



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BW 235.42.9

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH
MONEY RECEIVED FROM
LIBRARY FINES



THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE

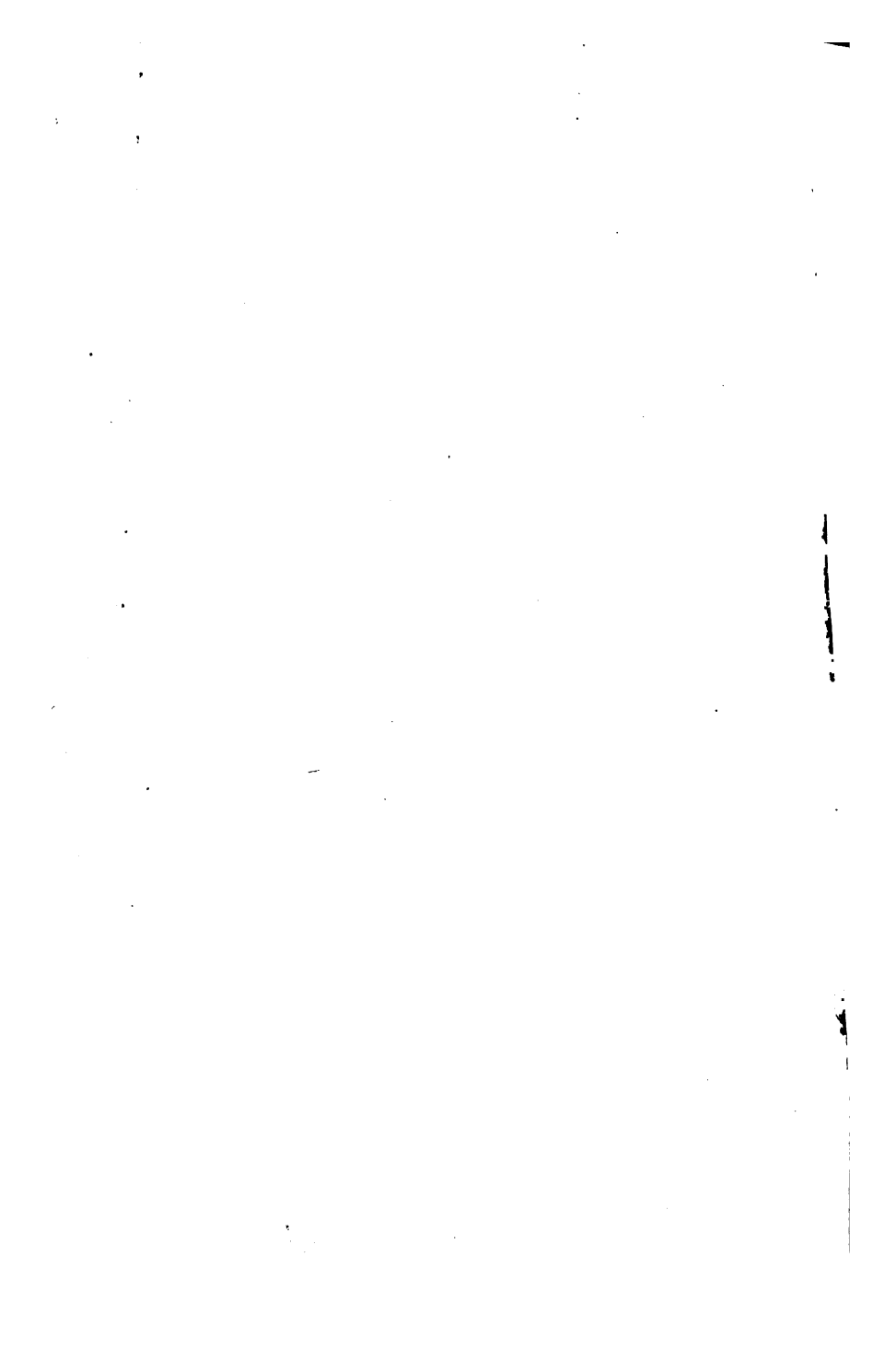






Photo)

4.7 GUN WITH CAPT. SCOTT'S CARRIAGE

[*West & Son, Southsea.*

©

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT & ASHORE

BY
George
REV. G. GOODENOUGH, R.N.

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON
SMALL MAYNARD & COMPANY
London T. Fisher Unwin
1901

~~7154.01~~
Ru 235.42.9



Fine money

235.42.9

Contents.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
THE NAVY'S CRADLE	7
MERCHANT SERVICE TRAINING SHIPS FROM WHICH SOME BOYS ENTER THE NAVY	24
THE NAVAL TRAINING SERVICE	29
ROUTINE OF A MAN-OF-WAR	59
NAVAL SONGS	66
GLEE PARTIES, NIGGER PARTIES, MANDOLINE BANDS, THEATRICALS	101
ON THE SICK LIST	107
WHALE ISLAND	119
TORPEDO INSTRUCTION	124
SIGNALMEN	127
"CARPENTERS AND IDLERS"	129
THE SHIP'S POLICE	131
STOKERS	133
ENGINE-ROOM ARTIFICERS	137

	PAGE
MARINES 138
THE HANDY-MAN'S BILL OF FARE 147
MONEY MATTERS 150
SOAP, TOBACCO, AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS 153
THE HANDY-MAN'S VOCABULARY 160
COMMANDER'S "COOKS" 169
"OLD SHIPS" 171
CHRISTMAS ON BOARD SHIP 175
SAILORS' HOMES, RESTS, AND INSTITUTES 179
THE COASTGUARD 189
LAUNCH OF A MAN-OF-WAR 192
COMMISSIONING 195
WAGONETTE PARTIES 198
PAYING-OFF 201
DEPÔT SHIPS AND R.N. BARRACKS 204
IN AN INDIAN TROOPSHIP 206
IN THE <i>TAMAR</i> TROOPSHIP 214
IN THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON 220
"UP THE STRAITS" IN H.M.S. <i>TRAFALGAR</i> 227

List of Illustrations.

4"7 GUN WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT'S CARRIAGE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
GREENWICH ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL, MANNING YARDS. <i>Facing page</i>	7
" " " " A TYPICAL GROUP " " "	12
" " " " IN THE PLAYGROUND " " "	18
BOYS FROM THE TRAINING SHIP "FORMIDABLE"	24
THE CUBS OF THE "LION"	29
HEAVING THE LEAD	38
H.M. BRIG "SEAFLOWER"	49
TEN MINUTES' STAND-EASY	60
SMALL ARMS DRILL	63
SENDING A CASE TO HOSPITAL	107
CUTLASS DRILL	119
SIX-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN DRILL	122
TORPEDO EXPLOSION BY OUTRIGGER LAUNCH	124
H.M.S. "VIPER" DOING OVER 31 KNOTS	126
SEMAPHORE	128
TAKING IN A SIGNAL	128
STOKERS CLEANING FIRES	133
THE DINNER HOUR	148
A MEETING OF "OLD SHIPS"	171
NAVAL CHURCH INSTITUTE, CHATHAM	185
FIRING LINE ROCKET	189
H.M.S. "NIORÉ" IN THE ACT OF BEING LAUNCHED	192
AN INDIAN TROOPSHIP	206
H.M.S. "TAMAR"	214
MESS-DECK OF H.M.S. "TAMAR"	218
CAPTAIN COMING ON BOARD	220
COMING ASHORE FROM THE FLEET	222
FLEET IN SINGLE COLUMN, LINE AHEAD	222
H.M.S. "JUNO" TAKING H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE" IN TOW. EVOLUTION	224
H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR" MANNED AND DRESSED	227
MAXIM GUN DRILL	232
PREPARE TO RAM. "GENERAL QUARTERS"	239

NOTE.

IN treating of various details of naval routine, I have availed myself of Commander Robinson's kind permission to draw upon his book, "The British Fleet," and have derived occasional assistance from Captain Stenzel's "The British Navy," *The Navy and Army Illustrated*, and "Life in the Royal Navy, by a Ranker." For the chapter on Greenwich Royal Hospital School I found much interesting material in Hasted's "History of Kent" ("The Hundred of Blackheath").

I am indebted to Mr. Harold Begbie for permission to make use of his poem, "The Navy's Cradle," which appeared in *Literature* of the 2nd of June, 1900; and to Mr. Henry Newbolt for "Drake's Drum" and "The Fighting *Téméraire*" from his book of poems, "Admirals All."

To Messrs. West and Son for leave to include several photographs by Captain C. G. Robinson, R.N., of H.M.S. *Vernon*, and to Captain Robinson for his kindness in obtaining this permission for me, I desire to tender my hearty thanks. Also to my friends Staff-Surgeon Strickland, R.N., and the Rev. S. St. Aidan Baylee, R.N., for several interesting pictures; also to Mr. Corbin, of Greenwich R.N. School, for three pictures of the school.

I have also to thank those kind friends who were at the pains to read through my manuscript and to suggest several valuable corrections.

If, in spite of my earnest endeavour to avoid any infringement of copyright in my selection of naval songs, I have transgressed in any case, I beg to offer my sincere apologies for the unintentional offence.

G. G.

The Handy Man.

“A genuine man-o’-war’s-man was almost as good a soldier as a soldier himself in some things, and a far better campaigner. He was certainly a better hand at knocking about big guns than any artilleryman in the United Kingdom. . . .

“He was always in good humour, and if you understood how to manage him, would do anything he was asked to do—whether he could or not! . . .

“He would make brooms, milk the cow, play at cricket, march, fight, run, dance, sing, play the fiddle, smoke a pipe, drink a glass of grog (or more!) and mind the baby. That he had his weaknesses and shortcomings cannot be denied, but take him all in all he was a splendid fellow!—and I expect we shall never see his like again.”

So writes “Martello Tower,” in his delightful book “At School and at Sea,” of our “handy man” in the days of the Crimean War. That his successor is not a whit behind the old Crimean hero has been abundantly shown us of late in the splendid work done by the Naval Brigade in South Africa. And as

I write this opening chapter, he is once more to the fore, this time in the Far East, where I have no doubt he will give a good account of himself. G. W. Steevens says in what, we are told, were probably the last words he ever wrote, "The Royal Navy is the salt of the sea and the salt of the earth also," and, though the words are strong, I believe he is right.

In both the above quotations we have the admiring tribute of men who speak from actual experience, who have lived with our bluejackets and marines, seen them at work and watched them at play, and learned to know them and to love them. In the present volume I propose to speak of them as I have known and loved them during my eighteen years of life as a chaplain in the Royal Navy.

It has been suggested to me that while there are plenty of books describing the great deeds and famous victories of the Royal Navy, recounting the story of the lives of our great admirals and captains, or giving graphic descriptions of life in the Royal Navy from the point of view of the executive officer, the newspaper article, or the warrant officer anxious to show how a youngster may rise from one rank to another and win for himself an honourable position in our grand old service, there is no book that treats of our life in the Navy from the standpoint of one who is recognised as holding the unique position of "the friend of all on board," with no executive duties, no relative rank, nothing to interfere with his being on terms of intimacy alike

with an admiral and with the youngest boy in the ship. This is the want which I shall endeavour to supply. Beyond the qualification implied in the position assigned to a chaplain on board his ship, I have no other save this, that I have been honoured by the affectionate sympathy and regard of all classes of my shipmates in various ships "since fust I comed to sea" and have been admitted to "the freedom of the lower deck" wherever I have been.

As a popular song says, "We all love Jack." He is so closely associated in our minds with the story of England's greatness, of the mighty deeds that have extended her empire and made her the mistress of the sea; with "The Navall strength of this our Realme of England (whereupon the safety and flourishing state thereof doth so much depend)," as King William III. finely says in his commission for the building of Greenwich Hospital; and with the fascination which the sea has always had for our "Island Race," that it is not to be wondered at if we are inclined to make of him somewhat of a popular idol. He appeals to our imagination as the representative of the old English spirit of joyous adventure and reckless daring; the mystery of the sea is upon him, his life is a thing apart from all our ordinary experience, his language is strange to us, we know him as we know the hero of a tale of England's glory, he is a type, a picture. We make songs about him and cheer him as he marches along our streets to some great function at Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, or the Royal Exchange. But as a man what is known about him? His life both

a float and ashore is as a sealed book to most of his countrymen, and yet he is well worth knowing. He has much to teach us in his simple devotion to duty, his cheerful acceptance of a lot which is not all song and dance and grog, his loyalty to his Queen and country, and pride in his ship and the glorious service to which he belongs, his goodness to his parents, his family, his chums. You may find out his faults easily enough no doubt : they are on the surface ; his language is often coarse, he strays sometimes from the path of virtue, but live with him as I have done and you will learn to think of him at his best, and his best is very good.

Of thrilling yarns of storm and adventure at sea I can promise nothing. Such things have not come in my way, though I have had my narrow squeaks and curious experiences. My story will be an eminently "domestic" one, endeavouring to make my readers at home with the handy man in the pleasantly-varied life of "the lower-deck." If I succeed in making that life better known and respected, I shall be happy in the thought that I have done my little bit in return for all that my dear "old ships" have done for me since I joined the service which has been such a happy home to me.

"What do you sailors do?" said a landsman one day to a bluejacket. "Well," responded the sailor, "we does about what we please until we are told to do something else, and then we does that pretty quick;" which was a neat answer and one that conveyed a good illustration of that upon which we

pride ourselves in the Navy—smartness. To do things pretty quick and do them well is the ideal always set before us. And we like to have it so. There is a saying in the Navy that “the smart ship is the happy ship.” It has even been slyly said that a man who is smart in appearance, and does his work with a smile and at the run, needs little more to ensure a successful career. Certainly these things are all useful to the youngster who wants to make his way in the service. But it is just as well to have brains and energy behind them!

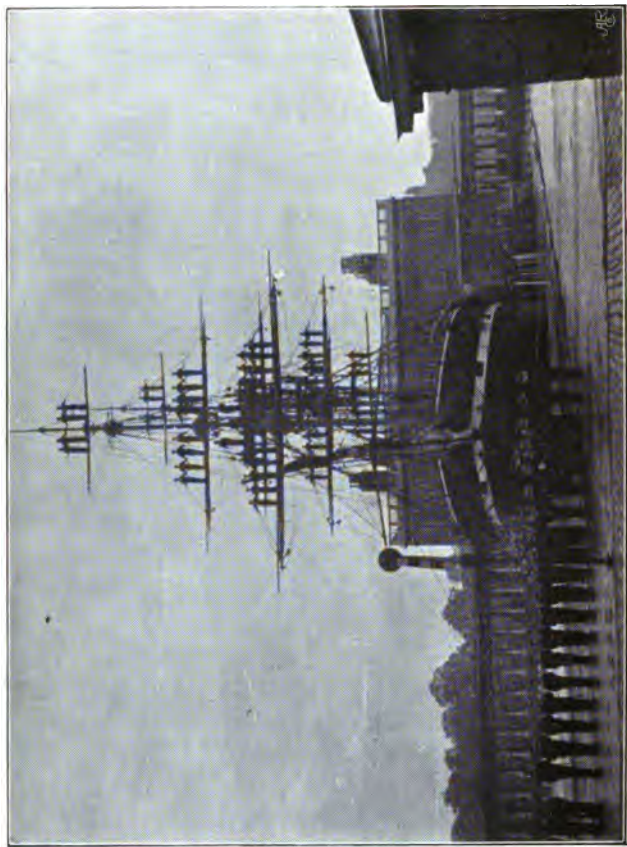
Another amusing instance of how completely Naval life is unknown to the average landsman is afforded by an incident that occurred in the *Northumberland* when she was flagship of the Channel Squadron. During our cruise round the United Kingdom we had some visitors on board one afternoon, one of whom, seeing a bluejacket asleep on a mess-stool, turned to his friends and, pointing to the sleeper, remarked, “Them’s the lazy chaps we’ve got to pay for!” I wonder if he would have liked to get up in the small hours of the morning to holystone the deck and to have done the same amount of work in the day as the object of his foolish remark! But then, of course, he didn’t know what he was talking about, and it was hardly his fault that he didn’t.

I trust that by the time my readers have gone through these pages, if their patience extends so far, they will neither need to ask “What do you sailors do?” nor be inclined to grudge the handy man his

afternoon "caulk," or "stretch off the land," as it is sometimes called.

We will now proceed to make the acquaintance of our handy man at the earliest possible stage of his career. To do so we must make our way to Greenwich, where is to be found the "Cradle of the Navy."





GREENWICH ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL.—MANNING YARDS.

The Navy's Cradle.

“Trafalgar Road in Greenwich runs out of Nelson Street,
And it's there the Navy's cradle may be seen,
Where the little Jack is nurtured who will one day man our Fleet,
And it's, O, he'll keep the decks of England clean.”

H. BERRIE, in “*Literature*” of June 2, 1900.

“My messmate, Jordy, a master's assistant, who came straight from that splendid institution, Greenwich School . . . could have navigated the ship—yet he was not sixteen. At Greenwich boys got a thoroughly good education, and no doubt do so now, including Biblical knowledge.”
—“*At School and at Sea*,” by MARTELLO TOWER.

GREENWICH Royal Hospital School is an institution of which the Navy is justly proud. Its history carries us back more than two hundred years, for in the original patent for the establishment of Greenwich Hospital it was contemplated to found a school for the maintenance and education of the children of seamen slain in action. In 1712 a clause was inserted in the charter of incorporation that 100 boys, sons of seamen, should be maintained and educated; in 1719 sons of merchant seamen were admitted; in 1731 the Directors nominated boys; and in 1825 a second school, already in existence and

known as the Royal Naval Asylum, was united to the Hospital School. This Royal Naval Asylum for the education of orphans and other children or H.M. Sailors and Marines originated in a fraudulent pretence of establishing an institution of this nature at Paddington in 1798, to be called the "British Endeavour." The Duke of Sussex and others, having their suspicions aroused, investigated the project, and the promoter or manager was committed to prison for fraud. The utility of the design, however, being apparent, a Naval Asylum on a small scale was founded at Paddington, of which the Duke of Cumberland became the first President. The number of children never exceeded seventy. In 1805 this school was taken under the charge of the Government. Commissioners for its management were appointed by warrant of King George III., whose intention was to make it a Royal Foundation for 1,000 children; the sum of £20,000 was voted in aid of it by Parliament; and the establishment was afterwards supported by national grants, included in the Navy estimates.

In 1806 the Committee for managing the Patriotic Fund at "Lloyd's" voted the sum of £40,000 for the Royal Naval Asylum, and, in August of the above year, £61,000 3 per cent consols (then estimated at their equivalent) were transferred by the Committee into the names of Samuel Thornton and John Julius Angerstein, Esqrs., two of the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, for its use. By this grant the Committee acquired some privileges in the nomina-

tion of boys to the school, which, to a limited extent, they still exercise.

In 1807, on the anniversary of the victory of Trafalgar, the Royal Naval Asylum (then containing from 40 to 50 boys) was removed from Paddington to the Ranger's Lodge, Greenwich Park. This is the palatial House of Delight which was finished by Queen Henrietta Maria, and is now known as the Queen's House.

In 1809 the establishment was enlarged so as to accommodate 800 boys and 200 girls. In 1821 it was decided to unite the Royal Naval Asylum with the school of Greenwich Hospital, and place the whole under the management of the Governors, Commissioners, and Directors of the Royal Hospital for the time being. This arrangement came into actual effect in 1825, under a warrant of King George IV. On this amalgamation of the two schools, the number of boys was reduced to 600, the candidates being selected by the Governors of the Hospital and a Committee. The Schools were then called the Upper (Greenwich Hospital) School, of 200 boys, and the Lower (Asylum) School of 600 boys and 200 girls: total, 1,000 children. In 1828 William IV., then Lord High Admiral, recommended the admission of 200 sons of commissioned officers, reducing the complement of each school by 100 boys, to maintain the same total. The Corporation of the school reluctantly agreed, but the arrangement did not last long. In 1829, by an Act of Parliament (10 Geo. IV. cap 25), the general control of the Hospital and

Schools and of all appointments therein became vested in the Admiralty.

In the Upper School (the old Greenwich Hospital School) were clothed, boarded, and educated 400 boys, the sons of officers and men of the Royal Navy and Marines, and of officers and seamen of the Merchant Service. Of these, 100 boys, sons of commissioned and ward-room warrant officers of the Royal Navy and Marines, were nominated by the First Lord of the Admiralty. The remaining 300 boys, the sons of officers of the above or inferior rank, and of private seamen or marines, who had served or were serving in the Royal Navy, as well as of officers and seamen in the Merchant Service, were nominated by the patrons of the school, who exercised their privilege in rotation as vacancies occurred. The patrons were the Lords of the Admiralty, the First Secretary to the Admiralty, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, five Commissioners of the Hospital, and the Chairman of the Patriotic Fund.

The Lower School consisted of 400 boys, the sons of warrant and petty officers and seamen, and non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Marines, who had served or were serving in the Royal Navy. They derived their claims to admission from the comparative merits, services and sufferings of the father in the Royal Navy; regard being also had to the number and destitution of the family.

The girls' school was abolished in 1840, and the distinction between the Upper and Lower Schools

in 1861 ; but a trace of the old order survives in the name of "Upper Nautical" still given to the higher division of the school. This higher division consists of 50 boys, promoted by examination from the Lower or Nautical School. Boys of the Upper Nautical School are allowed to choose whether they will enter the Royal Navy in the seaman class, the mercantile marine as apprentices, or compete for entry as dockyard apprentices. Their education is such as to fit them for these respective positions, and, if physically fit, they may be retained in the school until they are fifteen and a half years of age. Boys cannot enter this Upper Nautical School before fourteen years of age.

In 1889 an arrangement was come to between the trustees of Sir William Boreman's Charity and the Admiralty by which, in consideration of an annual payment from the funds of the Charity, 100 boys, known as Sir William Boreman's Foundationers, are allowed to receive their education as day-boys in the "Upper Nautical" Division of Greenwich School. These 100 boys represent a former scholastic foundation endowed in 1672, and known as "The Green Coat School for the Support and Education of Twenty Boys Born in East Greenwich, Sons of Seafaring Persons." They wear the uniform of "Upper Nautical" boys, with the Boreman arms on a badge on the right arm, and the words "Boreman Foundation" on their cap ribbons instead of "Greenwich R.H. School."

There are several valuable scholarships and prizes

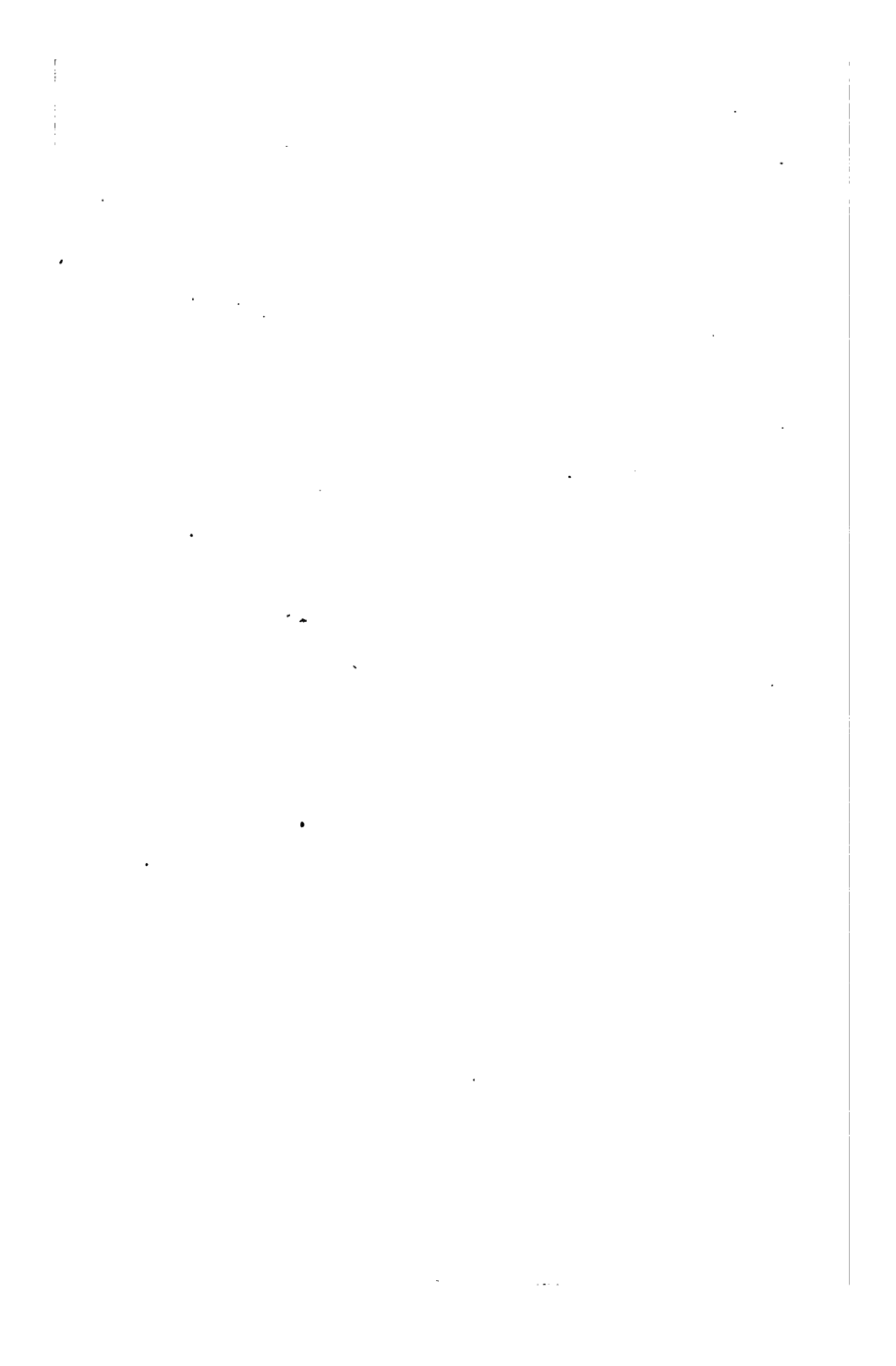
for boys of the Upper Nautical School, and other similar rewards for the Boreman boys.

A word must be said about the school buildings. These lie on the right hand of the road from Greenwich to Woolwich; the Hospital (now used as the Royal Naval College) being opposite to them on the other side of the road. The Queen's House, now divided up into official residences, lies at the back of an extensive parade-ground, and has colonnades on either side connecting it with extensive wings. In these wings are situated the various class-rooms, offices, and dormitories. To the right of the western wing lies the gymnasium, a vast, modern building (erected in 1875) which serves many purposes in addition to that which its name implies, being drill-hall, theatre, play-room and cloak-room (the boys' lockers being placed along two sides of the building). Beyond the gymnasium is another wing containing class-rooms, seamanship-instruction and model-rooms, and the sailmakers' and tailors' shops. At the back of this wing and at right-angles to it is the enormous dining-hall, and behind that again a large covered-in swimming-bath. Beyond the east wing are the laundry, smithy, bakery, band-room, haircutting-room, carpenter's, painter's, plumber's, glazier's, and matmaker's shops. There is also an observatory, but this is not at present utilised by the school.

Built into the parade between the main gate and the Queen's House is a ship, the *Fame*, begun in 1872 and completed in 1876; her predecessor having been placed in position in 1843. In this ship the boys get



GREENWICH ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL.—A TYPICAL GROUP.



a taste of naval life (without sea-sickness) before proceeding to the regular training-ships ; the first fifty on the " roster " for sea " slinging their hammocks " on board during their last five months in the school. Westward of the school is the infirmary, and in the intervening space is a pleasant lawn, beneath which sleep from 20,000 to 30,000 of the ancient inhabitants of Greenwich Hospital. There are several monuments here, one of them having been erected to the memory of Nelson's body-servant, Allen, a native of Burnham Thorpe, his master's old home.

In the days of the Greenwich pensioners the school had a chapel of its own. This was of the old-fashioned type with a gallery and, judging from the picture given in an old number of the *Illustrated London News*, was not a very attractive place of worship. The band sat in the organ-loft, the lower school next the organ, the upper school under the governor's seat, and the nurses and cooks between the pulpit and the reading-desk. The organ is now in a gallery in the dining-hall and is used to accompany the singing of grace at meals. Nowadays the boys march across to Greenwich Hospital Chapel, a sumptuous building richly decorated in the style of the Renaissance and crowned by one of the two domes which are a well-known characteristic of the Royal Hospital. The altar of this chapel is remarkable, being a semi-elliptical marble slab supported by winged seraphim bearing between them a symbolic wreath. The figures are of some composition coloured to resemble bronze, the wreath being of wood treated

in a similar manner. Over the altar is a picture, measuring 25 ft. by 14 ft., painted by Sir Benjamin West and representing St. Paul in the act of shaking off the viper at Melita. For this picture West is said to have been paid £1,200. In the spandrils above the picture are two pieces of statuary marble, representing angels, by Bacon, of which the cost was £630; and over all is a painting of the Ascension, in chiaro-oscuro, designed by West. The organ, one of Samuel Green's, was erected in 1789 at a cost of £750 (exclusive of case and gilding). Supporting the organ gallery are six monolith columns of white marble fifteen feet high. The frieze over the doorway and the jambs of the doors are also of white marble and are exquisitely carved. The pavement is of black and white marble, with a bold cable-pattern at the sides and an anchor midway of the length. There are two pulpits: one a lofty structure richly adorned with carving and having scenes from the life of St. Paul on plaques inserted in the panels; the other of smaller size made from the carved mahogany of what was once the Governor's pew.

I have been particular in describing this chapel, partly because it is little known in comparison with the famous Painted Hall, but mainly because I am sure that to the boys it means much that they should be called to worship God in a building of such beauty and historic interest. Needless to say they are very proud of their church. Their march across to the services on Sundays is one of the sights of Greenwich. First comes the drum-major, in braided tunic, sash,

gauntlets and busby, wearing a sword and flourishing his staff (of ebony surmounted by a naval crown), making up for lack of inches by his smart and dignified bearing, then the band in their sailor-dress with a bugle in gold on the right arm, then the long procession of the boys. The service in the church, if not conspicuous for the delicacy of tone which we find in a cathedral, has a character of its own, very striking in its way. It is inspiring to hear eight hundred young voices singing for all they are worth some favourite chant or hymn.

The service over, come with me to the dining-hall and wait for the boys to march in to their Sunday dinner. You will not be disappointed, for this is one of the prettiest sights we have to show you. Only keep well out of the gangway! stand here just under the little organ-gallery. There goes the bugle and here they come, doubling up the great dining-hall, which quivers at their tread, a thousand strong and happy lads. You think the stream will never end, when all at once the "still" is sounded and the organ leads off with the grace. I have heard the sound of that grace sometimes when I have been walking close down by the river far away on the other side of the road. After grace, not much time is lost in getting to work with knife and fork, and a merry buzz of conversation arises, during which we take our departure.

Our babies enter the Navy's cradle at any time between eleven and fourteen years of age. They have to pass a stringent examination by the doctor

on entry, and must be able to read and write and possess a knowledge of four simple rules of arithmetic (Standard III., New Code). The boys now admitted are sons of warrant officers and men of the Royal Navy and non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marines.

Entry days have a great interest for me, for it is quite possible that among the fathers who bring up their sons to join the school I shall find one or more old shipmates. And when "old ships" meet, great is the delight on either side. So I go down to the parade and have a yarn with fathers and mothers and the young hopefuls, and bid them be of good cheer, for they will never have reason to do other than bless the day if the doctor passes the boys for Greenwich. Very often a new boy finds that he has a chum in the school who is all ready to make him feel at home in his fresh surroundings.

The medical and other examination being over, the new boys are taken to a building over the way, known as the Trafalgar quarters, there to be prepared for the great day when they shall be admitted to the full rights and privileges of Greenwich boys. For they must first be rigged out in their sailor-kits, gently introduced to our little ways and customs, and, moreover, endure the pin-pricks of vaccination. They come "on Sunday to the church," but otherwise remain apart from the school until their probationary three weeks are up. During those preliminary weeks I go across to their quarters from time to time and make friends with them, listening to all they have to

tell me and telling them in return about the school, until we begin to feel quite at home with one another. Of course it is a bit lonely for the little chaps at first. They have never been from home before, and everything is strange to them. But everybody is kind to them, and there is always the prospect of coming over to the school in a short time to join in the happy round of school life and learn what it is to be a Greenwich boy.

Let us now cross over to the school itself and see what is the routine of a day's work.

The boys rise at 6 a.m., and having dressed, said their prayers, and "stripped" their beds, go off to the lavatories to wash. Their ablutions performed, they return to make their beds and arrange the dormitories. At 6.45 the bugler sounds off "cooks," breakfast following at 7. After breakfast they are told off to their various stations for cleaning up class-rooms, staircases, passages, &c. In summer the "seamanship" boys go to drill in their ship from 7.45 to 8.35. After this the assembly is sounded, and all fall in for "Divisions" (as the morning parade is termed) and prayers in the gymnasium. From 9 to 12, with a ten minutes' interval at 10.15, the boys go to school or to their various trades. The lower (or Nautical) school is divided into sections, "full-time" (boys under 13 years) and "half-time" (the others); the full-time spending all the instruction time in school, the half-time section going to school and to their several trades alternately; so that a boy in the half-time section who is at school in the morning will be

found in the carpenter's or painter's or other shop in the afternoon, and *vice versâ*. There are no trades for boys in the Upper Nautical School: these spend their whole time with their books and nautical instruments.

From 12 to 12.30 the boys play, except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when physical drill takes place on the parade after a preliminary march round. This is a very pretty sight. The dumb-bells and sticks used are coloured, some red, some yellow, and the effect produced by the alternation of these colours as the boys go through their somewhat intricate evolution is very charming. The strains of the band, the precision of the movements, the cheerful interest of the performers in their task, combine to make this drill a delightful exercise to boys and spectators alike.

Dinner is at 12.30, and consists of bread (4 oz.), mutton (8 oz.) or beef (6 oz.), potatoes (8 oz.), and pudding or vegetables. On four occasions in the year—namely, Foundation Day (November 4th), Christmas Day, the Queen's Birthday, and Coronation Day—a Festival Pudding is provided, for which the following *recipe* is given:—

Festival Puddings for 1,000 Boys.—To consist of the following proportions, namely—Flour 370 lbs., raisins 120 lbs., currants 60 lbs., eggs 180, milk 60 quarts, sugar 50 lbs., suet 120 lbs., peel 12 lbs., spice 7 lbs.

After dinner the boys play until afternoon school, which lasts from 2 to 4.30. Tea follows at 5. At 6 a visit is once more paid to the lavatories. Then



GREENWICH ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL.—IN THE PLAYGROUND.

selves in their playtime in the happiest way, whatever the time of year or the state of the weather, so much so that it is a constant remark of visitors that Greenwich boys have always a smile ready whatever is going on!

At 8 o'clock they are marched off to their dormitories and undress and turn in, everything being done at the word of command. Prayers are said by the petty-officer boy of the dormitory, and consist of the General Confession, Lord's Prayer, Collect for Innocents' Day, "Lighten our Darkness," a Thanksgiving, and the Grace. The chaplain is directed to read prayers occasionally, no doubt with a view to ensuring that this shall be always done reverently. In carrying out this duty, I have always been deeply impressed by the beauty of the brief service and the reverent behaviour of the boys. It is something to be present at rather than written about.

Such then is an imperfect picture of life in one of the grandest institutions of our country, a school without a parallel in any country of the world. If "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," then the fact that Greenwich boys are regarded by the Navy as among the very best of the lads who wear the blue jacket may be accepted as a proof of the excellence of the training given at their school. If the affectionate pride of old Greenwich boys in their school be a measure of the good that is wrought by the kindly discipline which they received within its walls, then Greenwich will hold its own with the best. Long may it flourish to receive the sons of our bluejackets

and marines and train them up to do good service for Queen and country and cherish happy memories of their noble "cradle" !

THE NAVY'S CRADLE.¹

Dedicated to the Boys of the Royal Hospital School at Greenwich.

Trafalgar Road in Greenwich runs out of Nelson Street,
 And it's there the Navy's cradle may be seen,
 Where the little Jack is nurtured who will one day man
 our Fleet,
 And it's, O, he'll keep the decks of England clean.
 At the desk in sombre serges while a nibbled pen he sucks
 Jacky's learning how to read and how to write,
 And with cutlass and with carbine in his variegated ducks
 He is learning how to drill and how to fight.

He can pedal at a Singer when it comes to stitching
 clothes,
 He can knot and he can splice and he can cook,
 He is carpenter and blacksmith, and the jolly youngster
 knows
 Every signal in the Royal Navy's book ;
 All the flags of all the nations Master Jack has got in
 stock,
 And it's, O, the things they've packed into his mind,
 He can make the toughest paunch-mat, mend a window
 or a sock,
 And he's up to all the dodges of the wind.

¹ By kind permission of the Author and of the proprietors of *Literature*.

He has names we never hear of for the common things of life,

And he doesn't always call a mop a mop.

It's a chunk of toke he butters with his Governmental knife,

But the butter is not butter, it is flop ;

O'er his shirt he wears a jumper, on his head he sticks a goss—

Such a playful little humour he has got !

He's a mason, he's a baker, and he's only at a loss

When you order him to tell you what he's not.

He can march like gallant Gordons, he can drill like Joe Marines,

And his father's little quicker in a boat,

He's as proud as any gunner that his jacket is the Queen's,

And he swims—about as nat'ral as a float.

With his toys of guns and rigging jolly Jacky loves to romp

In the rooms that smell o' cordage and o' tar,

While his nurses preach the gospel and the glory and the pomp

Of the life aboard a British Man-o'-War.

You may sail the wide world over, but you'll never clap your eyes

On a cradle like the crib where Jacky crows,

And you'll never find a bantling half so cunning and so wise

As the little chap who lies in it and grows.

With his goss pulled on his eyebrows, in his ducks o' doubtful white,

With his chubby hands laid easy on his hips,

He is waiting till we tell him that it's time to go and fight—

That we'll trust him with Britannia's pretty ships.

O, the joyful waves come leaping to the shingle and the sand,

Rock the cradle, rock the cradle, Jack's asleep!

O, the gallant Fleet's abuilding which will answer to his hand

When he's rocking in the cradle of the deep;

When he's rocking in the cradle where the ships of England go,

Where they went in valiant days of wood and sail!

O, there's steam upon the ocean, but the iron line's aglow

With the blood of ancient days that cannot fail.

HAROLD BEBBIE.

Merchant Service Training Ships from which some Boys enter the Navy.

THERE are several ships engaged in training boys for the Merchant Service. Of these, some are intended by the benevolent societies which support them for the benefit of poor boys of unblemished character, some are certificated Industrial Schools to which boys may be sent by the magistrates for minor offences, such as truancy. The rest are Reformatory ships.

From the first of these classes of training-ships boys are admitted into the Navy if they are up to the required standard. From the second boys are received only with special permission of the Admiralty. From the third no boys are received. During my three years in the *Minotaur* a considerable number of boys from the first and second classes of these ships came



Photo]

BOYS FROM THE TRAINING SHIP "FORMIDABLE."

[*W. M. Crockett.*

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

under my notice, as the following table compiled from my records of the boys will show :—

Training Ships for Poor Boys of Good Character.			Industrial Ships.		
Warspite	...	113	Grampian	...	2
Exmouth	...	94	Mars	...	2
Arethusa	...	37	Empress	...	1
Mercury	...	11	Formidable	...	1
Indefatigable	...	1	Wellesley	...	1

My experience of boys from ships of the *Warspite* and *Exmouth* class was that they were, in almost every case, well-conducted, smart lads whose previous training prepared them so well for the routine of our Naval training-service that they got on quickly and earned a good name for themselves and their former ship. The same must, in fairness, be said also of the specially selected boys from Industrial ships. The *Warspite* is supported by voluntary contributions under the care of the Marine Society. She is an old line-of-battle ship moored near the shore above Woolwich Dockyard, and lent by the Admiralty to the Society.

The *Arethusa*, a large frigate lying lower down the Thames, is lent to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for the purposes of the same Marine Society.

The *Exmouth*, which lies off Grays, on the Essex side of the river, is lent to the Metropolitan Asylums' Board for a similar purpose.

The *Mercury*, which lies in the Hamble river, near Southampton, is maintained largely, if not entirely, at

the expense of a private gentleman interested in the welfare of poor boys.

The *Indefatigable* (or, as one of her boys would persist in calling her, the *Indefatible*) is stationed in the Mersey, and is under the control of a committee of Liverpool gentlemen.

I cannot attempt a detailed description of these ships and the training carried on in them, and shall therefore confine myself to a few words about one of them as typical of the rest.

The training of the boys in the *Exmouth* is conducted on admirable lines of discipline, sweetened by the fatherly kindness of the captain, for whom they cherish the liveliest respect and affection. It always did me good to hear them tell of his goodness to them. "He used to get a whole lot of sweets for us," one boy would say. "He lets any boy, what hasn't got a home to go to on his leave, come and spend it in the *Exmuff*," says another. "The captain he was a nice man, sir," says a third. One thing struck me as being particularly admirable. "The masters used to get us together and read stories to us of a Sunday afternoon." Sweets and stories! No wonder the boys were delighted.

Of course it wasn't all sweets and stories. There was plenty of work to be done, lots to be learnt; but then there were all sorts of incentives in the way of badges, rates, and prizes to make work a pleasure. Very rare was it to find an *Exmouth* boy who hadn't managed to get a rate or a badge or two, to say nothing of the swells one occasionally came across who were the

proud winners of the silver watch. And to show that these were no bogus achievements, these badge-boys of the *Exmouth* were generally badge-boys in the *Saint* or the *Bos*, or whichever their Naval training-ship might be. Such jolly lads most of them were. One after another of them I can picture sitting around in my cabin on winter evenings, reading or playing games, or spinning amusing yarns, generally in a beautiful Cockney accent. One of them gave me a copy of their own special *Exmouth* song, modelled on the First Lord's song in "*H.M.S. Pinafore*." Here is one verse of it :—

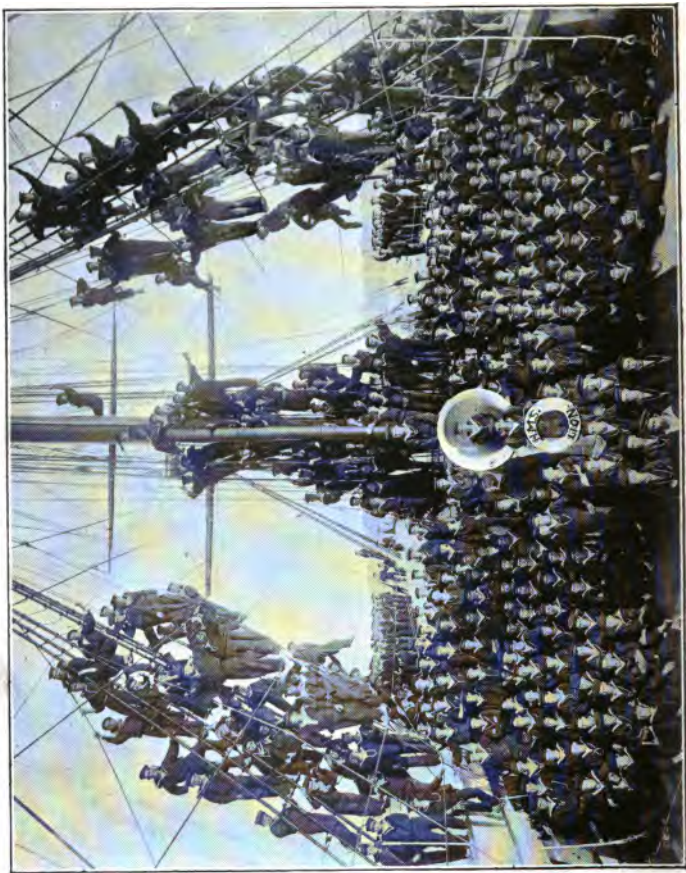
“ Well, I left that ship for the Royal N.
And have seen a good deal of the world since then,
With its ups and downs and its freaks and frays ;
But I've never once forgotten my old *Exmouth* days :
And I have to thank the Board called the M. A. B.
That now I'm a sailor in the Queen's Navée.”

The case of two brothers occurs to me, one a boy with me in the *Trafalgar*, the other in the *Minotaur*, charming lads both of them. The last news I had of the elder one was that he was doing well as a petty officer. In the *Trafalgar* he was a pattern of cheery good-nature and hard work, and liked by every one fore and aft the ship. They were both *Exmouth* boys, and I had the pleasure one day of calling on their mother and hearing the story or how she got them into the ship.

