

and plenty to be seen at every port at which his ship may touch and stay for a day or two.

The steamer in which I had taken our passage was advertised to take passengers on board at Shadwell Basin at 8.30 on the morning of June 21st. At 7.30 we were in our last London cab, slowly rumbling along in the grey morning mist through streets where nothing appeared but the huge traffic vans (which, I suppose, never rest), and the early policeman or newsboy. One of these latter I hailed from the cab window, determined to carry on board the last news of "the Claimant." At last we got to the Docks; the cabman was at fault; but a kindly passer-by guided us down to Shadwell Basin. The baggage was soon piled up by a loquacious Irish porter on the brink of the Basin, and we sat down on one of our boxes to await the arrival of the "Lisbon." The grey steaming river, and the many fine vessels around, were a study in themselves. Above all, it was there that I caught my first (and, perhaps, last) glimpse of Wapping—land henceforth for ever classic—and pictured to myself the burly figure of the Claimant calling there for his first English glass of grog, and the last tidings of "Mary Ann."

At 10.30 the big figure-head of the "Lisbon" was seen slowly approaching; passengers there were none but ourselves and one poor Spanish girl, with her tiny baby at her breast, who, sitting close beside me, had been reading patiently page after page of 'Amor de la Madre,' her only book; but there was a crowd of sailors, porters, shouters, and loiterers on the quay as the ship slowly steamed up into the Basin.

We all flowed (about 100 of us) on to the tongue of

stone quay that rises above the black, dirty water of Shadwell Basin. Ropes were coiled here and thrown there, and under your legs in another place. The ship's side was within two or three feet of the quay, when suddenly three men (seamen belonging to the vessel, as I found afterwards) sprang on to her side, clutching at her bulwarks. I saw one miss his hold, and heard him splash down (some twenty feet, I suppose) into the black, stinking, stirred-up water between the quay and the side of the ship now being made fast alongside. "Man overboard—ahoy—yoh—ahoy!" and ropes were over our heads and under our legs, and men shouted, and women hid their faces, but—no one did anything. In a moment I saw a shirt-sleeve disappear over the vessel's side into the same dirty abyss, and in three minutes up alongside came a boat, with the shirt-sleeved hero—for hero he was—sitting in it, and the "man overboard," vomiting, on his knees. The nameless shirt-sleeves had saved his fellow-creature! There was no time to inquire, just then, who and what the gallant rescuer was. We bundled up the ladder, and were glad to find ourselves safe on deck. It was some time, amid the general confusion of finding and stowing away luggage, and "fixing ourselves" into a berth, before I could find time or opportunity to find out and shake hands with the sailor whose gallant conduct had been the admiration of us all. At last I found him, and we had a good hearty shake of the hand. British sailor-like, he was drying his clothes on the sunny fore-part of the ship, and going about his work as though nothing at all had happened. On my expressing my gratification at his promptness and pluck, he merely said,— "Well, sir, we ought to do all we can for one another ;

it is our duty." A pity that all do not think with him! I inquired if he would not value some recognition of his service from the Royal Humane Society, to which Society I have twice applied, but, possibly, in the unsettled state of "El Correo" in Spain, the letters have miscarried. He assured me he should greatly prize any such notice. His name shall here be recorded: SAMUEL RICHARD CHIVERS, boat-swain of the steam-ship "Lisbon." When I last heard of him he lived at 108, Stainsby Road, Poplar.*

The journey down the river has much to engage the attention: the confused labyrinth of masts and shipping, the various rigs of the countless vessels passing up or down the river, the huge ship-building yards, and the low-lying but sometimes green and pretty banks of the river, studded with houses, all bespeak the vastness, the variety of England's commerce, and give rise to many conflicting thoughts. Countless steamers washed past us: here was a screw collier from the North, bound up the river; here, far behind in the race, the labouring collier-brig, of that class against which Mr. Plimsoll was waging his philanthropic warfare (all success to his noble and well-directed efforts against the "floating coffins," wherever they exist!); here, with her huge bulk, was a vessel, all sails set and colours flying, crowded with emigrants for New Zealand, in tow of a fierce little Thames tug off Gravesend; here were countless barges, picturesque if not symmetrical, with their reddish-brown or yellow sails, and rough-looking

* I have great pleasure in adding that since writing the above account, Samuel Chivers's courage has been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society with a bronze medal.

crews—the last I saw bore upon its sails *Lloyd's Weekly News*, in huge letters of tar,—a strange place for an advertisement! Brighter, because more philanthropic, objects were the two or three huge, dismantled training ships for boys, which caught my attention.

