were all more or less connected with sea life and vessels. He was a sea Captain. Three of his brothers went to sea while his father had a sail loft on the top floor of the barn on their farm at Powder Point, Duxbury, Mass. and made sails for years of vessels built there. All five sons of the family of boys worked with him on sails until their twenty-first birthday. After that, some went to sea, some stayed at home and worked on vessels, rigging, caulking, carpentering, etc., while my father chose the sea and in the end became Captain of the Clipper Ship "Thatcher Magoun". My grandfather on my mother's side was also a sea captain. He commanded the ship "Rialto", built in the old Holmes' shipyard at Kingston, Mass. Both of my great grandfathers served in the War of the Revolution. I went with my father at the age of three, or three and a half, on my first voyage.

The first thing to be done when sailing out of a port is to secure everything movable with lashings, for as soon as the vessel encounters a breeze with the sails set, she will begin to roll, and owe to anything that hasn't been made fast. Next is to get all shore clothes stowed away in trunks, and sea togs out ready for rough weather. For people who are seasick, comes a spell of disaster. Fortunately I was never seasick, so could always be relied upon to look out for the children and things in the cabin, whenever the steward was not there. For the first few days sailing out of New York harbor, we would encounter fresh light winds and not too heavy sea, except in winter of course. Then the weather would be more severe. In sailing south every day the weather would be getting warmer and warmer, until gradually reaching the tropics, the cabin could be opened up and the children play about, and best of all get out our thin summer clothes, which was a great relief.

I had a plan to do certain things in certain latitudes. For instance, in the doldrums near the Equator, where we would be sure to get light winds and calm seas, with the vessel upright, I would start my sewing machine and do a lot of stitching that I could hand finish in rougher weather. There would be a good size washing to be done, about that time, (I always did my own), and no water is allowed to be used from the ship's water supply for washing clothes, so I had to wait for equatorial rains before I could wash, and didn't it rain then! The heavens fairly open in a deluge for about ten or more minutes at a time and let water out like a flood, but the scuppers take care of it on board a vessel, after which the sun comes out as bright and hot as ever. Every available container on board would be filled with the rain water, and the whole crew would have a grand washing day. When my clothesline was put up from the rigging back and forth all around the after part of the vessel, it looked like a ship in distress.

After crossing the "line", as the sailors call the Equator, we sail south again into the South Atlantic Ocean, and gradually begin to get cold stormy weather with heavy seas and prepare to round the Cape of Good Hope (where my brother was born), where gales are prevalent and rolling and pitching of the vessel continues. The children were kept in their bunks with a high bunk board in heavy weather to keep them from being thrown about, as it was hard for me to keep my balance many times. All hands keep dressed night and day in rough weather. Several times it has been three weeks that I wasn't undressed. After getting into South Indian Ocean, we sailed due East for nearly three weeks, bound for Australia, and encountered gale upon gale, with sea mountains high all the way, and we were glad to reach Port Adelaide. These are some of the uncomfortable things connected with sea life that are not very pleasant. At such times the Captain has to be on deck most of the time, and scarcely takes time to go below to sleep or eat. There is no unnecessary work done at these times. The crew stands watch and just tend to the ship's needs, watching the sails and changing and loosening ropes to save the ship from laboring too hard.

Sometimes two men are needed at the wheel. It is very hard in such rough weather for the steward to get the meals from the galley to the cabin table in decent shape. I have seen several times the food go over the table railing onto the floor before we could get seated at the table, when the vessel would give a heavy roll and pitch. The steward would have to get another meal and try it all over again. Sometimes he would be on his way from the galley to the cabin with his basket covered tightly when the vessel would ship a big sea, and everything take to the scuppers. It isn't always like this. There are times when seas are calm as glass, and not enough wind to fill the sails, when the vessel is upright. And many times under these conditions a vessel appears in sight near enough to signal and talk for half an hour or so, asking all kinds of questions in the code, until we find out the vessel's name, who the Captain is, where bound, where from, what cargo, etc., and if it is calm and smooth enough to put a boat out, letters will be exchanged for mailing. The ship's library is often exchanged in this manner. Provisions are exchanged also. Once we supplied a vessel with a load of coal in this way.

