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The Castaways. *Front.*

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# FAMOUS ISLANDS

AND

MEMORABLE VOYAGES.



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## A VENETIAN CRUISER.

It was late in the year 1431. The port of Venice was filled with ships from all parts of the world, bringing to her their choicest stores, and their most costly merchandise, and receiving from her and from her Grecian possessions rich shiploads of wine and spices, and bales of finest cotton.

It would have been a sight never to have been forgotten could we have gazed then on that city of the sea, have watched the cumbrous barks, so unlike our light-winged merchant ships, or our swift steamers, which sailed heavily up and down the blue Adriatic, till they came in sight of the famous city, the resort of all nations, in whose canals, and among whose marts and palaces, might be seen the strange dress, and heard the mingled speech of men from all parts of the civilized world.

One ship was just leaving the port. The vessel, rather a large one for those days, seems but poorly manned, and rocks so greatly among the short white waves, that it is plainly to be seen that she is short of ballast and lading. She is a Venetian trading vessel, bound first to the Isle of Candia, where she will complete her cargo and add to the number of her crew. This Candia or Crete (the very Crete by which St. Paul passed on his voyage to Italy) was at that time under the hard rule of Venice, and its poor inhabitants did her service upon land and sea. The ship stayed at Candia only so long as enabled her to complete her stores of cotton and spice and wine, which were destined for some northern or western market, some French or British port. She was deep enough in the water now, and on her deck lay many an unstowed bale, many a cask of wine, for which the sad-looking Cretan sailors, in their tunics and short cloaks, had not yet been able to find room. Sixty-eight men were now on board, including the patron or owner, Master Piero Quirini, and Christoforo Fioravanti, the sailing-master. Quirini, in his quaint Italian dress, looking strangely unlike a modern sailor, stood amid the piles of merchandise, giving quick orders for its stowage, while the sailing master made all ready for the long voyage which was just beginning.

For in those days a voyage into the western sea was counted, specially while boisterous autumn gales made sailing difficult, as a long and hazardous undertaking. They all knew it must be many months ere they could hope to see home again; but little did any of them guess the strange sad fortunes which should befall them. The Cretan sailors looked back wistfully at the groups of their friends, their wives and mothers and children, whom they had left weeping on the shore, but they did not think how many there were among them who would never return to tell the story of their long voyage. But some at least among them knew and felt that they were in the hands of God for life or for death, and that nothing could really hurt them if they were "followers of that which is good."

The ship at first sailed on prosperously enough. The sea was calm, and the sky clear above them. The sailors sang their sweet Italian or Grecian songs, as they hurried to and fro, or leant over the bulwarks, watching the blue water.

Their course lay northward now, and wind and wave were sweeping them toward the perilous northern seas. The days had been already growing short when the ship left Candia, and now December, with its cold and darkness, was upon them, and these southern sailors shivered as they met the keen northern blasts.

The cold grew sharper than ever on one night toward the end of the year, but on that very night Master Piero Quirini chose to remain on deck, braving the winter wind, instead of taking shelter in his warm and comfortable cabin below. He stood looking eastward with his keen eyes, his hand shading his face.

"Come hither, Fioravanti," he called, and the sailing-master approached. "There is a strange

appearance in the sky which affrights me; I fear a sudden, and violent storm, and then what will befall our ship, thus heavily laden?" said Quirini.

The old sailor turned towards the part of the horizon which Quirini had pointed out; and as he looked, his face changed. "Quick," said he, calling to the sailors who were nearest, "bid them draw in the sails. Let the rudder be bound firmly, for the tempest is well nigh on us—alas! for these terrible northern storms."

Before he had well finished speaking, his Italian sailors had begun their work, the slower and more apathetic Greeks needing, even in that moment of danger, to be urged with many words before they would obey. Thus it was but slowly that the heavy sails, creaking and swaying in the wind, were drawn in and bound to the masts, and before half the work was done, the storm in its full fury had struck the ship, and each man clung for life to the nearest support, as the reeling vessel ploughed heavily through the swollen seas.

"Master, the rudder is gone, the rudder is lost," cried many voices, as after a sudden lurch forward the ship righted again, and as they cried out, a fresh blast struck her, and the half-furled sails were torn into ribbons, and hung useless over the ship's side.

The morning light found her still driving before the wind, and deep in the sullen water which rose almost above her sides as she flew faster than ever before the fierce wind. At length a sudden squall threw her on her side, while the waters rushed in as if to fill and sink her in a moment.

"Ho, men! an axe, an axe!" cried the master; "down with the main-mast!" and seizing a hatchet which lay at hand, Piero Quirini struck the first blow at the tall mast, whose weight was dragging down the vessel. Others with sword, or axe, or any tool which they could snatch at the moment, followed, and they were but just in time, for before another wave could wash over the vessel, the mast was floating free, and the ship had righted once more. The water was baled out with every vessel on which the men could lay their hands; and this weary work was continued all through the cold dark night, yet when the morning broke hours behind its time, as it seemed to the despairing sailors, the water in the hold was scarcely three inches lower.

The only hope for the crew lay in taking at once to their boats. There were two boats belonging to the ship—the pinnace and the skiff; the first was a long boat, but the skiff, which was considered the safer of the two, would hold but a smaller number.

The master called the men round him on the deck, and told them his decision. "Now, men," said he, "you shall choose your boat; there stands the notary, Nicolo di Michiel, with his ink-horn and parchment; he shall write down the names of all who would fain sail in the skiff."

"Master, there are forty-five for the skiff," said Nicolo, slowly reckoning the long list of written names; "forty-five, and the skiff, saith Christoforo Fioravanti, holds but twenty-one."

"Draw lots, men, we are brothers now in trouble, and none shall have advantage over the other."

The lots were drawn, and then the master proceeded to divide between the two crews the stores of the fast-sinking ship. Bread, cheese, bacon, tallow and oil, and a little wine, as much as she could carry, were given to the crew of the skiff, while the master, with forty-six men, stored in the pinnace what remained on board, and one by one the men passed over the ship's side, and the boats dropped off into the wide sea.

It was calm, the terrible wind had sunk down, and the keen wintry sky was clear once more, but yet the prospect before them was enough to trouble the bravest heart.

