

**A
MAINSAIL HAUL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649044627

A Mainsail Haul by John Masefield

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN MASEFIELD

**A
MANSAIL HAUL**

A MAINSAIL HAUL

BY
JOHN MASEFIELD

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1916

23697.10.36.3
✓ A

COPYRIGHT, 1913

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Set up and electrotyped

First Published, June 1st, 1905

Second Edition, Revised and much Enlarged, September, 1913
Reprinted January, 1916.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
DON ALFONSO'S TREASURE HUNT	1
PORT OF MANY SHIPS	9
SEA SUPERSTITION	14
A SAILOR'S YARN	22
THE YARN OF LANKY JOB	30
FROM THE SPANISH	36
THE SEAL MAN	44
THE WESTERN ISLANDS	51
CAPTAIN JOHN WARD	61
CAPTAIN JOHN JENNINGS	85
THE VOYAGE OF THE <i>CVGNET</i>	105
CAPTAIN ROBERT KNOX	124
CAPTAIN JOHN COXON	133
IN A CASTLE RUIN	151
A DEAL OF CARDS	157
THE DEVIL AND THE OLD MAN	179

I yarned with ancient shipmen beside the galley range
And some were fond of women, but all were fond of
change;
They sang their quavering chanties, all in a fo'c's'le
drone,
And I was finely suited, if I had only known.

I rested in an ale-house that had a sanded floor,
Where seamen sat a-drinking and chalking up the score;
They yarned of ships and mermaids, of topsail sheets
and slings,
But I was discontented; I looked for better things.

I heard a drunken fiddler, in Billy Lee's Saloon,
I brooked an empty belly with thinking of the tune:
I swung the doors disgusted as drunkards rose to dance,
And now I know the music was life and life's romance.

A MAINSAIL HAUL

DON ALFONSO'S TREASURE HUNT

Now in the old days, before steam, there was a young Spanish buck who lived in Trinidad, and his name was Don Alfonso. Now Trinidad is known, in a way of speaking, among sailormen, as Hell's Lid, or Number One Hatch, by reason of its being very hot there. They've a great place there, which they show to folk, where it's like a cauldron of pitch. It bubbles pitch out of the earth, all black and hot, and you see great slimy workings, all across, like ropes being coiled inside. And talk about smell there!—talk of brimstone!—why, it's like a cattle-ship gone derelict, that's what that place is like.

Now by reason of the heat there, the folk of those parts—a lot of Spaniards mostly, Dagoes