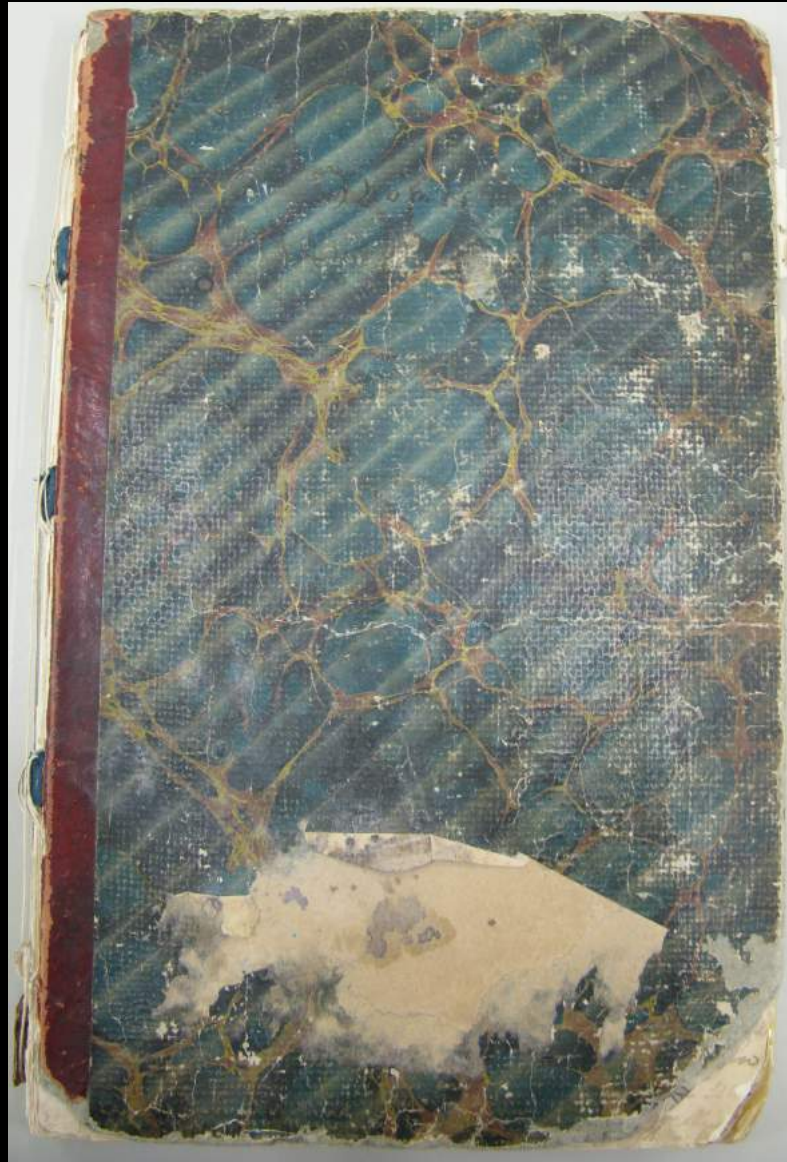


Chapter 4

Windjammer

W.H. Alleyn's Journal



Pages from
W.H. Alleyn's Journal



Pages from
W.H. Allyn's Journal

landing at home by the hour of Ten P.M. When I, rejoined
the whole family, at the pleasant occupation of Munching
Supper. "Oh dear me, how the winds were forgotten."
"It was clasped, and embraced. Something with fond
caresses. A. Lion?" "And don't you forget it?"

I thought it was well worth a
yellows article to go around Cape Staff. To get
dis-masted. To experience a web jacket. To grow
at a sixty four hotted biscuit. And all in one
of a sea life.

Got to be the recipient of a kind
greeting, and warm welcome, in the bosom of our
own family, as was experienced by myself. The
sloop returned, and happy homeward bound.

"You bet your bottom dollar," it was.
The end of my second voyage. With a few comments by
the Author.

If these pages should be favoured, by any
readers belonging to Cork, or Queenstown, I hope that
they will excuse some of my comments.