They were adrift in the bitter cold in open boats, but ill-supplied for a long voyage, and were, as they believed, five hundred miles from the nearest shore. All night a heavy mist hung over them, and when it was dispersed by the morning sun the crew of the pinnace looked round in vain for their companions,—the skiff was nowhere to be seen.

Six days had passed, and all hope of seeing their companion boat had grown faint, when another storm arose, and the pinnace, heavily laden, shipped so much water over the sides that all feared she would sink.

"Mens' lives before wines and spices! precious and costly though they be," said the master; "we must lighten the boat of all, save a little needful food and water; linger not, my children, therein lies our only hope."

But the days went on, and though the storm passed, and the pinnace still rode safely on the waters, the hearts of the crew were heavy within them. The boat was indeed lighter now, for of the forty-seven who had embarked in her, twenty-six died, and their bodies had been solemnly committed to the deep, there to wait till, at the voice of God's angel, the sea shall give up her dead. Solemn indeed must have been the thoughts of the survivors as they saw one after another of their comrades summoned from their side to stand before God; no one of them knew but that he might be called next, and all were sure that if help did not reach them speedily, none would return home to tell the tale of their sufferings. Some there were of that crew who, faint, weary, in want of covering, tortured with thirst, yet held fast their trust in their Father in Heaven, and cried to Him with agonized prayer to have mercy on them for Christ's sake. And the prayer for deliverance was heard.

It was on the third of January, and the first faint daylight was stealing over the waters, when one of the crew, looking eagerly round as he raised himself from uneasy sleep, saw far off a faint line which seemed to be land. The sun rose higher and colored rose-red the snow-hooded

tops of lofty rocks around the unknown coast. All the hope and desire of the shipwrecked crew was now to reach this shore, fearing its unknown dangers but little, compared with the terrible suffering they had long endured.

But, alas! the wind had died away, and in vain did they unfurl their sails, and set their rudder. They must try the oars then, but the arms of the starving sailors were too weak to move the boat, and they could do nothing but trust to the force of the waves and the currents which were bearing her along. It was the sixth of January when they reached the land, and with great difficulty drew their boat to the beach. They soon found that they had landed on an uninhabited island, which lay, as they afterwards found, off the coast of Norway—a strange and foreign land to the Venetians of those days.

21

No sooner did the wasted remnant of the crew set foot on shore than they rushed to the rocks, climbing them with strength which they had not thought they possessed, and eagerly gathering the pure white snow in their hands, bathed their parched lips and dry tongues, drinking again and again, as if they could never taste enough of this delicious draught.

“Now, men, draw the boat higher on shore, ere the tide go out and float her away,” said the master; but when the pinnace was drawn to the dry sand she was found to be so battered and so full of holes, that they all saw at once that it was useless to hope that they could ever put to sea in her again. “We will make her serve for a shelter at least,” said Christoforo, and so, dividing her into two parts, they, with the help of her sails, made two huts, in which the twenty-one sailors, who alone were left, might find some slight shelter from the winter wind.

22

“Our thirst have we slaked,” said Nicolo, “and said grace, I trust, for the draught; now, by your leave, good master, must we seek for food, though what food this barren island should afford, I know not.”

All the party dispersed at once in search of provisions, some climbing the rocks, some wandering along the beach, and some seeking to penetrate farther inland. Returning towards evening slowly and sadly to the huts, they examined the store that had been found—a few periwinkles and barnacles and some other small shell-fish, but a poor feast for so many famished men. Their search, continued far and wide over the island, discovered no other food, save a kind of small herb which grew under the snow. This they ate day after day, and so were able to keep a little life in them though they were always faint and hungry.

23

Five out of the little colony were already dead from cold and hunger and exhaustion, when one day a sailor wandering farther than he had yet been, came upon a little hut, empty and deserted, but giving a better and more comfortable shelter than their sail-covered huts.

Six of the company determined to live in this new home, thinking that the chances of finding food for the whole would be increased when they were more widely scattered on the island. And scarcely had they taken up their abode in their new quarters, when they were overjoyed by finding on the beach, close at hand, a large dead fish. They did not know whether it was a whale or a porpoise, but they saw that it was quite fresh and fit for food, and every one of them believed that God had sent this great deliverance in answer to their prayers for help. All hands turned out to drag the fish to their hut, and no sooner was it safely housed than a terrible storm broke over the island, which lasted nine days. So fierce was the wind, so pitiless the tempest, that during all that time not one of the sailors dare set foot outside the cottage, and had it not been for the merciful provision which God had bidden the waves to bring to them, they must all have perished with hunger.

24

The fish was at length eaten, not a fin, nor a morsel of flesh remained, and once more the sailors were forced to seek along the shore for shell-fish, which was now their only food. Christoforo was one day seated in the cottage. He had grown white and thin, and his long lank hair looked dry and rusty, as it hung over his sunken cheeks. He was gazing listlessly on the dull sea, and on the distant, cloud-like lines which told of other islands, or may be of the main land far off.

25

“If we could only reach those shores,” he thought, “may be men dwell thereon, and we might find food. But we have neither boat nor wood whereof to make one, neither have we strength to row, so seemeth there no choice but we must all perish here; the will of God be done.”

Raising his eyes, which had sunk while he pursued these sad thoughts, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and with a glad shout cried, “Rejoice, behold two come to seek us,” and as he spoke, his companions, looking out, saw two shepherd lads climbing the hill-side.

The strangers turned and fled in terror at the sight of man on this lonely island, and the sailors following to the shore found there a little boat in charge of an old man. They had learnt some prudence now, and they approached quietly, making signs of good-will and of humility, and asking by look and gesture his pity on their great distress. The two lads soon came down and joined their father, and though none of the three could understand a word of the Italian speech, it chanced that there was one among the sailors, Girado da Lione by name, who had learnt a few words of Norwegian, and by means of this interpreter they managed to tell the visitors of their terrible needs.

26

The little boat would hold but two besides its owners, and Girado da Lione and Bernardo the pilot were chosen to accompany the shepherds to their home, and to get help to bring off all who remained of the shipwrecked crew. On their way they questioned the shepherd, as well as they could, on the cause of his journey to the island.

