

C.S.

Miscellaneous
Museum and
Library.

SHIVES/7 # 18

1921

No. 299/21

Governor

SUBJECT.

192 I

28th March

Previous Paper.

Newspaper print of "Great Britain" to be sent to
the Chairman of Museum Committee.

243/19 = 303/21.

MINUTES.

Minute from Governor, of 28th March 1921; Encl: (1)

Hon: M. Craigie Halkett,

From Gazette Notice 17 on page 15 of April
1919 Gazette, it would appear that under the provisions of s:3(3),
the Governor had appointed the Colonial Secretary as Chairman
of the the Library & Museum Committee.

2. I shall be glad if a Committee meeting can be arranged
at an early date, in connection with and the question raised in
C.S. 914720, viz:-

Resignation of Miss Felton, Library Attendant &
Hours during which Library is open to public.

A. C. S.
A. C. S. 2/4/21.

Hon. Col. Secty.

Your para. 2 Noted accordingly. I have placed the
Newspaper Print of the "Great Britain" in a locked drawer
in the Museum for safe keeping until it is decided by the
Committee where to place it.

Subsequent Paper.

2. I do not think the committee have any
jurisdiction over the resignation or appointment of the
Museum and Library attendant. The Officer is appointed
by the Governor and paid from public Funds.

M. Craigie Halkett
4.4.21.

H.E. the Governor,

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Committee appointed for the care and management of the Library & Museum, held in the Town Hall, on the afternoon of Wednesday the 21st April:-

Resolved (1) that the Chairman express to His Excellency the Governor the thanks of the Committee for his minute handing over the newspaper print of the "Great Britain".

(2) The Committee would be much obliged if His Excellency would kindly convey to the Editor of the "Sea Breezes" their thanks and appreciation of the gift.

A. C. S.

A. C. S. 22/4/21.

H.C.S.

Resolution 2 passed

bx.

22 April 1921

Letter to Editor Sea Breezes Encl.

399/21
DATE. 28th March 1921.

From Governor to Colonial Secretary.

The accompanying Newspaper from the Great Britain
was given to me by the Editor of "Sea Breeze" with
request that it should be handed over to the ^{Museum} ~~Library~~
on Saturday. Will you please send it to the Chairman
of the ^{Museum} ~~Library~~ Committee.

A. H.

28 March 1921.

(2)

C.S. 299/21

295/21.

20th April,

82.

Sir,

I am directed by the Governor to convey to you the thanks and appreciation of the Committee for the care and management of the Stanley Museum for the newspaper print of the "Great Britain", which you kindly handed to His Excellency for presentation to the Emperor.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Acting Colonial Secretary

The Editor,

"Sea Breezes"

c/o Head Office of the

Pacific Steam Navigation Coy.,

Liverpool.

*With the Editor's Compliments - 25-11-20
Rough Proofs of P.S.N.C. portion of Dec. Magazine*

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 13. Vol. II. December, 1920.

Twopence



This remarkable photograph is that of the remains of the Palace of the Inca Rocca, at Cuzco, Bolivia. It will also give Europeans an idea of an ancient Inca street.

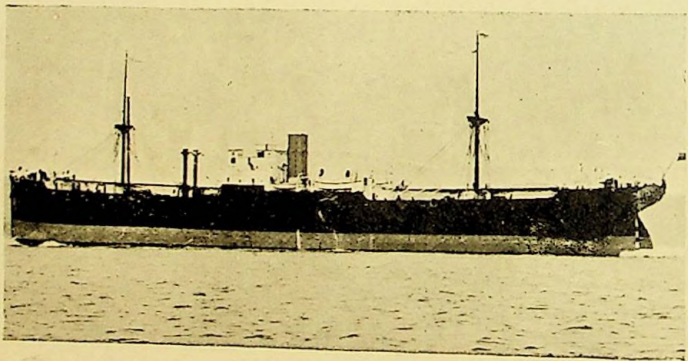
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SEABREEZES: THE P.S.N.C. MAGAZINE

The strange story of two bottles—

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS IN THE 'SEVENTIES.

We are much indebted to Captain J. T. Phillips, a retired master mariner who, being shipwrecked there, made a long, if compulsory, visit, for the following interesting account of life on the distant Falklands, fifty years ago, which is a continuation of what he wrote last month.

I think I can tell you the names of most of the prominent men on the Falklands when I was wrecked there in 1870.

