

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00004242531





EXPERIENCES
OF A BOY

Hutchinson, N. H. 1910

By His Father's Son

BAKER PRINTING CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
1910

EG01
.H83

COPYRIGHT, 1910
by
E. F. HARTSHORN

©Cl.A273896

Experiences of a Boy.

CHAPTER I.

On the 19th day of October, 1843, during the cannonading celebrating the anniversary of Lord Cornwallis' surrender, a man-child was born on Recluse Farm, only a short distance from Norfolk, Va. He was a pretty child, so the mother, father and others agreed. Red of face, little or no hair, with a voice that could be heard in commanding tones, demanding the attention due to a new arrival on the sphere of active life. As the years flew past, this autocrat developed the usual attributes of a pugnacious youth. His light hair became curly; that is, when an older sister carefully manipulated it with curl papers on the top of his head. The old negro mammy stated decidedly that "He would sure be president of dis United States," and when the child would go to her with earache, how carefully she would cook a hot pone cake and tenderly bind it over the offending member.

Memory does not serve in recording but a few events of this child's growth. He remembers looking out of the window one day, during a thunder storm, and seeing a bolt of lightning strike a large tree in the yard, stripping it of all its branches, and leaving a bare pole instead of its wide spread of foliage. Such a manifestation of nature's force was not fathomable to the infantile mind; but curiosity was excited and many questions asked that bothered the parents to answer. The questions of childhood often do not receive the attention that they deserve, and many a problem has to be solved by the actual experience of the future life.

Across the Elizabeth River was thrown a bridge by a brickmaker to carry finished product for piling. The heavy planks on this bridge were not nailed down, as the structure was temporary. The boy's mother had bid him never to go on this structure, as it was considered dangerous; but one day there was a boat race on the river and the bridge seemed a better place than the banks to observe the contest; therefore, during the excitement, the admonition was forgotten. The boats were coming down in good shape when, to get a better view, the boy walked to the end of one of the planks. Immediately it tipped up and let the boy down with a plunge into the water. He always maintained that the first effect of the

descent was seeing the devil. He then lost consciousness and only remembers being pulled out on the bank by a negro woman, then running home and through a long entry to the upstairs room of his mother, who was enjoying her afternoon *siesta*. Expecting sympathy, he told of his plunge in the river, when off came the slipper and it was applied with vigor to the proper place. This is the only whipping he remembers to have received in childhood, and always thought he should have been coddled instead of being punished. His narrow escape from drowning appeared to him a sufficient excuse for disobedience. The philosophy of children does not always agree with the reasoning of their parents.

The parents of this promising youth moved in three years to Winton, N. C., where outdoor life was the rule. He well remembers many youthful escapades and tribulations occurring in that place. The family had a pet cat that was a general favorite. This cat excited the cupidity of a boy chum who wanted possession. Various trades were suggested; but none successful until the chum offered in exchange a bag of chinquapins. These looked good and the transaction was closed, that is, until the sisters missed the cat, when explanations were in order. The chinquapins were eaten. The cat returned and all was serene. This first trade showed the futility of closing a deal

for property not owned. In future life, the modern trust methods showed how such transactions could be carried through without imposing a too severe strain on the moral attributes.

It is customary in this part of the country for the owners of pigs to allow them to run wild in the woods, hunting for their food. There would be a grand round-up once in a year and the different owners would brand their mark on individual holdings. One such round-up occurred when our infant was clothed in short frocks. He noticed the excitement of the drive and entered into it with all fervor possible. Pigs running this way and that. Busy men rushing here and there amid the squealing mass, all made up a scene of interest, especially to our friend. He yelled and rushed around, feeling elated and enthused to the top notch of enjoyment. To his mind pigs were pigs; but unfortunately he lacked possession. Personal ownership was what he desired and it had always been his way to ask for what he coveted, therefore, he sang out that he wanted one of the pigs. Immediately a tall hoosier standing near him said, "You can have any pig that you can catch." The words were hardly out of his mouth when the infant grabbed a large shoat around the neck and was off on his back, under the fences, through the brambles and briers, at the highest speed of the pig. The pig was mus-

cular and a good runner; but the baby held on until there remained not a vestige of clothing on his body. All full of scratches, he, glowing with the spirit of ownership, kept his grip until the pig fell exhausted; then willing hands lifted the baby and others toted the pig in triumph to the home of our friend.

Amongst the possessions of the family were four dogs named Ino, Youno, Jackson and Tyler. The first two were named after heavenly constellations. One of the big village boys met our friend and asked the names of the dogs. The baby repeated the names, Ino, Youno, Jackson and Tyler. The boy, exasperated, stated there were four dogs and he was given the names of only two, and demanded again the names, when the baby in his innocence repeated, Ino, Youno, Jackson and Tyler, with the result that the bad boy sprang forward to box his ears when the opportune approach of an older brother prevented the punishment undeserved.

In the winter time a school was held in a log schoolhouse quite a distance from our youth's home, and when about five years old he started, with a lunch, to acquire book knowledge. The master was an Irishman with a pronounced brogue, and his method of teaching produced an effect on our friend that rather inclined him to be opposed to improving his mentality through such

methods. The teacher had the only chair in the schoolhouse. All the scholars sat on backless seats raised sufficiently high by logs of wood. Our boy remembers that the principal instruction seemed to be in Grammar and the parsing became extremely tiresome. It seemed to be a continual repetition of "I love, you love, thou lovest." It seemed foolish to our boy and he resented such and thought playing in the open would be more sensible. Grammar was for the older scholars. For our boy, the youngest, the alphabet was the stumbling block. At intervals from grammar, our friend was called up and, standing between the knees of the seated teacher, was asked what was letter A, for instance. The answer would as likely be C or any other letter. The result would be that the teacher would snap his thumb sharply against the head of our boy, using the same snap that boys use in playing marbles. It was not conducive to perfect confidence, this continually being thumped on the head just because the boy did not know the foolish combination called an alphabet. The teacher made a practice of bringing down his old shirts from which he made a cushion to his seat. One of the bad boys bent a pin so that when in position it would project upwards from this cushion. The teacher, returning to his seat, sat down heavily and immediately arose so suddenly as to upset his table, uttering words

expressive of rage and condemnation of the person playing the trick upon him. His speech included some words found in the Bible, combined, however, in a different manner, so that they sounded awful. We all thought if he could have found the culprit the punishment would have been very severe. As it was, all suffered more or less during the rest of the day; but satisfaction was noticed in the many sly glances between the scholars. In the school room was a large fireplace, six or eight feet wide, on one side of the room. Around this fire, on cold days, the scholars would assemble, and as our boy was small, he was kept back in the rear to suffer with cold. On the whole, this school does not stand out favorably in memory. The only pleasant thing was on clear, warm days eating lunch under the large, noble forest trees, and thinking of the many grand things that he would do when grown up.

CHAPTER II.

The sojourn was not for a very long period in Winton, not much over two years; then a move of importance was undertaken. The father had gone overland to Massachusetts. At that date the journey had to be made by stages. An uncle had directed one of his schooners, that was used to ship ice to the Southern states, to stop and

take the whole family, with all baggage, to Boston. Then started one of the first sea voyages of our friend. Altho the schooner had taken a load of ice South, none remained aboard during the Northern voyage. It was very warm and the butter was like soup. Many of the modern delicacies, now practical on account of cold storage, were absent, milk amongst the rest. Altho there were many discomforts, the grand sea air and the many novelties both of sea life and the birds, made the passage one of enjoyment. The winds were light, but favorable, until the schooner got south of Cape Cod, when it was becalmed close to land. The captain had a farm nearby on the Cape, so he concluded that during the calm it would be a good scheme to go ashore and see how his crops were getting along. Therefore, he had the schooner's boat lowered and with one man went ashore. The schooner rolled at anchor until the edge of dusk, when one of those squalls that the coast is noted for came speeding in from the sea. It was necessary to get off shore to save the vessel. The absence of the captain and one man made the crew very short-handed. After knowledge made plain to the boy the operations necessary. The anchor was hove short, that is, the windlass was worked until the anchor just rested on the bottom. The jib was run up and the wheel was manned; but before we could sail away

it was necessary to light the binnacle light to see the compass. The boy went down in the cabin while the mate, with flint and steel, proceeded to get a light. Rain had come with the squall and the mate had a big southwester on his head. After awhile he got a glow and while bending over to notice the burning, the water from his southwester ran down on the tinder and put it out of business. Then Bible words flew thick and fast that seemed to match the lightning that was playing around the vessel. Fresh tinder, however, was procured and then a successful light produced. The anchor got off the ground and the vessel was run off shore. During the night the wind changed and we ran back to our starting point, where we arrived as the day was breaking. We found the captain on the beach nearly crazy. He knew that he had committed a great error in leaving the vessel and showed abject terror to the boy's mother, fearing that she would report the event to the uncle, which she eventually promised not to do.

The family located in Dover, Mass., where school duties occupied the attention of our youth. There was a great contrast between this school and the old log house in North Carolina; but still a long way from the modern school. There was a block of wood in one corner, on which some culprit called a dunce would occasionally mount.

Unusual punishments were indulged in, some of them far from civilized. The alphabet, which was a mystery in Winton, was here mastered and rapid advances were made in other studies. Still the boy enjoyed out of doors the most. A farmer met the father one day and stated if he would send one of his boys to his farm, he could spend the vacation in playing with his boy. Our youth heard the offer and volunteered to represent the family. So the next day he got into the stage and arrived at the farmer's house just at supper time. He got acquainted with the farmer's boy and slept in the same bed with him. Early the next day they turned out, had breakfast, and the two boys started for a field where they started in to throw stones to a big outcropping rock. Our boy enjoyed what he thought was sport until tiring, he suggested playing some other game; but the farmer's boy stated that they would have to keep piling the stones until the dinner horn sounded. Our boy objected and started for the house where he waited around until the men returned from work. Dinner being over, our boy stated that he would take the next stage for home, which he did and ever remembered the event as an attempt on the part of the old farmer to get extra assistance on the farm. Such actions explain the reason that causes boys to desert the farms and fill up the cities. Labor and nothing but labor is not

satisfactory to growing boys. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," holds good. Farm work must be conducted on sane principles to encourage the energies of the youth of the land.

The boy was growing fast and sturdy. The parents soon moved to North Beverly, Mass., where the uncles housed ice from Wenham Lake to supply the Southern market. It was a beautiful spread of water in the summer and in winter the hundreds of men planing, cutting, and hooking the large cakes of ice up the inclined runways to the huge buildings where it was stored made a lively scene very thrilling to our boy, who had nothing to do but roam around and listen to the various stories told about the green Irish laborers that did the work. These men were just over and could not talk English. They conversed entirely in Celtic. All directions were given to them by motions. It was comical to see these quick-witted fellows understand these motions at times and go entirely contrary to directions when they chose to misunderstand them. Smoking around the ice houses was strictly forbidden. One morning it was noticed that every man hooking ice up the long inclines had a dudeen in his mouth. One of the foremen grasped a lath and springing on the runway slid rapidly down striking right and left at the pipes much to the surprise of the men

who stood dazed with only the stems between their teeth.

These events continued until the parents moved to Danvers, Mass., occupying a large house in the village. The boy well remembers seeing a well-stored peddler's wagon drive up to the house one day. The peddler brought to view and showed the mother a round bulb glass fluid lamp, stem and foot also of glass. He told the mother that they would not break, and to prove the case he took a nail out of his pocket, driving it securely into the porch, using the lamp as a hammer. Lamp breakage was a serious matter, so the mother bought a dozen of these unbreakable lamps. They were placed back in an unfinished lean-to and the mother went elsewhere. The boy, thinking he could do that which he saw the peddler do, got a nail and broke every one of these lamps in trying to drive it into the woodwork. He did not possess the sleight of hand of the peddler. The mother learned that she had been fooled; but memory does not record whether or no the boy got a deserved spanking.

This boy, when very young, was impressed with the idea that he should become a pirate. With education the piratical idea was overruled, and then he became possessed with the wish to go to sea. He even thought of running away to join a ship. At last he mentioned his consuming

wish to his kind father, who did not advance any objections; but replied that he knew the mate of a California clipper lying at Tea Wharf to whom he would introduce him, so that he could go as cabin boy. The boy was highly elated, and when in a few days the father told him to get ready to see the mate, he was overjoyed. They soon arrived at the ship and mounting the steep shore plank, found themselves on the lofty deck. The father spoke to a man he met, remarking that this was the lad he had brought to be shipped. The mate, for it was he, sprang forward with his fists clenched as if to strike the boy who dodged back, when the mate sang out, "What are you dodging for: All cabin boys have to be knocked down a number of times every day; that is the regular rule aboard ship, and I only wanted to initiate you in sea life." The boy sang out, "I do not want to be struck," and told the father that he did not like the mate anyway and would not ship. So he went home contented. It was a number of years before he got it into his head that his father had put up this job to get him out of the idea of going to sea. The ruse was a success for many years.

The education proceeded apace. The boy got into fractions and in the rest of the studies kept abreast. The teachers were far from the best, showing preferences and partiality. One of the

young woman teachers immediately over our boy was in love with the male principal, and she showed her feelings whenever the male teacher came in the class room. One day when the boy was intently engaged doing a sum on his slate, he was evidently called upon, but did not hear. He was brought to attention by a command to go to the stove and see if there was a rat in it. The evident intention was to make sport of the boy in the presence of the principal. It was summer time and the stove was full of loose papers. The boy got up insulted and told the teacher that she could hunt rats herself, gathered his books together and left the school, never to return. In the evening he told his father that he had had enough of such teaching, preferring to go to work. His father, one of the best of men, got his brother, who at that time was a cotton broker in the large, to take the boy in his office. This departure as office boy, before the age of fourteen, was gladly accepted and the few duties were performed conscientiously under the munificent salary of two dollars a week. The porter of this establishment was an Irishman, John Scott by name. He was without education, could not read in fact; but a true servant of the house. One day John stated to the boy that he did not like, in going to the wharf for samples, to sign a cross instead of his name, and asked if he could not learn to sign his

name. He was told that it was quite possible. Therefore, a big sheet of paper was produced and the boy wrote the name John Scott at the top in large, boyish script. John Scott came down the next morning looking peaked, and showed the sheet with a repetition of the name covering the whole paper. The first copies were cramped and laborious, but gradually got better until the latter signatures were even better than the copy. The man was happy for now he was a man amongst men, proud of his ability to sign his name. He continued with lessons every night from the dictionary, until he educated himself broadly, and on the death of the uncle became a partner in the business with the uncle's son. The uncle was a good man, but not exact in business matters, especially in paying the boy's salary. It was urged that this payment should take the regular course, by placing the name on the office pay-roll; but the uncle objected, stating that he would attend to the matter. The payments would lapse six, eight or ten weeks at a time, altho when attention was called to the matter the money was forthcoming. This irregularity in payment, also the slight duties, produced discontent and resulted in the boy throwing up the job.

The next position was office boy with Mr. Martin, a stock broker. This man was an honorable, thoroughly honest dealer, who would recommend

his customers to do with their money the same that he would do with his. He was writing a book called "Twenty-one Years in the New York Stock Market," a statistical work with a great mass of figures, and it was a great pleasure to the boy to be called upon to run up the columns of figures to prove them. During the time at this office came the great financial panic of 1857 or '58. It came on suddenly without any great premonitions. One day a gentleman called and asked Mr. Martin if he had any money on hand for personal use. Mr. Martin said no, and was advised to draw a check for ready cash. It was past banking hours, therefore a check was drawn to bearer for \$10,000 and placed in the hands of the boy, with instructions to present it at the bank the first thing in the morning. That was a great responsibility and was thoroughly appreciated. To be trusted with such a large fortune caused almost a sleepless night. Although the check was placed under the pillow, the light was lighted several times at night and the check brought to view to see that it was positively safe. Early the next morning, before banking hours, the boy was on State street and found the street jammed with people all making for different banks. The boy wormed himself in amongst the people until he got up to the bank doors, when he noted, with consternation, a man tacking up a notice stating

that the bank would be closed until further notice. All the banks were closed up tight on that day and for many days thereafter.

