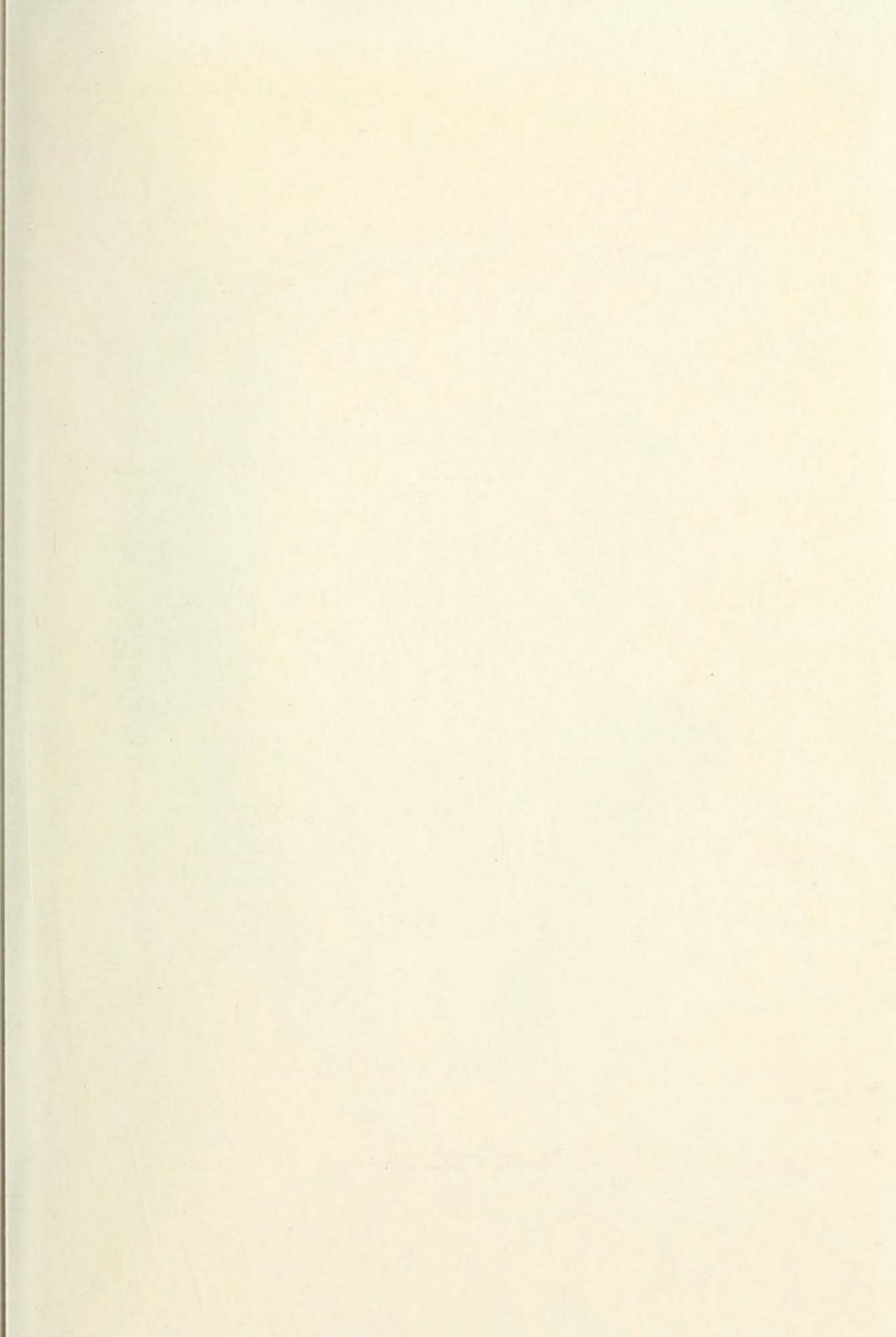
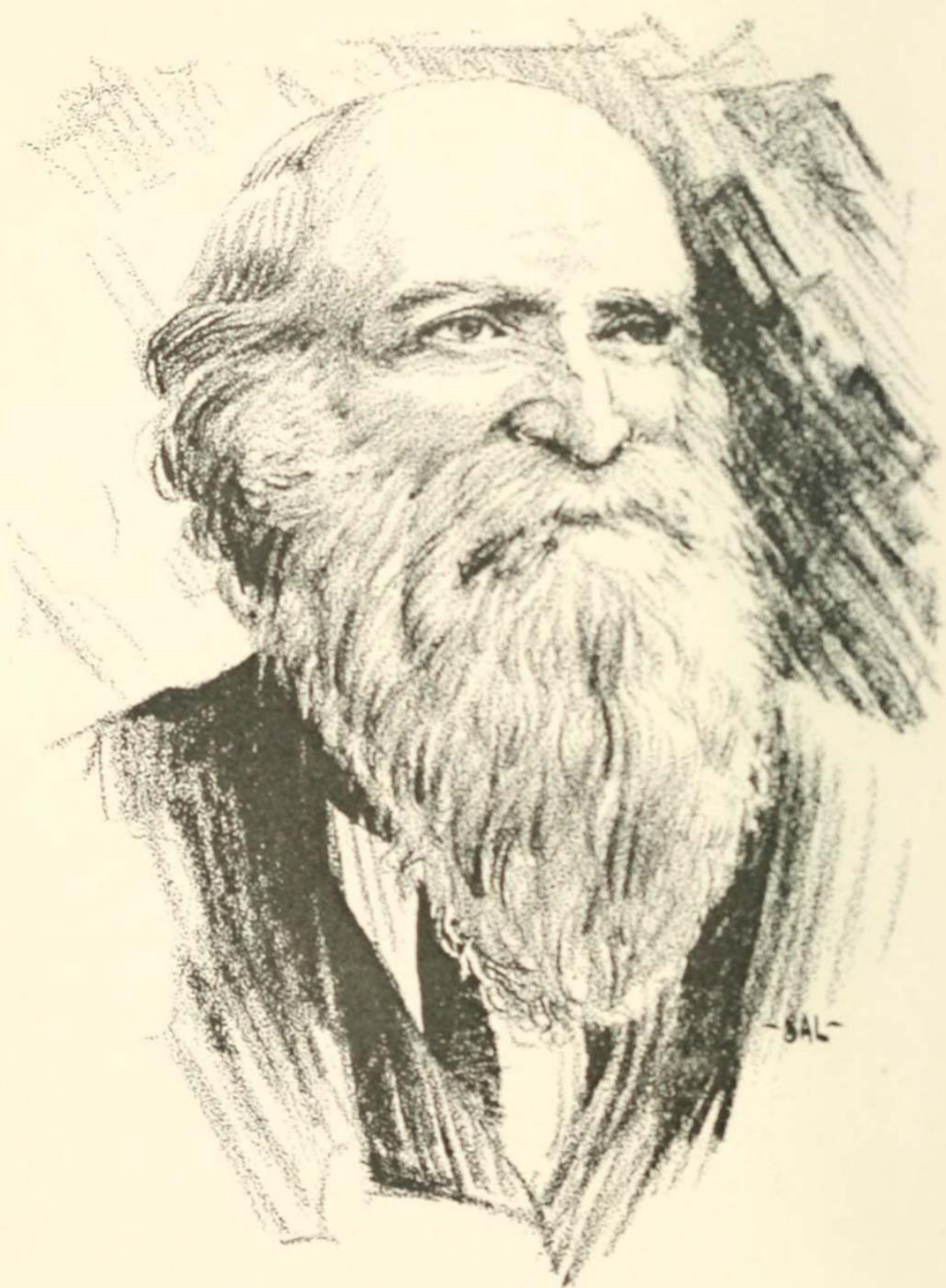




Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library





C. W. GELETT.

The Advertiser Historical Series

No. 3

A Life on the Ocean

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

Captain Charles Wetherby Gelett

A Retired Sea Captain
Whose Life Trail Crossed and Recrossed
Hawaii Repeatedly,

Reprinted by permission from *The Ojai*, a little country
California newspaper of the early 90s

With an Introduction

By Lorrin A. Thurston

Hawaiian Gazette Co., Ltd.
Honolulu, Hawaii, 1917

VK
140
G28A2

INTRODUCTION

There has recently been a growing demand, both on the part of permanent residents of and visitors to Hawaii, for specific information concerning the history of Hawaii, more particularly of the period of transition from the ancient feudal system when the King and Chiefs had supreme and absolute power of life and death and the common people had no rights of person or property, to the era when constitutional protection and the laws of civilization became established.

A comprehensive history of Hawaii has yet to be written. Its compilation will involve a vast amount of investigation and study, as the material is scattered through governmental and court records, private correspondence and journals, newspapers and magazine articles; while many matters, especially regarding the events leading up to annexation, rest in the personal and unwritten knowledge of leading participants.

Alexander's History, written for public school purposes, the best Hawaiian history now available, is necessarily condensed.

Other books bearing upon various phases of Hawaiian life, were issued in limited editions, and moreover, are mostly out of print.

Under these circumstances, it has been decided by the Hawaiian Gazette Co., Ltd., publishers of The Pacific Commercial Advertiser, to meet the public desire for information by reprinting the more valuable of the out-of-print books and by collecting and publishing the personal memoirs, reminiscences and writings of some of the older residents of Hawaii, who are able to give first-hand evidence of what they have seen and heard, or to relate the traditions and evidence of what had previously transpired, obtained by them from those who have gone before.

In pursuance of this decision the "Reminiscences of Old Hawaii," by Sereno Edwards Bishop, have been published in The Advertiser, and also published in book form, as "No. 1 of The Advertiser Historical Series."

This has been followed by the like publication in *The Advertiser* of "A Tour Through Hawaii," with accompanying remarks by Rev. William Ellis, an English Missionary to the South Pacific Islands, who visited Hawaii in 1822 and 1823 and lived here for about two years. The Ellis History, as No. 2 of the Historical Series, is now also in book form.

The third in *The Advertiser's* Hawaiian Historical Series is the "Autobiography of Captain C. W. Gelett."

Captain Gelett was of old Massachusetts stock, going to sea in a whaling ship when he was twenty years of age, in 1833.

He worked up through the ranks and became a captain on his fifth voyage. He continued running as a sea captain in whaling and trading ships, and finally as captain of the Missionary packet "Morning Star" until the early 70s.

During those old rough-and-ready days, when American ships were on every sea and in every port, Captain Gelett was a prominent figure. He recounts adventures in every part of the world from fighting lions and savage negroes in Africa to bears in Kamchatka, mutineers on board ship and whales all over the world.

His life trail crossed and recrossed Hawaii repeatedly, and his story includes dining with Kamehameha III in the forties and visiting the Volcano of Kilauea in the early 60s.

The boyhood memories of the writer include, among their pleasant features, recollections of Captain Gellet, who, in the early seventies, lived in what is now the residence of S. M. Damon, on Nuuanu Street, adjacent to the present Japanese Consulate. He wore the flowing patriarchal beard shown in the photograph which forms the frontispiece of this volume, which is a perfect representation of him. To my youthful memory the most prominent feature in connection with the Captain was that he always drove a fast horse, and that the children of the neighborhood were frequently invited to ride with him.

He always walked with a limp, the cause being that early in his career his leg became entangled in a harpoon line attached to a whale in such manner that he was jerked overboard, grabbing the gunwale of the boat as he went over. In

this position the whale dragged the boat for about a mile with Gelett's leg as an auxiliary tow-line. A spirited account of the details of this adventure is included in the Captain's story.

Captain Gelett wrote his own biography in the early 90s, and it was published in a little country paper in California, the only known copy of which is now in the possession of Mr. Leverett H. Mesick, who has kindly permitted The Advertiser to reproduce it.

It is believed that those interested in true tales of adventure and the history of the virile shipping days of the middle of the last century, will be intensely interested in this straightforward personal tale which records in simple language a series of unvarnished facts which rival fiction, but are the simple record of Captain Gelett's daily life.

LORRIN A. THURSTON.

Honolulu, Sept. 30, 1917.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN

Being the Autobiography of Charles Wetherby Gelett,
a Retired Sea Captain

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

I was born at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1813, and have survived my seventy-eighth birthday.

My paternal grandfather was the son of a French nobleman. Fleeing from France at the age of eighteen to escape conscription, he came to America, became a farmer, married, and had two sons, George, John, my father, and a daughter who married a Winslow. My uncle George Gelett settled in Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, where he lived the quiet life of farmer until he was one hundred and four years of age. Both uncle George and my father were Revolutionary soldiers and pensioners.

I remember but once having seen my grandfather Gelett, when I was only three years old. He was a tall man and wore a black beard. He was mounted on a horse and greatly impressed me by saying that he was going to tie me to his horse's tail and take me away. When his father died in France, leaving a large estate, some of the American Geletts went to France to enforce their claims but failed to prove their identity to the satisfaction of the French authorities.

FATHER A SOLDIER OF WASHINGTON.

My father entered the Revolutionary army at the age of nineteen. He was a ruddy young soldier, and once when General Washington was inspecting his regiment attracted the General's attention, who approached him and patting him on the cheek said, "My boy, you look young for this business." "Show me a red-coat!" replied father.

My mother, Kesia, was the daughter of John Mosier, a farmer of Dartmouth, Massachusetts, of English extraction. My father and mother were the parents of six sons and nine daughters. I was the thirteenth child and am the sole survivor of the family.

Fairhaven lies on the east bank of the Equishnet river, opposite New Bedford, and in 1813 had a population of about 1,500 souls. Fairhaven owned a dozen whaling ships, and the material interest of its people were directly or indirectly connected with the whaling industry. My home was a cottage about two miles east of the

village. It was about one mile from the shore and commanded a fine view of the ocean.

My father raised cattle, sheep and sufficient vegetables for domestic use. His land extended to the sea-shore, and the fishing in the harbor and along the shore was the best in the world. My parents were conscientious and devoted Christians. Father was a member of the Baptist Church. There was also a chapel about a mile from our home where meetings were conducted by itinerant preachers.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

Like other New England boys I was early taught the lesson of self-support. After my twelfth year I paid for my clothes from the sales of shell-fish which I caught, and peddled in New Bedford. I had little schooling. The school house was more than a mile distant from our home, and the school was held only during three months in winter. I had, however, a decided love for mathematics, and during the last sessions of the school which I attended, acquired sufficient knowledge of arithmetic to enable me afterward to pursue my studies without a teacher. I was fond of the use of carpenter's tools, and making sleds, wagons and articles of use or ornament. I spent much of my time in a whale boat belonging to father, and at an early age became an expert boatman and much interested in everything pertaining to the whaling industry.

I watched the ships depart and saw them return with their valuable cargoes of oil and bone. I saw the wealthy and respected sea-captain who had begun his career as a poor sailor boy, and I resolved to go to sea.

A SEA LIFE DETERMINED UPON.

One day when but a small boy father and I were engaged in weeding a bed of carrots. Having done my part of the work I stood up and said:

“Father, when I am big enough I am going to sea!”

I shall never forget the look he gave me. Said he,

“Charles, don't you ever let me hear you say a word again about going to sea!”

I was silenced, but none the less determined to go to sea at the first opportunity.

When I was seventeen years old I resolved to learn the cooper's trade. My object was thereby to obtain a place on ship-board without going into the fore-castle.

I agreed with Captain Nathan Allen, of Fairhaven, to serve him as an apprentice for two years, for fifty dollars per annum. The Captain had one other apprentice, a young man of my own age, who

told me that the Captain was a good master with one exception—occasionally he became drunk and abused his apprentices.

About six months after my apprenticeship began Captain Allen one day, being very drunk, entered the shop and abused my fellow and myself in language more forcible than polite. Without saying a word I put on my coat and left the shop never to return, and completed my two-years' term with Thompson & Damon, of Fairhaven, who were men of integrity and treated me with great kindness. I lived with Mr. Thompson, whose estimable wife was like a mother to me, and whose good advice greatly influenced my course.

FIRST VOYAGE TO INDIAN OCEAN.

At the close of my apprenticeship I was fifty dollars in debt, therefore I worked at journey work by the piece from five o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night until I had paid both my indebtedness and for my outfit for a voyage; and then one day in June, in the year 1833, I shipped as cooper on board the Cicero, Captain Huzzey, of New Bedford, bound for the Indian Ocean.

Leaving home, parents and friends for the first time to encounter the unknown dangers of a long ocean voyage and a perilous enterprise, my heart was too full for utterance, and I could not bid them farewell. Even the old dog, my companion in many a hunt for fox and rabbit, seemed dearer to me than ever before. Watching for a favorable opportunity I quietly walked out of the house by the back door and left without a word.

The Cicero was a small ship of three hundred tons burthen. Its company numbered thirty-three, all told. Comfortable quarters in the steerage were assigned to me. When not employed as cooper I assisted in making or taking in sail.

My shipmate and most intimate friend was Harry, a young man of my age, the only son of a rich Boston wholesale liquor dealer. Harry had nearly broken his fond mother's heart by shipping on the Cicero without his parents' knowledge. But he was a young man of excellent qualities and we became strongly attached to one another.

AN EXPERIENCE AT FAYAL.

Our ship first touched at Fayal for recruits. While lying off and on this harbor, the captain and one of the boat's crew being ashore, there came on a gale of wind. The ship put to sea under the mate's command, and the gale continuing for three days we lay to, unable to return. The captain attempted to board the ship the day we left, but getting out into the channel he could not reach the ship because of the wind and rough sea, and was compelled to put back. Night coming on, he fell to the leeward of the harbor, could not get back, but put into a cove where he remained all night.

On the fourth day the captain came aboard and we resumed our voyage. Touching St. Iago, one of the Cape De Verde Islands, we crossed the equator in longitude 25 degrees west.

ADVENTURES WITH NEPTUNE ON THE LINE.

As we approached the equator some of the boys were sent aloft to "see the line." One reported that he saw "a blue streak" but was "not quite sure." That evening Old Neptune came on board to pay his respects to his children who were crossing the equator for the first time. All the sailors who had never before crossed the line were assembled on deck amidships. The second mate, who plays the part of Neptune, takes his stand in the mizzen chains, concealed from view, and in a deep voice cries, "Ship, ahoy!" "Halloo!" responds the mate. "Heave to and let me come aboard!" says Neptune. "Hard a lee!" orders the mate, and the ship is brought to the wind and Neptune is seen climbing in over the rail. He accosts the mate and inquires if there are any of his boys aboard the ship who have not been initiated.

Neptune wears an old monkey-jacket. His beard is made of Manila and reaches to his waist. On his head is a sou'wester hat fitted for the occasion. He looks more like Old Nick than Old Nep. The boys stand near the deck-tub which is filled with water. Neptune shakes hands with them all, telling them that he must perform certain rites to initiate them into his family. Each man is then required to stand in the tub of water and be shaved.

Tar and slush stirred together are used for lather, and a piece of iron hoop six inches in length is used for a razor. The face being scraped the captain's speaking trumpet is brought and the victim is told to hail the ship. As he puts it to his mouth and cries "Ship, ahoy!" a bucket of salt water is turned down into the trumpet, drenching the poor fellow, much to the amusement of the old sailors.

Having been told that I might escape the ordeal by treating Neptune, I procured a bottle of brandy, gave him a drink, and was allowed to go free. The ceremony being ended, Neptune took a solemn farewell of his children and left the ship as he came. Some of the more verdant boys believed Neptune really had visited them.

MAN OVERBOARD OFF CAPE GOOD HOPE.

Nothing unusual occurred before rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Here we encountered a heavy gale from the southwest, which began at midnight and increased in force all the next day until it blew a hurricane.

At four o'clock in the morning the captain deemed it dangerous to run and we hove to under storm-sails. We carried a close-reefed main-top-sail and stay-sail.

At noon the main top-sail blew into ribbons, the ship labored heavily and the order was given to take in the waist boat—that is, the boat on the cranes amidships. Harry and I obeyed the order, he being in the bow and I in the stern of the boat, in order to place the ropes around it to hoist it on board.

A heavy sea broke over the ship, throwing her on her beam ends, carrying Harry and myself down with the boat. Catching hold of the davit-falls I held on and came up when the ship righted, but Harry went down and the ship went over him. Then was given the cry “Man overboard!” and all hands gathered in the after part of the ship. Harry rose to the surface on the weather beam very near the ship. Ropes were thrown but did not reach him.

RESCUING A MAN IN A STORM.

The captain exclaimed, “There is the boat if anybody will volunteer to go after the man!” Without hesitation I stepped forward and said, “I will go, who will follow me?” Four stalwart boys at once stepped forward. The waist boat had been broken into a thousand pieces.

“Hoist and swing the quarter boat!” was the order. “Wait till I tell when to lower,” said the captain. After three heavy seas had passed, the captain gave the order, “Lower away!” The boat was lowered on a run to clear the ship as quickly as possible. I had the steering oar.

Being clear of the ship the boat was headed to the windward—the oars out and the men pulling. We could make little or no headway, especially when ascending the waves, which were running masthead-high.

In a few minutes we lost sight of the ship except when she was on the crest of the wave.

After pulling some ten or fifteen minutes we saw Harry on the top of a wave. Seeing our boat he waved his hand. The men with fresh courage gave way with all their might. Harry swam like a fish and in a short time we took him into the boat.

Then began the danger of returning to the ship. We were obliged to run before the sea, which now and then broke and roared like surf on the shore. At last we succeeded in running close under the ship’s stern.

The captain, through his speaking trumpet, ordered, “Run under the lea and wait till I tell you to pull aboard!” This order we obeyed. Ten men were stationed in the rigging with ropes to throw into the boat when we were near enough. These ropes were bow lines and bights to throw over and haul us aboard.

The order “Pull to the ship!” being given, we obeyed, and when we had approached near enough the ropes were thrown into the boat. Each man took a rope and placed it under his arms. Without delay we were

hauled aboard, and no sooner were we safe on deck than there came a tremendous wave, throwing the ship on the boat and crushing it to pieces.

There was general rejoicing on board the Cicero at our safety, and the loss of the boat was regarded by the captain as of no importance. A close and intimate friendship between my friend Harry and the sailors who risked their lives to save him naturally followed.

EXPERIENCES IN MADAGASCAR.

Unfortunately my journals were burned in a fire at Kingston, Massachusetts, in 1868, and therefore I cannot always state dates with precision, but I think that the Cicero reached Augustine Bay, Madagascar, in October, 1833. This bay is on the west coast of the island and opens into the Mozambique Channel. It is about four miles from Sand Island at the head of the bay.

The day after we came to anchor was the Sabbath. I went ashore with the captain and we proceeded to the place of Prince Willie, the chieftain of the native tribe, and were surprised to find the negroes gathered around an altar built up with stone to the height of four feet, and engaged in offering a sacrifice. A young kid had been killed and placed on the wood and a fire had been kindled underneath it. The whole scene reminded me of Old Testament times.

The prince was about fifty years old and grizzled. He wore a full beard, was tall but not corpulent. His wife was short, ugly and haggard. Prince Willie wore a blanket and no headdress. He was attended by about fifty natives, who carried spears but were otherwise unarmed.

The prince, who officiated as priest, at first seemed too much absorbed in his devotions to notice our arrival.

After he had prepared the kid and made the fire, he came forward and kindly received us, saying to the captain:

“How do; you cap'n?”

“Yes, I am captain,” was the reply.

“Yaw, me glad see you. Me shake finger you,” said Prince Willie, who was proud of his knowledge of English.

A BUNCH OF THIEVES.

After a brief delay we returned to our boat, attended by the prince, his wife, and twenty of his followers, and other natives who followed us in canoes.

By the time we reached the ship at least a hundred natives were on deck.

The captain having invited Prince Willie and his wife into the cabin the other natives at once followed until the cabin was packed and the air became intolerable.

After a half-hour's talk the captain requested the prince to order his followers to leave the cabin. This being done the steward informed the captain that every knife and fork and nearly every article of crockery was missing.

The captain at once informed the prince of the theft, but as several of the canoes had already left the ship and gone ashore, nothing was recovered. Even the grindstone had been stolen from the deck and carried ashore.

We were compelled to place all our tools under lock and key, and to set a watch on deck to guard against the thieves.

BUNCOING A NEGRO.

Very fine shells are found at Augustine Bay. A native brought some of them aboard, and one of our sailors sold him a ring bolt fast in the deck in exchange. The sailor carried away the shells into the forecastle, and the native began to pull out the ring bolt in the presence of the delighted crew. The native pulled and sweat and pulled again, and finally demanded back his shells. The sailor declaring that he knew nothing about the shells; the native complained to the captain, who ordered restitution.

The negroes were crazy for liquor. They were ready to sell themselves for rum; in this respect they resembled some white men.

We had a boat-steerer who was a rogue and fond of a practical joke. Several natives being on board ship one of them said to the boat-steerer, "Me likee rum."

A RED PEPPER DRINK.

The boat-steerer thereupon went into the cabin, prepared a mixture of hot-drops and cayenne pepper, and slyly brought it to the negro, saying, "Drink, quick, cap'n see!"

The native swallowed the whole dose instantly, jumped his full length and fell on deck, his tongue stretched out its full length, yelling, "Too muchee Mahomet deadie black man!" Then jumping on his feet he found a water melon rind and cooled his tongue for an hour.

We remained at Augustine Bay about three weeks. Prince Willie's tribe was engaged in war with the natives on the eastern side of the island. He had a retreat on Sand Island at the mouth of the bay, beyond the range of gun shot.

I saw one of Prince Willie's men, who had been taken prisoner, whose arms and legs had been chopped off by their enemies. He was alive. These natives seared the stumps with hot iron to prevent hemorrhage.

A DOSE OF LAUDANUM.

“Captain Amber” was a sub-chief of the tribe at Augustine Bay over which Prince Willie ruled. He was seven feet high and weighed four hundred pounds. He was noted for his drinking capacity and it was reported that he had never been made drunk.

We subsequently learned that after our departure from Augustine Bay Captain Amber died in consequence of a dram given him by the captain of a New London whaler.

The New Londoner declaring he would “fix him,” poured a tablespoonful of laudanum into a glass of brandy and gave it to Amber to drink.

On swallowing the same Captain Amber struck his breast and shouted “Bigger—the brandy!” The New London captain induced Amber’s men to remove him in his canoe from the ship. Amber soon became insensible and never awoke to learn that he was not “bigger” than the poison. When his men saw their chief insensible they started for the shore crying, “Too much Mahomet! deader the black man!”

ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

We sailed from Augustine Bay to the coast of Africa. On our way the ship narrowly escaped destruction by a water-spout. We counted more than thirty water-spouts at once.

We reached the African coast at the mouth of the Tembo river, latitude 14 degrees south, longitude 40 degrees 30 inches east. Whales had been reported to come in to the mouth of the Tembo to calve. Here we anchored.

The people on the north side of the river were hostile; on the south, friendly.

The coasters from Mozambique, a Portuguese settlement about 100 miles south, trading for Colombo root, often touched at this point. The country was heavily timbered and abounded with large game—lions, tigers and panthers. We saw monkeys and baboons without number. One day we saw perhaps a thousand monkeys in one drove.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

One morning Harry, another sailor and myself went shore in a whale boat to shoot guinea hens, which appeared in a little opening in the timber just above a rocky point on the river.

Landing below the point we walked along the shore, hoping to get a shot at the hens from the rocks at the point. As we rounded the point and had passed a large boulder, we beheld a monster lion within fifty feet of us, standing with his fore paws on a rock, facing us. Seeing us, the lion gave a terrible roar and lashed his tail to right and left.

We turned and ran for the boat. The lion followed us to the point of rocks and there paused. He had been lurking in the vicinity for more than a month and had killed one native. I had a shot-gun but my comrades were unarmed.

TRAPPING A LION.

Afterwards the natives built a heavy log trap and caught the lion. I saw it. The logs were as large as a man's body, notched and bound together with wythes. The trap was about ten feet square; the heavy log door was supported by a figure-four device and the bait was attached to the end of the horizontal lever or spring pole. The lion entered, and in detaching the bait, entrapped himself. He was caught at night. The natives were soon aroused and early in the morning assembled with their spears in hand. The roaring of the lion as he bounded from one side of the trap to the other, tearing pieces from the solid wood, was heard on ship board. However, the natives succeeded in despatching the monster.

He was a real man-eater, one of the largest of his kind; his color was yellowish and he had an immense dark and shaggy mane. The natives kept the skin and I presume, ate the flesh.

We visited a native settlement about five miles from the mouth of the Tembo, where we found about a thousand negroes. They lived in huts made of the limbs of trees and covered with boughs and bark. The settlement had one main street but otherwise the huts were located without order. These negroes strongly resembled those at Augustine Bay.

ATTACKED BY NEGROES.

While at Tembo Bay, Harry, two other sailors and myself took a boat and rowed to the north shore to gather shells on the reef at low tide. The shells were numerous and beautiful. There were harps, spotted cowries and many other varieties.

Having landed, we were walking along the reef in search of shells, about forty yards from the boat, when the man left with the boat called out, "Come quick, the niggers are after us!" and sure enough, a dozen negroes armed with spears were coming down upon us with the speed of race horses.

Of course we lost no time in entering and shoving off our boat.

Fortunately the wind was blowing a strong breeze off shore, for soon the negroes were upon us and their spears were flying all around us. Two men lay down in the bottom of the boat while I took my chances standing and dodging the spears. A number of the spears passed through both sides of the boat and more than one came very near my head. We escaped without injury but did not again visit that locality for shells.

RECRUITING IN THE FEYCHELLE ARCHIPELAGO.

From Tembo Bay we sailed for the island of Mahe in the Feychelle archipelago, latitude four degrees and fifty minutes south, longitude 55 degrees 30 minutes east. This group of islands formally belonged to the French, but had now fallen into possession of the English.

We went to Mahe to recruit—that is, to secure a supply of fresh vegetables and give the crew a chance to go ashore.

The principal business of the inhabitants of those islands was the manufacture and sale of aqua ardiente. At the time of our visit slavery existed on these islands. The liquor made by these people was a very powerful stimulent; it at once intoxicated the drinker and produced temporary insanity. The inhabitants were French, English, and natives. The slaves did all the work. The climate of Mahe is perfect.