Colonel De Arcey was the Governor; Mr. Byng, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Bailey, Surveyor-General; Mr. Turpin, Magistrate; Mr. Martin and Mr. Welsh were the two Government Doctors; Bishop Stirling, Bishop of the Islands and South America; Mr. Clark, Schoolmaster; Mr. Bull, Resident Minister. They were all gentlemen.

The ground was let out by Government at £6 a year for 1,000 acres, there being a stipulation that if a man took over any land, a house was to be built on it. As there were no trees on the Islands, wood was very dear, so it had to be imported from the Straits of Magellan, there being plenty of trees there, and also saw mills. It was a kind of cedar wood, good for furniture and houses. Most of the houses had brick foundations, yet built of wood.

You could buy good wether sheep at 10/- a head, and take them to Sandy Point, on the Straits, and bring back wood, which was a paying game.

Even dearer than England.

The latitude of the Falklands is 54 degrees South of the "Line," and that of England 54 degrees North of it, but here we have the Gulf Stream which warms England. If there was a South Gulf Stream, the temperature of the Falklands would be about the same as England. It is

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a freak of Nature which makes the
Falklands a very bleak place; about
three or four months' fine weather in
the year.

As coal costs £3 a ton, the settlers
used peat to work with. The cook-
ing was done under the grate; you
had an iron cauldron, the lid fitting
tight, with a half-inch flange round
it, a kind of railway that the cauld-
ron ran on. You raked the ashes,
hot, out of the grate, passed the
cauldron on the hot ashes, then raked
the ashes on top of the lid and you
could cook anything; also bake good
bread. I liked cooking in that way
as you got all the nutriment.

There was a detachment of marines
on the Island, at Port Stanley, and
one policeman. A flying squadron
of six line of battleships visited the
Island in 1873, moored head and
stern at the south end of the Har-
bour. There were about 1,000 men
landed one Sunday morning, and all
had money to spend. There were
eight houses which sold liquor and
that was all the sailors wanted.

The tactful diplomat.

I was staying at Goss's Hotel,
next door to a "public." Old
Perry, the policeman, told the publi-
can at 20 minutes to 3 o'clock to
start getting the sailors out as he
thought there would be trouble. He
refused to serve the sailors again,
but they said if he did not serve
them they would serve themselves,
so I ran across to the Government
House, saw the steward, and told
him I wanted to see the Governor,
sharp. I got a piece of paper, put
the date on it and stated that, on
account of the sailors being ashore,
the houses were to keep open to
allow them to get refreshments. The
Governor at once signed it. I ran
and was back before the clock struck
three. I told the policeman, Perry,
he could go home, showed him the
permit, and all was amicably

—the former being worth millions—

settled! If the marines had been
called out there would have been a
riot. The Governor complimented
me the next day for thinking of it.

I was appointed to the *Foam*,
which had been built by Lord
Dufferin to try and find the remains
of the Franklin Expedition, and
when England took the Falklands
over she was sent out there to run
the mail from Port Stanley to the
River Plate. She was the finest sea-
vessel I was ever aboard, but not
fast, as she could only make eight
knots an hour. Mr. Dean, the richest
man on the Island, had a Yankee
schooner, a fine vessel, which could
do eleven knots an hour. He
challenged the *Foam* for a race on
Christmas Day, and, of course, beat
me, and bragged about his victory.
I said he could not beat me if it was
a sea passage. Mr. Dean replied:
"It was nonsense me saying so as
Captain Lewis had been out there
six years, and knew more than I
did."

The Lyons Mail!

The next time I saw Lewis was
in the River Plate. He said he
would give me a race and bet me £5
that he'd beat me. This was in
Lyons' Store, and Mr. Lyons said he
was sure that the *Orressor* would
beat the *Foam*, as she was a faster
schooner. We left Monte Video
together, and I made the passage in
six days, but it took the *Orressor* ten
for the run of 1,000 miles.

Mr. Dean said he could not under-
stand how I had beaten Lewis, as
he had been out there six years; at
any rate, he was sure I could not
beat him round the Islands. He
said he was going to Port Howard,
East Falklands. I persuaded the
Governor to visit Port Howard,
about 147 miles away. We both
sailed the same time. I beat him by
three days, and made the return to

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Port Stanley in seven days. It took the *Orressa* fourteen days.

There was plenty of peat on all the Islands, which the settlers used for firing, and 150 yards of it would keep the house well supplied for the Winter. I had been on the Islands six weeks when the peat season had started. There was no more tussock, as it was only wanted in the Winter, so I went up the hill to look at the peat bogs. I found the marines cutting it. The Government allowed them three weeks to cut it. They told me if I went to Mr. Bailey, the Surveyor, he would give me an eight-yard bank to practise on, which he did.