Mr. Martin handed to the boy one day negotiable securities to the amount of \$30,000 to \$40,000, with instructions to proceed to a certain part of the city inhabited by the very poor and many criminals, to get the signature of a man on them. He proceeded to the number indicated or rather the place for the number which did not appear. It was a very squalid neighborhood. Several drunken men were in sight and many dirty children. He asked an old woman, who was in a yard, fronting a rear building, for information. She said she thought a man by the name mentioned lived upstairs in the front house, entrance from the rear. The boy proceeded to mount the rickety stairs, feeling that some mistake must have been made, as no man with the power to attest such valuable papers could possibly live in such a disreputable neighborhood. The stairs were dark and uncarpeted. At the top were two doors. One, at a hazard, was rapped upon and immediately a rough voice asked who was there. The boy cautiously stated, after asking if the owner of the voice was Mr. —, and getting a favorable reply, that he was from Mr. Martin with a message. Immediately the door was unlocked and a bolt drawn, and there stood in the

doorway a very old, withered man who gruffly bid entrance. The boy still hesitated, when the man noticing, took a letter from his table and handed the same to the boy who saw it was a letter to the man from Mr. Martin, stating that he would send the securities for signature during the day. That made the matter plain and the business was accomplished with a rough command to return to Martin quickly with the papers, which he was glad to do.

A lady friend of the family, returning from Europe, presented our boy with one of the hats worn by the school children of the time in England. It was made of silk plush, like the ordinary tall silk hat; but the top was round like the derby of the present day. The boy was very proud of this new head-gear. The next day he started from Malden Centre over the Causeway, through Chelsea, for his business in Boston, distance five miles. He got over the Causeway safely, but in going through Chelsea the boys there were interested. With yells of "Twig that hat," they began to throw stones and other missiles, many of which struck the hat with the result of wrecking it to scarcely more than the brim. New and unusual head-wear had very little attraction to him ever afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

Altho the duties in the stock broker's office were pleasant, late reading of the life of Benjamin Franklin had enthused him with the wish to follow in his footsteps. The more he thought over the matter the more determined he became to become a printer. With this idea uppermost, he applied and gained admission in the office of C. C. Mead, opposite the Old South Church. This was a very small office and he took hold with a vim, soon becoming conversant with the press and also able to do very well at the case. He became a great favorite with the proprietor who, with another man and our boy, constituted the whole working crew except occasional extra force. The proprietor was a great abolitionist and altho a professed teetotaler, he was proven to like his liquor in private. One day he told the boy to go quite a distance in the country and deliver a note to a certain party and bring back what was given to him. The directions were followed, which led down a long lane from the main road. The letter delivered, a package was placed in his hands and he started back; but boy-like, he cut across lots and in going over a fence fell, causing the package to burst open and a stopper flew out, disclosing the fact that the contents was whisky.

The proprietor was not notified of the accident. He received the package with the remark that he was glad to get the liniment because it was so good to rub on his rheumatic leg. The boy remained silent, altho thinking that the liniment would be taken internally. This was a prohibition state.

The family moved to Boston and the father in 1848 commenced the manufacture of shade rollers under a patent that the uncle had bought. This patent was found to be worthless. Then the father invented and manufactured a sliding spring shade roller. Mr. Bray brought suit for infringement which was decided in favor of the father years afterwards. The family had meanwhile moved to New York. On Mr. Mead's being informed of the intended removal, he tried all he could to retain the boy, offering to give him a half interest in the business in one year and otherwise endeavored to impress him with the advisability of remaining in Boston; but the idea of a change to the great city of New York was overpowering, and, therefore, the old association with Mr. Mead was broken off.

On arrival in New York the boy applied for a position in a printer's office on Broad street. In showing up what he could do he presented some copies of press work that he had perfected in Mead's office. The foreman denied the possibility

of such work being produced on a Gordon press; but the boy insisted that he could perform the work on any press. His talk produced a favorable impression and he commenced work the next day. The office got out a daily stock sheet that had to be prepared and printed within an hour every day at noon. Horace Greeley very often wrote a paragraph for this sheet. The foreman was the only man in the office who could read Greeley's writing and always set up the matter. One day he was sick and a paragraph came in from Greeley. There was great trouble in the office. The matter was important. The boy stepped forward and stated that he thought he could solve the difficulty. During the noon hours he had made a practice of comparing Greeley's copy with the result of the foreman's interpretation. By this means he had got on Greeley's curves. The copy was passed over to the boy, who placed it in type and acquired great glory therefor.

The boy transferred himself some time afterwards to the *Scotch-American* office where he was employed at the case. The boy attended chemical lectures in Cooper Union with great interest. He surrounded himself with chemicals and paraphernalia, going deeply into the study, graduating with a diploma which was highly prized. The family removed to Staten Island and the boy boarded in a house in New York. All

the other boarders were students in the New York Homœopathic College. From association with them and from his chemical studies, it was natural to consider the taking up of the study of medicine. He soon became firm in the desire and the next year was set for commencing; but the war prevented. Meanwhile he attended, with the students, clinics at the Bellevue Hospital and saw many interesting operations.

The best of fathers passed away a short time after arriving in New York.

CHAPTER IV.

During this time the trouble between the North and South was becoming acute. The disloyal abolitionists of the North, especially from Massachusetts, kept up the excitement with the fire eaters of the South, especially from Georgia. The whole country took sides and the people were rushed into an unnatural war. It was noticed afterwards that the parties who did the most toward producing the discord refrained from taking up arms, but remained safely in the rear while the people who had been urged forward shed their blood in a warfare that no one thought would cause a fraction of the devastation and death that afterwards developed. Altho the air was full of rumors of strife, many thought things would quiet

down until Fort Sumter was fired upon, then the God of War stepped forward and sounded to arms. The boy came of a pro-Southern family, whose animosity to the anti-slavery program was intense, still he could not content himself with the idea of belonging to a divided country. The whole United States was small enough for him. Firing upon the flag could not be condoned. That insult had to be wiped out. The boy belonged to a literary society made up of youths of his age. One night at a regular meeting appeared a man who was forming a company. He induced all the boys to enlist. They were provided with a very expensive uniform and became full members of the Manhattan Guards. They afterward found out that the company was fathered by the Manhattan Gas Company who furnished the uniforms and that they were to be home guards. That did not suit the boy so he resigned and joined a new Company, I, of the 9th N. Y. Militia. The regiment had gone to the front and was then in Maryland. I Company had a distinctive Zouave uniform and was commanded by Capt. Claasen, a former drill sergeant of the 7th Militia. When the boy appeared home with his uniform on his mother was sorely perplexed and chided him for wishing to fight his friends; but the boy strongly asserted that as the flag had been fired upon he could not do otherwise than try to defend it.

When it was mentioned to the foreman of the *Scotch-American* that the boy had enlisted, he was referred to the editor who stated to him that he was a "fule to becam food for puder." It was a proud day when the boy marched, with his company, down Broadway with the cheering populace and the brave music sounding gloriously on the summer air.

The camp in Washington was on the same ground formerly occupied by the 7th Regiment during their three months' service. A short time after arrival occurred the first battle of Bull Run. The guns were heard in Washington. Orders came for the company to proceed to the Long Bridge to guard the same. While standing in line by the bridge, a general officer came up to the captain and demanded to know why the company was in that position without arms. The captain replied that his company had come to Washington without arms and they had not been received as yet. "Then return to your camp," ordered the officer. "Men without arms are no good for guard duty." They returned to camp and in a short time received Springfield muskets. This affair only shows how crude the arrangements were in Washington. To send a company without arms to guard such an important place as Long Bridge seems the height of absurdity; but such blunders were common during the early part

of the war. It takes many months of active drill and service to make effective soldiers, when the officers are as green as the men. The battle of Bull Run was fought by green troops on both sides. The results might have been disastrous to the North if the Southern troops had been aware of their victory. Regular troops would have followed up the advantage and taken Washington.

Some of the N. Y. Irish regiment that were in the early part of the engagement got to the camp of Company I in the evening, showing various claimed wounds on their legs that looked wonderfully like the result of contact with briars and brush in their headlong retreat to the rear. The N. Y. Scotch regiment returned from the fight and made camp in the next field to the boy's company. They threw down their arms with the demand that they be allowed to return to New York for the purpose of recruiting, as they had lost some men in the battle. In a short time a regular battery rumbled up from Washington. They looked business-like as they took position on the high ground overlooking the regiment. The guns were loaded with canister and the lanyards in position, when the officer commanding pulled out his watch. He sang out, "You will have five minutes to take up your arms and form in line." A minute went past, no move. The same result with the second and third. Then a

wavering was observed, the men sprang to arms, and the insubordination was over. The men had learned there was power in the Government and that they could not decide for Uncle Sam what was best. The thorough manner and clockwork precision of the regular troops impressed all that witnessed the event.

The captain of Company I was a perfect master of the manual of arms. He drilled the company eight hours a day, four hours in the morning and four hours in the afternoon. This was hard work, but soon hardened the men to the actual duties of war and they became extremely proficient, in fact, the best drilled company in the army.

Orders were received to join the regiment encamped near Hagerstown, Maryland. The captain wanted to show off and when the company was near the regiment, ordered a fence taken down and in double quick time ran the men over a plowed field in company front. When the command, "Halt," was given, the company was in perfect alignment, as though the move had been made over a floor. The applause was great and the new company became an honored part of the regiment. Drilling was kept up, gradually bringing the men down to seasoned veterans. General Banks, who was in command, called for a review of the division with the idea of selecting the best

drilled company for a special bodyguard. The boy's company was selected after a severe test of the force in battalion movements. Detached from the regiment, the company became part of headquarters. There was a great deal of police duty, so-called, to perform, which consisted in cleaning up camp, digging sinks, etc. The men had to appear smart and wear white gloves when on duty. The general was a small man, and when he got into his boots looked a great part leather.

One night the long roll beat and all sprang into line, started on a march, no man knowing where or whither. Soon getting into a rough country, the way was lost. Picking up a countryman as a guide, he was marched along with an officer on each side presenting drawn revolvers, and governed by a threat that if he fooled the troops, immediate death would result. Toiling over the country nearly all night, early before daylight the next morning a halt was ordered, and the men dropped down to sleep in their tracks. When the boy awoke he rolled over and got water in his mouth. Rolling over the other way, water rushed again in his mouth. He then found that he was lying in a gully entirely filled with water that had come down in heavy showers during the time he had slept. After morning coffee the men proceeded on the march and came out at Ball's Bluff on the

Potomac River. A fight was in progress on the other side and balls from the enemy were falling into the river. It was a bad repulse for the Northern troops. A well-known Californian, Col. Baker, who had raised a regiment in that country, was killed. In the afternoon the company was called into line, starting to march to a pontoon bridge that had been thrown across the river. The company was preceded by several regiments all marching grimly with stretcher bearers on each side. The head of the column got to the bridge, when on orders it was countermarched back. The battle was ended. Previously Company I supported guns on the Maryland side which remained unengaged. Some time afterwards an illustrated paper was received from New York showing the company in a fierce fight with the guns booming gloriously. The company shortly afterwards was relieved from duty at headquarters and returned to the regiment, where the ordinary life of camp followed.

After awhile the company was sent to the Potomac on picket duty and the lonely watches of the night occupied the time there. There were a great many muskrats burrowed in the canal banks that bordered the river. These muskrats when they jumped in the water at night sounded wondrously like a man swimming, and many an anxious moment was spent, with finger on the trigger

of musket, peering into the darkness for a possible enemy. While on picket duty the regiment was ordered on the advance into Virginia. The company had a teamster who was continually talking and blowing, therefore, the boys had named him "Windy," the only name he went by. It seems that when the regiment was ordered to march, Windy was detailed with instructions to the captain of Company I to leave picket and join the regiment then on the road. Windy got to the river long after dark. Orders had been given to fire on any light that appeared, as disloyal persons sometimes signalled across the river to the enemy. Windy had brought a lantern. The light appeared at the top of the high bluff leading to the river. Immediately on the sight of this light it was fired upon. The whole company turned out and the fusilade was hot and furious. The men fired as fast as they could load. The light kept approaching, still receiving the fire of the company. At last a dead horse stumbled over the declivity and a man disentangled himself, holding the ring of a lantern, the rest having been shot away. The man sang out, "What in thunder and damnation did you fellows fire on me for, a courier from the commander of the forces?" Then we knew it was Windy. Every part of his clothing, including his shoes, was riddled with bullets, but not a scratch was upon his skin. It

was a miracle and he never forgot to tell that he was the first man of the regiment to be under fire.

On joining the regiment the march was continued until the bridge at Harper's Ferry was crossed. It came night and still the boys remained in line. The boy was out of coffee, but burned some hard tack and made a tin of stuff that passed for that beverage. After hours of delay the division started on the road to Charlestown, where John Brown was hanged some time before. It was a cold night, and after the long wait the men were all tired out and the boy went to sleep while still marching. The tramp, tramp of the men, close, shoulder to shoulder, produced a sleeping condition that could not be overcome. When close to Charlestown he was awakened by the sharp crack of a rifle fired by one of our pickets that had been stationed there without information concerning the approaching soldiers.

The regiment marched and countermarched for months, covering eighteen hundred miles in thirteen months. One time they marched all day long from the Shenandoah Valley to the place called Aldea, twenty miles, and as soon as they got there were ordered back over the same road. This all day and all night march was too much and very few bivouacked early the next morning. The boy kept on to the front and fell down with the others when the command "Halt" was given.

Spreading out his rubber blanket on the ground, supperless, and spreading his woolen blanket over head and all, he dropped immediately into slumber. When reveille sounded, he sprang up into a sitting position and looked around in amazement. During the early hours of the morning a heavy fall of snow had completely covered the sleeping soldiers, and as they aroused themselves, seemed to be coming from their graves. It was a weird and unforgettable sight.

The regiment eventually got to Warrington, where it was provost guard. The boys occupied empty houses in the town. They remained in these houses until a great deal of sickness developed and the surgeon ordered them into tents where the sick ones recovered and all felt much better. Guards were stationed on all the streets and ordered not to allow any of the inhabitants out after nine o'clock at night. One night, while the boy was on guard, a young woman came rushing up and tried to pass. Of course, she was stopped. She began to cry and stated that her mother was very sick and that she was going for a doctor. Altho contrary to orders, the boy passed the girl along to another sentry, being very pleased to see her return in a short time with the physician.

One time I Company was drilling in the street before a house occupied by a Southern family.

Several young ladies were on the porch. The men were practicing the loading and firing movements. The orders came, "take cartridge," "bite cartridge." The men naturally had their hands on their mouths with the imaginary cartridges, the ladies following the men's movements, when the company with one accord smacked their lips and threw kisses at the spectators. The speed with which the ladies left the porch was noticeable. Such a Yankee trick was reprehensible.

The boy got acquainted with a nice Southern family, and said to the lady one day that he should like very much, after sleeping on the hard ground for months, to experience one night's rest in a civilized bed. A cordial invitation was given him to occupy one of several beds that were previously occupied by her sons, who were in the Confederate army. So that night the boy was reposing on a freshly made up and comfortable feather bed. The first sensation was one of satisfaction, but slumber would not come. The couch proved too warm and soft. He could not sleep. After tossing about for several hours he got up, made a pillow of his shoes and resting his head on them slept soundly on the floor until morning. Many events happened in this town good enough to talk about, but not important enough to record in this narrative.

After awhile the regiment was ordered forward to engage in an affair at White Sulphur Springs.

They remained in reserve, as it often happened, unfortunately the men thought. In this case the enemy scattered after a short skirmish. When the regiment left Warrington there remained in town several sick soldiers. A troop of bushwhackers came in town; but our boys had made such a good impression on the citizens during their occupation that they concealed the sick so they could not be molested.

CHAPTER V.

In a short time the regiment went into winter quarters. They built huts of logs, with canvas tops, and for about two months performed the humdrum duties of camp life. The boy was ordered, with others, to march about eight miles on picket to perform two days' duty. The march was made at night and it was very cold. A good part of the country passed over had been slightly flooded and frozen over with a thin coat of ice. A very treacherous and tiresome tramp. They arrived just as morning was breaking. The boy noticed a thin column of smoke ascending from the chimney of the only log house in sight. He made for the door and asked the poor woman, who answered his knock, if she had any coffee. She said they had no regular coffee, but had some Southern coffee. Burnt rye was prepared and

the boy always insisted that it was the best cup of coffee he ever tasted. If you doubt his judgment, just place yourself under the same conditions, and with lifted cup of steaming hot fluid, well supplied with rich, fresh milk, your views will change to a unanimous agreement.