The getting out into the glorious expanse of open sea, with its fresh breeze, and its dancing blue waves, and flying sails—it was a bright June day, with a crisp breeze—was delightful. The first, and, to my mind, chief good of a sea voyage is the enforced freedom from care. A man lies down at night with the consciousness that whether of weal or of woe, no letter and postman's knock can annoy him and spoil his breakfast in the morning; he is on the wide seas, and care, for awhile, is left behind him: good thoughts and a good appetite also attend one on the sea, and every day there is plenty of occupation—learning the names of the different ships that pass, studying, and sketching with rough paper and a few colours, the different objects of interest at sea, and on shore when near the coast—the varying tints of the sea, and the gorgeous sunsets—all these, with reading, writing one's journal, and a casual pipe, and chat with the sailors, will fill up the day, at any rate for a short voyage.

Off Shoeburyness we heard the guns from the fort booming away—the last English artillery we should hear for many a long day; and saw a shoal of porpoises gamboling by the side of the steamer. All these *little* sights and scenes, which *are* little when recounted, have a marvellous charm at the moment.

At about 5.30 we passed Deal, a place the mention

of whose very name suggests countless thoughts of English pluck, and countless tales of peril.

I should mention the Goodwins, that far-famed dread of seamen. To-day, it looked peaceful enough. It was high tide, and nothing or little of the sands could be seen: their existence was only marked by the different tints of the waters over its treacherous surface, and a long line of silver ripple along its boundary mark. The sand was kindly enough to-day—a Deal lugger was floating close to its edge; a small merchantman crept along, with all sails set, hard by, as though to triumph over its sleeping and harmless foe. One of the sailors told us of a fact connected with these Sands which was quite new to me. Speaking of the beacons, he mentioned the “provision beacon.” It seems that on the edge of the Sands there is a beacon, with steps up it, and a cradle, at the top, which from time to time is supplied with food, for the benefit of any shipwrecked men who may be able to use it.

At six o'clock a thick haze gradually crept on—the terrible sea-fog, so common in our pent-up Channel, and we had to anchor and lie-to for the night. On board my little fishing-lugger, off the South coast, I had often knocked about hungry, and drenched, and spiritless, from the sudden coming on of this seaman's enemy, so it was nothing new to me. The most striking part of a sea-fog is the spectral-like look of the vessels seen through it, and the utter deceitfulness of the appearance of distance. You see, with your glass, what looks a huge spectral ship coming to anchor a mile off you; suddenly the fog “lifts,” and all is clear for a few minutes; and, lo! the distant-looking vessel proves to

be a steamer anchored 800 yards only from your stern!

Sunday, June 22nd, rose with the same thick fog, though sun and fog for hours fought a battle royal. The latter prevailed at last. One or two of us held a short service in the cabin, which on a following Sunday we followed by one, in which the captain and several of the men and boys joined, on deck.

While leaning over the bulwarks, chatting with the captain, suddenly we heard a gun, not very far distant, booming across the misty water—then another, and yet another. It came from the direction of the Goodwins, and was, doubtless, a sign of distress from some ill-fated vessel. In less than ten minutes a Deal lugger, which had been lying off the Sands waiting for a chance, had hoisted her sail, and was bearing down in the direction of the sound; and soon we saw a fierce little tug (the steam-tug "Endeavour") passing away towards the same place, boat in tow, full speed. She just slackened speed as she crossed our stern, to hail us, and ask in which direction the wreck was, and then she was off into the mist on her generous errand.

This little spectacle has left a very dear recollection of the English coast upon my mind. These fine fellows are cruising about in their tiny luggers in all weathers, ready to help where help is wanted. It may be (and often is) said, "They do it for money." So they do, in part. But there are few noble deeds into which some spark of selfishness does not enter. The man who saves life *not* for money, often has a little idea of being admired for his courage. Yet we must not surely cease to admire noble and unselfish ends because a grain of selfishness enters

into them. This is but human, after all; One alone was or could be perfectly unselfish. None of us would destroy a diamond because it had a little flaw. And I fancy the self-same readiness to brave peril and save life does *not* exist on the sea-coasts of other countries.