The Metropolitan Asylums' Board may well be proud of the good work done in the *Exmouth*, and the

Royal Navy be ready to acknowledge her usefulness as a good, sound preparatory school for the rising generation of seamen, R.N.

What is true of the *Exmouth* is also true of the other merchant training-ships, the *Warspite*, *Arethusa*, *Mercury*, &c. They are all doing a noble work and deserve all the help they can get. I know of few institutions that have so great a claim on the generosity of Englishmen.



Photo

THE CUBS OF THE "LION."

[W. M. Crockett.]

The Naval Training Service.

THERE is never any difficulty in getting recruits for the Navy. Whatever may be the attraction, there are always more boys ready to join the service than can be taken on at any time. Some are the sons of seamen who are keen to follow in their fathers' steps ; some are fascinated by the prospect of seeing the world ; others, again, are attracted by the novelty of the life, like the youngster to whom the sea was so utterly strange that, as he told me himself, he dipped his hand into the water, as he was being pulled off to join the *Boscawen*, and sucked his fingers to find out whether the sea was really salt. Stories of adventure, no doubt, have also something to do with this eager desire of boys to "go to sea." The choice being thus practically unlimited, it is found necessary to fix the physical standard high, so that a boy must be "as sound as a bell" if he is to stand any chance of being entered. I have often noticed boys coming on board ship to be examined for entry and as often as not seen them returning disappointed to the shore, unable to "pass the doctor."

Let us, however, suppose a youngster of the required age—that is, between $15\frac{1}{4}$ and $16\frac{3}{4}$ for boys, and between $16\frac{3}{4}$ and 18 for youths—to have come through this ordeal successfully. He is now required to procure the consent of his parents and guardians to his engagement and a certificate of good conduct from a clergyman or magistrate. Armed with these he presents himself on board once more, and, after signing an engagement to serve for twelve years from the age of eighteen, is turned over to a ship's corporal to be introduced to the mysteries of his new life. The chaplain sees him and gives him a few words of welcome and encouragement, telling the boy to look on him as his friend to whom he can always come for help and advice in any little troubles he may encounter. The head schoolmaster puts him through his paces and allots him his place in school. Under the direction of the corporal, and with the help of some senior boy told off to lend him a hand and “show him the ropes,” he begins to learn his way about, to know the stem from the stern of the ship, to grasp the meaning of the various bugle-calls and the names and uses of some of the strange objects around him.

One of the first lessons instilled into his youthful mind is the wholesome one that what he is told to do must be done at once, if not sooner, that we don't saunter over our work in the Navy, but do it “at the double.”

Poor little chap, he finds it all a bit bewildering at first, but he soon shakes down, and, having shifted into his sea-kit and learnt the art of getting into a hammock

and stowing it when he awakes "with the sun" or a little earlier, begins to fancy himself not a little as a sailor-boy.

Boys from Greenwich School and such ships as the *Exmouth*, *Warspite*, and *Arethusa* come on board as quite "old hands" and have no difficulty in settling down at once.

The characteristic note of our life in the Navy is that there is always something to be done from morning till night. Satan does not find many idle hands in a man-of-war. The Commander and First Lieutenant will be sure to see to that. For it is the very breath of their life to keep things moving. But there is plenty of variety, and that is what makes the time pass so quickly and cheerily that before the boy knows where he is, so to speak, it is time for dinner, or the bugler sounds off "cooks" for supper, or the bos'n's-mate "pipes down" for the night.

There is a story of a boy in a training-ship who, when asked if he had any complaint to make, replied that he had, and when asked what it was said, "Well, it's like this, sir, they keeps on making you keep on."

That boy exactly touched the spot. He could not have expressed "the way they have in the Navy" more clearly.

No doubt it comes a bit hard at first on a boy. But it is a fine thing for him.

On the other hand, the dinner-hour is quite a sacred institution. When once the bugle has sounded "cooks to the galley," nothing but what is absolutely necessary is allowed to disturb the ship's company until the dinner-

hour is up, and the pipe goes for "hands to fall in." On Sunday and Thursday afternoons there is also peace and rest for all hands.

One result of this smartening up at the hands of his new masters is that when the boy goes home for the first time for his holidays, he sometimes astonishes his parents by a deference and obedience which is as pleasant as it was formerly unusual.

Before we pass on to other details of our young friend's naval experiences, it may be as well to try and dispel some curious notions held by our friends on shore with regard to the antecedents of our lads in the Navy. We have seen that a boy must not only have his parents' consent to his joining the service but also a "character" from a clergyman or magistrate. It can never be too clearly stated that the Navy is not recruited from the class of boys who are sent "for their good" to Industrial Schools or ships. There are some good people who think that the Navy is just the right school for such troublesome lads. I have no doubt it would be good for the lads to be admitted to the advantages of such a training, but it wouldn't be a good thing for the Navy.

Another mistake that is only too common is to imagine that life in the Navy exposes youngsters to contact with greater evils than they would meet with in civilian life. I venture to state that nowhere are boys better looked after than in our training-ships, and that the moral tone of life in the Navy is certainly not lower than on shore. A striking proof of this is afforded by the character of the boys of Greenwich

School, who are the sons of naval men and are with scarcely an exception a credit to their homes.

It may be interesting to mention, in this connection, that when I was chaplain of the *Minotaur*, boys' training-ship at Portland, I used to ask the boys what they did before they joined the service. The answers I received were very various. Some, of course, said *school*; but the majority had already tried some occupation or other, from page-boy or van-boy to *insurance agent*! One had been a clown in a theatre, another was employed in the manufacture of artificial teeth, while another had travelled about with a gipsy (he was very smart and a good fellow too). Some were country lads fresh from the furrow, and good, wholesome lads they were. But, whatever their previous work had been, they thought "the Navy-trade" the best of all, as of course it is!

It is true that when the present training service was started the class of boys obtained was somewhat lower than it is now. A curious illustration of this is afforded by a story told me by a brother-chaplain, now retired, who was appointed to a training-ship in the early days of the new system. He was talking to the boys about the life of St. Paul, and asked them what was meant by the statement that Gallio *drave* the Jews, who brought St. Paul before him, *from the judgment-seat*. "Please, sir I know," said one little chap. "Well, what does it mean?" "Please, sir, the beak dismissed the case." Our boys nowadays are fortunately not so intimately acquainted with the procedure of the magistrate's court.

I have said that there is no sauntering over our work in the Navy. This is clearly seen by a study of the routine-boards which are placed in conspicuous positions about the deck. The day's work is all mapped out from "Lash up and stow hammocks" in the morning to "Pipe down" at night. There are decks to be scrubbed, wood and bright work to be cleaned, guns and arms to be cleaned, and various drills to be gone through whereby men and boys learn to be fearless, cautious, and smart. At eight o'clock in summer (nine in winter) as the bell is struck the ensign is slowly hoisted while the band plays "God Save the Queen," and all hands stand "at the salute," a pretty and significant ceremony. At nine o'clock comes "Divisions and Prayers." All hands not specially excused muster in their divisions for inspection, which is a very solemn and particular business. When all the officers have made their reports the bell is tolled for prayers, the Church Pennant is hoisted, and the chaplain appears. The order "Off caps" is given and the chaplain says a few short prayers, including generally the fine old prayer for use in her Majesty's Navy. The following metrical paraphrase of this prayer, which we used sometimes on Sunday in the *Minotaur*, may be interesting to some of my readers:—

THE PRAYER FOR THE NAVY.

Eternal God, by whom alone
 The starry heavens are spread abroad,
 Who bid'st the raging billows own
 Thee for their Ruler, Thee their God ;

Eternal Wisdom, whose command
Hath compassed round the restless sea
With limit strict of cliff and strand
Till day and night shall cease to be ;

Be pleased Thy servants to receive
Within Thy strong, protecting care ;
In Thee alone we move and live,
Thou art about us everywhere.

Watch o'er the Fleet in which we serve,
In war and peace be Thou our stay,
From perils of the sea preserve,
And violence of the enemy.

That our dear land and gracious Queen
By our defence may dwell at ease,
And those who on our succour lean
May pass securely o'er the seas.

That, kept from fear of foreign foe,
Our nation may be ever free,
Thee for her only Lord to know
And worship in tranquillity.

And grant us, Lord, a safe return,
And fruits of toil and bliss of home,
And hearts that still in all discern
The God from whom all blessings come.

Almighty Ruler of the sea,
Our trust is in Thy heavenly care ;
In Jesus' Name we come to Thee,
And humbly raise the seaman's prayer.

I always arranged to have a few "responses," as the men like to have their share in the service.

Prayers over, the order "Stand easy" is given, and for a quarter of an hour men have an opportunity of taking a snack by way of supplement to their early cocoa and biscuit, and a draw or two at the pipe. But this is in the regular service. In the training-ships the boys go off to school or to seamanship instruction. A certain amount of gunnery and small-arm drill is done by way of introduction to the more elaborate instruction which awaits them by and by in their sea-going ships and at Whale Island or the *Cambridge* or the Gunnery School at Sheerness.

Then there is physical drill to the strains of the ship's band. This takes place in the morning before divisions, if I recollect rightly. I used to hear the *Boscawen's* boys singing the various songs as they went through their exercises.

Shall I ever forget "Trinity Church" and "White wings, they never grow weary" as played in slow time, morning after morning, during that particular drill? It is a sort of thing that, from the listener's point of view, is a bit trying after a while. To look at, however, it is a very pretty drill. By the way, I recollect an amusing incident at Malta some years ago when a big battalion of men from the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron were assembled for physical drill on the *Corradino*. Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke was conducting the drill, and in a high, clear voice gave the order, "The battalion will take off their jumpers!" whereupon a fond mamma, dreadfully scandalised, hurried her daughter away with a horrified "Come away at once, my dear!"

To return to our training-ship. After dinner there is school and other instruction till the supper hour (which is practically tea-time), and then on some evenings the boys go off boat-pulling. It is a pretty sight to watch them, especially as there is generally a good deal of emulation between the different crews. From time to time races are got up, and frequently boats' crews go from Portsmouth to Devonport, or *vice versá*, to compete in these little regattas.

Let us now take a peep at the youngsters as they sit in their messes when working hours are over. We shall find some writing letters to their friends, some, like the Greenwich boys, doing wool-work, elaborating wonderful ships and flags on canvas with brightly coloured wools, some reading, others making the "duff" for next day's dinner. "Here, drop it, Bill," you may perhaps hear one boy say to another, "drop it, will you? You're 'scoffing' the *gammies* instead of making the 'duff'" ("gammies" being the training-ship nickname for raisins). The tables are dotted over with the ditty-boxes, which are to the sailor what our knee-hole tables and cupboards are to us. Plain deal boxes of a uniform size and pattern, they contain all the odds and ends, the little treasures of the lads, letters, photographs, &c. Inside the cover you will find in most cases an arrangement of wood or tin for holding photographs, or at least some attempt at decoration. It is a great honour to be allowed to admire these photographs, and to look at the other treasures of the ditty-box.

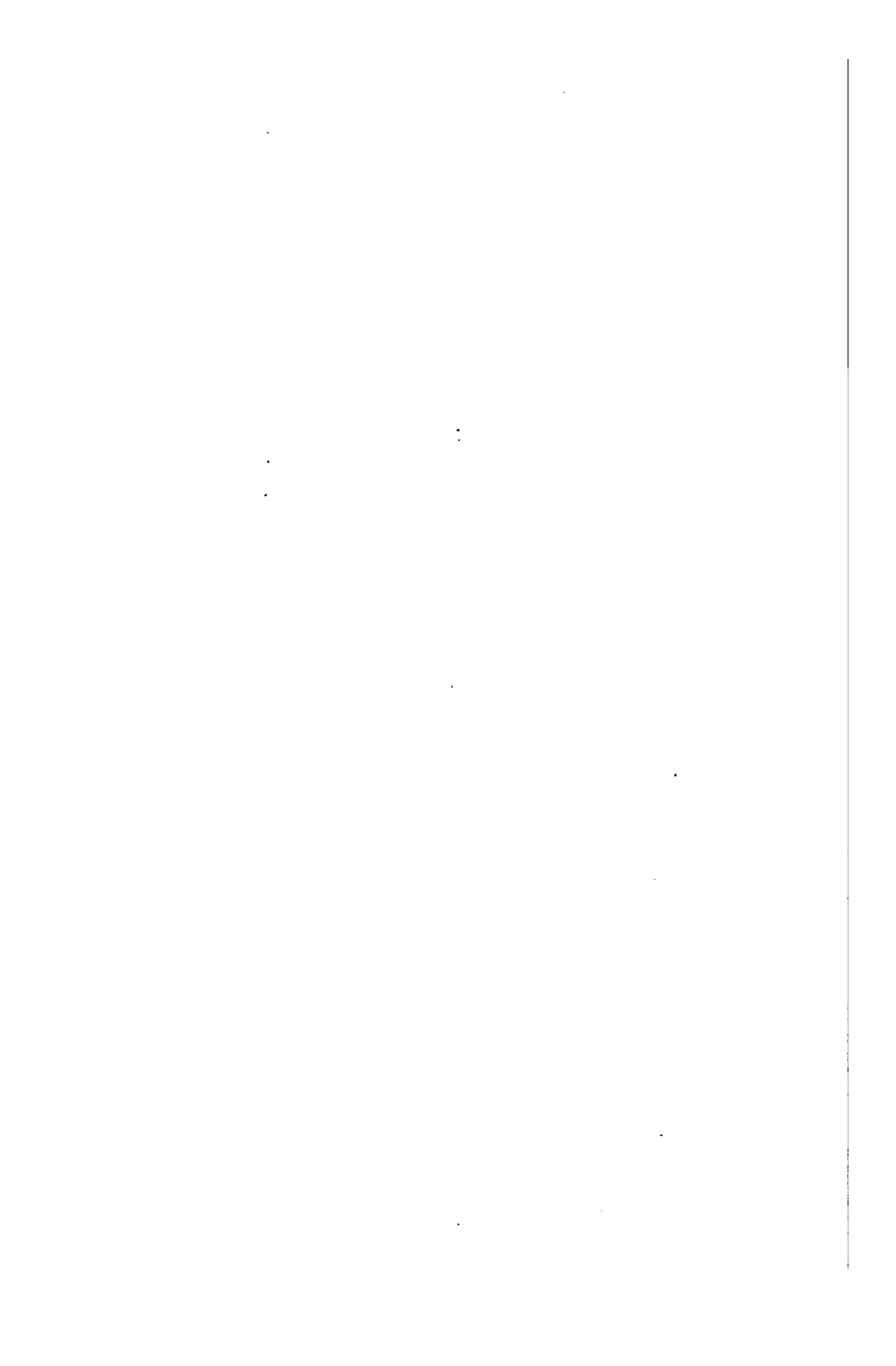
Much as I enjoyed visiting the boys in their messes,

it was even a greater pleasure to me to welcome them to my cabin, where by dint of a little squeezing and arrangement a good number could manage to stow themselves. Fortunately the cabin was a large one as cabins go. We used to have games of spellicans, draughts, go-bang, reversi, &c., while others would get down "fairy-tale" books from my shelves and forget everything else in the adventures of Prince Charming or "The Lad who didn't know how to Shiver," or some one or other of the stories in those delightful books. The time used to go all too quickly, alas! When it was up some would go off with a cheery "Good-night, sir," while others would remain for short prayers, though this was quite voluntary on their part. What I think we all valued was the final shake of the hand and "good-night" with which we always parted. Many a happy friendship was cemented in that old cabin of mine.

For the winter evenings various entertainments are provided: concerts, lantern-lectures, temperance meetings, conjuring shows, &c. Boxes of lantern-slides are circulated among the various training-ships, and the schoolmasters take a great interest in showing these pictures and giving the accompanying lectures. One evening, I remember, our schoolmaster in the *Minotaur* found himself confronted with a set of pictures of London. Unfortunately he did not know London. So I had to take his place. With such a lot of Cockney boys as we had it was great fun, as I had the pictures arranged for a trip from the Tower westward, and back along the Embankment. We



HEAVING THE LEAD.



quite enjoyed ourselves as long as the light lasted, but as there was something the matter with the lantern we never finished our trip.

Every training-ship has its playing field, where the boys have the opportunity of becoming good cricketers and footballers. We have some good teams among them, but I am sorry to say that the boys don't take as much interest in their games as one could wish. Many of them would much rather saunter away and smoke a "fag" if they dared. I am no anti-tobacconist (far from it!), but I can't help thinking that cigarette-smoking is doing a good deal of harm among boys.

Saturday is sacred to "washing-down" and cleaning-up. A most unpleasant place is a ship on these occasions for all who are not actively engaged in the work of scrubbing and cleaning. Boys and men with trousers turned up and bare feet are everywhere, deluging decks and flats with water, flapping swabs about or squeegeeing down, so that the only thing the chaplain can do is to stick to his cabin or go ashore if possible until the reign of pail and broom and squeegee is over. A squeegee, it may be explained, is a sort of broom in which a block of indiarubber takes the place of the ordinary bristles. As a rule prayers are not said on Saturday mornings. By the dinner-hour, however, the thick of the work is over, and the afternoon finds the ship certainly very spick and span after its cleaning.

Sunday begins busily. Indeed it is not so long since Sunday morning was about as uncomfortable

and unhappy a time as could well be. Everything had to be in apple-pie order for the captain's inspection, which involved a good deal of driving and consequent soreness and loss of temper, and the inspection itself was so minute and trying that by the time it was over the officers and men were not in quite the best mood for the next proceeding, which is Divine Service. Nowadays things are much better. The amount of work required is less, and the captain generally makes his inspection much less severe than that which he holds on Thursdays.

The inspection over, the pipe goes "Watch, rig church." In fine, warm weather, especially abroad, the service is held on the upper deck under an awning; otherwise on the main deck. Chairs are placed for the officers; stools or capstan-bars resting on buckets for the men. In these days there is quite an ecclesiastical-looking desk provided for the chaplain. In former times the pulpit was a sort of collapsible imitation of an old-fashioned reading-desk, consisting of a platform surmounted by a pulpit, of which the three sides fitted into one another, with a desk crowning the middle one. Over this was thrown a white flag decorated with black crosses. A friend of mine had a curious experience in one of these structures. The ship was rolling a good deal, when suddenly, as she gave an extra big roll, the pulpit, *and its contents*, "carried away" and rolled into the lee-scuppers.

In battleships the musical part of the service is often rendered by the band. When no band is available there is usually a harmonium, for playing

which a small allowance is made to any man of the ship's company competent for the task ; otherwise an officer often presides at the instrument : sometimes the chaplain himself has to be organist as well. I remember taking the service in one ship where "the music" was two concertinas, and very well they sounded.

As soon as all is ready the bell is "tolled" for church. The service begins at 10.30, which has been the traditional hour for many years. An old custom, which is, I fancy, dying out, was to sing "I will arise" at the beginning. Another was to use the "Jubilate" in preference to "Benedictus," while Jackson's "Te Deum" was a prime favourite throughout the Navy. I can remember being asked to have it, but it is hardly ever heard now.

Our men have, of course, certain favourite hymns, of which "A few more years shall roll," "Days and moments quickly flying," "Crown Him," "For ever with the Lord," and the Christmas and Easter hymns, are perhaps the best loved. We are not very good at the harmonies, but there is no mistake about the heartiness of the singing. The introduction of new tunes must, however, be very warily attempted unless the chaplain is prepared to sing a solo.

No one could desire a better behaved or more respectfully attentive congregation. But they don't like long sermons, and they don't appreciate attempts to drag in illustrations from nautical life, or being perpetually reminded of what are supposed to be their

peculiar vices. The service usually lasts the hour. When it is over the pipe goes "Watch, unrig church," and in a very short time all has been cleared away and the men are ready for their dinner. This is quite the meal of the week, the mess-caterer being expected to provide some special delicacy in the way of extra vegetables or a richer plum-duff on Sundays.

After dinner pipes and tobacco appear from their hiding-places in men's caps, and a *conversazione* is held, until one by one drops off and lays himself down in some convenient spot (softened perchance by a coat or a bundle) and floats away into dreamland, while others go below to indite letters to the "old folks at home," or the girls they have left behind them.

The above description applies to ships generally in the Navy. In training-ships the boys, of course, are not allowed to smoke, nor are they quite so much inclined to regard Sunday afternoon as a time for sleep, preferring to get ashore for a stroll if possible. Leave is always given if the weather is at all suitable.

On Sunday evenings a voluntary service is held, which is usually well attended by the boys in the training-ships. In other ships the attendance varies considerably, much depending on the general tone of the ship.

Nowadays much care is exercised to avoid anything being done that would interfere with attendance at this service on the part of the men. That this was not always the case I have known to my cost. It was very disconcerting in one ship in which I served to have a call-boy shouting down the ladder leading to

the flat in which I was trying to hold service, "'And of a mess for flour and fat!" or "'And of a mess for vinegar!"

One of the most important duties of a chaplain of a training-ship is the preparation of the boys for Confirmation. Classes are regularly held for some weeks before the day of Confirmation, affording valuable opportunities for influencing the boys in a right direction at a very critical stage in their lives. The actual Confirmation service becomes peculiarly impressive when conducted on behalf of a hundred or more of these young sailor-lads. For they are going to be part of our country's "first line of defence," the Navy of the future, and this is part—a very important part—of their training and equipment for the great and responsible duty that will soon be theirs.

In all ships carrying a chaplain the Holy Communion is administered at least once a month. In an increasing number of ships, however, an early celebration is held on other Sundays. In some the Church's rule of a weekly celebration is carried out. In the days of the old voyagers it was customary for all hands to receive the Sacrament before starting on a cruise, and on any great occasion of distress or victory. Later on in the history of the Navy celebrations of Holy Communion were few and far between, until it became the custom to receive the Sacrament ashore instead, so that when a chaplain, who passed away only a few months ago, proposed to hold a service of this kind in his ship, the admiral sent for him, and said, "What's all this? I have been over fifty years

in the service and never heard of Holy Communion on board ship before."

Even when the rule of monthly celebrations had become so well established as to be embodied in the Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, the service was regarded as a sort of luxury for the few rather than a necessity for all faithful Churchmen, and was held either in the captain's fore-cabin or some equally retired spot. I am glad to say that of late years this has been felt to be altogether wrong. The Lord's table is now frequently spread on deck before all hands, and suitable arrangements made for all who wish to remain for the administration of the Blessed Sacrament as in churches on shore. But curiously enough the old tradition, dating from early Puritan times, lingers in the Navy of calling this "the second service."

At one time anything was thought good enough to form "the holy table"—a pile of biscuit-boxes, a couple of soap-boxes, or the whist-table from the ward-room mess. In this respect also a change for the better has taken place. Either some form of portable altar is provided by the chaplain himself or a table is made on board of suitable size and kept for that purpose only. A useful form of portable table, called a "Sanctable," has been lately brought out by the Church Agency and has been found useful by several chaplains. The only things supplied by the Admiralty are the vessels and the bread and wine. All else is left to be found by the chaplain, assisted in many cases by the officers of the ship.

There are always a large number of communicants in the training-ships. In the Navy itself the old tradition of non-attendance dies very hard. There are, however, signs of a wholesome change in this respect. Now that the celebrations have emerged from the out-of-the-way places in which they were formerly held, and become associated more closely with the other religious services as to time and place, there is good ground for hoping that the Blessed Sacrament will take its rightful position in our life on board ship as the first service, as it really is. Towards this most desirable end the work done among the youngsters in the training-ships may be expected to contribute in an increasing degree.

All the training-ships are provided with excellent libraries, which are constantly being replenished with carefully chosen books under the superintendence of the chaplain. The stories of Messrs. Henty, Gordon Stables, and G. M. Fenn are prime favourites, the boys' tastes lying in the direction of adventures by sea and land. Love stories are not much accounted of by our sucking Nelsons, though I remember being much amused by a small boy saying to me once, "Please, sir, will you bring me a book about love?"

Penny dreadfuls, or "bloods," as the sailor-boys call them, have a great attraction for our youngsters. I once made a collection of some of these on board the *Minotaur*. Their titles are sufficiently startling: "Dandy Nugget, or the Nabob King"; "Kit Keith, the Spotter Detective, or the Girls of New York"; "Saved by a Squaw, or the Settlers of Port

Ephraim"; "The Corsair Captain"; "The Dacoit Chief"; "The Black Bushranger"; "Frank Read and Sitting Bull, or White Cunning *versus* Red." Lots of blood, wonderful adventures, gruesome illustrations, a good deal of cheap sentiment are there in plenty. Still, much as one may regret that the boys should swallow so greedily these stories of impossible adventures of impossible heroes in the detective, cowboy, trapper, dacoit, bushranger, and buccaneer lines of business, there is in these halfpenny and penny "bloods" none of the more or less veiled nastiness of a good deal of the literature which finds a place on many drawing-room tables. However, I hope that the wholesome stories now provided in the boys' libraries will succeed in ousting "bloods" from the place they have taken in the affections of the boys.

It is a pity that our ordinary ships' libraries cannot be replenished on the same system as the libraries of the training-ships. New books are from time to time placed upon the catalogue, it is true, but, speaking generally, these ships' libraries remain pretty much the same for years, so that a man in passing from one ship to another constantly meets with the same old stock stories which he has read or declined to read in some former ship. The libraries are divided into three or four classes according to the complements of the ships to which they are sent, the first class being the largest, while the others are simply the first class with certain books left out. So that a man who passes from a battleship with a first class library to a smaller ship with one of the second or third class finds not

another set of books, but only the same set reduced in number.

A curious point in connection with our libraries is the change of taste that comes over our sailors as they pass from boy to man. The boy asks for tales of adventure and sea-life; the man, as a rule, shuns these most carefully. I remember as prime favourites of the men Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," "East Lynne," and Dumas' romances. Shakespeare they rarely troubled. "Dibdin's Songs," carefully provided for them by a thoughtful Admiralty, they never looked at. On the other hand I have heard of a man going diligently through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"!

Parcels of newspapers and magazines are supplied to all ships serving abroad. These parcels vary in size according to the complement of the ship as in the case of ships' libraries. The selection of papers is very good, including the "picture papers" and such monthly magazines as the *Quiver*, *Sunday at Home*, *Leisure Hour*, *Good Words*, and *Chambers's Journal*. Besides these, one finds the men reading *Tit-Bits*, *Answers*, *Ally Sloper*, and various illustrated comic papers, sent to them by their friends at home. The taste of the lower deck is chiefly in the direction of pictures and papers of the "scrap" order. We must "cut it shorter and prose it less" if we want to be read by the lower-deck.

As a rule the bluejacket doesn't much care about *tracts*. He may read them for lack of something more interesting, but he usually leaves them alone.

Nor do I much wonder at this, for very few tracts are written in such a way as to attract sailors. I was once asked to try and make a suitable collection for distribution on board ship, and purchased accordingly two large bundles, which I looked through during a rather long railway journey. Before that journey was over five-eighths of those tracts had gone through the carriage window.

The boys in the training-ships at Portsmouth and Devonport and at the depôts are always accorded a hearty welcome at Miss Weston's excellent "Rests," and by other kind friends of the sailor. The boys' tea at the "Rests" is quite an institution, I believe. The Vicar of St. Agatha's, at Portsmouth, takes a great interest in the boys of the *St. Vincent*, and generally has a number of the "Saints" to see him when they come ashore. I have among my treasures a photograph of the former priest-in-charge of St. Agatha's, the Rev. R. R. Dolling, surrounded by a large group of his sailor-boy friends.

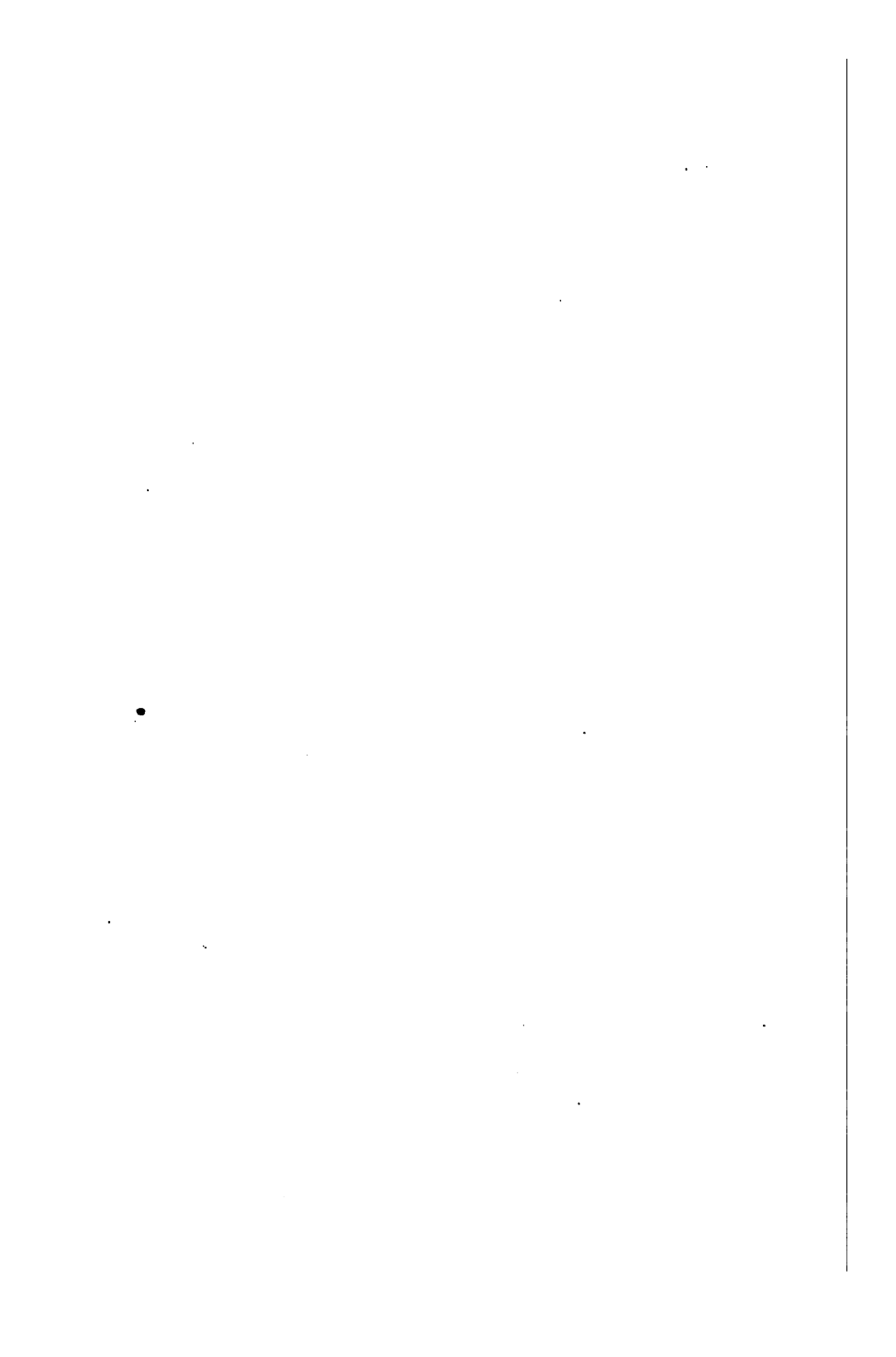
There is a slang peculiar to boys in the training-ships of which one sometimes caught amusing snatches. It would be interesting to endeavour to trace such words to their origin. "Blue" is easy enough, being a corruption of *floo*, for fluid, as used for *tea* ("Here, boy Jones, go and fetch the blue"). But why does a boy describe the bosom of his "frock" as his *slum*, or the raisins for his plum-duff as *gammies*?

Before they leave the training service the boys have to go through a course of instruction in one of the brigs. Here they get plenty of drill with masts and



Photo]

H.M. BRIG "SEAFLOWER." [*"Navy and Army."*



yards and sails, going out every day for six weeks, except on Saturday and Sunday. To the onlooker nothing could be prettier than the sight of one of these brigs going along under a cloud of canvas. But it is something more than a pretty sight, for it affords the youngsters an opportunity they are never likely to have again of acquiring that quickness of eye and hand, that coolness and nerve which are taught by sail-drill better than they can be in any other way. It is a fairly busy time that they have in the brig, but I believe they like it very well, and as for those promoted to be upper-yard-boys, they are naturally the proudest of the lot. They evidently lived a very healthy life in the brigs, for they came back to us as brown as berries and as active as kittens. They had really done some sailorising, and henceforth regarded themselves as quite experienced seamen.

I used to get considerable amusement from the operation of "kitting-up for sea," which went on just outside my cabin in the *Minotaur*. The whole deck would be strewn with the various articles of the boys' new kit or outfit : shirts, cloth clothes, serge jumpers and trousers, shoes, brushes, bundle-handkerchiefs, socks, caps, white hats (now to be worn for the first time), seaman's manuals, Prayer Books, knife-lanyards, &c. All these have to be laid out in a particular order for inspection, and some funny things would happen now and again in the course of this evolution. We had, I remember, a ship's corporal whose duty was to superintend this kitting-up, and who had a very pronounced cockney accent. Often have I

heard him reciting in a monotonous voice, "Check shirts, bundle-handkerchiefs, manual, Prayer Book," &c., and smiled as he mentioned *clauth trahses!* It seemed to tickle the boys' fancy, too, for the young scamps would go about the ship exclaiming, "Clauth trahses, clauth trahses," until they fairly drove him to a more correct pronounciation. But the most delightful incident I remember in connection with this kitting-up for sea occurred one evening when we were at dinner in the ward-room. A knock came to the door, and the corporal burst upon us with the interesting information, conveyed in a very indignant tone to the first lieutenant, "Please, sir, there's a boy's lost his scrubber and his Prayer Book."

To each boy, who cares to receive it, a Bible is presented by the Naval and Military Bible Society on his passing out of the training-ship. The giving out of these Bibles afforded me an opportunity for a friendly word with them before they left us, and I generally managed to be on deck when the youngsters were mustered to leave the ship.

More than a thousand boys passed through the *Minotaur* in the year, on an average, during my time there. How to get to know them and to gain some amount of influence over them for good was a problem that had to be faced. Fortunately former experience with the constantly changing population of the flagship of the Channel Squadron had led to my keeping a list of the ship's company, with such particulars respecting each man and boy as enabled me to maintain an adequate personal knowledge of my shipmates.

Such a book, modified to suit the conditions of a training-ship, I at once set to work upon, and very soon was enabled to *pass on* the youngsters, when their turn came to leave, to the chaplains of their new ships with such particulars as would enable them to greet the boys as ready-made acquaintances. I have been assured by those to whom they were sent that these lists were very useful.

It is one of my ambitions to try and draw tighter the bond between the Church ashore and the Church afloat. I therefore always asked my boys, who were members of the Church of England, the name of the church they went to at home and that of their parish clergyman. From the list thus obtained I compiled a Clerical Directory of churches and clergy known to between 3,000 and 4,000 of the boys. From this Directory it appears that we had at one time or other during my three years in the ship representatives among the boys of every diocese of England and Wales, with the solitary exception of St. Asaph. Nothing could show more clearly how closely the Church and the nation generally (not merely the seaport towns and London) are related to the Handyman. Another institution that proved helpful to the boys was a guild of workers, each pledged to do something to help on any good work in his ship. These guild boys stuck to each other and to their chaplain very loyally; in fact, I became a regular channel of communication between the lads after they had passed into the Navy, and the letters I had to write formed no small portion of my work. A similar guild was

worked with wonderful results by the chaplain of the sea-going training-ship *Northampton*. His post-bag was heavier than mine.

Some of my boys' letters were delightfully fresh and amusing. For instance, one of them informs me: "I am in a C.P.O.'s¹ mess now, and we lives like young fighting-cocks. Bakkon for breakfast, had-dicks for tea, and sometimes jam and eggs, and a good dinner every day. That's what I like." Another concludes his letter thus: "I have nothing more to say except that I will stick to my promise of intemperance." He meant well, but that "in" was certainly unfortunate.

Here is a bit that should please the editor of *Ashore and Afloat*:—

"I write to you hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves me very bad at present. Last Tuesday I fell over a stove and lacerated my arm very bad they carried me down the sick bay and I very nigh fainted through the loss of blood, I was getting Down-hearted when in comes the ashore and afloat that bucked me up in a minute and I felt alright again."

Happy as the boys are in the training-ship they are all eager for the time to come when they shall be drafted to sea. They have an idea that they are not real sailor-boys till then. The change is a considerable one, for, although boys are kept under closer supervision than men, the routine of a man-of-war is so different from that of a training-ship that life has quite a fresh aspect for lads who have hitherto been accus-

¹ C.P.O. = Chief Petty Officer.

tomed to a discipline specially designed for their benefit.

There are drawbacks to the change, however, and very serious drawbacks too. While in the training-ship every care is taken that only men of excellent character shall be allowed to come in contact with the lads, so that a man of the ship's company who commits such an offence as to involve reduction to a lower class for conduct is sent away from the ship, this precaution cannot, of course, be taken in an ordinary man-of-war, and the consequence is that the boys are exposed to the influence of men who are only too ready to put wrong notions into their heads and lead them into bad ways. Such men are generally her Majesty's *failures*, men who through their own idleness or evil habits have not got on in the service and therefore are always ready to "run down" the profession that they disgrace and preach discontent and disobedience to the boys, before whom they pose as genuine "salts." I have known an old hand, an A.B. with three good conduct badges, who deliberately took a young signal-boy ashore in a foreign port to a prostitute. In another case that came to my knowledge a boy was invited by an A.B. to a similar course ; another A.B. implored him not to go : he yielded to the voice of his tempter and the results were just too sad for words. The man who tried to save him turned out splendidly, and when last I saw him was cox's'n of his captain's galley. Another drawback is that, instead of going straight to sea, the boys are often drafted into coastguard ships, or to naval depôts, where they have little opportunity of learning

their profession and on the other hand get a good deal more leave than is good either for their health or their pockets.

But real as are the drawbacks of the change, equally real are its opportunities. There are always plenty of good men in a ship who are ready to lend a helping hand to a youngster. My thoughts go back to one such in the *Northumberland* in my time, "smart as paint," as John Silver would say, but with a ready smile and cheerful word for all, that won for him the enthusiastic devotion of the boys. Then, again, the boy of the mess, who is a boy told off to help the men to keep their mess in order, but is generally left by them to do the best part of the work, if he is cheerful and willing over his job, is usually well treated and helped on by the older men in learning his profession. One of the best boys I ever knew was always smiling or singing over his work and "doing his bit" with a will, and, though he was only a boy, there was no one in the ship who was more liked and respected. I should like to meet him again very much.

I have said that the boy finds a great change when he leaves the training-ship. A still greater and more fateful change is in store when the day arrives for him to be rated "ordinary seaman." He has come to man's estate in the Navy, with its privileges and its responsibilities, its freedom and its dangers. What these are I have tried to point out in a little paper published by the S.P.C.K., entitled "Liberty Men to Clean" (Royal Navy Paper No. 1). I will only say here that there is no time in the career of the blue-

jacket in which he has more need of all the help that religion, and the influence of religious *men*—men with true grit in them, not mere talkers—can give him than that which follows his rating as ordinary seaman.

To their lasting shame, be it said, there are nearly always in every ship men who make it their business to be on the look-out for the newly-rated "ordinaries" in order to "make men" of them, as they say, which, of course, means to make drunkards and evil-livers of them. Alas! I have seen some pitiable instances of the success of this campaign of sin. Sometimes there is no deliberate intention to lead astray, but simply a weak character unable to resist the temptation to introduce a youngster to the sort of thing which has spoiled the man's own life. I remember an instance of this which may be given as an illustration of what I mean. One dark evening I was walking on the spar-deck of the *Trafalgar* when a voice came to me out of the darkness from the "cone-boy." "Please, sir, I am going to be rated to-morrow." I knew the boy well, and we were much attached to each other. "Well, take care of yourself now, and don't be led into trouble by any of the older men," I said. "All right, sir! I'll look out for that," said he. Now his chum was an old disrated petty officer, not by any means a bad fellow, but a man of weak character who had a taste for drink. Well, the next thing I heard was that the pair of them had gone ashore together and broken their leave and come off drunk. *From that time the boy's life was spoiled.* He degenerated,

became careless, and dropped out of the running for anything like a successful career. I did my best to recover him, but without success. I might give other instances more painful still, but this is enough to show that the time when he is rated "man" is the most difficult and dangerous of the bluejacket's whole career. And this comes out in another way, when the commander of a ship acknowledges that the ordinary seamen give him more trouble than all the rest of the ship's company.

There is no doubt in my mind that a youngster who is a "total abstainer" has a great pull over the others, during the first five years of his career especially. For in these five years the most important of his work has to be done. On his industry and application, his behaviour and his ability in these earlier years everything depends. He has not an hour to waste, but must be pegging away all the time if he wishes to attain a creditable position in the service. A single instance of drunkenness or leave-breaking will put him back and well-nigh spoil his chances. To be free, therefore, from the temptation to take the extra glass which so often does the mischief is of great service to him. Without, therefore, in any way attempting to lay down the law on the great drink question, I should certainly advise a young fellow to be a total abstainer at least during his first five years of man's time. When he has become a petty officer he ought to know for himself what is best for him.

There is no doubt that the tone of the lower-deck respecting drink is much better than it used to be.

The number of those who (like the young man—not a sailor—who was overheard to say that “what he liked was to drink sixteen pots and look big in the bar”) have an idea that there is something fine and manly about drunkenness is certainly diminishing in the Navy. And I trust that a better tone is coming over our men in respect of the graver vice of impurity. It must be remembered that the circumstances of naval life are to a great extent unnatural, in that a large body of men are thrown together for long periods away from the restraints of ordinary shore-life. Under such circumstances, conversation is apt to become less restrained and to degenerate until familiarity plays havoc with modesty and self-restraint. This is undoubtedly the cause of much harm and sin in the service, as it is wherever men are thus massed together. But it is absurdly wrong to imagine that purity is impossible or even exceptionally difficult among seamen and marines. It is just as difficult as it is on shore, but not more so. And, on the other hand, the example of a good and pure life on board ship is all the more telling in that it is constantly in view of all hands. Of course this was not always the case, if we are to take such testimony as that of Dibdin’s songs as gospel—“other times, other manners”—and when people on shore thought it no sin, but rather a virtue, to drink heavily, we need not be surprised if sailors, whose chances of drinking were fewer, used such as they got unwisely. So, too, in respect of sexual vice, was it only sailors who in the old days had loose ideas of morality?

I believe the present system of training our men from boyhood has been productive of much good in raising the tone of thought and life in the Navy. The authorities have taken care, as the excellent Instructions for Training Ships show, that attention should always be given to the formation of character in the boys. In this work the chaplain of a training-ship can exercise a most salutary influence, and in his efforts to do so is always warmly supported, as I can testify from experience. The boys are taught to look upon the chaplain as their friend to whom they can always resort for advice and sympathy and help. What a contrast to the state of things described to me by a former chaplain of Greenwich Hospital, when, if a man wished to consult a clergyman, he went to some one ashore, as it was more than he dared to do to break the unwritten but established law of the lower-deck against any such unofficial dealings with the parson! Nowadays no "old ship" of mine would dream of passing me by without stopping for a bit of a yarn, while my "letter-box" frequently contains epistles from or to some friend on the lower-deck. And of course this is the case with every chaplain who realises that he is meant to be "the friend of all on board."

Routine of a Man-of-War.

A BRIEF indication has already been given of the routine on board a man-of-war. At the risk of a little repetition, I now propose to describe briefly what goes on day by day in a ship on the Channel and Mediterranean stations, so far as my experience extends.