One voyage when my husband was sailing from Japan to another port (I was not with him), a vessel bound for New York stopped, and as he had bought me an embroidered dressing gown, in Yokohama, for my Christmas present, put out a boat and sent it aboard the vessel bound for New York to deliver it to me on its arrival there. It came to me on Christmas eve.

The children were always delighted when the flags were used. It is a very excitable time when a vessel gets near enough in the ocean to communicate with them and make exchanges. One can keep amused on a long voyage in many ways, especially watching the birds and fish. Every day, almost, as the ship sails along so fast, a new bird or fish appears. The large number of albatross in the lower latitudes, which follow a vessel for days, are interesting. They followed us for three weeks, from the Cape of Good Hope across to Australia in the same latitude all the time with the "chickens" accompanying them. They make a continued screeching and squabbling noise. The rougher the weather, the louder the screech, and sometimes it gets monotonous. They are beautiful birds, have a wild piercing eye, and stand three feet high with their head erect. We caught some of them with a hook and line, kept them on deck awhile, then let them go again. They are not good to eat, being very strong tasting. The "Stormy Petrels", called by the sailors "Mother Carey's Children" are about the size of a pigeon. They too follow in the wake of a vessel miles and miles, while in their latitude. It is a common sight to see them mixed up with the albatross. A school of whales is often seen in the South Atlantic Ocean and the South Pacific Ocean, and are easily detected by their spouting. Flying fish fly on board in the night, attracted by the ship's lights.

When they strike against anything hard they drop to the deck and die. The cook generally collects them at daylight and cooks them for the "Missus'" breakfast, providing there is a missus on board. They are about the size of a smelt and taste very much like them. Then there are the boobies, noddies, and goonies, - foolish birds that do funny things. Also the frigate bird is often seen aloft perching on the spars, sometimes on the mast head. In the lower latitudes the pelicans and penguins appear, - very interesting birds. Everyone on board is always scanning the horizon for a vessel or any thing that would likely be in sight, and little things that wouldn't interest me a bit at home are of great importance away from home on the big ocean. Sometimes it is hard to keep the children amused on board ship. Ours were not allowed on deck in rough weather, and couldn't go into the forecabin with the sailors, but in fine weather they could be with them on deck during the dog watches from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. when they could make them boats and all sorts of things. They would give them pictures for their scrap books and the cook would save the labels from the tin cans. They were greatly interested in this work, and had a great number of

books which had been given to them on the wharf in New York. I tried to be a school teacher to them and teach them out of some school books which we had brought from home, so that school wouldn't be so strange to them when we got back home again. We would take advantage of everything that could be found to amuse them and keep them happy, as sea life at best is dull for small children and zets them back in many ways. In the latitude of the dolphins they would watch them by the hour. It was a pretty sight to see them jump and play around the vessel, showing their beautiful rainbow colors as the sun's rays shone on them. There are always a hook and line over the stern of the vessel while in these waters and many are caught, which the cook fried for cabin and crew. He would always put a silver half dollar in the pan while frying, for safety, as if the silver turns green or black, they are not eaten. These fish play around the copper keel of the vessel for barnacles and sometimes get too much copper from them. That is apt to make people sick if precautions are not taken, but when cooked nicely as our cook could cook them, they certainly are relished after salt provisions for so long - - we could always catch and have cooked in the barracudas when in the latitude for that fish, which resembles the tuna fish, put up in cans at home. Some say they are the same.

When in the latitude of calms and light winds, sailors call it "old maid's weather", I was always happy, and everybody else on voyage was cross because the vessel couldn't go ahead on the voyage, and make twenty-four hours runs in good time. One time we encountered just such conditions, - sea calm, smooth as glass, not a breath of wind, sails slatting, which lasted nearly a week in the Pacific Ocean. Then the Captain began to be alarmed as we were drifting nearer the New Guinea Coast each day. The boats were got ready with supplies of fresh water in small casks and provisions. I had canvas bags packed with clothes and fishing lines and hooks, matches, milk crackers and other things I thought might be needed if we should go on the rocks, but finally we all rejoiced to have a fresh breeze spring up that took the vessel on her course and away from the land, as none of us on board cared to be made a meal for the cannibals there.