Throughout Sunday we heard nothing save the clang of our steamer's fog-bell and the fog-horns, or whistles of other vessels passing by, in defiance of the fog. One or two vessels were lying at anchor near us, as we could tell by the frequent tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of their fog-bells coming over the misty water. They were lying hard by us; but, except for a few moments the fog-lights, were invisible. This was my first Sunday "in the Downs."

At 7 the fog lifted for awhile; we started, but were well into it again, thicker than ever, as we got under the bluff cliffs of Dover. It seems to me that the fog is pent up and cannot escape in that narrow channel; at any rate, it hangs about there longer than elsewhere, the captain told us. Toward midnight, or rather earlier, we went on, and when I rose at six the next morning, the bluff white headland of Beachy Head, with its sloping hills on either side looking of the brightest purple, with a few bright yellow fields here and there, was full in sight, the morning sun making it intensely beautiful.

This day was very beautiful, but bitterly cold. Off the English coast, even in June, you never are free from the chance of drenching fog, or bright sun neutralized by pinching wind.

We passed Brighton, though a long way off. I could merely see, even with my glass, an indistinct line of coast, nothing more, of all the beauty

and multitudes of Brighton. Then Bognor and Worthing were passed, both wholly indistinct. But the sight of this dim coast-line brought to the mind of one who had for many years been a fisherman on that coast full many a thought of bygone days—of days when he had beaten far out to sea in his tiny lugger, with its crew of two men and the “master,” and spent the long, dark, weary night in drifting with his nets into the flowing tide; and of the bright summer’s early morning, when he had landed upon the beach, dirty, wet, and weary, to seek his early bath, while his comrades sold “the take” of fish by Dutch auction, in the early market, on the beach. All these thoughts, and many others,—thoughts of friendship snapped asunder, and kind hearts left behind, and faces seen ere starting, perhaps for the last time,—all these thoughts fill a man’s heart, and sadden his soul, the while he is leaning, smoking his pipe, all unconcernedly over the vessel’s side.

Strange people are we mortals; and strangest of mortals we English. If our heart is bursting, we smile; if it is *very* full, we smoke a pipe, and talk about the weather, and the state of politics. It is quite possible, among us, for two men to eat, sleep, live together, each sad at heart, yet either thinking the other the happiest of men. In noticing this, I have oftentimes felt the truth of those touching lines—Johnson’s, I think, but am not sure,—

“If every man’s internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would your pity share
Who raise your envy now.

The fatal secret when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would show that only when concealed
His lot appeared the best.”

The Isle of Wight, Niton, and St. Katherine's Lighthouse, all spots familiar to me in early youth, were passed in quick succession. Showers of rain came on, and we all turned down below.

At about twelve the captain summoned me on deck to see (as I had requested) the last light of Old England's shores; and then it was plain, and bright, and clear; even through the squally night could be seen the light in the "Start" Lighthouse, on the coast of Devon. We would see English land no more—so farewell to England!

All through the day of the 24th of June it was fog and "a clear" by turns; we went "slow" or "half-speed," and our fog-bell rang again—it was, too, bitterly cold and raw.

At last, about six, on the evening of the 24th, we sighted Cape Ushant; the fog cleared, and with try-sails and full steam we began to cross the far-famed Bay of Biscay. The Bay was gentle to-day, but it did not quite belie its name; it gave us, at least, a good "list" to one side, and a casual roll.

For awhile, now, no land; the only thing to be seen being many a good ship under full canvas, rejoicing in the stiff breeze; French *chasse-marées*, English brigs or schooners, foreign steamers, and a casual whale, poking his ugly black head out of the water—these were all we saw. One little episode of the Bay. Retiring to bed at night, very tired, very late, I left the port-holes of my berth open. This was an insult to the Bay, and the Bay wetted every stitch of bed-linen by breaking into it. But salt-water never gives cold, so it did not matter.

On the morning of the 26th we first saw, dimly through the haze, our new country. The long bluff

headlands about Cape Finisterre came into sight, looking peaceful and purple through the haze. Never shall I forget the Spanish headlands, for I bear the mark of them to this day. Whether Sir Roger Tichborne, or Arthur Orton, in sight of them I was tattooed, with heart (bleeding), anchor, and initials; and now, said the second mate, who performed the operation, "It's no good your setting up for a property, for I'll come and swear you are plain Mr. ——."

