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Edited and Conducted by WILLIAM C. EDGAR

CONTENTS BILL

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HALF A CENTURY AT SEA

Captain John Robinson

Editorial Preface.—From 1900 to 1907, in which year, owing to impaired eyesight, he retired from the sea, Captain John Robinson commanded the steamship Minnehaha, of the Atlantic Transport Line, operating between New York and London. Not only was the ship, then a new one, very popular with experienced transatlantic passengers who had crossed the ocean often enough to appreciate the combination of safety and comfort which she afforded, but her captain was a very great favorite with these travellers, many of whom had made numerous voyages with him, not only in the Minnehaha, but in his previous command, the Menominee, of the same line.

He won their confidence, good-will and friendship, not only by his genial disposition, but because of his thorough seamanship, his upright character and his absolute trustworthiness, qualities which placed him very high in the regard of the owners of the line, as shown by their generous provision for his future, made when he retired from their service.

Although Captain Robinson, in the course of nearly fifty years at sea, had commanded many ships, it was his very good fortune never to have encountered a disaster, or even to have met with a serious accident while serving in such capacity. Thus, although his retirement was the cause of deep regret to him, as well as to his employers and the many friends he had made, yet he had the great satisfaction of knowing that he had been most fortunate in the discharge of his duties, and in leaving the sea he carried with him an enviable record.

Since 1907, Captain Robinson has been living in Watford, Hertfordshire, England, where very often he receives a call from one of his old friends who formerly crossed the Atlantic with him. Although he is unable to see very clearly, yet his general health remains good, and his robust figure still strongly suggests the commanding presence that once stood upon the bridge of the Minnehaha, and guided that splendid ship through the perils of the North Atlantic, defiant of wind, wave and encompassing fog.

On one of the old voyages, the writer hereof happened to speak of sailors' chanties, and to his delight discovered that Captain Robinson, having served his time on sailing ships, from cabin boy to mate, was thoroughly familiar with the subject. He remembered many of them, and could sing them, although it was necessary for him to moderate his voice, lest, as he said, it might alarm the passengers.

The years passed by; the Captain gave up the sea, and again the subject of chanties was mentioned during a call at his house in Watford. He was urged to write the words of the old chanties, now no longer heard, for The Bellman, and finally consented to do so. At the suggestion of the writer, he secured the services of a musician, to whom he sang the ancient songs, and who took down the notes and made a transcription of them.

Words and music were then forwarded to The Bellman, with the result that Captain Robinson's version of these chanties will be given in forthcoming issues of this publication, with notes and comments by himself.

This article is preliminary thereto. Its main object is to show that by his long career at sea Captain Robinson is one of the very few surviving mariners competent to speak with authority concerning this interesting subject, but, in addition to this, his narrative is of value as a record of ocean experience extending over many years of varied service, showing the development into a highly competent and successful commander of the lad who started as a cabin boy and made his way to the bridge by the old-fashioned, thorough-going, practical way, which is now almost obsolete.

Instead of attempting to rewrite Captain Robinson's story from his notes, it has been thought preferable to have him tell it in his own words and in his own way. In this form it is herewith presented.

Editor The Bellman.

* *

Captain John Robinson

I was born within half a mile of the sea; my earliest associations, therefore, were with seafaring folk and ships. My nearest relatives were in one way or another connected with the sea, and many of them owned and commanded their own vessels. It naturally followed that I took to a sailor's life.

I was caught young, being not quite fourteen years old when I signed articles on board the brigantine Emily, as cabin boy, at the rate of pay of one shilling a month. I went through the usual week or so of seasickness, which I never felt again during my forty-eight years of sailor's life.

The Emily was bound to Catania, in the island of Sicily. Among the crew was an old sailor, who had sailed the seas for sixty years, to all parts of the known globe. He had been a seaman on the Australian sailing ships during the gold rush, and again in the California rush, ten years previous to the time I speak of. He was a great chanty-man, and he never missed an opportunity to sing his chanties. I learned from this old Will Halpin a good many chanties which I have never forgotten.