Received with derision.

I had never seen peat before. When cutting it, you had to cut the top sod off, for the grass grew above the peat. You had to cut 3ft. 6in. by 3ft., by 3ft., but only got paid for the yard of peat, the sod you used for making the road where you had cut the peat from. You had to get planks to wheel on, and use a barrow to take the peat from the bank. The marines were working close to me, and they laughed at me and I laughed at myself, as I really knew nothing about it, but I found, after a week's practice, I could cut it as well as they could.

They told me there was a Government contract out for 600 yards, and they could not get men to cut it, so I went to Mr. Byng, Colonial Secretary, and got the contract signed and sealed. I was under a penalty of £25 if I did not complete it. I started the same day and finished in five weeks and two days. The two days were for ricking it, as, after you had cut it, you had to pack it in ricks, so that the wind could blow through and dry it. You could not cut it in wet weather.

(Continued on page 117)

Grand old lady of the Seas

A voyage on the ancient *Great Britain*

As our references, last month, to the old, great *Great Britain*, unquestionably the most famous steamer, all said and done, ever built, were received with surprise and gratification by many readers, and as the new Governor of the Falkland Islands, where the renowned ship lies anchored, is sailing there, on our liner *Orita*, the present seems a fitting opportunity to say something further about her, the more especially as Mr. F. J. Hodson, of Rock Ferry, has lent me the complete diary of a voyage in her, in 1871, which was kept by his father-in-law.

It is a passenger's human story of the sea, highly interesting to all, a document probably unique.

But, first, what really was this great, *Great Britain* at the time of her birth? She was built in an enclosed dock at Bristol, in 1843, but "the outer gates were too narrow to let her through, and she remained imprisoned for a year while they were widened," a curious start for an amazing career.

Next, she was of the "immense length of 322 feet, had engines of 1,500 horse power, and consumed the prodigal amount of 65 tons of coal each twenty-four hours." Prodigal? The *Ben-my-hree* has recently been mentioned in our columns. Well, she—a summer afternoon tripping boat—consumed 92 tons of coal in her six hours' run from Liverpool to Douglas and back, and was eighty feet longer than the *Great Britain*.

Lively christening.

However, she managed to get out of the dock at Bristol, and made a first trip to London, where Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited her. The London papers called her "a stupendous steamship of unparalleled vastness."

I must not forget to mention that the Prince Consort had previously christened her, at Bristol. But

listen to this: "The bottle of wine which he threw at her fell several feet short, so he snatched up a magnum of champagne and flung it at the moving ship. It struck her side and the liquor and broken glass fell in a shower on the men below, who were pushing against her sides to keep her off the dock wall," another curious start, by the way.

She was rigged with six small masts, which the Jack Tar of that period, his mind not soaring above fore, main and mizzen, called Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Always a lucky ship, she once had five of them carried away in a storm, when Friday, unaided, brought her safely into port!

The stupendous vessel.

After being decorated and completed in London she appears to have gone to Dublin, so that the Irish might have a good look at her. From there she was sent to Liverpool to make a start in the serious business of the deep. Says the Annals of Liverpool, for the year 1845: "The noble and stupendous vessel *Great Britain* first arrived at this port, from Dublin, on Thursday, the 3rd of July, at half past nine p.m., on which occasion she was anxiously looked for by thousands, the pierheads and every available point on the river being densely crowded." But the public have quite forgotten how to do that kind of thing in these days.

She left Liverpool on Saturday, 26th July, 1845, and arrived at New York on the 10th August. "The Americans," says an account, "received her with derision, because her six low masts contrasted unfavourably with the high ones of their sailing clippers, then almost in the zenith of their fame." She got back to the Mersey on September 15th, at 8 o'clock in the morning, when tens of thousands hurried

down, and the town was all excitement.

She continued in the New York trade till, on the fine evening of September 22nd, 1846, she was put ashore on Dundrum Bay, Co. Down, Ireland. No one quite knew why, for "all the explanations were different and none satisfactory." However, she lay there all the winter, refusing to break up or to be seriously damaged in any way. And then it was that the famous firm of Gibbs, Bright & Co. bought her, re-engined her, reduced her masts to three, and "sent her forth to earn a world-wide celebrity on the sea." The old, great *Great Britain*.

Put into Holyhead.