Many French *chasse-marées* were passed by us just there. They are splendid sea-boats, but far smaller than I had been led to expect; something, in pluck and weather-power, like our luggers, they seldom range beyond from 30 to 90 tons burden.

June 26th, at 8 P.M., we were ten miles off Oporto, and saw a lovely sunset. I never had beheld tints so surpassingly gorgeous. One could but stand and gaze at its beauty in blank admiration.

I stayed on deck, on the front part of the ship, smoking my pipe with "the watch." The watch on these vessels changes once in every two hours; and at last the new moon rose, beautifully nursed in the quiet sailless sea and cloudless sky. It was the crescent moon, "with the old moon in her arms," but the point of the crescent—one horn, rather—was pointing towards the sea. "Ah," said the seaman on watch, "it's a fair-weather moon, thank the Lord! for her point is towards the water—she stands upright." "Well," I said, "and what is a wet moon?" He answered, "When the new moon with the old one in her arms, lies on the sea like a boat." I found out from this man that the saying among the sailors on this matter is as follows:—"When the new moon is

upright (*i.e.*, perpendicular), the Indian can hang his powder-flask upon it—*i.e.*, it will be dry weather. When the moon lies upon the water like a boat, the Indian can paddle his canoe—*i.e.*, there will be much rainy weather.”

I should remark, that the change of temperature, sea-tints, and sunsets, immediately after passing Cape Finisterre, was very noticeable. Well, Lisbon was not far off now.

At 6.30, on the morning of the 27th, the steward came into my berth to summon me on deck. “The Berlings! the Berlings!” he called out. “Don’t you want to see the Berlings?” I had never, alas! even heard the name before.

The Berlingas are a group of rocks, or, to speak of the largest of them, small rocky islands, about nine or ten miles off the coast of Portugal. If my remembrance and “log notes” serve me correctly, they are passed about two-and-a-half-hours’ steam before you reach that well-known mark for mariners, Peniche Lighthouse. They look, at a distance, for the most part like huge naked rocks, standing up in a long drab-coloured line, in mid-ocean; some, however, are rounded at the summit, and on the largest of them there is a Portuguese fort, and quarters for a few soldiers. Their aspect, as you approach near to (or, as can be easily done on a clear day, steam between) them, is magnificent. They look like huge, wild, rugged rocks, with a fringe of white foam at their bases. Until a couple of tiny Portuguese fishing-boats passed under their shadow, I had no idea at all of their height and general size. Though, at a distance, they appear of a light stone colour, on a nearer view one can see that they are of red sandstone forma-

tion, and probably, at some distant time, were joined on to the mainland, which is rugged and broken here, and appears of the same colour. The Berlingas, I believe, are uninhabited, save by a few soldiers; but there is, of course, communication when the weather permits, between these castaways and the mainland.

After passing Peniche Lighthouse, the coast of Portugal, if seen on a fine sunny day, is exceedingly beautiful. Slopes of green, purple, and drab colour relieve the general red sandstone-look of the cliffs and hills. The tints of the sky are simply gorgeous; and, on the day on which I passed it, the bright blue of the sea deepened as it neared the cliffs into a rich dark purple, fringed as it washed the shores with a snowy line of foam. Then there are the ships flying by, all of different shape, and rig, and colour. One vessel I noticed, bearing slowly down towards us, with her cargo piled on deck half-way up the masts. What could she be? How could she hope, so laden, to ride out even the faintest suspicion of a gale? Here, thought I, is a case for Mr. Plimsoll. Here is "deck-loading" with a vengeance! Long I scanned her with my glass. The breeze was light, but still she rode buoyantly over it. At last, a seaman explained the mystery in his blunt way: "Why sir, she's only a coaster, laden with cork!"

No wonder she stood her load so well, and carried herself so bravely. Her cargo, in the event of a gale, would probably have been her best friend.

