

# LIVERPOOL NAUTICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY



## THREE LIVERPOOL WORTHIES

*by Joseph W Foley*

First published in *Transactions* Volume 7 (1953)

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# “THREE LIVERPOOL WORTHIES”

by JOSEPH W. FOLEY

If you were asked to name three Liverpool people whose fame was widespread, what would you reply? Probably the first name to come to mind would be Gladstone; then Roscoe; and—not to be discourteous to the ladies—Mrs. Hemans. Of course there are others.

Gladstone, certainly, was well-known in both hemispheres; Roscoe's reputation was great, but only with those who are styled to-day “the intelligentsia”—(I wonder how many people read his works to-day!) and, although the poems of Mrs. Hemans were recited wherever English was spoken, it is probable that many of those who recited them did not know the author of the poems or her birthplace.

Now I claim for my Three Liverpool Worthies a fame more widespread than that of these Liverpool celebrities. From China to Peru; “From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand”, they were well-known. All over the Seven Seas their names were carried in story and song; from Callao to Calcutta, from San Francisco to Shanghai, their exploits were related. Many men to whom even Gladstone was not known had met, known, and perhaps suffered at the hands of these “Worthies”.

Now, one hundred years ago, in the great days of sail, Liverpool's docks were crowded with ships; and wherever there are ships there will be sailors; a floating population in more senses than one. How many of these sailormen had their homes in or near Liverpool it is impossible to say, but very many were from other parts and, when paid off at this port, would have to seek lodgings. And so a business or profession grew up: that of Sailors Boarding-house Keepers. A rough estimate from *Gore's Directory* for 1861 gives between five and six hundred boarding- or lodging-houses in the dockside area. It is only a rough estimate for it is difficult to say what streets should be included in the dockside area. But one or two samples may be of interest. Denison Street—which as you may know—runs from opposite the Northern Hospital to Regent Road—had forty-four premises, of which seventeen were boarding-houses and nine public-houses. In Regent Street, a little to the south, with the same number of premises, were sixteen boarding-houses and five public-houses. Strange to say there are only four boarding-houses shown in Great Howard Street.

Now, like many other things, there were good, bad and indifferent boarding-houses. Some would have their regular clientele, as they have to this day; but many of them, perhaps the majority, were refuges for the down-and-out sailormen.

Now let us follow a son of the sea who has just been paid off after a long voyage.

Beer he wants first, and fresh company, female for preference. He has not far to seek for both; and he has money in his pocket—bright sovereigns. He is the Jolly Jack Tar, a hail-fellow-well-met; and his money does not last

very long. Sometimes he would find himself in the gutter, thrown out of a gin-palace after a night's debauch, robbed of everything he possessed. There were plenty of lodging-houses which would take him in. Not as Good Samaritans, but rather as birds of prey.

It may seem absurd to think that any money could be made out of a penniless down-and-out, but his "vile body" was valuable.

Jack's one desire after having his fling was to get away to sea again and, strange to say, to get him away was also the desire of his host. It was part of that host's business to know what ships were signing on a crew; and Jack was marched down to the shipping office and, if possible, signed on, and drew his advance note for one, or perhaps two, months' wages, which was promptly annexed by mine host.

Now the advance note was only payable after the ship had sailed with the man on board, so he was carefully watched till that time, when the boarding-house keeper collected the cash. It was the custom, supposing the sailor to have been destitute, for his host to furnish him with a "donkey's breakfast" (a straw mattress), oilskins, a mug and pannikin, and a knife, fork and spoon; the whole outfit costing, in those days, perhaps ten shillings; or they may have been come by dishonestly. But adding to this his board and lodging, the host stood to make a handsome profit; so you see his motive in wishing to get rid of his visitor as quickly as possible.

The most notorious of the land-sharks and harpies was one Paddy West. He is one of the few of his tribe whose names have been handed down to us. An old sailor's song says:

"As I was a-walking down Great Howard Street  
I went into Paddy West's boarding-house;  
He gave me a plate of American hash,  
And swore it was good English scouse.  
Says he: 'Come here, young fellow,  
For now you're just in time,  
To sail away in a clipper ship,  
And very soon you'll sign,  
Put on your tarpaulin jacket, and give the boys a rest,  
And think of the cold nor'easter you got down at Paddy West'."