My first voyage was not an unpleasant one. I was let down pretty easily, but on my second, with a different captain and crew, I quickly realized that I was in for a rough time. I was now rated as "boy," at ten shillings a month,—no longer cabin boy, but everybody's boy. My identity was sunk in the word "boy," with many profane prefixes. Among the multifarious duties of the ship's boy was that of cooking, usually superintended by the mate; and heaven help the unfortunate boy if anything went wrong. This usually happened every day. Cuffs and kicks were administered freely.

The captain, unfortunately, was not a sober man, and the mate—well, he was the mate. I remember well when we were lying at Huelva, Spain, loading copper ore, which had the appearance of rocks. The captain had been on a drinking bout for several days, and was lying in his bunk when I asked him what the crew were to have for dinner that day. He was vexed at being disturbed, and roared back: "Boil them some copper rocks and make soup of it." I asked again, and got the same reply.

"Obey orders if you break owners" is a ship maxim, so I selected a few rocks, put them on to boil, with vegetables, and awaited results.

"What's for dinner?" asked the crew. "Copper soup and rocks," said I; "don't you eat it, it's poison. The captain is in his bunk half drunk, and he told me to cook the copper rocks for you."

That was enough. They trooped into that small cabin, and thoroughly mauled the old captain, while I was let off without even a curse flung at me. During this time the mate was on shore.

I was glad when this voyage was ended. After a week on shore, I shipped again as boy, with an increase of pay to one pound a month. This was in a larger ship. Here I received the same treatment. I had asked other ship's boys, and they all had the same tale to tell. One of them said it was to make good men of us that we were treated so roughly. Any way, we had to grin and bear it.

Genoa was our first port of call. The ship's name was the Maid of Orleans. On arrival at Genoa, I had the bow oar when the captain was rowed ashore. In passing the many ships moored in the harbor, my eye caught the name of a small schooner, owned by one of my uncles. I took more notice of this schooner as we returned to the ship.

A few days after this, I had had a particularly bad day of it; things generally had gone all wrong, and I was the most miserable young beggar afloat. So I determined to make a break for liberty. I quickly slipped out of my greasy togs, climbed on the taffrail, and, with the yell of a redskin, I took a header overboard. I am not sure if any one saw me go. I was an excellent swimmer, and kept under water as long as I could, striking out in the direction of my uncle's schooner. I rested at intervals by clinging to the moorings of the ships I had to pass.

After about an hour in the water, I came to the schooner. It was getting dark when I crawled up to the deck, and discovered myself to the captain in my birthday suit. To say he was surprised is putting it mildly, especially when I told him who I was, and why I had paid him this unceremonious call. I slept on board the schooner that night, and passed a quiet time on her all the next day, clothes having been found for me in the meantime. I was then returned on board the Maid of Orleans, Captain Phillips, of the schooner, taking me. He had some straight talk with my own captain, which improved matters for me for a while.

With my other duties I was picking up a good deal of real sailor work, which an intelligent boy might very well do. I was also getting a good drilling. With the family influence, I might have gone into better class ships, and thereby have had better treatment. It was, however, thought best for me to go through the mill in a thorough manner, and I was certainly doing it at this period of my life. However, I am none the worse for it now.

Leaving Genoa, we sailed for the Danube. where we had to track the ship along in some of the reaches, though others could be sailed through. In tracking, nearly all the crew went ashore on the river bank, and harnessed themselves to a tow-rope, dragging the ship along as a mule does a barge in a canal. Cruel work it was, too, sometimes up to one's waist in water, or boggy earth, with water snakes in evidence all the time, and swarms of mosquitoes jabbing their poison into one.

All this, with a hot sun, proved too much for me, and I was taken seriously ill, and remained so all the time the ship was in the Danube, which was about a month. I was taken to the doctor at Sulina, at the mouth of the Danube, who simply shook his head. When Constantinople was reached, on the homeward passage, I was put in a hospital, and remained there for some months. Eventually I was sent home, not by any means cured. To this day I have slight attacks of Danube fever, at intervals.