At one time, while in winter quarters, flour was given to the troops as a ration. The men had to make their bread and bake it in hot ashes. The bread came out heavy because no rising was provided. The men noticed with surprise that the boy's bread after baking was light and palatable. They could not understand why. The reason was that the lad would go to the surgeon for medicine to cure a supposed case of indigestion and would procure carbonate of soda as a remedy. This article was used to raise the dough. The boy did not give the trick away, as he thought it would make too much of a demand on the surgeon's stores.

In the early summer of 1862, there was a grand forward march of all the forces around Washington to the front. "On to Richmond" was the word. The regiment had gradually got back through Maryland to Washington, and started with the rest of the army. The event was heralded in all the public prints and many citizens and ladies accompanied the boys when they gaily marched forth. Many generous fellows had provided bar-

rels of beer and some stronger beverages to the marching lads. The natural result followed. Many of the boys got charged with exhilarating fluids, producing an effect foreign to the proper use of the legs; therefore, the grand army, after proceeding about two miles, concluded the day's work had better end and camps were formed. Better work was done in following days. The idea was apparently to take a position on the right of McClellan's army which was before Richmond on the James River. The army moved down opposite to Williamsburg on the Rappahannock River and laid in camp awaiting orders to pass over the pontoon bridge that had been thrown across. Day after day passed in inaction. One day the long roll was beat and the boys sprang to arms, thinking the long delayed movement was at hand. The men were double-quickened over five miles in a sun that was scorching, arriving at last in a large clearing which they began to go around. It was apparent at once that only a review was intended. The indignity was resented. Loud words of resentment were heard down the line. Insubordination was in evidence. The boy was in the first regiment and his position in the first company placed him near the head of the line. He noticed after proceeding some distance around the clearing a body of officers on the side and amongst them the tall ungainly figure of Abe Lincoln.

Soon he heard the clear voice of Old Abe say, "It seems to me foolish to bring out the troops on such a hot day merely to be looked at." That was sufficient, the sympathy of the loved Abe Lincoln. Immediately the word was passed down the line and every evidence of insubordination ceased. The boys braced themselves up and passed in review with the steady tramp of veteran troops.

Evidently to prevent the joining of our forces to those of McClellan's, Jackson was ordered by the Southern general to make a raid up the Shenandoah Valley, threatening Washington. The ruse succeeded. A large portion of the troops were ordered to head him off. They, including the regiment, were marched to Aquia Creek, where they embarked on the large steamboat *Vanderbilt* and started for Alexandria, up the Potomac River. The men were packed like sardines on this boat. The vessel proceeded nearly to Alexandria when it stuck. The draft of the vessel was too much, and the men were transferred by boats to the shore. The troops were marched alongside of cars. The trains were made up of passenger coaches and ordinary baggage cars. No selection could be made. The boys got aboard just as they marched up. The boy's company happened to get alongside of a baggage car and jumped in, completely filling it when standing fully equipped. They did not know the distance

they had to journey. The doors were locked and the cars started for the Shenandoah Valley, running until broad daylight the next morning. The men bearing knapsacks, haversacks, canteens and muskets became exhausted during the night. They tumbled down on top of one another, and when the doors were opened in the morning two dead men were taken out, also many badly disabled. Only two of the force had command of all their limbs; one of these was our boy. This movement prevented the raid being a success; but the Southern general had relieved his situation.

The marching and countermarching commenced again, with an occasional skirmish. One night the boy was on picket when the enemy felt lively. They kept up a continual fire on the picket line. The adjoining man on our boy's left was killed and the man on his right was badly wounded. The boy got homesick, and wanted badly to retire. To stand there in the opening during a dark night thinking how it would feel to get ventilated in different parts of the body was far from lovely. The man who took the place of the one who was killed was noticed to march stolidly over his beat, free from any apparent emotion. The boy, on meeting, asked how he could be so indifferent, telling him his legs were cowardly and wabbling. The man replied that he did not care a damn as long as he had a good chew

of tobacco in his mouth. The boy then asked for a chew. The man produced a dirty bag of cut up plug from which the boy took a large mouthful. In a short time he would not have cared if he was shot or not. He became very sick, but kept up the use of tobacco for many years afterwards.

The battle of Cedar Mountain occurred shortly afterward. The regiment was in reserve, as usual. The battle was hotly contested. At one period in the fight a large body of Northern forces stampeded down a sunken road. The boy saw an officer come up to the head of the fleeing crowd and shoot down two of the foremost, when the rest came to their senses. They returned to the fight. It was not a pleasant or reassuring sight to lie inactive and see the wounded brought in streams through the lines, not knowing when the orders would be given that would force the regiment in the thick of the fight. One cavalry man was noticed riding to the rear. His left leg was shot off above the knee. His blood was flowing away in a stream; but he did not seem to notice his loss. He sang out, "Go in, boys, and knock hell out of them. We have got them on the run." He then fell off his horse, dead.

At last, just after early darkness, the regiment was ordered forward. They passed down a long road by two steep hills, one on either side. When

they got beyond, with a band composed mainly of Germans, playing martial music, a masked battery opened on the approaching regiment. To see that German band skedaddle was a sight never to be forgotten. They were not seen again for many days, and when they scattered back into camp the absence of tooting instruments was noticeable. In fact, there were only a few horns left, so they were discharged and the regiment depended on drums thereafter for their tramping music.

When the fire opened two men got scared and fled from the company. Both men were immediately killed by the battery. They were the only loss, for in the darkness the battery could not see the men. The firing was entirely on the music, or the place where it was supposed to be. The guns soon limbered up and were off. The regiment marched on the field, but the battle was over. They lay in line of battle all that night on a ridge, hearing the enemy giving commands, but not knowing whether they were getting ready to attack again or not. At daylight, the next morning, it was found that they had retreated and the division followed along after them. It was not a pleasant sight to pass on the road dead men and horses bloated by the hot sun largely beyond natural size.

The regiment gradually got back to Manassas Junction and marched south through Culpepper

Court House, eventually arriving at the Rapidan River. The enemy were scattered on the opposite shore. One day at general parade there was a strict order read to prevent any of the troops from swimming the Rapidan. Near by, on the other side, was a whisky distillery, making the liquor from corn. Some of the boys had found this out, and under the protection of darkness had got supplies. The order was the first intimation to the boy that such supplies were near. He never used liquor in any form; but a positive order not to go, with the penalty mentioned of the guards being ordered to fire on any one disobeying, was irresistible. The next night he, in company of a tentmate, swam the river, returning each with a bottle of whisky. The guards began to fire. The balls sputtered into the water around, but not near the boys. They got to the bank, and as they were scrambling out the sergeant of the guard asked, "What have you got?" The boy handed him the bottle for answer. It was sampled and was passed from hand to hand. He never saw it again.

The enemy appeared in force and began a fierce fire the next day with cannon and musketry. There was a call for one hundred men to perform dangerous duty. The boy stepped forward, thinking that the officer was looking directly at him, which was not the fact. The men were

marched around back of a hill to a log house. The men entered and found it full of shovels and picks, with other engineering tools. They grabbed each according to his preference a shovel or pick and were quickly directed to an old earthwork that had been erected to face the other way. The orders were that the men were to jump into the ditch and on command were to leap to the top and cut down in spots openings for our guns. There was a positive sheet of shot, shell and bullets passing over the earthwork, and the men knew that no one could live working at the top. While huddled in the ditch awaiting the call to death, a regular artillery officer rode up and asked, "What are the men there for?" The answer being given, he ordered the men back to their regiment, stating that he would plant his guns to the rear and fire over the bank. This recall was the same as a reprieve of a death sentence. It shows how men were often slaughtered through the false judgment of incompetent officers.

An overpowering force appearing, our guns were turned on a bridge to the left of position, destroying it just as the enemy were about to charge across. The cannonading continued from both sides. One of our batteries left the field with only a few men. The guns were all dismounted and most of the men killed. A retreat was ordered, which was kept up for many days.

The regiment occupied the post of honor—the rear guard. They were under artillery fire for nearly one month. To show how near our Confederate friends stuck to our rear, the boy attempted to make some coffee one morning. He built his fire; the water got nearly hot, when round shot fell in our midst. Twice during the morning there was a repetition of this fun. Near noon-time the water got hot enough and just when the coffee was being placed in, a shell scattered the embers of the fire. This amusement was kept up until late at night, when the coffee was enjoyed. It can be imagined that the boys got down to skin and bone. Food was scarce and when obtained often there was no chance to eat.

The army marched in retreat until near Manassas again, when the regiment was ordered to the left and got to Thoroughfare Gap in the Blue Ridge mountains. They found a detachment of Johnnies from the west had got ahead. The regiment marched around and around near the eastern end of the gap. It was evidently the intention to impress the enemy with the idea that the force was much larger than it was. The regiment marched up to the top of a hill and down in an opposite valley a number of times. The glistening of the moon on the rifles as the regiment continually wound around the top of the hill would impress the enemy as being opposed by a very

large force. The next morning after getting into the gap, the force was met with a warm musketry fire from the enemy and the boy first heard the noted rebel yell. After the yell they did not charge as was anticipated, but withdrew. They had accomplished what they had been sent there to do. We heard from them later.

The regiment remained in the Gap until near noon, when it was marched to eastward again. It was tramp, tramp, for hours. Heavy guns were heard, showing that a battle was in progress. The regiment did not get on the field until nightfall. They marched in and took up a position on a rise of ground and laid in line of battle. The battle was over for the day. The ground was covered with the debris of a contest. Canteens, rifles and other paraphernalia of combat were strewn in profusion over the field. The next morning, until near noon, the regiment lay in wait, without breakfast, expecting every moment to spring into action. Soon wagons came up with hardtack. On distribution it was found to be alive with worms; but hunger was sufficient to overcome any squeamishness and the bread and worms were ravenously devoured. A movement of the enemy was then noticed. Bodies of men were seen deploying out of the woods and batteries of artillery galloped rapidly over the distant hills. Orders came for a movement. The regiment was

second in line, preceded by a Zouave (N.Y.) regiment. The column marched in quick time between two hills which were immediately occupied, each by a battery of Confederate artillery. They threw a plunging fire directly down upon the first regiment, creating an awful slaughter. The Zouaves lost several hundred men in a few minutes. One of these men was brought down past and he was the only man the boy ever heard that cried out in pain on a battlefield. His hip was shattered by a round shot. Just as the regiment was entering the shambles, a general's aide rapidly advanced and directed the colonel to move to the right, out of range. The column advanced through brush and amongst trees until it reached a very large cleared space. There it drew up in line under cover, watching a Texas brigade approaching over rolling, cleared hills. They marched grandly with ensigns flying, sometimes concealed in valleys, then appearing on the rising ground. When they got comparatively close they began firing at will. They could not see the force opposing because the line was concealed in the brush; but their shots killed a number. The colonel of the boy's regiment was lost in the advance to this position. After the fight he turned up and stated that his horse had been shot under him, but no member of the regiment could be found that saw this event. It was generally thought that he

had no stomach for warfare and had voluntarily remained in the rear. The lieutenant colonel was on sick leave, therefore, the regiment was under command of the major. A braver man never stood in boot leather. He ordered that not a shot should be fired until the enemy approached so close that the whites of their eyes could be seen, and marched up and down before the men to see that his orders were obeyed. The boy noticed a cluster of frightened squirrels between the lines and could not help thinking how the circumstances made them comparatively safe, surrounded, as they were, by armed men who had no thought of them. The game anticipated was of a different kind. The men held their fire until all four of the enemy's regiments advancing stood, one back of the other, on level ground. The major sprang to the rear and gave the order to fire. No more slaughtering volley was delivered during the war. The contending forces were close together, and when the smoke cleared away each regiment of the enemy's line was visible on the ground, dead or wounded. Those that escaped rushed to their left and were taken prisoners by a regular regiment on the right. There was a contest afterwards as to who should possess the flags. The regiment claimed that on account of their fire dissipating the brigade, the flags belonged to them; but higher authority ruled oth-

erwise. The column with no enemy in front moved to the left through the woods. The enemy opened on them with heavy artillery. The firing was too high for direct execution; but a few men were wounded by falling trees cut off by the balls. The movement was kept up until the regiment got to a slightly sunken road when it stationed itself to oppose some advancing Confederates. The enemy protected themselves by the trees, firing from behind. The boy's company had, as a member, a man who had been nicknamed "Deacon." He acquired this title because he was the most accomplished swearer in the Northern army. He was the best hearted man possible, never in a temper; but his oaths would slip out without provocation in a sulphurous, good-natured stream. The boy, on turning around to load, noticed the Deacon lying on his back. With the indifference of battle, he only thought, "Well, the poor Deacon has passed in his checks." After delivering his fire he turned to load again when he noticed the Deacon getting on his knees, uttering fathoms of the vocabulary that he was gifted with. In the volume the boy noticed the words, "Damn the man that put fourteen shots in a rifle." It seems that when the Deacon was about to fire, a bullet struck the lockplate of his musket, putting it out of commission. He then grabbed up the musket of a man who had been killed. He rammed down

a load, blazing away, and was kicked over on his back. The immediate solution occurred to him that the previous owner had been ramming home charges without discharging any of them.

There was an old man in the company who could not be taught to drill. The officers had got discouraged in trying to teach him the manual of arms, and had given the job up in disgust. The man was detained as company cook and he made a very good one. His place was with the wagons. He was marching along when he heard the distant firing. He said to his fellow baggage guards, "The boys are in a fight; that is the place for me." He left the wagons and started for the front. Hours afterwards he jumped into line with his knapsack on. All the rest of the boys had deposited theirs in a field before entering the fight. On getting up to the company, he exclaimed, "Here I am, boys, I can fight if I cannot drill." Immediately, before he could load, a ball struck him just above the eyes, and that was the last of Old Jones.

The regiment was on the left of the line of battle. This battle of Manassas was an important one. There were over fifty thousand men engaged on each side and the line of battle extended for many miles. The left wing held its own and in many places was victorious; but the right wing was doubled back upon the left and had to retreat,

the left following and acting as rear guard. The captain of the company was not present. He also had no stomach for a fight. Altho the best company drill master in the army, he could never master the intricacies of battalion drill, altho he was afterwards made a brigadier general through political influence. Long after the war he was sent to prison for wrecking a bank. Captain Classen had got his brother appointed a first lieutenant of the company. He was a big, lubberly boy without ordinary common sense, and he became very unpopular. He appeared after the fight, in which he was not seen, with a finger wrapped up, claiming that he was wounded. When the wrapping was taken off in two days no mark of wounding could be observed. He left the regiment within a week. During the fight the company was under the command of the second lieutenant, who was a gallant officer.

To show how indifferent soldiers are to wounds at the time of receiving them, it is well to mention that the boy noticed blood on the back of his file-leader, when drawn up after the battle. "You are wounded," he said. "No, I guess not," was the reply; but soon he noticed the pain, was sent to hospital, and within a week died from the effects.

After the fight the regiment formed camp for a while and then started to follow the retreating

column the next morning. "On to Washington" was the word. The road was crowded with troops, the baggage train moving on the right. The regiment marched all day until the edge of dusk, when a cannon shot rang out from the left, passing between the company and the company in advance. It found its mark in the body of a mule, attached to one of the baggage wagons. Immediately that teamster and others began to cut traces with the intent of stampeding. One of the officers jumped forward and shot two of the men; that stopped the scare. The cannon shot was hostile; but from whence? The troops began to deploy off the road and then commenced one of the fiercest musketry fights during the war. The boy always knew it as the Monday's fight after Manassas; Chantilly, some called it. The regiment was on the reserve as formerly. The opposing force that was engaged consisted in part of the Confederates met at Thoroughfare Gap. They had marched over the mountains and country, around the Northern army, to a point directly in the rear. They could not take with them ordinary artillery; but had jackass batteries, one of which had opened the battle as described. It rained fiercely after nine o'clock, during the latter part of the engagement. The result of the fight was a drawn one. The enemy remained on the battlefield and the Northern forces remained

where they commenced. The next morning the boy was placed on guard across the road down which the enemy occupied the ground. Shortly there appeared, a long distance off, what seemed to be approaching cavalry. Sharply watching, the object developed as a wagon, and soon it was seen to be a rebel ambulance with two men marching on either side and another on the seat with the driver. The ambulance bore a flag of truce. The boy challenged, and it developed that the ambulance contained the body of General Kearny who was killed the night before. The body was taken out and laid in the hall of a small house in which the surgeons were operating on wounded soldiers. There was a continuous stream of stretchers coming to the house, and almost as many taken out with soldiers for burial that had died under the operations. No chloroform or ether was in evidence, and the poor fellows could not survive the shock of amputation. When an arm or a leg was cut off, it received a quick passage out of a window on the side. As this house was on the boy's beat, he watched the growth of this pile of detached members with a great deal of interest. The general's body received a thorough examination by the surgeons, who, with bloody hands and arms, quickly cut away the uniform. They reported that death must have occurred through shock as no wound appeared on the body. It was

removed to a Union ambulance and sent to Washington.