Another part of a voyage where it was very pleasant and interesting is sailing in the China Sea. After passing through the Strait of Sunda from a long voyage on the ocean where land is in sight for miles, we passed the many small islands covered with cocoanut, orange, mango, and lemon groves, and the fragrant spices from many of them, which I shall never forget, as the breezes wafted the scent, so fragrant, towards us. Sometimes a boat would come off to us with all kinds of fresh fruit from those islands. Many are uninhabited. Often when the wind would die out, as it frequently did in those Straits, the vessel would anchor until a breeze would spring up. As the current is very strong there, it would not be wide to drift. We would sit on deck in the evenings and watch the bats fly across the Straits from one island to another, hundreds of them, the size of a pigeon. In the daytime they hang themselves to the trees and look as if dead. I saw them hanging from large banyan trees in Anjier as thick as they could possibly hang, which reminded me of bags of sausage meat hanging from the rafter sin the middle of the old houses at home. Very strange looking. Even the green snakes of the China Sea are beautiful things to look at skimming through the water with their iridescent colors, of which there are numbers. In the latitude of the Nautilus, it is a pretty sight to see them sailing along with pink and blue sails all set for fine weather. Sailors call them "Portuguese Men-of-War". The Nautilus are soft, jelly like creatures. Divers dive for the shells which are a pretty pearl after being scraped and carved as the natives do them.

On one of the beautiful early mornings at sunrise, found only in the tropics, land was sighted from the crosstrees and as we neared, several canoes were seen coming towards us. Eventually nine came along

side and made fast to us. As the Captain knew them to be civilized natives from the Carolina group in the Pacific Ocean, they were allowed to come on board, thirty five in all, two white men who had been shipwrecked included. They were all straight, husky natives (no women), of fine physique and wore short grass skirts made of palm leaves, dried and stripped up fine. A string of red yarn with a bead strung on it around their neck. Small shells for earrings and they had short wooly hair worn flying. The missionary brig which calls at those islands monthly and brings their supplies to them was overdue, so they came off to us to get such things as we could spare, but as we had a long voyage ahead of us, we couldn't let them have all they wanted. However, they took flour, tobacco, biscuits, cotton cloth, and several other things which we could spare from our stores. I had bought a whole piece of cotton cloth at our last port and they were so eager for it, I let them have it and also a spool of cotton to go with it. In exchange for these things we received ducks, chickens, eggs, bananas, yams, oranges, coconuts, etc. They wanted to give us everything they had in their boats. A gorgeous bouquet of tropical flowers packed in sealed kerosene tin with water was presented to me.

The children had a goat on board which had been given to us at the last port we sailed from and as we had a long voyage ahead there would be nothing to feed him after our fresh provisions had given out. So it was thought best to let the natives take him back to the island with them, where he could not starve to death. It was a terrible thing for the children to part with Billy, and when the boat sailed away with him, they hung over the rail crying as long as they kept in sight. I hated to see him go myself, as he was such a playmate for them. They would ride around the decks on his back, although they had many falls. Whenever it was rough on deck, they would bring Billy into the cabin.

Sometimes variations from these pleasing incidents came in the form of a typhoon, which sailors dread, but have to take and bear the consequences. On a voyage to Java in the Northern Indian Ocean, we encountered one which lasted thirty-six hours. Being in the center of it some of the time, the ship shipped tremendous seas which filled the cabins and all the staterooms. The steward was sent for and came into the cabin to stay with the children and me. At a time like this, Captain stations himself near the men at the wheel, so as to watch the steering of the vessel. The 1st officer at the end of the poop deck, the 2nd officer near the main mast on the main deck, and the 3rd officer or bo'swain, next so as to take the Captain's orders in relays as it is impossible for the officers and crew to hear his voice at the forward end of the vessel through the roaring and thundering of the wind and waves. Now-a-days megaphones are used. Sails blow away like a piece of paper and no one sees or hears them go, when in the height of a raging typhoon as happened in this case. We stood in the water swashing about the cabin from 6 P.M. one night until 6 P.M. the following day before the gale moderated enough to allow some of the sailors to come into the cabin and bail up the water and dry the place out. The vessel laid on her broadsides, so that if one tried to walk across the cabin it was like a fly crawling up a sidewall. The children stayed in their bunks through it and fished for things that had got loose and had drifted about in water. They made a hook out of a large pin and put it on a string. Beds, drawers, everything was soaked with salt water, which took weeks to dry out and repair. The typhoon happened to strike on a Tuesday (bean day throughout the vessel) when the bean soup tank was washed off the stove into the galley. (having shipped a tremendous sea which stove in the side of the forward house) and the oven door sprung open so that the baked beans washed were washed away with it and as that was the menu for the crew and cabin, we all fared alike, we lost our dinners as well as supper, breakfast and dinner the next day before the vessel righted enough for the cook to make a fire and get something hot for all hands. The crew subsisted during the storm by eating