I cannot pretend to have had an intimate knowledge of what occurred in *the early morning* when I was serving afloat. Sounds of boatswain's mates piping and corporals shouting, "Rouse out! rouse out! and lash up!" would sometimes reach my ears, but they had nothing to do with me nor I with them. Overhead there would be a soft, swishing, scraping sound, very soothing and slumbrous, which I recognised with dreamy pleasure as the process of holystoning the decks, and thankfully accepted as an aid to sleep. Later on I might hear the call "Up guard and steerage hammocks," but neither did this touch me, for the chaplain does not turn into a hammock in the steerage, but into a "standing bedplace" or bunk in his cabin. There is much to be said for a hammock,

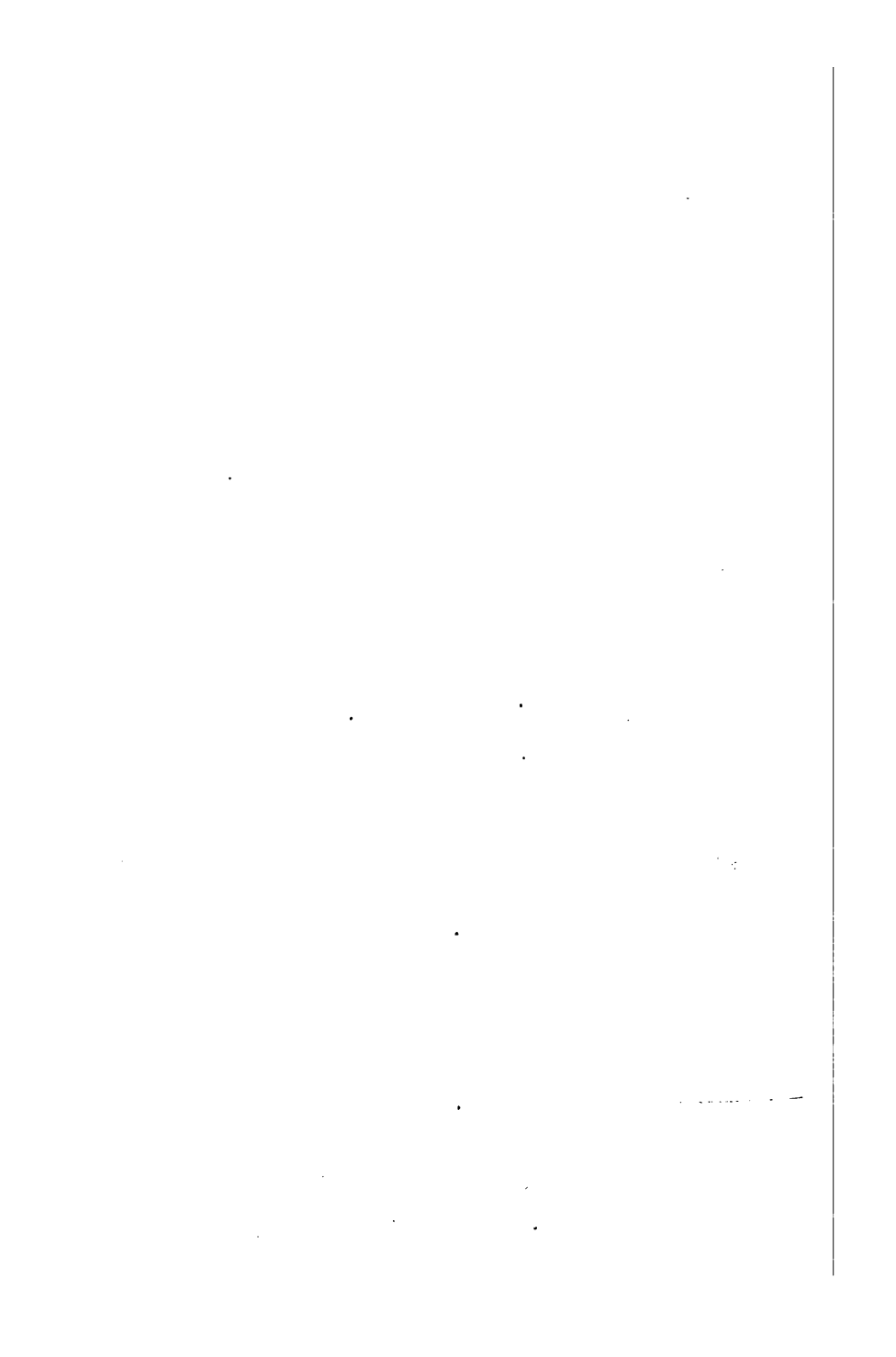
but not in the early morning! By and by, when the day was not quite so young, and one reached the deck for a breath of fresh air before breakfast, it was pretty to see the hands on deck cleaning wood and bright work, making brass rails shine again, or spreading awnings. After breakfast there was a busy scene to be viewed while the men were cleaning arms and guns. A good deal of loving care is bestowed upon those guns. How well I remember the beautiful brown polish on our sixty-seven ton guns in the *Trafalgar*! They were perfect pictures. After "quarters" follows "sweepers," and then the bugler is told to "Sound off divisions." After divisions, prayers, and then the welcome order, "Stand easy." This, as we have seen, is the signal for one of the best quarters of an hour in the day, when men make what is their real breakfast. True they have had their "service" breakfast of cocoa and biscuit at an earlier hour, when their eyelids were scarcely unbuttoned, but they don't reckon that a proper meal. The "Stand easy" is the meal they love. It consists, as a rule, of coffee and a snack of something more tasty than the early biscuit, both which are obtained from the canteen at the men's own expense, "stand easy" not being a meal recognised by the Admiralty Instructions. "Stand easy" over, the forenoon watch is piped to fall in for exercise and morning drills, which go on till 11.30, when decks are cleared up.¹

¹ This is the time for "commander's cooks," or the "defaulters' bugle," when the commander sees men "on the quarter-deck" and serves out to each his due.



Photo]

TEN MINUTES STAND EASY. [*"Navy and Army."*



At 11.45 the bugler sounds off "cooks," and at 12 the boatswain's mates give a little performance on their pipes to tell everybody that "dinner is on the table."

The watch below has meanwhile found plenty to do with its leisure. Donkeys (Singer's sewing-machines) come out of their boxes and men will be found busily stitching away—some on the mess deck, others forward on the upper deck—cutting out cloth trousers, making caps, "heaving-up" their pound of baccy or playing a quiet game of checquers or "Ludo." Many a pleasant chat I have had with friends on the lower-deck as I passed on my way to and from the sick-bay in the morning. Such frank, good fellows they were, always friendly, never taking any advantage, giving one a hearty welcome and a cheery word. Sometimes there will be an argument going on, for sailors are very fond of "arguing the point," and one is asked to settle the matter in dispute. "All right, I'll do my best," I reply, and my verdict is always received with great respect. The questions are not always so easily settled as one that was once presented to me, namely, "Is it correct to say of the air of a place that it is bracing or embracing?"

At 12.30 grog is served out. This is quite a formal proceeding. The grog-tub is often adorned with "God save the Queen" in shining letters of brass, and is accorded a post of honour under the eye of the sentry. The issue of the "tot" is carried out by the ship's steward, a petty officer, and a sergeant of

Marines under the superintendence of an officer. The allowance per man is half a gill of rum mixed with a gill of water, the mixture being known as two-water grog. At one time every one in the ship was entitled to his "tot," but this was changed some years ago, and now grog is only issued to warrant officers and the ship's company. The dinner hour is up at one o'clock (sometimes extended to two in hot weather abroad), when the bugler sounds off "Clean arms." At 1.15 the watch on deck falls in, the other watch going below. The watch on deck go to afternoon drill, the watch below doing a little "shut-eye" for the most part. At four o'clock drill is over. Supper follows at 4.30. At five the mess deck is cleared up and "evening quarters" follows. This is a muster of the men who by this time have shifted into "night clothing." After quarters ropes are coiled up, boats hoisted in, and the ordinary work of the day is over. Two evenings of the week the men "scrub and wash clothes," and once a fortnight hammocks are scrubbed. Between seven and eight the men take their supper, which is provided for in the same way as the morning "stand easy." At eight o'clock the first watch musters round the capstan. At 8.45 the order is given "Out pipes, clear off the mess-deck for the rounds." At nine o'clock the commander or first lieutenant goes the rounds, visiting every part of the ship to see that all is in order and reporting "Rounds all correct" to the captain on his return.

The following is the weekly routine in harbour :—



SMALL ARMS DRILL.

Monday.

Forenoon.—General drill. Prepare for action and rig out torpedo nets.

Afternoon.—Small-arm drill and gymnastics. 6 p.m. wash clothes. Inspection of guns.

Tuesday.

Forenoon.—Scrub hammocks every other week. Torpedo exercise. Drill by divisions.

Afternoon.—Boat-sailing. Small-arm drill. Gymnastics. Inspection of guns. Exercise manœuvres of steamboats.

Wednesday.

Forenoon.—Torpedo exercise. Out torpedo-nets. Field-gun drill on shore if possible. Marines drill.

Afternoon.—Cutlass exercise. Inspection of mines, electric cables, and circuits of guns. Midshipmen and boys at gun, small-arm and cutlass drill.

Thursday.

Forenoon.—Exercise landing parties, ashore if possible. Drill in passing up ammunition. Test hydraulic machinery. Muster clothes and bedding.

Afternoon.—Make and mend clothes. Smoking permitted.

Friday.

Forenoon.—General quarters for action.

Afternoon.—Boat drill. Test gun-cotton. Once a month "fire quarters."

Saturday.

Clean ship. Test ship's pumps.

One Monday in the month the bedding is aired on the ridge ropes and hammock nettings. Thursday is muster day twice a month. Once a quarter the Articles of War are read out and new regulations are made known.

Now that drill aloft is almost entirely a thing of the past, the spirit of healthy emulation finds vent in making a smart evolution of coaling ship, each ship in a fleet vying with the others in seeing how quickly they can get the coal inboard and stowed away in the bunkers. As the work goes on, notices are posted up and signals made as to the amount each ship has got in, and that is a proud ship which can top the record.

"Coal ship" day is one of unspeakable griminess, downright hard work, and *great cheerfulness*, for is not smoking allowed all the time, and, however dog-tired everyone may be, are we not sure of plenty of singing on the foc's'le when the day's work is done? No sooner does the collier come alongside than we are all at it (the chaplain looks on from a safe spot out of the way of the stream of coal-bags), hooking on bags, unhooking them, wheeling them away, filling bunkers—with a rattle of winches, chains, barrows that never

ceases. The commander is a picture in ebony. The men are as cheery as the minstrels they resemble. In spite of the noise and the filth it is a jolly scene. Indeed, I rather liked coal-ship days (when I couldn't get ashore!) up to the time when the last bag was in and stowed, and then I wanted to be elsewhere. For, without a moment's delay, hoses were got out, branch-pipes fitted and the ship presented a weird scene of grimy figures, up to the eyes in liquid dirt, sending cascades of water into every nook and corner and driving me "from post to pillar, and pillar to post" in the vain search for rest for the sole of my foot, even my cabin being no longer a sure refuge, for that was taken possession of by my servant busily trying to remove the fine coating of coal-dust that in spite of all precautions manages to find its way everywhere. So I learnt that it is the part of a wise man to be out of the ship when they are washing down, if he isn't himself employed on that particular job of work.

I remember a laughable incident at Port Said in my old troopship days. The Arabs, who should have done the coaling there, struck for more pay, and, not getting what they demanded, refused to coal ship for us. So our own men were told off to do the job, which no sooner did the natives perceive than they repented and tried to begin work. But this didn't suit our fellows at all. So the next thing we knew was that the blue-jackets and marines were taking these gentlemen by the scruff of the neck, as they tried to board the coal-barges, and chucking them with infinite zest into the canal.

Coaling over and the ship washed down, the fore-castle is always alive in the evening with music, vocal and instrumental. Banjos, mandolines, guitars, fiddles, concertinas are brought out and the night resounds with song after song. The harder the day's work has been the heartier is the singing, as a rule.

Naval Songs.

THE days of the old "forebitter," the fore-castle song of the Navy of Marryat's time, are over. One or two may still occasionally—very occasionally—he heard, but as a rule the bluejacket prefers to borrow his songs from the modern music-hall.

He passes from gay to grave and grave to gay with an abruptness that is not a little startling at first. I remember a marine who would sing a quaintly amusing song in a minor key, that had a comic effect all its own, about

"An emigrant-ship ragamuffin
Awaits us on the quay,
For to take two Micks,
With their shovels and their picks,
To the shores of Amerikee."

(He used to alter *emigrant* to *man-o'-war*, but left the rest of the verse unchanged, which rather obscured the sense ; but nobody troubled about that.)

This rollicking ditty never failed to elicit an encore, whereupon he would return and sing some miserable thing that gave one the blues. But the men thought it all right and proper.

Of dismally sentimental songs that I remember to

have heard on board ship the following were special favourites : " A flower from my angel mother's grave," " Down by the river-side I stray," " See that my grave's kept green," " The little shoeblack," " The blind boy " (We love him, we love him, we love him because he's blind), and " O'er the bridge at midnight " (not Longfellow's poem, but a ghastly thing describing at great length a procession of unhappy people over London Bridge). The gayer varieties are comic songs from the music-hall interspersed with patriotic effusions from the same source.

From time to time one comes across men with fine voices who give us really good things like " The flying Dutchman " or " The pirate of the Isles." I wish there were more of them.

On the other hand, the drawing-room songs about " Jack " are often very unreal, and are not much accounted of on the fo'c'sle of a man-of-war. We don't shout " Hilly-hauly, hilly-ho," or " Yo, heave ho ! " in the Navy.

Sometimes bluejackets burst out into songs of their own composing, some of their compositions being very fair specimens. I can hardly say as much for a poem by one of my shipmates, who told us that—

" They massacred our soldiers,
And our brave sailors too—
Them cruel Egyptian Turks ! "

Chanties—as the songs are called which are used by men as helps in their work with sails and capstan

—belong to the Merchant Service. In the Navy all such work is carried on as quietly as possible, orders being communicated in many cases by means of small hand-flags.

I propose now to give my readers some specimens of the old naval songs, adding the music of the airs where it may seem advisable. For this purpose we cannot do better than follow the lead of Mr. Binding in his nautical selection—"Life on the Ocean." It contains the pick of the old forebitters, together with others that will live as long as there is a bluejacket or marine to go "on the ocean wave" or a Britannia to rule that wave.

The selection opens with "A life on the ocean wave"—Henry Russell's fine old song, which always does duty for the Royal Navy and Marines when

"They all march past the admiral and his lady at review."

The next song is one of Dibdin's—"The lass that loves a sailor." I have heard it sung occasionally by officers, but never by any one on the lower deck. It is to be found in most collections of old English songs; for instance, in Boosey's "Royal Edition of the Songs of England." The above two songs are supposed to illustrate the commissioning of the ship.

For the next event—preparing for sea—we are given "All in the downs" and "In Cawsand Bay lying." The former of these is never heard now in the Navy, and rarely on shore, though it must have been very popular at one time, if the old story

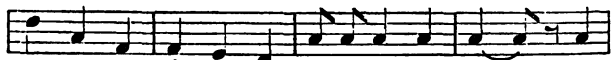
is correct about the parish clerk in the West Country who gave out the psalm in church one morning in the following fashion : “ Let us zing to the prayse an’ glory of God the hunderd an’ vifth Psalm— ‘ When black-eyed Susan come aboard ’—oh, drat it, an’ vire, I’m wrong ! ” The song is given in Boosey’s collection.

“ In Cawsand Bay lying ” was printed some time since in the *Cornish Magazine*, and I fancy I have come across it in print elsewhere, but it is so little known that I will give the words as I received them from a brother officer. They are said to have been written by a naval doctor, but for the truth of this I cannot vouch.

IN CAWSAND BAY LYING.



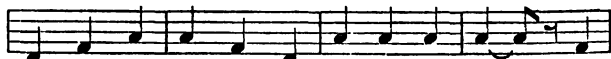
In Cawsand Bay ly - ing, And a Blue Pe - ter fly - ing, All



hands were turned up . . . the an - chor for to weigh. There



came a young la - dy, As fair as a May - day; And



mo - dest - ly hail - ing, the dam - sel did say: And



mo - dest - ly hail - ing, the dam - sel did say:

"I've got a young man there.
 D'ye hear ? bear a hand there
 To hoist me aboard or to bring him to me :
 Which his name's Henry Grady
 And I am a lady,
 Just come down to purwent his a-going to sea."

The Captain his honour,
 When he lookèd upon her,
 Stepp'd down the ship's side for to hand her aboard ;
 Says he, with emotion,
 "What son of the ocean
 Can thus be looked after by Eleanor Ford ?"

The lady said in answer,
 "That there is my man, sir ;
 I'll make him as rich and as fine as a lord."
 The captain says he then,
 "That can't werry well happen :
 We've got sailing orders ; you, sir, stays aboard."

Oh, then says the lady
 "Don't you mind him, Henry Grady,
 He once was your capting, but now you're at large,
 You shan't stay aboard her
 For all that chap's order,"
 And out of her bosom she drew his discharge.

The capting, says he then,
 "I'm hanged if he ain't free then !"
 Says Jack "Let old weather-face have all my clothes ;"
 To shore then he steered her,
 And his messmates all cheered her,
 And the capting was jealous and looked down his nose.

THE HANDY MAN

Then she sent for a taylior
 For to dress her young saylior,
 In tight nankeen breeches and a long-tail blue coat ;
 And he looked like a Squi-er,
 For all to admi-er,
 With a dimity handkerchief tied round his throat.

Then he had a house greater
 Nor 'ere a first-rater,
 With servants in uniform a-handing round the drink ;
 And a garden for to go in
 With the flowers all a-blowin',
 The daisy, the buttercup, lily and pink.

Then he had a eddication
 Quite fit for his station,
 For you know it is never too late for to larn,
 And his messmates they found him
 With his young 'uns all around him,
 All chips of the old block from the stem to the starn.

“Leaving England : The Anchor’s Weighed.”
 Here we have one of the few old songs which still hold their own in the Navy. It is given in Boosey’s “Songs of England,” and is well known ashore as well as afloat. This and “The Larboard Watch” are favourites with street musicians, vocal and instrumental. The next song, which is supposed to be sung by the crew when outward bound, is rarely heard nowadays. I remember our carpenter in the *Serapis* singing it after a New Year’s dinner to which the captain, in accordance with a kindly custom of his, had asked the

warrant officers of the ship, and fancy I hear the old boy now trolling forth—

“ Then sling the flowing bo-o-o-o-wl ! ”

The words are as follows :—

SLING THE FLOWING BOWL.

“ Come, come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd,
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle, lads, bear a hand,”
 The bos'n pipes aloud.
 The ship's unmoored, all hands on board,
 The rising gale fills every sail,
 Our ship's well mann'd and stored :

Chorus.

Then sling the flowing bowl, then sling the flowing
 bowl,
 Fond hopes arise, the girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul,
 Then the can, boys, bring, we will drink and sing,
 While the stormy billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain,
 Come bear a hand, be steady, boys, soon we'll see
 Old England once again.
 From shore to shore loud cannons roar,
 Our tars will show the haughty foe
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

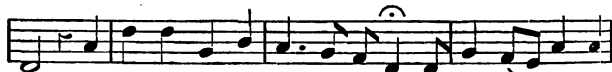
The ship now encounters dirty weather in the Bay,

and we are given accordingly "The Bay of Biscay." This and the three following songs ("Hearts of Oak," "Tom Bowling," and the "Death of Nelson"), illustrating a naval engagement, are too well known to require more than simple mention. They are all heard occasionally on board, but are regarded as old-fashioned and stale by the modern sailor, though he has a traditional respect for them. The following variation of "Tom Bowling" is curious as showing how a tune can be unconsciously corrupted in passing orally from one to another. I heard it sung thus by a warrant officer some years ago:—

TOM BOWLING.



Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling, The dar-ling of our



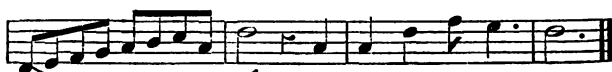
crew; No more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For Death has broached him



to. His form was of the man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and



soft;.. Faith-ful be-low Tom did his du-ty, And now he's gone a-



-loft, And now he's gone a - loft.

Victory is signalled by "The Saucy Arethusa," a

fine old song with a tremendous compass, which may be found in Boosey's "Songs of England," and in many selections of songs for baritone voices.

Rejoicing follows with "Jack's the Lad" and the "Bos'n's Hornpipe," the latter a composition of Mr. Binding's. The former is commonly known as the "College Hornpipe." I will give the words, as they may be interesting to those who only know the music as the invariable accompaniment of that most delightful of dances—so little seen now, more's the pity—the sailor's hornpipe.

JACK'S THE LAD.

Our ship's in port, so here I be
 With a heart as light as a cork, d'ye see ;
 'Pon larboard quarter Poll is jiggling,
 Dress'd in all her Sunday rigging,
 Wench and fiddle always make a sailor glad.
 Old Nipperkin the landlord keeps the grog afloat,
 And kindly is the liquor handed down each throat ;
 For if ever sailor took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Dam'me I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

Cheerly, my hearts ! ye know Jack Spry,
 So full of poms and rigs, that's I—
 D'ye hear the merry fiddle going ?
 Blood ! it sets me off a-toeing—
 That's he, Cat-gut-college-hornpipe, brisk old dad,
 Now for a reel—Sir David Hunter Blair—that's Scotch,
 Or Langolee, or anything but French or Dutch,

For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Dam'me I'm bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

My locker's rich, the devil a mite—
 Why, here's a pretty rig—yes, I'm right,
 An old friend like—a blubbering ninny,
 Look'd distressed like—got my guinea—
 Can't help sniv'ling somehow when I see folks sad,
 But howsomever, should I 've luck to fall once more
 'Longside a Mounseer, homeward bound, he'll pay the
 score—

For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Dam'me I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

Huzza!—a gun—the signal's made,
 All hands on board, the anchor's weighed,
 Lord! how the girls by scores are flying!
 Fore and aft—all sobbing, crying,
 Thoughts of parting makes 'em all roaring mad;
 But honour bids her gallant sons to glory go,
 So off again we're sent to lick the saucy foe,
 For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Dam'me I'll make bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

I don't know whether any words have been set to
 Mr. Binding's "Bos'n's Hornpipe." It is a spirited bit
 of music, and would lend itself admirably to a rollicking
 song. Something after this style, for instance :—

THE BOS'N'S HORNPIPE.

Oh, you haven't got a notion
 What a world of proud emotion
 Fills the bosom of a bos'n
 Of a British man-o'-war.
 For you cannot do without him,
 And it doesn't do to flout him,
 There's a dignity about him
 Quite particular.
 When Father Noah put to sea
 With all that mixed society,
 He told off one of his sons to be
 The bos'n of the Ark, d'ye see.
 And from that time to this, we know,
 No ship to sea will ever go
 Without "a bos'n tight" to show
 How ships were handled long ago.
 Oh, you haven't got a notion, &c.

The ship is now supposed to be on her way home after a glorious commission in the Channel Squadron. We are accordingly given three appropriate songs: "Farewell and Adieu to you Spanish Ladies," "Homeward Bound," and "The Token." The first of these is often sung at ward-room and gun-room "corroborees" to the tune given in this selection. There is an old setting in the minor mode in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," but it is entirely unknown in the Navy. It is curious that although one seldom, if ever, hears this song *started* by one of the ship's company, they always join with great vigour in the chorus when it is sung by one of the officers. I will

give the words as I received them from a messmate
in the *Tamar* :—

FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU SPANISH LADIES.

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu, you ladies of Spain !
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
But hope in a short time to see you again.

Chorus.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England,
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, my boys ;
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
It was ninety-five fathoms and a grey sandy bottom,
So we filled our maintops'l and up Channel did steer.

The first land we made it is called the Dodman,
Next Rame Head, off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and
the Wight,
And we sailéd by Beachey, by Fairley, and Dungeness,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Now the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to meet.
Ease down your shank-painters, see clear your cat-
stoppers,
Haul up your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Now let every man take off a full bumper,
And let every man take off a full bowl ;
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

“The Homeward Bound” is a very old song of which I have only heard snatches and seen portions quoted in a magazine. Whether it exists in print in a complete form elsewhere I cannot say, but will give it as I have managed to piece the portions together:—

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

To Plymouth Docks we bid adieu,
To Suke, and Sal, and Polly too ;
The anchor's up and the sails unfurled,
We're bound to cross the wat'ry world.
Hurrah ! we're homeward bound.

And when we arrive at Malabar,
Or any port not quite so far,
The purser he will tip us the chink,
And then like fishes we will drink,
For we'll soon be homeward bound.

When we get back to Plymouth Docks
The pretty little girls come down in flocks,
One to another they do say,
“ Here comes Jack with his three months' pay,
For he is homeward bound.”

And now we haul to the ‘ Dog and Bell,’
Where there's good liquor for to sell ;
In comes old Archer with a smile,
Saying, “ Drink, my lads, 'tis worth your while,
For you are homeward bound.”

Ah ! but when our money's all gone and spent,
And none to be borrowed and none to be lent,
In comes old Archer with a frown,
Saying, “ Get up, Jack, let John sit down.
For I see you're outward bound.

“The Token” is one of the most beautiful of Dibdin’s songs. It is given in Boosey’s “Songs of England.” The selection ends with “Home, Sweet Home” and “Rule Britannia.”

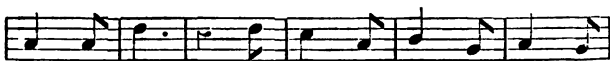
Mr. Binding does not take us beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, so we must “part company” with him now and do a little on our own account.

The following song was sung for us by an officer one night in the *Trafalgar*, and was evidently popular. He kindly gave me the words, and I got the last verse afterwards from one of our boys :—

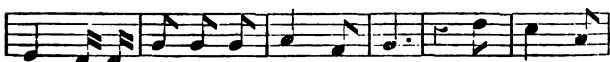
THE MEDITERRANEAN.



'Twas in the good ship *Rock - ing Horse*, That sailed the



stor - ry sea, In quest of pri - va - teers, of



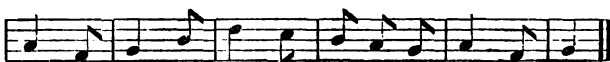
course—She was one of the Queen's Na - vee. The crew were



ma - ri - ners all told, And sea - men to a man:



They dubb'd the *Rock - ing Horse* the pride Of the Me - di - ter -



-ra - ne - an, my boys, the Me - di - ter - ra - ne - an.

One afternoon at four o'clock—
Eight bells, I should have said—
The bos'n ordered one Ben Block
To go and heave the lead.
When into the chains Ben quickly flew,
As only a seaman can,
And a puff of wind blew his cap into
The Mediterranean, my boys,
The Mediterranean.

Poor Ben was flabbergasted quite,
A tear stood in his eye,
He first turned red and then turned white
As his cap went floating by.
His breast with grief he madly thumped—
He was not a tearful man—
Then after his blessed cap he jumped
In the Mediterranean, my boys,
The Mediterranean.

“Man overboard!” the bos'n cried,
As though he'd burst his throat,
And Ben's messmates with one accord
All want to man the boat.
The watch below all left their grog,
And up the hatchway ran
To see Ben swimming like a dog
In the Mediterranean, my boys,
The Mediterranean.

The boats are lowered, “He's saved!” they
cried,
With joy the crew shake hands,

THE HANDY MAN

And Ben is hoisted high and dry.
On the quarter-deck he stands.
He holds his wet cap to his side,
He looks a wretched man,
For hark ! he's charged with suicide
In the Mediterranean, my boys,
The Mediterranean.

When the captain heard the tar's excuse
For jumping in the sea
His language was what I call loose
In a very high degree.
"You're the son of a lubberly swab," said he,
"And I'll teach you if I can
To risk your life for a C A P
In the Mediterranean, my boys,
The Mediterranean."

The captain sentenced poor Ben B.
To fourteen days in chains,
"But before you go below," says he,
"We'll see what this cap contains."
The lining was cut, not a stitch was missed,
When along the deck there ran
Half a roll of Irish twist
And a letter signed Mary Ann, my boys,
A letter signed Mary Ann.

Says the captain, "I've been thinking that
Too hasty I have been ;
If you risk your life for a C A P
You'd risk it for your Queen.
He liberated Ben scot free,
A wet but happy man,

And we drank his health with three times three
 In the Mediterranean, my boys,
 The Mediterranean.

Here is a fine song that I have sometimes heard in the Navy. Sung by a man with a good baritone voice, it has a grand swing and go about it.

THE PIRATE OF THE ISLE.



Oh, I command a stur-dy band Of pirates bold and free; No



laws I own, my ship's my throne, My king - dom is the sea. My

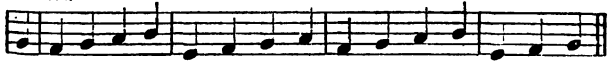


flag is red at the top-mast-head, On all my foes I smile; I no



quar-ter show wher-e'er I go, And soon I take the prize in tow.

CHORUS,



My men are tried, my bark's my bride; My men are tried, my bark's my bride;



I'm the pi - rate of the isle, I'm the pi - rate of the isle.

* *Alternative ending.*



I'm the pi - rate, I'm the pi - rate, I'm the pi - - rate of the isle.

THE HANDY MAN

I love to sail in a pleasant gale
On the deep and boundless sea,
With a prize in view and bring her to
And haul her under our lee.
Then give three cheers and homeward steer,
When fortune on us smiles,
No one e're crossed the famed Le Ross,
But to my flag they struck of course.

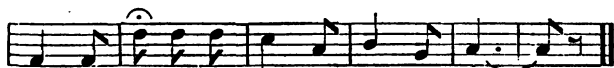
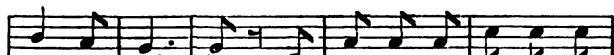
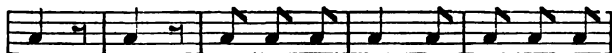
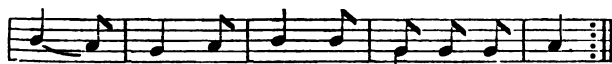
Proud Gallia's sons and Spanish dons,
With ardent zeal they burn,
Came out to sea to capture me,
But never back returned.
And England, too, doth me pursue,
At all her threats I smile ;
Eight ships I've ta'en, their men I've slain,
I've burnt and sunk them on the main.

But now's in sight a ship of might,
A British seventy-four,
She hails Le Ross and stops his course
A broadside from her pours.
The pirate soon returns the boon,
And proudly does he smile,
But a fatal ball has caused his fall,
And now his men for quarter call.
In the briny deep he's laid to sleep,
In the briny deep he's laid to sleep,
The pirate of the isle,
Yes, the pirate of the isle.

“Odds Bobs, hammer and tongs” makes such an excellent refrain to a song that it is not surprising

that "The captain stood on the carronade" should have held its ground where better songs have failed to do so. We do like a good chorus in the Navy. The grim humour of the rough old captain is, moreover, just what would amuse men who are always keen in marking the little oddities of their superiors.

"ODDS BOBS."



“Yonder lies a Frenchman, and if we don't take she,
’Tis a thousand bullets to one, my lads, that she will
conquer we ;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to
his gun,
If she ain't mine in half an hour I'll flog each mother's
son.”

We fought for twenty minutes or more and the French-
man had enough.

“I little thought, monsieur,” said he, “your men were
of such stuff.”

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to he,

“I haven't the gift of the gab, Mossoo, though polite I'd
wish to be.”

Our captain stood on the quarter-deck ; to his first
lieutenant said he :

“Send all my merry men aft here, for they must listen
to me—

You've done your duty manfully. Each man stood to
his gun.

If you hadn't, you rascals, as sure as fate, I'd have flogged
each mother's son.”

Messrs. Besant and Rice introduce our next song
in one of their novels as an item in the programme
at the old Blue Bell Music-hall at Portsmouth. It
is occasionally heard in the gun-room.

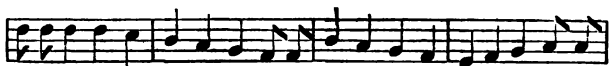
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.



'Tis oh! for a gay and gallant bark, A brisk and live-ly breeze; A



bul-ly crew, And a cap-tain, too, To car-ry me o'er the seas To



car-ry me o'er the seas, my boys, To my own true love so gay, . . . For she's



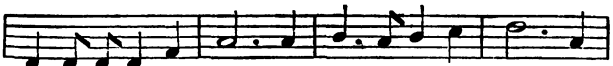
tak-ing a trip in a Government ship, Ten thousand miles a - way.



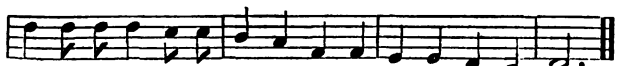
Then blow, ye winds, heigh - o! A - roam-ing we will go; I'll



stay no more on England's shore, Then let the mu-sic play! . . . I'm



off by the morning train, A - cross the rag-ing main; For



I'm on the rove to my own true love, Ten thou-sand miles a - way.

My true love she was beautiful,
 My true love she was fair,
 Her eyes were blue as the violets true,
 And crimson was her hair,

THE HANDY MAN

And crimson was her hair, my boys.
But while I sing this lay,
She's doing of the grand
In a distant land
Ten thousand miles away.

The sun may shine through a London fog,
The Thames run bright and clear,
The ocean brine may turn to wine
Ere I forget my dear,
Ere I forget my dear, my boys—
Or the landlord his quarter-day—
For I never can forget
My own dear pet
Ten thousand miles away.

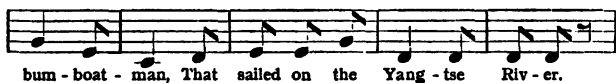
Oh, dark and dismal was the day
When last I saw my Meg ;
She'd a Government band around each hand
And another one round each leg,
Another one round each leg, my boys,
Togged in a suit of grey.
"Adieu," said she, "remember me
Ten thousand miles away."

Oh, would I were a boatswain bold
Or even a bombardier,
I'd hire a boat and hurry afloat
And straight to my true love steer,
And straight to my true love steer, my boys.
Where the dancing dolphins play,
And the shrimps and the sharks
Are a-having of their larks
Ten thousand miles away.

This was the favourite marching song of the Handyman in the Ashanti Expedition of 1873-4. It was always started by a young sub-lieutenant, Wyatt Rawson, who afterwards became famous as the naval officer who led our army by the stars on their march to the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. A friend who was in the Expedition tells me that this song "never failed to lift them along." "Ring the bell, Watchman," was another of his chanties or marching songs.

Our next is also a gun-room ditty. Note the curious way in which the air ends.

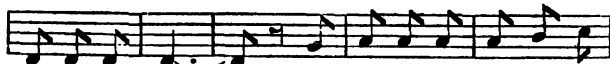
THE CHINESE BUMBOATMAN.



CHORUS.



Much-ee come, catch-ee come, hi, yah, yah! Chi-na-man



no lik-ee he; No lik-ee the sto-ry of



Wing Chang Loo, Too much-ee blob-ber for he HI, yah!

Now Wing-Chang-loo he loved a maid,
 Her name was Ah-choo-fong.
 She had eyes just like two pumpkin seeds,
 And wore slippers three inches long.
 But Ah-choo loved a pirate bold
 With all her heart and liver—
 He was captain of a double-decked junk
 On the Yang-tse Kiang river.

When Wing-chang-loo he heard of this
 He swore a terrible oath,
 That if Ah-choo married that pirate bold
 He'd make sausages of them both.
 So he hoisted his blood-red battle-flag,
 And steered up the Yang-tse river,
 A-steering east, nor'-west, by south,
 Till that pirate he did diskiver.

The drums they beat to quarters,
 And the battle loud did roar.
 The rat-tail dumplings flew like hail,
 The scuppers they ran with gore.
 The pirate he paced his quarter-deck
 With ne'er a shake nor shiver,

Till he was hit in the chest with a hard-boiled egg
Which pene-i-trated his liver.

The dying pirate feebly cried,
"Oh, give 'em another shot ;
For if I can't marry sweet Ah-choo-fong
Old Wing-chang-loo shall not."

The shot it pierced the bumboat's side,
And ended the terrible scene ;
For it went into a kettle of bow-wow soup
And blew up the Magge-i-zinc.

The following pidgin-English song is very popular :—

THE CHINAMAN.



From Foo - chow - foo my come mak - ee walk - ee,

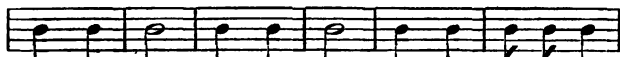


One pie-cee ship, tlee pie-cee bam - boo, Out - side lob - long,

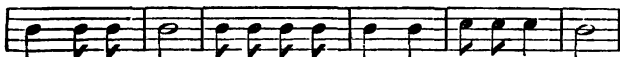


in - side walk - ee ; Wel - ly good sing - song, plo - per can do.

CHORUS.



Hi, yah, yah ! chin, chin, chin ! Chow - chow wel - ly good,



my lik - ee he ; Mak - ee plen - ty sing - song, Sav - ee bym - bye !



Chi - na - man he wel - ly good, he laugh - Hi, yah !

THE HANDY MAN

All-a-same one time my face whitee,
 Welly good pigtail down him back,
 Sailor-man he come ashore, makee plenty fightee,
 Pullee welly much hard, makee face black.

Long time plenty work, sampan coolie,
 Yang-tse river way down Shanghai.
 My makee love-pidgin, too muchee talkee,
 Welly plitty, plopper lady no likee my.

Lady cookee number one, my likee chow chow,
 She live away up top-side house.
 Boilee lilly pussy-cat and lilly bow-wow,
 Welly good potstew, boilee wit a mouse.

Allee same pork-pig my likee chow chow,
 Too muchee big, no muchee small,
 Topside dark sky, down come Chong-mow,
 He makee pilong, pig, chow-chow, all.

White English consul, welly much bobbelly,
 Put 'im on 'im speculum, makee look see.
 Chop, chop, policeman welly quickee walkee.
 Chong now while, no catchee he.

The following song always struck me as having one of the finest airs ever sung on a foc's'le. To hear the chorus pealing forth from some hundred or more throats was a thing to be remembered. The only pity is that the words are not more sensible. Such as they are they were very difficult to obtain. A blue-jacket once wrote down all he could remember of

them for me, but the copy got mixed up with other papers and I thought I had lost it. No one else could I find that could repair the supposed loss. Inquiries at second-hand music shops in London were fruitless. Many men could tell me that they knew the song but could not give me the words. Quite recently I came across my copy and here is the song.

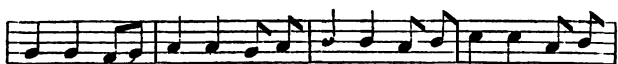
THE ROBBER'S RETREAT.



We come from yonder mountains, our pis-tols are load-ed, For to



rob . . and to plun-der it is our in - tent, As we

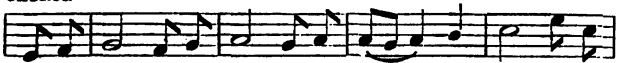


roam through the val-leys where the li - lies and the ro - ses, And the



beau - ti - ful oash - mere lies droop - ing its head.

CHORUS.



Then a - way, then a - way, then a - way, . . . a - way, To the



caves in yon-der moun-tains, to the rob - bers' re - treat.

Hark, hark ! in the distance
There's footsteps approaching :

Stand, stand and deliver
 Shall be our watchword ;
 As we roam, &c.

Poor words : the lines not even rhyming, and the sentiment not very edifying. But you forget this as you hear the melody rolling out from those lusty throats with a glorious swing in the chorus of " Then away, then away, then away . . . away ! " Perhaps we may some day find a poet who will link stirring and worthy words to this splendid melody ; but meantime we may forgive the poorness of the song for the sake of the ring of the music.

The following verses, intended to express a natural regret that the changes of modern days should have swept the old " forebitters " and the graceful hornpipe from the foc's'les of her Majesty's ships, may, perhaps, serve as well as anything to bring this talk over old songs to a close :—

ON THE FOC'S'LE.

(By an Old Fogey.)

In the good old sailing days, my boys,
 When a ship was a ship, you know :
 We reckon'd nothing fitter
 Than a genuine " forebitter "
 With a pipe and a glass to go :
 No namby-pamby ditty
 By some Cockney in a city,
 But a rollicking old sea-song,
 With a swinging, ringing chorus

That took hold of us and bore us
On the wings of its "storm along."

In the good old dancing days, my boys,
When a dance was a dance, you know,
'Twas "Away with melancholy,
Come, lads, and let's be jolly,
Tumble up, tumble up from below !
The fiddler stands all ready ;
So steady, boys, be steady,
And away, and away we go !"
Oh, where's the shore-going party
That can match the fun so hearty
That a foc's'le dance could show ?

Gone, gone are the good old days, my boys,
With the masts, and yards, and sails ;
And the comic, or the spooney,
"Rorty Sal," or "Annie Rooney,"
Is the style that now prevails.
Forebitters all are vanished,
The sailor's hornpipe banished,
And gone are the gay old nights
When we sang of "Black-eyed Susy,"
And the "Saucy Arethusy,"
And the joy of the old sea-fights.

But as long as the winds shall blow, my boys,
And our ships o'er the ocean go,
We'll sing of "poor Tom Bowling,"
And the good ship all a-rolling
"In the Bay of Biscay, oh !"
Hark ! o'er the waters ringing,
"All's Well !" I hear them singing ;

And my heart replies "All's well!
 Cease, cease your fretful moaning
 For still all hearts are owning
 The old songs' magic spell."

Turning to songs by modern writers, there is a capital one in "A Gun-Room Ditty-Box," by Mr. G. S. Bowles, founded on an amusing incident at one of the Military Tournaments at the Agricultural Hall. I fitted this to the tune of "I'm marri-èd to a mer-mi-ade at the bottom of the deep blue sea," with its chorus of "Rule Britannia," and sang it to the men of the *Thunderer* one night. They took to the song at once, and roared the chorus with great delight. It is entitled "The Naval Mounted 'Orse."

Mr. H. Newbolt has given us in "Admirals All" some splendid sea-songs. "Drake's Drum," a stirring ditty with a proper flavour of the sea, is probably known to many of my readers. I give it here by kind permission of the author.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
 (Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below ?)
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreaming arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor-lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin' an' the night-tide dashin'
 He sees it arl so plainly as he saw it long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man an' rüled the Devon seas :
 (Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below ?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low :
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' heaven
 And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
 long ago.

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below ?)
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware and wakin' as they found him
 long ago.

Here is another of Mr. Newbolt's songs which I am
 generously permitted to include in this chapter. The
 first time I saw it it "sang itself" to music in my
 head. There is a fine swing about it that grips one
 at once :—

THE FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE."

I

It was eight bells ringing,
 For the morning watch was done,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they polished every gun.

THE HANDY MAN

It was eight bells ringing,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 For the ship she rode a swinging
 As they polished every gun.
 Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to see the linstock lighting
 And to hear the round shot biting,
 For we're all in love with fighting
 On the Fighting *Téméraire*.

2

It was noon-tide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 As they loaded every gun.
 It was noontide ringing,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they loaded every gun.
 There'll be many grim and gory,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be many grim and gory,
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 But we'll all be one in glory
 With the Fighting *Téméraire !*

3

There's a far bell ringing
 At the setting of the sun,

And a phantom voice is singing
 Of the great days done.
 There's a far bell ringing
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of renown for ever clinging
 To the great days done.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,

Téméraire! Téméraire!

And she's fading down the river,

Téméraire! Téméraire!

Now the sunset breezes shiver,

And she's fading down the river,

But in England's song for ever

She's the Fighting *Téméraire*.

"The Admiral's Broom" is a song which is, I think, "catching on" among the men. It has the right ring about it. "The Midshipmite," "The Little Hero," "The Powder Monkey," and "They All Love Jack" are great favourites; the last of these having a capital chorus which is always taken up *con amore* by the ship's company.

There may be other songs of this order, but I don't know them from actual experience at sea. Of the comic, sentimental, and patriotic songs, emanating from the music-halls, I am not competent to speak. Every now and again one heard something that was pretty enough, but on the whole they bored me, and I don't think I am the only one they bored. Let us say no more about them!

There is room for a modern Dibdin to sing of the work of the "four-point-seven," and the deeds

of the Handy-man in strains that shall have the same fascination for us as the grand old forebitters had for the seamen of eighteen hundred and war-time. How much longer shall we have to wait for him, I wonder ?

Glee Parties, Nigger Parties, Mandoline Bands, Theatricals.

MUSICAL societies on board ship are very much like those on shore in suffering from the extreme sensitiveness of their members to criticism, and the not infrequent intrusion of something very like jealousy. Another difficulty is that practices are often interfered with by some necessary work of the ship or the private affairs of certain of the party. When the leading tenor (always a ticklish gentleman to manage), for instance, has a pair of cloth pants to finish, or a few pieces that he wants to rub out, or something else that he regards as of more importance than the practice, and absents himself accordingly, it makes things a bit awkward. Or Massa Johnson may have gathered together his minstrel troupe, bought the material for their costumes and had it made up; "Bones" and "Skins" may have spent hours of valuable leisure in elaborating jokes, and the troupe may have practised together several times, when suddenly there comes "a rift in the lute," some of the

party turn rusty and "won't play any more," and there is an end of the nigger-party. The beautiful costumes are stowed away and forgotten, the songs are never sung, the brilliant jokes never come off. Perhaps a mandoline band is started and, after a preliminary canter or two on the fore-castle, comes aft to entertain the officers in the evening. By and by the captain or the ward-room officers have a dinner-party and inquiries are made after the mandoline band to contribute to the festivities, only to receive the answer that the band has disbanded itself.