The enemy being held in check by an immense display of artillery, the troops again took up the march to Washington. When nearing camp at Alexandria, weary, foot-sore and nearly famished, the regiment came to a Massachusetts command, just arrived from home. They had prepared their evening meal of baked beans. They sang out, "How do you feel, boys?" The answer came promptly, "Damned hungry." The reply, hospitable and hearty, was quickly returned, "Come in and eat our beans." The beans soon disappeared where they would do the most good.

CHAPTER VI.

On leaving camp, at Alexandria, the column continued its march to and through Washington. The boy had been ailing for some time. Diarrhea had reduced his strength and walking typhoid developed. The surgeon ordered him to the rear to march along the best he could. When going through Georgetown, a suburb of Washington, a lady came to the door of a fine residence and invited him in for refreshments. The idea entered his head that the request was based on the belief that he was a tramp, so he stiffly declined. He was very sorry afterwards for refusing when

he heard, from another sick soldier, that he was very kindly received in the house and had been served with the finest of food, in the most courteous manner. When the long roll beat to assemble the men to go into Antietam action, the boy was in line. The surgeon came along and ordered him to the rear again. The troops marched forward and the boy was placed in a dirt cart without springs, in company with another sick soldier, and an officer, who, when rushing forward in answer to the long roll, buckling on his accoutrements, dropped his pistol, which, exploding, sent a ball through his ankle. The boy was too sick to notice the poor conveyance; but the wounded officer suffered terribly. In two days the cart arrived at Carver Hospital, just outside of Washington, and the boy was placed in bed. There were many thousands of sick and wounded soldiers in this hospital. The management was very bad. The death rate was very high. It would seem that after so many months of the war, the period should have arrived when systematic efforts developed a semblance of correct hospital treatment. This was far from the fact. After a while the boy convalesced enough to take one trip to a shed where he found that the soup was served in tin cups, with nearly half an inch of rank fat on top. This was nice food to put before sick and wounded men. In

fact, they could not touch such stuff, preferring to starve. It was not suitable food for a hearty laboring man. There has always been a warm spot in the heart of this boy for the Sisters of Charity, on account of their action in this case. When the boy noticed the soup and could not touch it, some Sisters of Charity came into the room. They looked with astonishment upon the meal. "Why, this is not proper food to serve to sick soldiers. We will try to have it changed," they exclaimed. The next day huge casks of crockery were sent to the hospital and light, palatable soups were thereafter placed before the men, causing an immediate decrease in the death rate.

One day, when the boy was able to sit up for an hour or two, he was resting on the edge of the bed, when the doctor came through the ward. He asked the boy how he felt. The reply was, "I am all right." The doctor took out his note book and wrote something. The next day the boy was ordered back to his regiment. When he heard his name called, he got up and by means of holding on to projections got to the door and called out the number of his knapsack. It was brought and thrown down at his feet. He tried to get the knapsack on his back, but without success. He got one strap over his shoulder and then fell down in a faint. The steward of the ward, a devilish good fellow, was out of the ward. He soon re-

turned, and noticing the bed of the boy unoccupied, asked where he was. On getting the reply that he had been called to return to his regiment, he rushed out in the yard in time to pick the boy up and toted him back to bed where he lay without consciousness for a long time. In two or three days the doctor again passed through the ward, when the boy was again sitting on his bed. He came up and said, "What did you make a fool of me for?" The boy replied, "I did not try to make a fool of you." The doctor replied, "You said you were all right." He pretended to make an examination by placing his ear to the boy's breast, then took out his note book again and wrote. The next day the boy's name was called for discharge. He was placed in an ambulance and taken to the cars. Such men, claiming to be doctors, were often in charge of sick and wounded soldiers during the war. No wonder the death roll was so large. Men of that calibre should not have had charge of a dog or cat sanitarium.

On arrival of the train, the boy was placed in a carriage and taken to his home which was then on Fourth avenue, New York, and placed in bed. The mother noticed the discharge in the boy's pocket and it set her wild. It read, "Discharged on account of ossification of the aorta." With such a disease one could hardly expect to live more than a few weeks. She immediately sent

for the family physician and an expert. The boy heard the expert say, after a thorough examination, "If every lad had as good a heart, there would be no disease of that organ in the world." He also heard the expert say another thing which changed his career in life. What he heard was, "All the boy needs is building up. He has passed through the typhoid crisis all right, and I would advise sending him on a sea voyage." That report had an extremely reviving effect. From earliest boyhood he had a desire to go to sea, as told previously. When the doctors left, the boy told his mother what he had heard. The mother was surprised on account of the low tones of the interview; but stated that a friend was expected back soon with his ship from the Mediterranean and when he returned she would arrange with him for passage on his next trip. What! go to sea as a passenger? No. If he went at all it would be as a sailor. The mother smiled, thinking it a boyish whim. But no, it was a determination, and the idea built the boy up rapidly. In a few days he was able to walk around and soon found himself before a flaming sign on South street, stating, "Men wanted for a whaling voyage. Good treatment. Good food, and a chance to see the world." That was the chance and the boy mounted the steps to the shipping office. Presenting himself, he was told that he did not show

up well physically; but men were awfully scarce and he was shipped on the whale ship *Mount Wallaston*. On telling his mother what he had done, she was terribly put out; but when informed that he had actually signed the articles, she saw no use in putting up objections. Therefore, the grandfather's sea bag was brought out, packed, and the boy started for New Bedford via the Fall River boat. On the boat a man was met who had shipped on the same *Mount Wallaston* as a boat steerer. He was a good fellow and they were soon firm friends. On arrival at New Bedford, the ship not being ready to receive the crew, the boy was directed to a hotel. When he got to his room, he found it contained two beds and soon appeared a man to occupy the other bed. He introduced himself as the second mate of the *Mount Wallaston*, and the boy thought himself lucky to get acquainted with two officers of the ship before sailing. The second mate seemed to be a good fellow and talked freely of his experiences on whaling voyages. The boy went in the morning to get what is called an outfit for the cruise. He was provided with a chest, or donkey as the sailors called it, containing coarse shirts, shoes, palm for sewing sails, sheath knife, and other paraphernalia of use on board. These goods were charged up at the most exorbitant prices. For instance, a shirt that would cost one dollar

in the shops would be charged up at four dollars. With donkey and goods provided, the boy was all ready for the sea, and in the afternoon he, with the rest of the crew, went on board the vessel. The ship sailed late in the afternoon on an eventful voyage, which, as far as the boy was concerned, lasted three years and six days. All the men were green and the ship had to be worked by the officers, with the boat steerers, until the men could be broken in. The breaking in process commenced immediately. The wind freshened to a top-sail breeze on leaving port, and it was necessary to take in the topgallant sails. The men were rushing aimlessly about the decks not knowing what to do. The boy thought that until he knew what to take hold of it was best to remain inactive, so he sat himself down in the fore-hatch. The second mate, whom he had chummed with the night before, came along and in a rough voice demanded to know why the damned lubber was not aloft. With such a kind reminder of his duties, the boy got on the ratlines and proceeded to climb to what seemed to him at the time an immense distance on the swaying shrouds. He was of no use aloft, but he had received his first lesson. He had learned that the second mate was a different man on ship to what he appeared ashore. He also learned that prompt obedience was demanded and that it depended upon himself to learn the

ropes and become a factor aboard the ship. He soon got there, and in a few days he could intelligently obey an order, and in a short time became one of the best of sailors. The principal obstacle he had to contend with was insufficient strength; but he quickly gained that and became robust and extremely active.

The captain had made money whaling, retired from the sea, bought a farm, became a deacon of the church, and thought he would end his days in the enjoyment of his hard-earned means; but a bad speculation that he went into swept away all he possessed and he had to seek another ship. The result was, he became captain of the *Mount Wallaston*. He had lived ashore for ten years and had become imbued with the religious cant and hypocrisy that is common on the Massachusetts coast. The day after leaving port he called up the whole crew and told them that he would not allow any swearing or abuse on the ship; that no man should be struck and all should live together as a band of brothers. It was a good Sunday school talk. Comparatively a few days passed when one of the men did not obey promptly a command given by one of the officers. After a flow of sulphurous language and a blow that made his head ache, he thought, remembering the Sunday school talk, that a report to the captain was in order; therefore he made his way

aft to that officer, and on telling his story was ordered forward with the remark that he had got nothing more than he had deserved. Reporting to the captain was tabooed after that.

The boy was selected for the second mate's watch, and to pull the stroke oar in the captain's boat. The vessel, which was only 350 tons, sailed almost to the Canary Islands, thence to the South American coast, near the river Platte. Nothing of importance occurred during this time. The men got down into working condition. The boats were lowered during calms and the men thoroughly drilled in handling them. When south of the river Platte a cry of "There she blows" from the crow's nest brought the boat's crew to their positions in quick time. The boats were promptly in the water. In about forty minutes the mate's boat struck a small sperm whale. He was a fighter altho only a calf. The captain tried to get onto him to use the lance. The fellow made for the boat with the intent to crush it in his mouth, but could not on account of his size. This calf was soon killed and towed to the ship. He made only 8 barrels of oil, and this was the only sperm whale the *Mount Wallaston* secured during the voyage. It was also the only oil obtained for thirteen months.

CHAPTER VII.

The ship gradually approached the Horn. When opposite the entrance to the Strait of Le Maire, a ship that was inshore cleared away for the Strait. The captain conferred with the mate in regard to taking the same course, but they concluded to go around the Horn. That decision caused the crew many weeks of extreme hardship and suffering. We kept on, and getting off the extreme rocks of the Horn were becalmed. The vessel drifted about without steerageway. The boats were lowered and a trial made to shoot albatross, or gonies, as they are called by the sailors. The birds were not afraid of the boats or men and swam close up so they could be lifted out of the water if the crew cared to do so. With such game, shooting was out of the question.

Signs of a change of weather were noticed and the boats were called in. Soon a scorcher came from the northwest. It came with a force that caused all sails to be taken in. Soon the ship was running before it under bare poles. This race was kept up until the ship was amongst huge icebergs of the South Pole. Seven of these huge masses of ice, towering away beyond the height of the masts, were around the ship. The wind then moderated and the ship began to tack back.

It took one month to get back to the latitude from which the blow drove the vessel. The ship that was seen entering the Straits of Le Maire escaped the bad weather and got into port a month ahead. During the time the men were down to the Southland, in the most wretched weather, they all broke out with painful boils which it would have been a pleasure to transfer to some other fellow. The ship soon struck the Trades and sped north before them, wing and wing, which, with a ship rig, meant studding sails on both sides of the vessel. The weather was delightful, fully appreciated after the experience in the southern sea.

The vessel approached and was becalmed near the Island of Juan Fernandez, where Alexander Selkirk spent much time according to the story. The land bore out the truthfulness of the tale in one respect, for it seemed to be over-populated with goats. They could be seen in every direction, fringing the steep bluffs. The captain had his boat lowered and pulled for the shore, thinking that he saw a beef critter on the beach. Fresh beef was a desideratum. When we approached close it was found that a goat stood on a little rise and in the mist loomed up to the size of a bull. We threw our lines over and began to fish. Soon the boy felt a bite and at the same time the captain on the other side of the boat began to haul in, at the same time calling out to the boy to stop as

he was fouling his line. But both continued to haul in, and it was found that an extremely large Congo eel had swallowed the boy's hook, fouling the captain's line. The catch was not valued by the boy, who allowed one of the other sailors to detach the reptile.

One of the crew was a German-American. He had inherited some German peculiariities, one of which was a love of beer, and he had some knowledge concerning its manufacture. Procuring a small tight keg, he filled it with water, potato peelings, molasses, and other ingredients, which produced a very palatable drink that was enjoyed highly by his messmates. Several charges had been carried through to the finished beer, when at last the keg was loaded with either too much, or the extremely warm weather passed through caused too rapid fermentation, with the result of creating an explosion that was heard from one end of the vessel to the other. The keg had been placed under the German's bunk. The boy's sleeping place was next above. Luckily, both were on the watch on deck when the catastrophe occurred, making a wreck of the two bunks. The watch below rushed on deck in a panic, claiming that some one had set off an infernal bomb. Gradually matters became quieted down; but that was the last of beer making on the old *Mount Wallaston*.

The bill of fare aboard ship was not such as to

tempt the appetite of one who lives now (1910) in the era of good cookery. It consisted of salt beef, called by the sailors salt horse, and salt pork, the only meats; split peas for soup; and coffee sweetened with molasses, for there was no sugar on the vessel and milk was an unheard-of delicacy. The old negro cook, called the doctor, managed the galley with authority supreme. Any complaint reached deaf ears. He had been a cook on whaling vessels all his life and thought no one knew better than he how to serve the limited articles of food. Lobsouse, prepared by boiling for a long time sliced up chunks of salt pork and hardtack, was placed in a calabash, from which the men would spoon into their tin plates the amount required, and with a quart of alleged coffee, they would enjoy a hearty meal. This was the principal dish. Twice a week a so-called plum duff was furnished, a direful concoction. It often came before the men all dough in the centre; but it was looked forward to with pleasure. During the voyage there were two days lost, at different times, crossing the meridian, and those two days happened to be duff days, causing sorrow to the crew. In the night-watches dandy funk was very popular. It was prepared by placing hardtack in a piece of canvas, and with a hammer vigorously applied, the bread was broken into small pieces. These pieces were placed in a tin

cup and vinegar and molasses added. This mess was considered, when taken in the night-watch, equal to the nectar of the gods.

At the end of five months the vessel entered the harbor of Hilo, Sandwich Islands. This is a sailor's paradise. A lot of provisions and other stuff was placed in a large wooden warehouse. A large spar was part of the material stored. Very laboriously the spar was got in the building by slanting it up to the roof, as it was too long to lie flat. After placing it, one of the men rushed away to the boat. On being called back, he was asked what he ran to the boat for; he replied that he went after a line to lash the spar with. That created a laugh. The man had become used to lashing everything aboard ship and forgot that the old spar could remain until it rotted in the old building.

There is a large, high mountain on the right of the harbor of Hilo, just back from the town. The prevailing winds are such that they strike this mountain, which wrings every particle of water out of them. It falls in a light, hardly noticeable shower every day in the year. Just beyond the mountain no moisture ever falls and the country for a long distance is entirely barren. The people never carry umbrellas, as the sun is shining brightly most of the day as the mist falls.

In Hilo the men got one dollar each, liberty

money, and one day's run ashore, which they made the most of. Sailors hugely enjoy this one day's liberty after a long voyage. They were amused and edified by happenings that would pass unnoticed by those continually on land. Horseback riding is one of the sports indulged in. Now, it is well known that sailors are not proficient as horsemen, but that is no reason why they should not attempt to steer the refractory steeds, much to the discomfort of both. Horse hire is very cheap, but a ship's crew requires many, so the animals are taught to throw the rider off after going some distance and speeding back to be re-hired by another sailor.