Now there is something of a mystery about the situation of Paddy West's boarding-house.

Many years ago it was pointed out to me at 50 Great Howard Street, which was then a barber's shop. But *Gore's Directory* for 1851 gives "Thomas West, Hairdresser, 2 Stewart Street"; in 1853 the name is Charles West; in 1859 Francis West; 1862 Patrick West, all at 2 Stewart Street. This street no longer exists except as a name, for it is included in a railway goods yard, but it was off Great Howard Street, close to No. 50. Now, how may we account for these different Christian names? Were they related to the same man? Or relations of the man Francis West who appears in the *Directory* for 1851?

You know that many an Irishman is called "Paddy" even if his name is Denis, Michael, Cornelius or Bartholomew, so *the Paddy West* may be the Patrick West of 1862. This seems most likely, for *Kelly's Directory* for 1881 gives Patrick West at 50 Great Howard Street. As for No. 2 Stewart Street,

this may have been an overflow from Great Howard Street, as by 1881 Stewart Street had disappeared from the *Directory*, which lists only about 500 boarding-houses for the whole city and suburbs; which seems to indicate that the demand for sailors lodgings had fallen off, and Paddy West could accommodate all his clients at Great Howard Street.

But there was another side to Paddy's activities; adventurous youths running away to sea; debtors flying from creditors; husbands escaping from termagant wives, sought Paddy's assistance, and they were turned into able-bodied seamen by a process quicker than any bucko mate could have devised.

The story goes that Paddy had in his backyard a table on which was a large cow's horn; and that these aspirants after nautical knowledge were dressed up in oilskins and sou'wester and marched three times round the table, while seven buckets of water were flung over them; so that they could say they had been three times round the Horn and been wet by the Seven Seas. (He was a stickler for the truth, was Paddy). Whether this bluff ever deceived a hard-case mate is not related, but when crews were hard to get, anything with two hands and feet would be signed-on, leaving their education to be completed by belaying pin, soup and knuckledusters. But Paddy added two words to the English language; for any sailorman who did not know the ropes was called a "Paddy West" sailorman, or a "Paddy Wester", and many a man in the second dog watch would tell of his experiences "down at Paddy West's".

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In the North Atlantic, as you know, the prevailing winds are from the westward; head-winds for ships bound for New York or Boston. The average passage from Liverpool to New York took six weeks, while that from New York to Liverpool averaged a fortnight; and a skipper bound west would take advantage of every wind that allowed him to lay his course. He would hang on to his canvas to the utmost limit of safety—and sometimes beyond.

Picture such a skipper in mid Atlantic in winter time; he can just hold his course close-hauled. It is coming on for night and the wind is breezing up. The ship is over-canvassed, and he knows it. He is making good his westing, and if he hauls off he loses ground; if he reduces sail he is losing time; if he does neither he may lose his sails, or even his masts, what is he to do? He watches the glass, which is very low; his gaze is constantly to windward, but there is no sign of a break in the clouds. What shall he do?

The mate, under his breath, is cursing the "old man" for carrying on so long, and the watch on deck are using even stronger language, for they know that the longer this goes on the harder it will be when they have to shorten sail.

At last the skipper makes up his mind and, crossing over to the mate, shouts: "Get the t'gans'les off her, mister". Blowing his whistle, the mate jumps to the main-deck and, almost before he can give the order, some of the men are in the rigging, fighting their way up the reeling-masts and out on to the foot-ropes. And there, a hundred feet above the deck, fighting with the flogging sail, they sing a song. And this is the song they sing:

"Yo, ho, hi! and we'll haul hi!

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

We'll taughten the bunt, and we'll furl, hi!  
And we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots".

Now, who was Paddy Doyle; and why should they want to pay him for his boots?

There is no need for me to remind you that this was a sailor's "chanty". We occasionally hear over the wireless a programme of "sailors chanties", and several old shellbacks have told me that when this is on the air they always switch-off. Why? Because the picture they see in their minds is a dozen or so elegant young gentlemen in evening dress, standing round a grand piano, singing drawing-room ballads; instead of a bunch of rough sailormen, up to the waist in water, hauling on the lee-braces; or walking round the capstan in the early hours of a winter's morning, breaking out the anchor; or spending hours of back-breaking work at the pumps to keep the ship from sinking; for the chanty was essentially a working song.