I have suffered from this sort of difficulty myself before now, but the most amusing instance I have come across was told me recently by a naval officer. In his ship there was a young seaman who was a bit of a dab at the piano and harmonium, and accordingly an important member of the ship's amateur orchestra, in which my friend took great interest. Suddenly the orchestra was broken up to the regretful astonishment of the officer, who inquired what was the meaning of this collapse. And this is what he was told—

"Well, sir, you don't know anything about it aft, but lor, sir, you don't know what airs that man gives hisself. You'd think he'd got a thousand a year and a liver complaint. He ain't no class; he won't be taught, and he ain't no better'n me."

However, things are not always thus. The *Alexandra*, when she was the Duke of Edinburgh's flagship in the Mediterranean, had a first-rate choir and glee party, able to attack creditably music of a high order, both sacred and secular. It must be

admitted that they had the advantage of a chaplain (the present Bishop in Corea) of exceptional skill as a musician to encourage them and an able and enthusiastic schoolmaster to look after the practices. I have among my music a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis written specially for them by their chaplain.

In the *Trafalgar* one of the engine-room artificers got together a glee party which did very well indeed. The members turned up duly at practices, and were most obedient to the conductor's *bâton*. We gave one or two concerts at Malta and were much delighted with ourselves.

Our nigger-party in the *Trafalgar* was not quite a success for some reason or other. But in the *Serapis* and *Tamar* we had nigger troupes who did fairly well, and the ship's company of the *Phaeton*, when homeward-bound in the *Tamar*, gave us a capital Ethiopian entertainment one evening.

I never had the pleasure of being present at the performances of "The Sons of Neptune" at Portsmouth, in which some of my messmates took a keen interest, but I believe they were remarkably good, and were the means of procuring substantial help for naval charities. Among such a large body of men as is to be found in a great naval station like Portsmouth there must always be a number of fine voices needing only cultivation to fit their possessors for highly creditable performances in the way of solos and part-songs. It is for want of such cultivation that one sometimes hears songs sung on board ship in unnaturally high keys and with a curious disregard of

time that is distressing to a musical ear. I fancy that this style of singing is not peculiar to seamen, for I have heard men and boys ashore, especially in London on a bank-holiday, singing with just the same elaborate disregard of *time* in the effort to lay due stress on the *words*, especially in songs of a dismally pathetic order. It is a curious reflection that in so doing they are unconsciously harking back to the manner of the old Gregorian church music! But oh, the difficulty of vamping their accompaniments! The poor man at the piano literally "dunno where 'e are!"

Ship's theatricals are almost always vastly entertaining. We deal mostly in farces, but occasionally attempt serious drama. It must be admitted that the latter are sometimes even more amusing than the former.

I remember that we once had a serious play—serious in intention, I mean, of course—given by the theatrical party of the *Northumberland*, which was so irresistibly funny that our admiral, who was watching the performance from the bridge, was convulsed with laughter. It is difficult to hear unmoved such scraps of dialogue as—

"Har you the Hearl?"

"Hi ham the Hearl."

The farces were a bit rough and ready, but generally went all right. Sometimes, however, they dragged a little. One night, for instance, we had a bit of a sing-song, and some of the men offered to do a farce. We really hadn't room for it on the programme, but not to disappoint the actors, agreed to their offer on con-

dition that the piece should not exceed a quarter of an hour. They cheerfully assented, and we hoped for the best. But alas for the vanity of human wishes, that awful attempt dragged its weary length on and on for about an hour, when, to the intense relief of everybody, one of the actors trod on the electric light cable and managed in some way to put the light out. That finished the farce !

To return for a moment to the subject of serious plays. There is a story that a theatrical party from the guard ship at Pembroke Dock once gave a melodramatic performance at the Temperance Hall, in the course of which one of the actors was supposed to be mortally wounded. So they prepared a bountiful supply of sanguinary fluid by a liberal use of red ochre and with a ship's pump brought enough "blood" out of the victim to swamp the floor of the hall. It was a terrible scene !

Every now and again our theatrical parties, greatly daring, will take a theatre for a night or two and give performances in aid of some "service" or local charity. They are generally well supported by the public out of friendly regard for the men and interest in their original methods of acting. A few instances of such performances may be interesting.

"Soon after their arrival at Alexandria in 1893 the *Undaunted's* theatrical company engaged a hall and gave an entertainment consisting of two farces and a variety concert, the profits, more than £25, being handed over to the German hospital. The house was crowded and the friendly audience hearty in its applause."

“On Thursday, November 23, 1893, the ‘Sans Pareils’ gave a performance of a farce entitled ‘Done Brown’ and a musical burlesque, ‘The Port Admiral,’ in the dining-hall at Malta Dockyard, in aid of the widow and children of an English dockyardman who had died a short time before.”

“The *Fearless* gave a most amusing entertainment on January 4, 1894, at the Malta Dockyard dining-hall. The programme began with a farce, ‘The Office Boy,’ followed by songs and recitations, and winding up with another farce called ‘The Tinker’s Holiday.’”

“On the following day the renowned nautical drama ‘Black-eyed Susan’ was given by the ‘Dreadnought’s’ in the sail-loft of the dockyard, which was crammed full. This also was on behalf of the widow and orphans of a dockyardman.”

That is the sort of thing that the Handy-man is constantly doing, all over the world. He works hard, we know, and he plays hard too, throwing himself gleefully into anything that promises a night’s fun, and contriving to make his fun a means of lending a helpful hand where it is needed.





Photo]

SENDING A CASE TO HOSPITAL

1st Navy and Army

On the Sick List.

SOME one has spoken of the delight of being convalescent after a serious illness, when, in addition to the joy of feeling that one is on the highroad to recovery, there is the pleasant sensation of being waited on hand and foot in right royal fashion by all about us. It is said to be almost worth while to have been ill in order to taste this charming experience. Well, that's as it may be so far as shore-going life is concerned. On board ship it is never worth while being ill, in my opinion. I have done my little bit in that way, and, not even for the joy of the convalescence, do I wish to do any more. And I, of course, had my own cabin. Not that there is any reason to find fault with the arrangements made for the sick or the care taken of them on board H.M. ships. For when once a man is put on the sick list, everything possible is done for him. In the larger ships the hospital, or as we call it in the Navy, "The Sick Bay," is a well-arranged and cheerful apartment with good beds and every convenience; patients are well cared for, and made as comfortable as possible. If a Bill Shirker

comes along the night before "coal ship" with a pain in his back, he may be sent off with a dose from *the fore topman's bottle*; but let a man be really ill and in need of treatment and he will be well and kindly looked after. Still a ship is not a nice place to be ill in. There is too much going on just outside and sometimes over the sick-bay: drilling on deck, the many noises on the lower deck close by, perhaps the whirr of an adjacent dynamo-engine, or the scream of the "pipe" or the rattle of mess-kettles. Then in warm climates there is the heat of the galley hard by, to say nothing of the sick-bay stove—aggravated almost beyond endurance when ports have to be closed and hatchways battened down in rough weather.

I have been much struck with the kindness of men to one another in sickness. In all sorts of quiet, thoughtful ways a sick chum is remembered by his friends. There is the brief look in at odd moments, the cheery word, the little gift from one and another that is so acceptable to the poor chap lying "on the flat of his back" all day with little to do except to long to be on deck once more. When not on special diet, patients get their dinners brought them from their messes. I remember being in the midst of a chat with a sick man once, who had just complained to me that he hadn't any appetite, when his chum appeared with his dinner—a plate literally full of meat, potatoes and plum-duff. "You will never get through that lot, will you?" "Oh, won't I, sir? don't you make any mistake about that!" Poor delicate creature, how I pitied him!

A touching little story was told me by a doctor friend of mine about a young fellow in his ship, whom I had known and loved as a boy. The poor lad was at death's door with the horrible fever of the country, and had feebly intimated to the doctor that he "would be over there—meaning in the cemetery—by to-morrow." My good friend felt that unless something could be done to get this notion out of the lad's head—well, he would be over there to-morrow. So he got hold of one of the ship's company and told him to do what he could to cheer the poor patient up. "All right, sir," says the man, and off he goes. "Here, Brown, when are you going to get up and do a job of work?" "To-morrow," feebly answers the poor lad. Thereupon a conversation is got up within hearing of Brown, and jokes are cracked, and every one pretends to be in high spirits—fancy high spirits in such a fever-stricken place with deaths all round!—until they find that Brown has dropped off into a slumber. That night he took a turn for the better. He was home in England when last I heard from him as well as ever he was, and now he is a warrant officer. But he wouldn't be alive if his shipmates hadn't laid themselves out to be merry for his sake, when merriment was not an easy thing to manufacture.

There is something admirable in the way that men, told off to look after a serious case, as night-watchers, for instance, fulfil their task. Nothing comes as a trouble to them, and they are indeed handy-men to doctor and patient. There was one old blue-jacket, I remember, with a very poor service-character,

for he couldn't keep away from the drink when ashore, who was the kindest, most patient, and best nurse I think I ever met. He said to me once, "I'm a bit of a bad lot, sir, I know ; but I can do this sort of job pretty well, and I like it all right." Surely much will be forgiven him, for he loved much.

The ideal chaplain will, no doubt, always manage to make his visits to the sick both pleasant and profitable to them. He will know how to present religion in the best way and administer rebuke and consolation in due measure. I should like to be that ideal chaplain very much, but have never yet succeeded in even approaching his qualifications. The inveterate shyness of the Englishman, especially in the matter of religious conversation, coupled with the sense that there was a certain unfairness in "talking religion" to a man who was unable to get up and walk away if he didn't care for the subject, has often tied my tongue when I wanted very much to do my duty and speak as a chaplain should. Looking back upon my years of sea-life, I can see that this shyness—foolish, as no doubt it was, and even worse than foolish—saved me from the blunder of talking religion just because it was my "pidgin," my job that I was paid for ; and was so far not wholly bad. For so many people are eager to exercise their powers of religious talk upon the seaman and the marine that the chaplain's talk is liable to be classed by those long-suffering individuals as among the religious trials to which their state of life exposes them.

A large proportion of our men are members of the

Church of England, and many of them have been confirmed, which means that they have been instructed in religion at home or in their training-ship, or their barracks. One has therefore something to go upon in talking to them, when once the blight of mutual shyness has been got rid of. On the whole, I should say that the seaman and the marine, when sick, are quite prepared to listen to a chaplain speaking to them on the subject of religion, provided that he has shown that his interest is not merely formal and professional, but springs from a simple, straightforward, and affectionate heart, and extends, not merely over the period of their stay in the sick-bay, but over all their life in the ship.

The "lower deck," however little outward show of religion many may make, expects the parson to be attentive to the sick, and has very little respect for one who is slack in this respect. His methods may not be just what suits them, but generous allowance will always be made for the man who tries to "do his bit."

"You see, sir, what lots of good reading kind people provide for us poor heathen," said a sick seaman to the chaplain of a naval hospital, pointing to a pile of tracts on the table alongside his bed.

Some of these tracts so lavishly poured over our men are interesting enough, and their writers certainly mean well. But, oh! what tons of rubbish and worse than rubbish are published in this particular form! Why, again, should it be thought necessary to put a blood-red cover on a tract with the polite title

"You are going to hell"? Such a tract was once given to a poor man in the sick-bay of a ship, who was very seriously ill and very nervous about himself. I need scarcely say that the chaplain's sanction for the distribution of such tracts had not been obtained by the zealous giver, or that the doctor henceforth stopped the flow of that particular form of generosity.

There is room for straightforward, manly, religious tracts or papers suitable for distribution among men who, like our soldiers and sailors, have their own particular difficulties and also their special opportunities for glorifying God and helping their fellow-men; but not for such sensational "shockers" as the tract in question, or for the sickly stuff which is often considered good enough for poor sailors.

Whenever possible, serious cases are sent to a naval hospital. At home we have hospitals at the chief naval ports; there is a fine hospital at Malta, and smaller ones at Portland, Hong Kong, the Cape, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Jamaica, Ascension, Esquimalt, Coquimbo, Trincomalee, and Sydney.

Haslar, or Haselar as the men prefer to call it, is the largest of our naval hospitals. It is a vast edifice of red brick, not very cheerful to look at, but comfortable enough when one gets inside. Having spent about three weeks there as a patient, besides visiting shipmates from time to time, I got to know a little of my way about the place. But it takes a lot of knowing. One might find the way to one's own "cabin" as a patient, but as a visitor it was a puzzle to find one's friends, so numerous are the staircases, so intricate

the plan of the building, at any rate to the casual visitor. I generally had to ask my way. The hospital buildings form three sides of a square surrounding a pleasant garden, the fourth side being occupied by the chapel. This is not a very beautiful building, but it has been much improved internally of late. I can remember when it presented a very drab appearance and rejoiced in a particularly ugly great pulpit.

The hospital has extensive "airing grounds" for sick officers and men, the view from the officers' grounds being very extensive and cheerful, looking towards Portsmouth, Southsea, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight.

Naval men are always very good in visiting their sick shipmates, cheerfully giving up a portion of their time ashore to "taking a run over to the hospital" to try and cheer up a sick chum. Again I can speak from experience, for my own time at Haslar was brightened by many visits from kind "old ships" and friends.

Once, when I was doing a bit of visiting myself in Malta hospital, I heard a voice from one of the beds saying, "Won't you speak to an 'old ship,' sir?" "Why, of course I will," I said; "where were we shipmates?" "In the *Northumberland*, sir." And then he told me his name. It was a great shock to me to recognise in that poor, pale-faced sufferer one of my best old *Northo* friends, so changed, though, that it wasn't strange that I should have been ready to pass him by as a stranger. He was very ill, and became even worse, but, thank God, his life was spared, and

when I last saw him, in the Portsmouth Sailors' Home, he was looking the picture of a fine stalwart sailor.

I never went a-visiting among my friends in hospital without feeling happier for the experience. The men are so unaffectedly glad to see one, such good friends, so patient and cheerful, bearing their pain and weakness so uncomplainingly. And they do like some one to come in and spin them a yarn.

When a man is sent to hospital from a ship, if he does not return to his ship within a given time, he is "Discharged to Sick Quarters," or, as it is usually called, "D.S.Q'd.," which means that his name is removed from the ship's books; so that there is a good chance of his being lost sight of by his former shipmates if his case is such as to involve his discharge from the service as medically unfit. A particularly sad instance of the hardship which this sometimes involves came under my notice some time ago. I had been to look at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and had gone from the church through the Borough Market, and was returning to London Bridge, when I heard my name called out. Turning round I saw an old shipmate of mine whom I remembered as a very honest, good lad. He was in very shabby civilian clothes, and told me the following pitiful story. He had been invalided out of the service for epileptic fits, and had too little time in the service to be entitled to any compassionate allowance. He couldn't get regular work, even as an errand-boy, as it was impossible to say when he might not be seized with one of his fits. He was then living with his grandmother

who was on parish pay, and the authorities had threatened to take away her allowance if he remained any longer with her. So he had just got leave from a butcher to sleep in his stable with the horses! I gave him what coppers I had to go and get a meal, and went away very sad. And this is not a solitary case. One would like to see some means devised for bringing such hard cases to the knowledge of the benevolent ashore and afloat.¹

A few years ago I was told that more than half the cases in Haslar hospital at one period were the results of impure living. Whether there is much improvement in the Navy in this respect at present I am unable to say, but one can only hope that it is the case. For it is one of the great griefs of a chaplain's life to see youngsters, whom he has learnt to love in their boy's time, drifting into bad company when their time comes for being rated men; and, with the silly notion that only so can they show their manhood, indulging in vice that often makes men indeed of them, poor, worn-out *old men*, old before their time.

Afloat as well as ashore there is need of a higher tone of public opinion in regard to the question of purity. Conversation needs to be cleansed by the banishment of foul language and suggestive talk; and sexual impurity to be treated as a disgrace to the

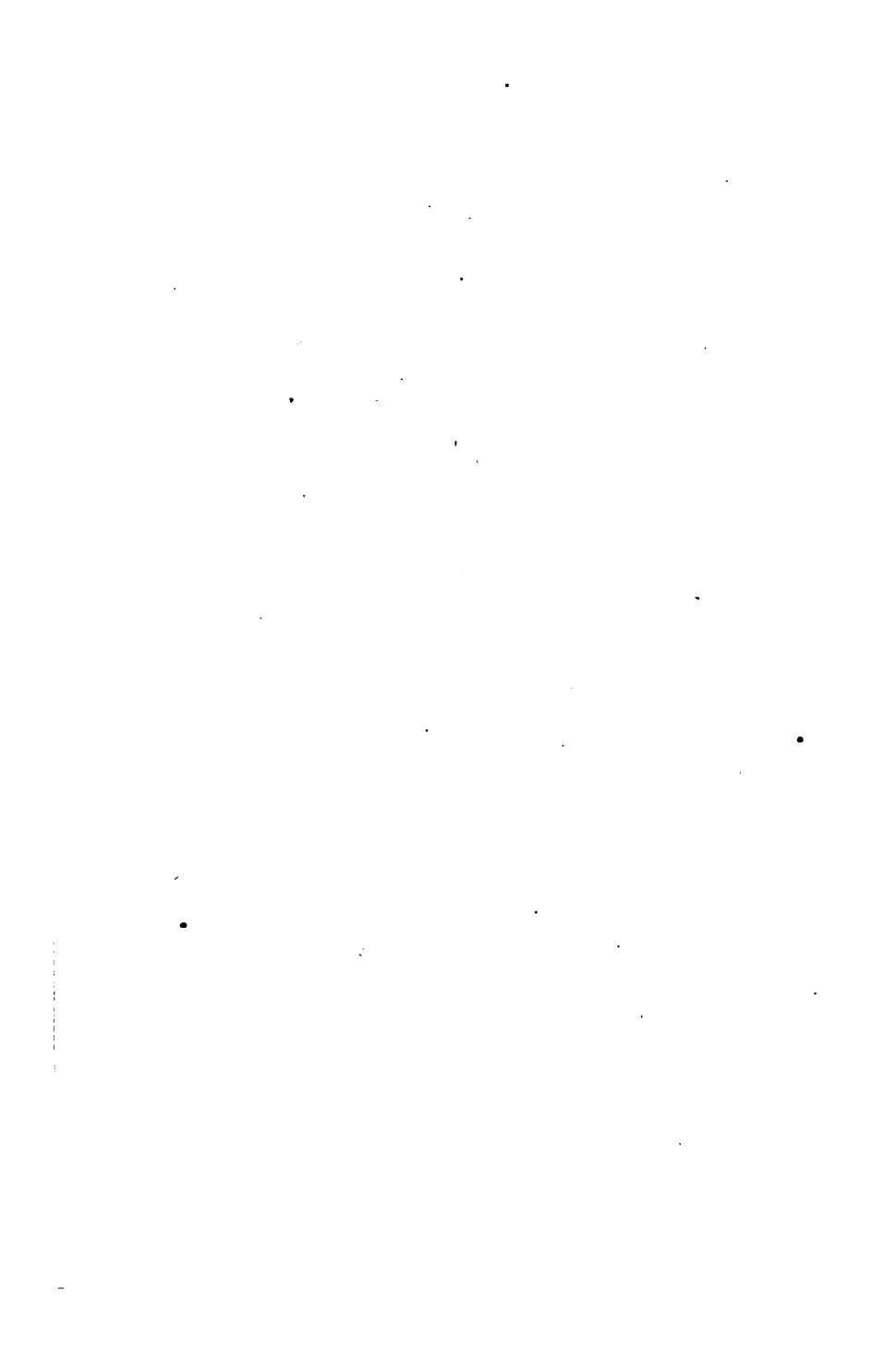
¹ I am delighted to see that Miss Weston is interesting herself in the matter. She says in a letter to the papers that she is going to try and do something for the bluejacket or marine who has been sent home worn with sickness or invalided from the service. She is ready to supply clothing to such a man on leaving hospital for civil life, or to find the railway fare of mother or wife to enable her to look once more into the face of dying son or husband and to hear his last words.

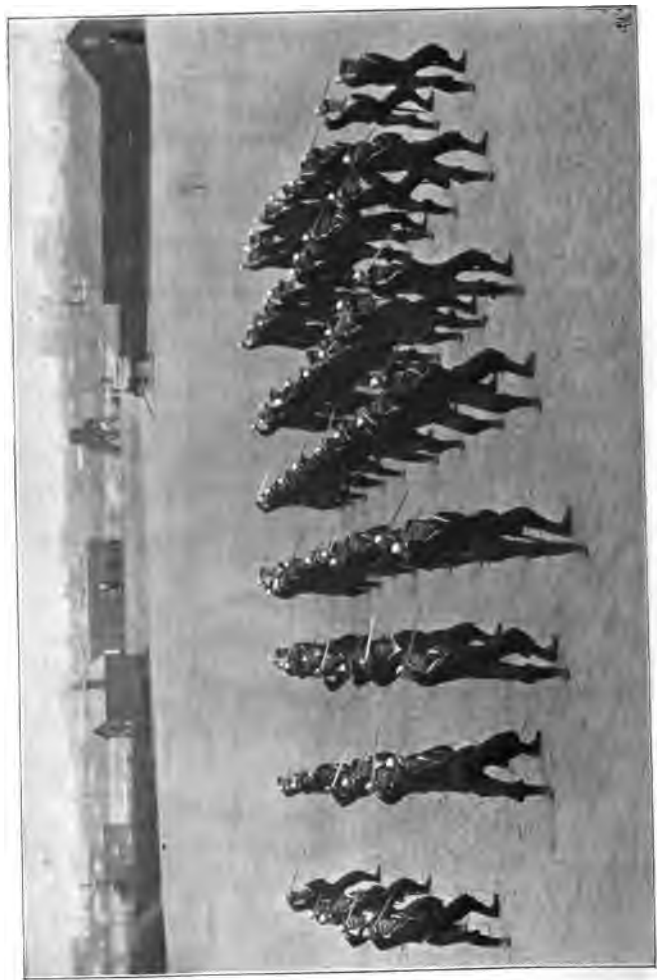
uniform rather than an example to be imitated. I know that this is the view taken by the best of our men, and I believe that their example is surely, if gradually, exercising a salutary influence on the moral character of the Navy. If it is still hard for a man to keep himself "unspotted from the world" in the course of his career as a bluejacket or marine—and isn't it just as hard for the young civilian?—it is at any rate not so hard as it was even a few years ago. Our men nowadays are not the silly, drunken fools that they are supposed to be by those who know them only in the fiction of days long ago. With plenty of fun and good-nature still, they are, with exceptions that become fewer every year, as well-conducted and self-respecting a body of men as can be found anywhere at home or abroad. The old disgraceful description of the sailor as a man with a wife in every port is as untrue as the silly songs that said so, and are now clean forgotten. Only let there be proper accommodation provided for our seamen and marines at our home and foreign ports, and it will be hard to find a man who will not gladly avail himself of the opportunity to show that he is as capable of conducting himself respectably as the best of us. By all means "Hurrah for the jolly Jacks!" if you will, but, if you really love them, show your love by your respect and by helping on the good work of providing for them, when on shore, comfortable and respectable places of resort, such as you would like for yourselves. There is plenty of room in this direction for the display of a reasonable affection for the Navy that "guards our

native shores." That is my humble advice to all friends of "The Handy-man."

A death at sea has a sadness all its own. We are all thrown so closely together that the loss of a shipmate, of whatever rank, has a personal interest for all. At such times the best feelings of men's hearts are stirred. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the reverence with which the last sad rites are conducted. The body is sewn up between two hammocks, with a shot at the head and the foot, and laid on a grating, the Union Jack being spread over it and fastened to the grating behind the head, so as to conceal the actual passage of the body into the water. At the time of the funeral the chaplain goes forward to meet the body and precedes it to the gangway, saying the usual sentences. At the words of committal to the deep the grating is quietly tilted up and the body launched forth, the Union Jack serving as a screen. Once, in the *Tamar* troopship, at the burial of a child, the boatswain "piped the body over the side," as a last mark of respect, just as he would do on an officer of high rank leaving the ship. The effect was solemn and weird to an almost painful degree. I never heard anything like it before or since. In 1882, at the burial of Commander Wyatt Rawson, at Malta, I noticed a touching little ceremony at the grave. At the words "dust to dust," &c., three of the senior captains took it in turn to scatter the usual handful of earth upon the coffin. Whether this is often done I cannot say. My own captain seemed surprised that I found anything unusual in it. The whole ceremony

on that occasion was very impressive : the long procession of boats following the body, the wail of the funeral music sounding over the water, and above all the thought that we were paying the last honours to the hero who had guided our army by the stars on their march to the victory of Tel-el-Kebir.





West & Son, Southsea.

CUTLASS DRILL.

Photo]

Whale Island.

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast than that afforded by the place where I am beginning this chapter and the subject of which it treats. From my window at Mürren I look out on the snow-clad Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau mountains : my subject is an island laboriously manufactured out of a mud-flat in Portsmouth Harbour ! Yet these have one point in common, for they are alike the scene and witness of the energy of man ; in the one case providing for the health and amusement of his fellows by means of funicular and rack-and-pinion railways and big hotels far up the mountain-sides ; in the other building up on an unlovely mud-flat the finest naval gunnery establishment in the world.

A year or two ago I paid a visit to Whale Island, and was astonished at what I saw. In my old troopship days I was accustomed to see bands of convicts engaged in excavating the sites of the big docks which were to be constructed at Portsmouth Yard, and knew that the soil thus removed was being used to make Whale Island. But I had never seen the island, and

now it was before me, covered with all sorts of buildings, and with its drill grounds and cricket and football fields all properly laid out. To preserve the insular idea of the establishment, it is approached at high-tide by a swing-bridge to the mainland, but at low-tide one can get across by a causeway.

Here, then, the Navy has, in the most literal sense of the words, *made* its home so far as the gunnery school is concerned. The mud-flat has become a sort of naval university, where teachers and learners have everything they require to make life comfortable and work pleasant and profitable. Officers have their mess-room, billiard-room, racquet-court, library, and private apartments; petty officers their special quarters; and men their convenient barracks. In the instruction-rooms are to be found classes being initiated into the latest mysteries of gunnery, or having their previous acquaintance with that science and art renewed and amplified; in the school the necessary mathematics are being drilled into willing heads; on the parade ground Handy-men are practising that handiness with their pets the guns, of all sorts and sizes, which always excites the admiration of spectators at the "'Cultural 'All," and has lately proved so very useful in South Africa. I am not a gunnery man myself, and cannot expatiate learnedly on six-pounders, Gatling or Gardner, 4'7, six-inch, or 9'2 guns. But if you will visit Whale Island in company with an enthusiastic gunnery officer (and they are all enthusiastic that I have ever come across) he will show you wonderful things enough in the way of guns and models and parts of

guns to make you feel that if a bluejacket has to learn about all these things and handle them aright, he can't be the "lazy chap" that our friend thought him to be when he saw one of them asleep on the mess-stool one afternoon, as I mentioned in a former chapter. Here, too, is to be seen some very pretty practice in the way of marching and countermarching, and similar evolutions, which will go far to explain why it is that at a "big parade" on Southsea Common the bluejackets do their part of the show so well.

Canteen, gymnasium, reading-, billiard-, and smoking-rooms, concert-hall, bowling-alley, cycle-track, pigeon-training house, gardens, horses and stables—everything you can think of, and a good deal more, is there. It is not to be wondered at that officers and men alike are fond and proud of Whale Island, for they themselves have made it what it is and seen it grow under their hands, so to speak. The main lines of the establishment were laid out by Captain Percy Scott—of whose brilliant work in South Africa who has not heard?—and are a standing tribute to his genius. Mr. Harold Begbie tells us that the Handy-man is—

" Handy afloat, handy ashore,
Handier still in a hole."

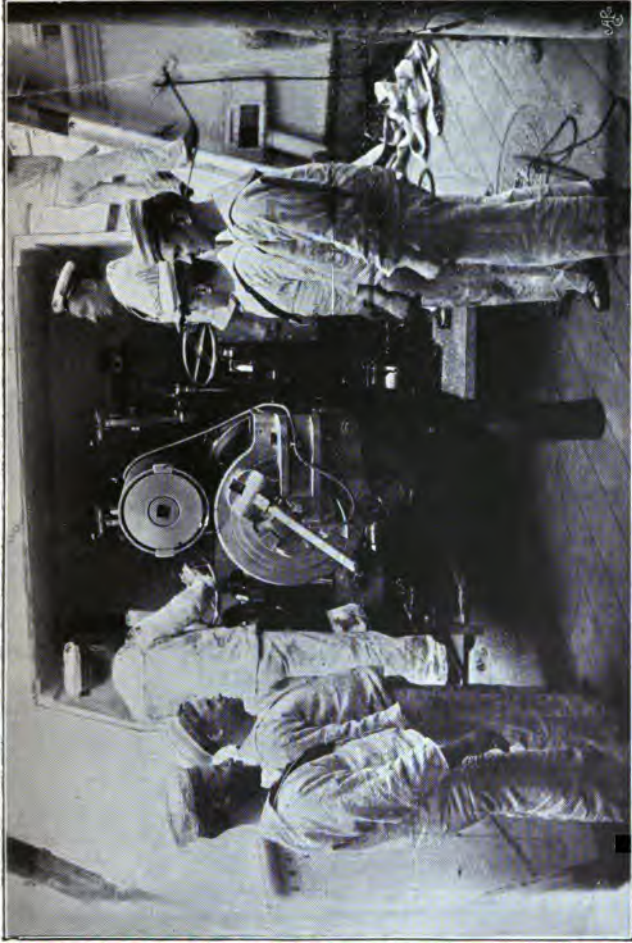
And in the designer of Whale Island and of the gun-carriage that did so much towards the relief of Lady-smith we have a brilliant example of the correctness of this description. He may well be proud as he looks upon the splendid buildings and lawns and gardens

that now cover the once desolate mud-flat which he did so much to transform.

You will look in vain in the Navy List for the name "Whale Island" as the name of the gunnery school at Portsmouth. Officially the island is a sort of tender to H.M.S. *Excellent*, on the books of which ship all the officers and men of the school are entered. Once upon a time the *Excellent* was herself the gunnery school, but she has long since been relegated to "Rotten Row," a small gunboat having usurped her name and place for official purposes. It is a way they have in the Navy. Similar instances are to be found in the case of the Island of Ascension, officially belonging to H.M.S. *Monarch* at the Cape, and of many appointments to work on shore, the holders of which are borne on some ships' books, such as the *President*, in the West India Docks, or the *Vivid*, at Devonport (which represents officially the Royal Naval Barracks).

Perhaps nowhere is the handiness of the bluejacket more strikingly displayed than on Whale Island. For here you will see him not only drilling with his guns in the battery, doing battalion drill on the parade, acquiring knowledge in the lecture-room, or even chasing X with the aid of the schoolmaster, but also rolling the cricket-ground, tending the carrier-pigeons, grooming or driving the horses, looking after the gardens, or careering round the cycle-track on his machine; turning his hand to anything and everything with his usual cheerful readiness.

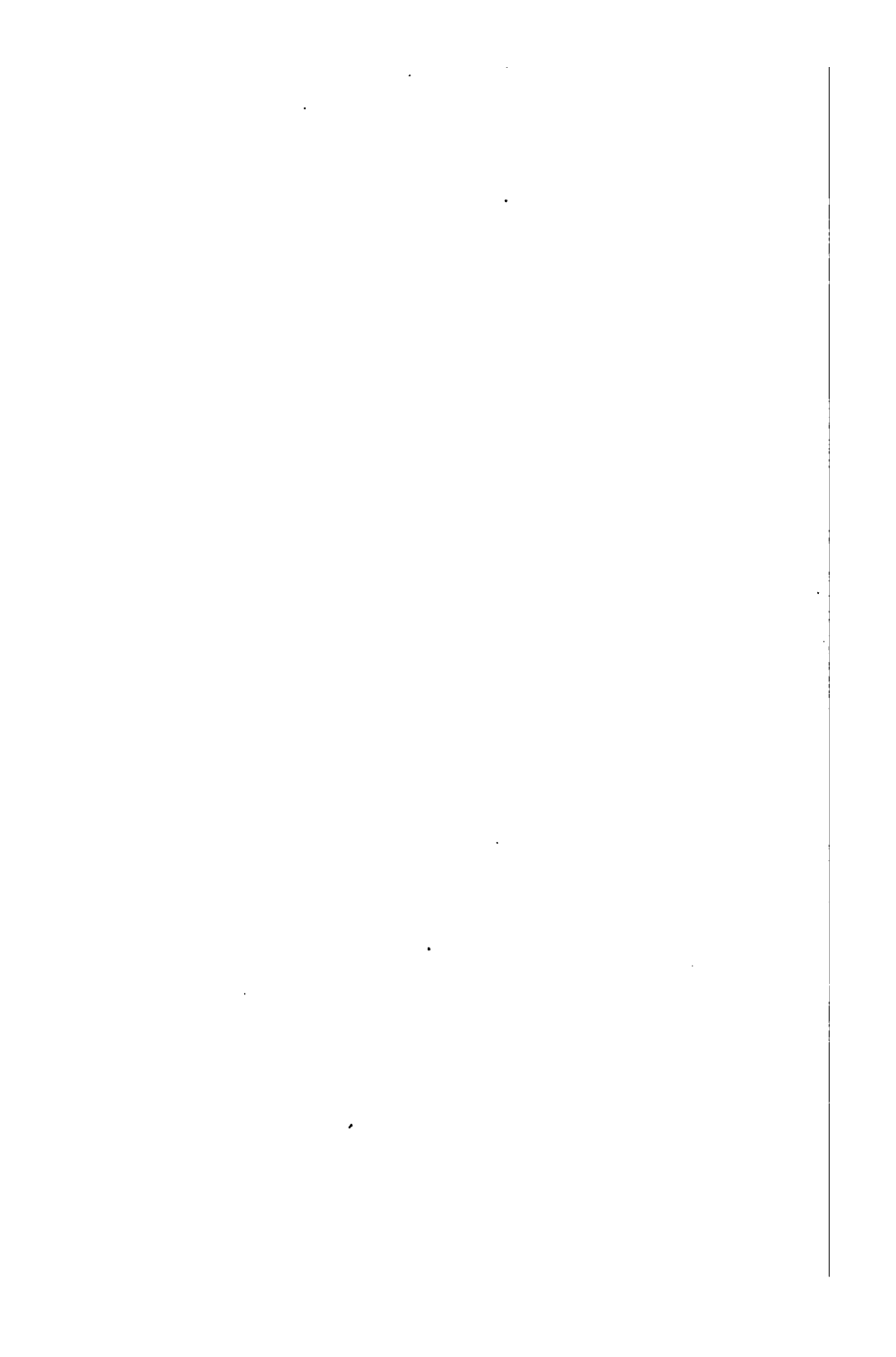
One thing is not to be found on Whale Island, and



Photo

6-IN. QUICK-FIRING GUN DRILL.

West & Son, Southern.



that is a suitable church. It is true that a large number of the men go away on leave, as a rule, from Saturday to Monday, but for those who are left behind the place available for church is not, I fancy, quite up to the requirements of such an establishment. No doubt this want will be supplied by and by.

At one time only a certain number of men were allowed the privilege of going through the gunnery course. Nowadays all men are sent to Whale Island or the other corresponding schools at Devonport and Sheerness for instruction as part of their training. After a commission abroad, they return to the gunnery school for a course before being sent to sea again. In this way the Island becomes more and more a home to them, where they look forward with pleasure to meeting old friends and acquaintances in the intervals of the more serious business of drills and lectures.

Torpedo Instruction.

THE Torpedo School is to the Navy something like an "Honours School" at the University. Only the best as to character and ability can aspire to graduating in the *Vernon* or *Defiance*. Before a man can volunteer for S.G.T. (Seaman-Gunner Torpedoman) he must have gone through his gunnery course and passed for seaman-gunner in the *Excellent* or *Cambridge*. When he joins the Torpedo School he is put through a course of instruction lasting three months, divided into theoretical, practical, and Whitehead instructions. If he shows marked ability he may volunteer for "Leading Torpedoman," and "Torpedo Instructor," and will then receive a much more extended instruction. There is a higher rung still to the ladder, the rank of Chief Torpedo Instructor, to which the smart man may attain, but this is only for the few. I always looked upon a C.T.I. with great awe. What he didn't know about torpedoes, electric bells and lights, contact mines, range finders, &c., wasn't worth knowing!

When calling on board the *Defiance* some time ago, I



Photo

TORPEDO EXPLOSION BY OUTRIGGER [West & Son,
LAUNCH. *Southsea.*

was shown the lecture-rooms and could not help wishing I could have one of them in my own ship for meetings instead of *the baggage-room flat!* In these rooms lectures are given in the forenoon; in the afternoon practical work is done before the men and explained to them; and in the evening more classes are held. The men are taught electricity and magnetism, management and working of the electric light, and about the various kinds of mines and torpedoes and explosives generally. After theory comes practice, lectures being superseded by and by practical work in the mining-field and the electric-light shop.

The next stage is instruction in the Whitehead torpedo, a weapon with whose *outward appearance* I am very familiar. I have even seen them with their heads off and observed torpedo-men *playing with them!* But of their internal economy it is not permitted to a "layman" to know or see anything; so I can only say that lectures are given to the men on these mysteries, and, when the course is completed, examinations are held and the successful candidates are rated and can thereupon sew the proud badge of an S.G.T. on the sleeve of their jumpers.

Torpedoes are funny toys and require a lot of humouring. Every now and again one will turn skittish and, instead of going straight in the required direction, will double like a hare or plunge its silly head downwards and stick in the mud, a proceeding very trying to the feelings of the torpedo-lieutenant and his staff. Sometimes it will poke its nose up much too close to the boat sent to pick it up to be

pleasant for the boat's crew. But sometimes, too, it will go straighter and do more execution than was expected of it by its friends. For instance, I find the following note in my diary: "Got out all-round defence (*i.e.* torpedo-nets all round the ship). A torpedo fired from the picket-boat got past the net and struck the ship. Good shot!"

No doubt the lecturers and instructors in the *Vernon* and *Defiance* put their pupils up to the little ways and tricks of these lively weapons and have by this time succeeded in making them more amenable to discipline.

Both the *Vernon* and *Defiance* are amply supplied with all the latest appliances, and a large number of torpedo-boats, mining-launches, &c.

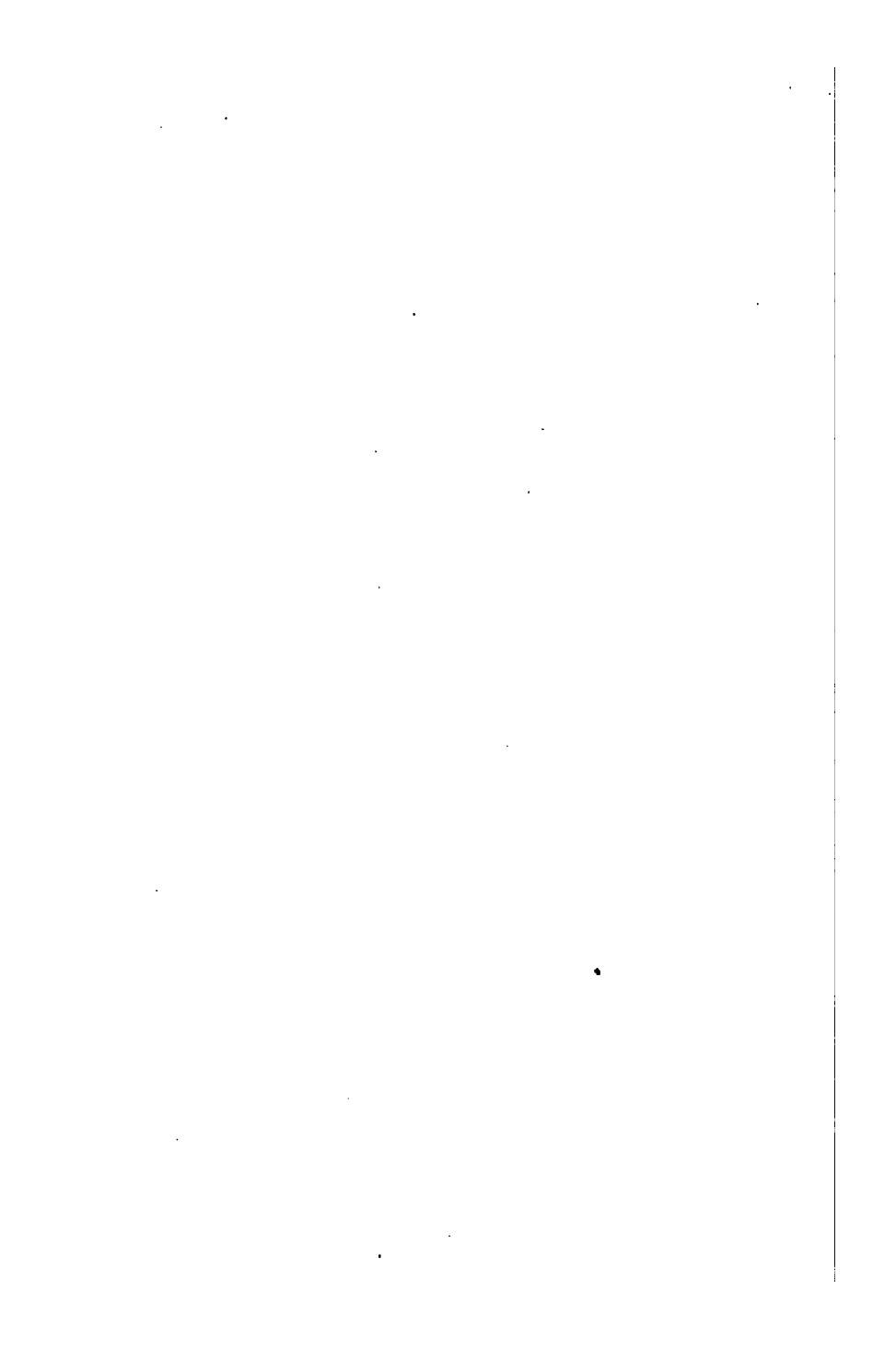
The *Vulcan* serves as Torpedo depôt, factory, and school for the Mediterranean Squadron. She is a splendid vessel, able to do her twenty knots, with workshops, stores, and all appliances for making, repairing and renewing all torpedo and electrical gear required in the service.



Photo)

H.M.S. "VIPER."—DOING OVER 31 KNOTS.

[*Ward & Son, Southsea*



Signalmen.

BUNTING-TOSSERS we dub them as a class, the individual being familiarly addressed as "Bunting."

The signalman's is a nice, clean job, but a very responsible one, for a mistake in making or receiving a signal may easily lead to trouble and even serious disaster. It takes a smart man to "smack it about" with the flags when the admiral is doing a little conversation with his squadron, and Mr. Kipling expresses the feelings of a good many men in the service when he makes a marine say to "Bunting," "You go on up to the 'igh an' lofty bridge an' persecute your vocation. My Gawd! I wouldn't be a signalman, not for ever so." For a man may have toiled laboriously up the ladder of promotion from signal-boy to yeoman of signals only to find some day that a slip in making or receiving a signal—a letter or number wrongly read or made—has sent him down to plain signalman with all the toilsome ascent to be gone over again. Signalling is too serious a matter to admit of any allowances being made. Still there is never

any difficulty in getting smart men for "the signals," for the work is interesting and lends a certain amount of importance to those who "persecute it on the 'igh an' lofty bridge."

The signals made and received are not always of a severely official nature. "Signal for you, sir," often means an invitation to lunch or dinner or to join in some picnic or excursion. Or it may be the result of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race or the Derby which makes the signalman's slate a popular document. Many are the yarns about signals, the most well-worn being perhaps that of the admiral who, in issuing his orders for the officers' dress on some particular occasion, proclaimed to the astonished fleet that "trousers were optional."

There are several ways of making signals : by firing a gun, by means of hand-flags, by the wooden semaphore (a sort of directing post, the arms of which are adjustable to different angles), and by flags hoisted to the mast-head. Then there are different codes of signals—naval, commercial, secret—&c., &c. So that like the policeman's in the "Pirates of Penzance," "a signalman's lot is not a happy one" in the sense of being without a considerable share of trouble and anxiety. However, they seem to thrive on it, and are certainly very nice fellows to know, well mannered and obliging, and as intelligent a body of men as can be found anywhere. A signalman may now become a warrant officer, the rank of signal boatswain having been instituted within the last few years.