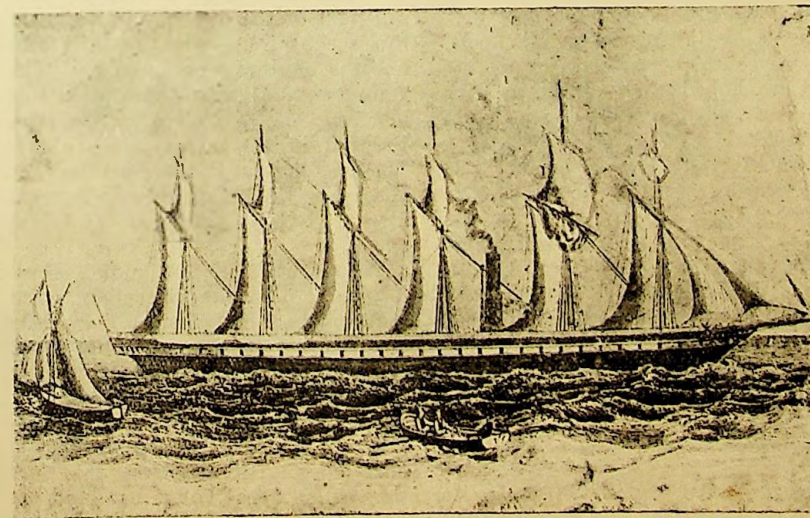
So let this mere sketch of her start suffice for to-day, in order to see what the Diary has to say about a voyage in her, a quarter of a century afterwards.

"We left Liverpool on Sunday, the 16th December, 1871, by the steamship *Great Britain*, about two in the afternoon, and steamed down the Mersey. The Pilot and several Gentlemen remained on the ship until we entered the Channel, and there left us and got on board the

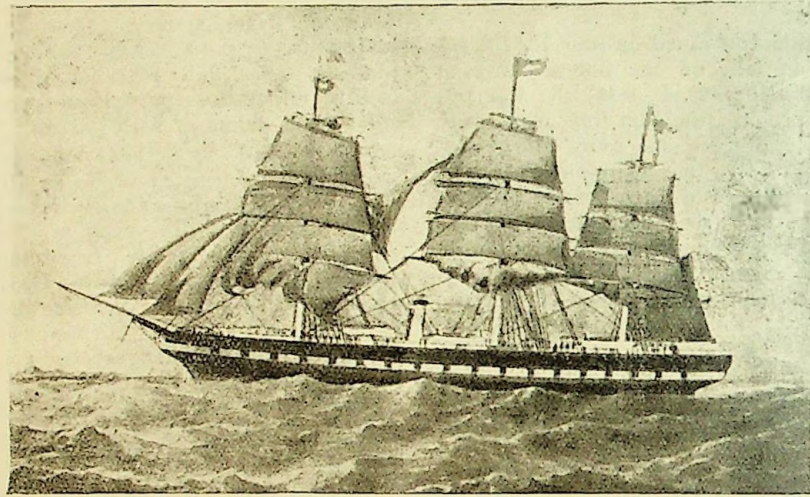
Steam Tug that had escorted us down the River Mersey. They all wished us a good voyage, and a pleasant one, and after a good shaking of hands we parted company amidst the shouts of both parties.

"The wind was then blowing strong, and continued to do so all the night. We sighted the Holyhead Light about 8 in the evening, the wind blowing strongly from the land, with rain. Captain Grey thought it best not to venture out to sea on such a night. He kept her off the rocks with great care and ran her into Holyhead Harbour, where a pilot came on board and gave directions where to anchor, and the anchor was lowered and all on deck well pleased, for most of us had passed a miserable night."

The next entry is very singular, considering she was the *stupendous* ship. "We had to remain in the Harbour until Friday, the 22nd, on account of unfavourable weather, when we left at 9 in the morning, all in good spirits. We had strong head winds, so we had to steam along at the rate of, 7 knots an hour. Saturday, 23rd—193 knots. Strong head winds. Saw a shoal of Porpoises sporting alongside of the ship. Sunday, 24th—153 knots.



The old *Great Britain*, built at Bristol in 1843. She was originally rigged with six masts which the sailors called "Monday, Tuesday," etc., after the days of the week.



After being re-floated the *Great Britain* was re-engined and re-rigged and appeared as shown above when the passenger wrote his log on board of her.

Ship rolling very much. Christmas Day—156 knots. Roast beef and *Plumb* pudding for dinner and spice cake without the cheese for tea. We enjoyed the loaf we brought with us from home, it was so much better than that on board the ship. We had a glass of warm grog in the evening, and wished all our Dear Friends at home a Merry Christmas and many returns of the same. We often wondered how they were enjoying themselves at home, but we consoled ourselves by saying that we hoped to be at home with our Dear Wife's and families next Christmas Day."