Now in the great days of sail a sailor's work was mostly hauling on ropes, sheets and braces, halyards and lifts, bunt-lines and clew-lines; out-hauls and down-hauls were continually in his hands, and as it was always "pull together, boys", chanties were a great help. They had chanties for a long drag, others for a short pull, anchor raising, some when outward bound and others when bound for home, and one especially when furling sail: "Paddy Doyle's Boots".

But who was Paddy Doyle? It is evident that he was a boarding-house keeper who had foisted a leaky pair of sea-boots on some unfortunate sailorman who had the bad luck to pass through his hands; and which had been paid for out of his advance note. The first month on a long voyage was called: "Working off the dead horse", for the men felt that they were working for nothing. Now I can picture some man helping to furl a sail, thinking of the rotten boots he was wearing, joining his mates at "Yo-ho-ing"; having a sudden inspiration and bursting in with "To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots"; and so the chanty would be born.

For as long as I can remember I have said to myself "I wonder who Paddy Doyle was".

There were no tales about him as there were about Paddy West; nor could I learn when the chanty was first sung. Was he, like Paddy West, a Liverpool man? Was he an American? For several chanties were of American origin. I tried searching old directories, but having no idea of the year, the work was hopeless. There have been published several collections of chanties, and the compiler of one—I think it was Sir Richard Terry—confesses that he did not know who Paddy Doyle was. Some years ago the *Liverpool Express* had a weekly column of seafaring notes, somewhat on the lines of the "Slop-chest" in *Sea Breezes*. So I wrote asking if any reader could tell me who Paddy Doyle was. Nobody could—or at any rate—nobody did.

Some years later I knew an old sailor named Jim Turner—and his name is worthy of being recorded. One day as he was yarning about old times I said to him: "Jim, do you know who Paddy Doyle was?" "Yes", he said, "Paddy Doyle kept a boarding-house in Denison Street; he married a daughter of Squash McCormick". Beautiful name!

Here was a clue: Denison Street; and within the memory of Jim Turner! So back again to *Gore's Directory*, and there I found in 1867: "26 Denison

Street, Michael Doyle, boarding-house keeper”, and “37 Denison Street, Michael McCormick, boarding-house keeper”.

Now the Christian name “Michael” does not rule this man out, as we saw in the case of Paddy West, and seeing that there is no other claimant for the honour I think I am safe in saying that here we have the original Paddy Doyle.

I have said that my Liverpool Worthies were famed in song and story, and here we have Paddy Doyle’s name carried round the world. Wherever British ships furl’d sail, whether in the Old Pagoda Anchorage or the Circular Quay at Sydney, Paddy Doyle’s name would come floating over the waters, heard by hundreds who knew not Gladstone, or Roscoe, or Mrs. Hemans.

And as for his fame, Rudyard Kipling has made him immortal in his poem *The Merchantmen*:

“King Solomon drew merchantmen, because of his desire  
 For peacocks, apes and ivory, from Tharsish unto Tyre;  
 And cedars out of Lebanon that Hiram rafted down;  
 But we be only sailormen that use in London Town.  
 Coast-wise, cross seas, round the world and back again,  
 Where the floaw shall head us, or the full trade suits.  
 Plain-sail, storm-sail, lay your board and tack again,  
 And that’s the way we’ll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.”

And there you have the Paddy Doyle who kept a boarding-house in Denison Street, and married a daughter of Squash McCormick.

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Now, unlike the elusive Paddy Doyle, there is no mystery about the third of my Liverpool Worthies; Captain James Nicol Forbes; better known as “Bully Forbes”. In those days the word “bully” denoted “fine fellow”, we have it in this sense in several chanties: “Heave away my bully boys”; and we have also Bully Brag, Bully Hayes, Bully Waterman.

Now, though there is no mystery about the birth and parentage of Bully Forbes, accounts differ about his career. He was born in 1821 in Aberdeen, his father being an advocate. At school he learned navigation, and perhaps this early study was a great factor in his subsequent record-breaking. He went to sea early in life and very soon attained command, and a fast passage from Quebec brought him to the notice of James Baines, of the Black Ball Line, who invited him to Liverpool in 1839, when he was only eighteen years of age!