“A strange reason was it, truly, my friends,” answered the old man, “but my son can tell you better than I. Speak, my son.”

27

The younger of the two oarsmen, a lad of about sixteen, answered bashfully: "It was a dream, strangers, that led our boat to that shore. My father had lost two heifers, white were they, with black stars on their forehead and there were none like them in the island where we dwell. Long did we seek our missing kine, and great was our sorrow when we found them not; but last night I dreamed that I saw them feeding upon this island, the cliffs of which we can sometimes see from our home. When I awakened I persuaded my father to take the boat and let us row to the island."

"We found not our heifers," said the old fisherman, smiling, "but, thank the good God, we found men. Doubtless it was God who sent my son this dream, that so we might be in time to save you."

They were soon received by a crowd of eager peasants, who crowded down to the beach, when the story of the rescue spread. They were in another island now, far larger, and moreover cultivated and inhabited, and food was given them, and shelter offered, and clean clothes brought to replace their own ragged and dirty garments. But of course the first anxiety of the two rescued sailors was to send relief to their companions at the hut, and to those who might yet remain alive on the other side of the island. The kind islanders prepared quite a fleet of little boats in which to hasten to the rescue of these poor deserted men, but at the huts which they had first built, only five were found alive, and their new friends prepared with sad hearts to bury the dead as well as to save the living.

The eleven survivors grasped each other's hands with feeling too deep for words; they the only ones left of the sixty-eight who, in full health and strength, had left the shores of Candia. "Truly," said one, "we had been swallowed up of the sea, if our Lord Jesus Christ had not been merciful to us, who forsaketh not them that religiously call upon Him."

"Now we must part," said they among themselves, "and seek our way to Venice on foot or by sea, as we may find means. Sad news bring we thither, and many heavy hearts must we make. But God has spared us to our dear ones, and let us few that remain remember that we live only to commend to memory, and highly to exalt, the great power of God."

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## A WINTER IN THE NORTHERN SEAS; OR, CAPTAIN JAMES'S JOURNAL.

The following passages are taken from the journal kept by Captain James, the commander of a vessel bound for the northern seas. His ship, having on board a crew of twenty-two men, left England in May, 1631, to attempt the discovery of the long-desired North-West Passage. After terrible storms and disasters, the ship being fast-locked in ice the adventurers were compelled to winter in the Arctic regions; and, as the journal relates, proceeded to make preparations for passing the long months on an uninhabited island near to the ship. The extracts from the diary tell the story of those months, speaking in words which need no comment, of high hope, of constant courage, and of a sincere and true-hearted dependence on God. Throughout all the disappointments and perils of his expedition, Captain James seems ever to have kept alive trust in God, and a sure belief that all that could befall him and his, would be directed by an All-wise hand; thus his heart did not fail even in the midst of overwhelming perils and disasters.

These brave men were not ashamed to own their entire dependence on God's help, and we find here, as elsewhere, that it is ever the strongest who best know their own weakness—that the noblest are ever the most humble, the most ready to acknowledge the Divine Source of all their courage.

And the heroes whom English boys love to remember, and desire to imitate, have, in proportion as they were true heroes, unselfish, generous, brave, been also the most true and faithful servants of that God who is the source of all strength, all love, all tenderness and truth.

"Oct. 7.—It snowed all day, so that we had to clear it off the decks with shovels, and it blew a very storm withal. The sun did shine very clear, and we tore the topsails out of the tops, which were hard frozen in them into a lump, the sun not having power to thaw one drop of them. Seeing therefore that we could no longer make use of our sails, it raised many doubts in our minds that here we must stay and winter. The sick men desired that some little house or hovel might be built ashore, whereby they might be the better sheltered. I took the carpenter, and choosing out a place, they went immediately to work upon it, while I myself wandered up and down in the woods to see if we could discover any signs of savages, but we found no appearance of any on this island.

Oct. 12.—We took our mainsail, which was hard frozen, and carried it ashore to cover our house, first thawing it by a great fire; by night they had covered it, and had almost hedged it about, and our six builders desired they might travel up into the country to see what they could discover.

Oct. 15.—This evening our hunters returned very weary, and brought with them a small, lean

deer, which rejoiced us all, hoping we should have more of them to refresh our sick.

Nov. 10.—I urged the men to make traps to catch foxes, for we did daily see many, and I promised that whosoever could take one of them should have the skin for his reward.

Nov. 17.—I have lain ashore each night until now, all which time have our miseries increased; and, looking from the shore towards the ship, she doth look like a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship; the snow is frozen all about her, and all her forepart is firm ice. 34

Nov. 25.—The wind shifted easterly, and we encouraged one another, and to work we go, our endeavor being to put the ship to the shore. This evening we broke through the ice, and put an anchor to keep her to shore if possible. Here Sir Hugh Willoughby came into my mind, who without doubt was driven out of his harbor in this manner, and so starved at sea. But God was more merciful to us.

Nov. 20.—I resolved, for the greater safety of the ship, to sink her right down, but she would not sink so fast as we would have her. At noon-day the water rose and beat the bulk-heads of the bread-room, powder-room, and forepiece, all to pieces; thus she continued till three, and then the sea came up on the upper deck, and soon after she began to settle. We were seventeen poor souls now in the boat, and we now imagined that we had leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for we thought assuredly the ebb would carry us away into the sea. We therefore doubled-manned four oars, and so, with the help of God, we got to the shore. Being there arrived, we greeted our fellows the best we could; at which time they could not know us, nor we them by our habits nor voices, so frozen all over we were, faces, hair, and apparel. I comforted them the best I could, saying, "My masters and faithful companions, be not dismayed for any of these disasters, but let us put our whole trust in God; it is He that giveth and He that taketh away. His will be done. If it be our fortunes to end our days here, we are as near heaven as in England, and we are much bound to God Almighty for giving us so large a time of repentance. I make no doubt but He will be merciful to us both here on earth, and in His blessed kingdom." 35

Dec. 1.—To-day it is so cold that firm ice has formed over the boat-track, and we can reach the ship on foot; we have brought over on our backs five hundred fish, and much of our bedding and clothes, which we had to dig out of the ice.