These islands are subject to trade winds, or monsoons. The soil is very fertile, pineapples growing spontaneously.

PINEAPPLE AND LIQUOR AT MAHE.

A gunny-sack of pineapples, as much as a man can carry, was sold by the slaves for two cents. I have seen vast stretches of country covered with this delicious fruit, yellowish when ripe.

There were two English whalers at Mahe. The name of one of them was Harpooner. Drunkenness and fighting was the order of the day when the sailors were ashore. In fact, the chief business of Mahe was liquor-making and selling, and prostitution.

CATCHING TURTLES AT ALDABRA.

From Mahe we sailed to Aldabra Island, latitude 9 degrees 30 minutes south, 46 degrees 30 minutes east. This island abounds in green turtles and fish. Here we went ashore. In the night the turtles came above high water mark to lay their eggs. We turned the turtles on their backs and in the morning took them aboard ship. These turtles weighed from 400 to 500 pounds each. We kept them alive on deck for a month, by throwing water on them.

Aldabra was low—not more than fifteen feet above the ocean, and of volcanic origin.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE IN A CAVE.

There was a lagoon in the center, and along the shore were many openings, or caves, which at low tide you could enter, often going a hundred yards or more up into the island. Harry and I, at low tide, entered one of these caves. Beautiful shells of many species adorned the sides. Before we were aware of it the tide rose, the breakers came in over the reef and we were entrapped in the cave; the

waves came in with such force that we were driven back into total darkness—and still the tide rose.

Slowly we groped our way some fifty or seventy-five yards, when ahead of us we saw a light, and continuing our way we saw a hole leading up through the lava roof of the cave. But the hole was not large enough to admit of our escape! Hour after hour we shouted and holloed through this hole, at the top of our voices.

Finally, when almost exhausted, our shipmates heard us, and procuring a maul and axes, broke away the rock just in time to save us from a horrible fate, for soon after we emerged from the cave the water was forced by the incoming tide through the place of our escape.

A HURRICANE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Having obtained a goodly supply of turtles, the Cicero sailed south in search of whales. Off the Isle of Bourbon we encountered a hurricane. This was a regular cyclone. It came on in the night. There had been every indication of a storm the day previous. The clouds were heavy and leaden. We had no barometer, but everything was made ready for a heavy gale.

At nine o'clock the following morning it was blowing a furious gale from the southeast.

At twelve o'clock it suddenly moderated nearly to a calm. The sea was mountain-high and we carried no sail.

For a half hour the calm continued, when the wind came from the southwest, blowing with terrible fury. The seas coming from the southeast and the southwest met and broke over the ship, tossing it like a shingle.

The captain was greatly frightened. Our steward was the only religious man aboard our ship, and although he had been derided by the captain for his religion, the captain now called him down into the cabin and requested him to pray, which the steward did most earnestly. The ship shook like an aspen leaf and we expected to go down.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the storm broke and the next morning we resumed our southerly course.

HOW WHALES ARE CAUGHT.

In latitude 32 degrees south we fell in with right whales and captured several. Our method of capturing a whale was this: two men, one on the foremast, and the other on the mainmast, were kept on the lookout during the day. They were relieved every two hours.

When a whale is seen the lookout cries, "There she blows!" The captain or officer on deck immediately responds, "Where away?" to which the lookout replies, "Off the lee bow," or "Ahead," as the case may be.

If the whale is under the lea, the ship is kept away until it is a mile distant from the whale, when the boats are lowered and proceed with caution to approach the whale without being discovered.

If the whale comes up so near the boat that there is a good prospect of reaching him before he goes down, the boat pushes ahead with all possible speed, frequently landing the bow of the boat on the back of the whale.

The harpooner stands ready in the bow of the boat and as soon as possible plunges the harpoon into the side or back of the whale.

When the iron strikes the whale it instantly cuts right and left with its flukes and sometimes smashes the boat in so doing.

From four to six hundred fathoms of line are attached to the harpoon. I have know a whale to take out six hundred fathoms.

The next step is to lance the whale. When the lance is driven into his lungs the whale spouts vast quantities of blood.

POINTS ABOUT WHALES.

I may here state for the information of my younger readers that the whale is a warm-blooded mammal.

It is valuable for its oil and bone. About 1,500 pounds of bone is usually taken from the scalp of the whale. The right whale, the kind from which whale bone is obtained, found in the northern seas, yields about 100 barrels of oil; those found in the south seas about eighty barrels.

The blubber is tried out on deck, in large pots set in brick.

It takes about thirty hours to dispose of a whale after its capture.

The right whale feeds upon an insect smaller than a shrimp that is found in immense beds or schools in the ocean.

The right whale has an immense tongue, which, with its appendages, weighs about two tons, and is about eight feet wide and about twelve feet long.

In its head are more than a hundred slabs of bone, ten inches wide at the base and running to a point.

The inner edges of these bony slabs are covered with hair which serves as a screen to catch the whale's food.

The bones are placed about one-fourth of one inch apart. The right whale has two spout holes.

HOMEWARD BOUND—VISITING NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

On our way home from the coast of Africa, we touched at Simons-town, opposite Cape Town, on the Cape of Good Hope. There we obtained Irish potatoes and other vegetables.

About ten days thereafter we touched at the island of St. Helena. Harry and I went ashore and visited Napoleon Bonaparte's grave at Longwood. There we found on guard an English sentinel in a red

coat. For twenty-five cents apiece he allowed us to climb over the iron fence and stand on the granite slab that covered the grave. I don't remember whether the slab bore any inscription. The grave was on the highland a mile or more from the ocean.

The harbor of St. Helena is an open roadstead, and a gale is seldom or never known there. We did not anchor but simply stood off and on. Here we procured some supplies.

In all my voyaging I never got into a greater sink of iniquity than St. Helena was at that time.

A FATAL STABBING.

A few hours after leaving St. Helena my friend Harry was fatally stabbed. Harry was passing up the gangway when one of the drunken Portuguese sailors stabbed him in the side. Harry came up from the forecastle and called for me. I was near. "I am stabbed!" said he. We took him into the steerage. We had no doctor on board, but we dressed his wound as well as we could and kept him very quiet—but all in vain. Harry died on the seventh day. I took down from his lips his last messages to his parents and sister, which I promised to deliver.

It was supposed that Harry was mistaken by his murderer for a Portuguese. An investigation was had by the captain with no satisfactory result. Both the captain and the mate were more or less intoxicated, but Harry and myself had wholly abstained from the use of liquor during the voyage.

My friend's premature and violent death at the hands of a drunken assailant confirmed me in my resolution never to touch the fatal cup. I was constantly with my friend from the time he was stabbed till his death. My feelings in witnessing his suffering can better be imagined than described.

Harry's death was lamented by all his shipmates, and the scene when he was buried was a sadder one than I care to witness again. My feelings at the time were so intense that I believe it would have taken little more to induce me to go down to the bottom of the ocean with him.

The Cicero reached New Bedford in March, having been absent twenty-one months. We had secured about 1,400 barrels of oil, 400 barrels of sperm and 5,000 pounds of bone. My share amounted to about \$600.00.

BREAKING BAD NEWS.

I had promised Harry to deliver his last message to his parents and sister. We arrived in port in the afternoon. I went ashore, procured suitable clothing and the next day proceeded by stage to Charleston, a suburb of Boston, where Harry's parents resided.

I arrived at Charleston at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and recognized the place from Harry's description. Harry's father had made himself very wealthy in the liquor business and had provided his family with a home that betokened wealth. The house was a grand brown-stone edifice, the stables were on a scale to correspond, and the grounds in perfect keeping. The whole appearance of the place was that of refinement and comfort.

My approach was first discovered by Harry's sister, Angeline, who, mistaking me for her brother, cried out to her mother "Harry's come!" The mother, who I remember as a beautiful lady with dark hair and eyes, of medium stature, and graceful in her movements, at once came to the door and exclaimed, "Oh, my boy!" then seeing her mistake she turned pale and cried, "Where is my Harry?" The tears from my eyes told the sad tale.

The poor mother fainted and would have fallen to the floor had I not caught her and laid her on the lounge. The daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, had joined us, and did all she could to restore her mother to consciousness. The mother that day did not recover sufficiently to converse, but on the following day I recounted to them the details of Harry's death. The third day I returned to New Bedford. At the request of Harry's relatives I returned to Charleston and remained with them about a week, or until Harry's mother passed away. Her last act was to place her daughter's hand in mine.

THE RESULT OF DRINKING.

The father was drinking hard and came home more or less intoxicated.

Two years thereafter, at St. Helena, I was horrified to read in a Boston paper that the father in a fit of delirium caused by excessive drinking to drown his sorrow, had stricken his daughter a blow which had caused her death, and that having become conscious of his crime he shot himself and was found lying dead between the graves of his wife and daughter.

The receipt of this news, at St. Helena, near the scene of Harry's untimely death, carried with it a wave of feeling that I cannot express with words, and was a blow from which I did not recover for years.

All these heart-pangs, and all this destruction of life, were the direct fruits of liquor-drinking, and I trust the reading of them here will serve as a temperance lesson which shall bear much good fruit.

A SECOND WHALING VOYAGE.

I next shipped as boat-steerer, on the ship Fenelon, Captain John R. L. Smith, of New Bedford, bound for the South Atlantic on a whaling voyage. John Mackinbur was first-mate, and Robert Smith (no rela-

tion to the captain) second-mate, both of whom afterwards commanded ships.

Robert Smith was an unusually fine-looking man, and a good officer. He was a great whale-man—a perfect lion in courage when about a whale. At last accounts he was still living in or near South Dartsmouth, Massachusetts.

We sailed about the first of August, 1835. Captain Smith was a fine navigator, kind to his crew, and one of the best of men. At the same time he was careful for the interests of the owners.

Our company, all told, numbered thirty-five. This voyage was comparatively uneventful. We touched at St. Catherine, Brazil, south of Rio Janeiro, and also on the Isle of Grand. We were gone two summers, and between the seasons crossed over to St. Helena. We returned to New Bedford after an absence of twenty-two months with about 2,800 barrels of whale oil and 250 barrels sperm.

DRAGGED THROUGH THE WATER BY A WHALE.

On one occasion, on this voyage, having harpooned a right whale and thrown over the coil of the line from the bow of the boat, the whale struck the boat with its flukes, and threw me overboard into the coil. I caught hold of the gunwhale and jumped on board to find that the line was fast around my right leg below the knee. The whale was rushing away at great speed, and I was instantly again drawn over the gunwhale. I caught hold of the clumsy-cleet of the boat with one arm, and with the disengaged hand I drew from its sheath in the box of the boat the knife always kept there for cases of emergency. The mate endeavored to wrench the knife from my hand, to cut the rope between the boat and where it was fast about my leg, but I resisted, as in case the whale dove the knife would be my only hope of life, as I could then cut the rope between me and the whale.

For at least a mile the whale dragged me through the water and the boat behind me. To escape was impossible. The tension of my leg was terrible. It seemed as if it would be torn from the sockets. Finally the whale paused and came up to breathe; the rope slackened, and with my left foot I pushed the coil from my leg and was saved. My leg was terribly bruised and blackened, and I have never fully recovered from that terrible torture.

In the short space of time that I was being dragged through the water at a terrific speed, carrying the resistance of the boat with my body, the whole panorama of my life passed before me, and I saw parents, brothers and sisters and other departed love ones as never before. I lived over years in those few moments.

HOW HARDSHIP REFORMED A GAMBLER.

One of our men was Morris, the son of a New York millionaire. The final act of dissipation which exhausted his father's patience was gambling away a fine span of horses and a carriage. Morris was accordingly shipped for the voyage on the Fenelon as a common sailor, and was brought on board by the shipping agent, Morris being intoxicated. Upon entering the fore-castle, he inquired, "Where the d—l do you set the table?" He was of little or no use aboard the ship except to pitch the pieces of blubber from the hatchway, to the mincing tub.

At Saint Catharine he persuaded the captain to release and send him home, assuring the captain that if his father knew what kind of a life the sailor led he would pay the captain \$10,000 for the release.

The Captain told Morris that he did not want the \$10,000, but he sent him to New York at the first opportunity.

Afterwards William Hempstead, one of the crew of the Fenelon, saw Morris in New York City finely dressed, assisting ladies to enter a carriage.

"Horses-pieces, Morris!" shouted Hempstead. Morris turned, and recognizing his old shipmate caught him by the hand and took him in the carriage up town to his father's residence, where he entertained him royally for a week.

The voyage on the Fenelon from New Bedford to Saint Catharine had cured Morris of drinking and gambling.

MOST REMARKABLE FALL ON RECORD.

While there was no calamity attending this voyage, there were many incidents that perhaps have some interest. "Daddy Batts" was an old sailor, and a droll character, honest and pleasant withal. One day he fell from the mast-head, a distance of about ninety feet, and, strange enough, struck and went entirely through a whale boat on the cranes and into the water. "Daddy" was somewhat scratched and bruised, but was not seriously injured. The boat was in the worse condition of the two.

When he fell I was in my berth, but not asleep. The man at the wheel cried out, "Man overboard!" and put the helm hard a lea. I rushed on deck and hoisted one end of the boat and swung the crane ready for lowering before the others arrived to assist. We lost no time in lowering away the boat, but still "Daddy" was picked up about two hundred yards from the ship. I never expected to see him alive, after such an adventure.

He was dressed in thick, heavy boots and monkey jacket, and when we picked him up he was about exhausted. By way of ex-

plaining how he could fall from the mast-head and go overboard, it must be remembered that a ship sailing by the wind heels over so as to bring the mast-head in a perpendicular line over the side of the ship. "Daddy" never heard the last of being equal to a whale in staving in a boat.

AN INSANE MAN CURED BY A BATH.

During this same voyage one of the sailors, an American boy, became insane. One morning he came up from the fore-castle, dressed simply with shirt and overalls; he had a wild, hunted look, which I observed. Going at once to the side of the ship he mounted the railing, and giving an unearthly shriek—such a yell as only a crazy person could make—he plunged into the ocean, head first. When he came up he stuck out for the ship, swimming like a fish. We lowered a boat and took him aboard. The strange part of this adventure is that the shock of the plunge into the water restored the man's mind. He was all right after his bath.

A PINEAPPLE PATCH EPISODE.

The vicinity of St. Catherine was a great fruit-producing section. The oranges were something grand. Pineapples were plentiful. Some of us had been ten months on ship-board, and were glad of an opportunity to go ashore. One day we discovered a magnificent-looking pineapple grove, or patch, and although the fruit was not ripe, a party of about five of us from the ship were examining the fruit and admiring it.

While we were thus engaged a Portuguese came running towards us, brandishing a club, and yelling in his native tongue, "Get out of here you dogs!" We merely laughed at the old man as he came up, and although several of us could talk a little Portuguese we pretended not to understand him. "No sabe," said one. "Que care?" said another.

By standing our ground we got the old man in a good humor, and he finally invited us up to the house. He had several daughters—young ladies between fifteen and twenty years of age, who were engaged in making artificial flowers—and they brought out their guitars and banjos and gave us a fandango.

We had a good time there, notwithstanding our reception in the pineapple patch.

A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH.

While lying at Saint Catharine's, on my second voyage, on the Fenelon, I went with the captain about ten miles to the port of entry. As we landed we saw a crowd on the plaza, and as we passed saw that they were binding a negro slave over a gun.

We paused a while and learned that the slave had been sentenced to receive a hundred lashes for stealing a head of tobacco. The whipping began, but the scene was too horrible to witness and we soon left. We were subsequently informed that the miserable victim did not survive the terrible ordeal.

THE THIRD VOYAGE—ON THE SHIP "FENELON."

August 1st, 1837, I again sailed on the Fenelon, as second mate. She was an old-fashioned ship, a dull sailor but a good sea boat. Our destination was the South Atlantic and Brazil Banks.

We were absent nine and one-half months, taking 2,500 barrels of oil. It was a successful and for me an interesting voyage, for I had never before headed a watch or a boat.

A boat's crew consists of six men—one officer, the harpooner, the steerer and four oarsmen.

When on whaling ground there are three watches—the first, the middle, and the morning watch, each of four hours. The first watch is set at eight o'clock in the morning. When the captain is not on deck the head of the watch is in command.

A TERRIFIC TEMPEST.

On my last voyage I had devoted particular attention to navigation. I kept near me a copy of "Bodwitch's Navigator," and became familiar with its use, so that when I shipped as second mate I could navigate the ship.

On this voyage we encountered a most terrific tempest northeast from the West Indian Islands, in what are known as the "Horse Latitudes." It was about ten o'clock in the morning. The captain and mate went below and left me in charge of the deck. The sky was black with clouds. The rain was falling in torrents. The thunder peals were continuous. Shafts of lightning fell in all directions; one struck the head of the main-mast, shattering it, and came out just above the eyes of the rigging; thence it struck the deck. Balls of fire rolled about the deck and knocked down several men. I was standing on the ship's rail opposite the starboard boat, and fell into it, partially paralyzed, but did not lose consciousness. After four hours the storm subsided and we resumed our south-easterly course, crossing the equator and reaching the whaling ground without noteworthy incident.

GELETT CAPTURES HIS FIRST WHALE.

The captain had taken four whales and the mate one before I was allowed to lower the waist-boat, which I commanded. But one day when they were pursuing a whale about two miles distant, off the lea beam, I, being at the mast-head, saw a whale off the weather beam.

Lowering my boat I succeeded in harpooning him. When the captain and mate returned unsuccessful to the ship the former saw that the waist boat was missing and was told that I was up on the weather beam towing a whale. Captain Smith was much pleased and thenceforth I had an equal chance with the others, and when we left the ground I had captured eleven, the mate five, and the captain eleven whales. One of mine was a sperm, caught on the main banks off the coast of Brazil.

One afternoon, it being my watch below, I heard the lookout cry, "There she blows!" I at once went aloft and reached the mast-head just in time to see the whale turn out his flukes and go down. At once the boats were lowered. Running about a mile to the leeward I saw the "slick" where the whale sank.

The "slick" on the surface of the water is caused by the oil that exudes from the whale. Its location is often indicated by the stormy petrels, or "Mother Cary's chickens," that follow the wake of the whale and feed on the oil.

CHARGED BY A WHALE.

The oblique direction of the whale's flukes as he disappeared satisfied me that he was not on his camping ground, but was making a passage, and having calculated where probably he would reappear, I ran my boat about two miles from the point where I had left the other boats, when to my delight the whale rose about fifty yards ahead of my boat. With our paddles and sail we were soon up with him and he was pierced with two harpoons. Then with his flukes he lifted the boat nearly clear of the water, causing her to leak badly.

As the whale stopped I pulled up to lance him, when, before I was near enough to lance him, he suddenly turned and furiously charged on the boat, snapping his twelve-foot jaw and breaking two oars as he passed us. I had now only three oars, and as my boat leaked badly I resolved to keep it at a respectful distance from the whale until the arrival of the other two boats.

The captain boldly approached and lanced the whale, which began to spout blood. The whale proved to be a large hundred-barrel bull and a warrior. The captain lost two oars and his boat was shattered, but he kept afloat.

My experience proves that the safest method of attacking the whale is the boldest—that is, approach him at full speed, and if possible land on his back.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ISLAND.

The season was late and the whales having left their usual feeding grounds, we steered southerly for an island shown on our chart to be located in south latitude, hoping to find whales in its vicinity. To

our surprise, on reaching this place we found no island, but large masses of dead trees, limbs and leaves floating on the surface of the sea. For two hours we sailed through this debris of the lost island, which had disappeared in a submarine convulsion. Thence we sailed to the main bank off the coast of Bolivia, where we captured our last whale and thereupon put away for New Bedford.

FOURTH VOYAGE—AS FIRST MATE.

About the middle of July, 1838, I shipped for my fourth voyage as first mate of the ship *India*, with Captain Wilmot Luce, of New Bedford.

The *India* was a vessel of about 350 tons, and her complement was about thirty-four men, all told.

Captain Luce was unpopular and could not easily find a mate. For two successive voyages his mates had been brought home "off duty." Finally the owners and captain insisted so strongly that I consented to go. The captain owned one-quarter of the ship.

A CRUISE TO DELAGOA BAY.

We visited the South Atlantic and Delagoa Bay, and were very successful. A number of ships were cruising off Delagoa Bay. This bay is on the African side of the Mozambique Channel. It was discovered by Vasco de Gama, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, in 1498. The shores are heavily timbered and the bay is a commodious and a safe harbor. In 1838 and 1839 the port of Mozambique was a Portuguese settlement where a considerable trade in ivory and colombo root was carried on.

Scuttlefield Shoals, a reef forming a crescent-shaped harbor of Delagoa Bay, extend along the shore about ten miles from near Point St. Mary's, leaving a narrow passage-way into the harbor at the north end of the reef. The coast thence runs east, northeast, for 150 to 200 miles. There gales from the south often arise very suddenly.

STORM BOUND ON A HOSTILE COAST.

While the *India* was anchored in Delagoa Bay we had a noteworthy adventure. It was usually calm in the morning and we often left the ship and rowed down the coast, looking for whales. Once we were caught down the coast about fifteen miles in one of these gales. Our company consisted of a boat's-crew from each of four ships. The wind blew so heavily on shore that it was impossible to return to the ships.

Night came on and our only alternative was to effect a landing. The natives were hostile, and it was with much hesitation that we determined to turn our boats into the surf.

After a long consultation between the officers of the boats of the

different ships it was finally decided to make the trial. Two of the ship's captains were present, but Captain Luce was not. Two boats safely landed; the other two boats not taking so favorable an opportunity were swamped in the breakers. By the assistance of those on shore, the men, being good swimmers, were saved and the boats were hauled up on the beach and placed on their sides, so as to form a barricade for our defense. We then so rigged our harpoons and lances that they pointed outwards all around.

SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE SAVAGES.

Soon after our landing the negroes began to gather on the beach within speaking distance of us. They were naked, armed with spears, and made much noise chattering and jabbering. We attempted to engage them in friendly intercourse by sending a man with a white flag. He had taken but a few steps outside our enclosure when more than a hundred natives sprang to their feet and aimed their spears at him.

Seeing that to advance was death, the man with the flag of truce at once retreated. Then after much deliberation, we resolved to make everything secure for the night. The natives continued to assemble, and when night came they probably numbered between five hundred and a thousand fighting men, and made a semi-circle around us, cutting off every way of escape.

Soon after dark fires were kindled by the negroes and kept up by them all night. The gale at daybreak, had not in the least abated, and there seemed no chance of our escape.

Another attempt to communicate with the natives by means of a white flag was made and again failed. We numbered twenty-four men, but had no firearms. All we could do was to be quiet and wait. Men who never prayed before were

ON THEIR KNEES PRAYING FOR HELP!

All that day and all the following night we waited and watched, expecting to be assaulted and knowing that in such a case death would be inevitable.

On the second morning the multitude of savages had increased to probably two thousand. Fortunately we had with us hard bread and water.

It rained during the night. About midnight the gale began to subside, and by morning it was nearly calm. As soon as the daylight was sufficient we began to launch our boats.

Each boat was headed into the breakers ready to be shoved off, and while the guard stood behind with lances making a show of defense, when all was ready the word was given, "Shove off, altogether!" and we all started at the same time and succeeded in clearing the breakers without accident.

As we pushed off the natives set up a great howl and rushed down to the water's edge—but no spears were thrown. Once clear of the shore we made our way to the ships as soon as possible.

The savages probably supposed we had firearms, of which the coast tribes were then much afraid.

On more than one occasion, seeing natives on the shore, I have aimed a waif-pole at them, which, observing, they at once retreated into the forest.

The natives at this point were filthy beyond description, living on the putrid flesh of whales, and eating snakes, worms and other equally repulsive food.

AN AFRICAN TEST OF LOYALTY.

From Delagoa we sailed to Augustine Bay, Madagascar. Here we found the natives much as we had left them on our previous voyage. They were glad to see us.

One chief, called Captain Jack Stubbs, came on board and endeavored to tell Captain Luce, in broken English, how he had longed to see him.

“How muchee sorry me was,” said he.

“Me go walkee in the woods and plenty cry belong to you!” Meaning that he had walked in the woods and cried to see Captain Luce again.

After a long palaver Captain Stubbs concluded his affecting oration by requesting brandy and bread.

Prince Willie and wife were both blind in one eye. Before becoming king and queen each was compelled to submit to the loss of an eye as a test of loyalty. To accomplish this a red-hot needle was thrust into one of the eyes.

A SOUTH ATLANTIC GALE.

Leaving Augustine Bay we rounded the Cape of Good Hope and cruised to the South Atlantic until we filled our ship with oil.

When near the gulf stream on our return voyage the weather became threatening, and one morning at about 11 o'clock the clouds gathered about us and it was so dark that we were obliged to place a light in the binnacle to see to steer.

Our ship was made ready; the sails were furled and we were prepared for any emergency. At noon the gale came down on us from the north, with hailstones as large as hens' eggs, driving every man from the deck. Some received scalp wounds and all were more or less pelted and bruised by the hailstones. The storm lasted about two hours. We were then about one hundred miles from the Bermuda Islands.

In March, 1840, we reached New Bedford, without the loss of a

man, and were cordially welcomed, especially by the family of Captain Luce. Our voyage was very successful, yielding the owners large profit, as well as a generous compensation for the officers and crew.

FIFTH VOYAGE—MASTER OF THE SHIP "INDIA."

Soon after our return to New Bedford, I was requested to take command of the ship *India* for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. The *India* was thereupon repaired, put in prime order and fitted for a two-years' cruise. David Chadwick, of South Dartmouth, in all respects a first-class officer, was my first mate.

Our complement was thirty-six men all told. I was now twenty-seven years of age, in perfect health, and, I believe, the youngest ship captain then sailing from New Bedford.

We sailed on the 4th day of August, 1840, and before reaching Fayal captured two eighty-barrel sperm whales. I shipped the oil home from Fayal, much to the satisfaction of the owners of the *India*.

From Fayal we proceeded to the Cape de Verde Islands. Thence we crossed the equator and steered on our course for Cape Horn.

A GIANT KANAKA STOWAWAY.

Soon after leaving New Bedford we found on board a stowaway—a Kanaka, or a native of the Sandwich Islands—the most powerful man I ever saw.

One day three men vainly endeavored to move an anchor. The Kanaka pushed them away and took up the flukes of the anchor with apparent ease.

He had little to say to the crew, and when we were in latitude 3 degrees south one moonlight evening, his watch on deck being out, instead of going below with the rest of the men as he should have done, he placed himself in the bow boat, which was no unusual thing for men to do. One of the men on deck came along to the bow boat and said to the Kanaka:

“Joe, why don't you go below?”

A DESPERATE HAND TO HAND FIGHT.

He immediately rose up and with a spade struck at the man's neck.

The man dodged and the spade struck his shoulder, cutting a terrible gash.

The sailor was bleeding fearfully and I took him down into the cabin and began to dress the wound. The mate at the same time loaded his pistol and climbed up on one of the boats overhead.

Meanwhile the crew had all come aft on the quarter-deck.

About this time the Kanaka jumped out of the bow boat with the

spade, and rushed at the men gathered on the quarter-deck. Some of the men fled into the rigging and others down into the cabin.

As the Kanaka came aft the third mate on the boat fired at him, the ball taking effect in the hand and cutting the inside of the fingers. This caused the Kanaka to slacken his pace and gave the men time to escape.

The Kanaka then leaving the spade on the main hatch came aft with a lance.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

At the time of the rush I foolishly jumped up the cabin gangway. As my head appeared, the Kanaka hurled the lance at me. The lance struck the corner post near my head and buried its head in the solid oak.

I then retreated to the cabin. The Kanaka came and ran the lance down the cabin gang-way. It was a bright full-moonlight night.

The mate having loaded his gun I told him to be ready to jump on deck whenever I gave the word. I then sprang into the gang-way, caught hold of the lance just above its head, and bent up the shank.

My mate and a number of the men then sprang on deck. The Kanaka retreated to the main hatch, where he had left the spade. As he seized the spade the mate passed him, and turning took aim and attempted to shoot him; but his gun missed fire.

Then with all vengeance the Kanaka ran upon the mate with the spade. The mate raised his gun to parry the blow. The spade caught the stock of the gun splitting off about one-half of it, and passed by the mate's side, cutting a deep gash in his hip.

At this moment I came up behind and clasped the Kanaka around the neck. He at once raised the spade to cut behind him. At the same instant the mate lowered his head, ran under the Kanaka and threw him on his face. I fell on his back. We struggled fearfully to hold him down.

NAKED LUNATIC GREASED WITH SLUSH.

He was stark naked and had greased himself all over from the cook's slush barrel. We held him by his long hair.

Finally I noticed that he had fainted, and turning him over, we saw a puddle of blood on the deck and found he had fallen on the spade, cutting a gash four inches long across the abdomen.

As soon as I discovered that the Kanaka was wounded, I put a bandage around him and we took him down the fore-hatch, between decks, and fixed for him a bed. I set a watch of two men with loaded muskets over the hatch-way.

As soon as we laid him in the hold he tore off the bandages and said he did not want to live; that he would die contented if he had

only killed some of us; that he had killed his father and escaped from prison in the Island of Maui, (as we afterward learned), one of the Hawaiian Islands, whence he had swum off to a ship bound for New Bedford.

The next morning I again dressed his wound, but he again tore off the bandage.

On the seventh day the Kanaka died. We sewed up his body in canvas and launched it overboard, after having read a burial service over him. The wounded sailor was laid up about two months, but the mate recovered in two weeks.

ANOTHER CRAZY HAWAIIAN ON BOARD.

We had another Kanaka on board, a boat-steerer. He very soon showed signs of insanity.

We watched him closely and the day after the burial of his ship-mate the officers told me that he had put on his best suit of clothes. I knew in a moment that he intended to jump overboard.

I gave orders to post two men at the steerage gang-way to watch him. He soon came on deck and made a rush for the side of the ship, when he was prevented from carrying into effect his suicide purpose.

He then became furious and we were obliged to handcuff him. We were now about sixty days from New Bedford. We kept the Kanaka confined several days until we spoke a New London ship.