This information is from a paper read to the Liverpool Nautical Research Society in 1943 by the late Captain E. A. Woods; but Basil Lubbock in his *Colonial Clippers* says that he came from Glasgow to Liverpool in 1839 without a shilling in his pocket. Now, of the two accounts, I prefer that of Captain Woods, though I am inclined to question the date. Certainly men in their early twenties were in command of ships, but if James Baines gave him a ship in 1839, then we must believe that he was Master at the age of sixteen or at least seventeen!

But without going into details of the confused story of the next few years, let me continue from the time when he became famous.

In 1852 Baines gave him command of the *Marco Polo*, which up to then

had done nothing out of the ordinary. He sailed for Melbourne on the 4th July 1852 and arrived out in sixty-eight days, beating the mail steamer *Australia* by a week; and returned to Liverpool in seventy-six days, doing the round trip in five months twenty-one days, an astonishing performance.

Before leaving Liverpool Forbes had boasted that he would be back within six months; and he had kept his word! It is said that he came up the river with a tarpaulin in the rigging, between the foremast and the main mast, with the words "The fastest ship in the world!"

Another tale is that a water-man, meeting James Baines in the street, said: "Mr. Baines, the *Marco Polo* is coming up the river". "Nonsense", was the reply, "she hasn't arrived out yet". An hour later he was face to face with Forbes himself. When the news spread hundreds of people flocked to the dock to see this wonderful ship, and Forbes was the hero of the hour, people coming from all over England to see his ship. On his next voyage to Melbourne, Forbes found there between fifty and sixty ships deserted by their crews, for this was the time of the great Australian gold fever, and all sorts and conditions of men were throwing up their jobs to join the gold rush. But Forbes was equal to the occasion and had the entire crew locked up on a charge of insubordination and only released an hour before sailing.

Then Baines sent him across to America to supervise another ship he had building, the *Lightning*, and again he sailed for Melbourne.

At a banquet on board before she sailed, Forbes is said to have boasted: "Hell or Melbourne in sixty days". While running his easting down, it is said that a deputation of the passengers begged him not to go so fast! "Gentlemen", he said, "On my last voyage I astonished the world; this voyage I intend to astonish God Almighty Himself".

He did not make Melbourne in sixty days, but he broke his own record by arriving in sixty-four days, again creating a furore.

As the emigrant trade was still booming, James Baines had ordered another ship—this time from Hall, of Aberdeen. She was to combine the best qualities of the Aberdeen clippers with those of American ships. The outcome was the *Schomberg*, and great things were expected of her. At the usual banquet before sailing she was hailed as the Wonder Ship. With Forbes in command she sailed for Melbourne on the 6th October 1855, and made Cape Bridgewater, the south-west point of Victoria, on Christmas Day, eighty-one days out. For the next two days she met head winds, and you can imagine the state of mind of the man who had boasted of sixty days and was tacking under light winds about 150 miles from his destination, eighty-three days out. At 10-30 that night, with the ship on the inshore tack, the mate sent to inform Forbes that land was in sight. Forbes, who was playing cards, took no notice and stayed to finish the rubber. When he came on deck he ordered the ship to be tacked. But the wind was too light and the ship refused to come about. Then he tried wearing ship, but it was too late, and the current gently nudged her on to a sandbank thirty-five miles west of Cape Otway. Report has it that Forbes said in disgust: "Let her go to hell, and tell me when she is high and dry".

The mate then took charge and dropped the anchor to try and haul her off, but she drifted further and further ashore. Fortunately, it was a calm moonlight night and there was no panic.

Next morning a steamer came along and took the passengers and some of their luggage to Melbourne, where the steerage passengers held an indignation meeting, making serious charges against the captain. The saloon passengers, however, sided with Forbes, and at a Court of Inquiry he was cleared of all blame as the sandbank was uncharted. After this, according to one report, Forbes was "on the beach", out of work; but we have reason to believe that he was back in Liverpool in March, when he sent a long letter to a Liverpool paper, justifying his conduct. But, though acquitted by the Courts, the idol was broken; Baines never employed him again, and public opinion seems to have turned against him. One account says that he fell into abject poverty and died in a single room in Eastbourne Street, Everton. But this is lurid fiction. In the *Directory* for 1859 his address is given as 46 Upper Parliament Street as "Dixon and Forbes, ship chandlers", and the same in 1862. I have a note that in 1857 he was appointed by Baines (?) to the *Hastings*, and appears in the register as her sole owner. He was in her till she was lost in 1859. Again, in 1863, he is said to have shown some of his old form by bringing the *General Windham* from Charleston to the Mersey in eighteen days.