"Tuesday, 26th—156 knots, the ship rolling very much. 27th—228 knots, a nice, strong breeze in our favour, the ship sailing with most of her canvas set. She *really looks beautiful* gliding over the waves and leaving the white spray behind."

"Thursday, 28th—197 knots, head winds. We begin to be afraid that we shall have to put into St. Vincent for more coal as the wind has been so unfavourable. Friday, 29th—216 knots. A fine, calm day, which induced several *invaledes* to come on Deck who had been obliged to stay below on account of sickness."

"One young woman had been

carried on board, at Liverpool, suffering from Consumption. She was carried on deck to-day by her parents. She looked quite exhausted. I carried her down to her berth about 5 in the evening. She had scarcely any strength left her, and it was as much as she could manage to say 'Thank you.' Poor girl! I felt very sorry for her."

"Saturday, 30th—218 knots, sailing part of the day." [Presumably this means that only the sails and not the engines were used.] "The young woman, Miss Jones, died this morning at 4 o'clock. She was Burried in the mighty deep at 11. The Doctor read the Burriel Service. It is a shocking sight to see a funeral at sea. I think I shall never forget it."

"Sunday, 31st—204 knots. Sailing until 3 in the afternoon, when she commenced to steam. Very calm sea. Beautiful, fine morning. Went to service on the poop, the Doctor read the prayers. Many of the passengers stayed on deck until after 12 o'clock, to watch the old year out and the new year in. Both the bells were rung as loud as possible"—[It is one of these bells which I hope Commander Cumming will be able to borrow for our next Blue Water Evening.]—"and the

song of *Auld Lang Syne* was sung, passengers and crew joining in the chorus. Grog was handed round, healths, happy new years, and all the best wishes imaginable were drunk to absent Friends, and then we retired to bed."

On January 12th something out of the common took place, as you will see by reading on:—

"Great sport in the evening with the sailors on account of their first month's service being expired. They make the effigy of a horse, and drag it round the ship, singing a song for the occasion. Some of the sailors are dressed as policemen, others as niggers, one as a negress. The one that rides the horse is dressed as a jockey. There is singing and dancing and quite a jollification on deck. To finish the sport they hoist the horse and rider over the ship's side, the jockey cuts the rope, and the horse drops into the sea amidst a great shout. Money is gathered for the sailors, and they have an extra glass of grog in the evening."

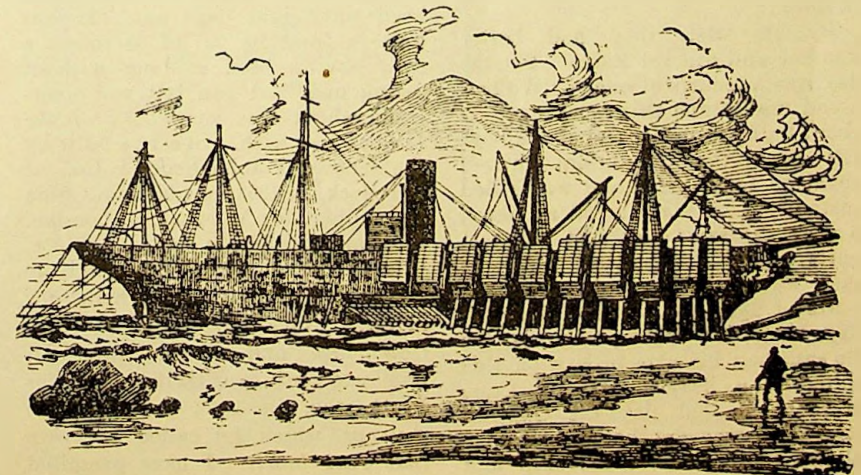
As this delightful rollicking only took place forty-nine years ago, I wonder if we can drop across one of those sailors and get his own version of it.