The captain came on board, and having heard my account of what happened, and the Kanaka begging hard to go aboard the New London ship, the captain consented to take him and let me have another man in his place.

The New London ship touched at Saint Catharine's, on the coast of Brazil. Soon after that the Kanaka ran away into the forest and became a wild man.

He was afterwards found dead on the shore, and was supposed to have drowned himself.

A CALL AT THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

After doubling Cape Horn we touched at the Galapagos Islands, on the equator, off Panama.

The name Galapagos signifies "tortoise," for which this group of island are famous.

The Ecuadorians have a penal colony on these islands. Here we obtained a quantity of terrapin. They live on the island, one or two thousand feet above the surface of the ocean. Many of them weighed from 200 to 300 pounds. One bore two dates carved on the shell—1810 and 1816. One large turtle bore the name of a Nantucket ship, and a date.

A CRUISE TO HAWAII AND THE NORTHWEST COAST.

Having cruised about a week in the vicinity of the Galapagos Islands, and having captured several sperm whales, we sailed for the Sandwich Islands and arrived at Maui about the first of April. There we took on board a supply of sweet and Irish potatoes and other vegetables for a six-months' cruise on the northwest coast of North America.

The northern whale is so different from the southern that we were obliged to learn how to capture it. It is larger and more active.

Our cruising ground was between the Queen Charlotte Islands and Kodiack Island. We took 2,000 barrels of oil and 30,000 pounds of bone.

We captured five whales that had been so much milked by their calves that they had no oil except in their lips.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NORTHERN WHALE.

The lip of a whale weighs about 1,000 pounds. The throat, tongue and lips weigh about seven tons.

This part of the whale, and especially the lips, seem to be cut off from the general circulation of the body, and have oil when the main part of the body is impoverished.

One of these whales measured one hundred feet in length. Several of our boats were knocked into pieces, and we soon learned to approach the northern whale with caution.

My mate harpooned one whale that stove his boat into splinters. I was near him and got hold of the line.

By the time I had fixed the turn around the logger head, the whale had taken out nearly all the line. He continued to run to the windward against the sharp sea. It was a long time before I got the line in so that I could work on the whale.

I finally struck the muscles of the fluke with the spade.

The whale then sank about twenty fathoms with great speed, and suddenly stopped. The line being slack we hauled it in, keeping a good lookout, as I knew he was coming back to the boat.

A FIGHT WITH A NORTHERN WHALE.

We soon saw his old white bonnet coming up at an angle of 45 degrees for the boat at a furious speed.

As soon as he came within reach of my lance I pricked his head, which caused him to turn it aside from the boat, and as he passed I shoved my lance into him abreast of the lungs.

He suddenly stopped as if he were shot, threw his head off from the boat and his flukes came directly under the boat, lifting it some six or eight feet out of the water.

The whale slightly turning his flukes the boat slid off. Had I not

lanced him as he passed he would probably have staved the boat to splinters and I should not be here to tell the story, for there was not a boat within three miles of us, and the fog was growing very thick.

The mate having lost sight of our boat followed the "slick" or wake of the whale, came up to us between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and made fast to the whale, which had turned fin out.

The fin of a full-grown whale is from six to eight feet in length. When he is dying he lashes the ocean fearfully and when his struggles cease and he rolls on his side, the fin becomes rigid. When he is dead the muscles relax, the fin drops and rises and falls with the water.

MAKES ACQUAINTANCE OF HONOLULU MISSIONARIES.

The season closed the last of September, 1841, when we returned to Honolulu, whence I shipped home oil and bone. Here we fitted for another season.

While at Honolulu I became acquainted with the missionaries who were laboring under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. My acquaintance with them began in this way:

On my first voyage in the India, I took Mrs. Chamberlain and her children from Lahaina, Island of Maui, to Honolulu. I was much interested in her youngest child, a beautiful girl, about three years of age, with dark eyes, and hair flowing in heavy curls over her shoulders.

Soon after I was invited to tea at Mrs. Chamberlain's, where I met Mr. Chamberlain, and other missionaries.

I had been prejudiced against the missionaries by unfavorable reports circulated by sea-faring men; but their kind attentions and Christian sympathy won my confidence in their integrity and unselfish devotion to the cause of Christ.

Years thereafter I was present at the wedding of my little friend.

I shall ever be grateful for their many favors to me and mine.

DINED WITH KING KAMEHAMEHA III.

Honolulu was the chief port and capital of the Sandwich Islands. Whaling vessels were continually arriving and departing, and the natives were kind and friendly.

King Kamehameha III invited the captains to dine with him one evening in the fall of 1841.

I attended the dinner and I remember that the palace was a wooden structure and the grounds were enclosed by a wall. The building was large and commodious.

Thirty of us, including the king, his prime minister, and other friends, were present.

English was spoken at the table. The food was excellent and well-cooked.

All kinds of potables—wines, brandies and other liquors were served. I had not used intoxicating liquors for many years, and on this occasion I declined to partake of the same.

The king was dressed as a citizen, in black, and seemed to be a young man about thirty-five years of age. He was a voluble talker and his glass was often filled.

Speeches were made, songs were sung, and ere the dinner was ended not a few of the guests lay under the table.

Prime Minister Young, a native of the Sandwich Islands, was the son of a foreigner and a native woman. He was a gentleman of splendid physique and culture.

Our dinner began at 7 p. m. and continued four hours. When I retired at 11 p. m. the king and prime minister were still at the table.

On the Sabbath I attended divine services at the Seaman's Chapel. All my officers and men who desired to attend the service had permission to do so. The minister, Rev. S. C. Damon, who had been sent to Honolulu by the American Seaman's Friend's Society, was a very excellent man. He visited the ship and looked after the interests of the sailors.

TO THE WHALING GROUNDS AGAIN.

We sailed from Honolulu in the fall of 1841. Going to the equator we steered westerly to longitude 160 degrees; thence going north we touched the Ladrone Islands, where we took on supplies for our voyage north. Returning to our old cruising ground on the northwest coast, we filled our ship with oil and bone, and returned to the Sandwich Islands, where we recruited for our home voyage.

As we were weighing anchor to depart a man-of-war from Masset Land anchored near us, lowered a boat, and sent an officer aboard my ship who delivered to me

A LETTER ONLY FORTY DAYS FROM BOSTON,

(in those days a most unusual thing). The letter was from my betrothed wife, and I regarded it as a favorable omen for the homeward voyage.

Leaving Honolulu we encountered adverse winds and squalls until we reached latitude 22 degrees south.

Having crossed the equator at 160 degrees west longitude, we met strong southeast trade winds and squally weather.

We sighted the Samoan Islands, passing about twenty miles east of them. In the month of December the weather was so dark and squally for many days we had failed to take any observations.

AN UNEXPECTED ISLAND.

According to my dead reckoning we were near a sunken reef, laid down on my chart as having been seen by an English man-of-war in

about 1790, and subsequently searched for by another English war vessel, and not found.

Thinking the reef did not exist, I concluded to keep on my course through the night, though according to my reckoning we should pass over or near the reef. The weather was dark and stormy.

As usual I went to bed between eight and nine o'clock and fell asleep, having charged the officer of the deck to keep a good lookout for danger.

At about ten o'clock I found myself sitting up in my berth with

THE WORDS "TACK SHIP" RINGING IN MY EARS.

Without hesitation I rang the bell and ordered the officer on deck to put the ship about, not telling him the reason for my order. I ordered the officer on deck to lay the head sails back.

At three o'clock the next morning I dressed and went on deck. As the wind had somewhat abated I put all sail on the ship, steering on our course. Soon after, holding my head under the lea of the ship's rail, I heard the unmistakable

ROAR OF THE BREAKERS ON THE REEF!

I immediately wore ship and again laid the head sails aback. There we lay until daylight at about five o'clock in the morning, when we discovered the reef in the shape of a horse-shoe, into which we had been heading, not a mile distant.

Keeping the ship away we ran to the leeward of the reef. No land was seen except a small spot of sand, visible as the breakers receded.

The voice had saved us from destruction, and I believe it to have been a merciful interposition of Providence in our behalf.

On my return to the States I reported this reef as still existing, and it is now noted on the English charts as Haran's Reef, seen in 1842. On the old charts it was noted as seen by a man-of-war in 1790.

This reef is in 169 degrees west longitude and latitude 21 degrees 40 minutes south, and is very dangerous.

Our voyage from this point to Cape Horn was rough, with strong westerly gales and heavy squalls.

Much of the time I was scudding before the wind and carrying all the sail the ship would bear to run her away from the sea.

One very squally morning I observed the barometer drop suddenly. Going on deck I discovered in the west a very black cloud, looking like a water spout.

We at once clewed down our main-top sail, just in time, for

THE SQUALL STRUCK THE SHIP,

taking my old pet hen off the deck over the fore-yard. I have not seen her since.

The ship settled down, planks sheer to the water. The squall lasted about fifteen minutes, and then the wind subsided to the usual gale.

During five days the cook was unable to keep a fire in his galley, owing to the water on deck.

During this part of the homeward voyage, in running over from New Zealand to Cape Horn, for a distance of about 2,000 miles, I was unable to take a single observation on account of the bad weather.

SHIP ON HER BEAM ENDS.

Once the ship broached to, and lay for some minutes on her beam-ends before righting.

We lay to some hours, till about 8 o'clock in the morning; but home was ahead of us and we were anxious to be on our way, so the ship was again kept away on her course for Cape Horn. In the afternoon the wind abated, and there came in a thick fog.

The weather finally did clear off during the night, and taking a lunar observation I found myself in the longitude of Cape Horn, and about thirty miles south of the Cape.

A LONG, LOW, SNAKISH-LOOKING CRAFT.

After passing Cape Horn, in latitude about 30 degrees south, in the night a vessel was discovered on our weather beam, about a quarter of a mile distant. She bore down upon us, running across the stern of our ship, and luffed to under our lea within hailing distance, but no words were exchanged. She was a long, low, snakish-looking craft. She shortened sail and remained near us until daylight, when she bore away for another vessel under our lea.

I always believed this vessel to be a Mexican man-of-war, as the United States was at that time involved in war with Mexico.

I had made all preparations, in case the vessel proved to be a pirate, to defend ourselves from the boarding attack.

We had no large guns, so of course we had no means of returning a long-range attack, but we would have brought into play our skill with lances and harpoons in case of a hand-to-hand conflict.

I had on board 3,000 barrels of oil and 40,000 pounds of bone. I had previously shipped home 30,000 pounds of bone.

We rounded Cape Horn and steering to the north, crossed the equator on the 15th day of January, 1842.

When in latitude 24 degrees north, the so-called "Horse Latitudes," the weather being mild, we painted the ship. The day was fine, but

that evening we saw flashes of lightning, on the northeast, which betokened foul weather. Our running rigging was all stopped to the standing rigging, so as to be out of the way of the painting, and we were ill prepared for a squall.

A SUCCESSION OF STORMS.

At 10 p. m. I ordered the rigging to be taken down to where it belonged, to the belaying pins.

The clouds grew thicker and there was every indication of a strong wind from the northeast.

I ordered the ship to be put under double-reefed top-sails, as the weather had assumed a very threatening aspect. At midnight the gale came down upon us with fury; we steered on our course, however, to the northwest, the seas frequently breaking over the ship.

We were now south of the Bermudas, near the Tropic of Cancer.

When near the Gulf Stream we encountered a very heavy northwest gale which lasted three days and nights.

The gale moderating, we resumed our course, striking the Gulf Stream in longitude 69 degrees west.

When near the northern edge of the Gulf Stream we met another gale from the northwest.

When north of the Gulf Stream the weather was very cold. This gale also lasted three days blowing the ship back across the Gulf Stream. The ice melted from the ship. We then met a heavy southeast gale which ran us in back of Long Island, when again we were struck by a northwest gale and intensely cold weather.

Again the ship became covered with ice, so much so that I was obliged to run off into the Gulf Stream to get clear of it. After which we took a gale from the southeast with a tremendous sea that broke over our ship, washing away all the boats and everything on deck, even to the cook's galley.

The wind finally changed to the southwest when we steered on our course, determined to make a port.

The gale continued, gradually veering to the west, but so great was my anxiety to get into port that I declared that I would not take in sail. First went the jib-boom, then the cross-jack-yard was carried away, and the main-yard badly sprung. But this we did not heed, for the cry: "Land, Ho!" was heard ahead.

We stood in back of Long Island and made Easthampton, and shaped our course for Montauk Point.

MANOEUVERING IN THE DARK.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we saw a ship take a pilot from a pilot boat.

Just as the sun set, much to our chagrin, we saw the pilot boat put away, to make a harbor as we supposed, to Tarpaulin Cove, together with the ship.

At eight o'clock that night we ran under the lea of Block Island, the wind blowing a gale from the northwest.

Reefing our top-sails we shaped our course toward Martha's Vineyard, and at three o'clock in the morning were in the mouth of the Vineyard sound, between Montauk and Cuttyhunk Light.

We had on board ship a large cannon and began firing for a pilot. The wind now came out from the northeast, and it began to snow. For three hours we lay with the main-top-sail to the mast and the deep sea lead on the bottom to ascertain in which direction we were drifting, firing our cannon every fifteen minutes. Without my knowledge the boys were putting in two cartridges instead of one, and ramming in slush from the cook's barrel.

Until seven o'clock the ship had drifted only the length of the deep sea lead line, for the reason that the wind was opposed to the current.

At eight o'clock the ship began rapidly to drift and as no light or land had been seen for the last five hours, I knew we must be very near No Man's Land, and gave the order, "Wear ship!"

As the ship was going round we heard a man hello, and immediately brought the ship to the wind with the head sails back.

A pilot boat soon emerged from the blinding snow, and Captain Flanders, the Vineyard pilot, came alongside and aboard. If ever I was glad to see man it was Flanders. He at once gave the order, "Wear ship," as we were near a reef, as I had feared.

Captain Flanders informed me that we would have to make a harbor on Tarpaulin Cove. I said:

"Captain Flanders, New Bedford, beef, pork, flour, hardbread, cordage, small stores, and whatever you wish, but Tarpaulin Cove, not a smitch!"

Captain Flanders answered, "It is New Bedford."

MAKING NEW BEDFORD IN A SNOW STORM.

Before night we entered Buzzard's Bay. Owing to the snow storm the lights were not visible, and the pilot was obliged to depend upon sounding. I went below for much needed rest.

At three o'clock in the morning the ship mis-stayed. There not being room to wear around, the anchor was let go immediately, the sails were furled and all hands sent below. At this time I came on deck and took charge.

At eight o'clock in the morning all hands were called up and the ship got under way. No land was seen on account of the storm.

At noon we sighted Clark's Point Light, off New Bedford harbor,

and at one o'clock we came to anchor within two miles of New Bedford.

Up to this time we had seen only the Light House. The snow fell so thick and fast we could not see the city, and as all our boats had been washed away, we could not land, but we kept our cannon booming, much to the astonishment of the people on shore.

At three p. m. a Vineyard packet boat, bound in, hove in sight. Being hailed, he kindly came alongside and took myself and others ashore. The harbor for a mile down the river was closed with ice.

On landing at the so-called "Smoking Rocks" we met a large party awaiting our arrival.

My agent, Capt. Abram H. Howland, was one of the number. As we landed he rushed forward and grasped my hand, exclaiming, "Gelett, I knew 'twas you! No other in the fleet would venture in in such weather as this!"

Delivering the ship's papers to Captain Howland, I procured a new, warm suit of clothes, hired a span of gay horses attached to a light buggy, and drove them thirty miles in three hours facing the northeast snow-storm to Kingston, where I was welcomed by my intended wife and her mother.

For ten months they had had no word of me, since all news must come around Cape Horn, and their surprise and delight at my arrival may be imagined. This was St. Valentine's Day, 1843.

SAFE HOME AND WRECKED IN A SLEIGH.

Some of my land experiences have been vividly carried in my mind, without the aid of a "log."

The next morning after arriving at Kingston from my long voyage as captain of the "India," I wanted to do the proper thing and so arranged to take my intended wife out for a sleigh ride.

Kingston at that time was a small place, and did not support a livery-stable. Undaunted, I borrowed a cutter, or sleigh, of a neighbor, and hitched to it one of the spirited horses I had driven from New Bedford. Now, the horse was young and strong, and the sleigh was old enough to be laid gently in the wood-box—but it was that or nothing.

We had been out but a few minutes when calamity overtook us. It had been snowing for three days, and the ground was covered with a deep mantle.

In attempting to turn around, one of the runners bent under the sleigh and we went down with a crash.

The horse raised objections and his heels at the same time, and at the first objection the dash-board was converted into kindling.

It was likely to get unpleasant there, and without much ceremony I grabbed my girl and got to another part of the road as quickly as

possible. There wasn't much left of the sleigh when the horse got through with it.

Some men were attracted to the spot, and to them I turned over the task of clearing away the wreck and bringing home the horse, while we who had started out to have a jolly sleigh ride, accompanied by jingling bells and the other delights we so often read about, waded homeward through the deep snow.

It is a mere matter of education, but I have found it easier to manage a ship in a storm than to engineer a horse and sleigh in a deep carpet of snow.

MORE TROUBLE IN STEERING A SLEIGH.

I didn't feel disposed to give up the sleigh-riding business so easily, and sent my two horses down to Plymouth, about four miles from Kingston, and had them hitched to a two-seated sleigh.

Some half dozen of us getting in the sleigh, I again took the wheel—or lines—and we got to Plymouth in good style.

We were out to see the historical sights, and the first stopping place was Pilgrim's Hall. They had been shovelling the snow from the walk into the street, and had made quite a mound near the gutter. I saw this diminutive hill, but supposing the sleigh runners would cut through it, I attempted to drive up with a dash. But I had miscalculated. The hill of snow had frozen so hard that it would not yield to the runner, which was compelled to run up over it. This tipped the sleigh on its side, without much ado, and myself and invited guests were thrown out sprawling upon the sidewalk. We were landed pilgrims, sure enough.

We soon recovered our feet and our composure, and made a visit to the interior of the hall, where behind a railing, are shown many interesting relics.

There is Governor Carver's chair, an ancient spinning wheel, Elder Brewster's chair, the sword, boiling pot, and pewter platter of Miles Standish, and the cradle of Peregrine White. This cradle was for years in the possession of Captain James Sever, an uncle of Mrs. Gelett, but was finally added to the other relics.

Among other interesting exhibits in the hall are two large paintings, about ten by twelve or fourteen feet, one of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and the other the "Departure from Delft Haven."

MARRIAGE AND WEDDING TOUR.

On the 14th day of March, 1843, just one month from the date of my arrival in Kingston, I was married to Miss Jane Russell, in Kingston, Mass., by Rev. Joseph Peckman, who afterward was married to my wife's sister, Mary H. Russell, who was bridesmaid at my wedding. Mr. Peckman has passed away, but his wife is still living,

she and my wife being the only survivors of a family of eleven children.

My wife and I went on a wedding tour to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, the Thousand Islands, and Montreal, which in those days was recognized as a remarkable excursion.

On our return to Kingston, I bought a two-story house of my wife's aunt, Mrs. Parris, about a block from where my mother-in-law lived. Mr. Russel, my wife's father, died when she was about three years old.

FURNISHING A NEW HOME.

We furnished the house complete, and I recollect that there was much new experience and no little sport about it. Business houses in those days were not as well stocked or systematic as now. For instance, it was not possible to give the measurement of a room and have the dealer return a carpet sewed and ready to put down—or better still, have him attend to the entire matter.

We bought a roll of carpet, and cut and fitted and sewed it ourselves. Everybody knew best about how it should be done, and so the work was almost never-ending. But differences were compromised and the house was finally furnished.

I had enjoyed about six months of home life, when I again went to sea, leaving my wife in the new home I had provided for her, and surrounded by relatives and friends.

GELETT'S SIXTH VOYAGE AS MASTER OF THE SHIP "UNCAS."

The India having been sent away soon after my arrival, another ship, the Uncas, was bought for me by the company owning the India, and new officers and crew were shipped for the voyage.

On the fifteenth of August, 1843, we sailed for the North Pacific Ocean. On this voyage I circumnavigated the globe, rounding the Cape of Good Hope and returning by Cape Horn.

In the Indian Ocean I fell in with Captain Barker, of New Bedford, an old shipmate. I spoke him in a gale of wind, while on our way from the Cape of Good Hope to Van Dieman's Land.

MEETING A CHRISTIAN CAPTAIN IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Captain Barker and myself had been friends for years, and were about the same age. He came aboard and dined with me, and, to my surprise, requested permission to ask the blessing at the table, to which I consented. This was followed by a conversation between us, wherein he informed me that a number of captains of his acquaintance had reformed their lives, and that he had united with a Christian Church at New Bedford.

The news deeply impressed me, and having had pious parents I began to reflect upon my obligations to myself and the men under my command.

FISHING AND HOT SPRINGS AT ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

We touched at St. Paul's Island, latitude 36 degrees 42 minutes south, longitude 77 degrees 50 minutes east, landed and caught a boat-load of fish, which were so plenty that they bit the bare hook. There were fish of different species—some large and dark, and of the finest quality for food.

Saint Paul Island is about three miles in length. It is of volcanic origin, and has no trees or shrubbery. On the east side a hot spring of fresh water boils up just below high water mark. We put fish in a bag and boiled them in the spring as quickly as if they were in a pot over a fire.

The soil of the island is too warm for vegetation. The hand can hardly be held in it two feet below the surface.

On the east side are large beds of kelp growing in fifty feet of water. Here we caught our fish.

My chart of Bass Strait, published by Commodore Stokes in 1843, quotes from the report of Mr. Parish of the voyage of the ship *Lion*, 1793, as follows:

“This singular spot is of volcanic origin, and its fires, still active, may be seen from a great distance. It has several craters, but the principal one is on the eastern side. Natural cause-ways form its entrance, and a connecting bar has nine feet of water over it at high tide. At the watering place marked w, the temperature of the water was 112 degrees. At some distance more to the west the heat of the mud was found to be 212 degrees. In the crater fish abound, and may be boiled in the hot spring on the shore.”

The depth of the water in the crater varies from 17 to 26 fathoms. The bluffs are about 700 feet high. We arrived at St. Paul Island in the morning, and had the volcano been active we should have seen it. The day and following night were fair.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO TAHITI.

From St. Paul Island we passed in sight of Van Dieman's Land, whence we steered for the south point of New Zealand, passing between it and “The Traps,” a reef about forty miles south of the point. When we passed through, the night was dark, and the wind blew a heavy gale. Not having seen sun, moon nor star for three days, I was somewhat anxious for our safety.

On the third day we made Chatham Island, south latitude 44½ degrees, longitude 176½ degrees west, which we sighted in a thick fog, having passed it at only a few ships' lengths from the south point.

From Chatham Island we sailed for Tahiti. Here I anchored, went ashore and placed a sick sailor in the hospital, leaving money sufficient to pay his passage home in case of his recovery. He was a

native of Fayal, one of the Azores. His moaning for his mother was pitiful. He did not die as he expected to, but recovered and was sent home. On a subsequent voyage my ship touched at Fayal, and his mother came aboard and embraced and thanked me for my kindness to her son. Her gratitude was unbounded.

THREE WEEKS AT LAHAINA.

We arrived at the Sandwich Islands about the middle of April, 1844, and anchored in the port of Lahaina, Island of Maui, where we lay some three weeks. There were at that time some thirty whale ships in this harbor. They were from New Bedford, Sag Harbor, Stonington, and Nantucket. I frequently enjoyed pleasant meetings with old friends and acquaintances.

On one occasion my third mate having made ashore the acquaintance of a liquor dealer, sought to introduce him to me. I was greatly annoyed and rebuked the officer in severe terms in the presence of twenty other ship-masters.

RIDING A RUNAWAY HORSE.

One day more than twenty of us ship-masters together rode horse-back along the beach. The natives hired us horses ready-saddled for a dollar each.

It so happened that I was the last comer, and was obliged to take a large spotted gelding that no one else would ride, for his reputation was bad, and well-deserved, will be seen. The saddle was English, and I was no sooner in it than the horse was off on a dead run up the coast. My feet were in the stirrups, but I could not control the horse with the bit. He bore me whither he would. All the captains followed at full speed. Coming in view of a clump of young cocoanut trees, my horse left the path and ran under the trees. I leaned down on the left side with my arm around the horse's neck, and the spur of one foot hooked under the saddle. The horse ran furiously under the trees, intending to brush me off. But with the exception of having one coat-sleeve torn away by a limb I escaped unhurt.

My horse next described a curve toward the sea-shore, and, coming to a cliff, leaped off into what had been a taro patch, where the mud was three feet deep. Here he floundered for some minutes before reaching the opposite bank.

He then directed his course for the sand-beach, along which canoes were hauled up, some single, others double. As he reached the canoes he scaled them like a bird. When he had reached the end of the sand-beach I succeeded in controlling him.

Before we finished our ride I had broken the stubborn will of the horse so that he behaved as well as the best of them.

I rode him many times afterwards, but he never again attempted to be the captain. He was a very lithe and active animal, and would leap over a wall or fence while other horses were obliged to go around.

My chief pleasure with the horse was riding on the beach and making him leap over the canoes.

About the 10th of May, 1844, we sailed from the Sandwich Islands for the northwest coast, fell in with whales in latitude 35 degrees north, longitude 160 degrees west, and captured several. Inasmuch as a large fleet had sailed for the northwest coast, I decided to take my chances on new ground.

WHALING ON SUNDAY AND SWEARING, TABUED.

About this time my convictions became so strong that it was a duty to make a change in my life, and in the discipline aboard the ship, that I called my officers together, and we held a consultation with regard to whaling on the Sabbath, and profane swearing. It was decided that a religious service should be held on the Sabbath.

The owners, officers and crew expected us to whale on the Sabbath. When the first Sabbath, after our discussion came, whales were discovered in the morning and I reluctantly permitted the boats to go and chase.

After an unsuccessful effort to capture a whale, lasting all day, the boats returned. The same evening I called the officers and men together and told them that we must either give up whaling on Sunday or religious service.

I gave them my views on the subject and submitted this question to a vote:

“Shall we catch whales on the Sabbath?”

The vote was unanimous for keeping the Sabbath.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES INAUGURATED ON SHIPBOARD.

All were invited into the cabin that night for religious service. The meeting was very interesting. My officers and more than half of the men expressed a determination to reform their lives.

These services were regularly held, and had a most salutary effect upon the ship's company. No profane word was heard about the ship.

I caused a notice to be attached on the pinnacle, “No swearing allowed aboard this ship.”

No liquor had ever been used aboard the ship, except for medical purposes.

A WHALE KNOCKS ENAMEL OFF MATE'S TEETH.

We pursued our voyage most successfully, whaling on new ground in east longitude, near the coast of Japan. Then steering north we

fell in with whales off the Kurile Islands. My first officer, in capturing a whale, got badly injured, the whale striking him on the head so that the enamel of his teeth was scaled off, and one of his eyes injured so that he always thereafter saw two objects, one above the other when there really was but one.

The boat was not stove in, the whale throwing his flukes over the boat, knocking the mate overboard. The mate sunk, and the boat-steerer, Peter Childs, with another man dove down into the water and brought the injured man to the surface.

Childs afterwards commanded a ship, and is still living. This accident disabled my mate from successfully performing his duty, as regards whaling, afterwards.

KNOCKED OVERBOARD BY A WHALE.

Shortly after the mishap to my mate, I also met with an experience. We had captured a whale and was cutting him up at the ship's side, when another whale appeared near the vessel.

I was on deck, but lost no time in getting into a boat and making an attack on the new-comer. He evidently was determined to stand his ground. When we harpooned him he settled down so our boat shot over him.

I had the steering oar held firmly against my side. When the whale came up he struck the blade of the oar with his fluke. My, but didn't I go flying out of that boat and into the water some distance away! The breath was nearly knocked out of my body, but I managed to swim back to the boat.

I got into the boat, and going to the bow lanced and killed the whale, which all the time kept floundering about the boat, but doing no damage to speak of, other than my flying trip.

One Sunday after we had given up whaling on that day, two whales sported about the ship all day. That night was calm, and lo! the next morning (Monday) the same whales were near the ship. I knew they were the same ones, because one was marked with a white spot on his back. We captured both of them, and they made 350 barrels of oil for us.

A WHALE COLLIDES WITH THE SHIP.

On this same voyage, one foggy, calm Sunday night, a large cow-whale struck the ship with her fins, breaking away the gangway board. When morning came the whale was still near the ship. We lowered a boat and captured her, and got 150 barrels of oil from the carcass.

"BLUBBER-LOGGED" ON A LEE SHORE.

We whaled during the last part of this season in company of a number of other whale-ships, on the east coast of Kamchatka.

Once, after taking a number of whales, and being what is called blubber-logged (so much whale-fat on board there was room for no more), while off Kronotzkoi Bay, a strong gale sprung up, blowing on shore.

Our ship was top-heavy, and could not carry sail to keep off. By working hard and trimming ship we managed to keep off shore until the gale abated.

The coast is a dangerous one, and the ship being unmanageable, I had fears for our safety. When the gale subsided, we found that we had drifted south to off Petropaulowski, a Russian settlement on the coast of Kamchatka, where a large trade in furs is carried on.

DESPERATE FIGHTING WITH TWO SPERM WHALES.

When north of the Sandwich Islands, in latitude 32 degrees, longitude 160 degrees west, we fell in with a school of large sperm whales.

Lowering our boats, the third mate harpooned a large whale. The whale went down and took out about three hundred fathoms of line.

After waiting about three-quarters of an hour for the whale to come to the surface, another large whale came up near my boat.

We immediately pulled alongside and harpooned him. He proved to be a warrior, and showed fight. I immediately pierced his lungs with my lance. He resented my lance thrust by turning on his back and running alongside the boat, and with his jaws cut in two, at one snap, every oar on that side, missing the boat by not more than a foot.

He made it very lively for us for some time after, as he "milled" around shortly and again came at the boat. Having only two oars left we were poorly prepared to keep out of his way.

When near the boat I shoved my lance, to the socket, into his head, and by bracing the lance, kept the boat just so far from the whale.