In 1869 he was again in the *Marco Polo*, but both ship and captain were growing old; he did nothing spectacular, and the ship was sold in 1871, the captain retiring to 78 Eastbourne Street, where he died 14th June 1874. His funeral is reported in the Liverpool *Courier* of 20th June 1874 as taking place at Smithdown Road Cemetery, near the Nonconformist Chapel; the grave number being twenty-seven and close to that of James Baines. On his tombstone are the words: "The late Commander of the celebrated clipper ship *Marco Polo*".

In the days of wood and hemp the captains of celebrated ships held their place among the noted men of the world. They ranked with other great leaders of men as heads of a great profession—that of the sea. Their names were as familiar to the man in the street as those of great politicians, great admirals and great generals. And of such was Captain James Nicol Forbes.

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Like many another popular figure, legends grew up about Bully Forbes, which in the course of time became distorted, and he was given credit—or discredit—which belonged to others.

There is a tale, however, which might have had Forbes as its principal actor, and as it throws a lurid light on life in Liverpool 100 years ago, the period when my "Three Liverpool Worthies" graced the scene, I make no apology for relating it.

You will not have forgotten the notorious "Kelly" gang which infested the city not so long ago. This was not by any means the first; there was the "Peanut" gang of about ten years ago, and in the 70's and 80's of the last century the "High Rip" gang, which Mr. Justice Day wiped out by means of the "cat".

But about 100 years ago the north end of the town lived under a reign of terror from a gang known as the "Bloody Forty". This was made up of the class of sailormen known as 'packetarrans' or 'packet rats', for they did not



like long voyages, preferring the shorter run to the States, where they deserted their ship (like rats) and signed on another for the run home. Their headquarters was a boarding-house in Great Howard Street kept by a notorious Mother Riley. Now you may be acquainted with a slang word in Liverpool for a swindler or trickster. "Don't trust that chap, he is a forty"; and if you ask how did the word get that meaning you will most likely be told: "Oh, I suppose it came from *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*". But I am inclined to think it came from this gang, since the expression sometimes is: "Oh, he is a bloody forty", and I have never heard the word outside Liverpool.

Now this gang, or some of them, had a score to settle with Captain Samuel Samuels of the American ship *Dreadnought*, and determined to ship with him and make it hot for him. Mansfield, the Liverpool magistrate, heard of this from his detectives and informed Samuels, who was a friend of his, of what was in store for him. But Samuels was not perturbed.

On the 11th of July 1859, the *Dreadnought* left the Waterloo Dock for New York with thirty of the "Bloody Forty" on board. When off New Brighton, Samuels anchored in order to take his steerage passengers on board. At the last moment the crew were mustered and inspected by Captain Schomberg, the emigration officer, at the same time a gig pulled hurriedly alongside and a messenger from the magistrate jumped aboard and besought the captain not to put to sea with this gang of cut-throats in his fo'cs'le.

Schomberg also recognised the leaders of the gang, Finnegan, Sweeney and Casey, and urged Samuels to put them ashore.

The old man's reply came in his downright fashion: "I'll see them in hades and pumping thunder before I'll sail without them. Never fear; I'll draw their teeth". He then turned to the men and roared: "Here you men, line up there and step lively! You have all got pointed knives. Don't deny it. The carpenter will break the points. That's the rule in this ship. Go to the carpenter's shop". Only Sweeney dared to ask "What for?" "You, Sweeney, another word and I'll have you against the shrouds". This was greeted by hisses, but apparently the men went forward and had the points broken off their knives. But their grumblings were plainly audible aft, and the fierce old skipper immediately sang out in his reef-topsails voice: "Lay aft, all hands". Then, while Samuels lectured the "Bloody Forty", his officers searched the fo'cs'le for weapons. According to Samuels, both Finnegan and Casey had sailed with him before, and Sweeney had been in Mobile jail with the skipper when Samuels was a boy.

