

**A LANDLUBBER'S LOG OF A VOYAGE
AROUND THE "HORN": BEING A JOURNAL
KEPT DURING A VOYAGE FROM
PHILADELPHIA TO SAN FRANCISCO VIA
CAPE HORN IN THE AMERICAN SHIP
"PACTOLUS", CAPTAIN COLCORD**

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A landlubber's log of a voyage around the "Horn": Being a journal kept during a voyage from Philadelphia to San Francisco via Cape Horn in the American ship "Pactolus", Captain Colcord by Morton MacMichael

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MORTON MACMICHAEL

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Authors Edition

FISHERMEN AND LUBBERS: LOG. OF A VOYAGE.

ROUND THE "HORN" BEING

A JOURNAL

KEPT BY

MORRIS JACOB MICHAEL III

During a voyage from Philadelphia

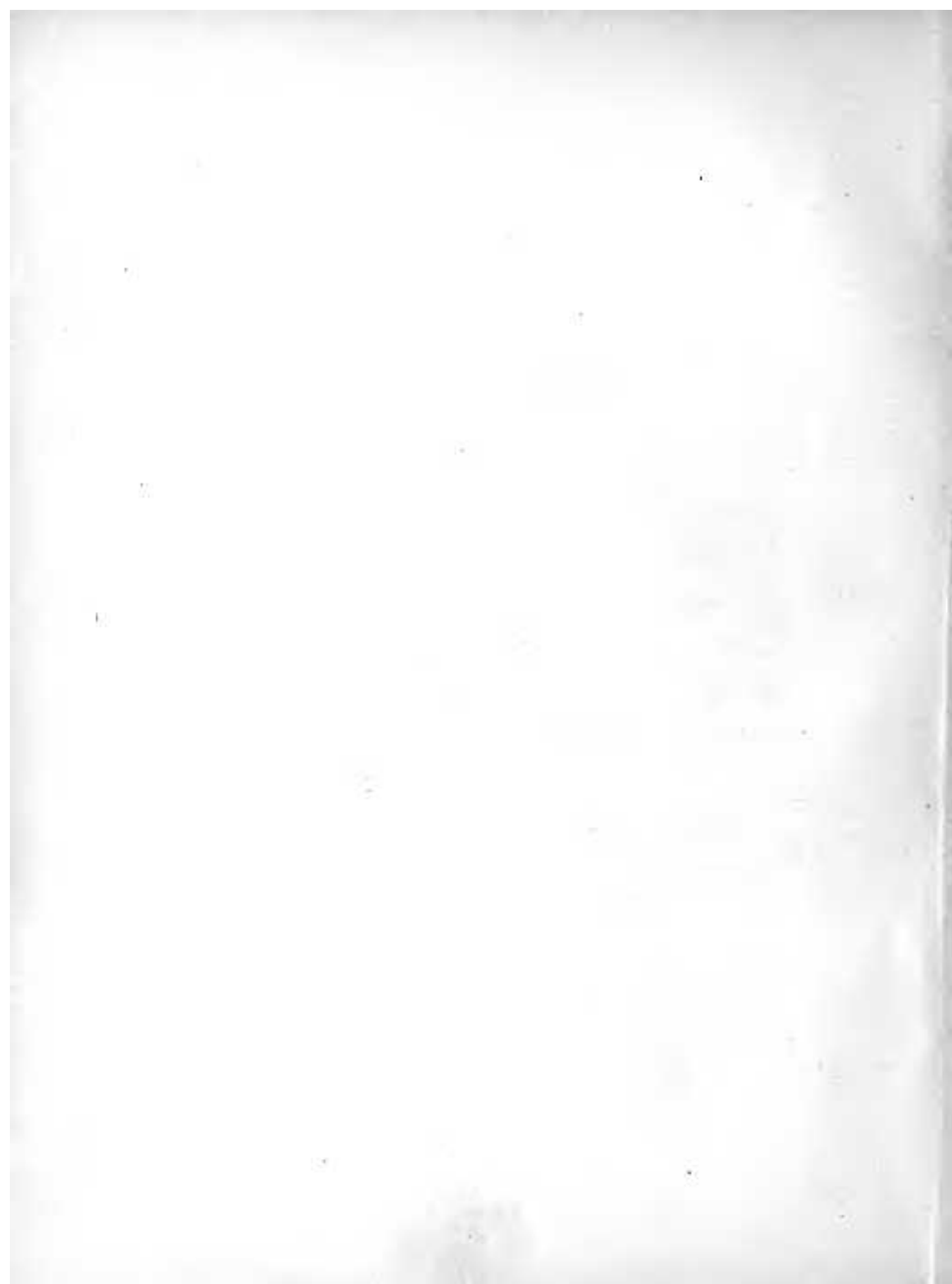
to San Francisco via Cape Horn.