In this manner the whale pushed our boat through the water quite a distance, and constantly snapping his jaws.

Tiring of these fruitless efforts, he turned to one side; and I hoped he had given up the chase—but not so, for he again turned and came at us with apparently redoubled fury.

I had another lance ready, and again pierced his head as before, succeeding this time, also, in keeping the boat out of his reach.

After running the boat another mile or more, he seemed to conclude that he was making a fruitless chase: he slackened his speed, milled around and headed in another direction, all the time throwing out quantities of blood.

After this he soon turned, fin out, and the battle was over.

In the mean while, the whale struck by the third-mate's boat came

to the surface and was killed, but not until he had stoved one boat into splinters, and badly bruising two men.

\$6,975, RECEIPTS FROM ONE DAY'S WHALING.

The two whales made us 180 barrels of sperm oil. This oil at that time was worth \$1.25 a gallon, and there were 31 gallons to the barrel. Consequently, these two whales, yielded us \$6,975—a pretty good day's work.

This kind of game being such a fruitful source of revenue, will fully explain why men were willing to take so many life-risks. Out of the jaws of one of these whales I sawed out a cane, which I have at the present time, and which I will be pleased to show to any one who will call at my home in Nordhoff.

Late in the season, the 20th of September, we put away for the Hawaiian Islands, from where we shipped a portion of our catch. We took this season 2,500 barrels of oil, and 4,000 pounds of whale-bone.

JOINED THE CHURCH IN HONOLULU.

After returning from our first trip to the northwest coast, we remained at the Sandwich Islands about one month, recruiting.

While at the Islands I became acquainted with a number of missionary families, among them Rev. Richard Armstrong and family. His son General Samuel Armstrong is now president of Hampton College, Virginia. I also formed the acquaintance of Rev. Lowell Smith, and many others. The kindness and attention I received from these people is worthy of remark.

During this month's stay in Honolulu, myself and two officers and thirteen seamen united with the Bethel Church, Rev. S. C. Damon, seaman's chaplain, pastor.

So many men from one ship uniting at one time with a church, was a new thing in Honolulu and caused much comment in the government newspaper, and in public and private places.

Myself, officers, and five of the sailors, were baptised by immersion in the Pacific Ocean, the other seven sailors being baptised by pouring or sprinkling.

The *Uncas* was the first ship to fly the Bethel flag in Honolulu harbor. I was called by the natives the "mickonary sapin"—missionary captain.

Our month's recruiting stay at Honolulu being exhausted, we sailed south, cruising on or near the equator for about two months, and taking about 150 barrels of oil. While in low latitudes and mild weather we fitted our rigging for another northern cruise.

HOW MY TEN-DOLLAR PANAMA HAT CAME TO GRIEF.

One pleasant day the mizzen-top-mast rigging was being overhauled. As I was walking back and forth on the quarter-deck, a large iron marlin-spike came down, going through the rim of my hat, and in its descent picking off one waistband button. Striking the deck the spike pierced a three-inch plank. That was how my new Panama hat came to be ruined; and it was a pretty close call for me, too.

There is always a laniard, or cord, attached to these marlin-spikes, and a man working with one in the rigging is supposed to have it either fastened to the rigging beside him, or the cord slipped over his head.

I immediately called the man down from aloft and asked him what I had done to him that he should drop a marlin-spike onto me.

He burst into tears and begged my forgiveness. I took him by the hand and said:

“I trust this will be a warning to you to hereafter be careful when working aloft.”

I did hate to have my nice Panama hat ruined, but was thankful for my escape.

CHRONOMETERS AND WATCHES ALL OUT OF COMMISSION.

Returning from the south we made a brief stay at Honolulu, taking on board recruits for another northern cruise. The fore part of February, 1845, we again sailed for the northern whaling grounds, and saw whales on the 15th of that month.

A few days after first seeing whales, going to wind my chronometers at 6 o'clock, the usual time in the morning, I found that one of them had stopped. On examination its chain was found to be broken. Two mornings thereafter the mate's watch stopped, its main spring being broken.

On the following day my old chronometer watch refused duty. We had now nothing but a fifteen-minute hour glass to measure time.

I found it very inconvenient to keep the ship's position in that foggy region. My sole dependence was lunar observations. A lunar observation could not often be obtained, because of the fogs and hazy weather.

MIRAGE OF A MAN WALKING ON THE WATER.

One morning about daybreak, the weather being foggy, the lookout on deck cried:

“Man walking on the water!”

Taking my glass I went aloft, and sure enough there was a man apparently a mile distant standing on the water. It proved to be a man on the lookout of another ship, which gradually came plainly into view on the horizon, and there seemed to lengthen out until it

was a quarter of a mile long, when it disappeared. This was a mirage.

A few days after the mirage I fell in with a French whaler from Havre. I boarded his ship and succeeded in buying a watch. The weather was thick and foggy.

RUN INTO BY A FRENCHMAN.

At 4 o'clock the following morning the lookout cried out:

"A ship coming into us!"

At about the same time the French whaler struck us on her lea-bow, leaving her bobstays on the flukes of our anchor. Her bowsprit tore away all our standing rigging, to the foremast, except one top-mast back-stay.

The strain on the lea-rigging split the dead-eye to the weather-rigging, and cut off the lan-yards so that only one weather top-mast back-stay was left to support the mast. Our ship's rail was stripped. The jib-boom, flying-jib-boom, and fore-sail were carried away.

Fortunately the French ship had no cargo, and being of light draught the *Uncas* escaped without serious damage.

As soon as we could see we secured the mast and before night everything was rigged in good shape.

Taking the Frenchman's bob-stays in a whale boat I boarded him. He could speak little English and was greatly excited. But he was very grateful and polite, making up in smiles and gestures his inability to talk with me.

A CLOSE CALL—ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK ON BEHRING'S ISLAND.

I then steered for the north, and in a few days entered Behring's sea. There being a dense fog all the time I judgd myself to be near Behring's Island, latitude 55 degrees north, longitude 166 degrees east.

I hove to with a strong breeze from the southwest in an ugly sea. In the afternoon the wind died away to a dead calm, and breakers were heard to the northeast of us.

The weather continuing calm, and the heavy swell heaving to the northeast, whence came the sound of the breakers, the ship became unmanageable in the heavy sea, and we found we were nearing the rocks on the coast of Behring Island.

At 5 o'clock p. m. we were in the rollers just outside the breakers. The ship was rolling heavily, and the rollers were breaking over our deck. All sail was set, but there was no wind. About this time the fog lifted and we saw that our ship was in a most dangerous position, for the rocks were within a stone's throw.

At the last moment, when all hope of saving the ship and our lives was gone, a light breeze from the land struck us, and the ship

began slowly to gather headway, and escaped from the jaws of certain destruction.

The white polar bears seen on shore awaiting our arrival, were doomed to disappointment.

Behring's Island is high, has a rock-bound coast, and no harbor, but at this time was green with vegetation. That evening we held a meeting in the cabin, and returned thanks to God for our preservation.

We cruised in this region, capturing a number of whales, and on the 20th day of September put away for the Sandwich Islands.

On our trip back to the Sandwich Islands, two whales came alongside the ship, and stayed with us. We didn't feel like ignoring them, and so secured them both, without unusual incident. They netted us 300 barrels of oil, and 3,500 pounds of bone, which we carried on deck.

A TEMPERANCE SHIP.

The last of October, 1845, the *Uncas* left the Sandwich Islands, homeward bound. On our way home we touched at Talcahuano, Chili, which at that time of its history was one of the vilest rum-holes on the coast of South America. We had formed a temperance society on our ship, and every man had joined it. The rum-sellers at Talcahuano were much disappointed, expecting to reap a rich harvest when our ship came in.

Having given my men a temperance lecture, I sent them ashore. Instead of visiting the saloons each of them hired a horse and rode out to the city of Concepcion, seven miles distant from the port of Talcahuano.

Concepcion is the capital of the province of the same name, and is situated on the river Biobio. The city is an interesting one to strangers. It has broad streets and many handsome houses, and it also had in 1847 many ruins, reminders that the city was three times destroyed by earthquakes—in 1730, in 1752, and in 1825.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH RUM SELLERS IN CHILI.

My sailors spent the day inspecting the ruins, and in the evening they all came aboard sober, and in good order. Not one of them had tasted liquor.

While we were at Talcahuano the liquor-sellers declared that they would not tolerate temperance ships in their port, and that when I came ashore for my clearance papers I should receive a pounding.

The morning I intended to leave I took a boat's crew of six picked men and went ashore. After receiving my papers, on returning to the wharf, the rum-sellers and their supporters appeared in full force. I marched down with my men, and when we came to the

boat we halted, as the boys were ready for an encounter. Waiting long enough for our enemies to execute their threat, we gave three hearty cheers for Temperance, and shoved off without being attacked.

After remaining at Talcahuano about twelve days, we resumed our homeward voyage. In March, 1846, we again arrived in New Bedford, after an uneventful passage, with 4,000 barrels of oil and 70,000 pounds of bone.

MRS. GELETT MAKES A VOYAGE.

The ship having been thoroughly overhauled, was nicely fitted up to accommodate my wife, who had resolved to accompany me on my seventh voyage.

We sailed from New Bedford on the 27th of August, 1846. My first mate, Mr. Eldridge, afterwards a captain, was an excellent whaleman.

My second mate, Mr. Childs, had served with me on the *Uncas*, and was a worthy and efficient officer; he afterwards commanded a ship.

On our way to the Western Islands we encountered a gale from the northwest. The ship rolled heavily; Mrs. Gelett was very sea-sick, and was lying on the lounge in the cabin, but during the plunging of the ship the lounge broke its lashings and moved across the room. Mrs. Gelett looked up, and notwithstanding her deathly sickness asked:

“Is that what you call ‘a lee-lurch?’”

She was really so sick that I feared she would not live to reach Fayal. But we came to anchor at this port in good time, and remained some days.

Mrs. Gelett was so weak from sea-sickness that when we went ashore it was necessary to carry her in a Sedan chair from the pier to the hotel.

Fayal was overrun with donkeys, which kept up an incessant braying. The sound was a new one to Mrs. Gelett, as she had never before heard or seen a “mountain canary,” and she asked, “What kind of a celebration is being held in this place, that they are blowing horns so much?”

TRAVELLING BY DONKEY EXPRESS.

My wife and myself accepted an invitation to dine with the American consul, Mr. Dabney, and his family. As carriages, hacks or omnibusses were not yet dreamt of in Fayal, to make the trip from the hotel to the consul’s house, Mrs. Gelett was provided with a donkey to ride, and two attendants, one to lead and the other to drive. When the donkey stopped to bray the attendant beat him

over the head, as a reprimand. A pillion was fastened to the donkey's back which served as a seat for Mrs. Gelett, but as she had nothing to hold on to I walked along one side to support her. And thus we proceeded to the consul's.

DESCRIPTION OF A FAYAL DWELLING AND PREMISES.

Mr. Dabney owned a beautiful and extensive home at Fayal, which I believe is still in the possession of the family. The house was incomparably grand—was the dwelling of the place, and the grounds were very inviting and extensive, being covered with many acres of orange, lemon, and other semi-tropical and tropical fruit trees, besides much ornamental shrubbery and a profusion of flowers.

There is never frost at Fayal to check the growth of vegetation. We were royally entertained at Mr. Dabney's home.

Mrs. Gelett gained strength very rapidly during our stay at Fayal, so that when we again went aboard the *Uncas*, she was a much better sailor than when she was carried from the ship to the hotel.

From Fayal we steered south, passing in sight of the Cape de Verde Islands. The second day after leaving Fayal a school of large sperm whales came in sight. They were the first whales Mrs. Gelett had ever seen. We gave chase and captured one of the school—a big fellow who showed fight, and gave us something to do for about ten hours, in killing him and cutting up his carcass. He netted us 109 barrels of sperm oil. Mrs. Gelett took great interest in this capture, sitting in the quarter-boat most of the day, and for the time forgetting her sea-sickness.

A POEM ON WHALING.

Notwithstanding her illness, that same evening Mrs. Gelett wrote the following poem on:

“There She Blows!”

What sound is this salutes my ear,
And breaks my sweet repose?
I list again and plainly hear
The cry of “There she blows!”

I'll sleep once more—no, that's in vain,
As any whaleman knows.
Oh, who could sleep to such a strain,
Of music?—“There she blows!”

Now I'll on deck, my glass in hand,
To hold above my nose,
I've caught a glimpse, there's no mistake,
I'm certain, “There she blows!”

Clear all the boats from stern to bow,
 His hump the monster shows:
 He's going to the leeward, slow—
 Come, hasten, "There she blows!"

To man the boats each sailor speeds,
 His shoes far off he throws—
 Where they may light he never heeds—
 He's thinking, "There she blows!"

Now pull ahead, my hearties, ere
 He turns his flukes and goes;
 Pull, pull ahead, we'll soon be there;
 I see him—"There she blows!"

"They're fast! they're fast!" the captain cries;
 "And see, his life blood flows!"
 The crimson through his glass he spies,
 Whenever, "There she blows!"

He's dead; now whaleman, come aboard,
 And see how much he stows,
 And count the coppers you can hoard
 From hearing "There she blows!"

Kind lady, scholar, squire or sage,
 If out your candle goes,
 I pray you, never get in a rage
 But think of "There she blows!"

TYPHOID FEVER AND A DEATH AT SEA.

The day after we sailed from New Bedford, Mr. Summers, one of our crew, was prostrated with typhoid fever. He recovered after twenty days; but a few days after we lost sight of the Cape de Verde Islands, James M. Sever, my wife's nephew, was attacked by a fever, which terminated fatally on the 23d of October, 1846. He was a young man of good principle and always kept a Bible under his pillow. We buried him near the equator one evening just at sunset. At this point I will take the liberty of quoting from the journal of this voyage, kept by Mrs. Gelett. As soon as our nephew complained of being sick we took him into the cabin where better attention could be given him:

EXTRACT FROM MRS. GELETT'S JOURNAL.

"Since I last wrote in my journal I have been called to pass through one of the most trying scenes I ever experienced. All our efforts to afford relief to our dear nephew proved unavailing. When he first came from the fore-castle I noticed that he trembled, but supposed that it was occasioned by weakness arising from his bowel complaint. He had been with us but a day or two when I felt

alarmed at his symptoms. He complained of his mouth as being dry and perched. There was a convulsive motion of the hands that made me fear an affection of the brain. We applied mustard to his feet and wrists and bathed his head in cold water. His nights were sleepless and confused; strange visions filled his thoughts.

“We soon began to notice appearances of delirium in the daytime; still, he was mild and pleasant. He would look up at me and smile and tell me what he was thinking. He complained very little, except of a sticky feeling about his mouth and throat, which drinking did not relieve. The wandering of his mind increased as his disease advanced.

“On Tuesday morning, October 20th, I went to him as soon as I left my room, and bade him good morning. He returned the salutation. I asked him if he was glad to see me; he said, ‘Yes,’ and remarked, ‘I guess I shan’t let you go away from me again tonight.’

“As I sat by him after breakfast he began to talk about going home. He said he guessed the folks would be glad to see him, and started up to look for his cap, and to see if his clothes looked well enough. It was with difficulty I persuaded him to lie down again. He said, ‘I must go; I want to see Charlotte today.’

“Afterward, his uncle was sitting by him, and he began to talk on the subject again. He had two sisters at home, and he wanted to see them. After talking a while he said, ‘There, is it impossible?’ His uncle replied that it was; he then turned over and said no more about it.

“During the forenoon he was removed to Mr. Child’s room, that he might have less light and noise. He was delirious during the day and we were obliged to hold him, to keep him from getting out of bed to go to perform ship’s duty. He seemed to have but little consciousness of what was going on around him. He continued to grow worse during the day. I stayed with him but little after he ceased to know me, for I could not bear to see him suffer.

“About 11 o’clock p. m. he fell asleep. I think he had not slept quietly before, during his sickness. We hoped he would wake to consciousness; but it was not so.

“He failed fast from that on, and at 11 o’clock on Wednesday he breathed his last. It was painful for me to think that he must be buried on the ocean, but I prayed for strength to bear it, and I think it was granted.

“After the burial had been read, his youthful shipmates performed the last sad rites of launching his body into the deep. They seemed to feel his death, for he had gained their friendship, as well as the approbation of his officers. If his peace was made with God, he has made a happy exchange of worlds.

“The day after he came into the cabin, he desired to talk with my

husband. They had quite a long conversation, in which he expressed his desire to be a Christian, and to live right on board the ship. He requested his uncle to tell him if he should see him do wrong. He seemed to feel very deeply, and wept while he spoke. He said he had been thinking on the subject a good while, but had never told any one before; he mentioned that he had been taught to pray when a child, and he never felt as though he could go to sleep without praying.

“This affliction is from the hand of the Father, and it becomes us to profit by it. Nothing earthly can console in such an hour. ‘The Lord reigneth,’ and shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

IN QUARANTINE AT RIO JANEIRO.

A few days after the death of our nephew, six more of the sailors were attacked by the fever, and I resolved to sail for Rio Janeiro for medical aid.

On our arrival at Rio, November 4th, 1846, we were met by the boarding officer and put in quarantine. I requested him to send a physician aboard immediately, which he promised to do. The day passed away but no physician came. I hoisted my flag half mast, union down, the signal of distress. The next day went by and no doctor appeared.

On the following morning I decided to go on board the United States flagship Columbia, which was lying in the harbor about four miles distant.

UNDER FIRE BY A BRAZILLIAN WARSHIP.

A guard boat was anchored on the quarantine ground, within hailing distance of my ship. When I lowered my boat I was hailed, but not understanding Portuguese, of course, did not comprehend, neither did I care, what was said. I took a picked crew and shoved off, steering for the flagship.

When we had pulled about a hundred yards, a shot fired from the guard boat crossed my bow at about the distance of a ship's length. I knew the next shot would be aimed at the boat and I swung off so as to bring her stern to the cutter, saying to the boys:

“Don't be frightened—they can't hit us.”

The next minute there came a shot striking under the oars alongside the boat, and throwing the water over us. In a few minutes another shot struck on the side of our boat.

We were now about a mile distant from the cutter. One more shot was fired, but it did not reach us, and we were soon alongside the Columbia, and pulling up within hail I informed them that I needed medical aid. The Commodore replied that my wants should be attended to immediately. The chief surgeon and his assistant, in their

cutter, accompanied me back to my ship; and visited us every morning, while the sickness continued.

According to the regulation, a boat, before going ashore, was obliged to go alongside the guard boat to be inspected for contraband goods, and likewise on returning.

GELETT DEFIES BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT.

After having been fired upon, as heretofore narrated, I paid no further attention to this regulation, but went ashore and returned to my ship in spite of the cutter, and without further molestation.

My action, in leaving the ship in spite of the guard boat, was reported to the American Consul. An investigation was had, and it being shown that no physician had been sent, as requested, I was commended for my course; which caused much merriment on board the U. S. flagship, where I was called, "The Plucky Captain."

INCIPIENT WAR BETWEEN BRAZIL AND UNITED STATES.

The christening of the Princess Isabella, daughter of Dom Pedro of Brazil, was celebrated soon after our arrival at Rio. Bunting and flags were profusely displayed everywhere, and salutes, in honor of the occasion, were fired by all the war vessels in the harbor, except those of the United States—the Preble, and the flagship Columbia.

The United States Commodore refused to participate in the celebration, for the reason that some of his men, while on shore, in charge of their officers, had been arrested by the Brazilian police.

The Brazilian authorities were very indignant, and ordered the Commodore to leave the harbor within forty-eight hours, otherwise they would sink his ship.

A short time before the expiration of the time limited, the Commodore hauled the Columbia in, opposite one of the large forts, and broadside to, opened his ports, and ran out his guns ready for action. The threat to sink the flagship was not executed.

The Commodore having waited a reasonable time, and not being attacked, took his ship back to her moorings.

Complaint having been made by the Brazilians to the United States government, an investigation was had and the Commodore's course approved.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES IN RIO JANEIRO.

Mrs. Gelett and myself, with some of the officers of the Columbia, visited the Botanical Gardens, and other places in Rio Janeiro of interest.

During the festivities attending the celebration of the christening of the young princess, at the imperial palace Mrs. Gelett and I saw a body-guard of soldiers that surrounded Dom Pedro, but he was so

completely guarded that we did not get a good view of His Majesty. Years afterward, when Dom Pedro made a tour of the United States, Mrs. Gelett was in a train that passed the Emperor's train—but she did not see him that time, either.

At Rio we were frequently invited on board the flagship, and were shown most courteous attention by the Commodore and officers.

There was scarcely a day while we were at Rio that I didn't see a procession of perhaps fifty persons, headed by two or more chanting priests, passing through the streets, and carrying, under a canopy, some sort of an image of some saint. As the procession passed along everybody was expected to drop on the knees, and remain in an abject attitude till the priestly procession had passed. People who failed to obey this regulation were rapped on the head with clubs. I have seen persons badly hurt in this way. Whenever I saw this procession coming, I always got out of the way, and so probably saved someone trouble.

RED TAPE AND AN ANCHOR.

My sick men having improved, we resumed our voyage around Cape Horn.

I must mention here of the red tape one must wind in order to get out of Rio Janeiro, after you are once there.

At Fayal, on the way out, we broke our anchor, and replaced it with another one at Rio. The customs regulations there kept me busy for three days, however, before I could get permission to load the anchor on a scow and take it out to my ship, after I had bought it.

I was furnished with a Portuguese interpreter, who accompanied me here, there, and apparently everywhere that an official had an office. Going to a door, the interpreter would rap and make a noise that might be employed by a herder of geese.

It seemed that every government official in the place had to be personally consulted about that anchor. But I finally got it aboard the ship—and, weighted as it was with ceremony, it should have held the ship better than an ordinary anchor.

A FAKE PASS-WORD.

There was a good deal of ceremony about going out of the harbor, too. We were required to shout a pass-word, previously given to us, at the last fort as we passed out to sea. The pass-word given to me was in Portuguese, and I couldn't pronounce it, didn't remember its sound half a minute, and didn't know its meaning. So when we passed the fort I shouted out something that meant nothing; and we went by unchallenged.

After leaving Rio Janeiro, another man was stricken with typhoid fever, making the ninth case I had had on board. He was sick, and

we worked unceasingly over him three days and nights, and had the satisfaction of seeing him recover.

Off Falkland Island we captured several large sperm whales.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE ALBATROSS.

I have never read a correct description of the albatross, which are very numerous in the South Atlantic.

Captain Morrell says, in his book, that the albatross takes his prey on the wing. Nothing can be more absurd; for it feeds chiefly upon the squid that rise to the surface after having been cut up by sperm whales.

The albatross is a marine scavenger—the buzzard of the sea—and feeds on the carcasses of whales and other large fish.

The albatross have rookeries at Falkland Island, and also at the Galapagos Islands on the Equator, and many other islands in the Southern Seas. They are also seen in the northern ocean, and doubtless cross over from north to south.

I have seen southern albatross in northern latitudes, they evidently following up the whaling fleet. The northern albatross is not so large as the southern.

AN ALBATROSS ORATOR.

When the ocean was calm I often saw ten or twelve albatross form a circle. A large male bird, distinguished by the red spots on either side of his neck, took position at the center and appeared to address the circle upon some subject of common interest. With a graceful movement he turned from one albatross to another, until his speech being ended, he took his place in the circle, to be followed by another equally eloquent albatross. Sometimes I saw six or seven advance in succession.

SAILOR JOKES ON THE ALBATROSS.

Although sailors never kill them, they often play practical jokes at their expense. Taking two pieces of blubber that an albatross can swallow, they tie them to each end of a spunyarn about two feet in length. The albatross descend in numbers; one would swallow one piece of blubber, another the other. Now the tug of war begins, affording great amusement for the sailors, especially when two well-matched albatross brace off for a desperate swallow.

The motion of the albatross on the wing is very rapid and graceful. One was caught off the Cape of Good Hope and a tag attached to its neck, showing the latitude, longitude and date of its capture. Six days thereafter the same bird was caught off the coast of Australia, four thousand miles away. It must have flown with the westerly gale, at an average of twenty-eight miles an hour.

FALKLANDS A GREAT BIRD RESORT.

The Falkland Islands, about three hundred miles northeast of Cape Horn, are a famous resort for different kinds of sea fowls, which seem to have a most perfect system in the arrangement of nests and distribution of territory among the different species.

Uncountable numbers of geese go there to hatch their young. The ganders act as guards while their mates are attending to their part of the business. It is not safe for a man to molest these birds, as they show fight and are very ferocious.

Albatross, speckled haglets, sea-hens, gulls, mollymokes (so-called by the sailors), and other sea birds, almost too numerous to mention, also make their home on these islands.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The Falkland group is composed of nearly 200 islands, and has an area of about 13,000 square miles. The two largest islands are called East and West Falkland, respectively. They are separated from each other by a narrow sound. East Falkland has about 3,000 square miles, and west Falkland about 2,000 square miles. The others are small islets mostly inhabited by the birds above mentioned.

On account of the peculiar climate, the thermometer ranging in winter between 30 degrees and 50 degrees, and in summer between 40 degrees and 65 degrees, with frequent rain and high winds, the soil is much better for pasturage than for cultivation.

No trees, no fruits, very little of anything but a few vegetables, are raised. The grass is very rich, and horses and cattle are raised in great numbers. Pigs and rabbits are abundant, and the coasts teem with fish.

The islands were first discovered by Davis in 1592. In 1690 they were visited by Strong, who gave them the name they now bear.

French, Spanish and English settlements have at different times been formed, but the English have ultimately retained possession of the islands. Port Stanley is a thriving town on East Falkland. It has a good harbor, and a population of about 1,500.

A SNOW BIRD COMES ABOARD.

We had pleasant weather after passing the Falkland Islands, and while rounding Cape Horn. While off the Cape a snow-bird came aboard the ship, and served not only to break the monotony of life upon the ship, but was a reminder to us of home, and especially so to Mrs. Gelett, who at the time—forty-five years ago—wrote in her journal of the voyage, the following poem, inscribed to our little feathered visitor:

Lines To a Snow Bird.

Addressed to a Snow Bird, that came on board the *Uncas*, February 23d, 1847, latitude about 57 degrees south, longitude 74 degrees west.

Welcome, welcome, little stranger!
 Welcome to our floating home.
 O'er the ocean wide, a ranger,
 Longer, now, thou needst not roam.

Sure, thy little wings are weary,
 And thy downy breast is chill;
 Leave the billows, cold and dreary—
 In our cabin all is still.

Long I've looked on sky and ocean,
 And thy image glads my eye,
 Fills me with a strong emotion—
 Tell me stranger, is home nigh?

Oft around my mother's dwelling,
 When the snow fell light and free,
 Have I heard thy kindred telling
 The sweet tale of "Chick-a-dee!"

But thou art silent, downy rover,
 And thou bringest no news to me;
 Canst thou not forget thy lover
 And once sing me "Chick-a-dee?"

Silent still? Then silent, teach me
 Not to murmur or repine.
 He who in thy wanderings watched thee,
 Still will have an eye on mine.

Should He please, once more we'll wander
 Where our feet were used to stray,
 Gaze once more on home and loved ones,
 O'er the billows, far away.

Stay thee, little rover, stay thee!
 No, thou art gone to soar on high.
 Thus my thoughts should upward bear me,
 To the scenes beyond the sky.

Then should ocean make my pillow,
 Or a foreign land my tomb,
 I should mount upon the billow,
 To my loving Saviour's home.

We made a quick passage along the coast to the island of Juan Fernandez, or Robinson Crusoe Island.

DESCRIPTION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE ISLAND.

The island of Juan Fernandez, or Mas-a-Tierra, is in latitude 33 degrees 37 minutes south and longitude 78 degrees 53 minutes west. It is about four hundred miles off the coast of Chile, to which it belongs. The island is eighteen miles long, six miles broad, and is mountainous, with steep shores; but the soil is fertile, producing sandalwood and other sorts of timber, and figs, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit.

This island was discovered in 1563 by a Spanish pilot named Juan Fernandez. The story of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, who was, at his own desire, put ashore on this island, and lived there for four years in solitude, is supposed to have suggested the idea of De Foe's tale of "Robinson Crusoe."

The island upon which De Foe places his hero is off the coast of Venezuela, near the mouth of the Orinoco.

Mrs. Gelett and I went ashore and visited the cave, where she sang the song of "Robinson Crusoe," with the echoes for an accompaniment. The island was then inhabited only by a few Chilean convicts in charge of a guard of soldiers; now there are people from the United States and Tahiti living there. Here we obtained peaches and quinces.

The scenery of Juan Fernandez is wild and rugged. The landing is on the north side. We did not anchor, but stood off and on for a few hours.

IN HAWAII ONCE MORE, IN 1847.

We arrived at Maui, Sandwich Islands, on the 19th of April, 1847. Having recruited for our northern voyage, we proceeded to Honolulu, where Mrs. Gelett disembarked and remained until my return the following autumn.

On the 15th of May we sailed for the Okhotsk Sea, which we entered through the Boussole channel, at latitude 46 degrees 40 minutes north, and longitude 151 degrees east, and passed near the island of Chernoi, which is an active volcano. Cruising between this point and Saghalin Island we took 2,000 barrels of oil.

A FATAL FIGHT WITH A WHALE.

In July one of my crew was killed while harpooning a whale. As soon as the whale was struck he threw the corner of his fluke over the gunwale, striking the midship-oarsman on the side, killing him instantly; then taking a turn the whale came up under the boat, staving it into pieces, and throwing out the crew in every direction. I was soon on the scene. Having picked up the men we renewed our attack and finally captured the prize. He was a hundred-barrel whale.

At the last of September we put away again for the Sandwich Islands. We had taken 30,000 pounds of whale bone, in addition to 2,000 barrels of oil, which I shipped to New Bedford.

CANOEING AND TRAMPING AROUND HAWAII.