Brightly the sea was glittering—brightly the white, brown, and drab sails flitted by. At last came a different group, namely, a little fleet of tiny Portuguese fishing-boats, with their graceful double or single

lateen-sails. The lateen, triangular sail, which is the only rig used by Spanish and Portuguese fishing-boats, is strikingly graceful. See it in a moderate breeze, when it hardly bends to the wave—see it in a stiff breeze, when its graceful curl bends and bends, and strains and strains, leaving the guardianship of the mast, until it absolutely seems to lie upon the sparkling wave, and then picks itself up and dips again, and kisses the wave again, and then returns to the mast—it is very graceful! The amount of sail carried by one tiny boat is quite amazing in the Spanish and Portuguese fishing-waters.

Then we passed the Palace of the Mathra. All that was visible of it was three stone towers peering out at a break in the rocky coast. All around it seemed to be woods. Just below it, on the coast, slept a tiny fishing village, from which post, no doubt, the little fleet just described hailed.

Lisbon Rock struck me as a grand and beautiful headland. Sheer cliffs, of no mean height, of red sandstone, with woods, and fields, and verdure spread all around the old castle—the famous Lisbon Castle—that crested its summit.

The exceeding blueness of the blue sea; the picturesqueness of the old castle, looking over its wooded slopes; the wildness of the sheer sandstone line of coast, till it faded away towards the south in a first verdant, then dim grey, then yellow line, blending with the sea, were more than beautiful—they were entrancing. One's only wish was, "Oh! that I could land, and wander, sketch-book in hand, along those wild, wooded slopes, or fossilize in those red sandstone cliffs."

At 2 p.m. (June 27th) we reached Casca's Bay Light-

house, at the mouth of the Tagus. It looked an old building, but whether or no it is so I cannot say—anyhow, it had a handsome, Moorish-looking tower. Just then the pilot came off from the shore. Our steamer stopped; in a moment the gaudy boat was alongside, the ladder from our vessel flung down, and no sooner flung down than taken up again, and our black pilot (for he was black) commenced giving his orders to guide us in our river course. He reminded me, by his voice and manner, of a weary night's journey down the Thames which I once took on board a traffic steamer bound for Ostend. It was a pitch-dark, drizzling night, but I could not sleep, and passed my night on deck listening to the ever-recurring words of the captain, who was piloting his vessel,—“Hard-a-po-o-ort,” “Star-bo-o-bo-o-ord,” “Stea-dey!”

Of the short run, from the entrance of the Tagus up to Lisbon, let us simply say it is surpassingly beautiful. The river is broad and its current rapid. Its waters, unlike our own Thames, or the Spanish Guadalquivir, are of a bright blue. Hills, one after another, crowned each with one, two, or three stone castles, enchant the artistic eye; every slope is of a different colour. Here, a whole field of bright yellow flowers, I know not their name; here, a corn-field reaped, but the corn not yet garnered in; there, bright little townships and villas, painted in brightest shades of every colour, red, blue, yellow, green, white; brightly-painted boats, with their various picturesque rigs; above all, the far-famed Belem (Bethlehem Castle), which cannot be described, so grand and old is it, by one who only saw it *en passant*. All these make the little journey up the Tagus one of exceeding beauty.

At 3:30 we were made fast to a buoy, amid a crowd of vessels of all nations; and at my first glance at Lisbon, standing up on its proud hills, and overlooking its rapid stream, in the bright evening sunlight, I could but believe in and echo the words of the brown Carbinero, who came on board from the Custom House, "Lisbon is *magnifica—magnifica.*"

And then we went on shore.

CHAPTER II.

LISBON TO MALAGA.

JUNE 27th.—Eventide.—Until I put my first foot on dry land, and “trod the shore” at Lisbon, after the few days at sea, I never realized the feeling of freedom and joy generally attributed to “Jack on shore,” and to the emigrant after his long and weary journey in the not too comfortable quarters of an emigrant ship.

Well do I recall to mind my wonderment when, standing on the quay of the Repairing Dock at Dover, whither a large Norwegian emigrant ship, damaged, was towed in for repairs, I beheld the simple glee and delight of those homely emigrants as they were helped down the ladder to where I stood, and sauntered up towards the town; they seemed too full of joy to do anything but laugh, and prove their freedom by stepping to this side and that, or walking down this street and up that. I wondered at this glee then; I do not wonder now. There is no describing the feeling of freedom that one entertains at such a moment.

The Norwegian emigrants of whom I spoke were all bound for Montreal. They were of the poorest class of labouring men, and with most of them were wives and families. I remember going on board the vessel, by permission, with two huge bags of biscuits, and “sugar-plums” for the children, who alone