This experience almost put a stop to my wanderings, but the call of the sea was very strong, so I shipped again, on the bark Ceres, bound for Quebec for timber. If ever there was a coffin ship she was one. The pumps were worked night and day. On the way out, the ship was in ballast only. She leaked like a sieve. The crew was willingly shanghaied by the notorious Jim Ward of Champlain Street as soon as we arrived at Quebec.

After the old drogher was filled with the great timber logs, and a deckload as well, she was bound, with chains about the mainmast, to keep her together, I suppose. We shipped a scratch crew, and somehow we managed to get her across the Atlantic. It was heartbreaking work, with constant pumping night and day. Fortunately the wind was westerly all the way across. It freshened to a whole gale as we approached the English coast, and in crossing the bar at Appledore, the old bark gave one tremendous bump, which simply shook the mainmast out of her.

There we lay all night pounding. All hands took to the high poop, which we had to dispute with the rats. The cabin and forecastle being flooded, they put for the driest place. We were all taken off the next day, and the old Ceres began to break up.

My next venture was in another old bark, to Alexandria, Egypt, and back to Glasgow via Falmouth. The thing that bulges out most on this voyage is that on one occasion my life literally hung by a thread. It was this way: sailors when in Falmouth never missed the chance to buy the good jerseys and sea boots that were made there, so I, also, bought a jersey and sea boots. I had the jersey on, under oilskins, one bleak afternoon; we were passing the Wolf Rock at the time. It was not only cold, but wet, with sleet as well. I had been at the wheel nearly my two hours, and felt wet, cold, and ready for the relief. The fool of a captain came out of the warm cabin, and said: "Give me the wheel; you go loose the main topgallant sail. Tell the mate to get the hands out to set it, as you go along."

All hands were below out of the weather. I threw my oilskins off, and mounted the rigging. Just as I was about to put my foot on the footrope of the topgallant yard, my hands lost their grip, being quite numbed, and down I fell, but fortunately not far. The head of a scupper nail was sticking out of the crosstree leg, and my new jersey caught in the nail. The jersey held, and the good old nail did the same, and there I lay helpless, hanging to the crosstree leg by a worsted thread. A couple of sailors rushed up the rigging, and quickly unhooked me, carefully bringing me down.

I left this ship in Glasgow, January, 1863. In February, I joined the bark Hilja, coal laden, for Nassau, New Providence, in the Bahama Islands. This was during the time of the Civil War, and our cargo supplied the blockade runners with coal. Often have I seen the Vanderbilt, that great steamer, chase the blockade run-

ners right up to the three-mile limit; many were caught, but some escaped. The events of this voyage would make good reading for a boys' book, but I will pass on to my next ship.

You will say that I changed my ships very often. It is a good thing to do so when you are young. You do not get into a fixed groove and, as they say at sea, different ships, different fashions. My next venture was on a large ship for those days, the Stafford. She would carry about two thousand tons, and had a large crew, thirty able seamen and six ordinary seamen. Of the latter class I was a member. This ship had old-fashioned topsails, with three reefs. She carried nothing above the three royals; but the captain and mates never let a chance slip by to drive her to the westward, which meant plenty of chanties in making sail.

We had a few excellent chanty-men on board, and with such a large crew a good volume of sound for a chorus could be produced, so there was never a day without a chanty or two.

I was now getting to be a strong young fellow, ready to take my part in anything that turned up, and I had picked up a sailor-man's work rather quickly. I could use the palm and needle fairly well, so I got along with the mates very well indeed. This voyage was to Quebec and back to London, where I left. The captain wished me to stay, but I wanted to get on the Cape Horn trade. This I told him, so he gave me an able seaman's discharge, and wished me good luck at parting.

On January 20, 1864, I joined the good bark Vencedora, of Sunderland, Captain John Scott in command, a good old seaman and a very worthy gentleman. I made two voyages in this ship, before the mast, each time to the coast of Chile. A very happy time I had of it. Captain Scott took a great interest in his sailors. It was here I was taught navigation.