They were then continuously favoured with fine weather and on

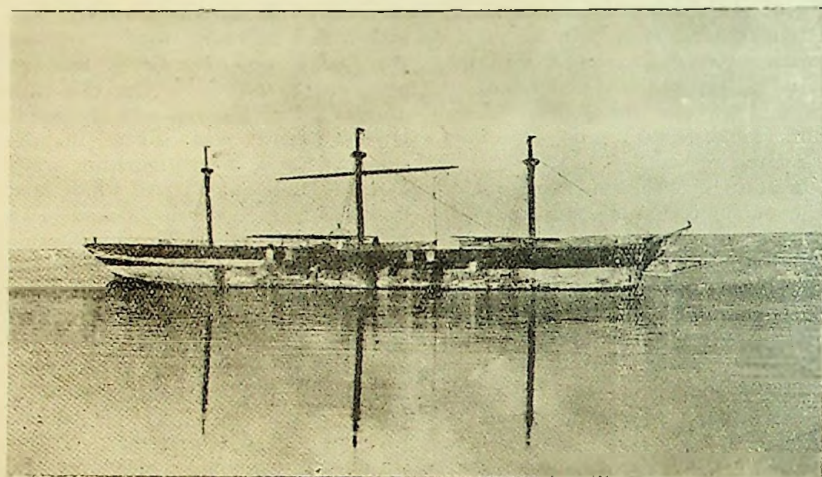
one day did 239 knots, which was above the average; they "sighted two ships, but they were too far away to speak to." On the 19th January "a concert and dramatic entertainment was given in the saloon," and next morning they "saw a large quantity of whale feed floating past, which looked like blood in the water. There was some got on board and put into a bottle. It is a very small fish, something after the form of a shrimp, and about a quarter of an inch in length." At that time whales were "sporting some five or six miles away."

On the 23rd, the *Great Britain* steamed 313 knots, which was the best run of the trip, and this entry will doubtless interest the Falkland Islanders, as well as Commander Cumming. They all enjoyed that day. "We had a splendid breeze, all sail set. The ship looked beautiful, slipping over the waves, all of us in good spirits and hoping that it might continue to blow on." They were then nearing the Cape of Good Hope and "had to put on warmer clothing."

On the 25th they only managed to do 182 knots. "Head winds. We have taken in all sails, the ship rocking heavily, very cold. There



On September 22nd, 1846, the *Great Britain* was stranded, at high water, in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down, Ireland. She lay there the entire winter, and was then purchased by Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co. The above print is supposed to show the efforts made to refloat her.



The *Great Britain* as she is at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, to-day. This picture is repeated to give the series intact.

are a few birds flying about, the Albatross, Mollyhawk and Cape Pigeon." On the 26th, which, by the way, yielded 204 knots," two children were born on board." You know we have had plenty about babies born on P.S.N.C. liners, but you see there is nothing new under the sun, or over the ocean, after all. Where are the babies? They are only forty-nine years old at the present time, so I beg of them to write instantly to us and give their impressions of the old *Great Britain*.

By the 31st, they had better weather and did 281 knots. Yet the day was a mournful one. "We had a sad misfortune this morning. At about half-past nine, one of the boys fell from the top-gallant mizzen royal on to the deck and was killed instantly. He was buried at eleven o'clock the same day. It has cast quite a gloom over us all. He was such a smart boy, only seventeen years of age. It is just a year to-day since his father, who is the Bo'sun, had his arm broken on this ship, in a heavy gale, off Cape Horn. On that day the Captain told the passengers that he had done all he could to save the ship and that they were entirely at the mercy of God. But their time had not yet come, the storm subsided and the ship righted herself, as the men at

the wheel had no control over her. There was a great deal of damage done to the ship and several accidents happened to the sailors. The captain said that night, and the night we left Liverpool, on this voyage, were the most dangerous he ever had to encounter." Proud, old *Great Britain!* No ship ever weathered more storms than you!

On Feb. 2nd (233 knots), "we sighted a vessel and spoke to her. She was the *Lord of the Isles*, from Liverpool for Calcutta. She had been sixty-eight days out. It was quite a treat for all of us to see a sail, having been so long without seeing one." I can tell you something about this very *Lord of the Isles* if you wish. She was built by the renowned John Scott & Co., at Greenock, in 1853, to race as a China tea clipper, for Martin's, of London. She won the £1,000 contest in 1853, coming home from Shanghai to Dover in 89 days, beating her crack rivals, *Fiery Cross*, *Chrysolite*, *Cairngorm* and *Lammermuir*, all names to conjure with then. It was Scott who, in 1866, launched the *Antiope*, which got called *The ship that Jack built*. I have promised you, one of these days, the astounding story of this old wind-jammer, at the present moment on a voyage to Europe! It is really wonderful!

On Feb. 9th, it "was foggy all day and night. The alarm whistle is blown at short intervals, and one of the officers and a seaman continually on the look-out"—yet, in spite of the fog the ship did 244 knots!