Dec. 10.—We have been busied this past week, save on Sunday, when we rested and performed the Sabbath duties of a Christian, in bringing hither stores from the ship—now bearing them over firm ice, and now wading knee-deep in half-frozen water. I will here describe the house which we have built to shelter us withal. It is among a tuft of thick trees, under a south bank, about a bow-shot from the seaside; it is square, and about twenty feet every way. First we drove strong stakes into the earth round about, which we wattled with boughs as thick as might be, beating them down very close. At the ends we left two holes for the light to come in at, and the same way the smoke did pass out also. Then we cut down trees into lengths of six feet, with which we made a pile on both sides. We left a little low door to creep into, and a porch was before that, made with piles of wood. We next fastened a rough tree aloft over all, upon which we laid our rafters and our roof. On the inside, we made fast our sails round about. Now have we driven in stakes and made us bedstead frames, about three sides of the house. We have made our hearth in the middle of the house, and on it our fire. This house we propose to call our mansion, as we have built two smaller near by for our kitchen and our store-house. 37

Dec. 31.—Our mansion is now covered thick with snow, almost to the very roof of it; we do not go out save we first shovel away the snow, and then by treading, make it somewhat hard under foot. We have got our boat ashore, and fetched up some of our provisions from the beach, with extremity of cold and labor; and thus we concluded the old year 1631. 38

Jan. 2, 1632.—I observed the sun to rise like an oval along the horizon; I called three or four to see it, the better to confirm my judgment; and we all agreed that it was twice as long as it was broad. We plainly perceived withal, that by degrees as it rose higher it also recovered its soundness.

Jan. 30.—But little worthy the writing has happened to us this month. The men grow daily weaker, and our stores less. We have three sorts of sick men—those that cannot move nor turn themselves in their beds, who must be tended like infants; those that are as it were crippled; and those that are something better, but afflicted with sore mouths. These last make shift to work; they go to work through the snow to the ship, and about their other business. Our cook doth order our food in this manner. The beef which is to serve on Sunday night to supper, he doth boil on Saturday night in a kettle full of water, with a quart of oatmeal, about an hour. Then taking the beef out, he doth boil the rest till it is thick, which we call porridge, which, with bread, we do eat as hot as we may; and after this we have fish, and thus we have some warm thing every supper. 39

But many of our sick eat nought save a little oatmeal or pease. Hitherto we have taken but a dozen foxes in all our traps.

Feb. 10.—The cold is as extreme just now as at any time this year, and many of our men complain heavily of sickness; two-thirds of our company are under the surgeon's hand. And yet, nevertheless, they must work daily, and go abroad to fetch wood and timber notwithstanding the most of them have no shoes to put on. Their shoes, upon their coming to the fire out of the snow, were burnt and scorched upon their feet, and they were forced to bind old clothes about their feet. Our clock and watch, though we have kept them ever by the fireside, yet they are so frozen that they cannot go. The inside of our house is hanged with icicles, and many a time when I put my hand into the brass kettle by the fire, I find one side very warm, and the other 40

side an inch frozen.

Mar. 15.—One of our men thinks that he has seen a deer, whereupon he with two or three more desire that they may go and see if they can take it, and I have given them leave.

Mar. 16.—Last evening did our hunters return, not having seen the deer, but so disabled with cold, that they will not be well in a fortnight.



Return of the Hunters. Page 40.

Mar. 31.—Our carpenter is now among our sick, his cutting tools are but few, and these mostly broken and bound about with rope-yarn as fast as may be. Thus our pinnace, on which lyeth so much of our hope of escape, is but in an indifferent forwardness.

April 4.—To-day we have been sitting all about the fire, reasoning and considering together about our estate. The time and season of the year comes forward apace, and we have determined on this course. With the first warm weather we will begin to clear the ship from the ice and water, so that should the pinnace never be finished, as seemeth in doubt through the sickness of our carpenter, we might yet have some hope in our old ship to complete our enterprise, and to return home.

April 6.—This day is the deepest snow we have had all this year; it hath filled up all our paths and ways.

April 16.—This is the most comfortable sunshine that hath come this year, and I have put some to clear off the snow from the upper decks of the ship, and to clear and dry the great cabin by making fire in it. Others have I put to dig down through the ice to come by our anchor.

April 25.—Now have we labored so hard that we are mightily encouraged, for the water doth rise without the ship, and yet doth not make its way into the hold. I have bid the cook that he pour hot water into the pumps, and so thaw them.

April 27.—One of the pumps is cleared, and by means of this we have drawn two feet of water from the hold, and we find to our satisfaction that it doth not rise again.

May 2.—It doth snow and blow so that we must keep house all day; our sick men are so grieved at this unexpected cold that they grow worse and worse.

May 3.—To-day some of the snow melted on the land, and some cranes and geese have come to it. I and the surgeon have been with a couple of fowling-pieces to see if we could kill any for our sick men, but never did I see such wild-fowl; they would not endure to see anything move, therefore we have been obliged to return empty-handed and wearied.

May 9.—We have at last come to and got up our five barrels of beef and pork which were sunk in the hold, and we have also found four butts of beer, which will be as a cordial to our sick men. God make us ever thankful for the comforts that He gives us!

May 13.—This is the Sabbath day, which we have solemnized, giving God thanks for those hopes and comforts which we daily have.

May 21.—This is the warmest day we have yet had. Two of my men have I sent a fowling, and myself, the master, the surgeon, and one more with our guns and our dogs, have been into the woods to see what comfort we could find. We have wandered full eight miles from the house, and have searched with all diligence, but returned comfortless; not an herb, no leaf eatable, that

we could find. Our fowlers have had as bad success. The snow is by this time pretty well wasted in the woods. We have a high tree on the highest part of the island which we call our watch-tree, and from the top thereof we can see far over the seas, but we find no appearance of breaking up yet.

May 24.—Very warm sunshine. The ice doth consume by the shore side, and cracks all over the bay with a fearful noise. This morning I sent two to search for the ship's rudder, which was buried among the ice, and a fortunate fellow, one David Hammon, pecking between the broken blocks, struck upon it, who crying out that he had found it, the rest came and got it up on the ice, and so into the ship. O, this was a joyful day to us all; and we gave God thanks for the hopes we had of it.