As I allude only to those
that make a living, by doing trade with Seamen.
The Queenstown Cut-fitters, are no smoother tongued
than the Cut-fitters of our own Merry Isle.

The difference is, Six of one, and a half a dozen of the
other. Blarney in Irish. Blatney in "Albion."

I have been in all the ports mentioned in the
description. With the exception of Port Costa. Cal. There I was
in hull, & was too intent upon getting back to clear
Old Liverpool, to take stock enough, for to describe the
busy port, in these pages. Yours Respectfully
W.H. Allyn

Scenes. Approaching Calcutta, India.



The Ship Emassirin Anchored at Garden Reach,
"Quide Palace, on the Hooghly";

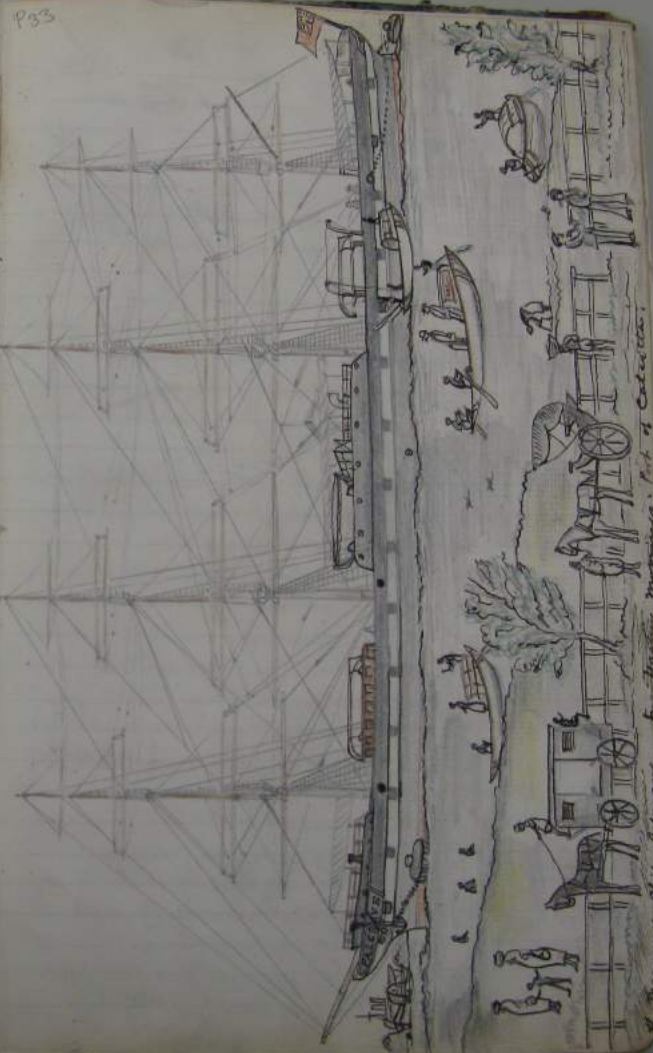


"Emassirin" in View. The Crew feeling Sails.

Pages from
W.H. Allyn's Journal

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Our decks were crowded with Natives, soliciting
our custom. The Captain's Liver, was the most
welcome one as he brought the ship's letters
with him, we worked with a will, anxious
to get done, with plenty of hard work. We got
through, the decks were swept, and the Mast
brought out the welcome packet, and gave to each
the wished for letters. The forecabin presented an
interesting spectacle, the men reading their letters, and
joking one another about the love letters, a few that
received none looked disappointed. The aft deck table
contained quite a pile of newspapers, and letters.
We all felt happy, as we read the loving words
penned by our dear friends, so far away in
England. The lovers felt happy as they read the
honeyed words penned by the real form of their
affections. We were intruded upon by boisterous
Natives, Bumbostons, and other traders. We
were at leisure to get a coat which we so
needed, some lay back, whilst others done
a little change for change. Old clothes went
for bread, eggs, and bananas. The first voyageur
went in his boots to this delicious fruit. But we
all were partial to Bananas, looney, cane, and
some went ashore to enjoy themselves, whilst
others turned on their heels, but happy. Thanking
God for sparing us, to reach our Haven in safety.
Our Chambers would have been pleasant, for we
were fagged, and tired out, from working in the
hot sun, coming up the river, but the Mosquitoes
buzzed around with glee, to welcome the fresh
blood of the new arrivals, which they did not spare.