After shipping our cargo of oil and bone to New Bedford, we took Mrs. Gelett aboard the *Uncas* at Honolulu, and sailed to the west coast of Hawaii, where we landed at Kealakekua Bay. Sending the ship to Hilo, on the east side of Hawaii, in charge of the mate, I procured a double canoe, intending to double the South Point of the Island, but finding the sea too rough, we put back to a little harbor where I engaged twelve natives to carry Mrs. Gelett, who was too ill to walk, and our baggage. Our caravan consisted of Mrs. Gelett, her friend Miss Mills, the natives, one of my crew, and myself.

Our way, over rough lava, impassable by horses, led us around the south end of the island. An old stuttering Portuguese accompanied us as guide, and interpreter. The first night we pitched our tent amid brush and ferns. The Portuguese stuttered so fearfully that it took him sometimes several minutes to reply to a question.

This was for us a constant source of merriment, since when he finally succeeded in talking intelligibly he spoke at the top of his voice.

A SHORTAGE OF WATER.

On the second day out our water fell short and following the advice of our native carriers we left the main track, about 500 yards, and entered a cave, through the roof of which the water dripped and fell into calabashes, which had been provided for the accommodation of travellers. Here we found a good supply of pure, cool water. Just before reaching the cave we came to a tomato patch. Up to this time I had always declined to eat tomatoes, but now thirst overcame my aversion and I ate tomatoes, for the first time, and have never since ceased to like them.

On the third day just before dark the native carriers cried out: "Ua ike ia ka hale"—"A house in sight."

Mrs. Gelett was borne on a manele, or stretcher. We soon reached the house, which was vacated for our accommodation, there being other houses near. Here, in spite of a horde of fleas, we secured needed rest.

AT WAIOHINU, KAU.

The following morning we obtained horses and made the best of our way to the mission station of Waiohinu, on the south end of the island. Arriving about noon we found that the missionary was absent. We took possession of the house and remained therein several days, waiting for the rain to cease.

Becoming impatient after five days, I discharged all but four of the natives, and resumed our journey on horse-back. The mission house was under the lee of a high bluff, and rounding this we encountered the storm trade-wind and a tremendous down-pour of rain, which in a very short time filled my boots. Mrs. Gelett being protected by a canvas hood that covered the manele, we kept on our way until about four o'clock p. m. when we reached a native village called Waiohinu, now a large sugar plantation.

HOSPITALITY OF THE NATIVES.

Here a hundred natives gathered around our little party, and the old deacon of the mission church conducted us to a large grass-house, which had a number of rooms. This he consigned for our use. Food was brought us—taro, roast pork and bread fruit. These, with our own stock of provisions, made very good fare.

The rain continued the following day, and we remained in camp. On the weather-side of the island it rains about three-fourths of the time, for the northeast trade winds blow the clouds directly on the mountains, which lower the temperature and cause the rain-fall.

The next day the natives brought us roast pig and chicken, with vegetables and tropical fruits. Still it rained.

ARRIVAL AT THE VOLCANO.

On the fourth day the weather improved and we started out early, hoping to reach the Volcano House before dark. By pushing forward with all speed we succeeded, having traveled about forty miles. Mrs. Gelett having improved, rode part of the way on horse-back. Here we remained over two nights. In the morning we visited the lava lake in the crater, which is about three miles from the rim, or margin, near the Volcano House.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VOLCANO IN 1848.

The visitor descends from the top of the bluff about three hundred feet to the floor of the crater, and travels three miles to the lake, which at this time was very active. The crater is about a mile wide, and elliptical in form.

We reached the lake at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and remained several hours. The lake was a quarter of a mile in diameter, and depressed about ten feet below the floor of the crater. The walls of the lake were black lava in ragged and jagged forms. Owing to the sulphureous gas it was not safe to stand on the lee side of the lake. On this occasion the lake did not overflow its banks.

I had a pole to which was attached an iron spoon. With this ladle I dipped up two spoonfuls of liquid red-hot lava. It was so

hot where I stood that my boots and pants were burned and afterwards, in consequence, fell in pieces. But I kept the lava, and still have it.

I then attached my pocket-knife to the pole and wound the hot lava around the handle. Near the entrance to the crater we were guided to the spot where three distinct echoes were heard.

DESCRIPTION OF KILAUEA IN 1871.

I will here record my recollection of a subsequent visit to Kilauea in 1871, when the lake was unusually active and overflowing its banks.

A number of cones were found on the crust of the lake. I approached near enough to extend a long pole toward a cone. It caught fire when within four feet of the red-hot cone. To approach these cones I was obliged to walk ten rods on the hot lava. My feet being uncomfortably hot, I retreated on the double-quick and removed my boots as soon as possible. Their soles were burnt and soon after fell to pieces.

While I was there the lava broke out about twenty rods from where I stood, with a tremendous roar, the column of molten lava rising to the height of fifty feet. No language can describe the terrific grandeur of the scene.

Being alone and three miles from the entrance to the crater, and the heat being intense, I thought it wise to retreat, and make my way back to the Volcano House.

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE CRATER.

When about two miles from the lake I came to a fissure in the crater floor where one of its sides had sunk below the other. Being weary I lay down and used the higher side of the fissure for a pillow.

After I had laid there perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes there came a sudden tremor, or quiver, like an earthquake, which was followed by a discharge of hot sulphureous gas through the fissure, nearly suffocating me.

It is needless to add that I arose and resumed my retreat without delay.

The spectacle from the Volcano House by night was magnificent; the darker the night the grander the exhibition.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VOLCANO BY MRS. GELETT.

From Mrs. Gelett's journal I am permitted to make the following extracts:

January 6th, 1848.—It seemed as if we should never reach the houses at the volcano. We were "almost there" a long, long while before we quite reached the place.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock p. m. we arrived at the accommodation house, which stands at the brink of the crater.

A man had come from Hilo to have the house open, and we found a blazing fire ready to warm and dry our wet clothing. The house and fire-place are in native style. A fire feels very comfortable in this chilly atmosphere. We have a prospect of some dry bedding tonight. The lake looks very brilliant this evening, but we ladies are too tired to enjoy it.

Friday, January 7th.—Woke several times during the night and by rising up in my bed could look out upon the burning lake; it was very bright.

This morning was foggy, and we feared it would continue so during the day. But the sun broke out between 9 and 10 o'clock a. m., and we immediately prepared to descend into the crater. I felt unable to undertake it, but could not be denied.

The manele was taken down, that I might ride when it was level. In descending we had some steep precipices to encounter, and by the time I had descended the first I was glad to take the manele until we reached the next.

Upon the "black ledge" it was quite level, and I walked and rode as I chose, until we reached the brink of the lake, which is about three miles from the house.

MAKING LAVA SPECIMENS.

My husband and John Green went where the bank was low and dipped up some of the burning mass with an iron spoon, which they had attached to a long pole. The spoon was swallowed by "Pele," and they then got some on the handle of a jack-knife.

Miss Mills and I sat down to rest, and watch the liquid fire. We wished only for the darkness of the night to add to the grandeur of the scene; we wanted to have a near view of the waves which were breaking against the bank on which we stood, but we did not dare go very near its edge, fearing it might give way and precipitate us into the burning mass.

The crust which forms upon the surface afterwards breaks, and affords a fine view of the brilliant fire. In many places jets were cast up many feet into the air, producing a brilliant display of fireworks.

I was not half satisfied with looking when my husband said it was time to return, and we might be shut in by the fog. Ascending the precipices I found it very fatiguing work. It seemed as if I should never reach the house. It is very cold this evening.

AT THE SULPHUR BANKS.

Eighth.—Arose before it was fairly light and had a fine view of the lake. The morning was fair, and we went to visit the sulphur

bank before breakfast. It is outside the crater, and but a short walk from the house. Sulphur might be obtained here in any quantity. The hot steam issues from the ground in many places, and we could hear the sulphur burning underneath. It was so hot in some places we could hardly endure it.

We obtained some specimens, but none so good as we wished. The frequent visitors do not allow it to form perfect crystals.

As soon as we could get ready after breakfast we started on our way from the volcano. I rode on horse-back for a change. It soon began to rain, and did not cease until we reached our stopping place.

AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE, OLAA.

We got off our horses but once during the ride of fifteen miles. I was about used up when we reached the half-way house. The road was very rough and muddy, and we could only walk our horses. We had some woods to pass through, and a good deal of brush.

The fern is very abundant in this region; it grows in some instances fifteen or twenty feet high. From it the pulu is obtained, which is used for beds, pillows, etc., and the root is used for food in seasons of scarcity.

We found the half-way house neat and comfortable, but were disappointed at not finding a fire to warm and dry us.

Ninth.—Sabbath. Dull and rainy. I was quite ill, and unable to sit up much. Never spent a Sabbath under such circumstances. The Bible was our only book, and we had but one copy of that.

THE TRIP FROM OLAA TO HILO.

Tenth.—A fine day, and quite cheering to the company of travelers. Got ready to start on our way at 7 a. m. The sick woman that we found in the next house when we arrived, seemed to brighten up and crawled out to see us before we left. After leaving the half-way house the road was very rough, but it grew better as we approached Hilo, except that it was rather muddy. We enjoyed this day's journey very much.

In a little grove of young cocoanut trees we halted to take our cold dinner, and ate it with good relish. We had plenty of native spectators the while.

From there our way lay through thick woods, and I felt cheerful enough to join the birds in their songs. A few miles before reaching the station at Hilo we left the woods. In going through a deep muddy pond, my horse undertook to prance a little, and gave myself, and husband also, a good spattering.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. LYMAN.

From the volcano we went to Hilo, where the Uncas lay at anchor. At Hilo we were entertained by Rev. Mr. Lyman, a missionary of

considerable prominence, who conducted a school for the education of boys. It was one of Mr. Lyman's sons, who, many years after our visit, married the little curly-headed girl mentioned in the chapter treating of my first visit to the Hawaiian Islands, and whose wedding I attended. This couple are still living at Hilo. They are now well along in years, and have a large family of children, two of the boys being twins.

I once met Mr. Lyman, when he was a young and single man, on a ranch in the southeastern part of Hawaii. I was traveling on horseback and arrived at the ranch just before night. He was stopping alone in a little house on the ranch, but made me welcome to the best accommodation there was.

AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

During the evening we were sitting at a table, and he was reading the news from a paper I had brought, when there came the sharp shock of an earthquake. Mr. Lyman did not take his eyes from the paper but reached out one hand and took hold of the lamp, to keep it from upsetting. When he had finished the sentence he was reading, he remarked:

“That was one of them.”

I made no demonstration of surprise, thinking I could stand it if he could. But if he had not taken hold of the lamp it would surely have been upset.

The people on the island of Hawaii, near the volcano of Mauna Loa, had become so accustomed to earthquakes, that they scarcely gave them a passing thought. It would be impossible for me not to diverge at this point from the regular order of happenings; the subject leads the memory into by-ways.

RACING WITH AN AVALANCHE.

The ranch of which I have just spoken was near a spur of mountains running down from the volcano of Mauna Loa.

During the great earthquake of 1868 a part of this spur broke off and spread itself over the country towards the sea for a distance of several miles.

Part of this ranch, as also were many others, was submerged by the huge landslide. Mr. Lyman was not living on the ranch at that time, but I passed over the place a few days after the slide, and was told by a foreigner who lived near there, who witnessed the slide, that a drove of horses and cattle were swallowed up by the mighty avalanche of rocks and earth.

He spoke in particular of one young horse that ran a race for life, with the wave of boulders of the slide, and escaped unhurt.

At the time of this great earthquake that shook down mountains,

there was a tidal wave, and a native village, located near this ranch, was swept into the sea, and a large number of people perished.

Seventy-nine persons and two hundred houses are said to have been destroyed on the island by this earthquake.

CAPTAIN BROWN AND THE LAVA FLOW OF 1868.

I will here recount a story of the Hawaiian earthquake of 1868, that was as remarkable as any that came to my notice. On the south slope of Mauna Loa lived Captain Brown and his family—wife and several children. He had one of the finest ranches on the Island. He had built a large and handsome stone house and had well-kept and luxuriant grounds, and from every appearance, was pleasantly located for the balance of his life. But he had not calculated that he was living over a boiling volcano, that was more than likely to seek a vant hole some day.

The earthquake tremors continued several days. During those days at times when the human body could not feel the seismic waves, water in a goblet was constantly agitated.

At intervals the ground would give a sudden jerk, upsetting furniture.

Captain Brown and family, fearing their house might fall down, moved out in the yard; and it was well they did, because shortly after they had vacated the house, an earthquake with more jerk than any preceding ones, threw out of the house walls the under stones, causing the whole structure to collapse.

CAPTAIN BROWN AND THE LORD.

Captain Brown was a very profane man, and when the house fell down, he said to his wife, "The Lord can't get it any lower, let's move back into the house." Before he could reach the ruins of his house, however, there was another and still sharper shock, which scrambled the ruins, and turned the cook stove, which they had moved out into the yard, bottom side up.

The old captain said: "The Lord has done his utmost now." But hardly had they righted the stove when there was a flash of light that nearly blinded them, and they could hear and feel the surging of the lava under their feet.

With all possible speed Captain Brown and his family fled to a hill not far distant, and gaining its top and looking back, they saw a stream of livid lava pouring from a rent in the ground not many rods above the spot where their beautiful house stood only a few hours before.

They were in a place of safety, if there was any safety for them, and with uncontrollable fascination they watched the red river

pour down the hill, and over the ruins of their home, over their beautiful grounds, and on down towards the sea.

As soon as they could take their eyes from the river of lava, Captain Brown and his family walked six miles to the mission station at Waiohinu. The next day he put his family on board a vessel bound for Honolulu, and bade them good-bye, saying he must go back and see if he could save some of the stock.

CATTLE DESTROYED BY THE LAVA.

Captain Brown afterwards told me that the next day, making his way back to his ranch, he saw a total of several hundreds of cattle scattered about on little hills that were surrounded by the lava. The lava kept rising higher and higher, and one by one the poor cattle were crowded off into the fiery liquid.

As each animal disappeared there would be a puff of smoke, and while he yet watched, the last animal in sight disappeared.

A short time before the earthquake, a daughter of the Brown family died, and was buried on the ranch. Saying no child of his should rest in such a grave, the old Captain, with the help of a couple of laborers, set to work to uncover the grave and to remove the body to a regular cemetery.

At the time of the earthquake Captain Brown had a pet horse staked out in the front yard. He supposed as a matter of course that this horse had perished with the other stock. So what was his surprise, more than a month after the catastrophe, to find the horse grazing up in the hills. The animal still had a piece of rope around his neck, but his coat of hair was nearly all burned off.

The lava had poured from a new fissure in the slope of Mauna Loa, nearly three miles long, and ten miles from the ocean. It spread over the entire distance to the ocean, and extended the shore line an eighth of a mile out into the sea.

FROM LAVA FLOW TO FLOOD.

Captain Brown, heaping maledictions upon the islands, removed his family to Washington Territory, and settled upon a ranch there. I met one of his daughters in San Francisco years afterwards, and from her, and from other sources, I learned that during a river freshet, Captain Brown's house was swept away, and one of his daughters only escaped drowning by the heroic efforts of a young man, who afterwards married the girl whose life he had saved.

AT THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

Again picking up the thread of the narrative, after our visit of a few days at Hilo we sailed for Honolulu; Mrs. Gelett having dis-

embarked, I pursued my voyage to the Japan Sea, touching at Grigan, one of the Ladrone Islands, south latitude 19 degrees, longitude 145 degrees 40 minutes east.

Grigan is small but heavily timbered, and abounds in bread-fruit, bananas, jack-fruit, yams and sweet-potatoes.

The population in 1847 was about one hundred, among whom were two Englishmen, with native wives. The natives were friendly, and danced a hideous war-dance for my diversion. They were naked.

We took on board fifteen hogs, fattened on cocoa-nuts. One, when dressed, weighed 400 pounds. Guam, about 300 miles south of Grigan, is the largest island of this group. It is twenty-six miles long and has a fine harbor. Leaving Grigan we steered to the northwest, passing just south of the Lewchew Islands, into the Yellow Sea.

OVERWHELMED BY BIRDS.

Passing through the Yellow Sea we entered the Straits of Corea about four o'clock one afternoon; the weather was threatening. Here occurred the most remarkable thing I ever experienced. Birds, chiefly barn-swallows, came aboard the ship by thousands. They alighted on me, hid under my clothes, piled up and on one another, filled the cabin, dived down into the hold, hid under the boats and sought shelter in every place.

At about ten o'clock that night the gale struck us from the south-east. The sea was very heavy, occasionally breaking over the ship. I knew that we were in the vicinity of Tsu Island, in the straits, and the storm being so heavy, and there being so many elements of danger about us, I walked the deck, muffled in storm clothes, all night, not being willing to trust the management of the ship to other hands.

We ran all night before the gale, and at daybreak sighted the south end of Tsu Island, which lies in the middle of the strait. All day we ran along the lea of the island, until 4 p. m., when we passed the north end.

SAVED A SHIP FROM DESTRUCTION.

Shortly after passing the island, we sighted a ship, running before the wind directly for the coast of Corea. I knew the ship was out of its reckoning, and that if she steered on that course for a few hours, she would be a wreck on the rocky shore with a foggy, dark night to add to the horrors of the situation. I set my colors, and ran them up and down. The ship, seeing my signals, hauled her wind, and steered on the same course I was taking.

The next day I spoke the ship, and the captain told me that if it hadn't been for my signals he would surely have run his ship on the rocks, as he had reckoned himself to be on the east side of the straits.

The wind having somewhat moderated, we steered northeast into the Japan Sea. The birds remained aboard until the following day, when, the weather having cleared, they came forth from their hiding places and flew away.

WHALING IN THE JAPAN SEA.

In a few days we fell in with whales and our season's work began. We took about 1,000 gallons of oil in the Japan Sea, and then, losing the whales, we steered to the north, running up the Gulf of Tartary, some 300 miles. Seeing no whales, nor the terrible sea-serpents, which are said by some imaginative persons to abound in this Gulf, we steered south and passed out of the Japan Sea through the straits La Terouse, into the Yesso Sea.

Sailing along the north coast of Japan, sighting the Kuril Islands, thence north to the latitude of 47 degrees, where we fell in with whales, and, by September had taken 1,000 barrels, which, with the 1,000 barrels previously taken, and about 30,000 pounds of bone, made a full cargo.

A REMARKABLE AIR CURRENT.

We then put away for Honolulu, passing into the North Pacific through the Vries Straits. In the evening, about sundown, we passed out of these straits. For three hours after passing the straits it was perfectly calm on deck, while there was a strong breeze aloft that drove the ship through a perfectly smooth sea, at the rate of about eight miles an hour. In my experience this was an unusual thing in air currents. We reached Honolulu on the first day of October, 1848.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD FEVER.

While the *Uncas* lay at Honolulu after our return from the Japan Sea, a vessel arrived from California, with gold dust aboard, to be re-shipped to Valparaiso. As I was bound for that port, I took it on as freight. The gold was packed in small wooden boxes. At that time there were no vessels plying up and down the western coast of the American continent.

This gold was said to be the first shipped from the new fields of California, and I never had reason to doubt the truth of the statement.

The California gold fever was raging at the Hawaiian Island when we arrived there from our whaling voyage, and two of my men, one of them the first mate, took the fever and got their discharge from the *Uncas*, that they might go to California. Both men, after staying in California awhile, returned to New Bedford, without having made their fortunes. They found it harder work to dig gold than to catch whales.

UITATE, AN ISLAND PARADISE.

After remaining at Honolulu five weeks, taking Mrs. Gelett aboard, on the seventh day of November, 1848, we sailed for New Bedford. We touched at Uitate, one of the Hervey Islands, near latitude 19 degrees south, longitude 159 degrees 10 minutes west, where we found an English missionary, Rev. Mr. Rowell, who entertained us very hospitably. He said the people were all Christianized and that he would be personally responsible for all that might be taken from the boat, (I had taken ashore a number of things, such as cutlery, and cloths, to exchange for fruit, vegetables and other supplies). The island was indeed a veritable Paradise.

From there we sailed for Valparaiso, where I delivered to the consignees the fifty thousand dollars in gold dust. I arrived off the coast of Valparaiso on the morning of January 26, 1849, in a dense fog. I spoke a small coasting craft, that reached Valparaiso about three hours ahead of me, and reported a ship coming in loaded with gold from California.

I had not been at anchor ten minutes before the deck of the *Uncas* was covered with visitors from the shore, and "El Oro! El Oro!" was heard everywhere.

MEETING A FRIEND IN VALPARAISO.

While at Valparaiso I attended an examination of an English school. In conversation with one of the lady teachers I learned that she was from Providence, R. I. Asking her if she knew Samuel Hunt, of Providence, she replied, "I ought to, he married my sister." Samuel Hunt is my nephew, said I.

No one who has not traveled abroad can appreciate the pleasure of meeting, in a foreign land, old friends, or those who knew them.

We spent eight days at Valparaiso, where Mrs. Gelett and myself received much attention. We then sailed for home around Cape Horn, and arrived at New Bedford in March, 1849.

A VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

I remained at my home in Kingston, Mass., eighteen months.

My next voyage was in the new fast-sailing clipper ship *Arctic*, of Fairhaven. She was in all respects well equipped for a three-years' voyage. New officers and crew were shipped by the agent. Our destination was the Arctic Ocean, which hitherto I had not seen.

We sailed on the 10th of December, 1850. Being late for the whaling season we made our course direct to Cape Horn. Owing to head winds and calms we didn't reach the Cape until the first of March.

A NARROW ESCAPE IN A GALE.

Off River de la Plata we encountered a heavy gale from the south, which came on so suddenly as to strike the ship aback, when running before a light north wind.

I had given my second officer, who had charge of the deck at the time, orders to let me know if he saw it lightning in the south. He neglected to do so, though flashes of lightning had been seen for more than an hour when the gale struck the ship aback.

I jumped on deck in a minute, but none too soon, as I met a rush of water coming down the cabin gangway.

When I gained the deck all hands seemed paralyzed. I gave the order to let go the halyards fore and aft, myself letting go the main topsail, main topgallant and main royal halyards.

As the sails came down the ship slowly gained her equilibrium and was put under storm sails.

Had I not gained the deck the ship would doubtless have gone down, stern foremost, as many a ship has done with no one left to tell the tale.

After two days the gale abated and let us go on our course. In a few days we sighted the Falkland Islands.

Having lost confidence in my second officer I usually slept with one eye open when he had charge of the deck.

ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

Passing through the straits of Le Maire we came up to old Cape Horn, which stands out in bold relief, and once seen is never forgotten. With a spanking breeze from the northeast we steered on our course. It is not often that ships catch a fair wind doubling this cape, and when they do, the most is made of it. The Arctic had all her sails spread, running twelve miles an hour. Four other ships were in sight, steering the same course with us.

The night came on very dark, with heavy leaden clouds, which are unwelcome visitors to sailors, especially off this cape.

THE SHIP ON HER BEAM ENDS.

At 11 p. m. I saw a sharp flash of lightning in the south. Without delay I called all hands and gave the order to take in all sail as quickly as possible. This was done, but not too soon, for the last man had not got down from aloft when the gale from the south struck the ship, throwing her on her beam ends. The force of the wind was terrific, and did not abate for four hours.

When daylight came our four neighbors were in sight, all of them crippled. One had lost his foremast, main and mizzen top-mast, and jib-boom; another had lost fore and mizzen top-mast, main top-

gallant mast, and jib-boom. The fourth had escaped with the loss of all three topgallant masts and jib-boom.

Not a ropeyarn was broken on the Arctic. I had navigated southern seas too long to be caught napping.

When north winds are blowing in high southern latitudes and lightning is seen in the south, it is safe to take in sail as quickly as possible.

By 10 o'clock the next morning the gale had so far abated as to allow us to make sail and go on our course under close-reef topsail and courses. For three days, however, we had foul weather, with frequent squalls of snow, which allowed the boys to have frequent games of snow-balling.

AT HONOLULU AND OFF TO THE ARCTIC.

Nothing unusual happened on our way to the Sandwich Islands. Arriving there we first touched at the island of Maui, where we took aboard recruits for a six-months' cruise. After a short stay on Maui, and then touching at Honolulu, we sailed for the Arctic. The passage north, till we sighted the Fox Islands was without event, other than the routine of ship life.

After sighting the Fox Islands (latitude 54 degrees, longitude 165 degrees), one morning, a thick fog enveloped us, and we saw no more land.

We shaped our course and sailed through the Ounimak passage. Later we sighted Pribylov Islands. Being anxious to reach my destination, I pushed on until we made St. Matthews Island, north latitude $60\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, longitude 172 degrees west, where we saw many polar bears on shore. These bears are brought down on ice fields from the Arctic Ocean, and find refuge on the islands.

FENCED OUT BY ICE FOR TWO WEEKS.

Reaching St. Lawrence Island, with several other ships we were delayed there a couple of weeks because of a barrier of ice that extended from Cape Thaddeus, on the coast of Arctic Russia to St. Lawrence Island, and continued from the island to the coast of Russian America, making an impassable fence of ice all the way across the ocean at that point. While ice-bound at the island I went ashore and bought a quantity of fox and seal furs.

The ice finally broke away near the west end of the island, and with five other ships the Arctic passed through to the north side of the island, where in a bay we found the English warship *Douglass*, with a tender, at anchor.

HEMMED IN BY THE ICE PACK.

Our experience in this bay was both exciting and monotonous, if such contradictory terms can go well together. After we had passed

through the ice barrier, it closed again, and we were practicably hemmed in. The weather was very bad—wind, fog and rough water.

For six days the six ships moved slowly about in the bay, watching for a chance to get through the ice in some direction, either back to the south of the island, from where we had come, or on to the north. On the sixth day we worked back to the south of the island, and in company with a large number of ships, perhaps thirty, cruised along the coast for a few days, during which time one ship went to pieces on the shore. A northeast gale cleared a passage in the ice, and we again headed for the north.

AN ICEBERG EXPLOSION.

Passing St. Lawrence Island we anchored in St. Lawrence Bay, where we took on board about twenty tons of ballast, the ship being "cranky."

While lying in St. Lawrence Bay, an iceberg, fifty feet high, that had broken away from a glacier at the head of the bay, drifted down to within a half of a mile of the ship and exploded with a loud noise, breaking in pieces as large as a ship's hull.

Resuming our voyage from St. Lawrence Bay, where the iceberg exploded, near our ship, when in the north part of Behring Strait, in company with nine whaling ships, we encountered a solid barrier of ice reaching across the strait.

SEVEN SHIPS OUT OF NINE LOST IN THE ICE.

The next day a gale of wind came up from the south, blowing directly on the ice.

I put the ship under close-reefed top-sails, reefed course, reefed spanker and fore and main spencer.

The gale continued for seventy-two hours, during which time I never closed my eyes, making my longest abstinence from sleep.

Seven of the nine ships went onto the ice and were lost. Their masts fell on the ice and their crews thereby escaped.

NO SLEEP FOR 72 HOURS.

During these three days and nights I did not leave the deck. The helmsman was lashed to the wheel. The water was cold, its temperature being 40 degrees, and the seas swept the deck, from stem to stern.

Finally the storm abated, but having so long been deprived of sleep, I was unable to sleep when the opportunity was presented. Finally I took an opiate and ordered the mate to awake me after six hours.

When the time arrived, they could not arouse me. "We'll let him sleep a couple of hours longer," said the mate. When the two

hours had passed and I did not then awake, they became alarmed and renewed their efforts to awaken me; but ten hours had elapsed from the time I fell asleep before I became conscious again.

My nerves never fully recovered from the strain of those seventy-two sleepless hours in Behring Strait.

WHALES FRIGHTENED AWAY.

In a few days the ice broke up and we steered north to N. Lat. 70°, where we again met a solid barrier of field ice, consisting of hummocks, and cakes rising from one to fifteen feet in height above the level of the sea. We cruised along the ice toward Icy Cape looking for whales, but there being so many ships, the whales had been frightened from their usual feeding ground.

MIDNIGHT SUN PUZZLES THE CHICKENS.

Ships on a long cruise always carry chickens on board to help out the larder. While in the Arctic Ocean, the land of the midnight sun, our chickens were "all at sea," sure enough. They didn't know when to go to bed, and showed so much anxiety about the matter, that we fixed up a dark place for them, and put them in there at six o'clock each night, and took them out again about five o'clock in the morning.

TRYING TO HARPOON A POLAR BEAR.

One day we saw a white bear swimming in the water about a mile from the ice barrier. We concluded we would like to capture him, and lowered a boat and gave chase, intending to harpoon him. The bear kept out of our way, and gave us a lively chase for a couple of hours, before we gave it up as a bad job. When we were almost in harpooning distance, the bear would dive, going very deep into the water, and come to the surface out of our reach. These polar bears swim as well as ducks, and go out and dive in the water in search of fish for food. They are always found, when away from land, within a short distance of floating ice.

A FIGHT WITH A BULL WALRUS.

We saw many schools of walruses, and captured many of them. We came near being over-matched by a bull walrus one day. We had harpooned a cow, and had her in tow of the boat. The bull, defending his mate, attacked the boat, running his tusks through it. If we hadn't speedily succeeded in killing him with lances, he would surely have swamped the boat.

It was little ice and many whales the previous season, and much ice and few whales this season, and, disgusted, on the first day of

September I put away for the Sandwich Islands, without having taken a single whale.

One ship that put away with me was never heard from; she was probably wrecked on the Fox Islands and all hands perished.

20 SHIPS IN A KONA STORM AT LAHAINA.

We arrived at the Sandwich Islands about October 1. While at Lahaina recruiting, there came on a gale from the south, blowing on shore.

There were some twenty ships at anchor. Many of them got under way, as it was not safe to remain there at anchor during a southerly gale. A number of ships barely escaped being wrecked. I got the Arctic under way in time to escape without trouble. When the gale abated I returned and finished recruiting, and sailed for the coast of Southern California, touching at Honolulu for letters and home news.

A WRECK AT SEA.

In latitude 29° north, longitude 121° west, I fell in with a large lumber-loaded schooner laying on her side, or beam-ends, with her masts in the water. Hanging to the main rigging was part of a woman's dress, or skirt, of light-colored calico. There was a rope tied around the shroud in which the dress was entangled, having the appearance of some one having been lashed or tied to the rigging. In my mind there was no doubt but some woman had met her sad fate there.