I will say here that the best chanty-man I ever sailed with was one of this crew, Dick Loveless, the ideal of a jolly sailor-man, liked by all, captain, officers and crew. Dick was always cheerful and merry, and the women on the coast of Chile adored him. He was a great dancer and a good singer. His one failing was a fondness for the native drink, aniseed. However, he could stand it very well, so not much harm was done, and he was never quarrelsome in his cups. A good shipmate and a warm-hearted friend was Dick. He has gone many years ago.

The most stirring incident while I was serving on the Vencedora occurred on my first voyage. We had left Guayacan, Chile, laden deeply with pigs of copper. As we approached Cape Horn, the wind freshened each hour, until it developed into a real old Cape Horn howler. The seas ran very high, and became dangerous. Hitherto the ship had been running before the wind with comparative ease and safety, under her fore and main topsails and a reefed foresail. When, however, the wind increased in force until it became a hurricane, and the tremendous seas began to break on their crests, it would have been dangerous to run the ship under these conditions, so she was hove to under a close-reefed main topsail and mizzen staysail. She bore herself very gallantly over the huge seas that were threatening to crash on board and sweep everything away, and we lay hove to for three days.

Captain Scott, always on the alert during the whole time, was looking very anxious, and I think he was doubtful of his position. On the morning of the third day, just at dawn, breakers were seen not three miles away, dead to leeward. It was the Diego Ramirez rocks we were drifting on.

"All hands on deck to save your lives!" was the cry of old Forbes, the mate. "Up there and loose the fore-topsail. Set the fore-topmast staysail. Hard up with the wheel. Square away the main yard." These orders were quickly given, and quickly executed. A most horrible death was there almost alongside. The huge seas breaking over the rocks were appalling. The captain ran up the mizzen rigging, quickly came down again, and took the wheel. He knew of a deep-water passage between the rocks. He was steering for it, and now the bark was flying through the sea, each succeeding comber threatening to engulf her. It was awful, and destruction seemed inevitable. Rocks were on each side of us, over which the seas were breaking higher than our masthead. Some of the sails were torn from their gaskets, and the whipping of them could be heard through the howl of the wind and the roar of the sea; the waves were breaking on board over each quarter, flooding the decks, and doing great damage.

All at once a great cheer came from all hands. Comparatively smooth water was seen ahead. The good old captain had saved his ship with all on board.

The order was given to make sail, the peril being passed, and very soon the Vencedora was scudding under a press of canvas towards Cape Stiff, and accordingly the old captain handed each and all a stiff glass of real old Jamaica rum. The scene in passing between the rocks so impressed itself upon my memory that I later made a rough pencil sketch of it, and many years afterwards I painted it in oils. It is now in the possession of the widow of Mr. John Williams, of New York, he having purchased it from me.

We left the Vencedora on account of Captain Scott's retirement from the sea; most of the crew signed articles on board the iron bark Deerhound. This was in 1865. The thing I best remember on this ship was that we had a little drunken beast for a captain, who, it was believed, sold ship's stores for rum, after the ship's usual stock of drink was exhausted.

It was at the time of Chile's war with Spain, when all the Chilean ports were blockaded. The Deerhound discharged and loaded at several small ports or anchorages on the coast of Bolivia. We were four months on the coast, with no fresh food of any description. Vegetables could not be obtained, and the water was brackish, being badly condensed from sea water. The consequence of this was that all the crew were down with scurvy when we landed in Swansea, from which port we had sailed eleven months previously. The captain of this ship jumped overboard on its next voyage and was drowned, as the result of delirium tremens.

On looking over my discharges, I find my next voyage was on the bark Emilia, on whose articles I was rated as boatswain. This voyage was a short one, to Gibraltar and back to a home port. I then went to Liverpool in order to pass the Board of Trade examination for mate, which I successfully accomplished. Then I joined the topsail schooner Flora as mate. She was registered at one hundred and eleven tons. The crew consisted of captain, mate, two able seamen, one ordinary seaman, one boy, and the dog.

As we were leaving the pier at Britton Ferry, bound for Madeira, it was discovered that the dog had deserted. When we had cleared the bar, the captain, with one A.B. and the O.S., took the jolly-boat and rowed back to look for the dog, telling me to keep dodging about in the bay until he returned with the culprit.