As soon as the mates had finished their search the windlass was manned. The tug cast off at Point Lynas, and the *Dreadnought* was tacked across the Irish Sea against a moderate south-west wind. Next day, at noon, while the crew were at their dinner, the old man noticed that the helmsman was constantly off his course. "Steer steady", came his order. The man at the wheel made no reply. "I spoke to you", roared the old man, showing temper. At this the helmsman took his hands off the wheel and, facing the old man, replied sullenly: "You're wrong, I am steering steady". This was too much for the old man's rising irritation. He sprang at the helmsman, who grabbed his sheath knife, but it was too late. Out went the captain's fist and the man dropped senseless alongside the wheel. Then, while the captain's dog, a magnificent Newfoundland, stood guard over the fallen man with his paws

on the man's chest, Samuels dashed down for the handcuffs, bellowing for the second mate. When they reached the deck they found the struggling helmsman being held down by the dog, and after a brief struggle the handcuffs were slipped on and the man locked up in the after-house.

As his sheath knife was found to be pointed, Samuels concluded that the crew intended to clip his wings and make him swim. He thereupon called his officers, together with the carpenter and the cook, into the cabin. Parker, the first officer, had lately been in command of a packet, but was sailing with Samuels for the first time. "Men, it's a case of the fo'c'sle against the cabin. There are forty of them against six of us. How do you stand?" "Seeing I'm the senior officer, I'll speak first", began Parker excitedly—"I'll do no fighting". "Then, you dirty cur, you are no officer of mine, I am tempted to disrate you". "So be it", he replied meekly, and started to leave the cabin. "One minute there, you Parker: I want you to see what a coward you are. Back up into that corner and maybe you'll learn something".

Whitehorn was the next. Although but a small man his face showed what he was made of. He took a step forward, saluted and extending his hand, said: "You know me, captain".

The third mate, a middle-aged man named Hooker, was the next. "Well?" said Samuels. "I'm afraid I'm a little old——". Never mind, you and Parker can report to the galley. Git! Now you two shellbacks, what can I expect?" The cook, a big fat fellow, slapped his hands on his stomach as much as to say: "This would be in the way". The carpenter said he did not sign on to fight and fight he would not. So they were ordered not to show their faces above deck. When they had gone the second mate turned to the old man and said: "Captain, I'm willing, but I haven't a weapon except an old pepper-box pistol". "Never mind, fill her up, pull the trigger and trust to God".

By this time, with Samuels holding a council-of-war aft and Finnegan and Sweeney preparing their forces for battle forward, the unhappy emigrants, as usual with non-combatants, were in a pretty state of panic. According to Samuels, the Norwegians were praying one kind of prayer, the Germans another, while the Hungarians were singing theirs.

As soon as the cabin conference was over, the captain gave the order: "Haul taut the weather main brace". The men trooped aft, but instead of tailing on to the brace, scowled fiercely up at the old man. "Why don't you obey the order, you blundering murderers?" roared the irate skipper. "Let Mike out of irons first", spoke Finnegan, whom Samuels describes as one of the toughest men he ever met. "Not if I had 1,000 of you in irons", yelled the old man, shaking his fist at the crew. "Then you'll holystone hell", retorted Finnegan, amid a torrent of curses. What happened next is not quite clear, but as Samuels appeared at the break of the poop with a revolver in each hand, the crew were just starting up the ladders. "Move another inch, one of you, and we'll have the burial service in short order". "The devil you will", sneered Finnegan, flourishing his knife; "You're too much of a coward, you damned psalm-singing hypocrite". "Move back there", interrupted the old man. Not a man stirred. "Shoot!" jeered Finnegan, defiantly ripping open his shirt and baring his chest. "Shoot now, you dirty low-livered coward". The captain levelled his weapon on the leader of the

"Bloody Forty", but the man never moved an eyelid. This roused the old man to fury. "I could kill you now, Finnegan, you cur, but I'm going to starve every one of you into submission instead. Do you hear? I'll make you get down on your knees and beg for mercy". Howls and jeers greeted this outburst, and Casey broke in with: "Kill the old fool". But the weaker members of the crew had had enough of this bluff and began to sneak away. Finally, Finnegan, Sweeney and Casey were left standing alone. Then with many a curse they swung on their heels and returned to the fo'c'sle.