After lying in Hilo harbor a few days the ship started for the whaling grounds in the Okhotsk Sea. Weeks were spent in a fruitless search, sailing around that sea. No whales were in evidence. At last three boats, one containing our boy, were loaded down with provisions and started on a hunt along the coast. The boats pulled for Dead Man's Island to land the superfluous provisions, retaining only enough to last the first part of the trip. On reaching the shore, the men dug a large hole in the face of a cliff and placed the stuff therein. Then, after rolling some heavy drift logs across the opening, began to toss stones up to cover the hole and continued the work until they made a long slant toward the

shore. Remarks were made concerning such apparently useless labor, but one of the officers stated that it was necessary to prevent the bears from destroying the provisions. The boats then started south for the cruise. The men pulled all day and camped on shore each night. This was kept up for sixteen days and nights, without finding any signs of whales. Altho the days were warm, the nights were very cold; but whenever the camp fire was built immense clouds of mosquitoes would appear, making life burdensome. One night when the pests prevented sleep entirely, it was noticed that a nigger boy in the party was soundly snoring, entirely oblivious to the stings of the insects. He was promptly roused up and told to walk around like the rest of the Christians. He blurted out, "Why don't you rub pork rine on de hands and face and de pests won't trouble yez." The hint was immediately taken and the greasy-looking fellows were soon in sound slumber. Late one afternoon the boats put up a bay and landed at a place called Dobray Town. Dobray in Russian means good. This good town was a straggling village of a few log huts. The natives came down to the boats in the most hospitable manner and took all the boys to their huts. The boy was detailed to see that everything was in proper condition for the night. While attending to his duties, a rather pretty woman appeared

and in very good English invited him to spend the night in her home. He learned afterward that this lady, a Russian, had become proficient in English and had acted as governess to a Russian family in Moscow. She afterwards married a rough Russian, and it is supposed he was transported for some crime to this far-off section of the empire, the wife accompanying him, as is the custom of wives—always ready to condone the actions of vicious husbands. When they reached the house it was found to consist of only one room, built of logs, with a fireplace in one corner. Otherwise than the swinging pot over the fire and some pans, the furnishing consisted entirely of a bench about two feet wide running around the room, attached to the walls, only broken where it approached the door and fireplace. On this bench were strewn a lot of furs. The husband, a villainous-looking fellow, soon appeared with a boy about ten years old. The wife, who had fallen on the ice the winter before, laming herself slightly, became busy in preparing the simple fare. The repast when ready consisted of Russian tea, as the lady called it, very weak, hardly more than hot water, without sugar or milk, and four ducks swimming in an inch of fat. A board was placed across the corners of the bench for a table and the family gathered around. No knives or forks appearing, there was considerable doubt in the

mind of the stranger how the fowls would be managed; but soon each of the family grabbed a duck and began gnawing it. The stranger asked the wife if it would be agreeable if he went to the boats for some crackers or hardtack. She was immensely pleased at the suggestion and soon a lot of ship's bread adorned the board, and they all had a good meal. The old man soon noticed a large jack-knife, which the stranger had attached to a lanyard, fastened with a hitch to his pantaloons. The Russian began to make motions. The lady stated that her husband wanted to purchase the knife. The old man offered one fur, adding two, three, four and five, as the stranger shook his head. At last he took up a black fox skin, a very valuable fur, worth many hundred times the cost of the knife. This also met with a refusal, as the stranger could not do without his knife. The old man showed much disappointment; but all soon prepared to retire. Several skins were placed on the bench for the stranger to sleep upon with one large skin for covering. The rest of the family provided themselves with similar beds, and soon all were in sound slumber. When in the morning the stranger awoke he found that the family had all got up and disappeared except the wife, who politely asked how he had slept, and showed pleasure with the reply that he had never slept better in his life. After a while the stranger

noticed that his knife was gone. He mentioned the fact to the wife and she showed great surprise. She thought the stranger had dropped it somewhere, an impossible occurrence, as it was fastened with the lanyard to his pantaloons. She began to hunt along the rafters of the hut as though the knife could have flown upwards. She then suggested that the knife was lost when the bread was got from the boat the night before. The stranger took it all in good part and went to the boats trying to make up his mind how to obtain his knife without creating a scene with his hospitable entertainers. He soon returned with the report that he had not found the lost article, much to the sorrow of the wife. While standing pondering how he should act, a ray of sunlight lighted up the floor over which he had slept, and there was seen his knife in a crack with the lanyard neatly straightened out. With pleasure he sang out that the knife was found. The wife expressed great joy at the discovery. Evidently the old man had detached the lanyard from the sleeping boy, and when it was seen that he was making a determined attempt to find the lost article it was placed along the crack with the simple thought that if found the reason would appear that it was dropped in slumber. The stranger left the house in good form after thanking the wife for her kind

treatment, and was soon pulling away on the sea with the rest of the boys.

Provisions getting low, the boats began the return journey to Dead Man's Island to replenish. Eventually they got to the island late in the afternoon with every particle of food exhausted. The men pulled heartily around the point, thinking of the nourishing food there stored, to break a fast lasting from early morning. What a disappointment was in store for them. They found that the bears had hauled down all the stores and gnawed through the heavy logs. They had pulled out all the stuff and what they could not eat had destroyed. The jugs of molasses they had broken and dug deep holes in the sand seeking the flowing sweets. The bags of bread they had pulled out, tramped over, and the rains had dissolved the contents. The sides of pork they had taken up on the rising ground and left in an uneatable condition. There the men were, after one day's fast, without a semblance of food or water, for there was none on this island, and apparently without a source of supply for days. The outlook was dismal, indeed. At last, one of the officers remembered there was a Russian place called Amur City across a deep bight of land on the main shore. There was nothing to do otherwise than try to find this place. It was a mournful lot of men that started the boats for Amur City, most of them be-

lieving that it was a wild-goose chase. They pulled all the rest of the night and all the next day until, at the edge of dusk, the famished men had hardly strength enough to force the boats on the sands of the found city. The city consisted of two very large log houses and a large board building. The people, who were Russians, came down to the beach and noticing the condition of the men ran back to the board building and reported, when immediately appeared two ladies, accompanied by several Russian officers. The men were gotten out of the boats and soon hot tea and Russian bread revived them into action. A hearty supper was provided and a happy lot of men slept soundly that night in one of the log houses. Amur City was found to be one of the headquarters of the Russian Fur Company, and the ladies, wives of the officers, were on a visit to this far-off post. They were more than gracious, and the boy always remembered them as the most beautiful women he had ever met. To show how cold it got at this place in winter, one man showed up who had no ears and the reason given was that in running from one log house to the other, about an ordinary street's width apart, he had frozen both ears, causing them to drop off.

Late in the morning the boats, well provisioned by their kind friends, started off to find the ship. When the ship was sighted it appeared to wind-

ward. The boat's sails had been up just before sighting. The pull to windward was found to be unusually laborious and the reason did not appear until they were raised on their davits when it was found that in the excitement to get aboard the ship the boat's crew had omitted to raise their centre-boards, which are always lowered when sailing on the wind.

CHAPTER VIII.

The ship continued to cruise and only lowered once for a whale. In the north is a species of duck, whose cry sounds extremely like a human sarcastic laugh. When the boat's crew got near this whale, in a thick fog, it went down before the iron could be thrown. At this time a flock of these birds uttered their peculiar cry. It sounded so natural that the men thought at first they were being laughed at for missing the whale.

While lying in Tschanta Bay, Okhotsk Sea, a startling event happened. There was an anchor watch on deck. The boy was sleeping in his berth when he heard one of the boats go down with a rush. He sprang out and made for the companionway, when he was stopped by a big Kanaka who was a member of the crew. The Kanaka had just struck a match to light his pipe, and told the boy to turn in again if he did not

want his head smashed. Such a hint seemed strange, but it was obeyed. He thought afterwards that the Kanaka had been approached. When the men woke up in the morning, they could not get out of the forecabin at first; but soon the obstruction was removed and they rushed on deck. They found that a boat's crew had skedaddled after chaining up the forecabin and fastening the cabin entrance. They had taken all the bomb guns, rifles, oar locks from all the boats, and other material. The runaway crew consisted of the four Portuguese boat steerers and the two men from the forecabin who were on anchor watch. The officers had broken open the cabin entrance with an axe and then opened out the ship. An immediate hunt for oarlocks commenced; but they were not found for a long time. The carpenter had begun to prepare some, when the cook in feeding the pigs moved some of the bedding and found the oarlocks all in a bunch. Two boats were ordered down, the boy being in one, to hunt the fugitives. Thinking, of course, the boat would head for the Japan sea, the boats in pursuit took that course. After getting out of sight of the ship, the second mate told the boys to pull easy. The third mate in the second boat followed suit. In a short time the second mate said that it would be a nice thing to come up to the boat armed with all the bomb guns and other

firearms of the ship, whereas his boats did not have even a pop-gun. It did not appear to him to be at all enticing. In fact, he had concluded to do no more hunting, so the boats were pulled to an island. The men landed, and building a good fire had their supper and turned in. The second mate had a top coat that he was very proud of and valued very highly. Towards morning the fire had burned low and the officer got cold. Instead of replenishing the fire he laid down close to the embers, before the feet of the men. The men, noticing in a sleepy manner the lack of heat from the fire, stretched out their legs and pushed the mate, coat and all, into the fire. That was the last of the second mate's coat, but not the last the men heard about the loss. The next day the boats returned to the ship and reported that they could not find the runaways. It was learned a long time afterward that the absconding crew fled down the Japan Sea to the Amur River, where they reported that the ship was wrecked and that they were all that had survived. The Russian government sent them to San Francisco, Cal., as castaways. The two foremost hands in the boat the boy saw years afterwards. One, Finck by name, had a prominent jewelry store in San Francisco. The other was a livery stable keeper in San Jose, Cal.

Before the event just noted a party was got up

to hunt bears one night. In this party was the negro boy. The men went ashore and stationed themselves near a runway where the bears came down the hill at night to search the beach for dead fish. The men had got nicely concealed when the bears came, in their clumsy manner, down the steep path, dislodging stones that preceded them in their rumbling descent to the shore. The negro boy then conceived the idea that he did not like bears. He wanted to go to the ship and commenced to yell in terror. A comforter was quickly fastened over his mouth. The bears continued to advance and two were shot. After the cook had exhausted his skill over the meat, it was thrown away as uneatable on account of its strong taste.

The season being up, the ship started for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The captain had not kept discipline with the officers or men. His milk and water action and lack of success was displeasing to both. When the ship got in Honolulu harbor all the officers resigned. The men could not resign, but the boy drew up a communication to the American Consul which was signed by all. It was placed in the hands of a bumboat man to deliver. The ship was lying off and on, that is, sailing in tacks before the harbor. The next day there appeared a large rowboat alongside, and the captain appearing, said that the Consul wanted

to see one-half of the crew. The object was plain, to split up the crew, and while one-half was ashore, to overcome the rest. The crew objected to the division and told the captain that all demanded to go ashore together. They wished to lay their complaints before the Consul in a body. The captain then left the deck and returned with a pistol in each hand, accompanied by the new officers bearing boxes of handcuffs. The men were all gathered around the try-works, as intelligent and as determined a body of men as ever sailed the seas. The captain came forward and placed the pistol close to the head of the ship's carpenter, always called "Chips," and cried out, "You, the ringleader, hold out your hands to receive the bracelets, or I will blow your head off." Chips did not wink, held his hands by his side, and said in a calm, dignified way, "Captain, you can kill me, but you would not live three minutes afterward." He knew the men and told the truth. The captain, instead of browbeating the men, was completely cowed himself. He comprehended in an instant the conditions he was up against. He dropped the pistol to his side and retired with the officers, handcuffs and all. The next day a larger boat came alongside and all the crew got in. They marched up to the Consul's office for a memorable interview. The Consul was a dignified man, and asked the reason for the interview. He said he

had got the communication that the boy had drawn up. He stated that it was a strong presentation; that the voyage had been unsuccessful so far; but there was nothing shown that would justify him in discharging the men from the ship. Immediately one of the hotheads commenced a tirade that caused the Consul to terminate the interview with the statement that if the crew did not return quickly and peaceably to the ship they would be placed in the fort. The fort was a prison. The men elected to go to the fort and they were quickly transferred there. Bread and water, nothing else, was the fare in that resort. The next day all the crew, except the boy, Chips, and another named Montrose, considered that the ship's fare was preferable to the bread and water diet of the prison, gave in, and were conducted to the ship. The three mentioned said that nothing had developed to change their minds. The ship made off from port and the three thought that they were elected for a long term in durance vile; but no, the ship returned in five days and the three were escorted aboard without being asked if they were willing or not. They were placed in the lazaret and the ship proceeded on her voyage. The next day they rejoined the crew without any further molestation.

CHAPTER IX.

The between season cruise was to the southward, through the Straits of Sunda, where later the greatest cataclysm of modern times occurred. During this eruption the top of a mountain was blown off and the waters of the straits left their bed, showing a line of volcanic fire at the bottom. The noise of the explosion was heard for a thousand miles. The pumice stone emitted covered the ocean so as to impede the sailing of ships. Tidal waves were created that washed high up the coasts of North and South America, as well as the western coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Red sunsets were noticed all around the earth, created by the volcanic matter thrown into the upper regions of the atmosphere. Although the country around the straits were thinly populated, over thirty thousand human beings were destroyed. When the news of this catastrophe reached the boy, years afterward, he had the whole region clearly defined to his mind as it was photographed in his memory during the slow beating through the straits.

The ship proceeded on its voyage across the Indian ocean to an island near the coast of Africa. This island, it is believed, was never approached by a vessel before. The natives swarmed out in

their war canoes holding about thirty men each, all armed with bows and arrows, also war clubs. They were in fighting trim, entirely naked. The only substance on their person was a band of finely plaited colored grass around the arm of each head man in the boat. Their hair was worked up high and powdered colored earths ornamented the same. The ship's crew were all armed with lances and after various signs passed, only one of the natives' crews were allowed aboard of the ship at a time. When the preliminaries were settled, one of the savages jumped from his boat and swam to the ship. He pulled himself up by the chains, sprang over the rail and walked forward. Nothing seemed to attract his attention until reaching the heel of the bowsprit, he saw a big American sow that had come aboard the ship as a small pig. All the islands have pigs that never grow large. Their bodies are short and their heads are at least one-third the length of the pig. They are savage creatures and a number together will tackle a man. The native, seeing the immense sow, with the same grunt as the diminutive beast he was acquainted with, was surprised and showed it by slapping his leg, singing out at the same time in a loud voice, "Hi, Hi." The rest of the crew immediately sprang out of the boat and piled on deck. They all rushed to the sow and kept up a chattering for a long time. That

was the only thing they wanted to see. After being satisfied, they jumped over the rail and swam to their boat. The rest of the crews took turns in the same manner to see the sow.

The possibility of trade occurred to the old man, as the captain is always called aboard ship. Various signs were gone through to show the desire. At last, one of the natives showed a small piece of tortoise shell. It was made plain to him that a quantity of such material would bring trade. A boat started for the shore and soon returned loaded with the precious stuff. Various articles were shown for barter, but nothing seemed worthy until a short-handled axe met their unqualified approval. Then began the heaping of shell on deck and negative nods were made to increase the quantity until the heap contained all they had. Then an axe was given to the head man, who swam to his boat holding the axe high in the air. This operation was repeated as other boats were sent to the shore for additional supplies, until the ship had all the shell and the natives all the axes, twelve in number. The boy was clerk of the ship and he knew the case of axes cost twelve dollars when put aboard the ship. The shell was sold for eight hundred dollars at Honolulu. The next day, black fish appearing, several were killed. After taking off the blubber the carcasses were allowed to drift away. The natives

swarmed around and towed them to shore, when they had a high old feast, as fires were seen at night all over the hills. The feast of gluttony caused the natives to sleep all the next day for they did not appear. The third day, the calm continuing that caused our stay at the island, the war canoes appeared again and one boat's crew at a time, as before, was allowed aboard the ship. Several of the large bows, over six feet long, were obtained by the boy. They were splendid weapons, woven all over with different colored grasses, and could throw an arrow out of sight over the water. These people were cannibals. They were splendid looking animals, with tall, well-shaped bodies and round limbs. They were entirely unacquainted with white people, as this ship's crew was most likely the first they had ever met. Tobacco in any of its forms was without their knowledge. The boy induced one of the fellows to seat himself beside the cook in his galley and then pulled the short blackened pipe from the cook's mouth and forced the same between the savage's teeth. That caused him to spring up immediately, and jumping over the rail, swimming quickly to his boat. The pipe was spat out on deck, breaking in its fall, and the boy had to be lively in getting away from the enraged cook, who made for him with a cleaver to chastise him for being the cause of the pipe's loss, a relic of several years'

use, while producing its rich, brown color. While a lot of the savages were gathered in the waist of the ship, the boy received a command that necessitated his passing through the group. He placed his hands together in front to make a passage. The savages fell back, right and left, until one was met on the outskirts who sprang in the air like a deer, at the same time backwards. The motion of the well-shaped fellow was so graceful that it created surprise and the boy stopped with the remark, "You are a gentleman." The savage repeated back, like an echo, "You are a gentleman." This was astounding. The call for duty was forgotten. Every endeavor was made to induce a repetition, or the utterance of more English words, without any result otherwise than a blank look that might have appeared in the eyes of a cow.