44

May 31.—We have found some vetches on the beach, which I have made the men pick up, and boil for their sick comrades.

June 4.—These four days hath it snowed, hailed, and blown hard; and it hath been so cold that the water in our cans did freeze in the very house, our clothes also, that had been washed and hung out to dry, did not thaw all day.

June 15.—This day I went to our watch-tree, but the sea was still firm and frozen, and the bay we were in was full of ice.

June 16.—Here have there lately appeared divers sorts of flies, and such an abundance of mosquitoes, that we are more tormented with them than ever we were with the cold weather. Here be likewise ants, and frogs in the ponds upon the land, but we durst not eat of them, they looked so speckled like toads. By this time there are neither bears, foxes, nor fowl, to be seen; they are all gone.

45

June 17.—At high water we did heave our ship with such good-will that we heaved her through the sand into a foot and a half deeper water. After we had moored her we went all to prayers, and gave God thanks that had given us our ship again.

June 19.—There hath been the highest tide that we have known since we have been here, and in a happy hour have we got our ship off. This evening I went up to our watch-tree; and this was the first time I could see any open water, anyway, except that little by the shore-side. This sight gave us some comfort.

June 22.—We have sounded all about the ship, where she was sunken, and find it very bad ground, with stones three feet high, and two of them within a ship's breadth of the ship, wherein did more manifestly appear God's mercies to us; for if when we forced her ashore she had stricken one blow against these stones, it had broken her.

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June 24.—The wind hath put all the ice upon us, so that for a while we were in such apparent danger that I verily thought we should have lost our ship. With poles and oars did we heave away and part the ice from her. But it was God that did protect and preserve us; for it was past any man's understanding how the ship could endure it, or we by our labor save her.

June 26.—These have been indeed days of fear and of confusion, but also, in the end, of comfort. Yesterday evening I went up to our watch-tree, taking a man with me, who should make a fire on the highest place of the island, to see if it would be answered. When I was come to the tree I laid down my lance, and while I climbed up to the top of the tree, I ordered him to set fire to some decayed wood thereabouts. He unadvisedly set light to some trees that were to windward, so that they and all the rest too, by reason it had been very hot weather, took fire like flax or hemp; and the wind blowing the fire towards me, I made haste down the tree. But before I was half way down, the fire reached its stem, and blazed so fiercely upwards, that I had to leap off the tree and down a steep hill, and in brief, with much ado escaped burning. My companion at last came to me, and was joyful to see me, for he thought verily I had been burned. And thus we went homewards together, leaving the fire increasing, and still burning most furiously. I slept but little all night; and at break of day I made all our powder and beef to be carried aboard. This morning I went to the hills to look to the fire, where I saw it did still burn most furiously, both to the westward and northward. Leaving a man upon the hills to watch it, I came home immediately and made the men take down our new set of sails immediately and carry them to the seaside, ready to be cast in, if occasion were, and to make ready to take down our houses. About noon the wind changed, and our sentinel came running home, bringing us word that the fire did follow him hard at his heels, like a train of powder. It was no need to bid us take down and carry all away to the seaside. The fire came towards us with a most terrible rattling noise, a full mile in breadth, and by the time we had unroofed our houses, and laid hands on our last things, the fire was come to our town, and seized on it, and burnt it down to the ground. Our dogs howled, and then ran into the sea. To-night shall we lie all aboard the ship, and give God thanks that he has shipped us in her again.

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Climbing the watch-tree. Page 47

June 29.—These three days have we wrought hard in fetching our things aboard, as likewise our water, and have been all about the eastern point, searching for driftwood. Our pinnace, on which hath been spent so much time and labor, we need not, having our ship afloat again, wherefore I have commended her to be sawn in pieces and brought into the ship.

June 30.—To-day have we most earnestly continued our labor, and by eleven this night was our ship in readiness, for we have sought to finish our business with the week and the month, that so we might the better solemnize the Sabbath ashore to-morrow, and so take leave of our wintering island.

July 1.—To-day, the first of the month, being Sunday, we were up betimes. We went ashore, and first we marched up to the high cross we had put up to mark the graves of our dead companions. There we had morning prayer, and walked up and down till dinner-time. After dinner we walked to the highest hills to see which way the fire had wafted. We saw that it had consumed to the westward sixteen miles at least, and the whole breadth of the island; near about our cross and our dead it could not come, because it was a bare sandy hill. After evening prayer we went up to take the last view of our dead, and then we presently took boat and departed, and never put foot more on that island; but in our ship we went to prayer, beseeching God to continue His mercies to us, and rendering Him thanks for having thus restored us. Now go we on our discovery, which achieved, I purpose surely to return to England, unless it should please God to take us first into His heavenly kingdom. And so desiring the happiness of all mankind in our general Saviour Jesus Christ, I end this, my journal, written on the island."

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## THE DISCOVERERS OF MADEIRA.

It was during the merry days of the reign of King Edward III. of England, that a little ship left the port of Bristol, sailing suddenly and secretly, so that none knew to what port she was bound.

She was no trading vessel laden with English goods for Calais, for her crew was not composed of sailors; there were on board only a few men, and these wore the dress of English gentlemen. The strange crew, the secret departure, all told the tale of some danger from which they were seeking to escape, and had we been on board we should have seen by the anxious faces of the crew, by the quick, eager glances with which they watched the shores as they sailed out of the Bristol Channel, that they feared pursuit, either for themselves or for some one whom they had in charge. Though not really sailors, they were doing their best to guide the little vessel, and they had chosen for captain a young Englishman called Lionel Machin, whose directions they obeyed, and in whom they appeared to have full confidence.

It was for Lionel's sake that the party of friends were now making their escape from England. He had married a girl whom he had long loved, but he had not gained the consent of her father

and mother. They were powerful and rich, and he had reason to fear that his young wife would be taken from him through their influence with the king, and therefore he had determined to seek a French port, and to hide himself and wife in some French city which did not own Edward as its king.