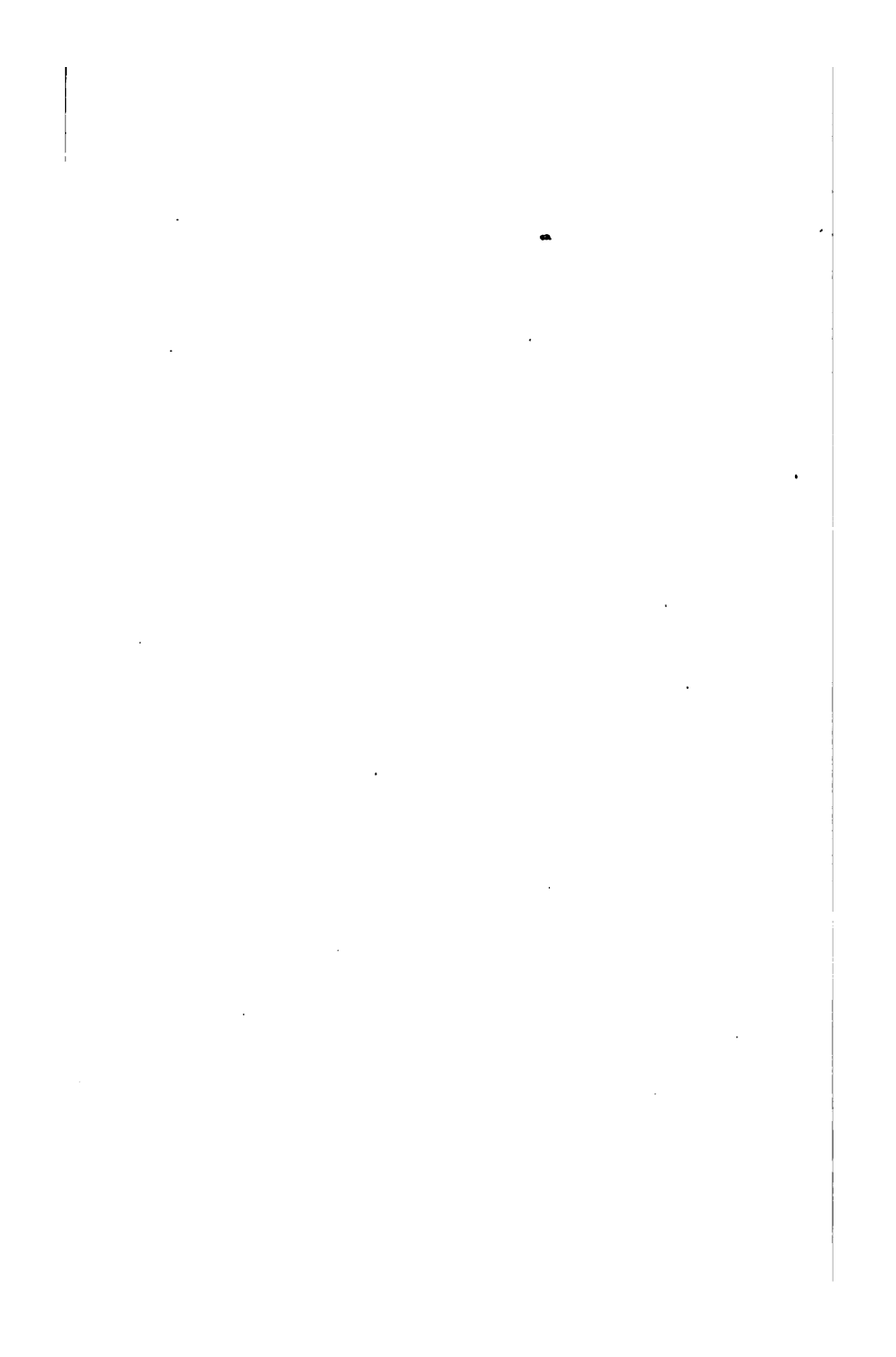
J



Photo]

SEMAPHORE.

[*"Navy and Army."*

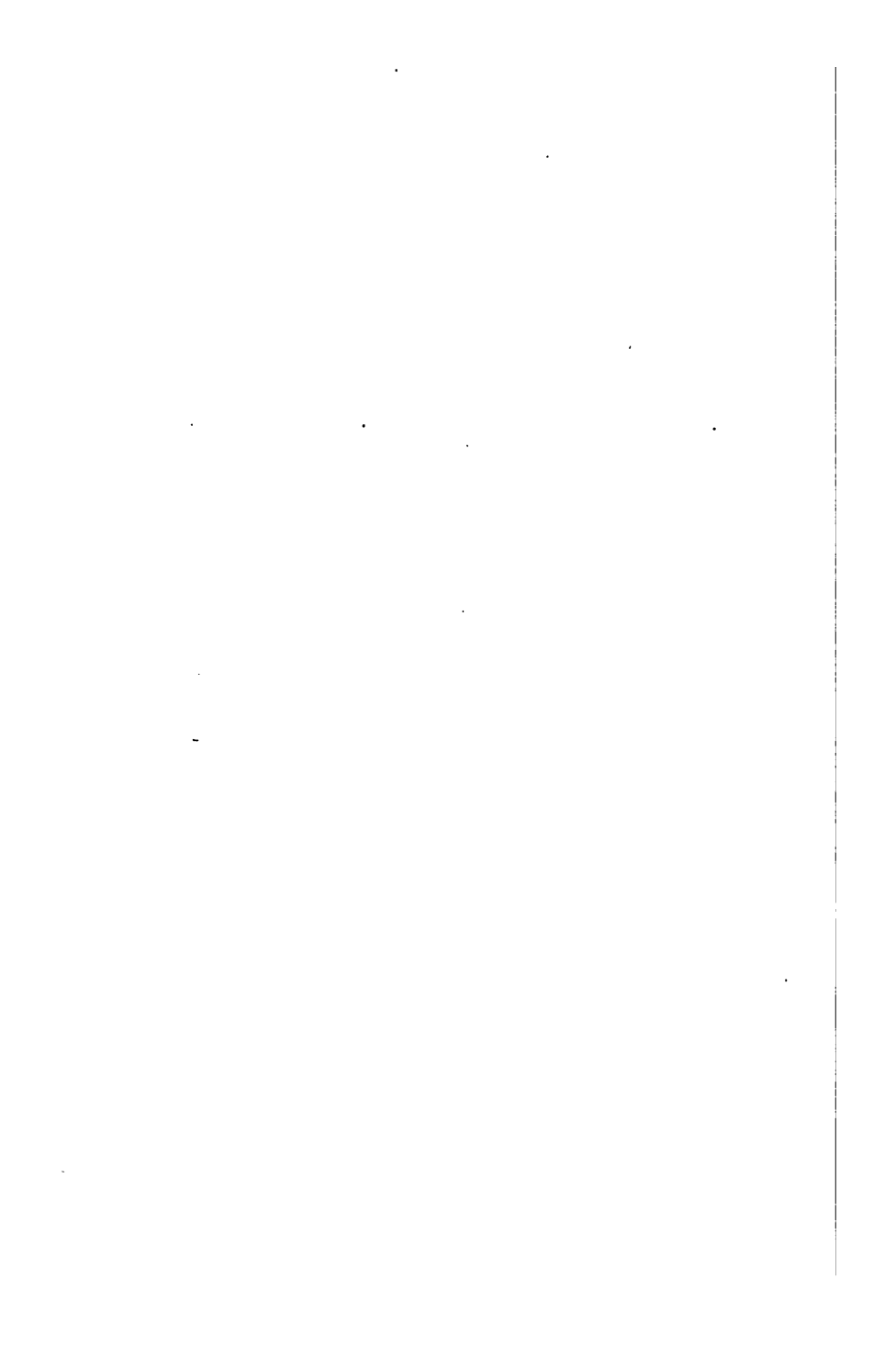




Photo

TAKING IN A SIGNAL.

[*"Navy and Army."*]



“Carpenters and Idlers.”

THE old word “Idler,” to denote those men who, working throughout the day, do not keep night watches, has been dropped officially in favour of “Dayman,” but survives in the familiar talk of the lower deck. It will serve here as a general term, embracing the armourers, plumbers, painters, blacksmiths, coopers, cooks, stewards, writers, and sick-bay staff of a ship. The ratings of men with “trades”—carpenters, &c.—and of stewards and cooks for officers’ messes are filled by entries “from the shore.” Ship’s stewards come from Greenwich School, commencing as ship steward’s boys (“dusty boys,” we call them), and rising to ship’s steward’s assistants, and finally to ship’s stewards. The sick-berth staff are entered from the shore, and trained at Haslar Hospital. Writers are trained at Greenwich.

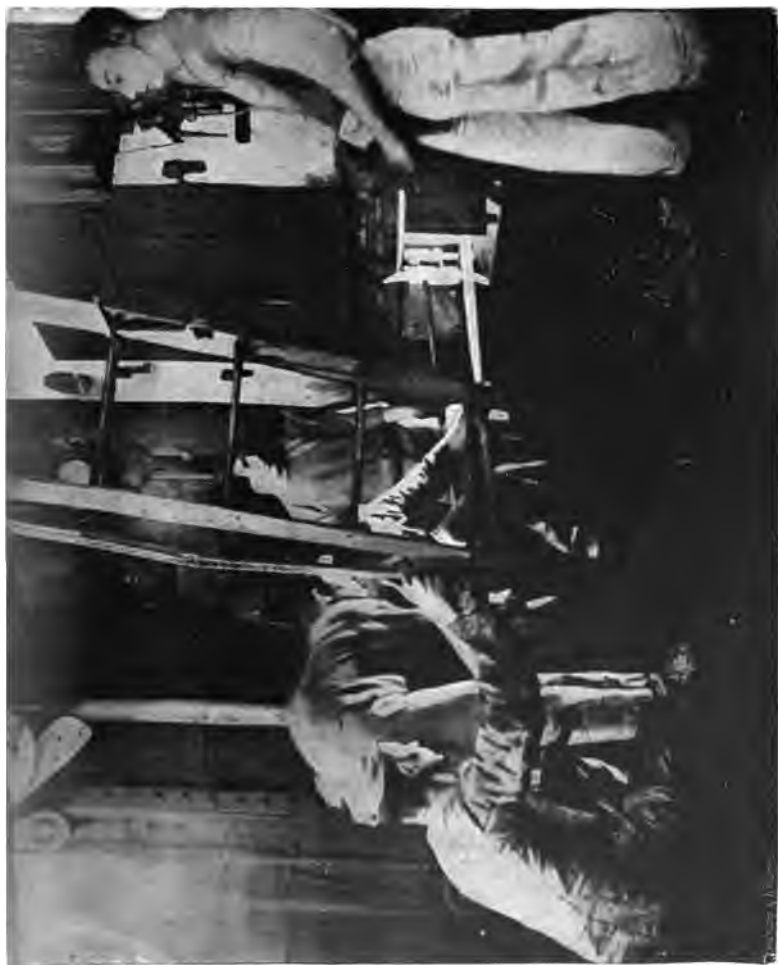
Naval bandsmen are trained in the training-ships, some of them having had previous experience in Greenwich School. They formerly wore a uniform decked with much white braid, which looked singularly out of place on board ship, and won for them

the nickname of Hamoaze Hussars. The present dress is more sober, but might, I think, be discarded with advantage in favour of a purely naval dress such as is now worn by the band of Greenwich School. Though I don't know how this would suit the Maltese and Sicilians who join the bands of our Mediterranean ships; they might look as queer as black boys do in surplices, even if they consented to put on a sailor's frock.

The Ship's Police.

ONE of the best men I have met in the service was a ship's corporal in the *Northumberland*, who afterwards came to the *Trafalgar* as master-at-arms. Immensely powerful, and a man who would stand no nonsense, he was yet wonderfully kind and good-natured with the men, who had a great respect and admiration for him. Another master-at-arms whom I knew had the knack of being able to walk straight along the deck looking apparently right ahead, and at the same time seeing everything that was going on on either hand. He, too, was respected as a strong man, not so much physically as in character and ability. These were exceptional men, no doubt. As a rule the work of the ship's police is not naturally calculated to call forth the affection of the ship's company. They have to keep order on board, prevent infractions of regulations, report defaulters, look after prisoners, see punishments properly carried out, wield the cane or birch when boys are allotted their six or more cuts, keep the punishment-book, &c. Not too strict, yet strict enough, knowing when to look and

when to be as though he saw not, the ideal corporal or master-at-arms may succeed in winning the confidence and respect of officers and men ; but for the ordinary Jorndy (master-at-arms) or Crusher (ship's corporal) the task is no light one. The pay is good, but it is not easy to get the best men to volunteer for such a difficult and thankless billet. A man, on the other hand, who is weak or of an irritable and irritating disposition, may do much to destroy the comfort of a ship, and be the means of a good deal of mischief in dealing with men of quick temper or peculiar disposition.



Photo]

STOKERS CLEANING FIRES.

[*H. Sharpe.*

Stokers.

HOW would you like to be in the stokehold of a ship, feeding the furnaces, in the Red Sea when the thermometer is at 97° in the shade on deck, and something under boiling-point down below? Do you think you could "stick it," as the sailors say? I am sure I couldn't. Or what do you think of the chances of the men down below in case of accident to the ship or in time of war?

On a cold winter's night I have been thankful to receive an invitation from one of the engineer officers to come down to the engine-room or the stokehold, but as a rule I preferred the upper deck. What it is like below in tropical climates I have never ventured to try, and how the officers and men stand it is a mystery to me. But they do stand it, and even thrive upon it. As I have mentioned elsewhere, men who when they joined the *Trafalgar*, were poor, weedy specimens of humanity, turned out as fine a lot as one could wish to see by the end of the commission.

It must be remembered that stokers in the Navy cannot, when their watch is over, fling themselves

down for a rest and sleep just as they are, as the stokers in a merchant ship can do. They must bathe and change their clothes before they are allowed to go to their messes. To do this several times in the course of the twenty-four hours means a certain amount of extra labour. Then, in addition to their own particular work, there are drills to be gone through—physical drill, cutlass, rifle, and pistol exercise—a certain amount of scrubbing, fire quarters, and every now and again some evolution that calls up all hands on deck. Certainly they earn their pay.

Unlike the seaman, who enters the Navy so early that by the time he is a man he has got into the ways of the service and is accustomed to discipline, the stoker joins at an age when discipline is generally irksome, and does not at first realise the serious consequences of conduct which might be excused in civilian life but cannot be tolerated "under the pennant." Again, the difficulty of obtaining recruits is too great to permit of such careful selection as is possible in the case of seamen, the only qualifications necessary being that they are more than nineteen years of age, over 5 feet 3 inches in height, and strong, healthy subjects; if with previous experience of steamships as firemen they may be entered as stokers with pay of 2s. a day, otherwise they enter as stokers, second class, with 1s. 8d. a day, rising to 2s. as soon as they have acquired the requisite experience, which is usually in about a year's time.

Taking these facts into consideration, we need not be very much surprised that the newly-joined second-

class stoker is sometimes apt to drink a little more than is good for him when he goes ashore, and to over-stay his leave. Later on, when experience has taught him that drunkenness and leave-breaking are very expensive luxuries in the Navy, he nearly always knocks off such foolishness, and loses no time in getting into the first-class for conduct and leave, which affords him all the liberty that he can reasonably want. Once settled down in his ship, the stoker develops into a good hard-working fellow, as much a Handy-man in his own line, and in other respects as well, as his shipmate of the seaman class. He is generally to the fore in regattas and athletic sports, can sing a good song, dance a step-dance with the best, and take his place with the rest in any work afloat or ashore that calls for strength, ability, and a willing mind. Some of the most strenuous workers in the cause of temperance and purity are to be found among our stokers. They have furnished me with willing helpers in choir, Bible-class, and other meetings on board, and I have had remarkable evidence of the influence for good of many of them in ships in which I have served. A stoker won the medal for conspicuous gallantry in 1894, and the story of the self-sacrificing bravery of Stoker Lynch is one that the nation will not easily forget.

A steady man with a character for good behaviour and smartness can soon rise to the position of leading stoker second class, and then to leading stoker first class. For this he must be a trained man (*i.e.*, have learnt to take charge of the engines of a torpedo-boat).

For promotion to chief stoker he must have ten years' service as leading stoker. He then becomes a chief petty officer with pay of 2s. 11d., rising to 3s. 5d. a day, which is the top of the tree for him.

The distinguishing mark of a stoker is a "propeller" on the right arm.

I have known a good many stokers of all classes in my time, and made many friendships among them. Some of them may be a bit foolish at the beginning of their career in the service, but, taking them as a whole, I doubt if a finer body of men can be found anywhere than the toilers in the engine-rooms and stokeholds of her Majesty's ships.

Engine-room Artificers.

ENGINE-ROOM artificers are a class by themselves. They are intended to assist the engineers and to lessen the necessity for so many engineers as would otherwise be required on board. They are principally entered from the shore or dockyards. They must be between twenty-one and twenty-eight years of age, and be competent engine fitters, boilermakers, smiths, or coppersmiths, preference being given to engine fitters who are also turners. They are divided into four classes, being rated E.R.A. fourth class on entry, and rising to E.R.A. first class after twelve years' service. After eight years' service they become eligible by examination for advancement to the rating of chief engine-room artificer, and, after further examination, may obtain the warrant officer's rank of artificer-engineer. The artificers' mess-place is usually in a different part of the ship from the rest of the ship's company. They wear the uniform of chief petty officers.

Marines.

“Soldier and Sailor too.”

“THIS is to certify that the Rev. George Good-enough, B.A., has served as chaplain on board her Majesty’s ship *President* under my command, from the 31st day of May, 1882, to the 22nd day of June, 1882, during which time he has been borne as additional for temporary service at Marine Depôt at Walmer.

“HENRY H. WASHINGTON { *Commander*
H.M.S. ‘President.’”

The above is a copy of my first “flimsy” or certificate, received at the termination of the all too brief period during which I served as “warming-pan” for a senior chaplain on his way home from the Cape to the Royal Marine Depôt at Walmer. This was my first appointment in the service and was a sufficiently startling change from the curacy of a pit-village in Northumberland. Since then I have been shipmates with a goodly number of officers and men of the Marines, both Artillery and Light Infantry, and made

heaps of friends among them. But those three weeks in the summer of 1882 are the only time I have spent ashore with them. I cannot, therefore, pretend to give an account of the life of the marine ashore. One thing I did learn while at Walmer, viz., that the training there is no child's play. The recruits found it a bit hard at first, the lazy ones often retiring from the scene at the first opportunity that presented itself for desertion, but they shook down to it in time and were made *men*, i.e., *Marines*, before they passed out to join their respective divisions. The depôt has a wonderful way of its own that leaves its mark upon a man for life—"a man who has gone through the course there is fit for anything" is a remark often made by my friend, "Joe the Marine."

However, it is not a case of "all work and no play" at the depôt. There are games of all sorts going on when drills are over, excellent reading, writing, and recreation-rooms, a canteen like a miniature Whiteley's, and plenty of innocent fun in the men's barrack-rooms. One of my marine friends has been kind enough to send me some notes descriptive of what may be called, for lack of a better word, the social education of the recruit, which may come in usefully here.

"Originally a raw recruit or rookie (as he is familiarly called) was a soldier who had never been under fire. It is now applied to newly enlisted men. The title sticks to them until they have passed through the first stage of their training, when they pass it on to some fresh hand, who in his turn transfers it to some other greenhorn.

“Many are the tricks practised on a ‘new joint.’ The first day is usually a quiet one, on which he is put up to the *quiffs* of the service by his room-mates. The next day the fun begins. He is sent on a message by one of his chums (for already he has a dozen or so) to get his bootlaces marked for him. When he returns with a long face, he is informed by another of his affectionate friends that Tom Smith has only been taking a rise out of him. After receiving the sympathy of every one present he is sent on another bogus errand, such as to fetch the coal with a bread-tray. Another joke is to send him for *the Jenker’s milk*, jenker being slang for a defaulter or a man confined to barracks for some military offence. Of course the rookie doesn’t know so much at first, so he gets the can and marches his stumps off to the cook-house only to find he has been sold again. One would think that he would have learnt caution by this time, but no—with blissful ignorance or innocence he marches off once more, this time, perhaps, to the barber for the keys of the “last post” (this is really a bugle-call). On arriving at the barber’s with his message, he is informed that the pioneer-sergeant has it, so he must call again in half an hour’s time. Back he goes to his *chum* to tell him how he has fared, and is finally sent to the guard-room to see if they have been left there for him. I was once on guard myself when a rook came on such an errand and shall never forget the innocence of the man; he was green enough for anything.

“By this time our friend the rookie has had enough and now proceeds with others to ‘give away a little’

to some convenient 'green 'un.' In a week he will be as good at sending messages as he was before in taking them.

"Another amusement is to sentence a man to a barrack-room court-martial for some imaginary offence or other. Everything is prepared, and president, members, and witnesses are all present. The court opens with some rigmarole, the witnesses are duly sworn and give their evidence, and the members bring in their verdict, which is always the same—guilty! 'Of what?' asks the prisoner. 'High treason. Have you anything to say?' says the president. The prisoner opens his mouth to speak. 'Keep silence!' thunders the president. The members then separate and quietly surround their victim. The president sentences the prisoner 'to be flung to the four winds,' and he is thereupon caught up on the rug, which had previously done duty as 'prisoner's dock,' and 'tossed.' After all the wind has been knocked out of him he is allowed to go, with the caution that next time he is convicted on such a charge he will not be so leniently dealt with.

"The nicknames given to various persons and things are often very funny. Bread is Tommy or rootee; a spoon is a gibby; the pepper-box, the lighthouse; mustard is plaster; potatoes, spuds: speaking of 'spuds' reminds me of a laughable occurrence brought to my notice one day by one of our orderlies. It is the duty of the officer of the day (or orderly officer) to visit the mess-rooms at dinner-time to hear any complaints that the men may have to make. Entering

one room with the usual inquiry, 'Any complaints?' the officer on this occasion met with the reply, 'Yes, sir, the *spuds* ain't done.' 'What?' says the subaltern. 'The spuds, sir,' repeats the man. 'What does he mean, sergeant?' 'Oh, he be ignorant, sir, he means taters.'

"Frivolous complaints sometimes occur among marines as well as bluejackets. A grumbler complained one day, for instance, of having 'all the thick of the coffee—all grouts, sir.' 'Very good,' said the officer. 'You may have the thin of the soup to-morrow. See that he has, mind, sergeant.' That man never made another complaint during the time he was in the company.

"A certain captain is credited with a novel way of avoiding the trouble of complaints. He gave orders that none were to be made until after a certain morning's parade. When the time came and the men were fallen in on parade he asked if any man wished to make a report. About a dozen replied. The captain made a note of them and commenced the inspection. Every man who had expressed a wish to make a report received the same order in his turn, 'Tighten your helmet chin-strap four links up, my man.' After inspection the captain politely invites the grumblers to step forward and lay bare their wrongs. The men stepped forward, but not one of them could open his mouth, owing to the tightness of the chin-strap. The captain smiled sweetly and dismissed them with the remark that he was glad to have no reports!

"Bread dipped in coffee is known as *slingers*. This

was the cause of some amusement one day. A young subaltern going the breakfast rounds was surprised to find some of the men without butter. He turned to the sergeant and asked how it was. It was explained to him that the men had to buy their own butter, and that in some cases the necessary cash, or *rocks*, was not forthcoming. He then asked what was their favourite feed. '*Slingers*,' replied the sergeant. 'And what are slingers?' 'Dry bread dipped or soaked in coffee,' was the reply. 'Then kindly let the men have *slingers* for a month at my expense,' said the sub., with a laugh, as he walked away, leaving *long-faces* behind him at the table. Clothes are known as *clobber*; sugar is *sand*; coal, *diamonds*; money, *rocks*."

After eight months at the depôt, during which he has been hard at it with setting-up drill, gymnastics, company drill, manual, firing, and bayonet exercise, there is nothing of the recruit about our young private and he is ready to be sent to headquarters at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham. In my time at Walmer recruits for the Royal Marine Artillery also went through the depôt. They are now, I believe, trained at their own barracks at Eastney.

At headquarters our friend takes his turn at all the regular duties and enters upon more advanced drill, including a course of naval gunnery. By and by his turn comes for sea, and he marches off to join some ship. Here a new experience awaits him as he learns to be "sailor too." He joins a watch and a mess, but keeps up the memory of shore-going days by calling the part of the ship he lives in his "barracks." At

“general quarters” certain guns are allotted to the Marines, at fire-quarters they have their regular stations, they furnish “the guard” on all occasions of ceremony, do sentry-go, work in the “double-bottoms” of their ships, act as officers’ servants, postmen, painters, tailors, shoemakers, barbers, butchers, lamp-trimmers, even as nurses sometimes; and in the meantime keep up their drills and every now and then land from their various ships for military exercise ashore. Of their work as soldiers we have read often lately in the story of the war in South Africa. But that is only a small portion of their record of good service in our many “little wars.” And whether on shore or afloat the marine is always a “handy-man,” never at a loss, ready for anything that may turn up, and uncommonly capable of looking after himself. Others may go hungry but he’ll manage to forage a meal somehow, others may pass uncomfortable nights in the field, but he’ll contrive in some way or other to make himself cosy. I’ve never tasted more delicious tea than that which a “blue-marine,” in charge of a Krupp gun at Fort Baker in the Soudan, brought to a thirsty lot of us on the afternoon of the day when the battle of El Teb was fought in 1884; though how he managed to produce it was a puzzle more wonderful than any conjurer’s best trick.

Among my best friends in the service have been my marine servants. I have had them of all ages: the typical “Old Marine” who regards one as his property to be cared for as such, and the youngster who gets to know one’s little ways and fads and adapts himself

accordingly. One has been an agricultural lad from the country, another a Cockney, another a tradesman, but, with scarcely an exception, all alike good, faithful fellows whom one could thoroughly trust and respect.

It is not to be wondered at that when a marine of good character leaves the service he has very little difficulty in getting work ashore. Accustomed to discipline, able to turn his hand to almost anything, well-mannered and trustworthy, he is just the man for a "position of trust" in almost any capacity.

The Royal Marine Artillery are formed as a division sixteen companies strong. The standard of height for recruits is higher than for the Light Infantry. As their name implies, their special business is gunnery, in which they attain a high standard of proficiency, but they also undertake various other duties on board in the same way as their comrades of the red tunic. They are sent as a rule to battleships and do not act as officers' servants. Their pay is a little more than that of the Light Infantry.

Everybody has heard of the Marine bands, which take a very high position in the world of military music.

For a delightful account of "The Sea Regiment" I strongly recommend a series of articles under that title by Major Drury, R.M.L.I., in the *Navy and Army Illustrated*. For the history of the corps, Major Edye's "History of the Royal Marines" should be studied, and for the Royal Marine Artillery an article by Lieutenant (now Captain) Rose, R.M.A., in the *United Service Magazine* of August, 1893.

NOTE.—The gallant defence of the Legations at Peking by the Royal Marine guard called forth the following generous tributes of sympathy and admiration from her Majesty the Queen and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty :—

“I thank God that you and those under your command are rescued from your perilous situation. With my people I have waited with the deepest anxiety for the good news of your safety and a happy termination to your heroic and prolonged defence. I grieve for the losses and sufferings experienced by the besieged.

“V.R.I.”

“Board of Admiralty send their heartfelt congratulations on your rescue. They have felt intense anxiety as to your safety. Your countrymen are proud of your heroic defence.”

The Handy Man's Bill of Fare.

THE early breakfast of the lower deck consists of ship's cocoa and bread. The cocoa is very good and nourishing, but the meal is taken rather too early for the taste of the men, who prefer what is known as "the stand easy," which comes just after divisions. I have known men who preferred to wait for this meal to break their fast. "Stand easy" consists of coffee and "something out of the canteen," and, like the supper taken between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, is paid for out of the men's own pockets.

At dinner in port there is always fresh meat with vegetables, except once a week, when by way of a change salt pork and pea-soup are served out. At sea, salt beef with plum-pudding and salt pork with pea-soup are given alternately, and once a week preserved meat. When I was in the Channel Squadron there was a custom, much disliked by the men, of boiling the meat with the vegetables, which would have been all very well if cooky had been a bit sparing with the water. But, on the contrary, the proportion

of water was so liberal that the mixture became a thin soup with the goodness of the meat boiled away to almost nothing, and certainly seemed to deserve its name of "copper-rattle." The custom has long since been abolished.

The dinners, especially on Sundays, always looked to me very appetising, the joints nicely browned, the "spuds" well cooked, and the plum-duff well stuffed with what the sailor-boy calls "gammies."

As a rule men do not take up the whole of their allowance, but receive instead of the portion "left behind" an equivalent in the form of a money allowance, paid to them monthly by the paymaster as "savings." This money goes into the common fund of the mess, and helps towards "stand easy" and the purchase of little extras. To "take up savings" has become a figure of speech for doing without a thing.

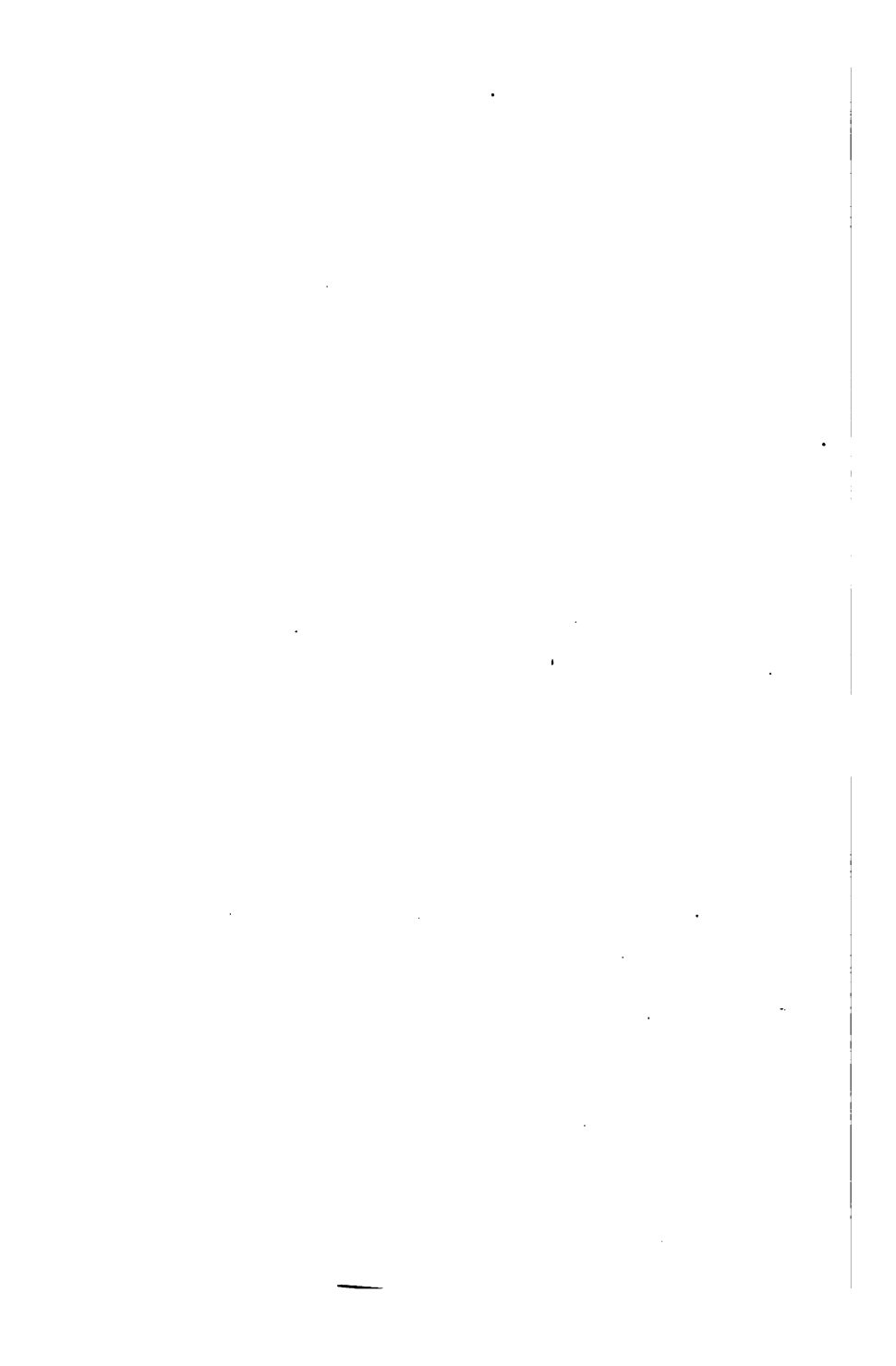
The meal officially known as supper is practically what is usually called "tea" (the supper hour is simply "teatime"). It consists of tea and bread. Milk and butter are matters for the Handy-man's private purse.

In sailor parlance biscuit is "bread," the tall round chest which stands at the head of each mess being called the bread-berge; bread of the ordinary description is "soft tack"; a mess kettle is not a kettle, but a big oval "boiler" with a cover for fetching meat, &c.; other tin vessels in use are known as "kids" and "fannies." The general term for food is "scrans." A man's allowance of grog is his "tot."

Talking of the Handy-man's dinner hour and bill of



THE DINNER HOUR.



fare reminds me of an instance of the kind-heartedness of bluejackets that came under my notice in my first ship. A poor old man, who for some reason or other had left the service without a pension, used to come over from Gosport every day when the ship was in port—being given a free passage in the Gosport and Portsea ferry-boat—to receive his dinner from some of our men who had been boys under him in former days. These good fellows always gave him a hearty welcome and made him happy and comfortable, and, though this went on for weeks at a time, never made him feel that he was *wearing out his welcome*. I often used to see him on the fore-castle or the mess-deck, looking the picture of contentment, among his friends.

I have even received invitations to dinner myself, and, when obliged to decline these, have been pressed to accept at least “a bit of duff”; and very good I found it.

Money Matters.

THE Handy-man of to-day has many advantages over the Jack Tar of the past, but none perhaps more striking than those connected with his money matters. In the old days men were kept penniless for long periods, and then paid a big lump sum down and sent ashore to spend it. It could hardly be expected that under such conditions they should do this in a sensible way. But the days when bank-notes were fried or used as pipelights are over. The modern bluejacket is by no means close-fisted, but he likes to get his money's worth, and he doesn't care about "blueing the lot" in the reckless fashion of his predecessor. How has this change come about? Firstly, through the continuous service system, which has certainly raised the whole tone of the lower deck, and then through the excellent system by which thrift is made easy for the men. From a boy the bluejacket is encouraged and assisted to send home to his parents or wife, as the case may be, a portion of his pay. This is known as "leaving half-pay." He has only to mention his wish and all the trouble is

taken off his hands ; he gets his portion at the pay-table, the rest is forwarded free of cost or trouble to his relatives. If he wants to send home money direct the paymaster will let him have postal orders without any charge for "poundage." If he wants to lay by a nest-egg for the future nothing is simpler. He only has to walk across from the pay-table to the savings-bank table, plank down his money, have it entered in his book, and go away with the comfortable assurance that it is safe and about to earn him a good rate of interest. Or he may make his deposits in the Dock-yard bank—just as he prefers. I have known men leave a ship on paying-off with quite a balance at the bank ; in one case over £150 ! Of course this represents the savings of several years, but it speaks well for the thrift which has replaced the recklessness of old days.

In addition to his service pay a bluejacket often "makes a pay day" by taking in washing (hammocks 1s. a-piece), cutting hair, tailoring, shoemaking, or cobbling, making caps or badges, or playing the harmonium in church. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he finds the extra bit very useful if he is a married man. For he likes the wife and children to be well fed and well clothed, and this takes money.

In some ships benefit clubs are carried on by a committee of officers and men with a view to helping any shipmates who may be invalided out of the service through no fault of their own. Some of these clubs provide for a certain sum being payable at death to the friends of a deceased member ; but this is not,

as a rule, considered advisable, as it lessens the prospects of a larger sum being raised by subscription among the officers and men.

At the Chatham Depôt there is an excellent institution known as the "Chatham R.N. Depôt Aid Fund." The funds are drawn from money voted by the canteen committees of the *Pembroke* and *Northumberland*, supplemented by voluntary contributions from other ships belonging to the Chatham Port Division. Grants are made by a council representative of all branches of the service, and are administered by a deaconess, who is maintained by the canteen funds and attached to the depôt for work amongst the men's families. This Aid Fund has done excellent work since it started in 1896, as the following table will show :—

Year.			Cases assisted.		Extended in relief.	
1896	18	63
1897	22	154
1898	43	190
1899	60	431

For any object in which he can be got to take an interest the Handy-man is ready to give generously. But he prefers to have his contribution deducted from his pay by the paymaster rather than to "shell out" the actual coin himself. But then we all have our little fads, and this is certainly one that can be sympathised with by many. For we don't miss so much what we never touch!

Soap, Tobacco, and Religious Books.

ON the old form of pay-ticket issued to our men, long since abolished, there appeared the above entry, the work of some unconscious humorist in the department of accounts in London. It will serve our turn for a few words on the issue of various necessaries to the men as carried on on board ship. The routine is, money first, then soap and tobacco. After a man has held out his cap for his "compo," he passes on to another part of the deck, where the ship's steward's assistant is ready to supply his wants in the matter of soap and tobacco. The soap is served out in bars of good sound "yellow," one or more as may be desired, and the tobacco in the leaf, every man being entitled to take up his pound at the service price of one shilling. These articles are not paid for directly, but charged against the man's pay.

The uses of service soap are various: for personal ablution, for "scrubbing and washing clothes," and for payment of the fine for leaving personal property about the deck, a bar of soap being demanded

by the corporal in charge of *the scran-bag* before any "lost property" can be recovered.

There are, perhaps, few more welcome "pipes" than "Hands scrub and wash clothes." The wash-tub and its attendant labour seem to lend themselves naturally to conversation even ashore, and certainly on board ship there is no jollier hour than that in which, with bare feet, trousers tucked up to the knee, and pipe in mouth, the Handy-man sets himself to "rub out a few pieces." To some men the wash-tub is a source of no mean revenue, for there are always a certain number who are ready to pay for having their clothes washed or hammocks scrubbed rather than do the work themselves. The price for washing a hammock is a shilling, which seems a big price, but it is the rule and no one grumbles. Now is the time for the collector of yarns to keep his ears open. A Rudyard Kipling might gather in a good store if he were anywhere handy. I only wish I had dotted down some of the interesting and amusing things I have heard as I lingered near on "wash-clothes" evenings. But then I never dreamt that anybody would want me to spin them a yarn about the Handy-man!

"Scrub hammocks" is an independent function. And there is a further task, not quite so agreeable, when a *re-scrub* is ordered of such hammocks as fail to satisfy the examining officer.

When scrubbed a hammock presents a peculiar, greyish-white aspect, which has suggested to the naval mind, ever prone to search out fanciful

analogies, the description of a cold, grey, stern countenance as a "scrubbed 'ammick face." And if a man appears with a look "as if he had lost half-a-sovereign and found sixpence," he also is said to have "a scrubbed 'ammick face" on him. We don't much care about such faces in the Navy. You may admire and respect a man with a "scrubbed 'ammick face," but you can't love him.

Washing over, the various articles are hung up on lines about the ship to dry. There is a story *apropos* of this clothes-drying that a chaplain, freshly joined, once objected to reading prayers in the presence of these particular ornaments, deeming it inconsistent with the dignity of Divine service!

There is one other use for yellow soap in the Navy of which I have heard, but decline to vouch for. It is said that the ship's cook always puts a bit of soap in the coppers with the pea-soup to improve the flavour. All I will venture to say is that nowhere in the world, in my opinion, can pea-soup be tasted to such perfection as on the lower-deck of one of H.M. ships.

Most people who take any interest in "ships and the sea" have heard of "ship's tobacco." It is indeed difficult to imagine a sailor who doesn't smoke, though, as a matter of fact, there are a considerable number of non-smokers amongst us, and a still larger number who prefer trifling with a cigarette to an honest pipe of "ship's." Some of my readers may have seen our Navy tobacco as prepared by the men themselves, a solid block covered with canvas, round which spun-yarn is wound in such a way as to make

it like a sort of miniature torpedo. The process of preparation is something of this kind : The tobacco, being served out in the leaf, is first of all wetted, and then wrapped up in a bit of ship's canvas ; then a line of tarry cord is fastened up at some convenient spot on the deck, and, by a mystic process which I never quite followed, the sailor, astride across this line, works it round the canvas tightly, until the latter is completely covered and the tobacco pressed into the orthodox form. In a short time it is ready for use, and may be sliced or shredded off with the sailor's jack-knife as required. The strength or mildness of the tobacco depends a good deal on the amount of saltpetre used to preserve the leaves. Those who like a "full" flavour are careful to retain as much of the saltpetre as possible ; a "medium" flavour is obtained by judicious washing ; while the "mild" form may be reached by a thorough cleansing of the leaves. As smoked by bluejackets it is decidedly "full." But it must be remembered that they are not much given to *continuous* smoking. A man takes his pipe out of that wonderful hold-all, his cap, shreds in a little tobacco, takes a few draws, and very soon replaces it unfinished in its former position. By and by he will light up again for another short smoke, but that is all. Of course, one does come across heavy smokers, but it makes even these a bit shaky to go on too long.

Being rather addicted to experiments, I used to get my marine servant to make up my pound for me (officers have the same privilege as the men of being allowed to take up a pound of tobacco at the service

price), and for over three months I stuck to it, getting fonder of its taste day by day, but, being inclined to smoke one pipe out and take another, I found that "ship's" was a bit too strong at last. I shan't forget my last pipe of that form of tobacco. I was going across from Bighi to Valetta and lit up as usual on the way, but two "draws" were sufficient. A violent attack of dyspepsia ensued forthwith, and I knocked out my pipe, never again to venture on ship's tobacco.

The fascination of "ship's" for those who have been accustomed to it (and can stand it!) is extraordinary. I remember how once, when I was taking a sailor-boy to one of the Earl's Court exhibitions, as we were passing through the turn-stile, the Commissionaire in charge leaned over to the boy and whispered, "You haven't got a bit of 'ship's' about you, have you?" And great is the joy of an old pensioner when his son, or some other kind-hearted "blue," presents him with a "little bit of ship's tobacco."

Considering the amount of comfort that tobacco gives to men who, when all is said, can scarcely be described as leading a very *luxurious* life, I fail to agree with those good people who strive to get sailor-boys to sign off tobacco as well as drink. As long as they are "boys," they are not allowed to smoke, and the pledge is scarcely required. When they become men, the amount of smoking they will be able to do, *in the manner of the lower deck*, will do them no harm physically or morally, and may bring them a good deal of innocent enjoyment. The idea that smoking

leads to drinking is just stuff and nonsense. I certainly don't believe in boys smoking cheap cigarettes, or *fags*, as they call them, continually, but to tell a sailor it is wrong to smoke is to my mind a piece of unwarrantable interference, however well meant. Why are good people so eager to bring forth supplements of their own to the Ten Commandments?

The habit of chewing tobacco has to a great extent died out since the smoking-hours on board were extended. Boys sometimes extract a secret and doubtful joy from a "chaw of 'baccy," but they do so, I believe, more from delight in "stolen pleasure" than from any real liking for the habit.

From time to time "slops" are served out, generally on a "make and mend clothes" afternoon. The men have made out their slop-tickets (or orders for what they require) beforehand, and on the day of issue receive the corresponding amounts of No. 1 or No. 2 blue cloth, serge, flannel, duck, sewing material, &c. Soon you will see some men carefully marking out cloth pants—a work not to be lightly enterprised, for blue cloth costs money, and a false snip of the scissors means pecuniary disaster—others sewing on badges, others running up a serge frock or a duck suit by the aid of a donkey (otherwise a Singer's sewing-machine). Jewing-bags (bags for holding sewing materials) are replenished and ready for "making and mending" in the ordinary sense of the words, or that form of "making and mending" which finds the jewing-bag a convenient pillow and the afternoon appropriate for a siesta.

As in the case of "scrubbing and washing clothes," there are men who contrive to supplement their pay by taking in "jewing" (sewing). One man is great at making cloth trousers, another makes caps, another turns out quite respectable badges. There are always a number of donkeys in the ship (no offence meant, I merely allude to the sewing-machines), and a lot of work they have to do.