beef from cans which they opened with their jack knives, and with biscuit, got along very well and were glad to get that.

That night the Captain called me from the deck to come to the after companion way, which he opened an inch, to see the "St. Elmo's fires". It was a weird sight to see a ball of fire on every spar tip on the vessel accompanied by a green sulphuric sky or rather atmosphere.

The steward and myself managed under great difficulties to get oysters opened and made missen mast which comes up through the forward cabin table, and he and I took turns holding the pan over the flame while it heated. When good and hot he passed a bowl each to the Captain, 1st officer, and men at the wheel. They said afterwards that it saved their lives (joking of course). However, we got through it with no lives lost, but considerable damage done - sails blown away, spars wrecked, boats damaged, but as no lives were lost and the vessel did not spring a leak, we thought we were very fortunate. Everybody on board was lame and sore for weeks, as I was myself, being knocked about and standing in water so long, although the water was salt and warm. There were dozens and dozens of bottles of linament used by the crew and officers during the next four weeks. It is carried in the slop chest for just such a purpose, as are tobacco, pipes, matches, pencils, pens, ink, paper, socks, shoes, shirts, trowsers, oil skins, rubber boots, etc. In fact everything a sailor is likely to need is supposed to be in the Slop Chest. The sale is made through the Steward and the Captain deducts it from their wages. The goods are kept in store in the forward cabin.

For all the storms, gales, and typhoons, (which are several), that I have met with, I have come to the conclusion that the pleasant side of sea life far out-weighs the unpleasant side. Perhaps it is because I have always been fortunate to escape the disastrous side of it, never having been in a ship wreck, fire, or any of the more serious accidents peculiar to life on the ocean. It certainly is nice when seas are calm with light breezes and the vessel upright, to sit on deck in the sunshine and listen to the little ripples that the vessel makes moving slowly on. One can read, sew, or crochet (if monkey will let you), as our little pet monkey Pompey, would not let me do. HE would get at my crochet work and ravel it out as fast as I could do it. It was a long time before I succeeded in finding a place where he couldn't find it. He took a great fancy to my best hat which had a feather on it. Every time I went below after sitting on deck awhile, I would find the box open and my hat on the floor. If I tied the box up strong he would chew the string and get at it just the same. So I finally had to keep a great many things locked up in trunks. He was a cunning little thing and had the run of the ship. Sometimes he would be missing, and then all hands would begin to hunt for him. Generally he would be found cuddled up at the foot of the children's bunk in the bedclothes, a favorite hiding place of his. He liked to run up the rigging and sometimes would go to the mast head. We never dared to send a sailor up to get him for fear he would try to jump and fall into the sea, but if someone would just hold up a good size piece of cake, it wouldn't be many seconds before he would be down on the deck. He was about the size of a two year old kitten and had many mischievous tricks. The cook made some cream cakes one day and the steward brought them into the pantry to cool. When he went to get them for supper, several had disappeared and of course it was laid to the children, but on investigation it was found that Pompey was the thief. He had gone in and out of the pantry porthole, as pieces were found in there that he had left there. Pompey was soon forgiven. He never got any punishments from anybody. I could mention lots of just such incidents but space will not allow, except for this which is too good to lose.

One night at eight bells as the first officer went below to his room, he opened his door, and saw strange sights which alarmed him. He called the Captain to come and see what it was. They were both surprised to find that it was Pompey. He had gotten into his room through the porthole and got into his matches, which were strewn all over his bed and on the floor, and had chewed the brimstone off the ends, which had got all over his face and hands and feet, in fact all over him, until he looked like an electric illumination in the dark, jumping from one end of the bed to the other. The mate said he thought sure it was the devil when he first opened the door.