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But, ignorant as they were of navigation, it was no easy matter for them to direct their course aright, and, high winds springing up, they were beaten about for five days without catching sight of the coast of France. They did not know in what direction they were being carried, and all on board, especially the new-made wife, were full of uneasiness and dismay. Lionel encouraged Arabella with loving and hopeful words, even when his own heart was sinking low, but his friends, who had come only for his sake, and without well considering the dangers and risks which they might encounter, were fast losing spirit and hope. Their merry adventure seemed to be turning into sad earnest, and these light-hearted lads, having nothing to sustain their courage when pleasure was gone, now vented their disappointment in continual murmurs and regrets.

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Arabella herself tried to seem indifferent to their danger, and secure in Lionel's care; she hid her tears, lest they might grieve her husband; but when she thought that no one saw her, she gave herself up to sorrow and despair. She thought of her father and mother whom she had left secretly, lest they should forbid her marriage with Lionel, and she longed with an aching heart for one word of love and forgiveness. For hours she would sit, her eyes turned toward that part of the horizon where she had last seen the coast of England, her thoughts busied about her old home: her father, taking his pleasures with a sad heart; her little sister, weeping for her lost playmate; and, most of all, her mother, upright and dry-eyed, after the stern fashion of the day, but yet, as Arabella well knew, ever thinking of her absent and disobedient child, ever missing the light step, the loving smile, the tender touch of the daughter she had loved so well.

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But Lionel still kept up heart and hope, still spoke gaily of the new home they would soon make in sunny France—yes, even when day after day passed by, and the watchers saw no land, and knew that they must be drifting far out of their course, away into the wide unknown ocean. They had been at sea more than a month when one morning early, Lionel, who was pacing the deck, heard behind him a sudden shout of joy.

He did not turn, for there were tears in his eyes which he must hide from his companions, for he had now, for the first time, learned from his wife of her repentance and her grief, and he too was sad at heart and well-nigh hopeless. But the shout was repeated and taken up by other voices.

"Land, land at last!" they cried, and Lionel turned to see, far in the distance, the tall sharp outline either of a rock or of the cliffs which guarded some unknown shore. Wind and wave were steadily sweeping the vessel onward towards this haven of refuge, and there was nothing to do but to watch the sharpening outlines, and to see, as fog and mist cleared before the sun, the sheer dark rocks and deep valleys of their new home.

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Nearer still and nearer, till the land was full in sight, and the famished and wearied crew could see the green valleys and tree-covered heights of this lovely island, could almost hear the fall of the clear waters which they saw glancing down the face of the rocks.

What land it was they knew not. No houses were to be seen, no ships or canoes flew out from under the shelter of the shore, no natives gathered in fear or wonder on the silent silver beach, only a number of bright-winged birds came as if to greet the new-comers, and settled fearless on the sails and ropes.

Quickly the ship's one boat was lowered, and some of Lionel's companions, well armed, put off for the unknown shore. Lionel would fain have been of the number, but neither Arabella nor his friends would permit him to run this risk. Ere long the boat returned, and the adventurers climbed on board as eager to speak as were their companions to hear.

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"A dainty and delicious country, truly, Captain Lionel, but men we saw none," said the first speaker.

"The beasts thereon are tame, and have no fear of man," continued another.

"Yea, and the land is a garden of flowers, and the air soft, that it would give back health to the dying; there will your fair wife recover her bloom, and we all shall rest after our grievous toil."

"Fruits are there in plenty, they dropped on us from the trees as we walked," added the first.

"Here at last we have found a haven," answered Lionel; "here, my kinsmen and faithful friends, may you regain the strength you have lost in my cause, yea, and win your pardon in England by this fair news. Arabella, you will soon be strong again," and Lionel, though he spoke confidently, looked with evident anxiety toward the pale face which bore the traces of sorrow as well as of sickness.

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Soon the whole party, save some few who remained in charge of the ship, were on land, wandering with the glee of schoolboys over the green plains and wooded hills on which they seemed to be the first to set foot. Choosing a sheltered spot among the laurels and near to the bend of the river, the new lords of the island soon built a shelter for themselves, and brought thither stores from the ship.

In this happy retreat the fugitives spent nearly a fortnight, seeming to forget, in the peace and rest of the present, their past wrong-doing and their past disasters.

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But on the thirteenth day a sudden and violent storm broke over the island. The ship was driven

from her anchorage by the force of the wind and waves, and was carried, with those of the company then on board, toward the north coast of Africa, where she was at last completely wrecked. The crew escaped with their lives, but only to fall into the hands of the Moors, who, regarding all Christian nations as their enemies, immediately seized those poor English gentlemen as slaves.

Lionel and the few companions who were left with him on the island, grieved deeply for the loss of their companions, though they knew not the terrible fate which had befallen them. And mingled with their sorrow was penitence too, for the wrong act which had, as they felt, brought on them this deserved punishment. But Arabella's grief was deeper; from the time when this new disaster befell them she never spoke, but sat gazing ever over the now calm sea which parted her from her home; and thus she pined and died, deeply oppressed with grief, and not comforted with the assurance of the pardon which Christ the Saviour gives to all who repent and turn from sin.

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Lionel could not endure without her the life which he had sought for her sake, and ere long he, too, died in the arms of his weeping friends, and husband and wife were buried at the foot of the laurels which had been their shelter.

The remaining adventurers determined at any risk to leave the island in the little boat which still remained to them, for the place now became distasteful; but before they sailed they set up over the grave of the husband and wife a wooden cross, on which were carved their names. Then, following the wish of Lionel, they added below a request that if any Christians should hereafter come to dwell in this island, they would build over the grave a church, in which our Saviour Jesus might be worshipped and adored.

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The little boat being now ready and stored with birds and other food as provisions for their voyage, they set sail, but were, like their companions, cast on the coast of Africa, and made slaves with those who had gone before them. But the poor Englishmen were not the only captives, for in those times shipwrecked sailors from all parts of Europe were held in cruel slavery by the Moors.