CRUISING OFF GUADALUPE.

We touched at Guadalupe Island, in latitude 29° north, longitude 118° west, where we obtained a fine lot of fresh fish. This island is not inhabited, or was not at that time, and from its barren appearance I doubt if it is worth pre-empting.

We next sighted Cape St. Lucas, where I went on shore and prospected for the precious dust, which was causing such a furore in California, at that time. My prospecting, like many others, ended in disappointment, and I returned to my floating home, and, after cruising a few weeks in the Gulf of California, with no success, I put away for the Galapagos Islands.

A TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH A GIANT WHALE.

In latitude 10° north we saw and captured our first whale. He was a large sperm whale and a warrior. When the harpoons were thrown into him he became so enraged that he would go for a boat on sight.

Having chewed up two boats and crippled a number of men, I had not an officer that would tackle him again. Not being willing to

surrender and let so valuable a prize escape, I took a picked boat's-crew and renewed the attack.

Getting directly ahead of the monster (a whale cannot see an object directly ahead of it), I ordered the men to pull, giving the boat all the speed possible, and when within a few yards of the whale's head, the boat was sheered off so as to pass by his head, and before he became aware of our approach I was abreast of his life, and plunging my lance into his lungs I left it there.

In a moment he rolled over, striking the steering oar with his jaw, breaking the oar in two and throwing the steersman overboard. The man was a good swimmer and struck out for dear life away from the whale.

We could not stop to pick the man up, for the whale was in hot pursuit of us, and it required all our skill and strength to keep out of his reach.

VICTORY OVER A 1000-YEAR-OLD WHALE.

After a long and exciting chase the "old whale of a thousand years" gave up and turned fin out, dead. He was a very old whale, as his teeth were worn down nearly to the gums, and some of them were much decayed. I have no doubt he was one thousand years old. He yielded us one hundred barrels of oil, worth at that time more than three thousand dollars.

AT COCOS ISLAND—CAPTAIN KIDD'S HAUNT.

Steering to the southeast, in a few days we sighted Cocos Island, latitude 6 degrees north, longitude 87 degrees west. I have been told that this island has been dug nearly all over in a search for treasure, said to be buried by Robert Kidd and other piratical celebrities.

Concluding from my experience at Cape St. Lucas that my fort was not in gold hunting, I did not go ashore. The island is a pile of sand, with little vegetation.

AT THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS AGAIN.

In a few days we sighted the Galapagos Islands, and landed on Albermarle, the most westerly island of the group, where I had landed more than ten years before to obtain terrapin. Everything remained as I saw it on my first visit. The same stepping stones to ascend the steep and rocky bluff. The same old pelicans perched on the rocks, and apparently the same sea gulls on the cliffs, where they hatch their young. And when we ascended to the high table-land, the home of the terrapin, there we found them in large numbers.

OLD FRIEND TERRAPINS.

The same old monster was found that we saw there in 1841, with the ship *India's* name marked on his back, and with the names of many other ships; one dated back to 1820. I have no doubt but the same old chap is there now, and will be for many years to come. Their age is said to be from one to one hundred years.

The large terrapin are not taken away, as they cannot be carried down the steep rocky way that leads to the landing.

In fighting, the one of these terrapin that can get its head up highest, when they meet face to face, is master. The one finding itself vanquished, gives a hissing noise and draws its head under its shell. It is very amusing to see them in "mortal" combat.

ORANGES IN NEW GRANADA.

After taking on board some twenty of these monster turtles, we sailed away, cruising on or near the equator until we reached the coast of New Granada. Seeing a few huts on the shore, I landed, and found the people friendly. I obtained a quantity of the best oranges I have ever seen in any part of the world. Some of the trees were very large, measuring I should think, two feet or more in diameter, near the ground, and with wide spreading branches loaded with the golden fruit. Obtaining a boat-load of the delicious beauties, I returned to the ship and put away for what is called the "off shore" whaling ground.

OFFICERS SCARED AT WHALES.

There we saw whales, but my officers had become so panic-stricken with the fighting whale I had taken, that they would not venture near enough for the boat-steerer to reach the whale with his harpoon; but the whales were frightened away.

In a few days more whales were seen, and I myself went in pursuit. We soon came alongside of a fifty-barrel whale, and in went the harpoon. In a short time I had him fin out (dead) and alongside of the ship.

I cannot say that I felt very amiable towards my officers; but they declared that they came on a right whale voyage, and did not pretend to know the art of sperm whaling.

After cruising a few days longer, the weather being bad, and seeing no more whales, I put away for the Sandwich Islands, where we arrived in March, 1852.

WILLIAM EMERSON SAILS TO THE OKHOTSK.

Having recruited for another northern voyage, we sailed on the first of April for the Okhotsk Sea. William Emerson, son of Rev. Mr. Emerson, a missionary at the Sandwich Islands, accompanying us on our voyage, in search of health.

DEATH OF WILLIAM EMERSON.

A few weeks out from Honolulu, on our way to the whaling grounds of the north, I observed that young William Emerson, who accompanied us in the hopes of benefiting his health, was losing strength.

I did all I could for him, even to giving up my swinging bed, that he might rest easy, the sea being rough. The last time he went on deck was during a snow storm, a sight he had never seen. He seemed delighted with the sight, but was much exhausted when returning to the cabin. From that time he failed fast, and in a few days it became evident that his life was fast ebbing, although he was unconscious of the fact.

Feeling it my duty to inform him of his condition, I did so as quietly as possible, while he was lying in the swinging bed. He seemed much surprised, and said, "Must I be buried in the ocean?" I could not answer his question, and he closed his eyes, tears coursing down his cheeks.

For some fifteen minutes he did not move a muscle, then opening his eyes and looking at me with a smile I shall never forget, he said, "I am going to see Jesus," and he began at once to make ready as though he was about to start on a journey.

He requested me to write down his last messages to his parents, and brothers, and sisters. He had made quite a collection of corals, shells and lava, and he dictated who should have this, that and the other, with a clearness that was surprising.

Having finished his last will and testament, it being near evening, he requested to see the officers and men. I told him to compose himself and rest until morning before seeing the men, which he did. I sat by him until twelve o'clock that night, when a Christian young man took my place, with orders to administer stimulants as directed.

At six o'clock in the morning I found him anxious to see the officers and men. After breakfast the officers came to his bedside, and he took each one by the hand, telling them that he was going home to see Jesus, and giving them a word of advice and a good bye, like one starting on a journey. So in the course of the forenoon he said goodbye to all the ship's company of thirty-six men. That night at eleven o'clock he breathed his last.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

The next morning a shroud was made and the body prepared for burial by being sewed up in a heavy canvas, and having weights attached to the feet to sink the body, that it might find a resting place in some coral bed at the bottom of the ocean. I have often thought how dreadful must be the stillness down there.

The body was kept on the quarter deck until four o'clock in the

afternoon, when all hands were called to bury the dead. The ship was luffed to the wind with her main topsail aback to stop her headway. The gangway board was taken out and the body laid on a plank. I then read the Episcopal burial service and the body was launched into the deep.

After laying by an hour, as was my custom after burying a man at sea, the ship was put on her course. Our longitude at the time of the burial was 180° , or on the meridian, where the day begins; and latitude $47^{\circ} 31' N$.

With a fair wind and a smooth sea we made all speed for our destination.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

Two days later we encountered a furious gale from the southeast. Being anxious to gain our whaling ground I did not lay to, but skud under storm sails. About twelve o'clock that night a wave broke over the ship, taking away one of our boats, and the cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. I was on the hurricane deck at the time. Jumping onto the main deck I saw that one man was gone from the wheel. On going past the round house I saw the man hanging to the spanker boom guys. With my help he was soon back to his place at the wheel.

Keeping the ship away two points, she made better weather of it until the gale abated.

The next day the sun shone, and we ascertained our latitude and longitude. The good weather was of short duration, as the following night a northeast gale came on, with snow and sleet.

Expecting to pass through Amphitrite Straits the next day, I kept a sharp reckoning of the ship's course and the distance run.

INTO THE OKHOTSK IN A SNOW STORM.

The next day brought a heavy gale and a blinding snow storm. I carried a heavy press of sail, and determined to pass through the straits before night. At two o'clock p. m. I had all hands on deck, with men stationed on the foreyard and flying jibboom. The color of the water had changed from blue to a bright green, indicating near approach to land. Seals were seen in large numbers.

My officers showed signs of fear, and I must say it was a somewhat exciting time; but nevertheless I was determined to sight the land.

In a few minutes the man on the flying jibboom shouted: "Breakers ahead!" The helm was put hard starboard, and the ship came round, head off shore, but so near the rocks that a stone might have been thrown on shore. We soon passed through the straits and into the Okhotsk Sea.

We then steered to the northwest, for our whaling ground.

MEETING THE BARRIER ICE.

Two days later we came to the ice, which seemed to stretch all the way across from Cape Elizabeth to the shores of Kamchatka, a distance of four hundred miles.

For a number of days we coasted along this barrier of ice. When within about fifty miles of the west coast of Kamchatka we saw an opening which extended to the north as far as the eye could reach from the masthead. Into this opening I determined to go, and take my chances of getting through to the north of the ice. The passage where we entered was about one mile wide.

With a fair wind from the south the Arctic sped on her way, with an ice wall on either side, for eight hours, making a distance of sixty miles or more. Here the passage closed and there was only one thing for us to do, which was to take in all sail and let our ship go into the ice. This we did successfully and for six days we lay ice-bound, but working our way to the north with all sail set, pressing through the field ice as best we could.

IN A FREEZING GALE.

On the sixth day clear water was discerned to the north and we hoped soon to be out of the ice. We were doomed to disappointment, as a sharp gale came down upon us from the north, with intense cold—so cold that the men were driven down from aloft before the sails were all furled. Some of the men had frozen fingers, and some frozen ears. Not being willing to see the sails blown away, I jumped into the rigging, saying, "Who will follow me?" Ten men came to the rescue, and we secured the sails, but not until every mother's son of us was more or less frozen. My own fingers were frozen to the second joint. I took the frost out by holding my hands in ice-cold water. This was a painful operation, but it saved my fingers, as it did those of the other men.

BARRELS OF WATER FROZEN IN THE HOLD.

The gale continued its fury for three days; and it was all we could do to keep from freezing in our cabin. Ten-barrel casks of water stored in the ship's hold were frozen solid, and we found it necessary to hoist them on deck and knock the heads out to get water to drink, and for culinary purposes.

When the gale did abate the ship had been blown back many miles into the ice, and was frozen in, so that it was many days before any move could be made. But a south wind came, bringing a warm wave which soon released us, and in a few days we reached the open ocean to the north of the ice.

WHALES A-PLenty.

We were no sooner out of the ice than we saw whales in large numbers. I sent my three officers in pursuit of the whales, and my mate soon harpooned a large one.

I watched the maneuvering of the officers as they worked unsuccessfully around the whale. Becoming impatient at the fear manifested by the men, I lowered a boat and was soon alongside and had the whale's life-blood flowing. Without saying a word to my officers, I returned to the ship. We soon had a whale alongside. More whales were in sight, and my mate and I went in chase. In less than two hours we had another large whale alongside of the ship, and secured the bone and blubber, or fat.

A 200 BARREL WHALE.

The next day, there being whales near the ship, I again sent my officers in chase, but not until I had given them a "curtain lecture." The mate soon got up to a whale, and in went the harpoon. Down went the whale taking out two hundred fathoms, or twelve hundred feet, of line. After remaining down more than half an hour, he came to the surface, and was dispatched. He was a monster, yielding over two hundred barrels of oil and two thousand pounds of bone.

WHALES AND SNOW STORMS.

For ten days the weather continued fine, in which time we took eight hundred barrels of oil and twelve thousand pounds of bone, worth, at that time, eighteen thousand dollars. A snow-storm came on and continued three days, but the wind was light and the sea smooth, so we managed to finish up our work and be ready for more whales when good weather came. I have seen many snow storms during my travels, but never have I seen snow fall so fast as in this storm. Four men were kept shoveling snow off the deck to enable us to carry on our work.

On the 10th day of May the weather cleared, but no whales were in sight. We cruised along the northern edge of the ice until the first of June, when we sighted the coast of Kamchatka; I went ashore.

I saw no signs of human beings, but there were many deer and moose near. Their tameness reminded me of the poem by Cowper, "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk" (whose island experience probably furnished DeFoe with material for his celebrated book, "Robinson Crusoe," which appeared in 1719.)

"The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

AN 1100 POUND MOOSE.

I walked up within twenty yards of a large moose and shot him through the heart. The others with him ran a short distance and then stopped to see what was up. We dressed our prize on the spot, as he was too heavy to carry in bulk.

When dressed the moose weighed over eleven hundred pounds. I landed at the same place two weeks later, but saw neither moose nor deer; instead, mosquitoes were legion. The animals had evidently been driven from their feeding ground by these pests. We beat a hasty retreat, but were followed by thousands of the blood-thirsty wretches, even to the ship.

This coast is sloping from the mountains, and has a rich soil, vegetation growing very rank.

An ambitious settler might here preëempt a quarter section, with mosquitoes thrown in, and there would be no one to contest his claim.

From this coast we steered west to longitude 150 degrees east, where we saw several ships, much field ice, and many whales, but the latter had been so "dogged" by the boats from the ships that they seldom ventured out of the ice.

WHALING IN THE ICE.

Conceiving the idea that they might be attacked in the ice, I landed on the ice and drew my boat up. A short distance from where I landed was an opening—a large "air-hole"—about one hundred feet long and perhaps thirty feet wide. Before leaving the ship I had noticed whales coming up to this opening.

I stationed myself near the edge, with lance in hand, but had not waited long before two whales came up, side by side, one of them so near me that I plunged my lance into his lungs.

The commotion made by the monster was somewhat startling. He hit the cake of ice I was standing on and broke it in two.

I was thrown into the water, and but for the men who were with me, I might not be here to tell the tale. It was decidedly a cold bath, but the excitement kept me warm.

A WHALE IN HIS DEATH STRUGGLE.

The whale soon came up in an opening about a quarter of a mile away, and threw out his life-blood in large quantities. We scrambled over the broken ice as best we could, and came up to the whale just as he commenced his death struggles. He showed his immense strength by throwing out of the water cakes of ice that weighed tons. His struggles were soon ended, and he came up fin out.

The next thing of importance was to get the ship to the whale, as it was not possible to get the whale out of the ice to the ship. Run-

ning the ship alongside of the ice threw the head sails aback, stopping headway. Then shivering the after sails the head of the ship fell off, striking the ice before getting much headway. I then pressed on all sail, forcing the ship through the field-ice to the loose patches.

In less than an hour we had the whale fast alongside of our ship, and before night we had his blubber and bone on board.

While we were working with the whale the wind had changed and the ship drifted back into the open sea.

While looking through a spy glass at a passing ship, I discovered a dead whale in the ice only a short distance from us. We soon secured the prize and had him alongside our ship. The two whales made us three hundred barrels of oil and three thousand pounds of bone.

VISITED BY MULTITUDES OF BIRDS.

The ice melted rapidly, and in a few days there was neither ice nor whales to be seen.

In latitude 50 degrees N. and longitude 147 degrees E. the weather assumed a very peculiar appearance. There was a bright halo around the sun, and heavy leaden clouds along the eastern horizon.

All the afternoon land birds continued to come on board our ship.

Late in the afternoon they became very tame and sought shelter under the boats, flew down the hatchways, in the cabin, and wherever they could find a hiding place. I had a large after cabin which I gave up to the little visitors. Among them were blue-birds, black-birds, bulfinches, one old robin red-breast and many other kinds unknown to me.

Our ship was made ready for the gale that I knew was approaching, and which struck the ship with great fury about ten o'clock that night.

A SEVEN-DAY STORM.

The storm came from the northwest, and lasted seven days, during which time we saw neither sun, moon nor stars. For two days the gale continued with unabated force, with a sharp sea that constantly broke over the ship. Having secured the tiller a little below-midships, to keep the ship's head up to the wind, I sent all the men below excepting one officer.

A SHIP ENCASED IN ICE.

Nothing could be done with the ship for she was completely covered with ice, from the main truck to the water line.

The rain and sleet continued for six days, all the time freezing as fast as it struck the ship.

The shrouds were covered with ice to the size of a nail keg, and all

the rigging in proportion, so that the ship became top-heavy rolling her planksheer under water.

HEAD FIRST THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.

I was foolish enough to climb up on the hurricane house, to see if any thing was in sight; the ship gave a lurch, sending me off head foremost onto the skylight over the cabin.

My head went through the glass and my shoulders caught on the framework protecting the glass. In this case the glass was not protected, but went jingling onto the cabin table. The officer having charge of the deck was below lighting his pipe.

Extricating myself, I stepped behind the round-house as he came on deck, and when he came near I asked him, "What made all that noise in the cabin?" He answered, "The skylight has been broken in." I asked him how it happened, but he did not know.

There was much speculation among the officers as to how it could have happened, but they got no light on the subject from me; so it remained a mystery to the end of the voyage.

A DAY WITH THE BIRDS.

I spent the remainder of that day in the after-cabin with the birds. They had become very tame, so much so that they would light on my shoulders and arms, and allow me to handle them. I fed them on bread crumbs, corn meal and canned meat, all of which they partook of freely.

They were very friendly to each other, but none of them ventured a song. Like the Israelites, their harps had been hung on the willows.

AN "ICE SHIP."

On the seventh day in the afternoon the sun broke through the clouds and shone on our ship. A more beautiful sight I never saw—an ice ship, in every sense of the word; every part glistened in the sunshine.

The next day was fine and the morning clear and crisp, with a light breeze from the south.

At eight o'clock I opened the side-lights to the cabin and let the willing captives go free. In a short time they were all on the wing, speeding northward to the Asiatic coast.

After an hour the old robin came back and re-entered the cabin, but she soon left and we saw her no more.

I missed the little wanderers more than I can tell—but so it is ever; our pleasures of today take to themselves wings.

FREEING THE SHIP FROM ICE.

The south wind and a bright sun brought warmth and cheer, and we began the task of freeing our ship from ice. The decks were easily cleared, but it was no easy task to clear the rigging. As the ice thawed, large pieces came down from aloft with head-breaking force. One man was badly cut and bruised about the head and shoulders. We had to work cautiously, and were two days in freeing the ship so we could go on our way.

It is difficult for those who have not experienced such a storm to fully realize the gloom that settles down on the minds of those who are called to face the dangers of the sea.

To me, however, the grandeur of such a storm as I have faintly described, drives away all fear and fills me with reverential awe.

Just as soon as we had freed the ship from the ice, we steered to the southwest and soon sighted the Asiatic coast, in latitude 56 degrees 20 minutes north.

There we saw many whales; and in two days we had harpooned six of them and lost two hundred fathoms of tow line. The whales went to the bottom as soon as harpooned, entangling the line round the rocks, breaking it, and then went off with the harpoons. Leaving this rocky coast, we went off shore and succeeded in capturing a number of whales.

WHALING OFF THE SHANTAR ISLANDS.

Late in July I fell in with the ship *Robin Hood*, of New London, Captain McKinley. The captain came on board my ship and we agreed to go in company to the Shantar Islands, in search of whales. These islands lay off the Siberian coast, in latitude 55 degrees north and longitude 137 degrees 30 minutes east.

Steering to the southwest, when within fifty miles of the islands a thick fog came down on us and continued three days. The wind was light and the sea smooth.

"YANKEE DOODLE" IN THE FOG.

When we judged ourselves to be near the land, we sent a boat ahead of our ships, with a bugler who had orders to play "Yankee Doodle" if he saw land.

It was not long before the notes that have stirred the blood of many a patriot were heard. The ship was luffed by the wind, head off shore; and in a short time the fog lifted and I found we were in the mouth of the straits leading to the bays and harbors inside the islands.

Passing through the straits we found much floating ice, but worked our way in until we struck soundings and at sundown came to anchor for the night.

EIGHTEEN HOURS AFTER A WHALE.

At daylight whales were seen near the ship, and we gave chase. Soon I came alongside of a large fellow, and in went the harpoons and off went the whale for the ice and under the ice.

I attached two drags to the line. These drags are eighteen inches square, made of plank, and offer more resistance when in the water than a boat does.

The whale soon came up a half mile in the ice; we scrambled over and through the ice, getting near the whale, when he disappeared, but soon came up another half mile away.

For six hours we kept up the chase, until I got near enough to throw my lance into his lungs, which soon brought him fin out.

It was ten o'clock that night before the ship reached the whale, making eighteen hours we had toiled for our prize.

The following day was foggy. Whales were heard off in the floating ice. Many sea lions and fur seals came round the ship; sea-fowl also in large flocks passed by. I shot quite a number, and we had a sea pie for all hands. The canvas-back ducks were fat and delicious.

Our partner, Captain McKinley, came aboard, his ship being at anchor about three miles away. He also had taken a large whale.

THE MYSTERY OF SEA ICE.

At sun-down the fog lifted and many whales were seen, but no ice was in sight.

There is something mysterious about the disappearance of ice out of the ocean.

I was once cruising along a field of ice in the Okhotsk Sea which extended fifty miles east and west, and as many miles north and south.

A thick fog came up and lasted twenty-four hours; when the fog lifted, to our astonishment no ice was to be found, but the whales that had been sheltered in the ice were ranging around as though they had lost their hiding place,—and to many of them it proved that they had.

TOWED TEN MILES BY A WHALE.

On the following day I harnessed another large cow whale which proved very refractory and went in any direction she pleased, regardless of the lines.

I was towed about ten miles up the straits toward the open ocean, when she suddenly turned and headed for the land a mile distant. When near the shore she went down and came to a halt. I well knew she was rolling on the bottom, and soon we hauled in the end of our line which had been entangled round the rocks and broken.

The old whale went off seaward, taking with her two harpoons which no doubt proved to be "Thorns in her side."

Returning to the ship, and more whales being seen, I sent my officers in pursuit.

My mate struck a small whale and soon brought him to the ship.

Up to this time my second and third mates had not been near a whale, much to my disgust.

Next day a small whale came up near the second mate's boat, and the boat steerer sent in the harpoons. The whale carted him around the bay for hours, when at length I managed to board his boat. Ordering the men to haul in the line, we were soon alongside the whale.

MATE WHO DIDN'T LIKE HIS JOB.

I told my second mate I would hold the boat alongside the whale until he killed him or until the whale stove the boat to splinters.

He then plunged the lance into the whale's lungs—and with a bull frog's leap he jumped overboard in the opposite direction from the whale.

As he could swim, and another boat was near, I did not stop to pick him up. We soon had the whale alongside the ship.

I told my second and third mates to lash their boats on the cranes, as they were no help in catching whales. Soon after my mate was taken sick with heart trouble—(of which he afterwards died).

I now had the field of battle all to myself. My mate, however, soon rallied and was able to accompany me as a helper in case of a stoven boat.

After I had taken a number of whales a gale came on and blew for forty-eight hours.

The ship dragged her anchors until she was within a short distance of the rocks, when, fortunately for us, the gale abated. A long spell of foggy weather followed.

Black and cinnamon bears were numerous on the Shantar Islands. They could be seen on the shores at all times of day. I shot a number and we had all the bear meat we wanted. As for myself, I was like the man who could eat crow but didn't hanker for it.

EXPLORING THE LARGE SHANTAR ISLAND.

The second day after the gale abated, together with five picked men, I went on shore on an exploring expedition. We had two shot-guns loaded with buck-shot, two men had boarding knives and two had sharp hatchets. We landed on the southwest side of the big Shantar Island and proceeded up a gentle slope towards the summit or highest part of the island.

Black bears were numerous and very tame; we passed within a few

rods of many of them. They would sit up on their haunches and make a dismal whining noise, but they showed no disposition to attack us.

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

One large cinnamon bear that came directly in our path, gave us to understand that he did not turn out for any two-legged animal. He turned first one side to us and then the other, and then sat on his haunches, all the time keeping up a noise that was half whine and half growl.

When we were within a few feet of him I ordered a halt and drew my forces in line of battle. Myself and the other man with a gun were in front, next stood the men with the boarding knives, the men with the hatchets in the rear.

Our enemy showed plainly that he meant an attack. I ordered my man with the gun to aim at his heart as he turned his side to us, while I took deliberate aim at the side of his head. I gave the order to fire.

To my astonishment the bear rushed at us with terrible fury, but fell dead at our feet. We did not stop to take his skin, as it was shedding time and the skin of no value.

A GRAND VIEW.

When at about 500 feet elevation we got above the fog, and a grander sight than the one that met our eyes cannot be imagined. Spread before us was one vast sea of fog, with the tops of the isles peering above; and the bright rays of the sun gave a rainbow appearance to all around. On reaching the highest peak we had a fine view of the Siberian coast. The fog had disappeared under the rays of a noon-day sun, affording a view grand beyond description.

After a cold lunch we began the descent, diverging somewhat from our ascent. When about half way down we came to a heavy wooded ravine, mostly spruce and Norway pine. We did not venture far into the timber, but skirted along on a ridge overlooking the valley. We saw many red and gray foxes. I shot one, but found the hair falling out and the skin worthless, as in the case of the bear.

A SHE-BEAR ROBBED OF HER CUBS.

Coming to an opening down in the ravine we saw two young bear cubs playing in the grass.

I knew it would not be safe to molest them, but my men plead so hard to capture them that I consented. They soon had the young varmints in their arms. One of them made a pitiful cry when caught; and I told the man who carried the other gun to look well at the cap,

for in case of pursuit by the mother bear we could not afford to miss fire. We made a hurried march for a half mile or more, and began to breathe with a little more ease, when one of the men cried out,

“SHE IS COMING !”

We changed our walk to a double-quick march, but it soon became evident that our legs were no match for the bear's. The bear was within a few hundred yards of us, rushing on in maddened fury. Only those who have been chased by a bear robbed of her whelps can fully realize the effect it has on one's nerves.

I ordered the men to drop one of the cubs, thinking the mother might be pacified and relinquish her pursuit. But not so. After a stop of a few minutes, giving us a hundred yards start, she renewed the chase.

Being tired of the fun (?) and somewhat weary, and the old bear being uncomfortably near us, I ordered the men to drop the other cub. Coming up to the cub the mother stopped; we also stopped, determined to stand our ground if she came after us again. The old one licked and caressed the cub, looking round at us occasionally and giving a growl that conveyed the idea that she meant business. But she evidently had no more use for us and we resumed our march.

WILD CURRANTS.

We passed some beautiful openings among the spruce and fir trees. In one place we came upon a clump of red-currant bushes, loaded with ripe fruit. The sight of the fruit transported me instantly to my New England home and my boyhood days. For a moment the old farmhouse was before me, with all its surroundings—father, mother, brothers and sisters were present with me, and I was a boy once more. * * * We gathered of the fruit all our lunch pails and baskets would hold.

A FIGHT WITH THREE BEARS.

Arriving at the place where our boat was, we found three black bears standing guard, and they showed no disposition to retire. We walked up to within a hundred feet of them, came to a halt and held a council of war.

Two of the varmints sat upon their haunches, facing us, and showing their teeth, all the while keeping up an ugly noise that was neither growl nor whine. It did not take us long to determine what we would do. Like General Grant, we “proposed to move immediately,” and taking deliberate aim at the breasts of two of them we fired simultaneously.

One bear fell over dead; the other made one bound towards us and also fell dead. The third bear seemed astonished at such unlooked-for

proceedings, and left the field of battle on a double-quick. It was sundown when we reached the ship with our booty.

On the following morning whales were in sight, near the ship, and before 12 o'clock I had two alongside, which kept us busy until very late that night getting the blubber and bone on board.

NO WHALING ON SUNDAY.

The next day many whales were in sight, but as it was Sunday they were not molested. Since my first voyage as master of a ship I have not allowed whaling on the Sabbath, nor profane language to be used on my ship; and religious services were held when the weather would permit.

On Monday morning whales were numerous. During the week I captured six, but had the misfortune of a stove boat and one man badly hurt, not escaping some cuts and bruises and a cold bath myself. We were in the water over an hour before being rescued by my mate.

WRECKED BY A COW WHALE.

One of the captured whales was a large cow. When harpooned she went to the bottom and ran furiously sea-ward through one of the channels. It was more than an hour before I could get near her and then only near enough to dart a spade into the small part of the body, near the flukes—which is a very sensitive part of the whale. She stopped suddenly and commenced lashing the ocean furiously with her flukes. At length she became quiet and I gave the order to pull up to her, broadside. Placing my lance into her lungs I churned it up and down a number of times, when she settled under the water.

HURLED INTO THE AIR.

The next moment we were hurled into the air, together with oars and the broken parts of the boat. The injured man was hauled onto the largest piece of the broken boat, and held there by two good swimmers.

I dove under the stern part of the boat,—what was left of it—and got the flag we always carried to signal boats when we were in distress. This we managed to raise four or five feet above our heads, which was soon seen by my mate, who was following us as best he could.

We were rescued from our predicament, and the old whale that had raised such vigorous objections to being killed was towed to the ship and soon found her way into the oil barrels.

It was now the first of September and the season was drawing to a close. For a number of days we had a dense fog and calm weather. Our neighbor was anchored about five miles from us.

CONVERSATION AT A DISTANCE OF FIVE MILES.

One of these foggy mornings I heard a man on board the Robbin Hood say, "Did you hear that whale blow?" A man answered, "Yes." Then I heard the order given to call all hands and man the boats. The orders given were as plainly heard as though the ship had been within a hundred feet of us. The whale was harpooned, killed and taken to the ship; and we knew all the particulars in regard to the transaction as well as those engaged in it. Still we were five miles away.

The peculiar state of the atmosphere at the time of course accounted for the sounds coming so distinctly to us. More than one instance of the kind came to my notice.

CAPTURING WILD SWANS.

On the following morning I heard the honk of swan in the direction of a point of land making out into the bay. Hoping to get a shot at them I rowed to the point; arriving there the cries were heard still farther away. I knew then that they must be at a small island five miles distant, which had a fine bay and harbor.