Poor Pompey met with a sad death later and it seemed as though a child had died. He undertook to get at some of the cook's food, while the cook was having his nap on a hot day, and jumped down at the scuttle directly over the stove into the galley, and burned his hands and feet badly, so they had to be done up in rags and cerate which he did not like. The blisters had begun to heal when one day he chewed the rags off and paddled around in rainwater some time before he was discovered. Consequently, in a few days he was dead of lockjaw. Everybody on board felt sad to lose him as he had been in the vessel three voyages. Many times in the night he had awakened us by coming into our room and perching himself on the post at the foot of the bed and chattering as loud as he could.

Whenever we had light winds and calms during the dogwatches, the crew would get their musical instruments, - such as their concertina, fiddle, jew-harp, etc., and have a song and dance among themselves behind the fore-castle. The children always liked it. We could always hear their music in the after part of the vessel. Many times there were some good musicians in the ship's crew. I always enjoyed hearing them sing chauties with their strong voices. The children would go to the forward cabin door and stand and sing with them, which would make them smile. They couldn't go on the deck for fear of getting snarled in the ropes. In fine weather the spare sails would be brought out on deck to repair, and two or three sailors would be detailed to do the work. The children were happy then as they would receive a piece of old canvas and a sail needle threaded with twine and do as the sailors would. They had to be watched closely when on deck and usually every eye was on them. But one time - nobody could account for it - the youngest was missing and for a while everybody was alarmed. Then the Captain, on looking aloft, discovered him in the missen cross trees. A sailor, carrying a tar bucket, so as not to alarm him, was sent up to get him and he was given a severe talking to, as he was only about seven years old and too young to be climbing up the rigging.

The "Sargasso Sea" (Sea of Seaweed), is a fascinating sight in the Atlantic Ocean. There the vessel sails for miles and miles through this weed - it seems as though one could get out and walk on it. It is so thick that it retards the speed of the vessel, and sailors do not like it. The children would fish for it by the hour and keep it in pails and bottles as it is a very pretty sight with changeable colors.

On one of my voyages we passed through the Strait of Sunda, very close to the pretty island of Krakston with its peaceful little fishing villages scattered all along the coast. When a few months later we passed the same way again, homeward bound, all we saw was some low lying rocks above the water's edge - where 36,000 lives were lost by the eruption and tidal wave. It was felt for miles and miles, and when we had got out in the Indian Ocean, we sailed for days through a sea of pumice and ashes from it. We brought home a burlap bag of pumice for souvenirs.

As we passed the island of St. Helena on our homeward bound voyage, the Captain sent a boat ashore to get fresh provisions and other things we needed on the remainder of the voyage. Some English crackers

were sent to the children and a bag made from the seeds of a tree that shaded Napoleon's tomb was given to me. As a rule vessels do not stop there, being a hard place to land in surf, except in emergency.

The saddest part of my experiences happened when a squall, called a "white squall", struck the vessel with very little warning one afternoon. Then all hands were called out in a hurry to shorten sail, and in the meantime, one of the sailors fell from the main yard arm into the sea. Almost immediately there were half a dozen of the crew who volunteered to put a boat out and go to the rescue, which the Captain agreed to. So the 2nd officer with three men set out, all were never seen afterwards. Life preservers were thrown out as well as taken in the boat. A watch was kept from the mast head for a day and a half. The course of the vessel was changed so as to sail over the same route the next day, hoping to get some clue, but to no avail. The young man was about twenty-two years old had been sick early in the voyage with a wicked carbuncle on his shoulder, and I had cared for him, making a fresh flaxseed pumice twice a day for a week, and making little dainties, broths, custards, etc. on my one wick oil stove in the cabin, as he was too sick to eat ship fare. So I was very sorry that he had to go in such a way. It seemed as though there had been a funeral for a long time afterward.