Pages from
W.H. Allyn's Journal

1854

The respectable people, who take an interest in the welfare of Seamen,



No. 1. Inboard scene. In dispute with the Boatsman, who opens his book, Dublin, one of our

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Spent things, thinks himself rather far down the page. The Boatsman Cooks, Squating by his basket. He is a cunning rogue, and can work himself into the favor of the Spee boys. I have clothed him in a singlet, the cost of gift of some generous Seaman.

Illustration No. 2. Salt women, Two of these dusky Besses, are employed at each scale. One to hold the bags, for the Male labourers to fill, and the other for to sweep the scales, and assist the Weigher. When at leisure they prattle about. They cast their dark, bright eyes into our abodes. They spit our Vinegar, or Oil bottles, and continually do us the wrong. Some are true featured, and when they coar, and smile, to buy our gallantry. We cannot resist to give them the trifles that they covet. Illustration No. 3. 'Tammah', the Cooks assistant. Drawn for to show the costume worn by those Snoot about Coocks. They wear shoes, but not at work. They ascend the Gangway barefooted with their shoes in their hands. The Dinglee washed, compels the Native for to wash their feet, before they embark from the muddy beach, and such Native that wear shoes, must cast them off whilst enroute to the ship, or beach.

Illustration No. 4. Customs Official, and their Servants, In this peculiar rig they attend to their Masters, and do all the washing up, and Dramping between the Gully, and the Landing. Their Master the Officers, when not at work, talking out the Salt, Loll about in their easy chairs, Laying back Yankee fashion. Smoking or reading. Europeans and Christian half cast, are in the Customs service.

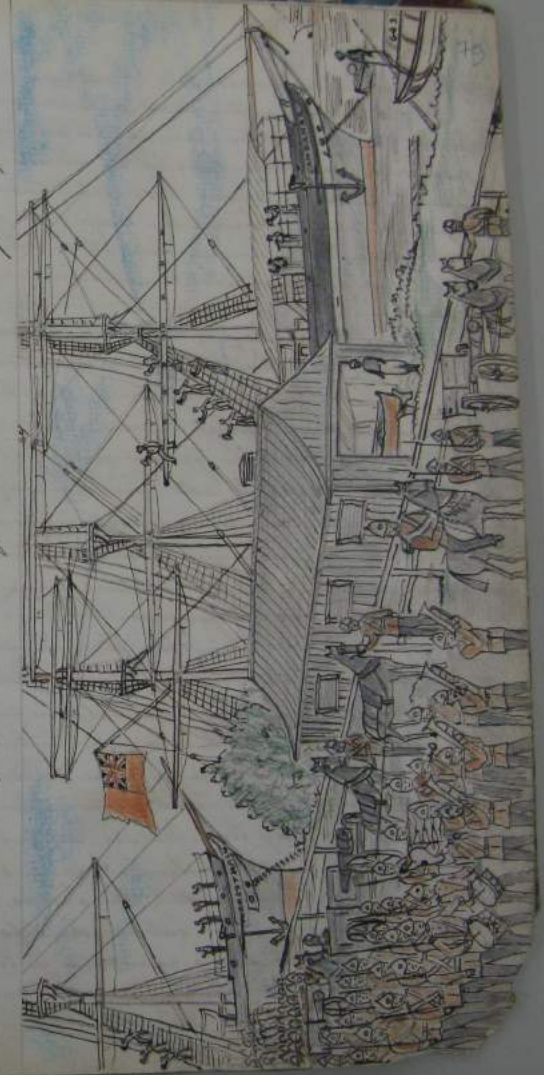
No. 5. Costume of the Native female. Drawn to show how those Native women, carry their packages.

Pages from
W.H. Allyn's Journal

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In the intricate seamanship coming aboard at night time
The Seamen of the Sumbak Seams were cut so fortunate
Lying in the outside line, they had to engage Drungin
to convey them back and forth. One of the Dragon
crowd, when going on board, slipped between the boat
and the ship's side, he never rose again. Being
sucked down by the tender current.