I continued my journey, and when within a mile of the island the fog lifted, and—there was our game. Getting within thirty yards, I selected a large, fine-looking bird and was about to fire when they dove. As I had never been able to approach so near them before, I concluded that it must be their molting time. They soon came up and as we approached they again dove.

When they reappeared we gave chase and in a short time tired them out and captured six. One was a very large male bird;—and he fought like a tiger, tearing off the sleeve of a man's shirt and badly lacerating the arm. The birds were taken to the ship and put in a snug corner back of the hurricane house.

FIGHT WITH A BULL WHALE.

A little before sunset a whale came up near the ship. I went in chase and soon harpooned it; it proved to be a young bull.

He ran and fought furiously; cutting right and left with his flukes, he broke two oars and disabled one man. Being crippled with the loss of two oars and one man, and being five miles from the ship and three miles from my mate's boat, and the sun having set, we had to work cautiously. Realizing, however, that a desperate chance must be taken and the whale killed, or the line cut and whale let go, I decided on the former course, and throwing the line out of the chocks of the boat and bringing it to the bow-cleat, I ordered the men to haul line.

When within ten to fifteen feet of the whale's life, I plunged

two lances, one after the other, into his lungs, and gave the order to slack line. I expected a demonstration—and we had it.

WHALE SMASHES THE BOAT.

The whale struck the bow of the boat, cutting off the upper part and starting off the plank from the stem, which caused the water to rush in, threatening to swamp us. By sending the men into the stern I managed to keep the boat afloat until the mate came up and took us off. In the meantime the whale had turned fin out, dead.

It was midnight when we got the whale and the disabled boat to the ship. The injured man was much bruised but soon recovered.

A BELLIGERANT SWAN.

The next morning after breakfast I went to have a look at my birds. As I stepped into the narrow passage where they were domiciled, the female birds were huddled together, but the male bird stood boldly out in front and faced me as I approached.

When I was nearly within arm's length of him, he sprang upon me, seizing my shirt collar, (a wool shirt), tearing away part of the shirt, and at the same time striking me on my ribs with his wings. I beat a hasty retreat. The next time I viewed my birds it was at long range.

Before noon whales came up near the ship, and by night we had two more alongside. The following day we took another. This gave us so much to do there was no time to bother with birds, so I ordered them thrown overboard; they went off towards the land honking, and I presume rejoicing in their freedom from bondage.

No more whales were seen until September 15th. In the meantime our neighbor, the Robin Hood, had anchored near us, and, whales being in sight, boats from both ships went in chase, they having four boats against my one. The mate of the Robin Hood succeeded in capturing a whale. I returned to my ship, but I must say, not in a very pleasant mood.

Next morning at dawn of day the officer having charge of the deck came and woke me up, saying whales were near the ship. It was not many minutes before my boat was in the water, and before sunrise I had a large whale fin out, and we soon had him alongside our ship.

A SCHOOL OF 100 WHALES.

After breakfast more whales were sighted, and I, with my mate, gave chase, but it was hours before we came up with them, as they were moving in a body up the bay.

There must have been a hundred whales, large and small, in the school. Our neighbor's boats were also in chase.

When about four miles from our ship, and near the head of the

bay, I came up with, and harpooned, a whale beautifully marked with white spots, a real calico whale, and a real race horse. She carted us about the bay until I despaired of securing our prize; it was after sunset before I got near enough to plunge a lance into her lungs. She stopped as soon as her life blood began to flow, but it was dark before she turned fin out. We were now five miles from ship and the tide was setting us still further away.

ANCHORED ALL NIGHT WITH A WHALE.

I anchored my boat, and so held the whale from being taken farther away from the ship. Soon after dark a dense fog shut down on us. We then got supper, which consisted of sea biscuits and cold water. At twelve o'clock that night the tide turned, setting in the direction of our ship; we took up our anchor and were taken along at the rate of a mile an hour. At five o'clock in the morning the fog lifted and we found ourselves within a mile of our ship. We were soon alongside the ship with the whale.

GIVEN UP FOR LOST.

We had been given up for lost, our comrades supposing that we had all gone to sleep in the bottom of the quiet bay. But there had not been much sleep for us, with the mercury down to the freezing point. We had kept from being frozen by exercise, such as thrashing our hands and pulling our ears.

I hardly need to say that we were tired and sleepy when we reached the ship. I felt well satisfied, however, when I saw our prize alongside the ship. Fog settled down upon us again and no more whales were seen for some days.

About this time two more ships came into the bay and anchored near us. One was a German whaler and the other an American whaler.

RIDING OUT A GALE.

About the 20th of September the weather became threatening and I got my ship under way, and made a harbor in a bay on the south side of Fiklishoff Island, where I had captured the swan previously mentioned. The other three ships made a harbor under the lee of the great Shanter Island, and we all rode out the gale in safety, though it blew "great guns."

On the 25th of September whales came in sight, and boats from all four ships went in chase. We lowered our two boats and joined the others, but the whales were so thoroughly awake to their danger that they put seaward out through one of the channels, on a double quick.

FORCING A FIGHT WITH BEARS.

When returning to our ship we passed a high bluff, with a rocky point making out into the bay. As we rounded the point three bears were seen eating the carcass of a whale that had drifted on shore. The mate of the Robin Hood was half a mile in advance of my boat. Having passed the bears, he pulled in shore to cut off their retreat, as they could not pass the rocky point mentioned, and the bluff back of the beach was some twenty feet high.

There was a cut a quarter of a mile up the bay, where the bears could pass up onto the table land. The bears started for this cut, and seeing their enemies landing, they started on a double quick and passed the boat before the men could climb up the rocky shore to cut off their retreat. The third bear, however, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things," but walked leisurely along, attending strictly to his own business.

ATTACKING A BEAR WITH A SPADE AND A ROCK.

Two men had climbed to the beach; one a boat steerer and the other the bow oarsman.

The boat-steerer took his position on shore near the high bank, with a boat spade, a formidable weapon when skilfully used. Ben took a position on a rocky bank near the water, armed with David's weapon—only he had no sling.

Knowing the disposition of the cinnamon bear I took in the situation at once and made all possible speed for the field of battle, and arrived just in time to save Ben's life.

As the bear passed between the two men the boat-steerer threw the spade, cutting a slight gash in the bear's hindquarter and at the same time Ben let drive his rock, hitting the bear on the side of the head. These acts thoroughly aroused bruin, and I think that if there had been any hair on the top of my head, it would have stood on end.

FIGHTING A BEAR IN THE WATER.

The bear went for Ben with a roar that meant business, and the terrified boy leaped from the rocky bank down some fifteen feet into the water, and the bear after him. The bear lit on Ben's back, fearfully lacerating it and sending him under water.

It was some little time before the poor fellow again came to the surface, and when he did old bruin was on hand to finish his bloody work, and with one savage blow of his paw he stripped the flesh from the side of the poor fellow's head and face, nearly severing the ear, and sending him again to the bottom.

HARPOONING A BEAR.

At this moment, I arrived at the bloody scene and plunged a harpoon through the vitals of the bear, killing him at once. Two good swimmers at once dove down in fifteen feet of water and brought Ben to the surface, and we took him in our boat. He was apparently dead, but before reaching his ship, the Robin Hood, he showed signs of life. When Captain McKinley learned of what had happened he was much exercised, and his language to his mate was more forcible than complimentary.

One of the ships that had recently arrived had a surgeon aboard. He was sent for, and soon arrived with his bandages and surgical instruments, and the work began. The ear was sewed on, the scalp put in place, the cheek stitched and the back dressed, and Ben was put to bed, a wiser man. Captain McKinley asked him if he ever would trouble another bear. Ben whined, "Not if I know who I am." He recovered but was somewhat disfigured.

Soon after sailor Ben's rough experience with the angry bear, the weather became stormy and cold. Small whales came into the bay, but they were very shy and would not allow the boats to come near them.

GALES AND SNOW STORMS.

On the first day of October, 1852, we left the Shantar Islands with a fresh northwest gale.

The following night the wind came from the northeast, with a blinding snow storm. We carried a heavy press of sail, hoping to weather Cape Elizabeth, which is from one to two hundred miles northeast from the mouth of the Armour river, on the Siberian coast.

All the next day the storm continued unrelentingly, and before dark I gave orders to put the ship about, as it was doubtful if we could weather the Cape.

At midnight the wind was blowing heavily and the ship was put under storm sails. I knew we must be near the Cape—but all we could do was to wait for daylight.

ON A LEE SHORE IN A GALE.

At daylight I found the ship had drifted into a large bay, and there we were on a lee shore with no hope of escaping shipwreck unless a harbor could be found. Running along the shore, I soon saw a rocky point making out into the bay, and rounding the point I brought the ship into a small bay, and anchored in seven fathoms of water.

A BRIEF RESPITE.

Only those who have experienced a gale in a blinding snow storm on a lee shore, can imagine the relief there is in gaining a harbor. Our harbor, however, was only safe for an easterly gale.

The ship lay quietly at anchor through the night, during which time the gale abated.

At daybreak a bright streak of clear sky in the northwest indicated a gale from that quarter.

I immediately called all hands and ran out six hundred fathoms of tow-line off shore, and heaving up the anchor we soon warped the ship far enough off to get under way;—and we were none too soon, for the gale came down on us, blowing directly on shore.

I carried a heavy press of sail and was able to make a 'longshore course, though at times skimming along past the rocky points, so close that a stone might have been thrown into the breakers from the ship's deck.

A DESPERATE RACE WITH FATE.

For four hours this exciting struggle continued, the ship plunging bowsprit under, and the waves making a clean break over our deck, washing overboard everything that was not firmly lashed.

The last rocky point that we had to pass was now in sight, two points off our lee bow.

The question was: "Can we weather the point in such an ugly sea?"

At the risk of being washed overboard we trimmed the sails, and taking the helm myself with another man I exerted all my skill in easing the ship as she plunged into the waves.

For two long, anxious hours we watched every flaw of wind. Sometimes a favorable flaw in the gale give us fresh hope, and then a flaw heading us off towards the rocky point would again darken our hopes.

To tack ship was impossible in such a sea, and there was not room to wear round, so we must weather the point or be dashed on the rocks.

A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

It was a crucial time for men's courage.

As we neared the point ashy-pale faces were to be seen.

When within one-eighth of a mile from the point I had no hope—but another flaw in our favor gave us another chance of again seeing home and friends.

Our noble ship seemed aware of danger, and reared and plunged like a frightened deer.

When directly off the point a huge roller lifted the ship high in air, throwing her on her beam ends. When she righted and came down in the trough of the sea she touched the bottom, but not heavily.

The next wave took us past the point, and we felt as though we had been snatched from the jaws of death.

When our ship touched bottom huge rocks showed their heads above water within twenty feet of us.

ESCAPING SHIPWRECK BY TEN FEET.

I calculated that we escaped shipwreck and the loss of our lives by not more than ten feet. Had I not taken the wheel, or helm, myself, I would not be here to tell the story of our escape, so I think.

In these extreme cases of danger the coolness and courage of men are brought to the point. My mate stood by cool and collected, while my second and third officers were as limber as a wet rag.

Some of my crew showed qualities of courage worthy of noble men, while others were utterly useless.

I will mention one man who had boasted of his bravery, pretending that he feared neither God nor man, and who jeered at the men who attended religious services in the cabin. During our dangerous passage of the rocky point he was the first to cry out and call on God to save him.

OFF FOR HAWAII ONCE MORE.

Before dark we passed Cape Elizabeth, and with a fair wind steered for Boussole Channel, leading out into the Pacific Ocean. Thence our course was to the Hawaiian Islands, where we arrived on the first of November, 1852.

I shipped our season's catch to New Bedford, and fitted the ship for another season.

Shipping new officers I again sailed for another season to the northern seas, by way of Hongkong. As I was to pass near the Micronesian Islands, I consented to take the mail to the missionaries who had located there the previous year.

MEETING THE MISSIONARIES IN MICRONESIA.

The mail I took to the missionaries on the Micronesian Islands was the first they had received since leaving their homes and friends more than a year before. I found Rev. B. G. Snow and wife on Strong's Island in good health, and doing a good work among the natives.

After staying on shore a few hours I returned to my ship and two days later touched at Ponape, or, as it is better known on charts, Ascension Island, where Rev. A. A. Sturges and L. H. Gulick, with their wives, were located.

TREACHEROUS NATIVES AND VILE FOREIGNERS.

These missionaries were having a hard time, the natives being treacherous. They also had to encounter a horde of vile foreigners,

“enemies of all righteousness,” who use all their influence with the natives to hinder any and all progress towards reform and Christianity.

After remaining at this island but a few hours, delivering their mail, I went on my course for Hongkong.

We passed near Guam, one of the Ladrone Islands, and entered the China Sea through Basi Channel, sighting the south point of Formosa Island.

THROUGH THE CHINA SEA.

In passing through the China Sea, we saw numerous Chinese junks, or fishing boats. We counted one hundred in sight at one time, and we came near running some of them down in the night.

When about ten miles from the entrance to Hongkong harbor I took a Chinese pilot; he was a stupid looking fellow and I did not like to give up the ship to him, but with his help the harbor was gained and the ship safely anchored.

A SAMPAN CREW.

A sampan was engaged to wait on my ship. The crew of the boat consisted of the father, mother and four children, Josh bringing up the rear. A little place was fitted up in the stern of the boat, and there, in a little nook, was a small wooden image with a plate of fruit and a taper, which was constantly kept burning, before it.

“Do you ever see Josh eat?” I asked.

The man replied: ‘Me no see, but he eat plenty.’”

The wife was skillful with the scull, and could manage the boat as well as the man could.

I was told that she was born on a boat and had never slept a night on the shore, though she must have been forty years old.

A GOLD EAGLE THAT WAS PAINTED BLACK.

I obtained a good supply of vegetables for my northern cruise, painted my ship outside and had a large eagle, that was carried on the ship’s stern, gilded.

The Chinaman who did the gilding could not be prevailed upon to do the work until the day before I left the port, but before we were ready to leave port the job was completed.

When only a few days out, I looked over the ship’s stern to see our beautiful eagle. What was my surprise to discover he had become as black as the ace of spades.

“For ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain,” etc.

I had a desire to have that Chinaman on board the ship for a short space of time, but he was at Hongkong and I on the rolling deep; but the eagle remained black to the end of the voyage.

When leaving Hongkong our pilot took us round the west and south side, so we circumnavigated the island. We had a rough time getting out of the China Sea, against the northeast monsoons; but a favorable current helped us out.

In latitude 21 degrees north and longitude 121 degrees 30 minutes east the wind left us, and it continued calm for many days.

DRIFTING AMONG ROCKS.

In the meantime, the current took us along some two miles an hour in the direction of the Bashi rocks, an ugly reef.

At twelve o'clock one dark night, the fifteenth day out of Hongkong, the rocks were discovered only a short distance from us.

In a short time breakers were heard, and soon we were in the midst of breakers. On the port side, breakers, and on the starboard side rocks were seen standing out in the darkness, like grim ghosts.

On the current took us, through narrow passes.

After an hour of intense excitement and anxiety, we passed out between two rocks, which stood like sentinels keeping guard for old Neptune.

The next day we had a breeze from the southeast. Steering to the northeast, in a few days we sighted the Lew Chew Islands, and passed into the Tong Hai, or Eastern Sea. Steering to the north, in search of whales, we entered the Yellow Sea, but saw no game worth mentioning, although we remained there some ten days.

WHALING IN THE COREAN STRAITS.

We then steered to the east, and when off Quelpart Island, near the mouth of Korean Straits, the sound of "there she blows!" was heard.

Soon three boats were sent in chase. From the masthead I watched the maneuvering of the new officers.

The second mate soon got up to a whale and in went the "gigs." The whale cut right and left, but the boat escaped without damage. Now came the tug-of-war.

The whale showed all the opportunity for being killed that a whale could show—but no life-blood flowed.

SHOWING THE OFFICERS "HOW TO DO IT."

After a half-hour's waiting I ordered my boat lowered, and with disappointment and disgust I started for the field of battle.

Pulling up to the whale I sent my lance into his lungs and churned it up and down a few times, and then went back to the ship without saying a word to any one; but I have no doubt I looked daggers at them. I did not speak to one of my officers for many days, unless it

was in regard to ship's duty. My disgust was best manifested by silence.

NEW OFFICERS WORSE THAN OLD.

I found my officers quite ignorant in regard to taking the oil and bone from the whale after he was brought to the ship. This made my position a very trying one. I almost wished my former officers back. It reminded me of a song I heard when a boy:

“I married a wife. O then, O then—
 I married a wife, O then—
 I married a wife—the plague of my life,
 And the world it went ill with me then!

My wife she died, O then, O then—
 My wife she died, O then—
 My wife she died—I'll be hanged if I cried,
 For the world it went well with me then.

I married another, O then, O then—
 I married another, O then—
 I married another—far worse than the other,
 And the world it went ill with me then.”

COASTING ALONG JAPAN.

After looking about a few days where we had taken our whale, we steered to the north and passed through Corea Straits into the Japan Sea. In passing the straits we had a fine view of Tsu Island, near the middle of the straits. We coasted along the west side of the island so near that we could see the people on shore.

There were many beautiful harbors, with ships passing in and out. The land, so far back as the eye could reach, appeared to be under high cultivation, with grain fields, orchards and ornamental trees.

A land beautiful to look upon, with hills and dales, cities, and apparently beautiful country residences. I longed to go on shore, but I knew I should not be a welcome visitor, as the country was not open to foreigners at that time.

ROUGH WEATHER AND RACE HORSE WHALES.

We found cold rough weather in the Japan Sea. But few whales were seen, and they were very shy, and when harpooned were real race horses. I was fast to one eight hours before he gave me a chance to pierce his lungs with my lance.

After taking six whales that made only five hundred barrels of oil and five thousand pounds of bone, and having had two boats stove in, two men severely injured, and my officers and men demoralized with fear, I put my ship away to the north, running near the land on the

west coast of Japan. Much ice was seen, and navigation became difficult and dangerous.

Passing through La Perouse Straits, we entered the Sea of Yesso, where we again encountered field ice. Coasting along the north shore of the Island of Yesso, on the most northern shore of Japan, I managed, after many days of anxiety and nights of wakefulness, to get through Pico Channel into the Pacific Ocean.

COASTING PAST THE KURILE VOLCANOES.

We steered to the northeast, keeping the Kurile Islands in sight. Many of the islands were lit up by volcano fires by night and their chimneys smoking by day.

One of these chimneys is worthy of special mention. It is in latitude 46 degrees 35 minutes north, and longitude 150 degrees 30 minutes east. I should judge its base to be one-third of a mile in diameter, and the top not more than ten feet in diameter. Its height must have been from two to three thousand feet.

We sighted it at five o'clock in the morning and it was five o'clock in the evening before we ranged up alongside of it, within a quarter of a mile. We could see the gulls perched on its crags.

When we first saw it, it must have been one hundred miles distant, as we ran twelve hours, making eight or nine miles an hour.

It was belching out liquid fire as we passed, making a most brilliant display even in the day time, and after dark it was grand beyond description.

FORCING THE ICE PACK.

After a few days we again entered the Yesso Sea through the Aniphitrite Straits, where we had entered the year before in a gale of wind and a blinding snow storm.

Steering to the south we saw much field ice with open channels, so we made our way until in latitude 55 degrees 30 minutes north. Here we came to heavy packed ice. Steering to the east along this barrier for some days, we sighted the west coast of Kamchatka. When near the land I found an open passage to the north. Into this I put the ship, though with some misgivings as to the safety of the ship, should a westerly gale come up, forcing the ice onto the shore.

After running some forty miles up the coast, night came on and we anchored in fifteen fathoms of water.

About midnight a breeze came up from the west, and soon the ice began to move down on us, and it was not long before the strength of our cables and anchors was put to the test.

Fortunately for us, no heavy body of ice struck the ship, and she escaped with the loss of a part of her cutwater and some of the copper and sheathing from her bows.

FAST IN THE ICE.

When daylight came we found our ship enclosed by ice on all sides, and between us and the land was a safe bridge. The wind continued to blow on shore for three days and nights. Then came a three days' calm. The ice did not move, neither did our ship.

The men were on shore much of the time. Three moose were shot, that, dressed off, altogether weighed 2700 pounds.

Five reindeer, three of them fine large bucks, were added to our stores. Hair and fur seal were plentiful; but it was out of season for fur, so they were not molested.

FIGHT WITH A HE-BEAR.

I made one excursion of ten or twelve miles inland. There was much snow in the ravines; many black bears were seen, but only one was shot, and he because of his warlike attitude. He was a large cinnamon bear of the male "persuasion," and he stood for his rights. When within thirty or forty feet of the brute I saw he meant business, and drawing up my forces in line of battle, I ordered the man having one of our two guns to fire. He did so, aiming a little back of the shoulder.

The bear did not fall, but with a terrible roar rushed upon us. When he was within fifteen feet I opened fire, pouring a charge of buckshot into his mouth, face and eyes. It is needless to say he dropped dead. "We left him alone in his glory," on his native sod. He was a plucky brute.

EXPLORING IN KAMCHATKA.

When about two thousand feet above the ocean, we came to a black, rocky strata, which extended north and south along the coast so far as the eye could reach.

Here we halted for lunch. The day was bright and sunny and the view was grand. On one hand there were snow-capped mountains, and on the other an ocean of ice, with green fields intervening, divided by ravines and gorges, packed with snow.

On these green fields we saw reindeer and moose in large numbers. Foxes were also numerous and quite tame. Two wolves were seen, but they considered it wise to keep at long range.

I was surprised to see with what rapidity vegetation was coming forward. Grass was a foot high on the 10th of June, and buds were opening on trees and shrubs.

Mosquitoes presented their bills, but they were not so numerous as they had been the previous year.

At five P. M. we reached our ship, tired and foot-sore, but a night's rest set all right. But all we could do was, like Micawber in Dickens, "wait for something to turn up."

CLEAR OF THE ICE ONCE MORE.

A gale finally came from the land; the ice moved and so did our ship. A clear channel opened near the land, permitting us to go on our course to the north.

In two days we reached the northern boundary of the ice, where we found a large number of whales, and our business commenced.

I "buckled on my armor," and the first day I brought two large whales to the ship without any mishap, but the next day we all had to swim, as the whale, in his death struggles, broke the boat in two near the middle. Another boat took us to the ship, and we soon had our third whale alongside.

DEMORALIZED OFFICERS.

As the officers were anxious for another trial of their skill and courage, I consented to let them try their hand. Not many days after, whales were seen, and I was pleased by having a fine, large whale brought to the ship by my mate.

The second officer seemed demoralized by fear, and the third officer was lacking in courage and energy, so the capturing of whales lay with the first officer and myself.

Cruising along the northern edge of the ice, we saw many whales, and by the first of August we had taken fifteen whales that made up sixteen hundred barrels of oil and twenty thousand pounds of bone.

By this time the ice had disappeared, and so had the whales.

We then steered to the west, and sighted the Asiatic coast; thence steering to the southwest, we again entered the Shantar Island Channel.

MORE SHIPS THAN WHALES.

Passing into the bay we counted some twenty ships, all in search of whales. I decided to leave the bay at once, as there would be two boats to every whale that came in. Without anchoring we put away to the north. Sailing along near the coast, we sighted Okhotsk City at the mouth of Okhotsk River, in latitude 59 degrees 30 minutes north and longitude 157 degrees east. The weather being fine, I went on shore, and found a few houses and but few people, mostly Esquimoux and half-breeds speaking the Russian tongue.

The coast seemed bare of vegetation, and no timber was visible.

Salmon were numerous in the river, and securing a good quantity, we returned to our ship.

WHALES ATTACKED BY "KILLERS."

Steering to the east along the coast, we saw whales near the land. Upon going nearer we saw they were beset by "killers," a species of whale from twenty to thirty feet in length. It has a large, high fin on the back, and sharp teeth on both the upper and lower jaw.

The whale, when feeding, throws his mouth wide open and goes rapidly through the water, collecting his food in his immense mouth.

Killers watch their opportunity and rush upon the whale and into his mouth, laying hold of his tongue, which is a soft, fatty substance, taking out a large quantity. At the same time another killer will rush in, and another, until the poor whale is deprived of his tongue and his life.

HARPOONING BOTH WHALES AND KILLERS.

We were soon alongside of the whale and our harpoons were thrown into his side; but the whale evidently did not mind being harpooned, so intent was he on getting away from the "killers."

Pulling up to the whale's head I threw my lance into one of the killers' lungs, causing him to turn fin out in a very short time; and the others left at once for parts unknown.

I soon had the whale dead and alongside the ship.

The "killer" went down in his death struggles, and was seen no more. After securing the oil and bone from the whale, we steered to the east along the coast.

Passing Tausk Bay we entered Ghipinsk Bay. Thence sailing to the northeast we entered the gulf of Benjinsk, in latitude 61 degrees 30 minutes north, and longitude 58 degrees east.

Passing up the Gulf of Penjinsk, we saw many small whales and took four that made only one hundred and fifty barrels of oil, and very little bone.

KAMCHATKA COAL IN SIGHT FROM THE SEA.

Coal was found at east of the gulch and I believe it is there in vast quantities, as it can be seen cropping out high and low on the mountain sides. Packs of hungry wolves were seen on the hills. Heavy timber filled the ravines.

After a stay of a few days on this gulf we started back, passing out on the west side, near the land. A number of settlements were seen, but no favorable opportunity for landing presented itself.

In a few days we entered Tausk Bay, where we found a number of ships; some at anchor and others under way; some trying out oil and some chasing whales.

We joined the boats which were in chase, and soon had the luck to capture a large cow whale, that made one hundred and fifty barrels of oil and twelve hundred pounds of bone.

We remained in this bay through the month of September, and took five whales, making up a season's catch of twenty-two hundred barrels of oil and twenty-four thousand pounds of whale-bone.

VISITING A SIBERIAN TOWN.

Around Tausk Bay are a number of Russian settlements, and one pleasant morning we landed at a large village called Tausk, which lies on the west side of Amakhtouski Gulf, and at the mouth of the river Yana, in latitude 59 degrees 40 minutes north, and longitude 150 degrees 30 minutes east.

Leaving the ship at anchor some three miles off shore, I was cordially received by the officials who met me at the landing, and conducted me to the largest house in the village, which proved to be the home of the padre, or priest. All who entered the room with us turned to a large white cross which stood in the entrance room and made the sign of the cross. Out of respect to my host I also made the same sign.

As none of the natives could speak English, and we could not speak the Russian language, our communication was very limited. Their kindness, however, was soon manifested by a well spread table. A fine large salmon was taken from the river and boiled in milk; this with vegetables and greens, and bread and butter, made a sumptuous dinner.

Among the many who came to see the foreigners was a mute. As I understood his sign language we got up a conversation at once. He was a bright boy about sixteen years of age, and seemed delighted in being able to talk with me.

A SIBERIAN VILLAGE DANCE.

Soon after noon there came up a strong gale, blowing on shore and making it dangerous to pass out of the river. This seemed to please the people, the mute especially, who laid his head over, closed his eyes and commenced breathing like one asleep. All in the village seemed much pleased, and at sundown I noticed a stir. The natives were going about in all directions.

I consulted with the mute in regard to what was going on; he at once jumped out on the floor and imitating a man with a fiddle, commenced dancing. The excitement ran high, and soon after supper the people began to gather in the padre's house. One room in this house was twenty feet wide by thirty feet long, and seemed to be the assembly room for all occasions.

About eight o'clock the squeak of the fiddle was heard, and the fun began. Gentlemen in knee breeches, and ladies in trailing skirts were gliding up and down the room.

At the close of every dance, each gentleman kissed his partner in the most approved style. I was strongly urged to join in the dance, but excused myself because I was lame. Much regret was manifested especially by the padre and his wife.

KISSED BY ALL THE LADIES.

The dance went gayly on until past midnight, when I signified to the priest that I was tired and sleepy, which was true, my rest having been broken the two previous nights.

His Reverence soon brought the proceedings to a close, and, after he had made a brief speech, all the ladies present formed a line and marched towards me, each face radiant with smiles.

I heard some suppressed tittering, and took in the situation at once, rising to receive them with becoming smiles. As they passed, each lady gazed at me a kiss, which I immediately returned. This act was considered due to me, as I could not dance and had had no partner to kiss.

The dancing was well performed; some of the numbers excelling anything I had ever seen in a ball-room. The last dance was the Highland Fling, which was a masterly performance. The gentlemen, on leaving the room, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and a grip that might have been Masonic.

EXCHANGING PRESENTS WITH THE RUSSIANS..

When I awoke next morning the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing in the trees around the parsonage.

About ten o'clock a large caravan came into the village. There were about twenty horses and mules and twelve men. Every Summer these caravans pass along the northern shores, collecting taxes and buying choice furs. Their horses were large and fine, resembling the Canadian stock.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we bade our newly made friends goodbye, and, with a boat load of fine salmon that had been caught for us, we returned to the ship.

Next day the priest and his wife with a number of others came on board our ship, bringing a quarter of beef and fifty large salmon, as a present.

In return I gave them my nice dressing gown, which I had never worn, and a quantity of fancy calicoes, and some articles of cutlery. They seemed much pleased and grateful for what I gave them, and left with much ceremony, the priest embracing me as he departed.

CAPTURING A WHALE NEAR THE KURILES.

The first day of October I put my ship away for the Hawaiian Islands. When near the Kurile Islands a large whale was seen, and with my mate I went in pursuit. I soon got up to the whale, and the instant the harpoons struck him he rolled over, nearly upsetting the boat with his fin. Two oars were broken, two men thrown overboard and the boat nearly filled with water.

Luckily the whale did not run, but showed his disapproval of such proceedings by lashing the ocean with his flukes. Soon, however, he gave me a chance to get near him, and I set his life-blood flowing in large quantities. At one breath he threw a barrel full, or more, of his warm blood into our boat, drenching us. When he finally turned fin out, I noticed he floated very deeply, and I had fears that he would sink, as they often do. With this end in view, I secured him alongside the ship by one of the chain cables. As the weather was threatening, we lost time in getting his bone and blubber on board.