It was very easy to give me that order, but very difficult to carry it out, with just one man and a small boy to handle the craft. The wind was freshening, the tide was ebbing strongly, and the schooner was drifting to

leeward like a crab. Night coming on, and no signs of the captain and boat appearing, I made up my mind to run the vessel on to the mud flats, inside the Mumbles Head, which was quite a proper thing to do. We lay there very snugly all night, when the captain, with the two sailors and the dog, came alongside, very much worn out, tired and hungry. They said they had been searching the Bristol Channel for me all night. I did not believe it. It was a stupid thing to leave his ship in that manner for the sake of a dog.

I found this captain a really good fellow, and a great reader, especially of the poets. He would quote entire cantos of Byron's "Don Juan" to me. Sir Walter Scott, Shelley and Keats, and that Spanish poem, "The Cid," he had at his tongue's end. I spent a really happy time with Captain Mathias, going from Madeira to Pomorao, in Spain, where we took on a cargo of copper ore for Exmouth, Devon. I remained some time with Captain Mathias in order to do a little coasting, which experience subsequently proved of value to me.

On my second and last voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, an incident occurred which I think may suggest a reason for the loss of several ships at sea from unknown causes; at least it is reasonable to entertain the suggestion.

It was on the iron bark Ocean King, of which I was the mate. I liked the ship and the captain very well, but the vessel nearly proved to be a coffin for all hands. It was on the outward passage; we had crossed the Line, and were close-hauled on the port tack, with an ordinary whole-sail breeze. I noticed, however, that the ship labored a good deal, and was not nearly as buoyant as she should have been.

I questioned the carpenter about sounding the ship, and asked when he had last sounded the well. He said he had sounded her the previous day. I told him to sound again. He did, and reported six feet of water in the well. This was serious. I reported to the captain, who ordered all sail taken in, except the main topsail. In the meantime, part of the crew had started the pumps, and for three days, night and day, we kept them going, one watch relieving the other. I never had such a hard time in my life. After the second day, the water inside began to be less, and when we had pumped her dry, a great feeling of relief came over the whole crew.

Search was made for the leak. It was discovered in the garboard strake, on the port side, directly under the sounding pipe. It must be remembered that the ship was built of iron, and being always in the copper ore trade, the constant sounding with the rod had loosened the cement over the plates. Chemical action had then eaten a hole through. It was fortunate for us that we could get at the hole in the plate through the passage from the deck into the pump well. A wooden plug was put into the hole for the time being. Afterwards an iron bolt, with a large head at one end, and a thread for a nut on the other, was introduced from the outside under water.

After this, I was mate of a large vessel in the guano trade, that is, around Cape Horn, discharging at ports in Chile and Peru. These voyages took a couple of years of my sea life. Then I passed the Board of Trade examination for a master's certificate, and so got into steam; second mate first and afterwards chief mate of the Steamship H. D. Rochin, a very fine steamer, making several voyages to the Mediterranean, visiting Italy, Greece, Spain, Sicily, Algiers and Malta.

In 1873 I obtained that to which I had been looking forward for some years; I was appointed fourth officer of the France, of the National Steamship Company, of Liverpool. I gained promotion rapidly, and after seven years' service in the several grades from fourth officer to chief, I obtained command of the France, the ship I was appointed to on joining this service. I was then thirty-three years old, a very young man to command a large passenger and emigrant ship, at least it was so considered in those days, but having had good experience, I felt thoroughly competent to take charge of her.

During my service in the National Line, I was granted two silver medals and one silver bar from the Liverpool Life Saving Association, for saving life at sea, also the gold medal of the New York Life Saving Association. The first medal I obtained through saving the crew of the American schooner Deborah S. Soule, of Milwaukee. I was then chief officer of the National Line steamship Holland.