All that night the old man paced the quarter deck with his faithful dog at his side, while the second mate and the boys attended to any sail trimming that was needed. At day-break a report spread through the ship that the crew had barricaded themselves in the fo'c'sle. At noon the order: "Take in the royals", was roared from aft; but beyond a muffled "Go to hell" from the interior of the fo'c'sle, no notice was taken. As the wind was freshening, the sails were furled by the officers and the boys, and the ship headed off to the nor-nor-west. By midnight it was blowing hard with a nasty sea making, into which the *Dreadnought* was pitching fo'c'sle under, while a roaring flood frothed in the lee scuppers. The ship was going a good twelve knots, and never had she had such a dusting. The top-gallant sails were lowered to the caps, but Samuels dare not touch his topsails for want of man power. Luckily the wind began to moderate at four a.m. and by eight a.m. it was nearly calm. As soon as the top-gallant sails were set again, Samuels went forward in an attempt to turn the men to. The reply to his demand was a request for something to eat before turning to. But the old man was of a different mind. "You work before you eat", he yelled through the bulkhead. At this there were howls of execration and sounds of the barricade being removed, whereupon the old man thought it wise to beat a retreat.

At 11-30 that morning a committee of the passengers came aft and demanded that the crew should be fed. According to Samuels they were under the delusion that he was maltreating the crew. Every hair on the old man's head bristled up at this interference and, he started to read the committee a lecture on the subject of mutiny. But he was interrupted by one of his listeners who, greatly daring, broke in with: "If you don't feed the crew we will". "If you do, I'll put you in irons". "You can't do that" retorted the other, hotly. Roaring for the second mate to go for the handcuffs, Samuels grappled with his defiant passenger. The latter struck out and missed. In a moment the captain had him by the throat, and after a sharp scuffle, the handcuffs were again called into use. This was the end of any interference by the passengers.

At sunset the sea was smooth with a nice breeze from the nor'west with the ship logging eight knots close-hauled. Once more the old man went forward to parley with the crew and offered to forget their mutinous conduct if they would throw overboard their knives and go to work. But he was careful to except Finnegan, Sweeney and Casey from this amnesty. Once more his offer was refused with yells of derision. The crew had now been fifty-six hours without food, and Samuels realized that the crisis was not far off. So at eight bells, eight p.m., he left the second mate in charge of the deck, with orders to shoot the first man who came abaft the main mast, while he descended to the after steerage to enlist the help of the German emigrants.

Addressing them in their own language he was soon able to recruit seventeen sturdy "Dutchies", whom he armed with iron bars taken from the cargo. These men he ordered to remain below ready to jump at the first call. Towards midnight, while the captain and Whitehorn were pacing the quarter-deck with Wallace the dog in their wake, the dog began to growl. Two men were then discovered crawling aft, and the captain thought he saw the gleam of knives in their hands. "Shall I shoot?" asked the second mate anxiously. "No", hissed the captain. "Shall I slip down and call up the Germans?" "No, wait", ordered the old man. They waited till the men were about twenty feet away, then the old man's cyclonic voice broke the peace of the calm night—"Halt! Stand up and let me see who you are, or I'll put a bullet through you". Then to the mate: "These fellows are up to some trick; keep a watch down the gangway". "No, we're not, captain", replied one of the men; "We're ready to surrender if you'll take us back". "Throw your knives overboard" came the command. The men did so, and after the second mate had searched them and found nothing, Samuels proceeded to cross-examine them. Ever since the crew had retired to the fo'c'sle they had kept a watch on the proceedings aft, four men going on duty at a time. These two men formed half of the watch that was then on duty and, according to them, the other pair were willing to give in.

They told Samuels that every man forward had taken an oath to kill him if he dared to come forward of the midship house during the night. That it was planned to burst the galley at eight bells (four a.m.) to get food. Further, that one of the men had been knocked senseless by Sweeney with a serving mallet for suggesting surrender.

The captain now made final preparations for victory. The Germans were brought up and stationed round the deckhouse. The port ladder to the poop was barricaded with the pigsty, while the steerage ladders were hauled up and the hatches closed, thus making prisoners of the emigrants below.