Side by side with the companions of Lionel worked a young Spanish sailor named Jean de Morales, and, glad of any relief from the toil and tedium of their sad life, he listened eagerly to the often-repeated story of the lovely and beautiful island. Of this unknown land he dreamed and thought continually, longing for freedom that he might discover and tread its silent shores, for he was of a nation eager for discovery, and the highest rewards and honors were not thought too great for him who should add a new country to the dominions of the crown of Castile.

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At length it happened that a sum of money was sent to Barbary, to ransom some of the Spanish captives, and Jean de Morales was amongst those set at liberty: but the ship in which, with glad heart and high hopes, he sailed for Spain, was captured on its way by a Portuguese man-of-war, under Jean Gonsalie Lascoe. All the captives from Barbary, who had already suffered so much, were permitted to continue their journey home, save only Jean de Morales.

This one exception was made because the Portuguese captain was not willing to give to Spain the glory of the discovery which the Castilian sailor was longing to attempt. Jean de Morales was, however, kindly treated, and at last took service with the Portuguese, his attachment to his native land being doubtless weakened by his long captivity.

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Very soon, ships were sent out by Portugal commanded by Gonsalie, with Jean de Morales on board, to seek this new and unclaimed island. The vessels first held their course for the Island of Porto Sanco, near which the new island was supposed to lie, for seen from Porto Sanco toward the north-east was a heavy cloud, sometimes brighter, sometimes darker, but never wholly dispersed.

The ignorant and superstitious inhabitants had many wonderful stories to relate of this cloud; they all believed that no ship could safely approach it. Some held it to be an island hanging between heaven and earth, in which some Christians had been hidden by God from the power of their Moorish foes, some that it led into the land of spirits. Towards this cloud Gonsalie steered his ships, in spite of the murmurs and almost the open mutiny of his terrified crew. "The shadow is but a mist," said he, "a cloud caused by the heat of the sun's rays drawing the moisture from the land beneath; have no fear, my children, for those who do their duty will God protect."

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Through the mists and heavy clouds they sailed on, and at last emerged into clear, pure air, to see fair before them the island of their hopes. The sailors who had before resisted the captain's will, now fell on their knees begging his forgiveness, and praying to be allowed to land at once and wander through the valleys of this lovely land. Soon Gonsalie, Jean de Morales, and some of the sailors pulled through the surf and set foot on the island, which they called Madeira, because it was so well wooded. They landed almost on the very spot where Lionel and Arabella had first come on shore, and before long the new-comers stood in reverence and in pity by the graves of the first discoverers.

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The island was formally taken possession of in the name of the King of Portugal, and before long a colony was sent thither, Gonsalie being appointed governor.

Then the dying wish of Lionel was granted, and over his grave was built a church, in which the new inhabitants might worship God.

This is the story which we have received as the history of the discovery of the island of Madeira, now so well and so familiarly known to us, where many of our own countrymen go year by year, seeking to recover health and strength amongst the sheltered and wooded vales where the



Visiting the Graves. Page 66.

The history was written in Portuguese by Don Francesco Alcafarado, a noble at the court of King John I. of Portugal. He was himself one of the discoverers. It is considered possible that some of the details which he has given may have been altered in his memory, or confused by those from whom he heard the story of Lionel and Arabella, but there seems no reason to doubt the chief facts which he relates. The cross erected over the graves of the husband and wife was preserved in Madeira till at least the early part of this century, and possibly is still to be seen.

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## ST. HELENA.

In the days when voyages were more tedious and dangerous than they are now, when steam was unknown, and the art of navigation little studied, it was especially important to secure safe resting-places for vessels bound on distant voyages. Halfway ports where the health of the sailors might be recruited, where the ship often battered and leaking, might be repaired, and stored once more with water and fresh vegetables, were absolutely essential to safe and profitable commerce.

But until about the year 1500 the Venetian traders to India had found no such harbor of refuge in the South Atlantic. Their ships came and went nevertheless, and if many were lost, yet the profits of the trade were such as to repay the merchants for many a bale of rich goods which lay beneath the waters, and to lead Venice to guard as one of her most valuable rights the trade with India.

The Portuguese also were merchants and explorers, and had a large and important navy, and they were not content to leave the Indian traffic wholly in the hands of the Venetians. Therefore about the year 1501 three vessels were sent out to India by the Portuguese Government. On their return voyage during May of the following year a sudden and violent storm overtook them.

They were in the midst of the wide Atlantic, driven backwards and forwards by the furious wind and waves.

One of the ships was separated from the other two, and was in greater danger. All hope of guiding her was at an end, and the captain and crew stood waiting in despair for the death which could not be far distant.

It seems probable from that which afterwards happened, that some at least among the sailors thought, in their danger, on God, and cried to Him to save them. And we may well believe this to have been so. There are but few who when trouble is near forget God. It is in smooth and fair water, in calm and sunshine, that we are so ready to think that we can guide and help ourselves. When the clouds gather, and the storm-winds blow, then we cry unto God in our trouble. And

God is so good that He does not turn away from those who call on Him in their need, even when in their joy they had turned away from Him.

Help came to these sailors tossed on the wide, wild sea, but it did not come in the way that they had hoped. At first it seemed only like greater peril, for through the haze which darkened the sea, the dim outline of land was seen, standing high, sharp, and dark against the sky.

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What land it could be they did not know. In such rough charts as they possessed, no rock even was marked, no speck of land for many hundred miles on either side the place where they were now fighting for their lives.

The ship was driven nearer and nearer, and, so far as the mariners could tell, they were being driven to certain destruction, for what ship could hope to avoid the terrible wall of rocks before them, or live in the white seething waters which boiled at its foot. A shout, an eager wondering cry, from one of the sailors, roused his comrades; he was pointing to a narrow inlet between the rocks, on either side of which the sand lay smooth and low—if they could only gain that opening there might yet be hope. But the ship was past all guidance, and the only chance of life seemed to lie in the boats, which might be directed up the narrow inlet, so that the men might land in safety on its shores. At last the anxious, terrified sailors stood safely on the beach, watching the still raging sea as it washed to their feet plank and mast and rudder of their now broken ship.

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Their first thought was to offer thanks to God who had delivered them, and then they began to look around at this strange unknown land on which they had been thrown.