In spite of the dangers of the
River many foolish fellows, go in for the swimming.
In Sumner's house, the Shields, and Crocodile, grow
around the Moorings, at the latter the latter are often
seen, scene ashore. Eden Gardens, and Band stands
supposed to represent the cool of the Afternoon, when the
Hambledon, come out to enjoy the air, as they drive
along the strand in their Carriages, or alight to
stroll up, and down the Gardens. The Band was
were favoured with the quaint bath, opposite to the
Band stands, the Tomation, was lying in No. 8 the
Sea ahead. The Men of War, that stopped on board
made the Moorings lively with their songs, and dances.
A Song would be sung on board of the "Euryalus"
to entertain the Dragon's crowd. Whilst the latter
sing to entertain the lovely fellows of the "Euryalus".
With such concerts we were often favoured. The
hoimes in a Man of War, is strange, and always
interesting to Merchant Seamen. The sketch is drawn
from memory. and is something too great for my
Artistic efforts. The Garden is pretty enough for to deserve the
name. lit up by Electric light until the Band is over.
Two beautiful fountains, are the latest improvements, towards
lit decoration. In the cool of the afternoon, the Garden is frequented
by little white children, who play around with childish glee
attended by their faithful Ayahs.

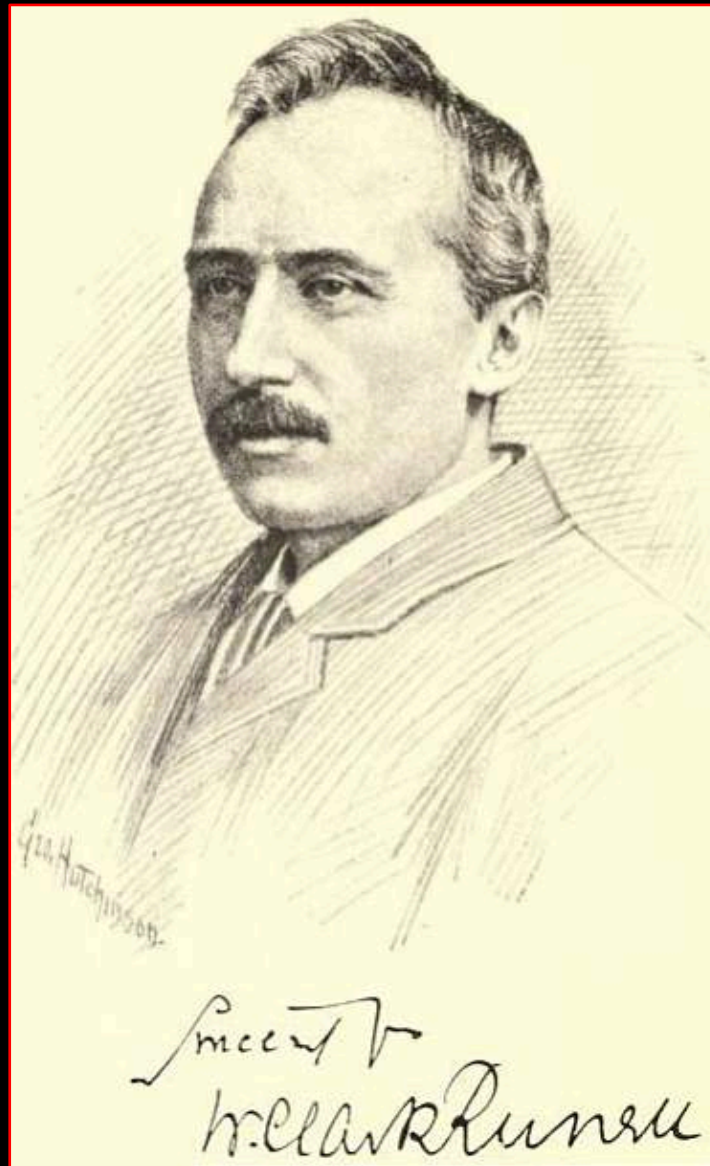
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Cut out. through being stolen.
Scene in the Moorings. The sailors cheering
the troops, en route for Barmah. In the year of 1876.