With all his preparations completed, the old man, backed by his second officer and his invaluable dog, started forward to investigate. It was a little after seven bells in the middle watch (three-thirty a.m.), and at eight bells the four men who had offered to surrender were to be relieved by Casey, Sweeney and two others, who meant to attack the storeroom.

When abreast of the midship house the dog warned his master by a deep growl. Then out sprang Casey and Sweeney with lifted knives. Apparently, both Samuels and Whitehorn thought discretion the better part of valour; in the words of the old man: "I ran back for some distance till I got Sweeney where I wanted him—at the point of my revolver". The mate ran to prepare the Germans. But the dog sprang at Sweeney and knocked him down. Sweeney was up in an instant, yelling: "Come on, boys! We've got him". With wild shouts the "Bloody Forty" hurled themselves to the attack, and in a moment the ship was a pandemonium. The emigrants, battered down below, and terrified at the noise on deck, shrieked and howled in a manner to raise the dead. On the port side of the house an outburst of cursing and the sound of blows told of the Germans who were holding back Finnegan and some half-dozen men. Others came clambering over the top of the house. But the iron bars of the Germans and the captain's pistols soon

brought the struggle to a halt. As the "Forty" drew back, Samuels roared out: "I'll give you one minute to throw your knives overboard".

Finnegan, who had escaped the bars of the Germans, now wormed his way to the front and, defiant as ever, sang out: "You shall be the first to go". "I'll settle with you later, Finnegan", returned the old man. Then a man stepped forward and asked: "If we throw our knives overboard what guarantee have we that you won't shoot us?" "I'll make no bargain till you throw away your knives". "Here goes mine", said a man standing just behind Finnegan, whereupon the latter turned quickly and struck him full in the face. But Finnegan's authority was fast waning, and one by one the knives went over the side. And when Sweeney and Casey had parted with theirs only Finnegan's remained. At last, with bad grace, Finnegan's also went overboard. "Now", said the greatly relieved skipper, sternly: "I've got a score to settle with you, Finnegan. You are the first man to call me a coward, and you've got to take it back". "Not on your life", returned the undaunted Finnegan. But he was rash. Before the words were out of his mouth the old man struck at him and knocked him head first down the fo'c'sle ladder. At this the men flew up again; Sweeney stooped to draw a knife from the top of his boot, but Samuels was too quick for him: "Up with your hands, all of you", he roared, and ordered the second mate to search them again. Knives were found on Sweeney and Casey. Then Finnegan was hauled senseless out of the fo's'cle, and a knife was found on him. Samuels now turned on the thoroughly cowed "Bloody Forty" and repeated the order given two days before and never carried out: "Haul taut the weather main-brace". The men tailed on as if they would spring the yard. The day was now breaking and the mutiny over, so Samuels sent an order to the cook to get the men's coffee ready and told the mate to set them holystoning the deck when they had had it. Meanwhile, Finnegan was brought round by the ship's doctor. As soon as he could sit up the old man ordered him to apologise, but Finnegan remained silent; it is possible that he was too dazed to speak. So he was put into the sweat-box. In less than half-an-hour he cried for mercy and was ready to say or do anything to be let out of irons. The unrelenting old man led him up to where all hands were holystoning the deck: "Now men, listen to what your leader and bully has to say". "Captain", said Finnegan, "I've had enough. To say that does not make a coward of a man who has found a master". "That won't do", objected Samuels, "You must take back your insulting words". "Well then, captain, any man that says you are a coward is a liar". This apparently satisfied the relentless old man; the handcuffs were taken off and Finnegan set to work with the rest. They were kept at this pleasant task the whole day—as the captain said—to make up for lost time.

For the rest of the passage these suddenly reformed villains were as meek as so many lambs, and appeased their captain most effectively by attending Divine Service on the Sundays.

Before the voyage was over that hard nut of a man behaved more like a Methodist preacher than the captain of a notorious Yankee packet, while the "Bloody Forty" were not only eating out of his hand, but even Finnegan was attempting to play the part of a reformed bad man.

And so I claim, ladies and gentlemen, that more widespread than the fame of Gladstone, Roscoe or Mrs. Hemans was the fame (or notoriety) of my “Three Liverpool Worthies”—Paddy West, Paddy Doyle and Bully Forbes.

*(The Council record with regret the death of Mr. Joseph W. Foley on 31st December 1953).*