During a heavy gale, with high seas, the schooner was seen in mid-ocean in great distress. Her sails were in ribbons, and she was in a sinking condition. A lifeboat was lowered with difficulty, and I took charge of it. After some trouble we got the crew of the schooner into the boat. With them was the captain's wife. Leaving the schooner to her fate, we returned to the Holland. It was fortunate that the Holland came along at the time, for a few hours after the rescue, the wind increased in fury to hurricane force, the seas were running very high, and under such conditions a rescue would have been utterly impossible.

I made a pencil sketch of this and gave it to the purser. Some years afterward I saw a reproduction of it hanging in a room of a house I visited in New York. I recognized the picture, but I asked no questions; I believe it was cut out of Harper's Weekly.

The New York gold medal, as well as the silver bar of the Liverpool society, was presented to me for the rescue of the crew of the North German bark Anna, of Pillau. An ebony box containing a pair of binoculars, with an inscription telling the particulars of the rescue, was also sent me. This came from the Emperor of Germany, William I, grandfather of the present Kaiser.

This rescue was made in a heavy westerly gale, a dangerously high sea running. The bark had lost her boats, her rudder was carried away, and she was in a sinking condition. To give an idea of the state of the weather at the time the rescue was effected, I may say that my ship, the Canada, although a twelve-knot vessel, was just able to make a bare three knots an hour.

I called for volunteers for the lifeboat's crew; an immediate response resulted. With great difficulty and risk to life and limb, the boat was lowered into the heavy sea, and safely got away from the ship. After a weary time the boat came back with the distressed crew, ten men in all, and a Newfoundland dog. The Anna could not have remained afloat long, as she was fast settling into the sea. The Canada was rolling so heavily that it was with great difficulty that the rescued crew, as well as the boat's crew, were taken safely on board. Finding it impossible to get the lifeboat's falls hooked on, I had regretfully to let her go.

The second silver medal was presented to me in recognition of having saved the crew of the four-masted bark Kelton, of Glasgow. Commanding the steamship Europe, I fell in with the Kelton flying signals of distress. She had a dangerously heavy list, and was to all appearances settling. The seas were making a clean breach over her, and the weather was bad. It was impossible to get close enough with the lifeboat, on account of the wreckage floating alongside, so each member of the crew had to jump into the sea, with a lifeline made fast to him, and was then hauled into the boat. I think there were twenty in this crew.