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The Zemindar



Clark Russell
& an extract from one of
his syndicated newspaper
articles

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]
**SKETCHES OF MARITIME
LIFE:**
By W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of "ON THE FORECASTLE," "MY WATCH BELOW,"
"THE WALK OF THE GOSWENNER," "THE GOLDEN
HORN," &c., &c.

No. 1.
SAILORS' RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

Let us imagine that a gentleman requires a man-servant. He is on the look-out for a fellow who may promise by his appearance to answer his purpose. Some such a likely man he happens to encounter one day. He makes him the offer of the situation; thirty pounds a year, let us say, along with board and lodgings, and "the usual trimmings," as Mr. Smawker's friends would put it. The man accepts the berth without having seen the house and in profound ignorance of the family, their habits, peculiarities, and requirements. On his arrival he discovers that his bedroom is a little hole of a place through whose ceiling the water falls in showers when the weather is wet; also that he is to be fed very meanly and miserably on the cheapest and most inferior quality of good meat, whilst the bread, tea, butter, and other provisions, all of which are carefully and painfully doled out to him, are as bad as bad can be. The master scarcely addresses him without using profane words; the mistress, who may be regarded as the master's chief mate, is a lady of middle age, whose temper has been acclimated by the fury of rearing a large impetuous family of coarse boys and hot-headed girls, and this unpleasant person dedicates the greater portion of the day in keeping the unfortunate manservant hard at work. Now he might not complain of this, for he professed himself at the time of being engaged as willing to do whatever he was asked in the shape of cleaning boots, silver, windows, and so on; but he objects to sleeping in a damp bed; he feels that his master has violated his compact with him in allowing him to live in a leaky cottage; he looks on opinion that the victuals with which he is provided are unfit, not indeed for a manservant only, but for the dogs belonging to his master and mistress, in which sentiment the master and his wife unquestionably concur, since they furnish the dogs with a table very superior to what they provide for the manservant. Our miserable Pansky has not been many hours in the house before he makes up his mind to quit. He packs his box, carries it to the hall, and is in the act of passing with it on to the pavement, when his master, springing through the window, rushes out bawling for a policeman. A constable arrives, and our manservant is given into custody for deserting the house. After a night spent in gaol, perhaps, he is carried before a bench of magistrates, all of whom keep innocently, and whose sympathies, therefore, are entirely with our Pansky's master. This master tells his tale; John Thomas, with his knees craning one another, tells how the master swore that what John Thomas calls a wet ceiling is nothing but an old game, due to a leak that was long ago mended. John Thomas, in the hope of disposing of this statement, produces his night shirt, which on being examined is found to be damp. He further proceeds to refer to the food; he also finds that the roof immediately over his head is so very defective that should a gale of wind arise when he is in bed he stands to be killed by the fall of a chimney stack or by an avalanche of tiles. The master testifies to the roof being in good condition, and produces receipts from a builder for work done. John Thomas is asked by the bench if he will return to his duty, and he says, no; because he is not strong enough to be starved, nor old enough to die of fever, and he feels too young just at present for rheumatism. Whereupon he is sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

Now supposing this piece of fiction were real; supposing it were an actual and familiar illustration of shore-going customs and habits. What, we may inquire, would happen? First of all, I should say if the practice of looking up man-servants for abruptly quitting their situations were of old standing—say five years old—it is the highest degree probable that by this time there would not be a Pansky left. The whole breed would have been extinguished. No respectable man—and none but respectable men are wanted—would be found willing to engage in a calling that was attended by a penalty in case of infringement of contract as severe as is imposed upon a man who beats his wife's head in with his hob-nail boots. But it is equally likely that before the race of John Thomases had