Late this day the savages aboard ship suddenly sprang into the water, swimming rapidly to their boat, and all the boats' crews were noticed stringing their bows, trying them; taking up their war clubs, looking them over, and pointing to a distant point of land for which they soon began to paddle. At the same time the ship's crew noticed some boats clearing the point. Evidently a battle between two savage tribes would shortly occur. All the crew were anxious to see the fight, but fate decided otherwise, for at this time a breeze

filled the sails that had been idly flapping against the spars for three days, causing the ship to rapidly leave the island in the distance.

The cruise continued eastward and northward along the China coast, across the Yellow Sea and up the Japan Sea to Hackadada. The ship was just about rounding the point to go into port, when a terrific northeast gale sprang upon us at 8 o'clock in the evening. The gale was too heavy to beat against, therefore the ship had to run before it under bare poles. The boy, who was considered the best helmsman aboard ship, was at the wheel. After his trick of two hours was up, the captain asked him if he could stand another trick. That question was asked every two hours until the gale broke at 8 o'clock the next morning. The answer was always "Yes, sir." When the gale was over and beating back commenced, the captain came to the wheel with the relief. "Go below," he said, "and remain as long as you wish." During the excitement of the run, steering by white water, that is, breakers on rocks, the compass being used for the main direction only, the boy did not feel tired. The pleasure of guiding the ship was not unlike the elation caused when driving a span of spirited horses. The excitement over, then tired muscles and brain asserted themselves, causing a collapse that required twenty hours of slumber to overcome. When the

ship again got to the point around which was the town, the sails were not set properly for the changed direction of the breeze, causing a heavy yawning. The harbor was full of Japanese junks, anchored with grass hawsers. The boy was again at the wheel, and it was a great pleasure to him to see the Japanese crazy with excitement, beating tom-toms, fearing that the ship when headed directly for the centre of their junks, would run them down; but the boy knew his ship, and a spoke or two would cause the vessel to turn neatly around their sterns.

It was in May when the ship anchored in the bay of Hackadada. It was quite cold here, in the northern part of Japan. Banks of snow, remaining from the winter, were on the ground and the ship's crew wore the some clothing that they wore in the Okhotsk Sea. The Tongoose men, who were then held as slaves by the Japs, were pulling about the harbor, clothed only with a tapa. It could hardly be called pulling, however, as they stood up in their boats sculling with oars at the sides. Japan at this date was not an open country. Only in a few ports could foreign vessels enter, and the crews would be bamboosed if they went more than about a half mile from shore. The ship was fired upon when rounding the southern point of Japan; but the round shot fell short in the water. There were two parties, one in favor

of opening up the country and the other opposed. In Hackadada the governing class was opposed. One day in going up town two dead Japanese were seen lying in the street. They had been run through with swords. The explanation given was that they had expressed themselves as favoring foreigners and the police had killed them. The first time the boy roamed in the city he went into a small shop to buy some trinket. The proprietor was very affable and brought out a blank book in which he requested something being written by saying "Write." The book contained a number of sentences written by visitors, therefore, something suitable was written. The Japanese pointed to the first word and said "What?" The word was pronounced. This was repeated at each word. Then the Japanese read or pronounced every word correctly. He could do the same with all written in the book depending upon memory, as he did not know one letter from another. The boy became very chummy with this fellow during several visits. One day, after writing something in his book and going through the "What" process, the Japanese suddenly scowled and throwing up his hands pushed the boy away. This was too much to stand. With fists doubled up, a spring was made for the native; but then he received a reassuring smile and heard the words, "You no see," and with signs let the boy know

that a policeman was passing, and that if he saw them speaking pleasantly together, the result would be the loss of the Japanese's head.

A visit was made to a money changer and a tempo, worth about six cents, was, by signs, directed to be changed into "cash," a small iron coin with a hole in the centre. The man, instead of counting the "cash," with his two hands pushed from a large pile a lot of the small coins. The boy filled his two pockets with the cash and marched out, feeling quite wealthy. He soon reached a stand on the street containing sweets. He took up a small confection about the size of a little finger, and handed out three cash. A decided shake of the head impelled the offering of more cash. This was continued until all the cash was in the hands of the dealer, and with a doubtful expression he allowed the boy to depart in possession of the sweet. With depleted pockets, he found a posted man who informed that the confection was the most expensive on the stand. If he had taken up almost any other kind a few cash would have been sufficient. A man could be shaved for three cash and the small money had a wide use in producing service. Laborers received only a few cash for a day's work. Since the opening up of Japan, however, the wages have gone up immensely, altho still very low according to American standards.

CHAPTER X.

After leaving Hackadada the ship made for the Arctic Ocean, where the luck changed, for up to that time only the small sperm whale taken off the River Platte, making only eight barrels, and a few barrels of black fish oil taken in the Indian Ocean, was the only result of many months' cruising over the seas. When sailing up past Indian Point, Eastern Siberia, an Indian was shipped. He was a noted walrus hunter and could speak a few words of English. Vermin was soon found on him in such quantities that it was necessary to remove his skin clothing, which was sewed up in canvas so none could escape, and he was given the same clothing that the rest of the men wore. The misery of the man was painful to observe. He suffered so much with cold that in a few days his skin clothing had to be returned to him, after as thorough a cleaning as possible. Here was a man born and brought up amid the snows and ice of Northern Siberia, who could not stand the climate clothed in the same clothing that was found comfortable by the southern crew. Take the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle, clothe and feed them the same as men from the south, who brave the rigors of the northern seas, and they would all die off, leaving an uninhabited zone.

Much information was gained from the Indian during the run up to and through the Behring Strait. He told of his people being driven away from a country where large trees grew, many, many years ago, when the stars were new, by men on animals (horses) clothed in iron (armor). His people were afraid to go back and learned to love the barren earth and rocks, where no vestige of foliage exists. The people live in walrus hide tents near the seashore in summer, but go back in the interior and build huts of ice for their winter quarters. Their occupation while at the seashore is hunting the seal, walrus and whales, the meat of which they store for winter use. If at the time of removal from the interior to shore or from the sea back, any one is too old or feeble to stand the journey, then it becomes the duty of the nearest relative to kill them. The Indian told of killing his mother. The news was received with horror and so expressed. "Why," said the Indian, "you suppose I leave her to be eaten by wolves or some other wild animal? No, she speak me kill her and I kill her." The mode of burial is to sew the bodies up in dried walrus hide wrapped around with animal sinews in such a manner that no wild animal can get at the departed, then they are left on the rocks. If a native dies in a hut or tent, the body is never taken out of the opening used by the living, but a new

opening is made for that purpose. Walrus hides are the currency of the country. Five will buy a pretty good wife; but ten will buy the best. These people have a moral code which keeps the women virtuous. They are short, moderately thick-set and white. Partial blindness is common, to avoid which they wear hollow bone about an inch long fastened over their eyes by sinews, to protect them from the glare of the sun on the snow. Their manner of capturing the whale is ingenious. They will gather around the whale in their skin-covered boats, when he comes up to breathe, and thrust spears having bladders fastened to them in his blubber in such numbers that the whale cannot go down. Then they kill him with bone lances.

When in the Arctic Ocean the business of the voyage commenced lively, for soon was heard from the crow's nest the welcome sound of "There she blows." The boats were in the water quickly and soon one of the boats fastened. A lively battle commenced, for the whale proved a fighter. Most bow-head whales are inert and easily killed; but this one was found to be an exception. He pulled the boat lively through the water, taking out a good deal of line in sounding. The crew pulled it in again and down he went carrying more line. This operation was repeated several times, when tiring, the line was pulled in and

the officer changed places with the boat steerer, who throws the harpoon to fasten. This changing of places always occurs after fastening, for the officer always kills the whale. The lance was thrust once, when the huge beast threw his flukes around under another boat coming up, containing the boy. Up went the fluke bearing the boat on top, high in the air, crushing it into kindling wood. Down came the men in the water covered with floating ice, in which they had to swim until picked up by the remaining boats. The whale made another short sounding. On reaching the surface again he was killed. When fastened alongside by the fluke chain it was generally thought to be a two-hundred barrel fellow, but he only stowed down one hundred barrels. The whalebone was unusually long and fine looking. Several whales were secured in rapid succession, keeping the try works busy.

A spell of a number of days then occurred in which no whales were raised, and one day the boats were lowered for walrus. They were swimming around in the water and a large number were on the floating ice. Indian John was landed on the ice, upon his request, and he stationed himself alongside of a hole, with a spear, watching. He sat awaiting the possible coming up of a walrus where he was left. When the boats approached the ice all the walrus thereon slipped in

the water and the boats were soon engaged in killing them. During the engagement four of the boats were pierced by walrus tusks, evidently not intentional, but in throwing their heads around when the boats were on top of them they could hardly escape doing the injury. Forty of the beasts were killed and towed to the ship, where they tried out about fifty barrels of oil. When the Indian was taken off the field of ice late in the afternoon, it was found that the mighty hunter had not secured a single trophy. He would have been content to watch that hole for a week to secure a single animal; but the ship's crew worked differently.

The seasons change very rapidly in the Arctic Ocean. The sun had been setting towards midnight for several days. The boy was in the crow's nest during the midwatch, for it was broad daylight all night, when he was astonished to see the sun go down to near the horizon and glide along to the east, and then begin to rise again. For eight days the sun never went below the horizon. A few weeks afterward it was dark at four o'clock in the afternoon.

A short time after the first walrus hunt the boats were lowered again for them. The weather soon changed to a rather high wind and became bitterly cold. The boats were separated after securing a few of the animals. Soon a walrus

was raised to leeward on top of toadstool ice, that is, ice that had been washed out on the sea level so as to form a shape like a toad stool. Walrus and seal will lie on the ice for a very long time, and the smell from a lot of them when to leeward is appallingly bad. This beast must have laid for days, to give the sea time to hollow out the base of his resting place. The second mate, on whose boat the boy was, determined to run down for this animal. A considerable sea had developed, and when the boat was alongside of the icy support for the beast, the boat steerer had to throw his harpoon directly upward to strike the game. Immediately on feeling the iron, the huge beast tumbled off the ice directly over where the boat was; but luckily, a sea washed the boat away from the ice at the same time. All the starboard oars were broken. If it had not been for the sea pushing the boat away the animal would have fallen directly into the boat, inevitably causing the death of all the crew. The walrus was soon killed; then the position of the boat and its crew developed. There it was miles to the leeward and a thick fog coming on, blotting out the sun; no ship in sight and its actual position being in doubt. The game had to be cast adrift and the boat's crew, with the few oars remaining, began to pull laboriously to windward. It was early in the morning before the boat reached the

ship, and the exhausted crew had to be hauled aboard with lines. It was no unusual thing for boats crews to be thus hauled aboard, thoroughly numbed and inert with cold.

Soon whales were seen again and a number were got, enough to make the season's catch amount to eight hundred barrels.

One day, late in the season, during a very thick fog, which limited vision to six or eight feet and an extremely light breeze blowing, those on deck noticed another ship's flying jib-boom alongside of theirs moving slowly. On it came, breaking off the spritsail-yard and then fouling the anchorstock, snapping off the heavy timber as though it was a lead pencil; proceeding, the starboard fore-rigging next went, cut through as with a mighty knife. Then the ships parted company for a few minutes, when the stranger swung around the stern carrying away the spankerboom, and then disappeared in the fog. The foretopgallantmast was snapped off close to the topmast during the contact. The boy was below during the first touch of the ship; but the call, "All hands on deck!" caused him to spring out of his bunk. While hastily dressing he ran his right leg between his pantaloons and his drawers. As soon as his head appeared out of the scuttle, the mate ordered him aloft to send down the heel of the topgallantmast. It was bitterly

cold and all the standing rigging was frozen as stiff as steel. In running up the shrouds he struck a broken ratline that stuck out like a knife. This pierced his pantaloons on the right side and tore them down to his shoe. There was no time to halt, besides he felt flattered to be detailed for such an important job. With the bare skin of his leg exposed, he proceeded with his work; but when he sang out, "Lower away," and began to descend, then it was apparent that his leg had become frozen. Lying on deck, salt water was thrown on him until life came to his leg, causing great pain.

The fore-rigging had to be repaired immediately. It was too stiff to work until it was bent over to the cook's galley and thawed out. Then the necessary repairs were made. With the shrouds hanging loose, the foremast was in danger until they were fastened again to the dead-eyes. The rest of the damage was soon made good. The crew had a good example of the immense force exerted by the collision of two ships, moving along when under scarcely any steerage-way.

CHAPTER XI.

When about to enter the Arctic on this first trip to that inhospitable region, the mate told the men that the stove was ready for the forecandle and they could place it when they wanted. The boy argued with his mates to refuse the stove. His point was that a stove in the contracted quarters of the forecandle, where the men would be coming in soaking wet, would be unwholesome; that there was sufficient body warmth in the men, crowded together to prevent suffering. He got them to consent to a trial, and they were so well satisfied that no stove went up that season or the one that followed. All the other ships had stoves, with the result that their crews suffered greatly with colds and sore throats, while the old *Mount Wallaston's* crew never had a case of sickness aboard.

While cruising along in the Arctic, the ship stopped at Icy Cape, Point Barrow, and other places, where the natives were met with. They were as previously described and wanted tobacco badly. They called it "tebarma," and various trades were made with them for this coveted soother. They also wanted needles. The boy had a paper of big ones that seemed good to their eyes and he traded them for walrus tusks, scrim-

schon work in ivory and other articles. The weather became very stormy and the cold very intense. The seas beating over the forward part of the ship would freeze in large masses of ice on deck. The ship was headed for the south and the run for Behring Strait began. When nearing Behring Island a vast field of ice was noticed, driven by the wind and tides toward the Strait. If this got to the opening first then the ship could not pass, and it would have been compelled to stop all winter in that desolate region; so all sail was put on to force the vessel ahead of the ice. Royals were carried when, without compulsion, close-reefed topsails would have been all the sail out. The vessel made the point around which it was necessary to pass to get into the Strait only a few minutes before the immense flow of ice bore down and crashed into Behring Island with a sound that could not be equalled by many parks of artillery. If the vessel had been delayed only a very short time, it would have been crushed like an eggshell.

The bargain made with Indian John when he came aboard the ship was that he should be provided with food and given all the walrus hides obtained. Over seventy hides had been secured, enough to have made the Indian independently wealthy. When the vessel got to Indian Point, the place where the Indian was to be put ashore,

it was found that the ice was jammed against the land for miles out, making a landing impossible. The ship's crew told him of the fine country that would be met to the southward, where big trees grew; where the grass covered the earth, roamed over by fine animals; where bright flowers perfumed the air, and gaily plumed birds made the day gay with their songs. All this was rot to the Indian. He wanted to get on the barren rocks where his home was. He became wild and attempted to get over the rail onto the floating ice, which would have meant death to him. About twenty miles below the Point was found a narrow opening in the ice to the shore. A boat was lowered, and with the Indian aboard with three walrus skins, all it could carry, the perilous passage was made. It was a dangerous passage for the ice was liable at any time to close up and crush the boat. When the shore was approached a heavy sea was found beating upon it. The Indian made a risky jump and landed upon a large rock. The last view of the stranger was when he sprang from the rock to the shore and ran like a deer to his far, desolate home, leaving great wealth behind, for the walrus hides in the boat were thrown overboard as well as all those on the ship. These hides, at that time, had no commercial value in the market.