In the American ship "Pactolus"

captain Cole

With numerous fine engravings and a chart

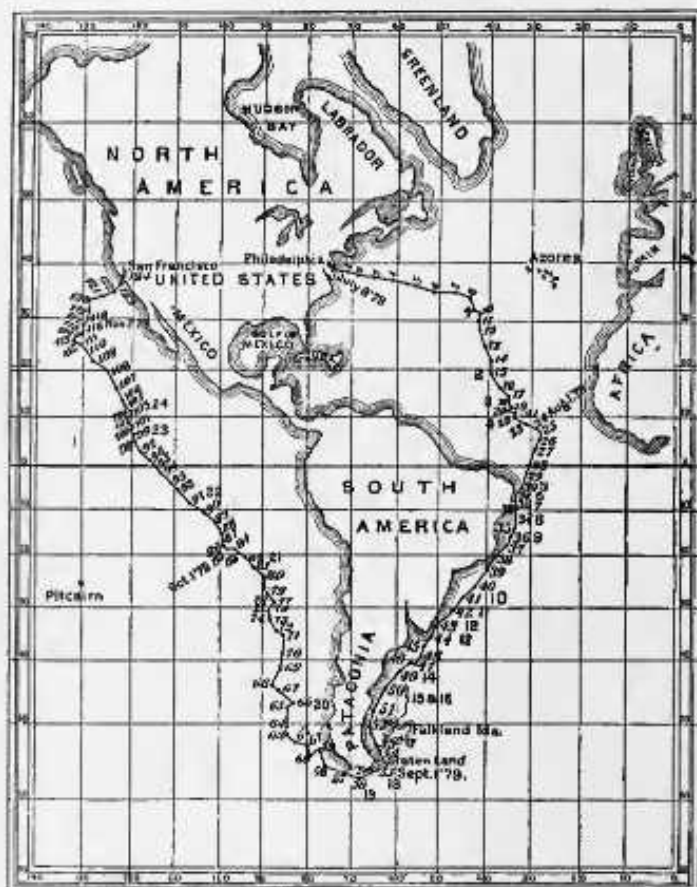
— 1879 —
— J. G. C. —



This Journal

Printed from the original manuscript without the alteration of a dozen words, was prepared for home consumption only. The illustrations and maps are copied from the original pen and ink sketches. It has been put into its present form in order to send it as a remembrance from the Author (now in Japan) to his "chums" and friends.

CHRISTMAS, 1879.



At Sea:

SUNDAY, *July 20th, 1879.*

IT was on the morning of the 7th inst. that we left Queen Street Wharf, just as day was breaking, and started on our long voyage of some sixteen thousand miles. By "we" I allude to the good ship "*Pactolus*," of New York, her officers and men, Mr. Brooks of Sheffield, and myself—twenty-five, all told.

That day we went as far as Wilmington, Del., where, while at anchor in the stream, some two miles from the town, we took on board, from two lighters, seventy-five tons of gunpowder. The reckless way the stevedores banged the packages about made my hair stand straight on end. It must have been very mild gunpowder to stand it. They stowed it in the after-hatch, just under our dining room and looking at it in a business light, having this powder on board seems very advantageous, for it puts us all in a position where we are liable to be "raised" at any moment.

Tuesday, the 8th, we weighed anchor at 5 A. M., and continued on our way down the river, sighting the lighthouse at Cape May about 2 o'clock. Standing over towards Henlopen we dropped our pilot at 3.30 P. M., and made straight for the mouth of the bay, running out to sea at 4.45 o'clock, and passing within rifle shot of the Henlopen light. With a fresh breeze we headed directly off shore and soon the smooth sailing of the river and bay was changed to the see-saw motion caused by the inflowing rollers. It is from this point that we compute the length of our voyage, and consider it ended when we pass through the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

In all books that I ever read, the characters who happen to take a journey, or who start for foreign lands, either for information or adventure, always, when leaving port, gaze long and earnestly at the receding shore, etc. How much nicer it would have been for me if I could have but followed their example; then I might have written about the "feeling of sadness that stole over me as while thinking of family and friends, or of the many happy memories of home, the white winged ship swiftly left the land." I could have described how it grew dimmer each moment until, at last, "naught but a faint, misty, cloudlike streak hung on the distant horizon," and, as I gazed again, that *f. m. c. s.* would, like the *f. m. c. s.'s* of the book characters.

have faded from my sight, "while a single tear would have glistened for a moment on my cheek, and then fallen noiselessly to the deck." All this *night* I have written, had not Father Neptune promptly (and with a viciousness that makes me think the old gentleman must have suffered a lack of victims lately) demanded his dues. I had expected an attack, but not so sudden or fierce a one; nor did I anticipate so complete a defeat. In short, fifteen minutes after the ship passed the Capes, I was hopelessly, helplessly sea-sick. A Japanese proverb says, "A sea voyage is an inch of hell." For seven days my opinion tallied exactly with that of the slant-eyed philosopher who wrote those words. I took no notice of anything, didn't want to see or eat anything, couldn't have eaten anything if I had wanted to, and was as thoroughly wretched as possible. That week I pass over without noting any of its incidents, for, in a voyage of sixteen or eighteen weeks one wont be missed.

Tuesday, the 15th, I turned out much better, enjoyed my breakfast, ditto my dinner, and by supper-time was ravenous. The sea-sickness has left me awfully weak and thin, so much so that I have not yet ventured any climbing aloft, and weigh but 115 pounds, still, I feel stronger each day, and am beginning to do my share at meal-time. I have also changed my mind on the sea