The religious books included in this quaint entry on the old pay-ticket probably indicate a Bible and Prayer Book ; a man who, for any reason (such as that he had lost the copy of either presented to him when a boy), wished to purchase one or both of these being allowed to do so at the service price.

The Handy Man's Vocabulary.

"A sea change
Into something rich and strange."

"THE TEMPEST."

NOT the least peculiar of the sea changes which embarrass the simple landsman are the strange meanings which some words take on in a sailor's vocabulary. For instance, as we have already mentioned, until quite recently the word "idler" in naval parlance denoted, not a man who dawdled away his time, far from that—for a ship's "idler" was one of the hardest-worked men in the ship, as a rule; but a man who did not keep regular watch—a steward, sailmaker, ropemaker, painter, plumber, or blacksmith, who worked by day and was supposed to have "all night in"; though as a matter of fact he was obliged to muster with the morning watch at 4 a.m., to assist in the working of the ship—"Watch and idlers shorten sail," "Watch and idlers scrub and wash decks," and so on. Not much of "a night in" after all.

There were certain varieties of idlers—working idlers, excused idlers, and dry idlers. I never knew

whether the parson was regarded as an excused idler, or one of the dry ones. It would have been too much to expect to be regarded as a working idler!

Another queer expression was the description of the fourth or lowest class for leave—which included incorrigible leave-breakers—as the “habitual leave.” Of course it was meant as short for “men who habitually broke their leave,” but it sounded strange. This class for leave has been lately abolished.

A working party leaving the ship before the “stand easy” are often directed to take their “stand easy” with them, meaning of course the food they would have consumed in the “stand easy” if they had remained on board.

Sometimes one hears the order piped, “Hands to clean in a dirty rig!” It sounds very odd, but the explanation is simple enough. “To clean” means not merely to do a “wash and brush-up,” but also to change into the proper rig of the day. In this case the proper rig is indicated to be a rough dress suitable for dirty work such as coaling ship.

A term which lends itself to amusing misconstruction is that of *skeleton-crews* applied to the reduced complements of ships in the Reserve at the naval ports. A dear old friend of mine in one of these ships, with a decidedly liberal allowance of “lower chest,” used to delight in describing himself as one of the skeletons.

There is a grim humour about the names given to the preserved mutton served out to the men, which being a bit *stringy* was called indifferently Fanny Adams or Harriet Lane. It has been largely super-

seded, I believe, by what soldiers call "bully beef," that is, American preserved beef.

A man who has drunk not wisely but too well is described as "tin-hatted," or as having on his "tin hat"; one who, whether drunk or sober, is of no earthly use at his job is known as a Q.H.B., or Queen's hard bargain. This is quite an old term, and may be found in Captain Basil Hall's "Voyages and Travels" (1831).

The parson robed for the "performance of Divine service," is said to have on his "*white working-rig*"; a bishop wears a hat with *funnel-guys*—such a hat having a decided resemblance to a funnel kept in position by wire stays or guys. A pair of seaman's trousers with the extremities made extra wide is a "*pair o' bells*."

To snatch a little slumber, more especially by day, is to *do a caulk* or *take a stretch off the land*. To *flog the cat* is to be vexed with ourselves for something we have said or done.

A "*monkey's fist*" is anything that puzzles us, of which we can't make out the meaning or reason. Chums are often called *raggies*, from the fact that they generally establish a partnership in the "brass rags" used for polishing stanchions, &c., on deck. *To part brass rags* signifies a dissolution of partnership and friendly relations.

From the attitude necessarily assumed at the time of scrubbing decks, this exercise is usually known as "saying prayers."

To get "the Killick" is to be rated Leading Sea-

man, the *killick*, or anchor, being the badge of this rating.

When a man dies he is said to "lose the number of his mess."

Passing on to the nicknames given by bluejackets to various officers and men: The admiral is the *Ral*; the captain, the Skipper (in the Merchant Service he is "The Old Man"); the first lieutenant, No. 1; the gunnery lieutenant, Gunnery Jack; the navigating officer, the Master; the boatswain is Pipes; the gunner, Wads. Of non-executive officers, the chaplain is "Sky Pilot," or "Holy Joe"; the paymaster, "Pusser" (purser), "Gold Dust," or "Nip-cheese" (an old term nearly obsolete); assistant paymasters, clerks, and writers are all Ink-slingers; the chief engineer, "The Chief" (even if he hold the exalted rank of fleet engineer it is still the same); the surgeon, of whatever rank, is "The Dock"; the carpenter, Chips; sergeant of Marines, Major; signalman, "Bunting"; sailmaker, "Sails"; sick-berth steward, "Doctor"; ship's steward's boy, Dusty; marines, Jollies; seamen as a class, Flat-foots, or, for older men, "Shell-backs." "Jack Tar" is quite gone out in the navy as a Name for the blue-jacket. It originated, we are told, from the custom in former days of wearing a sort of petticoat of tarred sail-cloth and a "tarpaulin" hat. We have seen elsewhere that the master-at-arms is called the "Jorndy" and his satellites, the ship's corporals, "Crushers."

The bluejacket's versions of the names of ships are very curious and diverting. I remember, just after

joining the service, meeting an old pensioner at a church in Greenwich who informed me with pride that he had served in the *Andrew Mack*, by which he meant the *Andromache*; and the old hulk on the Gosport side, in which we lived in the summer of 1882 while our ship was being refitted, was always called by the men the *Calyp(a)so*, though her namesake in the training squadron was nicknamed by the officers, at any rate, the *Cliphooks*. My first ship, the *Serapis*, was always "the *Old Sarah*"; I don't think the next one, the *Tamar*, had a nickname; the *Northumberland* was the *Northo*; the *Trafalgar*, the *Traffy*; the *Minotaur*, the *Minnie Tar*, or *Minny*. It may be as well to give a list of such of these curious variations of ship's name as I have come across. No doubt some of my readers will know them all and even be able to add to the number, but there may be others to whom they will be both fresh and amusing :—

Proper Names.	Bluejacket's Version.
Bellerophon.	Billy Ruffen, or Ball o' Rope Yarns.
Agamemnon.	Eggs and Bacon.
Polyphemus.	Polly Infamous.
Latona.	Let Alone.
Euryalus.	New Royalist.
Niobe.	Nobby.
Ariadne.	Hairy Annie.
Polycrates.*	Polly Crates.
Daedalus.	Deadlies.
Bacchante.	Back Shant.

* Not now in the Navy List:

Proper Names.	Bluejacket's Version.
Atalanta.*	Hat and Lantern.
Hermione.	Hermey Own, or Hermey Onc.
Immortalité.	Immortalight.
Charybdis.	Cherrybis.
Circe.	Serce.
Psyche.	Pish.
Bellicieux.*	Billy Squeaks.
Dédaigneuse.*	Dead Nose.
Agincourt.	Gin Palace.
Blenheim.	Blen-ecm.
Sans Pareil.	Sam Perry.
Beaulieu.*	Bowly.
Généreux.*	Jenny Rooks.
Espiégle.	Espieegly.
Impérieuse.	Imperooze.
Belle Poule.*	Bell Pull.
Ville de Paris.*	Willy de Parry.
Téméraire.	Trim yer 'air, or Temmy.
St. Jean d'Acres.*	Jenny Dacres.
Unité.*	Unect.
Achilles.	Chillus.
Ville de Milan.*	Wheel 'em along.
Royal Sovereign.	Royal Quid, or The Quid
Andromeda.	Andro Méda.

The following yarn will be a "chestnut" to many but will bear repetition. A sailor at Portsmouth in search of a ship—it was before the days of continuous service—was being rowed out to one that was lying up the harbour. As he passed under the vessel's

* Not now in the Navy List.

stern he looked up to see her name. Reading this backward he spelled out slowly, *N-o-g-r-o-g*. "What, no grog? Here, you duffin' son-of-a-sea-cook, you—back-water and set me ashore again. No grog! You loafin' longshore scuttler, that ain't the ship for me!"

Like many people on shore the bluejacket is often fond of using words of which he has but an imperfect knowledge. For example, in describing the way in which he and his friends had spent an afternoon on shore, a man told me once that after walking about Florian for a bit they *surmised* they'd go down Strada Reale and have a drink. Another worthy blue asked me if he could have a few words with me, and on my consent being readily given said, "Well, you see, sir, it's like this, I've been getting into trouble lately over a lot of little *trivulous* offences." He had no idea what a beautiful portmanteau-word he had managed to coin. Shay-oss is a pronunciation distinctly original heard in connection with a complaint of the condition of things on board a newly-commissioned ship. The following story, a little toned down from its original form, was told me by an old shipmate as an instance of what the fondness of seamen for fine language sometimes produces. A gunner, who suffered from this particular weakness, brought up a man before the officer of the watch. After listening for some time, the officer said, "Well, Mr. So-and-so, you've been going on for the last quarter of an hour but I don't know what you've been talking about, can't you say in a few words what complaint you have against this man?" "Well, sir, to put the matter shortly, this man has been a-criticis-

ing me on the lower deck." "Oh! he has been criticising you, has he? Well, what did he say?" "He said I was a herring-gutted son-of-a-sea-cook, sir!"

One day, as we were lying in the harbour of Suda Bay, a man came up to me and, pointing to a small fort on the side of the hill, said, "Do you see that there place up there, sir?" "Yes," said I. "Well, they tell me that's where they *incriminates* the people." Did he mean cremate?

Sometimes the words employed are perfectly correct, but a little out of the common. It rather takes one aback to be addressed in the style of Dr. Johnson as I was by an old shipmate whom I met in town one day. After a few preliminary observations, he turned towards a young lady standing near and said, "Let me introduce you, sir, to my affianced wife." On another occasion I came across an "old ship" standing outside the door of a public-house. Recognising him at once as one of my boys in a former ship I called out "Hullo, Tommy, how are you?" With a grave face and very deliberate utterance he replied, "Quite well, I thank you sir, but a little inebriated."

When a man suspects another man of trying to get him into a row, or planning to provoke him into committing himself, he says, "So-and-so wants to 'let me in for a secret.'"

A bo's'n whose good-nature was too severely tried by the stupidity of one of the boys, turned on him at last with a scathing remark, "Here, boy, if you don't mind, I'll hexpense with your services altogether, you disgusting young blackguard."

An amusing instance of the quaint way in which the Handy-man often expressed himself comes from Lady-smith. During the siege a shell from Long Tom exploded and threw a number of pieces of stone into the battery. A bronzed and brawny bluejacket, with his straw hat jammed down on the back of his head, stood up, brushing his sleeve where a fragment had hit it, and set his comrades in a roar with the remark, "Blowed if them fat-headed Dutchmen ain't begun a-throwing stones at us!"

"Here, knock off that *kyacting*, will you?" an irate P.O. will say, if he sees a youngster playing the fool instead of attending to his work. The youngster on the other hand may think to himself—it isn't advisable to say these things out loud!—"I wish old Nobby wouldn't come *busnacking* about, worrying a chap out of his life. I wasn't doing any harm!" To "busnack" is to be unnecessarily fussy and busy.

There is a picturesque appropriateness in the description of bandmen as *wind-jammers*, and the ship's harmonium as the *squeeze-box*.

The grumbler in the Army is said to "grouse," in the Navy he "does a moan."

To be able to "spin a good yarn," is an enviable talent, but an aggressive, boastful, or argumentative talker will probably be told not to "chaw his fat."

These are only a few flowers out of the extensive garden of the Handy-man's vocabulary, but they must suffice for the present.

Commander's "Cooks."

COMMANDER'S "cooks" is another name for the "defaulter's bugle," the call which summons transgressors to "toe pitch" on the quarter-deck before the commander for his "petty sessions." Here the defaulter meets his accusers face to face, and has the opportunity given him of defending himself, if he can. The commander, having heard the complaint and the defence, if any, either dismisses the case or serves out the requisite amount of "First Watch," IOA or IOB. An hour's "First Watch" involves a shortening of the man's comfortable watch below in the evening; IOB adds other disabilities; IOA, when strictly exacted, is about as disagreeable a punishment as can be imagined short of confinement in cells with its concomitant forfeiture of pay and privilege. To stand on the quarter-deck with his "nose to the paint-work," to eat his dinner on deck under the sentry's eye, to lose his grog and his smoke, and be told off to all the unpleasant work of the ship when his messmates are enjoying the pleasures of their watch below, makes a man sit up a bit.

Serious cases are taken before the captain, who may award so many days "cells" on board or send the delinquent to prison for forty-two days "hard." There may be even severer punishment — ninety days or a year or more of imprisonment for anything very grave. But these punishments require the sanction of the admiral, and, in some cases, of the Admiralty.

A young friend of mine once asked if I knew a certain shipmate of his, who said he remembered my coming down and picking oakum with him! I recollected the case very well. The fact is that when I visited prisoners in cells I found it a good plan to pick up a bit of oakum and *join in the job* while chatting with my friend. It made things a bit more comfortable and sociable.

I shall cut this chapter very short, as it is profoundly disagreeable to me to enlarge on the Handyman's service troubles. They nearly always arise from drink and leave-breaking. Apart from these faults, he is such a good fellow that I prefer to draw a curtain over this part of the picture. Besides, the number of men who commit themselves sufficiently to require "cells" or imprisonment is comparatively very small out of a whole ship's company. Let us say no more about it.





U. S. Navy and Army.

A MEETING OF "OLD SHIPS."

Photo]

“Old Ships.”

THERE is a freemasonry of the sea that makes naval men prompt to recognise in the uniform a sufficient introduction between those who may otherwise be complete strangers to one another. We feel at once that we have so much in common, so many things of special interest to each other to talk about—our ships, our stations, possible mutual friends, and all the chances and changes of naval life—that we are at home together *at the first onset*, as an old friend of mine would have expressed it. By the way, I remember our “first luff” trying “to pull the old boy’s leg” by asking what he would propose at the *second* and *third onsets*! He rose beautifully at the *second*, but the *third* was too much of a strain and failed to elicit any further proposal.

It is, however, when “old ships” meet that the comradeship, the brotherhood of the sea comes out most clearly in long yarns together over a friendly pipe, as once again we “commission ship” and recall the pleasures and troubles, the failures and successes, of our three years and odd in “the old packet.” Our talk runs on other “old ships”: how some have gone

flying up to the top of the tree and are now boatswains or gunners, while others have been left far behind : how Nobby Clarke has picked up the "killick" ; or Hookey Walker has married and gone into the Coast-guard ; or Dusty Miller is in the Fire Brigade ; or Pincher Martin has bought his discharge and gone into the "public" line. Then there's Bill Shirker : what a Q.H.B. he was ! How the other fellows in his ship ever put up with him is a puzzle, for of course they had to do his work for him.

Do you remember, says one of us, how his captain sent for him and told him he was useless and a regular bad example to the youngsters of the ship's company ? I should think I did. You never saw a man look so surprised in your life. He comes down in the mess and says, says he, "Well, wotever is the service a-coming to ? Here's the captain says he's applied for my discharge as objectionable ! I'd like to know what he means by that," says he. And I'm blowed if he warn't going to argue the point with us that he was "just the sort of fellow the Navy'd always had," as the song says. But that was too much for us, so we ups and tells him : "Now look 'ere, Bill, you may be as good a man as you thinks yourself, but you ain't gone the right way to prove it yet. You'm Shirker by name, and Shirker by nature, and the service will be well rid of you. But we don't bear you no malice, and we'll present you with a putty medal, when you goes, with your picture on one side and your tally on the other—Bill Shirker, Q.H.B." ¹

¹ Queen's Hard Bargain.

Well, he give us a queer look, and then he says, quite civil like, "Thankee kindly, shipmates all, for giving me an 'andle to my name, and for the kind things as you've said about me. I'm afeard I don't deserve 'em, but I done my best, and a man can't do more, can he?" He slung his hook a few days afterwards, and the mess-boy said 'twas a happy release. Oh yes, I remember Bill Shirker well enough!

Then we talk of the changes that have taken place in the service since we were boys together in the *Saint* or the *Bos*. Boys weren't coddled then—not they. They didn't gorge themselves on pork for breakfast and bread and dripping for supper. But there was plenty of stick, and a good thing too. Pity there's so little of it nowadays! So we say; but perhaps, after all, we don't mean it in our heart of hearts!

Or the talk turns upon the difference between the old Navy and the new as regards the way men carry on on shore. Whatever would old Shiver-the-mizzen say if he could come back from Fiddler's Green and see bluejackets careering along the road on pneumatic-tired bicycles? Why, he'd "throw a fit."

Or we talk of the astonishing difference between the ships and guns of to-day and those of only a few years ago, with a sigh of regret, no doubt, for the old square-rigged ships in which you could still do a bit of sailorising. Modern warfare will be very different from what it was in Nelson's time. Short and sharp will be the word. As I once heard the case graphically described by one signalman to another in the

Northumberland. "Why, you might be sitting in your mess along o' your chum having a 'd' of cheese, when up you goes afore you knows where you are!" —all very nice, no doubt, but we prefer the old kind of thing ourselves.

So the talk runs on and on until, with a "So long, chum," we part company and go our several ways, feeling all the better for our yarn together and more convinced than ever that there is nothing like "the Navy-trade" for knitting hearts together in honest, lasting friendship, and no chum so staunch and true as an "old ship."

Christmas on Board Ship.

NOT so many years ago Christmas Day in the Navy was a time of drunkenness and license, looked forward to with disgust by the officers and respectable members of the ship's company as a sort of necessary evil to be endured with the consoling reflection that it came but once a year. All went well as a rule up to the time when the captain and officers had, in accordance with time-honoured custom, gone round the mess-deck, accepted a piece of "duff" or cake, or a biscuit from representatives of the messes, and wished the men a merry Christmas. After that it was wisdom to keep away from the lower deck for the rest of the day. It might even be necessary to lock the doors upon the revellers, for they had a way of coming aft and insisting on doing honour to any officers they liked by carrying them shoulder high round the mess-deck. As may easily be imagined it was not infrequently the case that under this pretence they contrived to pay off old scores on an unpopular officer. I shan't forget my own dismay on being "fisted" by some men in the *Northumberland* for one of these

"progresses." To my great joy the senior ship's corporal stopped the procession, asserting that he had orders to stop all "carrying round," and I only covered half the distance.

Times have changed, and, although there are still a few foolish men who try to smuggle liquor into the ship for an extra "wet," and are generally bowled out in the attempt, Christmas Day now passes off very pleasantly on board her Majesty's ships. In 1891, in the case of nearly every ship on the Mediterranean station, the Christmas Day defaulter's sheet was returned as a blank. No doubt this is generally the case now.

My first Christmas at sea was spent in the *Serapis* off Port Said. There was a bit of a sea on and we were rolling pretty heavily, too heavily to be agreeable, but the captain very wisely kept outside rather than risk the chance of the men getting hold of liquor at such an awful place as Port Said then was.

In the Channel Squadron we spent some very happy Christmases. On one of them I got some cardboard alphabets as patterns and from these the men cut out various mottoes for their messes, with which and the orthodox paper-chains we decorated the mess-deck in grand style. Christmas Eve was a very busy time, as may be imagined, for there were hams to be cooked (bluejackets are very fond of a good ham!)—geese, too, if I remember rightly—puddings to be prepared, and all these things carefully arranged to make a good show on the morrow. Never were there such cheerful workers. I was run off my legs helping with the

decorations, and oh ! how tired I was of wielding the scissors ! Meantime I had got a tremendous pile of Christmas cards which I put into envelopes, directed to the different officers and men (one for every man and boy in the ship), and all arranged for delivery by the ship's postman in the morning. Of course it was impossible to make appropriate selections of the cards, and a comical result happened : for one of our petty officers, a widower, who was on the eve of making a second marriage, received a card with a picture of a baby in a basket ! There was a good deal of pleasant badinage about that Christmas card among my friends' messmates. Soon after morning service on the great day the master-at-arms came to say that all was ready, and off we all started, admiral, captain, and officers, for our walk round the mess-deck, the band preceding us, playing "The Roast Beef of Old England." As we passed each mess plum-duff, cake, biscuits, oranges, nuts, &c., were pressed upon us by our hearty hosts and good wishes exchanged. Long before the round was finished my hands were full, and pieces of cake and duff had to be stowed in the tails of my coat ! It would be difficult to find a brighter scene than the mess-deck of a happy ship presents on such an occasion as this. Later on in the day we had a carol service on the quarter-deck. Doubts were expressed whether this would prove successful, but I calculated that by that time (six o'clock) the men would welcome a change, and so it proved, our little service, illustrated by lantern-pictures, drawing quite a crowd of men on deck. Then in the

evening we had a sing-song, bringing to a close a very happy day.

One of the prettiest features in the decoration of the messes is the number of paper "chandeliers" ornamented with photographs of the men's friends. On one occasion in the *Trafalgar* these photographs included, in almost every mess, our much-loved admiral and captain, a very striking tribute of admiration and affection on the part of the ship's company. Another instance of the regard of a ship's company for an officer may be given here. The story goes that the commander of a ship in the Mediterranean, who was unfortunate enough to be laid up in hospital with a fractured kneecap on Christmas Day, received, to his great surprise, a hamper containing a present of a piece of "duff" from every mess in his ship!

It is difficult sometimes, when a ship is at some out-of-the-way place on a foreign station, to get together the materials for a good Christmas feast. A "Jellah-coffee runner," as a West coast fowl is called—a wretched thing, all leg and wing—is a poor substitute for a fat goose or a "blushing ham." But sometimes it is all the other way, as, for instance, our men found at Salonica, where they could purchase a respectable goose for sixteen-pence. Great was the plucking of feathers on such occasions, and noble the feast that followed.

Since I left the *Trafalgar* I have only seen two Christmases on board ship, and they were in harbour ships and need not be described.

Sailors' Homes, Rests, and Institutes.

IN olden days the only "Sailors' Homes" were the public-house and the house of ill-fame. No one bothered his head much about Jack Tar's doings when ashore—where else should he go except to "The Jolly Sailor," and what else could you expect of him but to drink until all his money was gone, and then be off to sea again? As the old song says:—

“But when our money's all gone and spent,
And none to be borrowed, and none to be lent,
In comes old Archer with a frown,
Saying, "Get up, Jack; let John sit down,
For I see you're outward bound!"

We have fortunately "changed all that" now. The "Jack Tar" of old times has become the blue-jacket of to-day, a man of very different ideas. What might suit the "jolly sailor" of Dibdin's age would hardly do for the Handy-man as we know him.

This change for the better is largely due to the

establishment of clean and comfortable "Homes" in our chief naval ports, in which men can be lodged cheaply and obtain good food at a reasonable cost.

It would be very interesting to trace out the evolution of these Homes, Rests, and Institutes for Seamen from the first crude efforts of their benevolent promoters to the present palatial buildings, with their luxurious accommodation of every kind, in Portsmouth, Devonport, Sydney, Malta, Bombay, Bermuda, Hong Kong, and elsewhere. We should find that in most cases they began on rather bald lines, on the principle that sailors are not accustomed to luxuries, and don't want them. Meanwhile the public-houses, with a keen eye to business, took care to cater for the developing desire of their naval customers for bright and comfortable surroundings when they came ashore "for a wet." Slowly the Sailors' Homes followed suit, treating their customers very much as railway companies for a long time were foolish enough to treat their third-class passengers. In planning out the accommodation or establishing the routine of the Homes, more attention was given to providing what the promoters thought would be suitable than to finding out what men really wanted—which may be all very well in theory, but does not work out well in actual experience.

I think there can be little doubt that we owe the introduction of a *taking* brightness into the arrangements in our Sailors' Homes to the example set by Miss Weston in her Sailors' Rests. From the first these Rests have been attractive to the eye. Being run on teetotal lines, there could be no tempting

display of bottles of liquor, but coloured glass bottles and glasses look just as pretty, and give a bit of a homely look to the bar! The general style of the splendid buildings is attractive, there is nothing of the barrack or *converted chapel* about them. There is no need to go into a detailed description here, as this is already capitally done in a profusely illustrated pamphlet published by Miss Weston, which she calls "The Searchlight."

In these Royal Sailors' Rests Miss Weston and her helpers have been quick to provide for our men and boys as far as possible what they wanted, rather than what they might be considered to want, and to this tactfulness may be attributed much of her success. The Rests are largely patronised by our men, and have become centres of much good work in the cause of temperance and purity. The illustrated magazine, *Ashore and Afloat*, edited by Miss Wintz, one of Miss Weston's helpers, which circulates throughout the Navy, is eagerly sought after by men and boys alike, and Miss Weston's monthly letters, or "Blue Backs," as she calls them, always meet with a cordial reception.

Another stimulating influence has been the establishment of well-found Institutes in the sister service.

It is fifty years since the original Royal Sailors' Home in Queen Street, Portsea, was started. As usual, there were not wanting candid friends who endeavoured to "crab the show" by asserting that it was not wanted, and would never be used. I wonder what they would say now! I can only give the briefest outline of its history, which is very instructive

as showing how, through actual experience, the institution came to be conducted on the present admirable and businesslike lines. It was opened in July, 1850, the Queen contributing £100 and the Prince Consort £50. A beginning was made with twenty-four cabins, containing thirty beds; by the end of the year ninety-one beds proved insufficient, and on Christmas night two hundred and fifty men were sleeping on the floors, tables, chairs, and in the passages.

In 1855 the institution was visited by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, who henceforth became a Patron and her Majesty the Queen a Patroness, her Majesty contributing a further gift of £500 for the purpose of extending the Home. In 1863 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales became a Patron in the place of his lamented father. In 1865 Prince Alfred, our Sailor Prince, whose recent death has robbed the Royal Navy of one of its most distinguished ornaments, added his name to the list of royal Patrons.

After anxious consideration, many disapproving of the step, a canteen for the sale of malt liquor was introduced, in the hope of keeping seamen more within the house; later on spirits were allowed. The results showed the wisdom of trusting the men not to abuse these concessions.

In 1870 one hundred and five new cabins were added, making in all accommodation for 273 sleepers.

For many years the Home was conducted on the principle of coaxing, so to speak, the men to use it by giving them food below cost, and covering the loss

by means of subscriptions. It is easy to see that such a course was unwise, for men rate cheaply what costs them little, and, meanwhile, other establishments started into existence which proved more attractive, the result being that the men drifted off to where they could get better value and more comfort for their money. Drastic measures became necessary if the old Home was to recover the ground it had lost. Steps were accordingly taken to bring it more into touch with the service. The officers of the ships in port were made *ex officio* members of the committee; a House Committee was established, and, finally, a Petty Officers' Committee was arranged by the Commander-in-Chief, to make a direct connecting link between the lower deck and the Home, and to assist in maintaining order and discipline. These measures proved most effective, and the Royal Sailors' Home started on a fresh and vigorous term of life. Since 1881 constant advance has been made. In 1889 sixty-seven thousand and seventy men slept in the Home, sixty thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven had meals, and sixteen thousand one hundred and ninety-one had baths.

A wing containing thirty-nine cabins was added in 1887, in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, at a total cost of £935, which sum was subscribed by the officers and men of her Majesty's Navy and Marines and relatives of officers who had served in the Navy.

In 1888 further enlargements and improvements were carried out at a cost of nearly £2,800, with a gain of 74 more cabins, bringing the number up to

299, but even this was not enough on Saturdays, Sundays, and any special occasions.

In 1889 his Majesty the German Emperor became a Patron of the Institution. In accepting the office his Majesty said, "It affords me the liveliest pleasure, at the invitation of your Royal Highness,¹ to enter into relations with an institution which for years past has conducted in the most beneficent manner to the well-being of seafarers of all nations." His Majesty also sent a donation of £50 towards the funds. This is commemorated by two cabins named respectively "Kaiser Wilhelm" and "Hohenzollern."

In 1898 a new wing was opened by Lady Culme-Seymour, giving about 100 extra beds, making in all 470 in the Home.

On the occasion of the visit of a foreign squadron or individual ship the men are usually made honorary members of the Home, and have expressed their gratification at the hospitality thus extended to them, and their appreciation of the arrangements made for their comfort.

Frequent inquiries are made of the manager by members of other nations with a view to establishing similar Homes in their own countries.

Besides the contributions received for the general support and extension of the Home, there is a long list of patrons and friends who have given cabins, including the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, and the officers and men of several of H.M. ships.

¹ The Duke of Edinburgh.





NAVAL CHURCH INSTITUTE, CHATHAM.

In 1899 the number of beds let was close on 112,000; meals taken, 112,781; baths, 19,255; the total receipts being £7,257 11s. 11d.

The Royal Sailors' Home certainly leads the way. I hope its example may be extensively followed, for there is room for more such places of rest and refreshment for seamen and marines. If any of my readers will visit the establishment and see for themselves what it does for our men, they will be sure to want to help it and to help to build others like it wherever Handy-men "most do congregate," at home and abroad.

The Sailors' Home at Duke Street, Devonport, is a comfortable and well-managed place, but is hardly up to date. A movement is now on foot to rebuild the Home in a better situation, and in a style more in accordance with modern requirements.

Our men at Chatham are very badly in want of a good sailors' home on the lines of the Portsmouth Royal Sailors' Home, and won't be long now before they get it. Already a Naval Church Institute has been started which bids fair to be as useful as its prototype at Malta, and an excellent site has been obtained for the bigger establishment, the Admiralty promising a sum not exceeding £5,000 towards the cost of the building.

At Sydney there is a splendid Home called the Royal Naval House, the presiding genius of which is Mr. John Shearston, a devoted friend of naval men. Many are the stories told of his lifelong regard for the Royal Navy, and from officers and men alike come

heartly tributes to his worth. It is always delightful to look through his little paper, the *Sunbeam*, and see the accounts of his visits to the ships and of the men's doings at the Royal Naval House. He is as good as a sea-daddy to them all, and that is no faint praise. It is told of him that when a young clerk in an office he would manage to go down and meet the men as they came ashore, and do what he could to help them to enjoy their leave without getting into trouble, sometimes taking a man to his own home for the night. Later on he started a Home for them on his own account as a refuge from the public-house and worse. Only a city clerk, and yet a man with faith and pluck enough to start such a Sailors' Home of his own! One bluejacket tells me how, when a ship returns from the Islands, hardly are the anchors down when Mr. Shearston is on board to welcome them. Another writes, "He is a very nice man; he is just like Miss Weston, do anything for the sailors." The Royal Naval House is fortunate in having such a head.

In Hong Kong there is a good Seamen's Club with beds, billiard-tables, bowling alleys, reading- and refreshment-rooms, but the accommodation is not adequate to the demand, and the situation is not very good. Admiral Holland, when Commodore at Hong Kong, took a great interest in an effort to remove the Club to a better site and to provide more beds. I do not know whether this is being carried out.

There are Homes for naval men at Bermuda, Simons Town (Cape of Good Hope), a Royal Naval House at Port Said, and Royal Naval Canteens at

Malta, Trincomalee, and Esquimalt, besides the cantons at the great naval and marine establishments.

At Nagasaki there is an excellent Sailors' Home which is much used by our men, though it is not a strictly naval house. It is well spoken of by our people.

There are two Naval Church Institutes, one at Malta and the other at Chatham. A distinguishing feature of these Institutes is that, by the wish of the men themselves, intoxicants are not provided. No temperance meetings are, however, held, nor is any one troubled with requests to take the pledge or join in work of that kind. Another feature is that a devotional room is provided where religious services are held, and quiet is afforded to those who feel the need of private reading and prayer, no one, however, being pressed to attend the services or use the room; they are there for those who like to take advantage of them, that is all. Outside this room a man is left to do as he pleases within the limits of ordinary good manners, whatever his religious opinions may be.

The Malta Institute, starting in a modest way, had soon to remove to more commodious premises, men liking a place in which they were left to make themselves at home in their own way. The committee are now trying to raise funds to further enlarge it.

The Chatham Institute is quite a recent venture on the same lines, the Bishop of Rochester, the Vicar of Chatham, and the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, Rear-Admiral Holland, taking a great interest in the work. A large house with a pleasant

garden at the back has been taken and nicely furnished, and will, I hope, become as useful and popular as the similar Institute at Malta. As funds come in it is intended to very much increase the accommodation, especially in the all-important matter of beds.

There are several other Homes and Institutes for naval men and merchant seamen in various ports all over the world, but the above are the more important ones so far as the Navy is concerned, and the account of them which I have given, though brief, will be, I trust, sufficient to win the sympathy of my readers for the excellent and most necessary work which these institutions are doing for the benefit of the Handyman and his brother of the Merchant Service.





West & Son, Southampton

FIRING LINE ROCKET.

Photo

The Coastguard.

STORIES of the old smuggling days have a certain fascination for most of us, especially in the days of our youth. Who has not read of Dirk Hatteraick in Scott's novel, "Guy Mannering," or laughed over the doings of Moggy Salisbury's friends in Marryat's "Dog Fiend"? I remember being told of certain houses in a back lane in my native town which had secret stow-holes that had proved useful in the old days of the trade in contraband. Nay, were there not certain men, sons of a woman whom I had seen myself, who were real smugglers, men who might even have brought their wares on dark nights up that "Smuggler's Lane" which leads down to the sea near Teignmouth?

There is not much smuggling of the old kind now. The game isn't worth the candle, since the duty on many things formerly heavily taxed has been reduced or abolished. A little bit, however, still goes on, and has to be looked out for and guarded against. So the Preventive Service is still maintained, and Coastguardsmen go on their daily and nightly patrols in fine

weather or bad, at the same time undertaking other useful work, such as keeping a sharp look-out for signals from light-ships, rendering aid to vessels in distress, manning the lifeboat in case of need, taking charge of the rocket apparatus, protecting wrecked property, and taking charge of coast-signalling. All round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland they are to be found. Wherever a collection of houses, with a flag-staff in front flying the white ensign, and a whitewashed wall surrounding them is visible, you may conclude that you are in the presence of a Coastguard station. There is no mistaking those exquisitely clean and tidy colonies. Some of them are situated in the midst of the most delightful scenery, and are ideal homes for the sea-tossed mariner ; others are close to fashionable towns like Torquay, Brighton, or Scarborough ; others again miles away from town or railway on some desolate hillside or dismal flat ; but wherever they may be, you can always recognise the neat cluster of houses and the clean whitewashed wall.

The force is recruited from among seamen and stokers of good character who have served the required number of years in the Royal Navy. Petty officers joining the Coastguard forfeit their rank and all extras in the way of pay, and return to the rank of A.B., with the title of Boatman. They can rise to the ranks of Commissioned Boatman, Chief Boatman, Chief Boatman in Charge, and finally to that of Chief Officer, but their pensions are not so good as in the regular naval service.

The Coastguards are, like the coasts of the United

Kingdom themselves, divided into nine districts, whose headquarters are at the ports of Harwich, Hull, Queensferry, Holyhead, Kingstown, Tarbert, Portland, and Southampton. Each of these districts has a Coastguard ship manned by a reduced crew. These ships form the first line of Naval Reserves, under the command of the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, who flies his flag in the *Alexandra* at Portland. They have hitherto left their stations only once a year to take part in the annual manœuvres, but there is said to be a likelihood of their being called out more frequently in future for exercise as a squadron. There are about 700 Coastguard stations; in addition to these the Coastguardsmen man twenty-three customs cruisers, some of these being steamers and the others sailing vessels, and a number of smaller craft besides. The Coastguard stations are regularly visited by the inspecting officers of the districts, and once a year the admiral inspects all Coastguard ships, stations, and smaller vessels.

In the intervals of duty the Coastguardsman derives profit and amusement from his garden, or does his part in the work of keeping everything up to that spick and span condition which is such a characteristic feature of all Coastguard stations. He brings up his children to good sound notions of order and discipline, and sends his boys by and by to Greenwich School, with the expectation that they will do him credit there, and afterwards in the Navy itself, and his expectation is generally fulfilled.

Launch of a Man-of-War.

IT was while serving in the *Tamar* that I first saw the launch of a man-of-war, the particular ship being H.M.S. *Trafalgar*, of which, though I never dreamed of such a thing at the time, I was to be, later on, the first chaplain. We were lying at the time at the pitchhouse jetty in Portsmouth Dockyard, from which we had an excellent broadside view of the new ship as she took the water. There is always a fascination about a spectacle of this kind, even when thus viewed from outside the building shed, though of course the best view is obtained from inside the shed. There one can watch the ceremony of naming the ship, the cutting of the cord to release the dog-shores, the first trembling motion of the great ship, her graceful slide down the ways, and final plunge into her ocean home.

At my next launch, that of the *Spartiate* at Pembroke Dock, it fell to my lot, as chaplain of the dockyard, to read the religious service appointed for the launching of her Majesty's ships, a brief but impressive office, always used on such occasions, but seldom heard owing to the acoustic difficulties of the



Photo]

H.M.S. "NICBE" IN THE ACT OF BEING LAUNCHED.

[*"Navy and Army."*



place in which the service must perforce be held. The chaplain has to stand on an elevated platform close under the bows of the ship (ships are launched stern first) in a vast building-shed, with the bulk of the ship in front, checking and splitting up the flow of his voice, and the congregation a good distance below, similarly divided into sections by the ship and her cradle. Under such conditions it is no light task to make oneself heard. However, by dint of keeping my voice at an even pitch, speaking slowly and as clearly as I could, and putting every ounce of strength I possessed into my voice, I succeeded in making the service heard by "all hands."

When the new Royal yacht came to be launched in May, 1899, we got the Psalm (part of Psalm cvii.) set to music of a simple Gregorian kind, and the Dockyard Church choir practised away at it diligently. At the launch the voices were supplemented by the band of the South Wales Borderers. It went very well, the vast congregation joining in with telling effect in the "Gloria" at the end. After the special collect the Lord's Prayer followed, in which the people again joined, and a benediction brought a very striking little service to a close.

The religious service over, the ceremony of launching proceeds with the usual formalities, as the official order expresses it. In the case of the Royal yacht the christening (as it is termed for want of a more appropriate word) was performed by H.R.H. the Duchess of York, in the orthodox way, by smashing a bottle of wine against the bows. Then came a pause while the

chief constructor and his staff watched carefully for the precise moment when the Duchess might sever the cord and release the dogshores. After an interval, which seemed long to the eager spectators, the chief constructor approached the Duchess. "Now, ma'am!" The cord is divided, the dogshores fall with a crash, and without a moment's hesitation the yacht starts off, gathering speed as she goes, and taking the water gracefully, amid the cheers of the people and the strains of "God save the Queen." It is a fascinating ceremony with a most dramatic ending.

After a ship is launched much still remains to be done to her before she is ready for commission. Ships launched at private yards or at Pembroke Dockyard are taken to either Portsmouth, Chatham, or Devonport to be completed.

Commissioning.

THE only ship that I actually saw commissioned was the *Trafalgar*, but the routine is much alike in all cases. Certain officers are appointed beforehand to get the ship ready for commission, receive stores and "mess-traps" (as the various necessaries in the way of furniture and utensils for the captain, officers, and ship's company are termed), and make arrangements for the berthing, messing, and stationing of the crew. These arrangements are embodied in the Watch-bill and Quarter-bill. The WATCH-BILL forms the basis for the organisation of the ship. In it the men are arranged in two main divisions, called Port and Starboard Watches, from the two sides of the ship, starboard being the right side and port the left side looking from aft forward. Each watch consists of four sections called after the different parts of the ship—forecastle-men, foretopmen, maintopmen, and quarterdeck-men. Each of these four sections is again divided into two parts (known as the first or second part of the forecastle, &c.), and each of these parts into two sub-divisions (called the

first, second, third, or fourth "sub"). Men of the Starboard Watch are given odd numbers on the list, those of the Port Watch even numbers. The classification of the men for various duties proceeds on these main lines, every man's number applying to his various posts, his sleeping-billet, &c. The QUARTER-BILL gives the stationing of the ship's company at the guns, torpedoes, magazines, pumps, &c., for battle.

In our case in the *Trafalgar* everything had been so carefully thought out and provided for that by noon of the day of commissioning everybody had been told off to his mess and duty, the officers presented to the admiral, and our ward-room messman was ready with a capital lunch for us. All this was accomplished so quietly and easily, with so little fuss or bother, that I was inclined to be a little disappointed, having anticipated that the commissioning would involve something like a "function." Nothing of the kind, however, took place. The flags certainly went up all right, but nobody took any particular interest in the event that I could see. In fact the whole proceeding struck me as very tame and flat. But when I went round the ship and saw boards stuck up everywhere giving the name of each part of the ship, and noted the care which had been taken to anticipate every want and provide against every contingency, I "came back" all I thought, and was lost in wonder and gratitude towards those good Samaritans, universal benefactors, embodied providences.

She was the first of her kind, that good *Trafalgar*,

and her ends were very much alike. So it really was necessary to have directing posts and description cards placed about her until we got used to her. This was proved—so the story goes, but I didn't actually see it myself—by the mistake made one morning just after she commissioned by a signalman. It was suddenly discovered that the jack was at the stern and the white ensign at the bows. You may imagine there was a pretty quick shifting of flags that morning. But it really was an excusable blunder. Why, I've known a boat come alongside her foremost gangway in the evening in mistake for the "officers' ladder" when we were "up the Straits," and had had time to make her more intimate acquaintance.

We came out of dock a few days after commissioning and went to Spithead to take in our powder. It was a very tight fit she had in that dock, and we wondered how they would manage to get her out, but they managed it somehow. We did not stay long at Spithead, and the *Traffy*, as we called her, was soon on her way down Channel to join the Mediterranean Squadron "up the Straits."

Wagonette Parties.

THE old saying that "coming events cast their shadows before" finds interesting confirmation in what are known among us as wagonette parties. For some considerable time before the end of a commission men, will club together to pay in to some one of their number, who acts as treasurer, a certain small sum per month towards a "wagonette party." If they start their subscription list in good time and with a fair number of members, there is sure to be a nice little sum available for their "wayzgoose" when the ship pays off. With this they arrange to hire a wagonette or brake, and go off on a jolly land cruise together, usually finishing up in London.

Apropos of these wagonette parties, I remember a yarn which a brother officer once spun to me, vouching for its truth. Years ago a ship came into Portsmouth to pay off after a very unhappy commission. There wasn't a man of the ship's company who had not been flogged at one time or another during those three or four years of discomfort. But

once ashore in England again, the men forgot all their troubles and arranged for a voyage together from Southsea Common up to London. Donkeys were procured for all, their sides were adorned with lath and canvas to represent ships, a proper squadron with vice-admiral and rear-admiral was arranged in columns of divisions (if that is the right order!), and off they started. A stringent code of regulations had been previously drawn up and subscribed to by every member of the crew, one regulation being that any man who got drunk during the voyage was to be flogged. When the squadron reached a village with a convenient pond, the signal was made for "hands to scrub and wash clothes." Everywhere the jolly sailors went they were cordially received and bountifully entertained until they reached port in Hyde Park, where they held an auction and sold their ships—that is, their donkeys—for more than they originally gave for them. I should like to have been allowed to join that party as flag chaplain.

It has been said that sailors earn their money like horses and spend it like asses, but this is becoming less true every day. I have known a man tell me on our first arrival at Smyrna in the *Trafalgar* that he had spent thirty shillings in one day ashore (of which five went for a bottle of Marsala), and no doubt there will always be plenty examples of the truth of the saying that a fool and his money are soon parted, but the bluejacket doesn't "part" quite so readily nowadays, and he likes to get his money's worth. This he certainly does in his wagonette parties. I should

like to see those parties more recognised and encouraged, not only when ships pay off, but at likely places during a commission. They are much better than leaving men to loaf in public-houses or grog shops for want of something better to do.

Paying-off.

FROM wagonette parties we pass on to "paying-off." Here again I am unable to give any high-flown description of a big ceremony, for the proceedings are quite prosaic, so far as I remember. On this occasion, instead of the men passing round the pay-table and receiving their pay in their caps, each man's money is put into a separate envelope, and the officers, including the chaplain, are directed to verify the amounts for the men. This done, bags are shouldered and the men pass out of the ship to make their way to the railway station. The custom-house people have their little innings of course, but there is nothing unusual about that, is there? Meantime the paying-off pennant—a long streamer, hoisted as soon as the order to return home and pay-off has been received, and varying in length with the length of the commission, so that, if the ship has been four or five years in commission, the gilded bladder at the end requires a strong breeze to keep it out of the water—has been hauled down, and with the disappearance of the last cab and the handing in of the necessary

papers, the ship that has been our home for three years is an empty shell, ready to be handed over to the tender mercies of the dockyard matey. There is usually a paying-off inspection before the final dispersal, but we had ours in the *Trafalgar* before leaving the Mediterranean, I remember, as the ship remained behind for another commission. It is much like other inspections, uncomfortable times when everybody is anxious and worried, and the poor chaplain doesn't know where to turn to get out of the way! Oh, what a relief when it is over!—especially when the inspecting officer is graciously pleased to signify his entire satisfaction with the cleanliness and good order of the ship. The ward-room servants have a busy time providing that liquid refreshment which is the usual accompaniment of mutual congratulations, and the commander and first lieutenant breathe freely once more. For a few blissful weeks they can lay them down and sleep without a thought of paint or “bright work,” or the scrubbing out of flats.