Getting the ship in trim and cleaning bone oc-

cupied the crew when sailing to the southard. This cleaning of the bone is a very important task. The whalebone that hangs straight down in the mouth is dark colored and with a fringed edge to which the very small shell fish, which are the food of the bowhead, becomes attached when the whale moves slowly through the water on the surface. When a sufficient quantity is taken in, the mouth closes and the food is forced in the stomach. This bone is spaded down from the upper jaw, leaving about a foot of gum attached, which has to be scraped off and then the bone is hung in the rigging to dry. One day when the ship's rigging was all decorated with bone, a quick gale sprang up, causing lively action to get it housed and to prepare the ship for the storm.

The ship made a quick run to Hilo, Sandwich Islands. The stores that were left on the previous visit were taken aboard, and a lot of natives were sent back in the country to procure a timber from which to make an anchorstock to replace the one carried away in the Arctic. With oxen they hauled the immense timber for miles over lava flows to the beach, where "Chips," the ship's carpenter, hewed it into shape. That operation required several days to accomplish. At night, after the first day's work, the boy was sent to bring Chips back to the ship. He jumped into the boat, leaving his tools spread on the ground. He was

asked if it was correct to leave the valuable implements exposed to theft. He replied that they were perfectly safe; that the natives were honest as the missionaries had not made much progress on that island in teaching the natives the ways of white men.

When the anchor stock was finished, preparations were made to tow to the ship. That was found impossible, as it sank like a rock. Eventually it was lashed between two boats and thus carried to the vessel.

From Hilo the ship proceeded to Honolulu, where the oil and bone taken was shipped back to the States. During this visit to Honolulu the boy roamed back in the town and eventually got into a printing office where he met old Mr. Shubrim, the foreman, who was known favorably all over our western coast as well as on the Islands. Mr. Shubrim noticed the boy looking on at the men setting type, and during the conversation which followed, found out that the boy was conversant with the business. He immediately showed much interest and said that he was greatly in need of assistance; but when informed that the boy belonged to a ship he knew that he could not get help from him. The boy was informed that when he got clear from the vessel to come immediately to the office and take a case. That visit prompted an idea that had never entered the head

of the boy before. He rather liked the sailor's life, but with the new idea impressed on his mind, he determined to leave the ship. There was in port the ship *Dreadnaught*, that had sailed for years in the old Black Ball Line between New York and Liverpool, carrying passengers before being replaced by the encroaching steamers. The old ship was empty and the boy got aboard, stowing away in the chain locker with some provisions. Altho the ship was searched, the boy was not found, and he remained in hiding until his ship had left. Then he came out. His liberty was brief indeed, for immediate arrest awaited him. The ship returned in a few hours and he was taken aboard. This ruse of leaving the harbor is often adopted, knowing that runaways will then think that they are safe; but the kikoes, or policemen, have orders to arrest on appearance. The ship returns and all is over.

After the ship left Honolulu it proceeded on the regular between season's cruise. With fair winds and pleasant weather the lower California coast was made. Devil-fish, or California Graybacks, was the game. This is a small species of whale that seek the coast during the breeding season. They are very pugnacious and great caution is necessary in killing them to prevent the loss of boats or men. The boats got a number and towed them to the ship, anchored in a little

bay. One of the beasts upset the captain's boat with his flukes, and the men were all swimming around, occasionally resting by holding on to the bottom of the boat. The captain could not swim and the crew got him up on the overturned craft, where he crouched in bad humor. There was quite a sea on, causing the boat to toss about badly, making the captain's position far from pleasant. He sang out to the men to stop hauling on the boat, forgetting for the instant that the sea only was to blame. Soon the crew was picked up by other boats and all was serene. The California Grayback has the usual blubber on the outside, and also has what is called gut fat, or fat on the intestines. The operation of getting this fat is very disagreeable, and all were pleased when a Spanish Don appeared over the sand hills with a lot of Indians. He made an agreement with the old man to take over the carcasses after the blubber had been removed, haul them up on the beach, cut out the interior fat, and after trying out the oil place it in barrels, receiving as his share one-half of the product. The old man agreeing to furnish a try-pot, the barrels and a boat during the operations, the Don's share of the oil to be taken over by the ship at an agreed price. Everything proceeded well, the Indians working like beavers within half a mile of the anchored ship, and quite a number of barrels of

oil were made. It came time to change whaling grounds. The next day an accounting was to be had with the Don. The latter, in an interview, expressed himself as highly pleased with his work and the results. All hands turned in with the exception of an anchor watch on deck. The night was very dark. The next morning, when the crew turned out, the numbers of men who had been so busy on the beach had disappeared; also all the barrels of oil, try-pot and boat, had passed from the vision. Quickly two boat's crews were marshalled. They went to the shore, finding that all the lost property had been loaded on drag poles, leaving well marked trails. A pursuit was started. It was kept up by the men for hours; but the unaccustomed tramping over the sand proved exhausting. The markings of the horses and drag poles showed that the fleeing men were gaining rapidly over the pursuers, therefore the trail was given up and the men returned disconsolate to the ship. It was supposed that the Spaniards were not enterprising; but this old Don was enterprising enough to take from the ship valuable property, and had performed the act after the most affable, impressive interviews.

The sand of the beach was full of clams and the crew enjoyed a good feed from them. The day before leaving several barrels were filled with the rich bivalves, and the men expected to enjoy

them for some time, but the next day they had to be thrown overboard on account of smelling very ancient.

CHAPTER XII.

The ship after leaving the California coast cruised amongst the various groups of Pacific Islands. The weather was generally fine, and altho the search was for sperm whales, the passing amongst these islands of the sea was impressive and grand. Many were mere coral atolls fringed with cocoanut trees. Many were large and inhabited with gracious savages. Many were mountainous, and some were populated by treacherous natives who had to be avoided. One time, in passing near one of the latter lands, the wind died down. In the distance many war canoes were observed leaving the shore in the direction of the ship. All hands were armed, prepared to give the devils a warm reception. The natives gained rapidly on the ship and all aboard expected lively work in providing them with hospitable graves in the ocean; but luckily, when the rascals got within a few hundred yards of the vessel the wind sprang up and soon the savages were left jabbering in their boats. They sprang up showing their murderous war clubs, encircled with shark's teeth, and sent many arrows which fell short in the water.

Amongst the islands inhabited by friendly natives, many events happened that gave the crew much enjoyment. The bright sun, plenty of fruit, the hearty *aloha nei* (gracious salutation) of our naked visitors, all made up an atmosphere of bliss. On meeting the long, low boats, generally manned by at least twenty, visiting their friends on other islands, especially if met on moonlight nights, gave a scene of enchantment, all dipping their paddles in unison, chanting in tune a low-voiced monotone that sounded grand as they passed away in the distance.

The old man never had any confidence in himself. He would take the sun several times and figure out the results with many misgivings. That he was not correct in his figuring was proven many times during the voyage, as he was continually making land miles out of the true course. One dark, stormy night, when the boy was in the lookout, with no thought of land, a streak of moonlight broke through the clouds, lighting up a rocky shore. The light was for an instant only, but was sufficient to show the terrible danger ahead. A quick cry of "Breakers ahead" caused the officer of the deck to promptly order the wheel hard up, and the ship turned as on a pivot, her stern pounding an instant in the breakers as she passed out of danger. The old man thought that the ship was sixty miles to the southward of

this land. This island was inhabited by cannibals, and if the vessel had run ashore those that escaped the breakers and rocks would have been killed by the natives.

Very often during dead calms in warm latitudes the men would plunge in the water for a swim. One day when becalmed near an island many of the crew slipped overboard and were gaily sporting around the ship in the deep waters. The boy swam way beyond the rest, when a cry of sharks was heard. Those near the ship soon scrambled aboard. The lad made for the vessel in a vigorous manner. When near he looked up and saw the men looking over the rail in an anxious manner. Two were in the chains and soon as possible grasped the boy by the arms, throwing him over on the deck. It was noticed that the shark's mouth was within an inch of the receding heels. This was a close shave. The next day when down in a boat, a large shark bit off the blade of one of the oars. The sharks have no friends amongst sailors.

At one time during a very heavy gale the ship was laying to and the boy was lying on deck looking upwards. It was very warm altho the crash of the seas and the fierce gale blowing against the rigging made so much noise that one could not hear another speak. Soon the boy noticed a shadowy form coming over the ship, be-

tween the fore and mainmast. It was quickly made out to be the jibboom of another ship. She was also laying to. When both vessels yawned in different directions the stranger's jibboom fouled the ship's foremast and was snapped off close to the nightheads. Then both vessels were lying side by side. Without the support of the foretopmaststay and the forestay, the foremast could not stand in the heavy sea. It broke off close to the deck, followed, as in pantomime, by the mainmast and then the mizzenmast. Altho both crews were hollering like demons, not a human voice could be heard. Even the breaking of the heavy spars and their crashing falls were inaudible. Nothing was heard but the battle of the elements. The wreck of the stranger then drifted around the stern of the ship, carrying away the spankerboom, and then disappeared in the darkness as silently as she came. The damage to the ship was much the same as occurred during the collision in the Arctic, noted before. The foretopmast was lost. A large section of the bulwarks was stoven in. All the boats on the starboard side went to destruction. The foreyard would also have been carried away if it had not been for the quick action of the boy. At the first contact one of the stranger's yards fouled the foreyard and was on the point of breaking it off when the boy noticed the tightening brace on the

belaying-pin. He sprang forward and threw off the brace, which relieved the yard, allowing it to swing around safely. In getting at the belaying-pin it was necessary to push aside the second mate who was standing directly alongside. The only thanks he got was a scowl from the officer for thrusting him aside, forgetting it was owing to his slow wit only that made the action necessary. There is an old superstition amongst sailors that ships attract one another on the sea. No ship had been seen for many days, and to have these two drift together in the darkness while laying to in the waste of waters a thousand miles from any land seems to give a semblance of truth to the belief. With the approach of daylight the next morning the stranger was seen, a mere rolling hulk, miles off on the horizon. The wind and sea had died down considerably and a boat was sent to offer assistance. In approaching the stranger, tossing like a log in the water, a sea swept the boat against her, causing the breaking of the gunwale. The stranger was found to be a whaleship named *Governor Troop*. ✓ The captain, when offered assistance by the officer on boat, appeared to be crazy. He jumped up and down on deck and swore like a pirate. He ordered the boat away to a very warm place, where it is supposed no water exists. He yelled out that if his order was not obeyed immediately

he would blow off the heads of the crew. There was nothing to do but return to the ship and report. The vessel remained in sight of the wreck all day, and towards night she was seen, with temporary spars, making off slowly to some port. It was afterwards found out that she got to Honolulu and was refitted at a cost of twenty thousand dollars; then sailing for the Arctic, was caught by the *Shenandoah*, as described later, becoming one of the seven vessels burned.

About this time much stormy weather was met with. A succession of gales made the call of "All hands on deck" quite common. During one cyclonic tempest the water was whirling in heavy seas that would twist around, lifting the vessel up on top and then give away suddenly, allowing the ship to fall with a crash. This peculiar action of the water was appalling, causing even the officers to become white with apprehension. All the men were lashed to belaying-pins, for otherwise they would have been swept from the ship. A man was made fast to each mast with an axe and ordered to cut away when the word should be given. The officers feared that such falling blows would drive the masts through the bottom of the vessel. Luckily the ship ran out of the boiling waters before it became necessary to give the order, much to the relief of the detailed men, for they knew that if the masts were cut away they,

in toppling over, would swing around and ten chances to one crush the life out of them.

During this stormy weather the boy had a never-to-be-forgotten dream in his watch below. He heard beautiful singing in the distance. The day was warm, with hardly a noticeable wind. The singing sounded closer and soon it was noticed to proceed from boats laden with gaily appareled ladies who were pulling towards the ship. Soon they reached the tackles that were lowered and then the crew run them up, joining at the same time in the chorus. When the girls tripped on deck many of them were recognized as old friends. They began to dance around, continuing their beautiful singing, when a heavy banging on the scuttle was heard followed by a stern command, "All hands on deck" to take in the topsails. The contrast between the enchanting vision and the gale-tossed vessel, laboring in heavy seas, was overpowering.

The vessel approached the Ladrone Islands late in the afternoon. The wind was light and slow progress made. The anchor was dropped long after daylight had departed. The boy thought that the ship was not more than a mile from shore. He induced a man called Smith, but afterwards his real name was found to be Montrose, and a chimmoria, as the natives of the Ladrone Islands are called, to swim ashore. This

chimmoria was considered important on account of his claimed ability to talk the language of the country. It was found out afterwards that owing to leaving the Islands as an infant he knew nothing of the language. These three men constituted the mid-anchor watch, and after 12 o'clock they prepared to leave the ship. The native could not swim, therefore a large plank which was on deck was silently lifted over the side with two small diameter casks, which the boy swimming alongside attempted to lash to the plank, one on each end. The casks proved unmanageable, and the boy could not lift the plank in the water over them. Soon they got adrift and went thumping against the ship in their journey aft, much to the consternation of the men, who thought that the noise would arouse the officers. After waiting some time to find out the result, and no officer appearing, the chimmoria was placed on the plank, which he sank quite deep in the water, and the other two men then began to swim to land, pushing the plank between them. The distance was found much more than expected, and afterwards it was found out that the ship was anchored three miles out. The men swam until exhausted. The land seemed to recede. The wind began to spring up, causing quite a sea, which was in the face of the runaways. When nearing the shore heavy breakers

were noticed. This condition had not entered into the calculations of the swimmers, but they were too far fagged out to return to the ship. They must proceed and soon were tossing in the surf. They knew nothing more after getting in the breakers. They lost consciousness. The boy was the first to regain his senses. When he opened his eyes and saw the sun showing that it must be at least ten o'clock in the morning, he found himself lying bruised on a shaley beach. He got up slowly, like Old Rip Van Winkle, arousing himself from his twenty years' slumber, and looked around. He saw the body of Smith about two hundred feet down the beach. He laboriously crept to him, and finding him breathing slightly, proceeded to do the resuscitation act. After a while he got him on his feet and the two went to the chimmoria, who was seen lying about three hundred feet further down the shore. It was pretty hard to bring him to life, but success followed repeated endeavors. The plank was not in sight. The three forlorn creatures, leaning on one another, went slowly along the shore and crept into a tropical growth of vines. Soon they all lost knowledge of events in slumber. They slept for hours, when the boy awakening, heard a whistle far off in the distance. This was repeated by others in a semi-circle, and it was noticed that the whistles became louder and

more distinct, showing that the trackers were approaching in a curve. They rapidly came closer and closer, until a circle of steel machettes surrounded the elopers. The men holding the weapons could not be seen on account of the thick vegetation. Smith, who was always in trouble on account of his thoughtless actions, attempted to grab one of the machettes, when the savage holder brought it down quickly on the right arm, making a bad wound. Then the men were all bound with their hands behind them, and marched slowly through the tangled undergrowth to an old Spanish fort, where they were put into a gun embrasure, inhabited previously by chickens, who had left a rich deposit of the usual kind. The runaways were held in durance vile only a short time. Soon they were marched, still bound, to a bay, where the ship's crew were found filling casks with water and towing them to the vessel. While standing there some natives came up and began to feel of the boy's body, jabbering in astonishment. The governor of the island, a fine old Spanish Don, who spoke English, was near, and being asked the cause of the action, stated that the natives thought the men were not human because they swam three miles in waters that were infested with man-eating sharks to such an extent that the inhabitants could not be enticed to go to their knees in the sea. The men were

placed in a boat and soon were hoisted on deck, when the thongs binding their arms were cut. The boy heard the old man say in a whisper to the mate, "The rascals should be triced up in the rigging by their thumbs"; but the good old mate whispered back that he thought it would be well not to do so, as one of them was too good a writer, and might cause trouble when they arrived in port. The only punishment undergone was pumping ship for hours. The next day fourteen big man-eating sharks were noticed around the ship. The crew spaded them until their entrails were exposed; but still they snapped at food thrown into the water.

