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to relieve the wheel, I started to follow him, but was ordered back by the mate. In Pictou Harbour, there were lots of ships laid to anchor. Among them was the Gun Hil? da, the Sacramento, and the Rio de Plate, and the ship County of Pictou built by Cap- tain George MacKenzie, painted ports, I thought she was a man-of-war. The ship Ran? ger, Captain Joe Foster, had just finished loading coal and was bound up to Quebec to load timber for Europe. I went into the shipping office in Pictou. A kind old gen? tleman, Mr. Campbell, says to me, "If you intend following the sea, go with Captain Foster. He will either make a man of you, or race you ashore in Quebec"--so I signed on for \$12 a month as ordinary seaman. The boswain was a McVicker belonging to Catalone, Cape Breton, a big dark man and he took great pleasure in pounding every? body that he could. The first night out at sea in a stiff breeze of wind we were tack? ing ship. I went with the men on the top gallant forecastle. When the ship came up in the wind, the jib sheets' big iron chains like to knock the head off of me while trying to flatten them in. I must have been in the road, for the boswain flew at me with a yell, hitting me in the jaw, sending me down on the main deck. I laid there for awhile. One of the old sail? ors in passing whispered to me, "Get aft to the poop, that's the place for boys, and best men on the forecastle head." When I got on the poop, all the boys and the Mate's watch were there but me. I thought I would never learn the name of all the rope, for I question if there is anyone so completely lost as a green-horn on board a full-rigged ship. We went below at 12 o'clock at night, only to be called in a short time afterwards. Getting on deck I found a ship close hauled on the wind and lying over at a dan? gerous angle. The topsail halyards had been let go and the wind and sails making a fearful noise. It was pitch dark and I had not got my sea-legs on and was dread? fully sick, and my jaw was sore from the lick I got from McVicker. I was ordered a- loft to reef top-sails. How I got out of the lee top-sail yard arm, I cannot now re? member, but I got ahold of the jackstay and held on with all my strength. I was certainly of no service whatever. I was sick several times before the topsail was reefed, making wild vomits to leeward. When we got on deck, I heard the welcome sound, "Go below the watch." I felt bad. Where the kilts are high And the prices are low  
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