To every officer is given by his captain at the end of the commission (and on certain other occasions, as, for instance, when a captain for any reason leaves a ship during a commission) a certificate—known vulgarly as “a flimsy”—to the effect that the officer named thereon has served in H.M.S. . . . under his command from a given date to the date of paying-off, during which time the said officer has conducted himself *with sobriety*, some such words as “and to my satisfaction” being often added. I am the proud possessor of quite a sheaf of these testimonials to the

sobriety of my behaviour. The fact is that not even the *padre* is exempt from the rule which requires a captain to thus certify *in his own handwriting* that his officers are not inordinately addicted to the bottle. I keep my "characters" carefully locked up with my University testamurs, letters of orders, commission as chaplain, &c., for I am told they might be useful in the case of a court-martial, and one never knows one's luck!

Depôt Ships and R.N. Barracks.

WHEN the system of continuous service was introduced it became necessary to provide accommodation for men who had been paid off from their ships and were waiting to be sent off on a fresh commission. For this purpose old line-of-battle ships and hulks were utilised—the *Pembroke* at Chatham, *Duke of Wellington* at Portsmouth, and *Royal Adelaide* and *Indus* at Devonport. This went on for many years, but it did not prove a great success. The ships became more and more crowded as the Navy was increased until the accommodation proved quite unsuitable and it was decided to build naval barracks on shore. There was a certain amount of opposition to the idea at first as it was feared that such a total change in the style of living of the men might be prejudicial to discipline. But the necessity for some action being taken became so pressing that the difficulty was faced, and a beginning made with the Royal Naval Barracks at Sheerness. Later on a splendid pile of buildings was erected at Devonport, but this is now not sufficient for the needs of the Navy and

is being extended. It has recently been decided to provide similar accommodation at Chatham and Portsmouth, and the work is already in progress.

I was greatly delighted with the Devonport barracks when I went over them. They are very fine in appearance and provide the bluejacket with all sorts of conveniences that go far towards making the place a home to him. There is a good canteen and recreation-rooms with billiard-tables for seamen and petty officers, and an American bowling-alley. For drill there is a battery containing modern breech-loading guns, as well as an old muzzle-loading one, and a fine parade-ground.

Here live our seamen and stokers while waiting their turn to go afloat, working hard—the stokers learning a bit about gunnery—and playing hard, and certainly much more comfortable than they would be on the lower deck of the *Adelaide* or *Indus*.

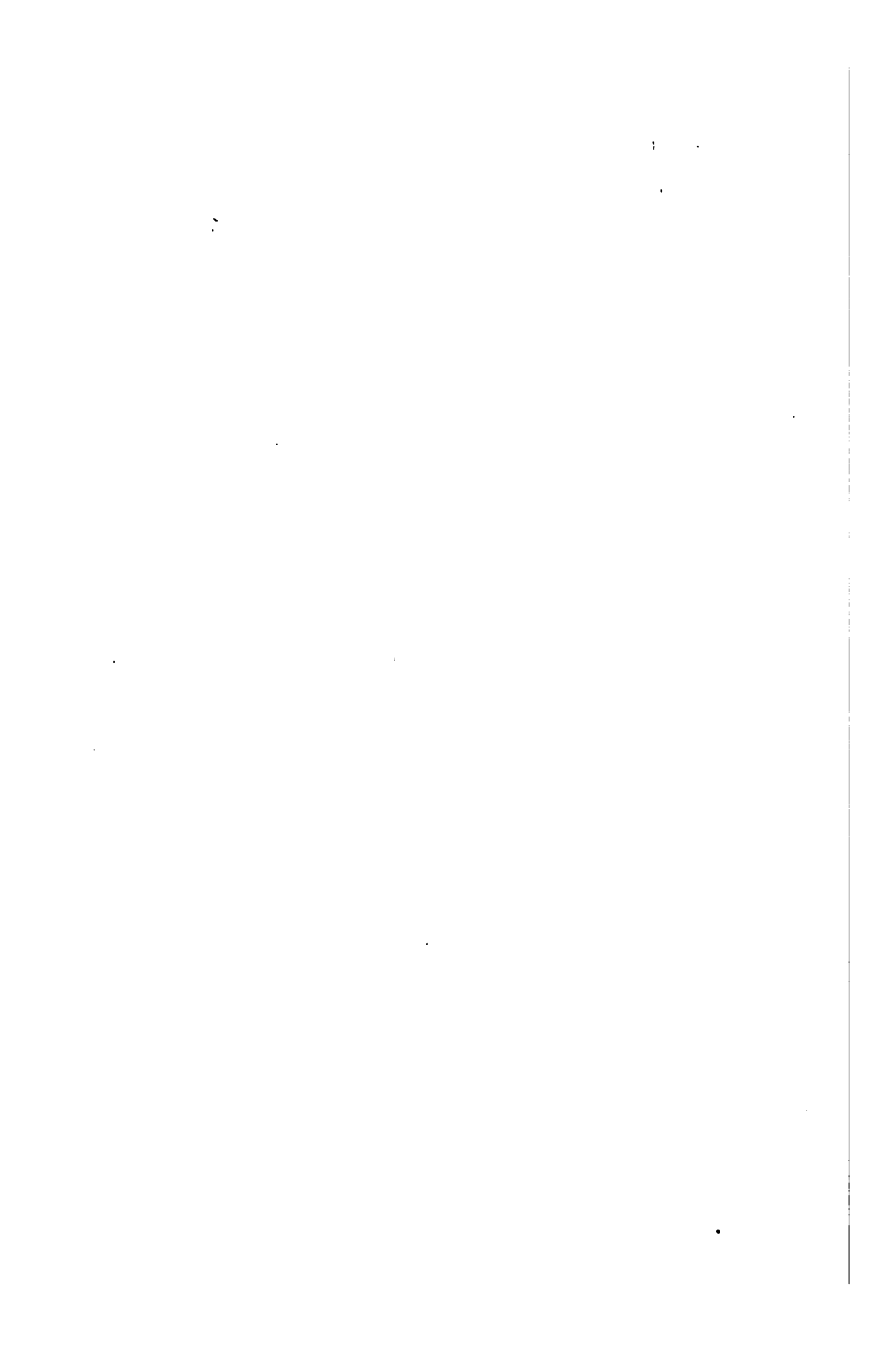
It will not be long before their “opposite numbers” at Portsmouth and Chatham will be in the same happy position. The days of the *Duke* and the *Pembroke* as depôt ships are numbered.

In an Indian Troopship.

MY first experience of sea-life as a chaplain was in the famous old troopship *Serapis*, which once, arrayed in all the glory of much fine gold in a magnificent cable pattern round her sides, carried the Prince of Wales to India, and is now sold out of the service and broken up for aught that I know. Well do I remember my earliest voyage in her, for it was in rather eventful times. We were ordered to take the Buffs and the Dorsets—850 strong each—to Alexandria to take their part in the war of 1882 ; and to be quick about it. So the “Old Sarah” put her best leg foremost and got us to Malta in seven days and twenty hours, if my memory doesn’t play me false. On the way there was much sharpening of swords and browning of helmets, and we talked war most of the time. Alas, the first news we got when we reached Malta was that Tel-el-Kebir had been fought four days ago and the war was practically over. One regiment was retained at Malta, the other was ordered home again, and we were sent on to Alexandria. When we arrived there we were told that the general



AN INDIAN TROOPSHIP.



knew nothing about us and didn't want us. So we stayed there until we were wanted. It was very interesting to go about among the ruins of the city, which, as will be remembered, was burnt by the Egyptian mob for the sake of plunder, and note the work done by Lord Charles Beresford's Handy-men in clearing the streets and piling the masses of debris at the sides. Then there were the forts to visit, and strange sights met us there. I remember seeing one of the Egyptian guns into the muzzle of which a shot from one of the ships of the bombarding fleet had chanced to enter, splitting its nose. Another gun had received a smack that sent it flying across a courtyard on to the cook-house, through the roof of which it crashed in, a somewhat unwelcome guest, to the floor below. Alongside another gun I found a letter written in Arabic which proved to be from some country friend of the dead gunner respecting a visit to the city. By another gun lay unburied one of the gunner's black curly whiskers. At one of the forts we visited, Fort Mex, we found more than we bargained for, for as we were returning to the ship some one suddenly noticed *fleas*. We were all covered with them! Shortly afterwards we were ordered to proceed to Suez to embark two Indian regiments for Karāchi. The Handy-man was now in his element, making friends easily with his dusky shipmates, and, I fancy, contriving to make them "ease *his* shoulder of the burden" to a very comfortable extent. Not that they minded a bit; the novelty of ship-life delighted them, and hauling on ropes was such a supreme pleasure

that, with grins of delight, they sometimes hauled until they broke something in their excess of zeal.

It is difficult after eighteen years to recall impressions of bluejacket and marine friends in one's first ship. We were separated to a large extent in those days from each other by the troops who inhabited the middle of the ship, my cabin being aft in the main deck saloon and the ship's company living right forward under the forecastle. But we soon got to know each other, what with my visits to the sick-bay and chats with friends forward in the dinner-hour or evening. How well I remember our sergeant-major of marines (he was a colour-sergeant really, but *the* sergeant of the detachment was always known as sergeant-major), a stout, stern man not much given to joking, and held in great awe by his men. One day, so the story goes, a young private, just come to sea, having been told off as sentry on the captain's cabin door, came to the "major" to say he couldn't do it as he was sea-sick. "Whoever heard of a marine being sea-sick? Go to your post!" was the reply. Another story about him was that, on one occasion, when a man came off drunk and a bit troublesome, the major simply flung him over his shoulder and walked off with him. The following story was from his own lips to me one day as we were chatting together. "When I first joined, I was green, sir, and no mistake. I remember one day I had got my uniform on, and was walking along Ordnance Row, Portsea, when I heard a voice calling out, 'Hi, there, you marine!' So I stopped and stood to attention (I

knew enough to do that) and he says to me, says he, 'Do you know who I am?' Well, I looked at his arm—he was in uniform—and saw he had four stripes on. Now I don't know whether you remember it, sir, but at that time troop-sergeant-majors used to wear their stripes on that part of the arm. So I says, 'Troop-sergeant-major.' 'Troop-sergeant-major be d——d!' says he and turns on his heel in a rage. 'Twas a post-captain, sir. But there, I was green, and no mistake."

Our first lieutenant had a capital plan for getting the ship painted in good time during our stay at Bombay between the outward and homeward trips. He used to set port side against starboard, whichever watch completed its work first being promised first leave when we got to England. Oh, how they used to slap that paint about! It was everywhere, so that however careful one might be one was sure to find hands or clothes decorated with white paint or red oxide.

As a rule we had church on Sundays on the poop under an awning, which was pleasant enough, but in cold or rough weather we had to hold it on the troop-deck, which was not so agreeable, as the smell of the porter-room below was somewhat overpowering (in those days porter was served out to the troops in the same way as grog is still given to seamen in the Navy). I remember once, just before service-time, sprinkling some scented sawdust round where the officers' chairs were placed, but that morning the captain, for some reason, delayed coming to church until that stale

porter odour had completely vanquished my Rimmel's Ozoniser. Once when we were coming down Channel from Portsmouth to Plymouth, there being no troops aboard, church was rigged forward under the forecastle in the men's mess-place, for the sake of warmth, as it was winter-time. When the service was over I learnt that, during the sermon, the ship's cook had been seen casting anxious glances at me and pricking his potatoes in an agony of apprehension lest the length of my discourse should prove the ruin of his "spuds."

Of course we went to "divisions" in the morning and evening-quarters in the afternoon, and had our "commander's cooks" (as the bugle for defaulters is nicknamed), and "captain's reports," for the examination of offences and punishment of the wrongdoers; we went to fire-quarters and got in any little drills that we could, but after all a troopship was not a proper man-o'-war, and I suppose that is the reason why my recollections of old *Serapis* days embrace nothing of special interest respecting the Handy-man. However, here is a yarn that I heard of then that is amusing enough in its way. It was in 1884 that, as we were conveying a regiment home from Aden to England, we were met by the *Carysfort* in the Red Sea with orders to turn back with her to Trinkitat, near Suakin, and land the regiment. Having landed the soldiers, we were to take on board the women and children from the *Fumna* for passage home. This gave us a day there, so the next morning some of us landed and went up to Fort Baker, where our army

was lying. It was there that one of our party overheard the following delicious scrap of conversation between two men of the Naval Brigade. "Well, Bill, I don't think we shall be long out of this — fort afore we're back again!" "For my part," said his chum, "I expects to get a medal for suspicious gallantry."

Another yarn may perhaps come in here as well as anywhere. During the Egyptian War of 1882, when we were occupying the Suez Canal, a distinguished military officer came on board one of our ships, clad in khaki, with various waterbottles and lethal weapons slung around him and a yak's-tail (a switch to drive off flies) in his hand. "Who the — is that?" one signalman was overheard saying to another. "Why, don't you know who that is?" "No, I don't." "Why, that's one of them blooming 'orse marines." "And what's that thing he's got in his hand?" "What, you don't know what that is? Why, that's all that's left of his bloomin' 'orse after comin' out from England."

For the first eight years of my service I shared with another officer in the matter of a servant. In a man-of-war this is always a marine, but in the troop-service we had boys engaged for that purpose from the shore. One of my boy-servants was an Irishman, and a bit of a character in his way. One Sunday afternoon he came aft with a surprised and pained look on his face, saying, "Did ye iver hear tell of the loike; they're having church an' murtherin' a coo?" the fact being that the butcher had chosen five o'clock, the time of

Divine service *aft*, to kill one of the cattle *forward*. One morning I asked this boy what there was for breakfast. He replied, "There's fish, sir, an' curry, an'—an' (then in a confidential whisper) them there puddens, sir, I dunno' what ye calls them." He meant sausages. His greatest exploit, however, was when he had brought me a bad egg one day, and I told him to take it away quickly. In a few seconds the saloon was not fit to live in ; he had thrown the egg into the basket for dirty plates !

In the off-season, when the troopers were not running, we used to lie up in Portsmouth Yard, generally in the old steam-basin. During this time there would be night-leave for the men, and consequently only a few would be on board in the evening. One evening I strolled forward to the fore-castle and found the men trying to dance to the whistling of one of their companions. "Where's the fiddler ?" said I. "Oh, he always goes ashore in the evening in Portsmouth," was the reply. "Does he ?" said I. "We must see about that." A word to the first lieutenant resulted in an order that the "ship's musician," to give him his official title, was to be on board four nights a week to play for the men when they wanted to dance. Which reminds me of another ship's musician I knew, who had no fiddle, but was supposed to play the clarionet. Unfortunately that was at his "uncle's," so he was a musician only in name to us.

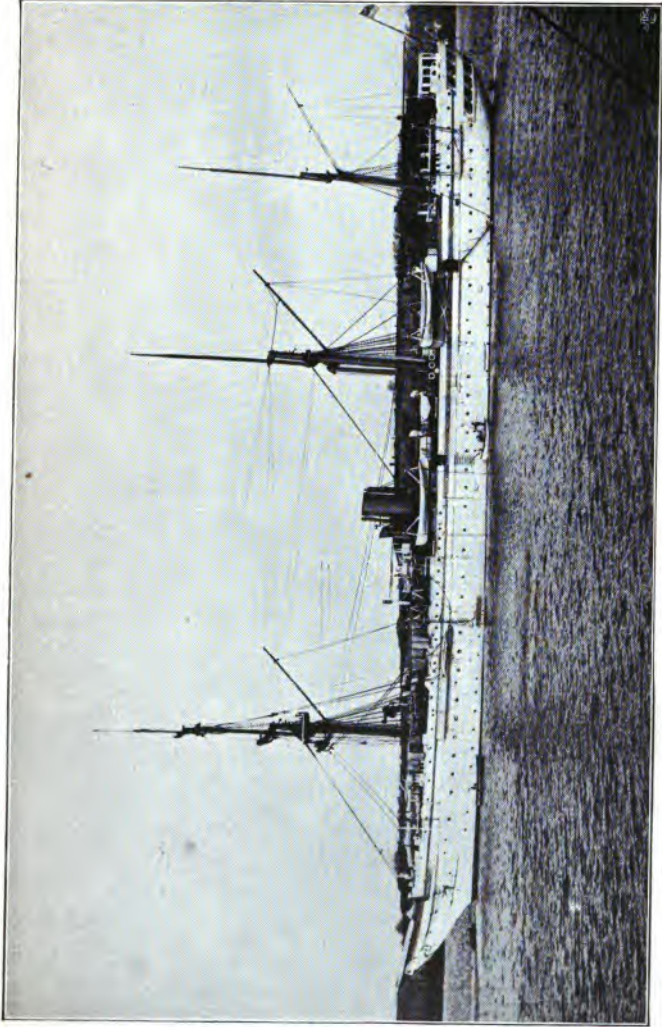
In the old days of the Navy the ship's fiddler was always to the fore to play up the anchor, but I fancy

his occupation is fast dying out in these days of steam capstans. And in our larger ships it is *the band call* that sounds when any music is required for such purposes ; while on the fore-castle there are mandolines, banjos, and guitars (to say nothing of the musical machines that are turned with a handle and fed with perforated cardboard), ready to vamp an accompaniment to dance or song. Bluejackets are fond of music, as a rule, and some of them are very clever in teaching themselves to play a mandoline, banjo, or guitar, or all three instruments. A great friend of mine, a ship's corporal in the *Northumberland*, showed marvellous perseverance in learning the mandoline, going down below into a "flat" and practising away for all he was worth for hours in a temperature that would have made most men seek the freshness of the upper deck. He got on very well, and could play quite respectably, when I found him one day beginning the guitar. He explained that his wife didn't care about the mandoline, so he was making a change to please her. It is, as I have already said, by no means an uncommon thing for a ship's company—especially in the Mediterranean—to have their own mandoline and guitar band and to give very good concerts.

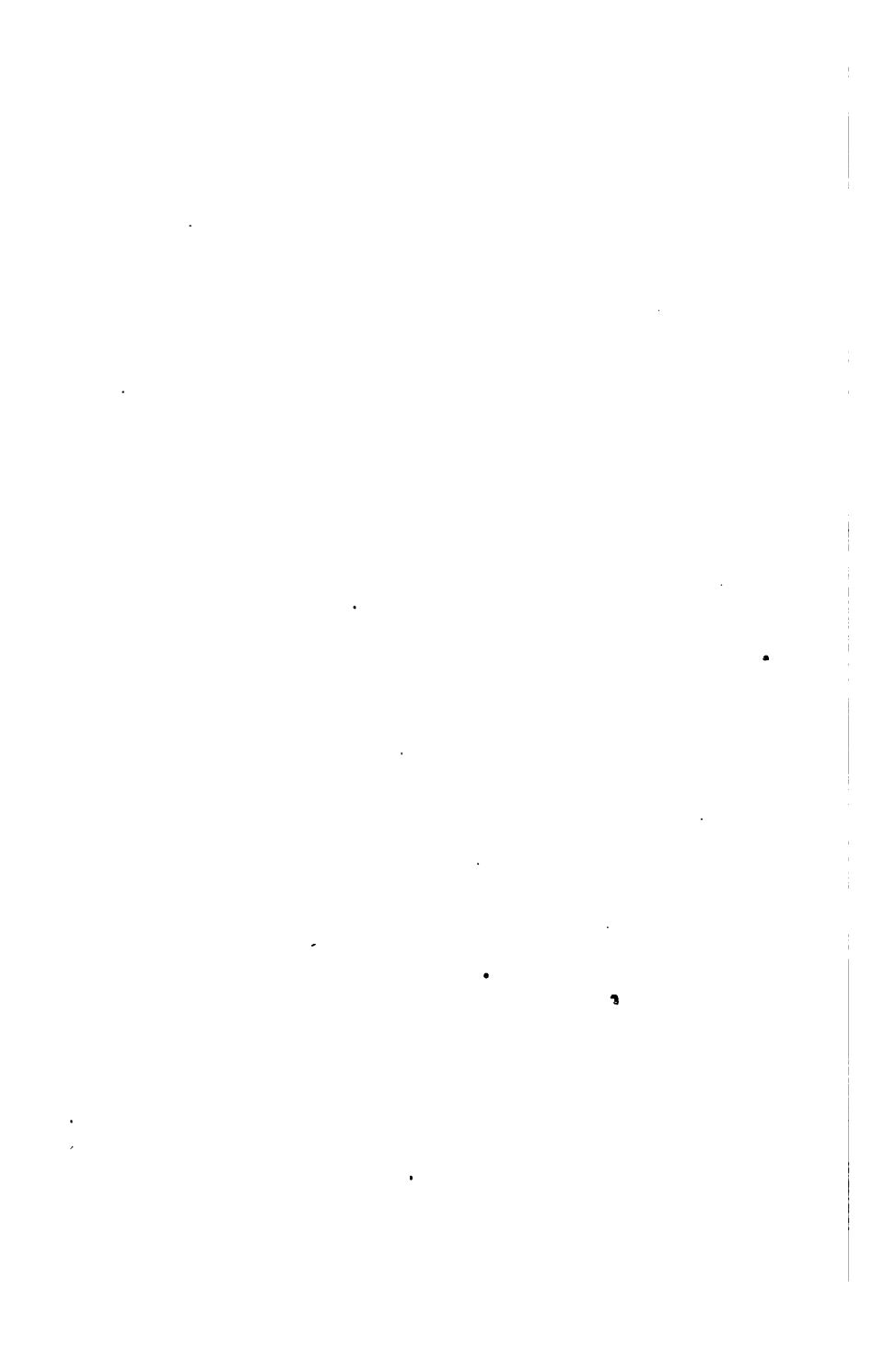
One often finds—too often for my taste—accordions on the lower deck, and I have come across mouth-organs and penny whistles, all of them very well in their way when well played, otherwise somewhat excruciating. However, nobody seems to mind much, for there is much good-humoured tolerance in the society of the mess-deck.

In the *Tamar* Troopship.

AFTER a little over three years of life in an Indian trooper, I turned over to the *Tamar* troopship for Imperial service, not sorry to know that henceforth I could say goodbye to that ill-smelling ditch, the Suez Canal. It was in this ship that I began, in an imperfect way, to keep a list of my shipmates with a view to their more intimate acquaintance. Partly from this cause, partly because we now had frequently to convey naval drafts to the various stations of the Fleet, I began to know my naval friends better than I did in the old Indian trooper. As I write, the vision of one of them rises before me, a good-tempered but inordinately fat man, whose performance one Sunday morning greatly amused me. In those days there still survived a sort of strait-jacket of cloth, known as a tunic, worn on Sundays and state-occasions, now abolished. It was a point of honour for a man never, if he could possibly help it, to purchase a second edition of this garment, the one he had when a slim young A.B. having to serve still whatever rotundity of shape he might himself in



H.M.S. "TAMAR."



course of time attain to. To what agonies this must have subjected many a worthy "blue" I was enabled to form some idea from my fat friend's action on that Sunday morning. "Divisions" over, he retired with all speed to a nook near the navigating officer's cabin and simply unbuttoned that "cloth tunic," with a result that reminded me irresistibly of a plum-pudding issuing from its containing cloth. Talk of the tyranny of fashion! what better example could be found of the misery it can cause? Ah, yes, there is one still more dreadful, and the more so because the fashion is not of choice but duty. Just imagine what it must be for the poor naval officer to have to dine with some such potentate as the Sultan of Zanzibar, rigged out in full-dress, padded coat, high, gold-trimmed collar, and "lightning-conductor pants," when the glass is somewhere about 90° in the shade. Those are melting moments with a vengeance. And there is the cruel aggravation of seeing his entertainers clad in snowy, flowing robes suggestive of delicious coolness and comfort.

We had a certain number of boys in our ship's complement, and often took out drafts of boys to other stations and ships. Some of these lads became great friends of mine, and it was interesting to watch their careers as they budded into "men" at the age of eighteen. One of them, after an up-and-down course for a few short years, now sleeps at the bottom of the Mediterranean with the other victims of the loss of the *Victoria*. Another is now, no doubt, high up in his particular branch of the service. His photo-

graph is on my office mantelpiece at Greenwich with the inscription "Remember me." I do remember him well, but not his name! One Sunday I went, as was my habit whenever possible, to call on him in his home in the South of London. He was out "on a visit to his girl," so his father told me, but I must stay to tea. It was in vain to protest that I had had my tea, so down I sat to a substantial meal—their Sunday high tea—and still have pleasant memories of shrimps and water-cress and periwinkles (a pin being considerably provided for extracting them from their lairs) in lavish profusion, and such a kind, hearty welcome withal. Some years after in writing to my friend I inquired delicately after that young lady, but was told in reply that "he had given up that foolishness." No doubt by this time he is a respectable married man with a family. The story is not quite so irrelevant as it may appear at first sight. For this glimpse of the home-life of our young Handy-man may help to drive home what I am always anxious to impress on my friends, that our men, most of them, come from such homes as the one where I was a welcome and grateful guest on that particular Sunday afternoon.

Another *Tamar* friend of mine, a petty officer, was one of the very few that I have ever met in the service able and willing to dance a hornpipe. For, curiously enough, bluejackets have got an idea that in so doing they are making an exhibition of themselves in a way savouring of the boards of the music-hall, and consequently decline to practise any longer this charmingly

pretty dance. It is a great pity. However, my *Tamar* friend could do a hornpipe beautifully. Rugged out in white frock, with blue collar and wrists, and jaunty straw hat, he went through all its complicated motions with much grace and sprightliness, delighting everybody.

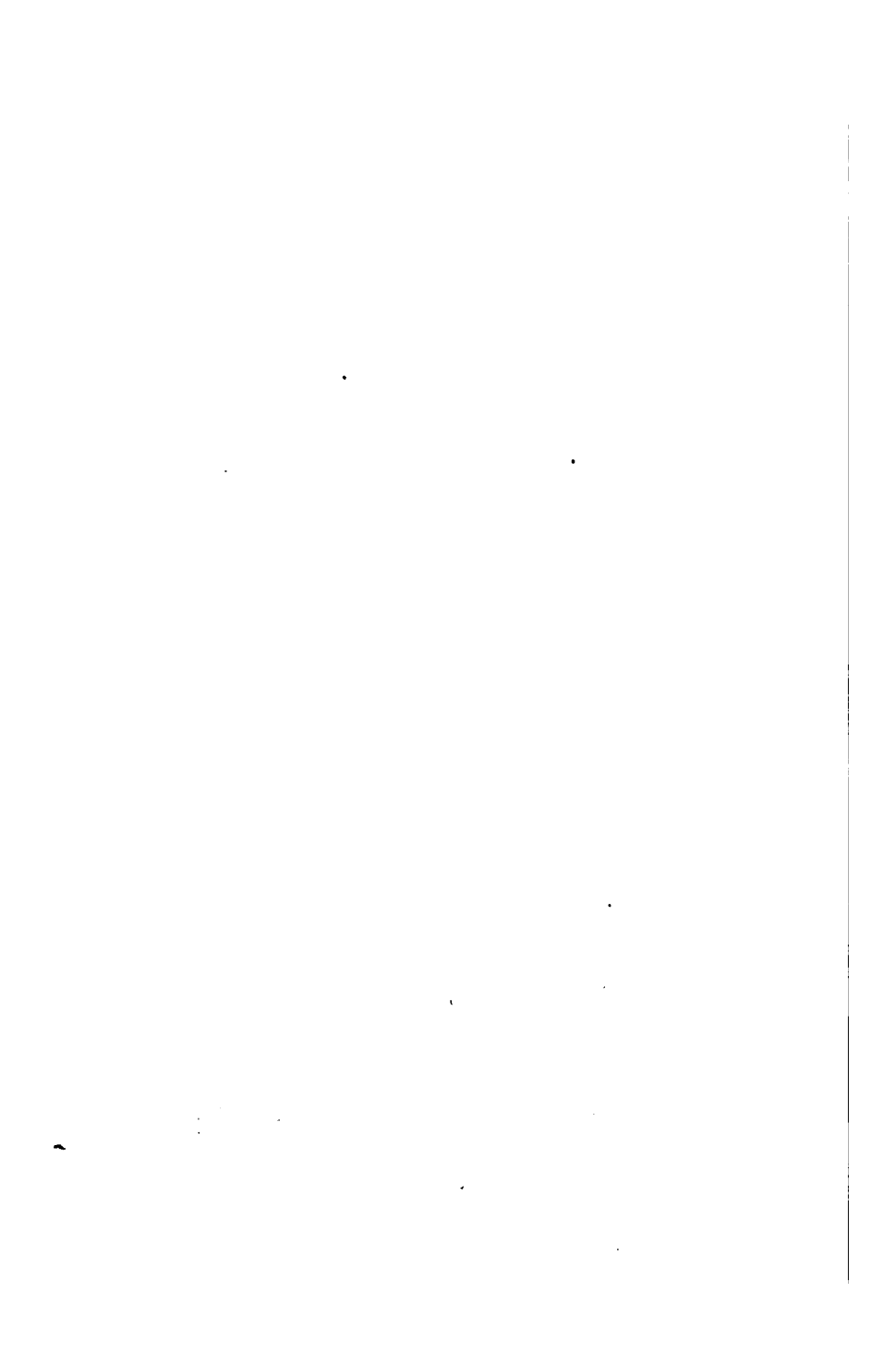
We had a pleasant custom in this ship of bringing our little piano on to the quarter-deck of an evening for an impromptu sing-song once or twice a week when on a long voyage in calm weather. I have an imperfect acquaintance with the somewhat ignoble art of "vamping an accompaniment," which used to come in useful on these occasions. The piano being in position, and the men standing or sitting around, I would call for a song, usually, however, with no result! every one being too shy to be the first to come forward. So I would start off with "The Duke of Seven Dials," or "Widdecombe Fair," or some other favourite of theirs with a good chorus, and after that there was no further difficulty except to find time for all the songs volunteered. On some occasions our singers had a knowledge of music and could take their key correctly enough. More often it was quite a work of art to accompany them. The preliminaries were often of this kind. "What is your song?" "Well, it goes like this, sir (humming or whistling something into my ear)." "Yes; do it again, will you? All right; that's the note you are going to start on—you're sure? Very well." He has given me, let us say, something in the key of G. So off I start with a few opening chords and wait for him to

begin. Alas! he starts about four or five notes higher up than in the original specimen, and I have to flounder up and down the piano until I find out where he has got to. Sometimes I had to own myself beaten, for my friend would pitch on no known note, but something betwixt and between, or would hit on a key (F sharp or B, for instance) which defied my modest knowledge of the art of vamping.

One of my friends (if I may venture to call him so, for he was the ship's company's dog, and, with the exception of the captain, whom he acknowledged, treated the officers with very scant courtesy) was Mick, a retriever, who came of his own accord to the ship and established himself as one of the complement. Mick was quite a character in his way. He always came to divisions and prayers in the morning, getting under a seat until the last prayer but one, which he recognised, however much I might vary it, when he would come out and place himself to the right of the men on the starboard side of the ship (he never went on the port side for this evolution), and at the final Amen would cock his tail ready to lead off as soon as the order to dismiss should be given. At fire-quarters he used to go to the various stations, give a look and a short bark of approval, and pass on to the next until he had completed the round of the ship. One of his amusements was to go on the forecastle and bark at the waves when it was at all rough. Ashore at Devonport he would go along contentedly enough with a marine until he came across a blue-jacket, when, with a brutal disregard of the marine's



MESS DECK OF H.M.S. "TAMAR."



feelings, he would transfer his allegiance to the seaman. I was told by the men that he would go to Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest and take a bed for himself, but I never heard who paid for his accommodation. Another of his habits cost him his life. He was taking his customary ride on the little train that runs between Devonport and Keyham yards through a short tunnel, when he fell off and was crushed to death. I still possess his photograph, taken after death at the desire of his sorrowing shipmates.

In the Flag-ship of the Channel Squadron.

AFTER over five years in the trooping service I found myself appointed to H.M.S. *Northumberland*, flag-ship of the Channel Squadron. Henceforth my service was to be purely naval. Here I found a large ship's company, with constant changes going on—sometimes as many as three hundred ordinary seamen leaving the ship and being replaced by others on the same day. Some definite system of action was clearly necessary, if I wished to get even a superficial knowledge of my shipmates. A mere list of names such as I had in the *Tamar* would be useless, as the men were constantly changing; in six months' time such a list would be more obsolete than an old Navy List. I thought the matter out, got a big book, ruled it off under various headings, such as a man's number on the ship's books, official number, address, religion, character, class for conduct and leave, &c., and set to work, with help from the ship's office, to make it a complete list of the ship's company. This



Photo]

CAPTAIN COMING ON BOARD. [*"Navy and Army."*



once done it was not difficult to keep my record up to date. I did the same thing in the *Trafalgar* and (on a slightly different method) in the *Minotaur* (boys' training-ship). This list proved very useful to me, and, since I started it, some of my brother chaplains have found the plan very helpful.

Life in the Channel Squadron was of course a very different thing from "trooping." Constant drills, fleet evolutions, stricter discipline, the regular routine of a man-of-war were all new to me. Besides my ordinary clerical duties there was the boys' school to be looked after and something attempted in the way of night-school for the men. Then I set myself more heartily than ever to win the regard of the men, especially the young "ordinaries," making it a point of duty to know all I could about them, so as to be able to sympathise with them both "in trouble and in joy." Was a man entitled to a higher class for conduct or leave, or to his first or second badge? My book showed me at a glance, and I could congratulate him on his good fortune; sometimes be able, indeed, to tell him of some advancement to which he hadn't realised that he was entitled. In this way I made many friends—I am constantly coming across one or other of them even now—and got to know something of the nature of life on the lower deck. I learnt that men may be in the same ship, even in adjacent messes, and not know each other's names; that even messmates may be in some respects strangers to one another; that the better men, the smart A.B.'s, for instance, of the ship did not like to have too

much to do with the boys or ordinary seamen for fear that their action might be misunderstood by others, and consequently the youngsters were left pretty much at the mercy of the "bad hats" of the ship. I found, to my infinite disgust, that some petty officers who were ready enough to run in a youngster for swearing and foul language were often foul-mouthed and blackguardly in their talk among themselves and to the youngsters whom they were so ready to "run in"; I found good honest fellows whose example was always healthy and inspiring, smart, hardworking, trustworthy men, the salt of the Navy, and others who were skulking, plausible rascals that would rob a messmate asleep and "let in" their best friend. In fact, I learnt that the lower deck of a ship is a little world of its own, with its unwritten code of manners, its own peculiar way of looking at things, its own excellences, and its own defects. Looking back upon my experience in the Channel and Mediterranean fleets I can see that the life of the lower deck is a school for the formation of character, too searching and severe perhaps for lads of weak moral fibre and little or no religious principle, but peculiarly fitted for developing in those of real grit and sound notions of duty towards God, the service, and their fellowman, that self-reliance, cheerful readiness of resource, and knack of getting on with others which make the Handy-man beloved and trusted by all who really know him. There is nothing like sea life for rubbing the angles off a man and teaching him to "live and let live." And the very publicity of the lower deck



COMING ASHORE FROM THE FLEET.



Photos]

FLEET IN SINGLE COLUMN,
LINE AHEAD.

*[West & Son,
Southsea.*

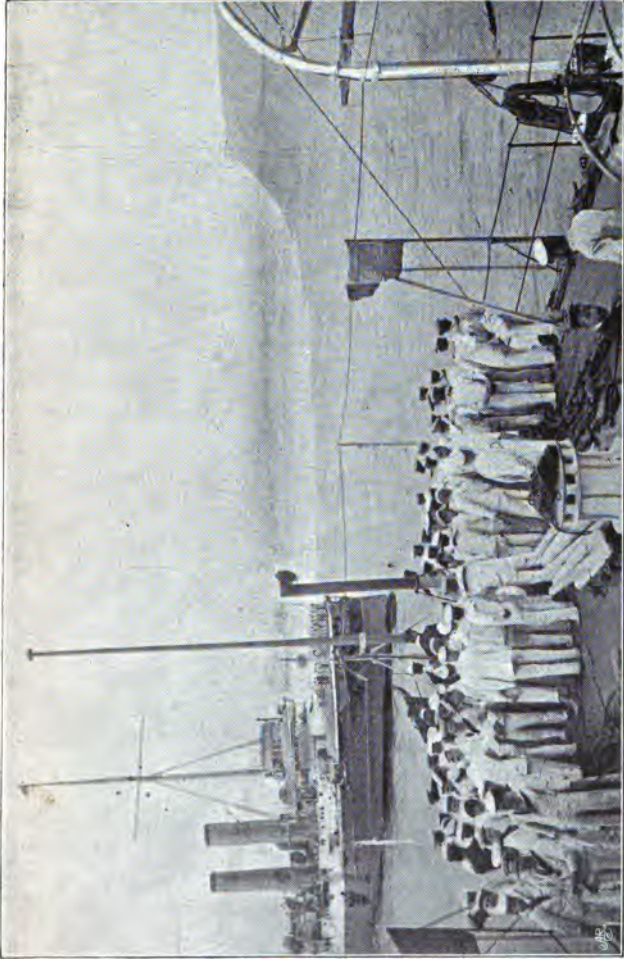


is a wholesome check on insincerity. A manly Christian may have to endure a good deal of chaff at first, but as soon as it is recognised that he is "straight" he is respected by every decent man in the ship. But Lord help the "Mr. Talkatives," or "wee-wees" as the bluejacket scornfully dubs them! They had need think much of themselves, for their shipmates regard them with little love. A man's character is, as we know, a good deal affected by his surroundings and the trade or profession to which he belongs. A parson may dress himself in flannels and a billycock hat during his month's holiday abroad, but the disguise is a very transparent one and has its inconveniences. Nor is it difficult to distinguish a lawyer or a doctor by certain subtle characteristics of manner and speech; indeed, most professions or trades seem to have the power of conferring upon their followers an unmistakable cachet of their own. Nowhere, perhaps, is this more clearly seen than in the case of the Handy-man. The sea has marked him for its own in a way that cannot be mistaken. He may put on, like the parson, his "private suit," but it is even less a disguise in his case than in that of his reverence. What the Navy has made him is written large upon him in unmistakable fashion. If he is of the right stuff to begin with, his naval training and experience will unite in producing in him a man whose whole bearing wins immediate confidence, respect, and admiration, a strong, capable, straightforward, manly fellow, whom to see is to like instinctively. If he is of a weak and vicious disposition when he joins there

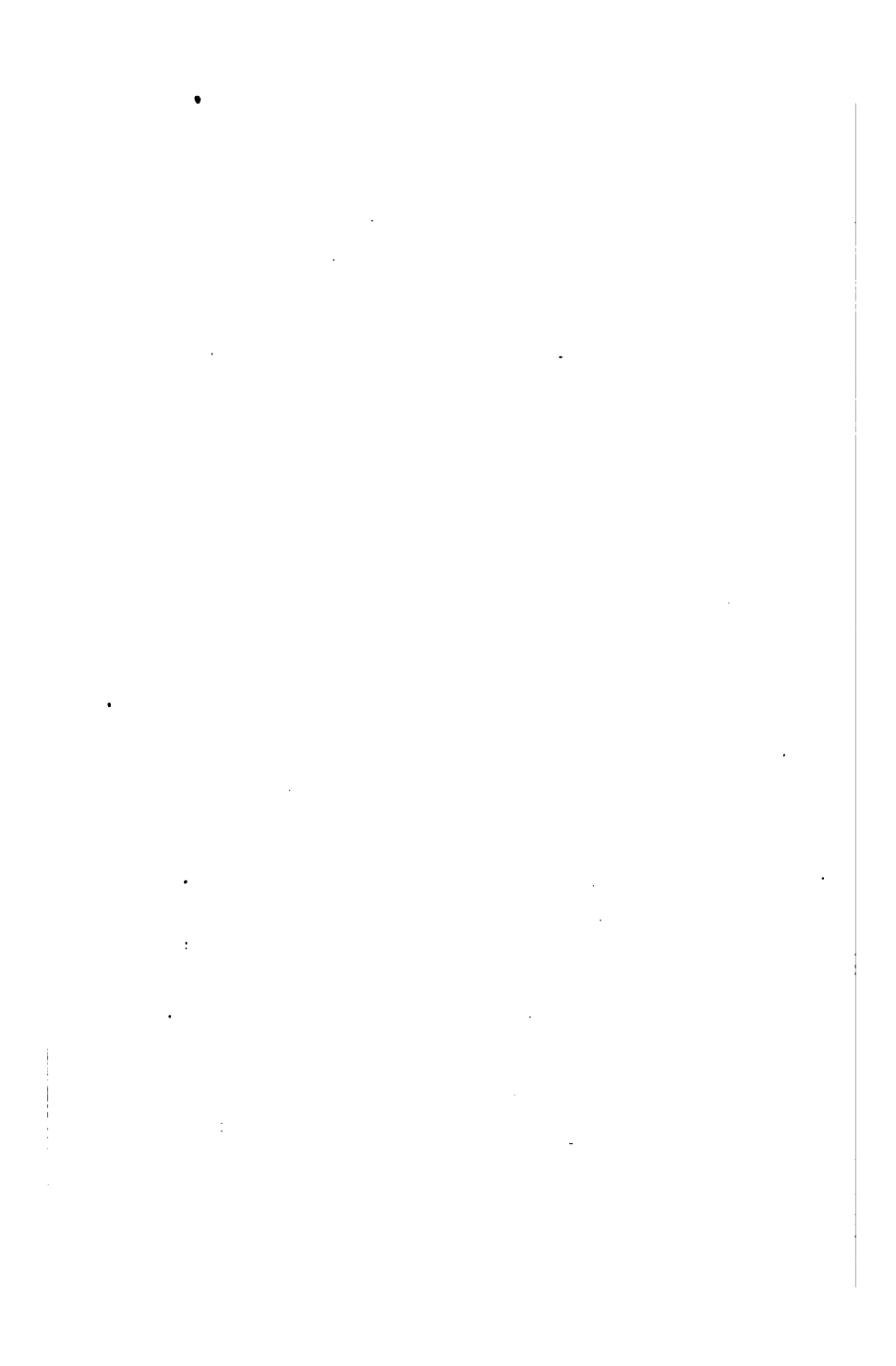
is no doubt that he may easily acquire bad habits and become an example of the sort of "jolly sailor" that by his drunken and disorderly conduct often brings contempt on the uniform he wears. I don't think we have many "middling good" men in the service.

When we come to ask *how* the Navy thus sifts men's characters, and impresses on those fit to receive it its own *hall-mark*, I think we must take into account first the traditional tone of the training service, which is excellent, everything being done to train the boys in habits of self-reliance, obedience, smartness, truthfulness, and professional pride in their work and in the service to which they belong. The sifting begins very early; the mark of the Navy is on a lad before the time comes for him to be "kitted-up for sea." Then there is the tradition of the service requiring certain qualities of obedience, readiness, and courage as essentials in any man who wishes to be recognised as a genuine man-o'-warsman, and that curious thing, "the custom of the service," which, though unwritten, is so real and *formative* a part of naval discipline. The life and traditions (good and bad) of the lower deck have also their part, as we have seen. And over all is the indefinable influence of the sea itself, which in some subtle, mysterious way makes the sailor a man apart, giving the finishing touch, if I may so say, to the production of the type we know as the Handy-man afloat and ashore.

The variety of the duties which he has to perform preserves the bluejacket from the stiffness and wooden-



H.M.S. "JUNO" TAKING H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE" IN TOW.—EVOLUTION.