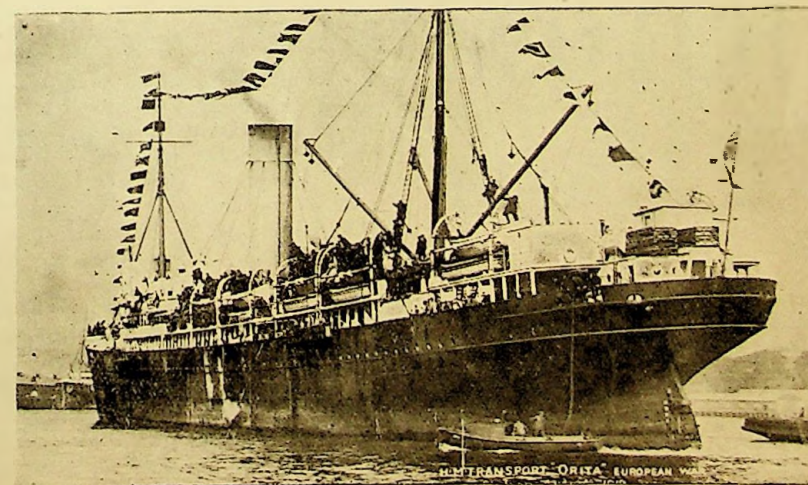
Then they had to put up with "rain and cold" and "still raining most of the day," or "rather cold but a splendid breeze," which yielded them 268 knots. Then they had "a little sunshine to-day, which we have enjoyed very much as we have not seen the sun for some time." Nevertheless, they were "calculating to be in Melbourne next Tuesday," which, I presume, had been based on dead reckoning.

On Feb. 13th, our diarist deploras "It is Pancake Tuesday to-day, but there are no pancakes." Oh! dear, dear! On the Friday they believed "they were only 972 miles from Melbourne," and seem to have remained on deck, in the moonlight, to congratulate themselves on the fact. However, they did not get there, as expected, on the Tuesday.

But things jogged along, all right, as was the custom with the *Great Britain*, and the unique log

concludes with these words: "Wednesday, 21st. We sighted land at daybreak, and anchored in Hobson's Bay at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all in good health. We went on shore in a small boat, stayed in Melbourne all night, and left there on Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, arriving in Sydney on Sunday morning at 6, and went direct to the Royal Hyde Park Hotel."

I must say that I publish this most attractive human document with singular pleasure, for the old *Great Britain* lies to-day, as it were, within our own jurisdiction. She was the first screw steamer ever to sail on a long voyage, and it is amazing to reflect that, after seventy-seven years, she is alive still. There is another point, also, which need not be overlooked. You see that the voyage was one to Australia. It was just after the *Great Britain* had ceased this passenger traffic to Melbourne and Sydney that we spared from our own fleet half-a-dozen steamers and founded the now widely-known Orient line. You see, therefore, that the P.S.N.C. always has a friendly eye towards Australia. T.E.E.



Our liner *Orita*, Commander A. E. Cumming, which will carry the log of the *Great Britain* to the Falkland Islands. The photo. shows her as a transport in the recent war.

—while the latter could be had—

(Continued from page 77.)

Five pounds a week.

Mr. Bailey came up, measured it and gave me a receipt for 615 yards. I asked him if they would pay for the 15 yards, and he said, "Certainly, as you have made a good job of it." Not a bad five weeks' work, £25 1s. 3d. The next day a Frenchman asked me to cut 150 yards for him, and this I finished in a week, taking £6 5s. 0d. When I had finished that, the storekeeper asked me to cut him 80 yards. I finished that in two days, taking £3 6s. 8d. The peat season was then over, and wet had set in, but I was hailed as the champion cutter.

A week after that the *Foam*, Government vessel, came in. Mr. Johnson, the mate, had resigned, and Colonel D'Arcy, the Governor, appointed me mate, at £9 a month. Six months after that Captain Smithen resigned, and I was appointed Master at £15 a month, so I was at the top of the tree.

I think that is all I can tell you about the Falklands, except to say that it is very dangerous to navigate there in the night time. Tamer Pass is a rough spot; there is a sunken rock in the middle of the Pass, and the tide sets on it. The *Foam* was being repaired, and the *Lotus*, a schooner belonging to the Falkland Islands Company, was hired to take the mail and passengers to the River Plate. She had to call at Shallow Bay, and when going through Tamer Pass struck on the submerged rock, and in five minutes was sunk in deep water.

The unfortunate passenger.