upon it, it is more a question of wages and provisions than of the sailor's qualifications. If the services of the English seamen were as cheap to hire, and his appetite as easily satisfied as the Dutchman's, little doubt but that he would be very well esteemed by owners and captains. It is preposterous to suppose that English seamen should have depreciated in usefulness, principles and character to the extent represented in the comparatively brief time during which the cry has been raised. Such a nation of seafarers as ours cannot surely tumble to pieces in a few years. The reputation of the British mariner has suffered, not because of his professional inferiority to his crew, but because of the stress of competition, dilution in trade, abatement of earning power, and twenty other obligations which compel owners to part to the quick. Hotel-keepers will tell you that foreign waiters are better than English; they are cheaper, that is why they are better; but since it will not do to admit an economical waiter, we must attack character, and protest with a shrug of the shoulders that it is quite impossible to employ our fellow countrymen; they drink too, you know, and care and wear, and are so very headless and neglectful, and so on, and so on. In short, they are a few shillings a week dearer than Fris and Hans, and in that lies the immortality of our Robert and our Jack. Read the accounts of the English heroism at sea; watch the life-boat falling into the water; note the behaviour of crews putting off in violent weather to the rescue of men in mid-ocean upon sinking ships. The seeds of a thousand exquisite marine romances lie in a year of newspapers, buried in four and five line paragraphs. Maybe whilst we listen to the charges brought against our mines we are hardly sensible of their meaning, or surely the repeatedly uttered declaration that Jack has not only depreciated as a mariner, but is fast decaying as a man, would excite consideration enough to determine the country into a close inspection of his rights and wrongs and owners' and captain's assurances concerning him; for I suppose that we are all agreed that in the event of a naval war we shall require more to man our ships, and that should the conflict prove a long and stubborn one, it is quite conceivable the Admiralty's private reserves in respect to the blue jacket are likely to give out, in which case all hope will have to be fixed upon the red flag, as in the older times when the bounty had to be supplemented by the press-gang, and when our greatest victories were achieved by a breed of seamen who a little while before were leaving at the windlass of the coasters or trimming the canvas of the South Seiners. The English sailor may yet live to witness this country leading crews upon the heads of a generation of stragglers who in a previous time coldly suffered him to be gradually extinguished by the foreigner who will employ the seamanship he acquired under our flag to fight us with.

There is a constant increase to the sailor's life in the heaving hurly of the times. Unfortunately, the majority of landowners, when they read about ships and sailors, think of those large ocean steam boats in which they have voyaged, and whose superficial routine is to a certain extent familiar to them. If all the vessels afloat were craft, after the pattern of the Atlantic, Anabathic, and Indian liners, the sailors' list of grievances would be materially abridged, though there must yet remain a tolerably present catalogue. But when we talk of the mariners' wrongs and rights, we have to think not of the 6,000-ton palatial fabric, with the free-board of a garrison and equipped with every appliance for ensuring human safety that the art of the inventor can devise, but what is known as the ocean tramp, the cheaply-built, under-powered metal wagon, that is despatched to sea through whatever weather may befall, and its insurance upon which make it all the same to the owner whether she delivers an consignee or upon the ocean at the bottom of the seas. Figure a structure of this kind loaded by night in the depth of winter. The work is hurried on by an overboarder; the freight is literally pitched into the hold; all in and back the deep and lashed steamer is lashed into the loose by a gang of dock labourers, that she may be in time for the midnight tide. Here she receives her crew, a drunken procession of shivers who stagger aboard and disappear. The gates are now opened, and the steamer proceeds on her voyage. Before she has fairly put the land out of sight she encounters a gale of wind. The red-hot haste in which she has been despatched finds her labouring in a high sea with lateral squalls, bunkers crowded with unsecured coal, bunkers lids and ventilator tops off, decks encumbered with "jalls," anchors adrift, the crew too drunk to turn out, and anxious assurances to the captain standing on the bridge and relying to his unhappy officers who are firing about in their efforts to do the work of the intoxicated crew, that the cargo in the hold is shifting. One asks how it is that vessels in such a trim as this are permitted to go to sea; but this is an age of shame, in the matter at all events, due mainly to Parliamentary indifference to the claims of the merchant sailor. A hearty wish the Board of Trade Surveyors would exhibit the same intensity of purpose in the performance of their duties which are to be found in the Customs officers. The customers are these workmen that they would kill