HOW A WHALE IS HANDLED.

When a whale dies on his side with one fin out of water, a chain with two rings, one large and the other small, is passed around the fin; the small ring being hauled through the large one and drawn up near the knuckle, or small part of the fin. A large tackle is hooked into the small ring and the fin is hoisted up, and the blubber or fat is cut out with long-handled spades, and the fin is unjointed at the knuckle bone.

If the whale dies lying on his right side, the left lip is taken first. This is done by cutting a hole in the lip and dropping in a large iron hook attached to a tackle; the lip is drawn up, cut clear from the jaw bone and hoisted on board.

The lip of a large whale is about twelve feet in length and weighs some fifteen hundred pounds.

The next to come is the head, with the bone, which weighs from one to two tons, according to the size of the whale. The other lip is taken next; and, after that, the throat and tongue, which weighs from four to five tons. I once took thirty barrels of oil from the tongue of a large whale. Ten barrels to a ton would make three tons of oil.

DISCIPLINING THE SECOND MATE.

When the throat and tongue were landed on deck, I gave orders to hoist in the blubber from the whale's body. At this moment the second mate run a spade down into the whale's lungs.

The effect was like opening the valve of a steam boiler with a hundred pounds pressure.

Hot air and blood were blown thirty feet high and the whale began to sink at once, tearing off the fin and disappearing. The chain cable was my last hope, but the third time that the ship rose on the crest of the wave, the chain parted and the question of saving the whale was at an end; so we steered on our course.

I inquired of the second officer why he had done such a foolish act, and as he gave an insolent answer, I ordered him to his room. He hesitated about going and I escorted him to the room without ceremony. I locked him in and kept him there until we arrived in port at Honolulu.

Nothing worthy of special remark occurred on the passage. Our whale-bone was made clean by scraping and washing. It was then dried and packed in one hundred pound bundles, and stowed away in the ship's hold.

AT HONOLULU—OFF FOR HOME.

On arriving at Honolulu I took the second mate to the American Consul's office and gave him his lawful discharge, paying him his share of the season's catch, which he did not deserve.

After remaining in port two weeks and recruiting for our voyage home, we sailed, intending to cruise on the way for sperm whales.

The fourth day out from Honolulu a man who did not belong to the ship's company showed himself on deck. I called him aft and questioned him closely, and found he was a deserter from another ship. I assigned him to the starboard watch and told the second mate to keep a watch on him, as I did not like the "cut of his jib."

Everything went smoothly on board until we reached latitude 12 degrees south and longitude 160 degrees west. The weather was pleasant and had been since we passed the equator.

Southeast trade winds were blowing and the sea was smooth; not a cloud was visible in the heavens; every sail was stretched to catch the breeze, and help us on our course.

A WHIRLWIND STRIKES THE SHIP.

At three o'clock in the morning I heard the officer of the deck give the order, "Stand by the royal halyards!" I jumped out of my berth and as I was going on deck, the crash came.

A whirlwind struck the ship forward, taking the foremast off in the wake of the foreyard—breaking, or twisting the fore topmast in many pieces, also the fore topgallant mast and jibboom. The main topmast and main top gallant mast were also carried away, and it was all done in less than a minute's time. Nothing was harmed on the mizzen mast.

The ship's spars and rigging were blown alongside and on deck. No one was hurt, which was a wonder.

All hands went to work to clear away the tangle. Standing rigging, running rigging and broken spars were lashed together, and thirty men were kept busy all day, getting ready to begin repairs. For five days we worked early and late repairing the damage which had been done in one moment. When we had succeeded in getting everything "ship shape," we went on our course to the south.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF HERVEY ISLANDERS.

In a few days we sighted Aitutahi, one of the Hervey group, in latitude 19 degrees south, and longitude 159 degrees 40 minutes west, where I had landed on my previous voyage.

I obtained a quantity of fine tropical fruit and vegetables at reasonable rates at this place. The Rev. Mr. Rowell, an English missionary, was still there.

I think the conversion of the people on this beautiful and sunny island, was as near perfect as can be attained on this earth. They were all bound together in Christ, the Savior of all men who believe and accept the offers of salvation through the atonement for all.

Mr. Rowell, when speaking of the happy state of this people, said he hoped no religious cranks would ever find their way to this lovely island, and I joined him in the wish.

Sailing from this lovely spot in mid-ocean, we steered to the south, keeping a sharp lookout for sperm whales.

The morning on which we sailed from the island of Aitutahi, of the Hervey group, where Mr. Rowell was stationed, we had a light breeze and a smooth sea. Whales were numerous and under our lee. Every preparation was made to insure success.

The first mate, whose reputation stood high as a sperm whaleman, took the lead.

The second mate and I left the ship at the same time, and we bore down upon our prey, sailing side by side within speaking distance.

BULL WHALE BITES A BOAT IN TWO.

When near the whales, and at the same time my mate was alongside of a cow whale, and the harpoons were being thrown, a monster bull whale came up under the second mate's boat, with his jaw on one side and his junk on the other, and severed the boat in two pieces.

The men jumped and struck out for dear life, some in one direction and some in another.

One man was caught by the arm between the gunwales of the boats as they came together, and the arm broken above the elbow. Another man was thrown into the whale's mouth, but scrambled out just in time to escape being crushed: but had his arm and side badly lacerated by the sharp teeth of the whale.

The third mate came up and I turned the boat's crew over to him, and went on after our game, keeping a sharp lookout for the old boat-eater, who showed himself near our boat. The mate, in the meantime, had killed his whale, or had him spouting blood.

CHASING A TRIO OF WHALES.

The whales had started off to the leeward on a double quick, but the breeze had freshened and I soon came up to the "hindmost" and in went the harpoons. There were three of her sister whales with the whale we were after, and they all kept together, running to leeward and making good time. Hauling up in the suds, I played on the

loose whales until I killed two of them; then I gave my undivided attention to the whale that was taking us still further from the ship, which was already four miles away. I soon had her fin out, but not until she whipped the corner of her flukes through the bottom of our boat.

I took off my outside shirt and stopped up the hole as best I could, and by keeping one man bailing, we were able to keep afloat.

No sooner had the whale turned fin out than I saw a signal of distress at the ship's masthead. Placing a flag on the whale, so that we might afterwards discover its whereabouts, we made all possible speed to the ship.

MATE CRUSHED BY A WHALE.

On arriving alongside I was told that my mate had been hurt by a whale and was dying.

On gaining the deck I saw a sight that was shocking even to one accustomed to such things.

My mate lay stretched upon a mattress on the quarter deck; he was foaming at the mouth and unconscious. I ordered hot water to be brought; and placing bags of hops on his chest, throat and shoulders, I kept them wet with the hot water.

In a few hours there was an evident change for the better. I remained with him through the night, and also gave needed attention to my other patients. In the meantime my officers secured two of the dead whales and brought them alongside the ship.

PATCHING UP THE MATE.

Early in the morning, my mate having recovered consciousness, I made an examination and found the right shoulder out of joint, the collar bone broken and the breast bone crushed in on the right side. I put the shoulder bone in place without difficulty, but the collar bone taxed my skill to the utmost.

I finally succeeded in bandaging it in place; but for the breast bone I could do nothing. He suffered much pain in the right lung, but finally recovered, though there remained a depression in the right breast.

IN DANGER FROM ICEBERGS OFF CAPE HORN.

Having secured the oil from the two whales, I decided to return home as fast as the breeze would permit.

When off Cape Horn we experienced a heavy gale from the north-east, which is unusual there in January, the summer-time of that latitude. We were blown to the south among icebergs without number.

Once we were embayed so that the ocean became smooth. While in this position the gale abated and we were becalmed for twenty-four hours.

The current took our ship alongside of a big iceberg, and we landed and took on board a quantity of ice, after which we ran a line to another berg some six hundred fathoms distant and hauled our ship off. It looked at one time as though our ship would be crushed between these mountains of ice.

When the breeze came there was only one avenue of escape, and that was fast closing up. When out of that bay I felt relief—but still we had to steer on many different courses to get out of the tangle.

MURDEROUS MUTINY ON BOARD.

When in latitude 20 degrees south and longitude 30 degrees west, while seated at my table in the cabin, I heard an unusual noise in the forward part of the ship. I hurried on deck and saw my second mate and another man down on the deck fighting, and a third man with a deck bucket in his hand beating the officer on the head.

In an instant I was there and with my fist struck the man with the bucket under the ear, the force of the blow and rush knocking him headforemost under the windlass.

FIGHTING WITH ONE AGAINST SIX.

At this moment six other men rushed up from the forecastle, shouting:

“Kill him! kill him!”

Within my reach was hanging a number of white-oak heavers, used for lashing spars and anchors. I caught one of these and with a jerk snapped off the lanyard by which it was hanging.

I dealt the first man who rushed upon me a blow that broke his under jaw and felled him to the deck. In an instant two more rushed upon me. One raised his arm to ward off the blow and received a fractured wrist;—the other was felled with the bridge of his nose broken. The other desperadoes retreated.

It was the stowaway who began the row with the second mate;—and afterwards I learned that a plan was made up to put the captain and officers out of the way and then run the ship ashore on the island of Trinidad, which was then not far distant.

A TRINIDAD GHOST STORY.

Regarding the island of Trinidad, mentioned above in connection with the mutiny that developed aboard the Arctic, there is a legend. Ships passing near it during the night are said to be visited by apparitions.

The form of a sailor will appear at the wheel, frightening the helmsmen away, and immediately the ship's head will be turned toward the island; if the helm is not taken by force from the spectre, the ship will be run on ashore. In early times, near approach to this island was avoided by ship masters.

As the legend goes, a ship was run on the shore of Trinidad island by the crew, who murdered the captain and officers.

I once sailed with a man who declared that he had passed the island in the night, and the man at the wheel had been driven away.

The mate, who was a courageous man, booted the ghost from the wheel and put the ship on her course. I have heard this story from many sources, but take no stock in ghost stories.

At the time our skirmish began the third officer was sleeping, it being his watch below, and the mate had not recovered from his injuries previously mentioned. The mutineers doubtless thought they could easily accomplish their outrageous designs.

INVESTIGATING THE MUTINY.

Soon after the battle subsided I mustered all hands aft on the lee side of the quarter deck, except three who were not able to be present on account of their wounds.

After questioning the men closely, I found that the man who had stowed himself away on the ship was the leader in the mutiny. I put handcuffs on him and assigned him to a small dark room under the ship's cabin, his rations being hard bread and water. I then went to look after the wounded men.

The man with the broken jaw was suffering intense pain. I found two double teeth so loosened that I easily took them out with my fingers; then pressing the broken bones in place, I left him to meditate upon his folly. Two others were treated to liniment and good advice. So the show ended for that day.

PATCHING UP THE MUTINEERS.

Early the next morning I visited my patients and found the man with the broken wrist suffering much pain. I had three men hold him while I put the splintered bones in place and applied bandages. The operation was a success. The man with a broken nose then received my attention. It was a delicate job to probe the nostrils, press the bones out and hold them in place; but with cotton wool and bandages I succeeded, and the man came out of the smoke of battle with a nose as good as new.

TERMS OF PARDON TO THE RINGLEADER.

After five days' solitary confinement Mr. Ringleader sent word by the steward that he wished to see me. Stepping to the skuttle lead-

ing to his place of confinement I inquired what he wished. He replied, "I want to be released and go on duty." I told him he could do so by going on deck, getting on his knees and begging pardon of the ship's company for getting them into trouble. He replied, "Captain, that is hard." I said that no other conditions would be offered, and left him.

The next day he sent word that he would comply with my demand. I immediately called all hands on the quarter-deck and the prisoner was marched on deck. Dropping on his knees he begged the men to forgive him for the wrong he had done them.

THOUGHT A PRAYING CAPTAIN WOULD NOT FIGHT.

Then turning to me he said:

"Captain, I have always believed that a religious man would not fight; but you have cured me of that belief, and I humbly beg your pardon and solemnly promise to be a better man hereafter."

I took him by the hand and helped him to rise from his kneeling position, promising him that I should hold no hard feelings toward him, and that I would do all I could to help him to become a better man.

I had no further trouble with the men on the passage home.

IN THE HORSE LATITUDES.

We sighted Cape St. Rouque, on the Brazilian coast, in latitude 6 degrees S. and longitude 35 degrees 25 minutes W.

On the Equator we had a ten days' calm, and intensely hot weather, the sun being nearly overhead. As it was nearly forty months since we had left our home, these calms were trying to the nerves.

In latitude 20 degrees N. is what is known as the "Horse Latitudes," on account of vessels in early times being becalmed with horses on board. Getting short of water the horses would die of thirst and be thrown overboard.

After a ten days' calm, during which time we made only about fifty miles, a breeze came and we steered on our course for New Bedford, arriving there early in April, 1855.

SETTLING IN MINNESOTA.

Remaining at home until the fall of 1856, I went to Minnesota and invested my money in land in St. Paul and Cannon Falls. Had I invested in Minneapolis I might have been a wretched millionaire.

At Cannon Falls I built a residence and engaged in farming. Two years' experience cured me of my love for agriculture. While I was

engaged in whaling, thirty men used to appear when I called "All hands!"—but on the farm no one but the dog responded.

The winters were so severe that I resolved to go to a more genial clime. Leaving my wife at Cannon Falls, in March, 1859, I took the first steamer that came up the Mississippi for La Crosse, and traveled thence by rail to Boston.

BACK TO SEA AGAIN—CAPTAIN OF MORNING STAR.

I looked around Boston and New York a few weeks, but finding nothing to do I resolved to return to the Sandwich Islands. I therefore took passage in the steamer Colon for San Francisco, via Panama. Arriving in July, I sailed for Honolulu.

Here I remained until June, 1860, when I took charge of the missionary packet Morning Star, belonging to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

This vessel was engaged in transporting missionaries and their supplies to and from Honolulu and Micronesia, and from one island to another.

MORNING STAR LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD.

I remained master of the Morning Star until 1866. The vessel then became unseaworthy and was sold out of the missionary service. She was repaired and sent to Hongkong in 1867, commanded by Captain Dillingham,—and she has never been heard from since. Captain Dillingham was with me on one voyage on the same vessel, as second mate.

In the year 1873 I commanded the new Morning Star during one voyage.

The following year I came to California, where I have since resided, excepting three years spent in Massachusetts.

B. W. Gelett.

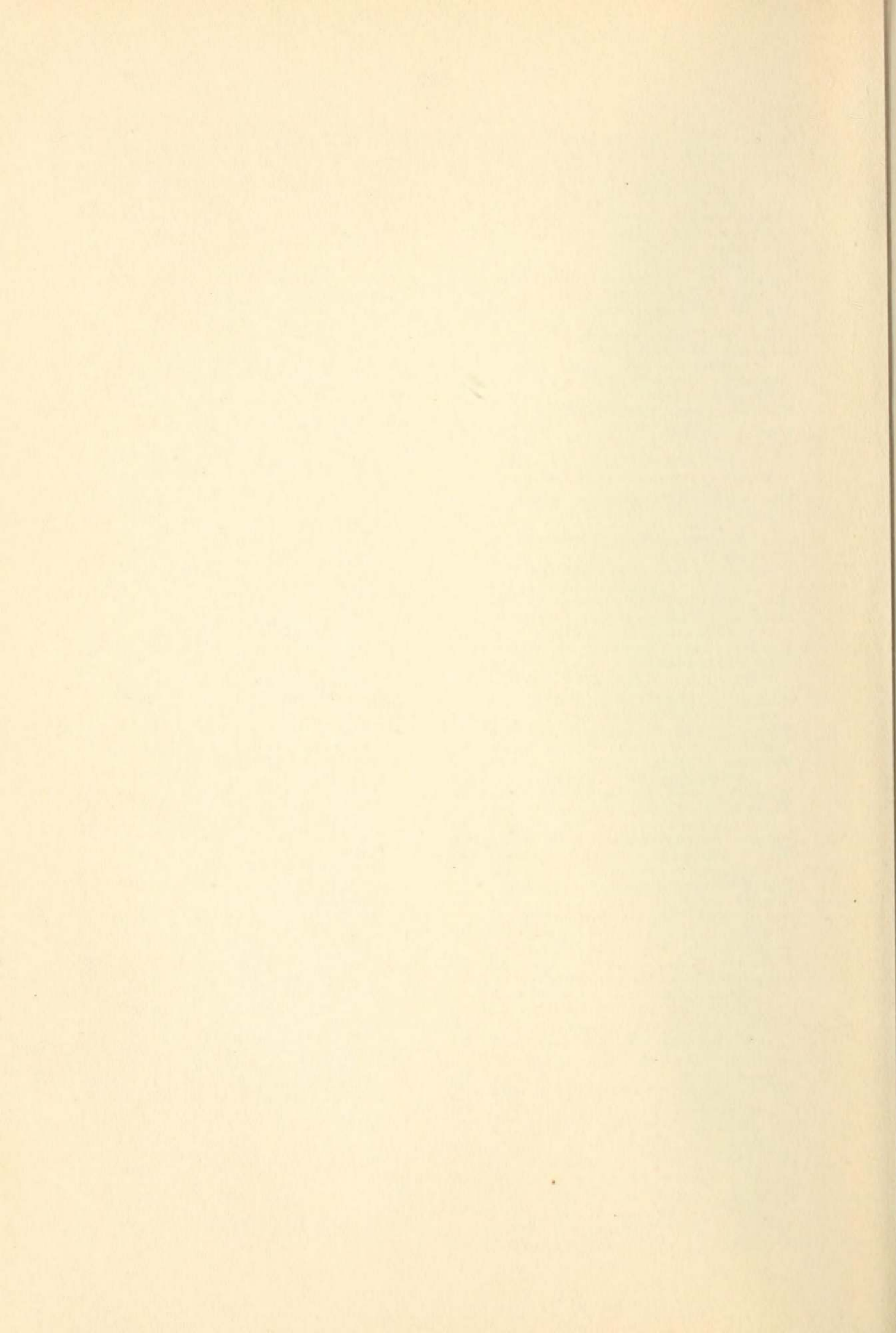
(The End)

INDEX

	Page		Page
A d v e n t u r e s ; See "Bears," "Gelett," "Lion," "Mutiny," "Negroes," "Storms," "Wal- rus," "Waterspout," "Whales."		Feychelle Islands, Experiences in	16
Africa, Experiences in...14-15,	26-28	Fight; See "Gelett, Fight of."	
Air current, Remarkable	71	Galapagos Islands, Description of	
Albatross, Description, Habits of	58	Tortoise at	31, 78, 79
Aldabra Island, Experiences at..	16	Gambler, How one was reformed	22
Arctic, Snow storms in.....82,	83	Gelett, Acquaintance with Hawai- ian missionaries	
Armstrong, Rev. Richard, Ac- quaintance with	4733, 34, 47, 66, 67, 99	
Augustine Bay, Madagascar; Ex- periences at	28	Adventure with savages at Delagoa Bay	26, 27
Avalanche, A race with an.....	67	Adventure with a whale, given up for lost.....	95
Barker, Capt., converts Gelett in Indian Ocean	41	Arctic Ocean, Voyage to....	
Bears, Adventures with.....	72, 82, 85,	95
.....74, 76, 89-92, 96, 97,	104	Attacked by a lion.....	14
Behring Island, Narrow escape from shipwreck on	49	Attacked by negroes	15
Birds, Sea, Description and habits of	58, 59	Attempt of to harpoon a bear	76
Remarkable flights of in Yel- low Sea and Arctic..70, 85,	86	Birth and ancestry of.....	7
Brazil, Gelett defies government of	55-57	Brazilians fired on by.....	55
Breakers, Drifting among the... 101		Captain of Morning Star... 116	
Brown, Capt., Experiences of with lava flow and earthquake....68,	69	Captain on fifth voyage.... 29	
Burial at sea	80	Caught by tide in a cave... 16	
California gold fever, Experiences with	71	Church joined by in Honolulu	47
Canoeing around Hawaii.....	62	Collision with a French whaleship	49
Cape Horn, A squall off.....35,	36	Conversion of	41
Among the icebergs off..... 112		Dines with Kamehameha III	33
Ship on beam ends off..... 73		Disciplines mate	109
Cape of Good Hope, Man over- board off	10	Dismasting of ship under control of	110
Storm off described	28	Dragged by the leg by a whale	4, 21
Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs., Ha- waiian missionaries	33	Early life of	8
China Sea, Experiences in..... 100		Experiences among icebergs off Cape Horn.....112, 113	
Coal in Kamchatka	106	Experience in a hurricane... 17	
Cocos Island described	78	In a storm in the Arc- tic.....75, 82, 85, 95	
Collision with a French whale ship	49	In storm off La Plata.. 73	
Conversation heard at distance of five miles	93	In storm in the N. Pa- cific	81
Currants, Wild in Siberia..... 91		In storm off Cape Horn35, 36, 73, 74	
Dabney, American Consul at Fayal, Acquaintance with...51,	52	With birds in Yellow Sea	70
Damon, Rev. S. C., Acquaintance with	34	With a Mexican man-of- war	36
Delagoa Bay, Description of..... 26		Fac simile signature of ..116	
Dillingham, Captain, lost on Morning Star	116	Falls through the skylight.. 86	
Dismasting of ship in storm.... 110		Fight of with bears.....	
Drunkenness, Deadly results of.. 20	90, 91, 92, 96, 97	
Earthquake, Experiences with.... 67		With a giant kanaka sailor	29
Emerson, William, Voyage and death of	79, 80	With mutineers ...113, 115	
Falkland Islands, Description of.. 59		With a whale.....	
Fall from masthead	22	25, 32, 46, 77, 78, 93, 94	
Fayal, Description of and experi- ences at	9, 51, 52	With a walrus	76
		Fifth voyage of, made captain	29
		First cruise to Hawaii.... 32	
		First voyage of	9
		Fourth voyage of	26
		Horse runs away with, at Lahaina	43
		In Hawaii	
		32, 62, 63, 66, 74, 99, 110,	116
		Kilauea, Visit to.....	63
		Life at home after marriage	41

Page	Page		
Marriage and wedding tour of	40	Pack, Experiences in off Kamchatka	103, 104
Morning Star, Becomes cap- tain of	116	Ship described	86
Narrow escape from ship- wreck	49, 97, 99	Storm in the Arctic described	85
Narrow escape from a mar- lin spike	48	Whaling in the	84, 85
Navigation learned by	24	Iceberg, Explosion of	75
Religious life of	34, 41, 44, 47	Off Cape Horn, Experiences among	112-113
Rescues man overboard	10, 11, 81	Ice-bound in the Arctic	82
Reminiscences of	4	Insane sailor, Fight with an	29, 31
Residence of in Honolulu	4	Insanity cured by a bath	23
Retires from sea, settles in Minnesota	115, 116	Island, Disappearance of an	25
Returns to sea and Hawaii	116	Japan, Description of, from the sea	102
Seamanship of, making New Bedford in a snow storm	38	Japan Sea, Whaling in	102
Second voyage of	20	Juan Fernandes, Description of	61, 62
72 hours without sleep	75, 76	Kamehameha III, Gelett dines with	33
Sixth voyage of	41	Kamchatka, Coal in, Visible from sea	106
Third voyage of	24	Experiences in	83, 84
Whales, Capturing three at a time	111, 112	Exploring in	104
Whale, Capture of first	24	Fast in the ice off	104
Knocked overboard by a	45	Fight with a bear in	104
Whaling on Sunday and swearing tabooed by	44	Moose-hunting in	84
Whaling, profits of	50, 51	Mosquitoes in	84
Wrecked by a whale	92	Kilauea, Volcano of, Visit to, De- scription of	63-66
Wrecked in a sleigh	39, 40	Killers, Attack by on whales	105, 106
Gelett, Mrs., Accompanies husband to sea	51	Kona storm at Lahaina	77
Poem by, on "Whaling"	52	Korean Straits, Whaling in	101
Poem by, to a snow bird	59, 60	Kurile Islands, Description of, Volcano in	103
Travels about Hawaii	62-69	Whaling near	71, 108, 109
Ghosts off Trinidad Island	113, 114	Ladrone Islands, Description of, Experiences at	69, 70
Gold, Hunting for	77	Lahaina, Visit to in 1844	43
Gold fever, California, Experi- ences with	71	Whaleships in a storm at	77
Grigan, Visit to, Experiences at	70	Laudanum given a negro to drink	14
Guadalupe, Cruising off	77	Lava flow, Cattle destroyed by	69
Gulick, Rev. L. H., Acquaintance with	99	Of '68, Description of, Expe- riences in connection with	68, 69
Hawaii: See "Gelett in Hawaii."		Specimens made at Kilauea	65
Hawaiian sailor, Desperate fight with	29-31	La Plata, Experiences in a storm off	73
Hawaiians, Hospitality of	63	Lion, Adventure with a	14-15
Hervy Islands, Experiences at	72	Liquor, Gelett becomes total ab- stainer	19
Conversion of people of	110, 111	Liquor sellers, Experiences with, in Chili	50-51
Hilo, Visit to described	66	Lyman, Rev., Entertained by at Hilo	66, 67
Hongkong, Experiences at	100	Madagascar, Experiences at	12, 26-28
Honolulu, Gelett resident in	4	Mail, Quick arrival from Boston	34
Gelett joined church at	47	Man overboard, rescued by Gelett	10, 81
Visiting at	33, 34, 61, 69, 71, 72, 74, 77, 79, 99, 110,	Marquesas, Natives treacherous, foreigners vile	99
	116	Masthead, A fall from the	22
Horans reef, Location of	35	Maui, Visit to	32, 74
Horse latitudes, Origin of name	115	Midnight sun, a puzzle to the chickens	76
Hurricane in Indian Ocean de- scribed	17	Minnesota, Gelett settles in	115, 116
Ice, Arctic experiences with	74-76		
Barrels of water frozen solid in ship's hold	82		
Barrier in the Arctic	74		
Cutting ship out of	87		
Fields in Okhotsk Sea, Mys- tery of	88		

	Page		Page
Mirage, Remarkable example of..	48	Tahiti, Visit to	42
Missionaries, Acquaintance with in Hawaii.....33, 34, 47, 66, 67,	99	Talcahuano, Chili, a rum hole; Description of, Experiences at	50
Acquaintance with in Micro- nesia	99	Temperance ship, Experiences of in Chili	50
Moose-hunting in Kamchatka....	84	Tortoise at Galapagos Islands de- scribed	31, 79
Morning Star, Gelett captain of..	116	Traveling by donkey express....	51
Loss of	116	Trinidad, Ghosts on ship near...	113, 114
Mosquitoes in Kamchatka	84	Valparaiso, Experiences at.....	72
Murder on shipboard described..	19	Volcano of Kilauea, Arrival at, Visit to, Description of.....	63-66
Mutineer, Punishment of.....	114, 115	Volcano, Lava flow and earth- quake described	67-69
Mutiny on board ship.....	113, 115	Waiohinu, Kau; Experiences at..	62
Napoleon, Visit to grave of.....	18	Walrus, A fight with.....	76
Negroes, Adventure with....15, 26, 27		Waterspout, Narrow escape from	14
Anecdotes concerning	12-14	West Indies, Terrific storms in described	24
Neptune, Adventures with on crossing equator	10	Whale, Adventure with a fight- ing	25
New Granada, Experiences in....	79	Adventure with, given up for lost	95
Olaa described	66	An eighteen-hour chase after	88
Plymouth, Experiences and sights in	40	Bites a boat in two.....	111
Queen Charlotte Islands, Whaling near	32	Capture of first.....	24
Red Pepper drink, given to a negro	13	Collision of with ship.....	45
Religious life led by Gelett....		Description of and method of handling	109
.....34, 41, 44,	47	Desperate fight with a....	93, 94
Rio Janeiro, Experiences at..55,	57	Fatal fight with.....	61
Robinson Crusoe Island, Descrip- tion of	61	Fight with, in the Arctic..84,	85
Russell, Jane, married to Gelett	40	Gelett dragged by leg by a..4,	21
Russians in Siberia, Experiences with	107, 108	Gelett knocked over by....	45
Seamen's Chapel Honolulu; At- tendance of Gelett at.....	34	Mate knocked overboard by	44
Sever, James M., Death of at sea	53	Mate crushed by	112
Shantar Islands, Storm off.. 97,	98	Northern characteristics of, Fight with	32
Whaling near	87	Terrific battle with a....	77, 78
Ships wrecked in the Arctic....	75	Towed ten miles by a....	88, 89
Shipwreck, A narrow escape from34, 35, 49,	81	Yielding 200 barrels of oil..	83
Siberia, Experiences in..90, 107,	108	Whales, Attacked by killer..105,	106
Slave whipped to death at St. Catherine	23	Chasing a trio	111, 112
Smith, Rev. Lowell, Acquaint- ance with	47	Description of	18
Snow, Rev. B. G., Acquaintance with	99	Frightened away by storm	76
Snow bird, Poem to by Mrs. Gelett	59, 60	How caught	17
Storm off Cape Horn described..	73	Officers scared of...79, 101,	105
In the Arctic, Experiences in72, 82, 85,	95	Plentiful in the Arctic.....	83
In the North Pacific.....	81	School of one hundred.....	94
In the West Indies described	24	Sperm, Desperate fight with Profit from	46 47
Sturges, Rev. A. A., Acquaint- ance with	99	Whaling in the Japan Sea.....	71, 102, 103
St. Catherines, Pineapples and experiences at	23	In the ice.....	84
St. Helena, Visit to Napoleon's grave	18	Near the Kuriles.....108,	109
St. Paul Island, Description of and experiences at	42	Near Queen Charlotte and Kodiak Island	32
Sulphur banks at Kilauea de- scribed	65, 66	Near Shantar Islands.....	87
Swans, Capturing wild, Fight with	93, 94	On Sunday and swearing ta- bood	44, 92
		Poem on by Mrs. Gelett....	52
		Profits of...19, 47, 61, 71,	83
		Whaleship, Crew of described...	24
		Whaleships in storm at Lahaina	43
		Whirlwind strikes the ship.....	110
		Yellow Sea, Remarkable flight of birds in	70





Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library