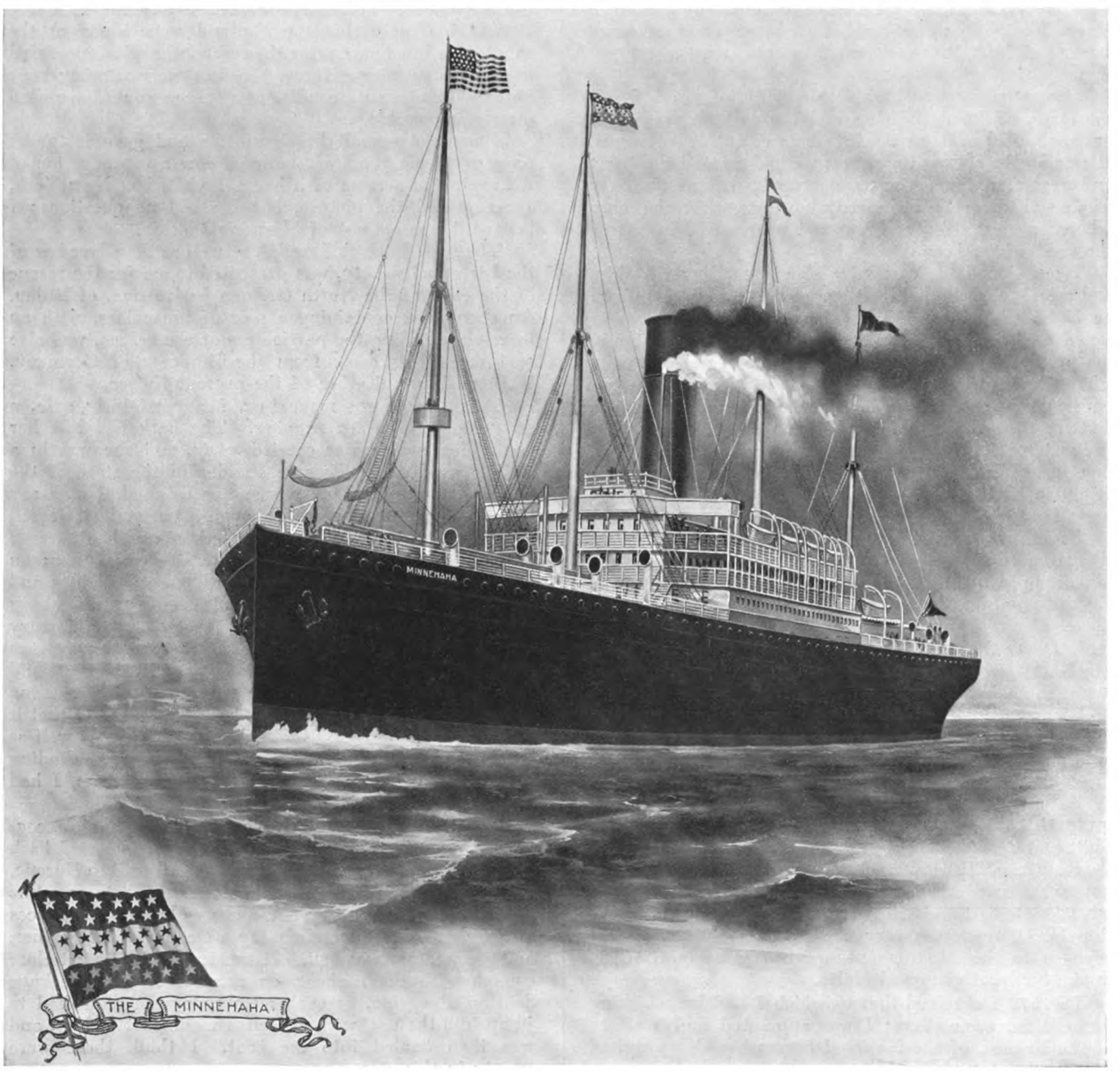
After a while the weather began to improve, and so continued, and seeing that the bark did not seem to settle in the water any more, I remained by her all night, and the next morning put a prize crew on board. The weather having improved very much, I attempted to tow her, and made for St. Mary's, Scilly Isles. It was not to be, however, for in getting way on her something must have started afresh, which caused her to settle more. I took the crew off again, and left her to her fate.

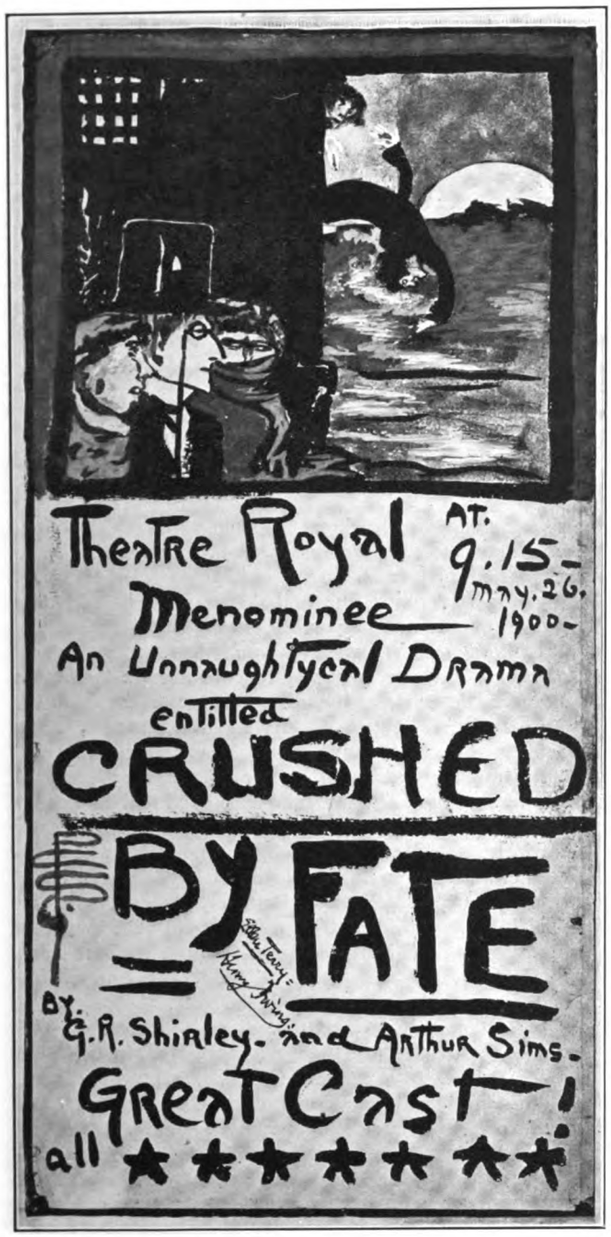
From 1873 to 1907 I was constantly sailing between London or Liverpool and New York, with only two breaks. The first was in carrying troops to the Cape of Good Hope, the occasion being the Zulu War of 1880, when I was chief officer of the France. The second break was in the Gordon relief expedition, in the steamship Erin, of which I was in command. Suakin, in the Red Sea, was the objective point. During this whole time, I was never three consecutive months on land.