After watering up, the old ship cruised after the humpback whales. One stormy day when it was really too rough to lower, a whale was raised. The temptation could not be resisted, however, and the boats were lowered. Soon the second mate's boat, in which was the boy, fastened. Then began a never-to-be-forgotten run. The whale sounded, taking out two tubs of line, came up, dragging the boat through the heavy seas, making a wall of water high on each side. The men worked with a will hauling in on the line, until the whale sounded again, taking out all the line hauled in. During these soundings and hauling in it was noticed that another one of the boats came very close to the running boat, but the mo-

tion was so fast that the boat's crew did not know that they had grazed the other. A whale boat always carries four harpoons in the bows when after whales. These are so placed as to be readily grasped by the boat steerer in case the first misses. During a slackness of the line the boat raised to the top of a sea, when a flag was seen flying on the ship which was a signal to cut the line and return. Then the boat steerer noticed that one of the harpoons in his arck had toggled. He was very much surprised, but did not know the reason why until returning to the ship. Then was found aft, lying on his breast, one of the crew of the other boat, with a ghastly wound in his back. During the almost instantaneous passing of the boats one of the irons had entered the man's body just back between the shoulder blades. The old man sewed the wound up and he was taken forward to the forecastle. Very stormy weather was met with for weeks afterwards, and the poor man lay tossing about in his bunk, causing the stitches to often break, necessitating the agony of another sewing. The man seldom ever groaned, standing the pain like a stoic. That he ever recovered was a miracle; but he did, and returned to duty, hearty and strong as ever. The only after effect noticed was a slight stoop to remind him of the terrible ordeal he had passed through.

CHAPTER XIII.

The between-season cruise ending, the ship made again for the Arctic Ocean. The ice to the southward of Behring Strait was met with during a dense fog. The fog lowered so that the man in the crow's nest could see over it. He sang out, "A vessel trying out on the starboard bow." The third mate ran up and had hardly got in the crow's nest before he sang out, "A steamer on the starboard bow." On hearing this the old man, who had never before during the voyage been above deck, sprang in the rigging, with his spyglass swung across his back, and soon orders came thick and fast, to sheet home the foresail, mainsail, set the aftersail, loosen the flying jib, the topgallant sails and royals. In a few minutes the ship was under full sail on the wind. The fog then lifted and those on deck saw a steamer, afterwards known as the rebel cruiser *Shenandoah*, which had evidently captured seven whale ships, for they were seen near at hand. The crews were in their boats, fastened to a hawser trailing behind the steamer. A gun on the stern was trained on the men. At the same instant, all at once, the ships blazed up with fire and burned fiercely. At the same time the steamer, discovering the ship, started in pursuit. It was gaining rapidly when the fog descended again, shutting off vision com-

pletely. The old man then gave orders to go before the wind. The ship sailed to the southward to St. Paul's Island, where it remained for a month under the ice, fearing the reappearance of the *Shenandoah*. It was learned later that the steamer continued after the ship in the direction it was sailing on the wind, and not seeing the vessel again, sailed to the south the same day, after placing aboard the bark *Nancy* all the captured crews. The *Nancy* was ordered to make any port she pleased. The crowded vessel eventually got to San Francisco. It was also learned how the cruiser got to the fleet. She did not intend to go so far north, and was not provided with necessary charts. The rebel captain thought that the fleet was in the Okhotsk Sea, and proceeded there, capturing, the day he entered, the *Nancy*, the only whaler in the Sea. He learned from her crew that all the rest of the fleet had sailed for the Arctic. He then called the captured crew together and stated that he would give \$2,000 gold to any one of them who would pilot his vessel to the north. The mate of the *Nancy* accepted the offer. A prize crew was placed upon the captured vessel and both sailed in search of the fleet, which was found and destroyed as related. All on board the burned vessels swore that they would kill the mate on sight, on account of his dastardly renegade action. To show how

short are human animosities, that fellow was harbor master in San Francisco for years afterwards, meeting continually men who had sworn to take his life.

The *Mount Wallaston*, on returning to Behring Strait, found it free from ice and sailed into the Arctic Ocean. The burning of most of the fleet made the whaling grounds almost free from competition and whales were captured in rapid succession. Several boats were stove, but no loss of men occurred. One large whale fastened to proved unusually active. He threw his immense flukes up alongside of the boat, breaking all the oars on that side, smashing the gunwale, and, curving over, knocked off the boy's cap, leaving a patch of black skin on his head. If the flukes had gone only one-half inch lower the boy's skull would have been crushed. On account of losing so much time early in the season, the old man kept the ship unusually late in the ocean. The cold became severe, and during the late lowerings the crews suffered greatly. In almost every case they had to be hauled out of the boats inert, and had to go through the operation of being brought to life by dousing of sea water. The catch was over one thousand barrels and an immense quantity of whalebone. The weather becoming naughty, the ship was again headed to the south-ard.

In running up through the Behring Sea this season large quantities of volcanic ash fell on the deck, coming from some volcanoes then in active eruption on the coast of Alaska. The ship also passed through immense quantities of dead cod-fish, covering the sea for many miles. This was evidently the result of some subterranean disturbance.

On the cruise downward a right whale was met with and one of the boats soon fastened. He held up the reputation of his species by proving to be a first-class fighter. The small eyes of the right whale are set so he cannot see forward, but can only see over his flukes. A boat can go over his head without danger; but any careless officer who attacks over his flukes runs a first-class chance of losing his boat and crew. This beast stood on his head and thrashed the air with his tail like a whiplash. After a long struggle the whale was secured without any loss.

The second day after securing the whale three boat crews were picked up. They had lost their ship in a fog while lowered for whales and had drifted around for three days. They were all Portuguese, and, of course, completely famished. After being fed up with warm food they got in good condition. An American or English crew looks with contempt upon these dagoes. An extremely severe gale springing up, these men, in-

stead of assisting in the working of the ship, fell down on their knees and began to pray to their patron saint. The boy could not stand this. With a swoop he sprang amongst the crowd, knocking them over, and after a little persuasion of this kind they stood on their feet. The second day after picking up these men, their ship hove in sight and the transfer was made, greatly to the satisfaction of the *Mount Wallaston* crew.

The ship shortly arrived at Honolulu. According to law, a legal voyage is only three years; therefore all the crew were entitled to their discharge, as they had been on board three years and six days. Only one man elected to remain. He was a peculiar, reticent character. During the voyage he never informed as to his history, remaining quiet and reserved. He had a first-class education and was liked by all. It was learned afterward that in going to the Arctic for the fourth season he was washed overboard and drowned. The second mate who resigned after the first season in the *Okhotsk*, shipped the next season in another vessel, and while fastened to a whale in the Arctic he thrust his lance into a bone in the killing operation. He could not pull the lance out, and having foolishly fastened, previously, the lance warp around his wrist, the whale in sounding carried him out of the boat and under the ice. He never appeared again. He

had borrowed the boy's watch when the vessel first made Hilo. It was never returned, and, therefore, the boy has every reason to believe that it rests at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean with the bones of the second mate. Years afterward the old *Mount Wallaston* was crushed in the same ice floe that destroyed the *Jeanette*, during the *Jeanette* expedition to find the North Pole. So the timbers of both vessels rest together beneath waters of the Arctic. To show, however, the result of correct experience, the whaler's crew escaped safely while the men of the *Jeanette* nearly all perished in the fierce cold of Siberia.

The boy, unacquainted with the formalities of revenue and duties, sent his donkey, or chest, on shore unaccompanied and proceeded to the office, where the captain directed him to get a settlement of his account. He found the place which was upstairs, and met the only occupant, an old clerk, seated on a high stool before an old-fashioned desk. On giving his name, he was told that he was indebted to the ship to the amount of \$320; but the amount could not be collected on account of the impoverished condition of the applicant. The only thing required was that the boy should sign a paper relinquishing all claims against the ship. This information was received with mild surprise. A demand to see the books was met with the statement that they would not

be understood and again the paper was placed before the boy for signature. Insistance caused the day-book and ledger to be produced. There it was shown that the escapade on the old ship *Dreadnaught* was charged up to the tune of two hundred and ten dollars. The swimming act at the Ladrone Islands cost two hundred and thirty dollars. The six dollars liberty money received during the voyage was debited as twelve dollars on account of the depreciated condition of the American currency at the time. The various articles got out of the slop chest, with three to four hundred per cent. profit added, were duly recorded. All these items, balanced with the proceeds of the voyage, left the indebtedness as stated. It was no use to question the correctness of the charges. The boy had to be satisfied. To leave the office, after three years and six days of hard, laborious toil, without a cent of remuneration, seemed, however, to be tough. A break was made for the door, when the clerk sang out, "Here, you have not signed the paper." The boy, knowing that the law required a clear balance sheet of the voyage, and that the account could not be closed without this paper, stated that he never made his signature without recompense, and that he demanded payment for the act. The clerk pleaded that he had to have the books balanced and said it was a favor to cross off the

amount owed the ship, all without disturbing the boy's determination, however. The result was that the clerk brought out a twenty dollar gold piece as payment for the signature, which was duly made, and all connection ended with the old *Mount Wallaston*. On leaving the office several members of the crew were met, all disconsolate on account of not receiving anything. They were told of their foolishness in not demanding money for their signature, receiving the information with due resignation.

The boy then went to the dock to hunt up his donkey. It was found, but upon opening it the absence of many curios collected during the voyage was noticed, including some fine articles procured in Japan. On inquiry it was found that the Custom Officers had condemned the articles on account of non-payment of duties. He offered to pay the duties, without result. Various excuses were given, but the articles never were recovered. The rascals had stolen them, a common occurrence in that land of missionary dominance. Early in the afternoon a visit was made to Schurbrim, who was overjoyed to meet the boy again. He stated that he had more work to do than was possible, and urged an immediate beginning of employment, with the result that the boy was soon busy at a case. He had on only an old blue denim suit with a pair of sea boots. Good old

Schubrim supplied fat copy, which netted \$38 the first week. This seemed a princely income, compared with the revenue from the whaling voyage. The boy remained in the printing office for quite a time, and enjoyed himself immensely roaming about the Island in off hours. He acquired a fair familiarity with the Kanaka language, and found the people very agreeable, altho great hypocrites on religious questions. The missionaries had only veneered them with church forms. They still remained highly immoral, with the free careless ways natural to them long before the incoming of the white people. Their *hoola hoolas* were enjoyed, and their one, two and three-fingered *poy* were relished greatly. One day in roaming the hills, an old naked Kanaka was seen seated beside his hut. Greeting him with "*Aloha neu!*," which means a friendly introduction, the native arising returned the compliment. A conversation was continued in Kanaka. He was asked if he ever went to Honolulu. The answer was made in a manly style. "*Oura, Oura.*" (No, no.) "The white people make a law that I wear a shirt. I no wear a shirt." As he was a splendid specimen of manhood standing six feet tall, he impressed the boy with his sterling opposition to the useless apparel which the governing class was trying to force on these harmless people. The women only wore, in the towns, a single cotton

dress cut like a mother hubbard. On horseback, straddling the animal like a man, and throwing a gaily-colored cloth in front, they looked very picturesque. One day, in going over a bridge near the city, a woman was noticed lying at the bottom of a clear stream, her dress undulating with the running water. She appeared motionless, and fearing that she was drowned, the boy watched her intently. Soon she moved slowly and gracefully to the top, with a handful of vegetation which was deposited in a calabash floating on the water. Descending again and returning, the calabash was soon filled and the maiden came on shore. A long conversation followed. The natives use a large quantity of such grasses, taken from the bottom of streams, for food. The Kanakas, like most native people, make a liquid to produce intoxication. The custom is to have virgins, seated around a calabash, chew a root and spit the fluid into the central vessel. This ferments almost immediately, and the resultant "*arra*" is distributed in small shells to the spectators, who seem to enjoy the same. It certainly makes drunkenness come quickly. The boy never found out its taste, as knowledge of the making of it satisfied him that his stomach would rebel.

The government of the Islands was a burlesque. The outside people thought that the royal family was a power. The fact was that Queen Emma,

who was officiating when the boy was in Honolulu, was a black wench, much darker than her people, and when she went amongst them she was treated with no more respect than any other native woman. The heir apparent was a great drinker and would often enter a saloon and treat all the loungers with liquor at 25 cents a glass, then retire to sleep off his too liberal potations. The actual governing class were a parcel of renegades gathered from all parts of the earth, principally, however, from the United States, from which they had emigrated to the benefit of that country. The missionaries were a power, and they seemed to work in with this horde of dissipated citizens. To call the Islands a kingdom was a misuse of the term. The boy strolled one day along a long lane that led to the old palace. This palace was a low, rambling building, surrounded by a high board fence. On reaching the gate, which was like one leading to a barnyard, a Kanaka soldier was noticed on guard. He had no shoes and only a pair of pantaloons covered his legs, and a shirt, wide open in front, covered his body. His musket leaned against a tree and he was reclining against the fence. The boy demanded entrance. "*Oura, Oura,*" was the reply, when the stranger grabbed the musket and, pointing it at the guard, demanded the gate to be opened. The fellow dropped on his knees and pleaded to

be left alone. After some more fun with the native he received back his musket. The boy had tested it with the ramrod to find out whether it was loaded or not, and finding no load in the barrel knew that the weapon could be delivered up safely. He returned with not a very high opinion of the army, which consisted of thirty such ragamuffins.

After a long time the boy became restive. The confinement of the printing office proved irksome. He informed Schubrim that he intended to leave and was met with pleadings to remain that were hard to resist; but the fever of change was on; therefore, soon he was on the water front looking for a vessel to carry him to San Francisco. He was abundantly able to pay for his passage, but the lust of the sea was still forcible and he determined to ship. The old bark *Smyrnaote* was soon found, bound the next day for the land of gold. The captain was asked if he wanted a sailor. Yes, he replied; but he did not want such a land-lubber as our friend. All the sea tan had left during his stay on shore, and the clothing worn was far from sailor-like. The boy fired at the old man, "You know what the result will be if I ship as a sailor and it is found out that I cannot perform the work." That remark was irresistible to the captain. He told the boy to proceed to the cabin and sign the articles. That was done

as ordinary seaman. Soon busy with marlin-spike and line, he was seizing up some casks on deck. The old man was watching, and soon demanded why the boy had lied so confoundedly. "Go back to the cabin," he said, "and cross out ordinary seaman and write able seaman instead." The old ship proved a very wet one. She was continually throwing green water over the decks. One day after she had dug her nose into a sea, filling her up to the rails, washing all the crew on deck aft to the lee-scutters, an old lady passenger, who saw the men picking themselves up, after the water had run off, took from her cabin two bottles of brandy, and calling one of the men handed him the bottles, at the same time directing him to tell all the men to go immediately below, change their clothes, and drink some of the brandy, which would prevent them from taking cold. The brandy was taken with thanks; but the idea of the crew going below seemed extremely funny to them.

One day the boy was directed to get some white paint and paint under the skylight over the main saloon. There was a fine Wilton carpet on the floor of this room, therefore he started toward the sail locker. "Where are you going?" cried the mate. On replying that he was after an old sail to cover the carpet, he was told to proceed with the work, and that if he dropped any paint

severe punishment would be the result. The painting was done. Not a drop descended, but the execution was slow and a very dry brush was used. Why the officer gave such a command was incomprehensible. Such stunts, however, were often given and the men had to obey without demurring.

When near port at night, the boy noticed that the lookout was on top of the galley instead of being stationed by the nightheads, his proper position. He told the man that if the officer found him there trouble would ensue. The bully replied that they were near the end of the run and the officer would not dare to interfere. Soon the second mate came forward, and noticing the man demanded that he go to the proper place. Receiving a saucy answer, he removed his coat and catching the man by the heels pulled him off the galley with a bang and immediately proceeded to give him the punishment that was deserved, after which the fellow was meek enough to obey orders. Often the abuse of men at sea has been mentioned; but never, in the experience of the boy, has he ever observed any abuse that was not richly deserved. No man who willingly obeyed orders had any trouble. Only those who were morose, extremely dilatory, careless or saucy were made to toe the mark with blows of discipline.

The brig came gaily past the Heads into the splendid harbor of San Francisco, and on a bright, sunny day, the boy, now grown to man's estate, left the ship and landed on shore in the year 1866. His life that followed was the usual humdrum existence that obtains on shore, without events worthy of record, and thus he is left, with memories of events that cause pleasure. Even the extreme hardships undergone are recalled as though they were the most enjoyable happenings of his experiences.

RB 9.3.1

Oct 25 1910

5

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

Oct 25 1910





DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.



