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GOOD SAMARITANS.



THESE are rare everywhere; but the type appeared at Rock Ferry lately in the person of Mrs. Alderman (mother of Cadet Alderman), who left her own home near Falmouth to come here and nurse Cadet Graves, whose parents were slightly known to her, but who was himself supposed to be "sick unto death," without a relative in England to care for him, and his mother in Honduras, where Major Graves holds an important Government post.

Of course this helpless little fellow of fourteen found many friends, gained mostly by his apparently unfriended condition, but also by his uncomplaining cheerfulness under excruciating sufferings. Among them, Mr. Möller acted

a nobly unselfish part with untiring interest and kindness, although but a recent acquaintance of the family. And without noticing the ship's staff, who did their duty to their neighbour as to themselves, a great many ladies of Rock Ferry were most assiduous in their efforts to alleviate the poor child's sufferings by gifts of flowers and fruit, as well as personal services of many kinds, chief among them being the late Mayoress of Liverpool, Mrs. Oakshott.

The case was a most peculiar and painful one. The little boy, the only son of his mother, left at school: the parents in the West Indies. By some misfortune a telegram took twenty-five days to reach them, and the distressed mother only set out for England to find her journey impeded at every step by broken-down steamers, yellow fever, and quarantines. All obstacles were at length surmounted, but three months passed before she reached her boy, fearing all the while lest she should be too late to find him alive. Thanks, however, to the great skill and unwearying devotion of the medical attendants and the excellent nursing of Mrs. Alderman, who remained gallantly at her post for more than eight weeks, the boy was still here to welcome his mother somewhat improved in general health and with a possibility of ultimate recovery.

We earnestly pray this happy result

may be attained. But whether Graves gets well again or not, we can only hope that any other Cadet who falls ill anywhere may always meet as much care and attention as good Samaritans have bestowed on their comrade.

TARDY RECOGNITION.



IT seems to have been "better late than never" with regard to the following extract from the Liverpool *Mercury*, of February 8th, 1890:—"The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to William Elibank Murray and Quintin A. Rhodes, apprentices on board the ship "Northbrook," of London, in recognition of their gallantry in going aloft in a hurricane off Cape Horn on the 3rd of March, 1885, to clear away the wreckage of the main and mizen masts, which endangered the safety of the vessel and the lives of her crew."

The service for which these medals were given was rendered just five years ago. Neither can it be pleaded that the matter was unknown to the authorities, for, in July, 1885, at the annual prize distribution on the "Conway," the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton, presented to each of these ex-"Conways" a purse of twenty pounds and fifteen pounds respectively which had been awarded them by the underwriters for having saved ship, cargo, and crew, according to the statement of the owners. These purses were presented before about one thousand persons, comprising the *élite* of Liverpool. And for some time the matter was much commented on. Why, therefore, should there have been this delay in recognising

likely to be too strictly interrogated. Well, the eventful evening came to pass, but not as I expected, as my paper, which I endeavoured to explain throughout by various easy problems and drawings on a blackboard, was especially meant more for the men of the parish than for the women, and as few men were present I had to leave out a good deal in order to cause the female audience to take a greater interest in the subject, which is by no means an easy one for discussion amongst people who are not yet inhabitants of a seaport town. I say "yet," because in a few years, when our canal will be ready, with its lovely and healthy towns and villages—such as Warrington, Irlam, &c., situated close to its banks, Manchester will, no doubt, become an exceedingly important shipping town. On the whole, though I waded through my paper in my limited space of time very satisfactorily, explaining the construction and use of the instruments used at sea as I went along, and am pleased to say I was not "stumped" (if I may use a school expression), in any of the resulting questions. It is my intention, if you will allow me one or two columns in your next number of the *CADET*, to write a short account, which would probably interest some of the "Conway" fellows, on the "Chemical Composition of Sea Water." I must now conclude, hoping to be remembered to Mrs. Miller and the officers and masters.

I remain, your young Friend,

JOHN CRAVEN, JUNR.

Smedley Lodge, Cheetham,
Manchester, April 26th, 1890.

To the Editor of the CADET.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for sending me the *CADET* of April 9th, in which I see with much pleasure the account of "Good Samaritans." I, as the mother of Cadet Graves, cannot say enough in the praise of those "Good Samaritans." May I ask you if you can find space to insert this in your paper, as I should like the readers of the *CADET* to know something of the great kindness and attention Graves has received in the Royal Southern Hospital, where he has been since the 25th February. The great care and attention of the doctors, the kindness, gentleness, and patience of the sisters and nurses is beyond my powers of description. Also the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Adamson and other members of the Committee, who constantly visit the patients and inquire as to their wants and comforts, etc. In conclusion, I think I may safely say that if all hospitals are like the Royal Southern every one would prefer going to hospital to being nursed at home. You will, I know, be pleased to hear that Graves is on a fair way to recovery, and is shortly to be moved to

the seaside. Thanking you, dear Sir, for all your extreme kindness, for which Major Graves and myself must ever be indebted to you.

I remain, yours sincerely,

IDA HELY HUTCHINSON GRAVES.

April 21st.

To the Editor of the CADET.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line to let you know that the "Sindia" has arrived safely at her foreign destination. I am the only "Conway" boy in her now, except our second mate, Mr. Cobham, who was on board in Captain Franklin's time.

Edwards has left us. He is out here in the "Belfast." He is taking the place of the third mate going home. Mr. White, their third mate, an old "Conway," having joined one of the Asiatic line of steamers.

We had a wonderfully fine weather passage out, only having to furl royals twice, though coming up the Indian Ocean we ran rather close to a cyclone which passed ahead. Down off the Cape we did some very fine running—two hundred and eighty-seven miles being our longest. Considering our tonnage, over 3,000, I suppose that is very good.

Our Christmas was spent near Gough Island; it was as jolly as we could make it. We had plum puddings, sent by Mrs. Brocklebank. It is certainly very jolly of her to trouble about such things. The long summer evening we spent in dancing, singing, and boxing.

I have enclosed a little bit about our adventures coming up the Bay. If you think it good enough for the *CADET* will you kindly insert it after, I hope, correcting any little errors of composition. One of my messmates is copying it out for me, as the mail leaves in the morning.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Miller. Hoping you are all well,

I remain,

Your obedient Pupil,

ALBERT E. HOUSE, R.N.R.

Ship "Sindia," Calcutta,
March 17th, 1890.

P.S.—The "Englehorn" came in on Saturday, having Ridgway, Hopkins, and Le Brecht, old "Conways," on board. They wish to be remembered to you.

To the Editor of the CADET.

DEAR SIR.—Here we are, safe and sound at Las Palmas, and in very good health and spirits after the week's voyage. Of course I was seasick, though I am pleased to say that I had not a very bad dose. We sailed at about six o'clock on Thursday morning, everybody feeling very bright and joyous. I went below and eat a huge breakfast, thinking that I would eat while I could. I began to feel bad about noon and eat no lunch, and was quite sick in