They just had time to get the lifeboat out. She was damaged on the reef, but they managed to get on shore, wet through, with no food, and had to walk to the Settlement. There was a passenger among them named Fordek, who had showed fifty

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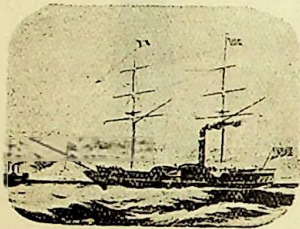
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sovereigns in a purse before he left Port Stanley. They had got half way to the Settlement when Fordek gave up, telling the others to keep on and leave him. When they got to the Settlement they sent out four Spaniards to find Fordek, but he was never found.

There is also Hell Gate close to Carcus Island, a very difficult pass. There is also Reef Channel, a lot of sunken rocks. You can see the sea washing on them. They are marked on the chart "Un-navigable." I was caught there once. I had to call at the Jacons, which are six islands, off Carcus Island, a pass between each. There were twenty men on the outer Jacons; we took them off. They had 70 tons of oil, which was sent to France and sold for two shillings a gallon.

Knew the best way.

We got the whaleboat in, and were laying at anchor in fifteen fathoms of water. The wind shifted, about 8.30 p.m., and we had to clear out and go through Reef Channel, where there was sea enough to swallow us. The Cooper asked me where we were going, saying it was not safe. We were well battened down, but it was the worst night I ever had at sea. I was up aloft, the channel being twenty-six miles long, and by good luck got through. At 3.30 the next morning I called to the mate to get the anchor ready, came down from aloft, and let go the anchor.

Some of the men had been on the Islands six years and had never been through Reef Channel. They asked me where I thought I was, and I told them we were in the middle of Carcus Bay. They said they did not think I could get into the Bay in the night-time, but in the morning they found we were there, and we were landlocked and laying as smooth as if we were in the docks.

J. T. P.

How Prussia got the *Thetis* and *Niobe*.

THE GREAT BRITAIN.

The Liverpool *Daily Post and Mercury*, in a review of our last month's number, quoted from the article on the *Great Britain*, which caused the following interesting letter, signed "G.E.N.," to be subsequently received by that well-known newspaper:—

"On reading your paragraph about the steamship *Great Britain*, it reminded me of an incident in my early life at sea which may be of interest to many of your older readers. It was 5 a.m. on a bright summer's morning, in the early '70's, in the good ship *Theophane*, a well-known Melbourne clipper sailing out of Liverpool, a nice full-sail commanding breeze, when the writer, a boy, reported a sail on the port bow to the second officer (an Oxton man). He took the telescope, and, after a good look, turned to the boy, and said, 'Nick, it's the old *Great Britain*.' Shortly after, the captain, a well-known Liverpool shipmaster, Thomas Follitt, came on deck, and the second officer reported the ship in sight and what he thought she was. 'The devil it is; if so, we will show her our heels.' At noon we were abeam, and noticed the *Great Britain* was steaming as well as sailing, and they set their topmast and lower stunsails. Our stunsail booms had been sent down and the stunsails stowed away a few days before. At 8 p.m. the *Great Britain* was out of sight astern. The next day we saw nothing of each other, but on the day after, when running up the Irish coast,

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we saw the *Great Britain's* royals and topgallant sails astern about 4 p.m. At 8 p.m. we lost sight of them astern again. The first watch that night we were running about 13½ knots, with the yards just off the backstays and leerrail under. In the middle watch the wind fell light. Next morning, with a light air, off Holyhead, the *Great Britain* passed us, all sail furled and under steam. When abeam her passengers crowded on the rails, rigging, and boats, and gave us a real good cheer. The good old ship got into the Mersey one tide before us, and thus ended her wonderful career as a Melbourne passenger auxiliary steamer, this being her last voyage in that trade."

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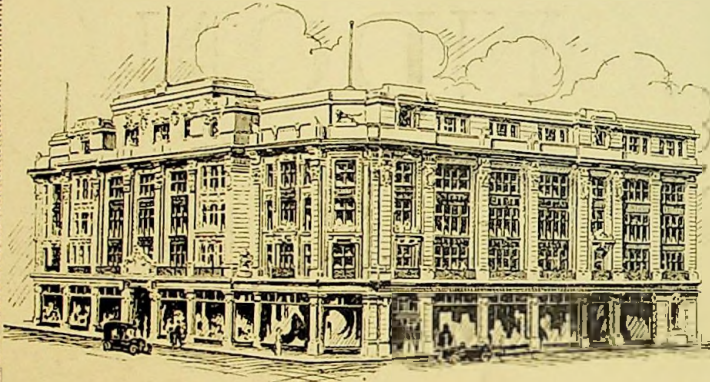
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