During my service with the National Line, I commanded six ships of its fleet. Shortly after the voyage on the Erin, the National Line's steamers were purchased by the Atlantic Transport Company, and I was given charge of one of their very fine ships, the Menominee. In August, 1900, I was appointed to the steamship Minnehaha as commander. This was the largest and the finest ship I had ever placed foot on, and I was very proud of her.

Seven of the pleasantest years of my life were spent on this grand vessel. Many passengers of note crossed the Atlantic under my charge, including persons distinguished in the diplomatic service, in art, letters and the theatrical profession. Among them I made many friends, whose friendship, I am happy to say, I retain to the present day. On account of impaired eyesight I retired from the sea in July, 1907, much to my regret.

Before I finish this account, I wish to speak of the kind consideration and courtesy shown me by the gentlemen at the head of the Atlantic Transport Company in London and New York, and also later, by the International Mercantile Marine Company.





AN AMUSING VOYAGE

While Captain Robinson was in command of the Menominee, the ship became a great favorite with English theatrical people, many of whom preferred to cross in it rather than in the larger and more pretentious liners on account of its comfort and the pleasure of a voyage with a captain whom they liked and who had their confidence. On this account Captain Robinson came to know the leading actors and actresses of his time on the British stage, and to become the valued friend of many of them.

Among these Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were notable, and crossed with him many times. On one of these voyages, in 1900, Sir Henry's supporting company presented a melodrama by G. R. Shirley and Arthur Sims, entitled "Crushed by Fate," and described on the announcements as an "unnautical drama." The accompanying reproductions are from the original posters, presented to The Bellman by Captain Robinson, and now in its possession.

These were evidently drawn on the backs of pasteboard shirt boxes. The artist's name does not appear, but he evidently possessed considerable native ability, as shown in the caricatures of Sir Henry and Miss Terry. A "grand entertainment" for seamen's charities was given on May 24, "in honour of the Queen," and the melodrama was produced on May 26. On both posters appear the autographs of the great actor and his leading lady.

In those days, seventeen years ago, the voyage between London and New York was a more deliberate undertaking than it became later, when quick passages in luxuriously equipped ships became the fashion. Passengers, even those, like the great actors, whose time was valuable, were not in such a hurry that they were willing to sacrifice comfort to speed and luxury; they paid much attention to the seaworthiness of the ship and the congenial character of its captain; the food and the service were considered of great importance, and they looked upon the trip as an opportunity for rest and relaxation, which was welcome to members of their profession.

Comparatively few ocean travellers now realize the advantages of a voyage in one of the slower ships, but those who recall the days when two weeks or more between New York and London was not an unusual experience, will testify to the fact that they had time to enjoy the voyage to a greater degree, and, if they are good sailors, will agree that it was preferable to a trip on one of the modern ocean racers.