Life on board a vessel is similar to a very small village with thirty or more people. Everybody is busy and hustling during the twenty-four hours. Everything goes by the clock -- each man has a certain task to perform, which in the end makes a perfect system. When nearing port, the cleaning up will begin - painting, scraping woodwork for varnish, scrubbing decks, tarring the rigging, and in between times pounding rust off the anchor chains, and all iron work ready for a coat of paint. Although the decks are washed, as well as the paint work every day, and the brass shines, and if no gales or storms are encountered, the vessel sails into port looking pretty trim. There is so much going on on board a vessel that there is little chance to get lonely. If a sailor is seen loafing, he is put to braiding sinnet from rope yarns, used in chaffing in the rigging. The carpenter is kept busy repairing the woodwork, etc. The Captain goes on deck regularly at eleven forty-five with his sextant to take an observation or sight, as they call it, at noon to determine the position of the ship. The 1st officer also takes an observation and compares it with the Captain's. The Captain then goes below, figures out on a slate, and marks the course and number of miles the ship has gone on a chart and at noon (8 bells) precisely, the dinner is on the table. It is nice to be nearing port after a long voyage when one begins to tire of ship fare and eager to get fresh provisions. Although the fare is good and abundant, one can tire of the monotony of it. The menu is the same from the beginning to the end of the voyage. Slight changes in the desserts are the only differences.

A ship's Menu:

Mon. Pea soup, Beef or Pork Pie with vegetables- Mince pie.

Tues. Bean soup, Baked Beans, scalloped tomatoes- Tapioca Pudding.

Wed. Canned Soup, Canned Beef Stew, pickles- Pie or Pudding.

Thurs. Canned Soup, Plate Beef boiled with vegetables- Plum Duff and Sauce.

Fri. Bean Soup, Baked Beans scalloped tomatoes- Pudding.

Sat. Pea Soup, Salt Fish with Pork Scraps and vegetables- Rolled pancakes with sugar.

Sun. Canned Soup, Roast Fowl with vegetables- Plum Duff and Sauce.

When the fresh fowl gives out for the Sunday dinner, the cook replaces it with plate beef, which is very nice. I have longed for some many times since my sea-going days stopped. The breakfasts and suppers consist of hash, hot biscuits, Irish Stew, Cold Sliced Beef, Salt Mackerel, Ham and Eggs, Cereals, Omelets, Cake, and fruit from cans, and fried fish, if fortunate enough to catch any out of the ocean.

My home for six or so years in two different vessels with my husband was very pleasant and homey. I had plants in the two skylights. The carpenter had made brackets for the corner sand boxes to hold plants across the center. There were two or three canaries hanging there with the plants most of the time, as well as Joy bird which we got in Australia, and all singing all the time. In fine weather the sky-light top was removed to let in the sun and sea air. The only thing which disturbed my peace of mind was to have to leave some of my children at home, but the owners limited the Captain to two children. There were five by this time. My youngest, a daughter, was born in New York Harbor on our arrival there in 1886. It was thought best I stay at home where I could make a home for all. Ship owners were forbidding their Captains to take their families in many cases. Other changes were beginning to come over the American Merchant Marine. Steam was replacing rapidly the sailing vessel and the American sailing Captains were passing into rear ranks rapidly, as was my husband, the last sea captain in his native town of Kingston, Mass.

Of all pleasing things that happen on a voyage and especially a long one, is to see a pilot boat approaching as we near port. There is great rejoicing by all. He brings the latest papers and sometimes magazines, which we are eager to read. And many times when I was aboard, a basket of fruit, a bouquet of flowers, or a box of confectionary would be sent to us by the pilot from some friends anticipating our arrival. With the anchor down, sails furled, and ropes coiled and made fast, a great relief comes over a ship. The awnings are then spread, hammocks put up, cabin carpets put down and furniture unlashed and we are ready for a home again. We never know for how long a stay will be as it wholly depends on the rise and fall of freights.

This story may seem very tame to the readers of to-day, but fifty or more years ago when these incidents occurred, when people lived a calmer saner life than we do today, smaller things were appreciated more than big things are now, and a thrill wasn't expected at every turn. I could write many more interesting incidents that have happened on my voyages, but think I have written enough to give the readers some idea of life on board ship at sea or in port.

These voyages are recorded in the Nautical Journal of the Hydrographical Society in Washington D.C., with latitude and longitude, dates, and names of vessels with other voyages in turn, kept by my husband, Capt. Frederick C. Bailey, of Kingston, Mass. who for many years kept the log book of that Society.

Written by his wife,
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