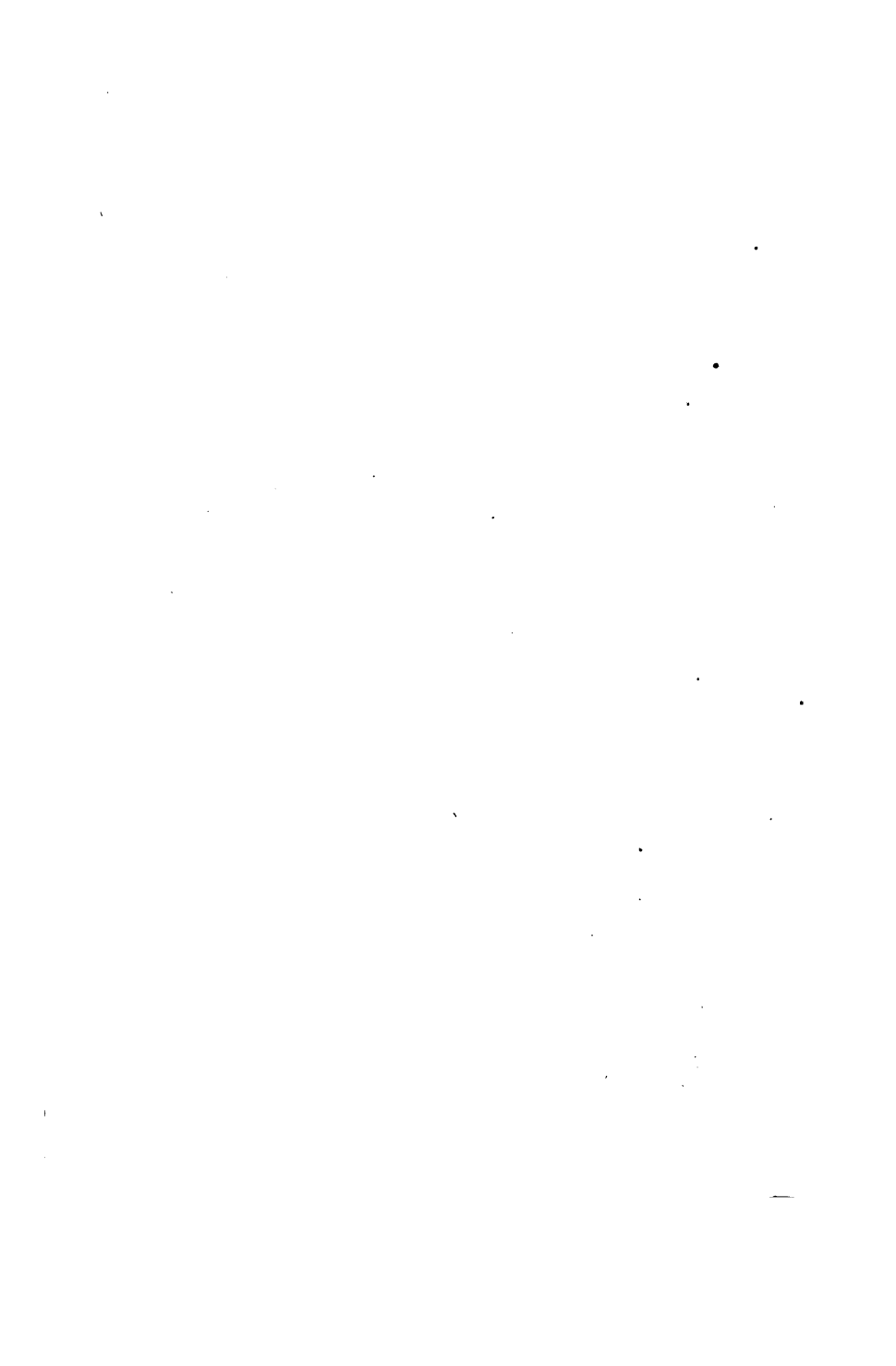
ness which discipline has a tendency to produce when administered within the limits of a system of military regulations and formal drill. He keeps his individuality and is never a mere machine. On the other hand, though quite capable of looking after his own interests, there is a sort of boyish simplicity in his manner of looking at things, arising out of the nature of his relations with his captain and officers as a man "under the pennant," that makes the discipline of a man-of-war appear to him so natural and proper that a *strict* ship has become synonymous with a *happy* ship to him. He has a thorough contempt for a "sea-lawyer," a man who can't obey without arguing, and seeks to escape the consequences of his faults by the glibness of his tongue.

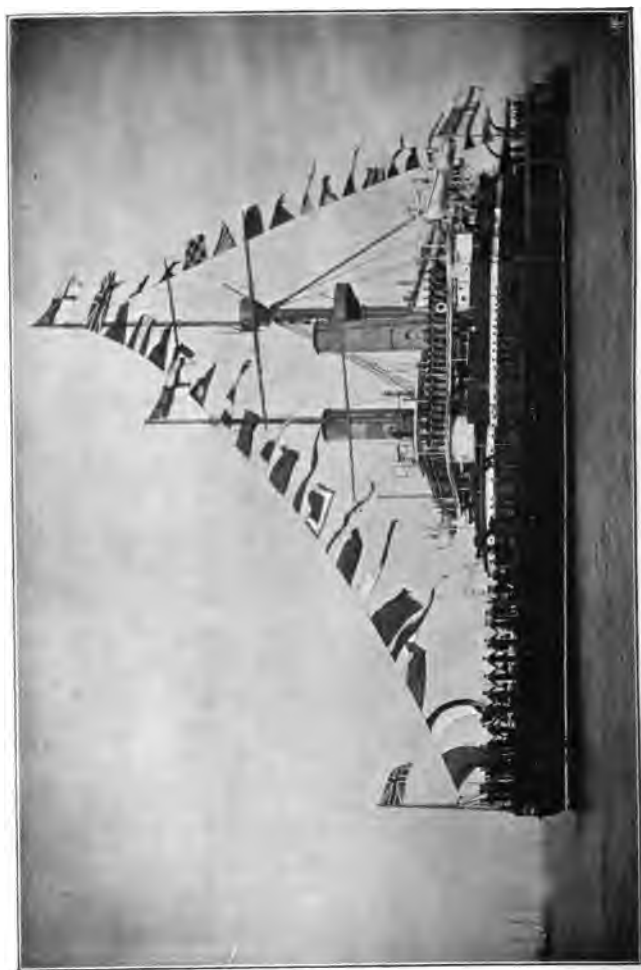
For nearly two and a half years I lived and learnt in the Channel Squadron. When I left the flagship in 1890, there was only one other officer in the ship that was in her when I joined, and as to the ship's company, I had seen them come and go by hundreds. Now I am meeting the sons of many of them in Greenwich School.

In my old trooping days, being ignorant and foolish, I used to say that I never wanted to go "Channel-groping" as we call it. Looking back now, I can say that some of my happiest days were spent in this same Channel-groping, and that I found it to be an excellent school for chaplains as well as for their flocks.

I left the *Northumberland* at Gibraltar, returning home in my old ship, the *Tamar*, to join the

Trafalgar, and so missed a very interesting sight. For, on his return from the winter cruise, the admiral brought his squadron to Spithead under sail for the last time.





Photo

H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."—MANNED AND DRESSED.

[*Wheat & Son, Southsea.*

“Up the Straits” in H.M.S.
Trafalgar.

MY next experience was on what is regarded as the finest station in the world for the training of the Navy—the Mediterranean, or, to use the time-honoured phrase, “Up the Straits.” Our ship was of the latest type, and our officers and ship’s company as good as could be found anywhere. The relations between the officers and men were excellent, and life in the ward-room, gun-room, and warrant officers’ mess and on the lower deck went on happily enough. We made up our minds to have a happy commission, and we were not disappointed. Of course we had our little difficulties at starting. A few sickly sheep had got into the flock and did their best to spoil things for the rest of the ship’s company, but fortunately they were soon spotted, and, after being given a chance to come into line, the worst of them were got rid of. Then, again, some of our young stokers — never having had the benefit of a thorough training in naval discipline before coming to the ship—lost their heads

a bit and kicked over the traces. But they soon learned better, and their three years in the *Trafalgar* turned many of them from weedy, miserable-looking fellows into splendid specimens of their class.

We had a large number of boys in the ship, and I took a keen interest in watching their careers. They certainly were an exceptionally good lot. Several of them hailed from Greenwich School, and were specially smart and well-behaved. I have a picture of the crew of the commander's boat, a fine, well set-up, athletic lot of youngsters, nearly all of whom have since distinguished themselves in the service. From the very first these lads took a pride in their work, always "pulling their pound" and aiming at perfection even when simply taking officers ashore. They would go off practising in their spare time, and by dint of zeal, muscle, and good sense became one of the smartest boat's crews on the station. As they pulled together in the boat, so they pulled together in everything else, sticking to each other all through the commission, and winning the regard of everybody, and especially of the commander, who might well be proud, as he was, of having the bringing up of such thoroughly good, smart lads. They were a credit to him and themselves; first class for conduct, first class for leave, not a scratch against them, liked by their shipmates, both officers and men, good at work, equally good at play. Sometimes I would celebrate their prowess in a regatta by asking them to a good substantial tea after the race, and they were good at that too, playing splendid havoc

with the provisions. I hear occasionally from one of them, now a gunner. Another I remember for the cheerful way in which as "boy of the mess" he used to "dig out" at his work, singing away all the time and ready with a smile and pleasant word for everybody, while when there was any work to be done on deck he was always to the fore. Another was great at athletics, always winning one or more prizes at the Fleet sports. Yet another I remember for the bitterness of his disappointment, even to tears, when the first lieutenant wouldn't let him volunteer for some job that he had set his heart on—to take part in some race at the Fleet Regatta it was if I remember rightly. Another was a big fellow with quiet manner that gave one the impression of plenty of strong character behind it. Others of the boys besides those in the commander's boat have since done remarkably well. In fact, I believe it would be difficult to find a batch of boys of whom so many have done well for themselves in the service.

I have alluded to the presence of some undesirable members in our ship's company. They were certainly flies in our ointment, and although we got rid of most of them a few of the worst managed to steer clear somehow of any serious punishment, and meanwhile, behind the scenes, did a vast amount of mischief in corrupting the youngsters. The worst of it was that no sooner did they succeed in enticing a youngster into their company than he found that he had cut himself off from the society of the respectable members of the ship's company. He might find out his

mistake, but to retrace his steps was a very difficult matter.

Besides the downright "bad hats" there were a few "Bill Shirkers," men who were always ready to let somebody else do their job, and were never to be found when wanted. I must say I always marvelled at the way in which their messmates and topmates tolerated them.

I have mentioned these "spots in the sun" lest some one should fancy I was laying on the rose-colour too thick. But on the whole the ship's company of the *Trafalgar's* first commission was one that any captain might be proud to command.

They were as keen as mustard over their drills and evolutions, and often came out "first ship." To tell the truth, the preparation on Sunday evening for the next morning's evolution was a source of considerable difficulty for the chaplain, whose efforts to hold an evening service were often sadly marred thereby. I believe that this has been changed since my time.

I must leave it to others to describe those various drills and evolutions. Rightly or wrongly I never attempted to become learned in such matters, thinking it better to "stick to my last." But I make one exception. "General quarters" and night-firing at sea certainly had a great fascination for me. At the risk of betraying my ignorance, I must try and describe what these appeared like to one who was only a spectator. "Night quarters" are supposed to be always a surprise to everybody but the admiral and captain. There is, however, generally a good guess

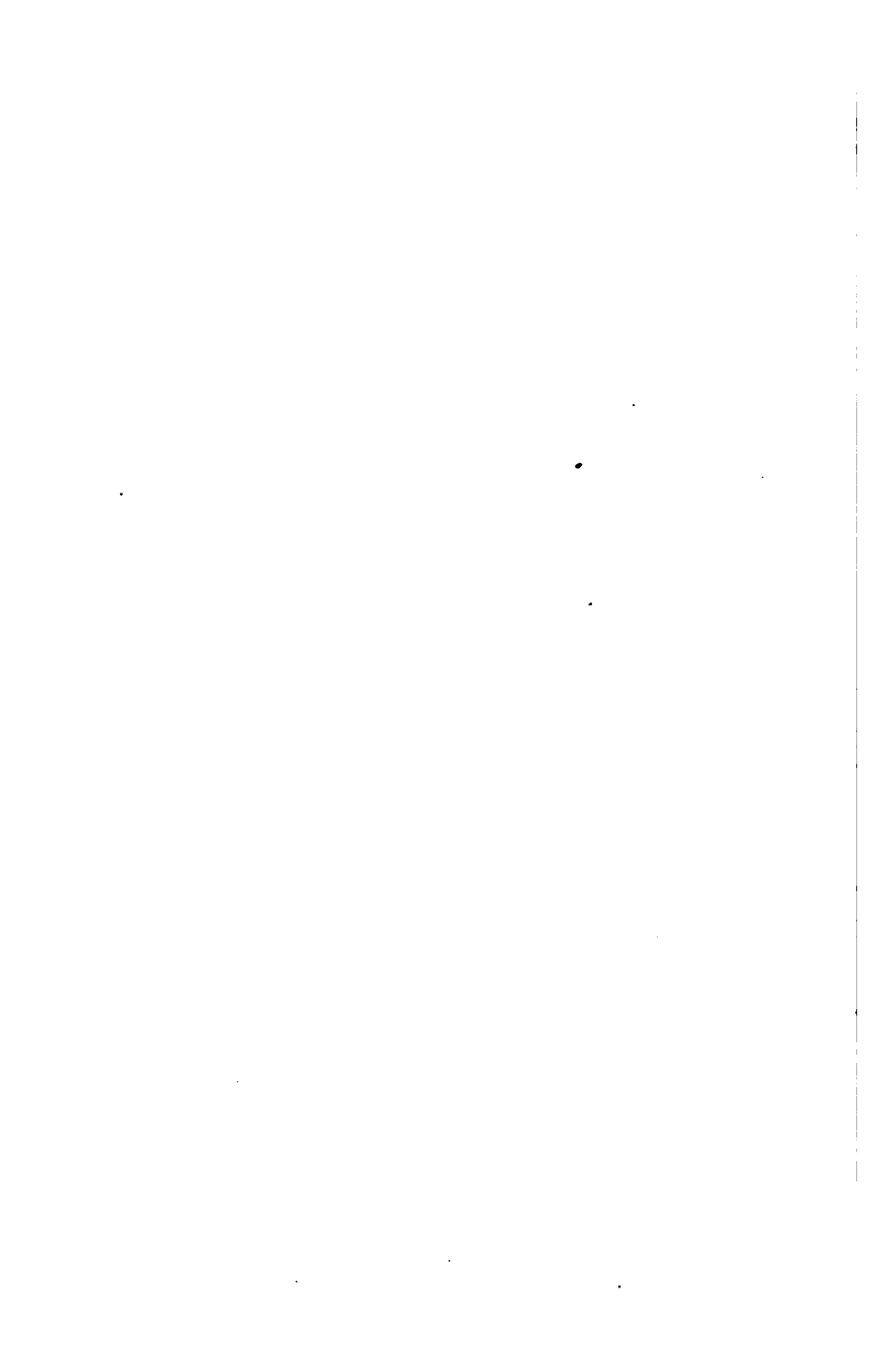
•

at what is coming, though sometimes the secret is absolutely kept. "We're going to night quarters, I hear," says some one. "Lower-deck yarn, express from the cook's mate," says another. But the mere mention of such a thing is generally enough to keep some of us from our beds, for what is the use of turning in only to be roused out again by that bothering bugle? If the rumour is "founded upon fact," sure enough about eleven o'clock or a little later there is a little bit of music from the bugle, and the next thing one knows there is a scuffling and a rush of officers getting into uniform as they run and men flying off with their hammocks, getting their arms, fetching up stores and ammunition, closing doors here, opening others there, casting loose guns, passing orders from one to another, each man knowing his place and duty and doing his best to make a smart evolution of it. Down below somewhere the doctor's staff set up the amputation table and lay out medical necessaries, gruesome-looking knives and scissors, tourniquets, &c., and await any "cases" that may be sent to them. The doctor presides over us—for on these occasions paymaster, chaplain, naval instructor, clerks, writers, even the ship's cook, are pressed into the medical service—and fills in the time of waiting by a few lessons in ambulance work, including the use of the tourniquet. If it is "stations only" the evolution is soon over, the bugle sounds "return stores," the doctor's shop is closed, guns are once more secured, and in a very short time all is quiet once more. At other times there will be some-

thing more attempted, a little drill with the guns, a supposititious "case" or two brought down for surgical treatment, and so on. But the great time is when the quarterly night-firing comes off. A carefully prepared target is lowered into the water, and as soon as this is judged to be a certain distance off, the converging rays of two search-lights are brought to bear upon it. As soon as this is effected the order is given to commence firing, and then the row begins! Bang! goes a big 67-ton gun with a note surprisingly low for such a monster, then the more terrific sound of a 4.7 with the varying notes of Gatlings, Gardiners, and smaller guns, and the sharp rattle of musketry; shells scream through the air, the ship and sea are lurid with flame, and the stench of villainous saltpetre envelopes one like a robe. Every now and again comes the order "Cease firing," while fresh sights are being taken, and then as the two pencils of light again meet on the target the flash and roar and stink start in once more. From time to time the order rings out, "Two thousand yards," "Three thousand yards," and so on, "Fire!" until the due amount of ammunition having been expended, the final order to "Cease firing" is given, and a blessed calm ensues, to be broken again only by the work of securing guns and returning stores. What wonder if after all the excitement, noise, and work it be found necessary by some of us to adjourn to the ward-room to wash the smoke out of our throats before turning in? This is my recollection of night-firing; a very incomplete account, I fear, as my technical knowledge of the



MAXIM GUN DRILL.



business is practically *nil*, but it may serve to give some faint idea of what is indeed a very important and magnificent part of the life and work of the Navy. No doubt it is a costly performance ; such ammunition as is expended on these occasions represents a very considerable sum of money. But the value of the training in accustoming officers and men to handle their guns under such conditions amply repays the country for the outlay involved.

We had a novel kind of night-quarters once in the *Northumberland*. No one had the slightest inkling of what was coming, and we were all comfortably settled down for the night when up goes the signal to the fleet to close and exercise at general quarters. Hardly, however, had the bugles sounded their alarm when the band-call was heard on board the flagship. Up tumbled the bandsmen, and soon over the waters floated the music of "Auld Lang Syne." It was to be a general exercise not of guns but of voices in the expression of mutual good wishes for the coming year. Perhaps some of us grumbled a little at the time at being turned out of our warm bunks and 'ammicks for a bit of sentiment. But now, as I look back upon it, the memory of that night is a happy one. It was our admiral's last New Year's Eve in the fleet, and his kindness of heart had prompted him to take this opportunity for the expression of his goodwill towards us before laying down his command. As "sixteen bells" came clearly over the water from every ship hearty good wishes were exchanged, and soon after all was quiet once more and the new year fairly under

weigh. It is only on New Year's Eve that "sixteen bells" are heard, the idea being that both the old year and the new are entitled to their own eight. He is a proud man who can manage to anticipate the sentry and strike those sixteen on New Year's Eve.

In my time "up the Straits" there was what was known as a Levant Squadron, of which the *Trafalgar* was flagship. This meant for us spending our whole commission in the Levant, save for a yearly return to Malta to refit. Other ships might be transferred to the main squadron, and so get a chance of visiting such interesting places as Venice or Trieste ("Try East" the bluejacket calls it) or Naples, but there was no such luck for the Traffies. We just had to make the best of our visits to Malta, when they came off, and for the rest of the time content ourselves with Smyrna, Salonica, and the Isles of Greece. General leave was given at Smyrna, Salonica, and, I think, also at Phalerum (the watering-place of Athens). At Smyrna there was a sailors' institute, and also at the Piraeus, which was not far from Phalerum, but at Salonica, where we spent a good deal of our time on and off, there was nothing of the kind. On the other hand there were plenty of grog-shops. So, with the cordial approval of the admiral and flag-captain, I set to work to provide something in the way of a decent "home" for our men. We got hold of a Greek who undertook to engage a suitable place and run it on our lines. It was to be wholly reserved for the use of the bluejackets and marines, who were to be supplied with food of good quality, beer, and wine

(but not spirits) at a fixed, reasonable tariff. An empty café with ample accommodation was found, the captain sent carpenters ashore to board up the railings in front for greater privacy, a piano was provided, newspapers and books were sent ashore, a writing-table or two prepared—a French billiard-table was already there—and everything made clean and decent. Before the formal opening I got several of the petty officers together for a test supper. All went well until we got to cheese and butter, but there we drew the line. I shall never taste such butter again! Tallow candles were not in it with that butter for nastiness. Strict orders were given for tinned “Danish” to be substituted for that “pale horror” in future, and our banquet came to a close. Next day we opened shop. Ship’s boats were sent to steps close by for the convenience of the men; once a week a ship’s band occupied the bandstand, and weekly sing-songs were got up by the various ships. One day a German man-o’-war came in. So we made her men honorary members of our “Seamen’s Club” and got up a sing-song for them. My chief recollection of that sing-song concerns a long German, who, after the consumption of much beer, declared that he would sing a “basso solo.” It was a wonderful solo, a sort of erratic and dismal rumble which seemed to distress his fellow-countrymen as much as ourselves. The German blues were very jolly and friendly, and the “show” went off quite pleasantly.

Of course one had to be constantly looking after things to ensure that the Greek who ran the club for

us "played the game." However, he did very well on the whole, and certainly the club was a great convenience to our men.

When we were not at one or other of our three principal ports of call, we spent our time in visiting the Isles of Greece or various small Turkish towns and villages. To our sportsmen the islands were very attractive, and the wilder they were the more these gentlemen liked them. To me they were not so interesting; to the ship's company who had to remain on board, general leave not being given in such places, even less so. There were, however, exceptions. A visit to Marmarice, a small Turkish town at the head of a charming harbour, was always a great delight. For not far off was a beautiful valley with a stream running through it, to which we used to make jolly picnic pilgrimages. It was such a delight to bathe in the running stream and sit luxuriously under a small waterfall. After lunch we lay contentedly in the shade chatting or taking "a stretch off the land" until the tinkle of bells proclaimed the advent of the goat-herd with her flock, previously engaged by our paymaster to provide us with fresh-drawn milk for our tea. Sometimes there would be a cricket match on a rough field just outside the town. Here it was that our boys' picnic came off. One morning I said to the captain, "Don't you think, sir, it would be a good thing for the boys to have a run ashore here? If you'll let me take them, I'll 'stand Sam' for their food for the day." "Certainly," was the reply, "but I'll stand the treat myself, if you'll take them." So

the word was passed for the boys to muster for a picnic. A second-class petty officer and a ship's corporal volunteered to help me, and we were soon off to a quiet beach on the other side of the harbour. One of my young friends nearly missed the boat, because he couldn't find his boots. "Never mind your boots, come as you are," said I, and in he jumped. Another boy, being a little taller than the majority, thought himself too much of a man for the business and stayed on board. We had a jolly day. The boys were as happy as sandboys, bathing, climbing, rolling in the sand, doing just as they pleased (they couldn't do any harm in such a place) until lunch-time. They had rigged up a sort of tent by means of oars and the boat's sail, and under this we contentedly munched our pasties. In the conversation that followed I was much amused at a discussion between two boys as to where I hailed from originally, one boy strongly insisted that I was a Londoner. "I tell yer, the parson's a Cockney." So I had to settle the question by explaining that I came from the West Country. After this we had swimming races (some of my messmates having kindly provided me with a little money for prizes), then tea, after which the young rascals made a bonfire, which rather alarmed me lest we should see the whole country-side ablaze ; however, nothing terrible happened, and shortly after we were pulling back to the ship, singing songs and feeling that we had been to our Rosherville and enjoyed ourselves. When we got on board I went to the captain and told him that I had not had a

moment's trouble with the youngsters all the day long. But that tall boy shed a bitter tear when the rest came down to the lower-deck and told him what a day they had had!

On looking at my diary (if I had only kept that diary better I might have been able to spin a good many more yarns!) I find a note of a visit to Volo and a wonderful sunset that we saw on the evening of our arrival. In the foreground the town lying along the shore with a red-hulled sailing-ship at anchor close to the land; behind the town great hills rising one above the other, green, rosy-red, and dazzling white as the snowline was reached; nestling in the bosom of the hills little villages, from the windows of which came bright reflections of the rays of the setting sun; to the right the more distant hills showing a deep indigo blue against the brightness of the sky. It is said that from this port Jason and the Argonauts sailed to Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Next day I went out to the football ground and watched a match between the *Sans Pareil* and the *Trafalgar*. The *Sans Pareils* had three bluejackets in their team, one of whom played *barefooted*, kicking splendidly!

From time to time I find such entries as "Short practice this afternoon with targets towing astern," "Out nets this morning," "Started on a full-power trial-trip to Suda Bay," "Man and arm boats this morning," "Collier arrived: coaled ship this evening," "Night attack came off all right. I did not stay up for it, but heard our guns firing about 2.30 a.m.





PREPARE TO RAM.

The attacking boats had some difficulty in finding us as the ship was kept very dark and lay in the shadow of a hill in a little bay." We were indeed always "on the job" with some drill or other: laying-down mines, firing torpedoes, manning and arming ship, abandoning ship, clearing ship for action, sending away boats for practice in sailing or rowing, laying out anchor, landing parties for drill ashore, Morris-tube practice, &c., &c., &c. Then there were steam tactics with the other ships of the fleet, in which all sorts of complicated manœuvres were performed, ships crossing and recrossing in a sort of ocean-dance, very pretty to look at, but involving plenty of nerve and quickness on the part of those who had the task of carrying it out. One of the most difficult of these is called "the gridiron," I believe. The one I remember best was carried out by the order of our admiral in the Channel Squadron when we were lying off San Remo at the time that the Emperor Frederick was there, not long before his death. With the *Curlew* as centre, the ships steamed round in a circle as would be done in bombarding a town. I don't know the name of it, but it was a pretty sight.

The time for "General Quarters" is Friday forenoon. I do not propose to give any detailed description of the drill, for that would be beyond my powers. Moreover, my place at "G.Q.'s" was not on the gun-deck, but with the doctor and his staff. But I may mention a thing which struck me as curious in view of the objection that some people have to the

parson's *intoning*. The lieutenants in charge of guns nearly always gave their orders—"Two thousand yards," "Three thousand yards," &c.—on G, which is the usual note employed in intoning. One officer used to "go one better than this" and give us the cathedral note A. I don't pretend for a moment that these were instances of "the sincerest form of flattery," but merely suggest that they are evidence that there is something to be said for this much-abused clerical practice on the score of clearness and audibility.

Leaving now the weightier matters of drills and tactics and turning to sport—not that of the officer in pursuit of red-leg, quail, or logger game—but the amusements of both officers and men, I must say a word about fleet regattas and other sailing and pulling races. Any "old ships" of mine who may chance to read this book will probably wonder how I am going to tackle such a subject, but I've got to make the attempt and they must forgive me if I make a mess of it.

I cannot introduce the subject in a better way than by the following quotations from a paper which Lord Charles Beresford kindly contributed to our magazine, *Up the Straits*, on "Man-of-war Pulling Races and how to Win them."

"One of the results of steam and machinery having superseded masts, yards and canvas in a man-of-war has been the creation of greater interest in pulling races. The regattas held in different fleets and squadrons have become yearly events, keenly looked forward to by both officers and men. This is very

desirable, not only for the sake of the exercise which it encourages (physical exercise of a violent character being in a measure lost to the service since the necessity for masts and yards has been so diminished), but also for the well-being and good feeling which healthful exercise invariably produces. Committees are formed, rules and regulations laid down in a clear and business-like manner, and sums of money given in prizes, which sums amount on the Mediterranean Station to about £200, £50 or £60 being given by the Malta canteen, and the remainder being raised by subscription among the officers of the fleet. . . .

“Boat-pulling is a healthy and manly recreation. It produces that courage, endurance, nerve and national muscle which have so long been the distinctive features of the British race. . . .

“The training and practice which are necessary to put the boats’ crews of men-of-war into that state of ‘condition’ in which they may reasonably expect to win a race must to a large extent cultivate those habits of discipline which are so essential for the comfort and efficiency of our great service—a service upon whose energy, thought, skill, and determination the actual existence of our Empire absolutely depends, should it be menaced with war.”

On my table lies a programme of the Channel Squadron Pulling Regatta, held at Gibraltar in 1890. From it I find that there were eighteen races altogether, including one for “the ladies,” one for military officers, one for soldiers, and an all-comers’ race. The remainder being purely naval, the list may be

useful as showing the nature of the boats and competing crews—

1st Race—Whalers and gigs manned by Seamen.			
2nd	”	Cutters	” Duty Crews.
3rd	”	Whalers and Gigs	” Boys.
4th	”	Cutters	” Marines.
5th	”	Whalers and gigs	” Idlers, &c.
6th	”	Gigs	” Gun Room Officers.
7th	”	Cutters	” Racing Crews.
8th	”	Jolly Boats	” Racing Crews.
9th	”	Whalers	” Racing Crews.
10th	”	Cutters	” Stokers.
11th	”	Launches	” Seamen.
12th	”	Gigs	” Naval Officers.
13th	”	Gigs	” Racing Crew.
14th	”	Whalers	” Engine Room Artificers.

From the above it will be seen that the boats competing were whalers (5 oars), gigs (6 oars), cutters (12 oars), jolly-boats (8 or 10 oars), and launches (big boats with 18 oars, nick-named “busses”). Their crews were drawn from all classes on board: officers, seamen, artificers, stokers, marines, and boys. A duty-boat’s crew is, of course, the usual crew of a boat as distinguished from a racing boat’s crew which uses the boat for the purpose of the race only. As has been explained before, idlers (now called dayman) are men who work by day only, and do not keep night-watches.

The list is fairly representative of the boats and crews in all fleet regattas, though it does not, I see, include the admiral’s and captain’s galleys, which are often lent for this purpose. This reminds me of what

happened once at Port Mahon on the occasion of a small regatta. The admiral had promised a supper to the winning crew in a race in which his own galley was competing. The galley came in first, but a "bus"—the *Anson's* if I remember rightly—came in such a close second that the admiral said, "Give them a supper too." There were *only eighty* of them and the admiral's cook had about an hour and a half to prepare in, but he set to work and had a noble supper ready for them by the time they came on board. Unfortunately the supply of knives and forks was not equal to so large a demand, so the men were left to do their best with their jack-knives. But a further difficulty arose, for though every man had on his knife lanyard, not more than half of them had a knife at the end of it. So those who had knives had to lend to those that had none, which rather interfered with the progress of the meal. But they worried through all right in the end and did full justice to the admiral's bounty.

One other omission I observe in the list of boats, viz., the copper-punts. These are small flat boats used by the "copper party," whose business is to keep the water-line clean and in good order. They are rigged out in all sorts of quaint ways to imitate ships, yachts, &c., and their crews take a delight in adopting absurd fancy costumes for the occasion. It should be added that in the all-comers' race the "busses" are always manned by a motley crew—"a bloomin' 'aporth o' all sorts," as the Cockney boy said of a man who appeared at the 'Varsity boatrice in a blazer of light blue and dark blue stripes—includ-

ing the ship's band (not forgetting the big drum) or, in default of that, a very inharmonious "squeegee band."

The Mediterranean is the home of the fleet regatta. The number of ships in the squadron and the keen interest taken in the sport by all, from the admiral down to the first-class boy, make it quite a big event in the year's history. Our ship generally did well, both officers and men. The boys of the commander's boat were, as I have already said, particularly keen in practising, always pulling a racing stroke whatever duty they might be on, and going in for special training as well. So I was not surprised to find them come off victorious on more than one occasion.

Challenges constantly pass between crack racing crews of different ships; and the interest taken in such contests is always very keen.

I must not forget to mention the anxious solicitude, not to say affectionate coddling, bestowed by her crew upon some specially crack boat, such as was, for instance, the *Trafalgar's* "Black Galley." No mother's only darling was ever more jealously watched over and shielded from the lightest touch. Was anything to be done to her? Great were the searchings of heart and anxiety portrayed in the faces of her crew, lest some careless hand should mar her beauty or do aught that might affect her racing powers. The admiral, of course, might use her (was she not his own?), but otherwise she was the sacred darling of her crew, not to be even breathed upon by any one else.

You must just imagine what the races were like,

the breathless interest of each ship in the performance of its own boats and men, the keen rivalry, the mutual encouragement of chummy ships, the eager speculation as to how certain well-known boats would come off in a race, the welcome on board of the winners, the commiseration of the unlucky ones. To show how excited we used to get, I remember how one boy, as keen as mustard over his race, forgot everything else and rushed up to our first lieutenant to tell him all about it. There was no thought of presumption or disrespect. He could only think of the one thing, and the officer was a sportsman and would be sure to take as much interest in it as he did himself.

Whenever a suitable place and opportunity can be found cricket and football matches are arranged between different ships on a station. It is not always easy to find a good field, but we learn to make the best of things in the Navy, and get a lot of pleasure out of very unpromising material. On looking through a volume of our little Mediterranean magazine, *Up the Straits* (alas! long since defunct), I am surprised at the number of matches recorded in one year. Most of the ships appear to have had teams of their own, and some of them have quite a long record of matches.

Even if a suitable "pitch" cannot be found ashore, or it prove impossible to land, there is still deck-cricket to be had, which is very good sport. This is played on the quarter-deck, with ordinary bats and stumps and a ball made of a pair of socks hitched over with twine and secured by about twenty-five yards of

fishing-line. A game of this kind is described by a correspondent who was on the *Mars* during the annual manoeuvres. He says it was played with tremendous vigour, and the amount of fun and exercise got out of it was beyond all belief.

There are frequent athletic sports both on shore and on board. I have a photograph of three "Trafalgars" who were exceptionally good at these exercises—an able seaman, a marine, and a bandsman. The muscles of their arms and legs are simply astonishing. The A.B. was an accomplished gymnast as well as runner. The way he managed to clear everything in the obstacle race was a thing to be remembered. I believe he is a warrant officer now.

The difficulties of such sports on board are of course greater than on shore, and the fun consequently greater. I remember some excellent races got up by the adjutant of the 13th Hussars (now well known as the Defender of Mafeking), on board the *Serapis* on the way from Bombay to Durban, for his men; and the correspondent above mentioned tells of similar sports in the *Mars*. In the *Trafalgar* we used to have "sling the monkey" sometimes, which is very interesting, especially to the monkey, who swings in a noose and is belaboured with ropes'-ends or knotted handkerchiefs till he catches one of the others and is relieved.

One of the most popular "pipes" is "Hands to bathe." A boat is lowered, booms swung out, and at the sound of the bugle over go the majority of the "hands" in an ecstasy of delight. On a calm

summer afternoon in the Mediterranean what could be more delightful !

The mention of "chummy ships" reminds me of pleasant experiences with our own chummy ship, the *Colossus*. The relations between the officers of the two ships were always of the most cordial nature, and the ship's companies were sworn friends. We dined each other in the ward-room, and one ship's company would invite the other to sing-song and supper. Those were very jolly nights, and well do I remember what capital "spreads" our men used to organise. Why the two ships in question struck up such a friendship I don't know, but so it was, and so it continued to the end. I find the following note in my diary for May 4, 1893 (we left for England on the 20th): "This evening the officers of the *Colossus* gave us a farewell dinner. We dined on deck. The 'dining-room' was got up beautifully, and the table was a sight to see, extremely pretty. The dinner was excellent. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely, the *camaraderie* was so complete. Captain Karslake proposed our healths, Captain Robinson and Commander Inglefield responding. A night to be remembered."

Another popular form of entertainment in the Navy is a children's party. Nothing gives more pleasure to both officers and men. The trouble all hands will take in getting it up is surprising. We had one in January, 1893, at Malta, for the children of naval and military officers. It was a great success. Upwards of 170 children came. The ship was profusely decorated, and the arrangements were so perfect that everything

went like clockwork. On the arrival of the children each boy was provided with a ticket giving his name and where he was to have tea, and a distinguishing flag (blue or red). The girls had similar tickets and blue or red sashes. As soon as most of them had arrived games were started—swing, see-saw, switch-back, marches, musical chairs, and dancing. These were kept going energetically until the time arrived for the chief feature of the entertainment, when Father Christmas appeared robed in white, and venerable with crown and snowy hair and beard, and a holly wreath over his shoulder. After he had made a little speech to his guests, a bright curtain of flags fell to the deck, and there stood revealed to the delighted children a beautiful model of the old *Trafalgar*, with masts and yards and guns complete, and loaded with gifts—a mimic salute was fired, and in a moment the ship was bright with electric lamps. Father Christmas and his willing helpers distributed the gifts, and then all adjourned to tea, Father Christmas leading the way, and amateur drummers lending their assistance to the professional ones in beating a march. Such a tea, such a picture, such happy entertainers, such delighted guests! After tea a small boy was heard inquiring, "Where Faver Christmas gone?" A little girl was seen standing patiently by the empty ship. "Haven't you had your present?" she was asked. "Yes, but I'm waiting for the present for my little brother who couldn't come." She got what she wanted. One child said she hadn't believed in Santa Claus before, but she did now

because she had seen him. Another was surprised to see him so clean after coming down the chimney. Quaintest of all was the speech made by one small girl to the commander as she left. "Goodbye! this is the nicest party I've been to in all my life." Who could grudge trouble in bringing about such happiness as that? Certainly none of us did. It was wonderful to see how keen everybody was over the building and rigging of that lovely model of the old *Trafalgar*. Ward-room, gun-room, warrant officers, men, boys, all wanted to do their best, and all felt that they had their reward in the children's joy. Next day we coaled ship, and the following day were on our way back to the Levant, battened down and tumbling about in a heavy sea.

I am free to confess that I am a fair-weather sailor. Not that I am troubled with sea-sickness, but because a ship is not a comfortable place in bad weather. To be battened down and have to make a pilgrimage up and down ladders and through flats to the battery-deck, and then up again to another deck before one can get a breath of fresh air is not a cheerful experience. To pass the night in a stuffy atmosphere, with the rudder chains making harsh music all the time as the ship rolls, is worse. On the mess-deck forward rough weather often means simple misery. The water gets in and "slooshes" about the deck, making everything wet and uncomfortable. Not very pleasant for a man coming down from his watch on deck for a little rest and quiet! Of course it is "part of the show," and we worry through somehow. But we

don't like it, and we have a poor opinion of the wisdom of those who profess that they do. I wonder if Allan Cunningham ever went to sea, and, if he did, whether his good ship was really "tight and free." If so, he was luckier than most of us. A ship may be tight as a drum, but that won't keep seas from breaking over her and making her decks anything but pleasant for the inhabitants. Here is what the poet says—

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

And I say, in the language of Mr. Burchell, "Fudge!" I have served in a good many ships, and have always found that everybody preferred decent weather to dirty. This reminds me—if I may be allowed to hark back to my old *Tamar* days—of a trip we once had from Suda Bay to Malta. There was a "snoring breeze" (blowing the wrong way!) "and white waves heaving high," and the good ship plugging against it from Sunday morning till the next day to do forty miles! We would gladly have dispensed with the snoring breeze on that occasion, and I don't believe Mr. Cunningham would have cared for it much either.

There is an amusing yarn told in "The Story of

the Sea" of Barry Cornwall's wife quoting the verse of her husband's poem beginning—

"I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,"

to the poor man as he lay in the agonies of sea-sickness on the deck of the steamer going from Dover to Calais. "For Heaven's sake, my dear, don't!" was the cry wrung from the lips of the unhappy poet, who no doubt wished himself anywhere but "on the sea!"

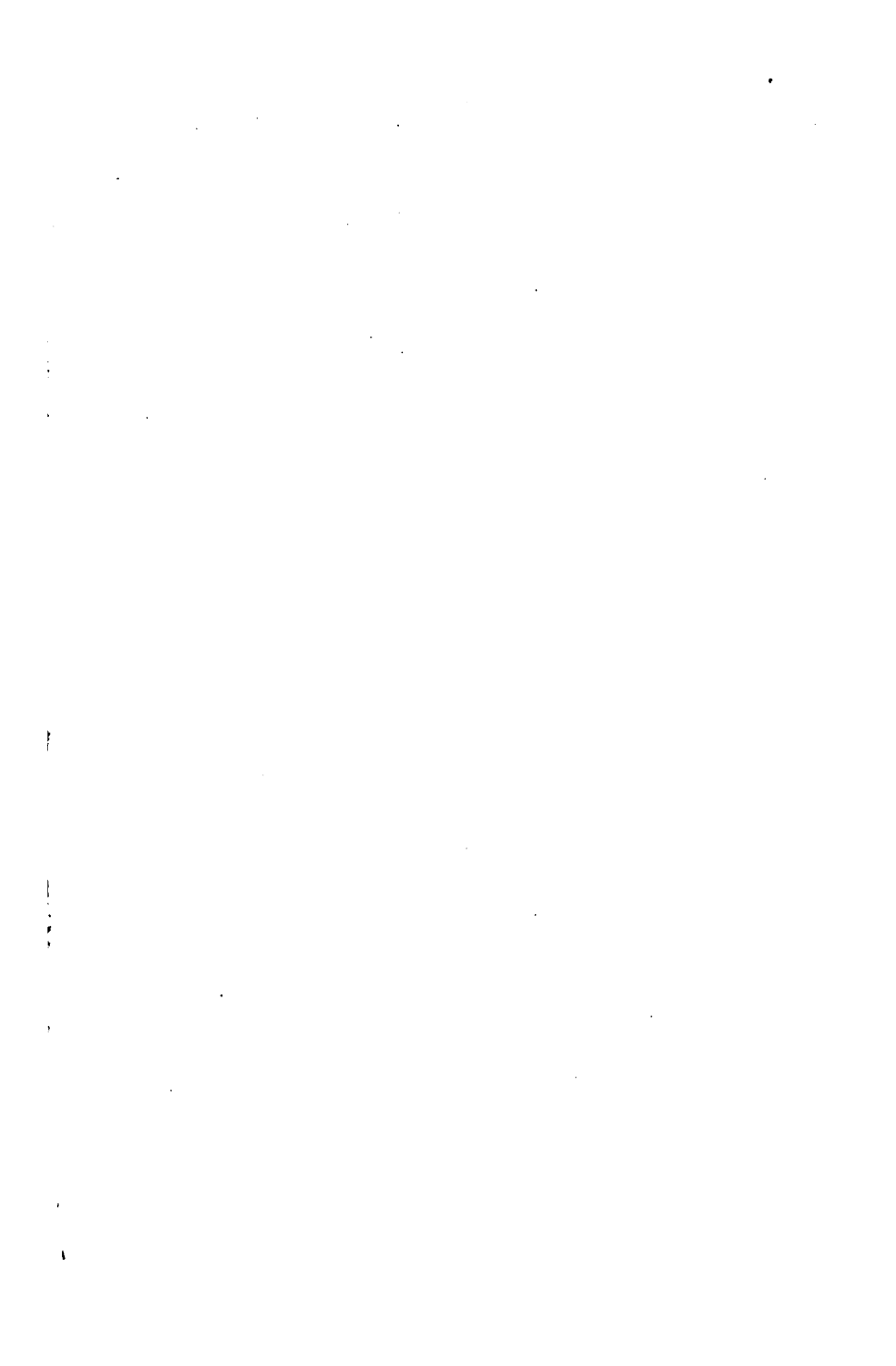
We paid off in 1893, leaving our ship behind to do another commission, and returning to England in the *Achilles*.


After a short spell of leave I was appointed to the *Minotaur*, which had recently been told off as an overflow ship for first-class boys from the training-ships for instruction in gunnery and for "kitting-up for sea." During my three years in this ship about 5,000 boys passed through their gunnery training in her. I have described in an earlier chapter my experiences of the training service, and need not therefore enter into further detail here.

From the *Minotaur* I went to the *Thunderer*, guardship at Pembroke Dock, and later on to the *Australia*, the Queen's guardship in Southampton Water. Both these were harbour ships with reduced complements—except during the annual manœuvres, when the coast-guardsmen came on board for their drills. A good number of our men had homes ashore, and left the ship after working hours, so there is nothing particular

to tell of the life of the Handy-man in them that has not been already treated of in these pages. From the *Australia* I was sent to Pembroke Dockyard, and came on to Greenwich in the autumn of 1899 as chaplain of Greenwich Hospital and School.

I have only a word or two more to add. No one could be more conscious than I am how incomplete is this account of the Handy-man and his work, but I trust I have said enough to win for him from my readers some measure of the affectionate regard and respect that he and I have had for one another for eighteen happy years. He will appreciate that more than all the songs that are made about him in such quantities for the amusement of the drawing-room or the music-hall. It is an easy thing to sing "We all love Jack." Let us do more than that. Let us *seek his better acquaintance*, and we shall not be long in learning to treat him with that kindly respect which he values most of all.





**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

Please return promptly.