“Let us build ourselves a shelter with the planks of the broken ship, she will never sail blue water again,” said one sailor.

“Nay,” replied another, “rather let us build a house for God, let us leave a church on this island. We need no shelter in the warm May weather, no rain will fall for months yet, I warrant, and some of those rare trees yonder will be our fittest roof.”

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“But of what use can a church be when none dwell here to worship?” asked a third.

“Doubtless many will come to dwell here when we return home and tell the story of the new land, and many ships will stay here to rest the sailors and to gather stores. Were it not well done that they should find prepared a place which should remind them of their duty to their God, and of His care of them?”

“And,” said the captain, speaking now for the first time, “were it not well done that we, whom He has so wonderfully preserved, should try even in this imperfect fashion to show our gratitude? He will accept even such poor service, therefore, in my judgment, let it be done.”

“Let it be done,” cried all, and, as if impatient to begin, the sailors rushed knee-deep into the sea, seizing and drawing high on the beach the floating spars and planks ready for their new service.

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But before such work could be begun it was needful to explore the new land, to search for any traces of inhabitants, and above all to discover, if possible, food and water to refresh themselves.

There was one high peak, towering above the many hills which crowned the island, and towards this a party of sailors made their way, keeping closely together for fear that the natives of the land might suddenly attack them from rock or thicket.

The steep, rugged, broken hill was scaled at last, and from its summit the adventurers looked down on their place of refuge. They were on an island, which seemed to be some miles in length; it was thickly covered with trees, and in one part a broad, open plain, fresh and fertile, stretched before them. There were many streams, dancing merrily down the broken cliffs, or shaded by tall tree-ferns and waving grasses. But nowhere was there any sign of human habitation; no palm-roofed huts, no canoes, no figures crossing the open spaces between the trees. And not only man, but even animals seemed wanting here.

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The place was a complete solitude; the sea-birds had not strayed farther than the cliffs where their nests were made, and save one little brown bird, not unlike a sparrow, which chirped among the boughs, the sailors neither heard nor saw any signs of life.

Fruit there was in abundance on the trees, and with this spoil they hastened back to their comrades, who had meanwhile been exploring the sides of the inlet.

A shout from the party of these explorers told the descending sailors that some discovery had been made, and as they came nearer they saw that a fire had been kindled on the beach, though with what object it was hard to guess.

They were not long left in doubt, for shouts of “Turtle, turtle! come and see the turtle we have cooked for dinner!” caused them to hasten to the fire, on which was now seething an immense turtle, great numbers of which were to be seen crawling along the beach.

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The fruit was a welcome addition to the feast, and the sailors were soon forgetting peril and disaster over a hearty and refreshing repast.

Then the whole party stretched themselves at ease under the trees; they recounted to each other their adventures and discoveries. It was clear that they were on an island, and that this island was far distant from any known land. There appeared no doubt that it was uninhabited and unknown, and great was the satisfaction of the captain in the thought of carrying home to Portugal the tidings of a discovery so important. For all saw what great service would be done to Portuguese commerce by the establishment of a half-way station on their return from India,

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and the feeling of regret for their lost ship was swallowed up and forgotten in delight at the honor which they should receive at having first planted the flag of Portugal on the Island of St. Helena, for thus did the captain name the newly-found island.

The sailors made no doubt that now the violence of the storm was over, that they would soon be rescued from their imprisonment by the other ships, and meanwhile they set heartily to work to build their church.

The ship's carpenter undertook the principal directions, while the captain determined on the best site for the new building, and marked its outline on the turf.

Willing hands made the work light, and ere many days had passed the church began to rise, plank by plank, amid the palm-trees and leafy shade around.

The two remaining ships soon arrived, and their crews stayed long enough to complete the church, and to lay in a store of fruit, turtles, and fresh water, and then all set sail for Portugal, and St. Helena for long years was henceforth reckoned among the possessions of that crown.

But though highly prized as a resting-place for ships, it did not at first become a colony. Two small dwellings were built on either side the church, but none inhabited them for about twelve years, when a Portuguese nobleman, named Lopez, came to live there in banishment, with no companions but three or four negro slaves, who under his direction, cultivated the soil, planted and reared many new kinds of trees and fruits, and tended the fowls and animals which were abundantly supplied for his needs.

He did not, however, continue many years in St. Helena, and long the island remained without inhabitants.

Sometimes a passing ship would leave one or more of her crew, who were ill, that they might be restored by the vegetables and fruits, the pure air and clear water of the island.

It happened once, nearly ninety years after the first discovery, that an English crew landed for refreshment, and wandering about the island approached the little church. They believed themselves the only human beings on the island, and were therefore greatly surprised to hear a voice singing within the church.

"It is a Portuguese," they said one to another, "let us enter and make him prisoner."

Without another word the doors were thrown open, and there kneeling alone in the church, they discovered a strange figure, wild and terrified, dressed in a rough suit of goat-skin.

"Who are you?" cried the foremost of the sailors, forgetting that the supposed Portuguese was not likely to answer an English question; but the man started to his feet at the words, gazed round him, looking one by one into the eager and wondering faces before him, and then, as if he could no longer contain his joy, he rushed towards them, and threw himself into the arms of the foremost.

He, in his turn, had feared that the new-comers were Portuguese, and the poor English sailor, for such he was, had endured an agony of terror till the sound of English speech assured him that he was among friends and fellow-countrymen.

His story was soon told. He had been left at St. Helena by a passing ship, because he was so reduced by the voyage that the captain feared that he could never reach his home. Here he had lived for fourteen long months, and had never during that time heard a human voice, or seen the face of a friend. He had lived chiefly on the flesh of goats, which had now multiplied on the island, and had in his wild, free life quite recovered his health. But the joy of meeting with friends after so long a solitude was too great; he was quite unable to sleep, and only lived till the ship in which he had taken passage reached the West Indies.

St. Helena passed at length into the hands of the English, was colonized and brought into cultivation, and it was here that Napoleon ended the career which had laid waste and despoiled Europe. Here in this little island was bounded his wide ambition; the sea set limits to his steps on every side and stretched its strong impassible barrier all around him. Here, though not alone, he endured a solitude which was doubtless heavier to bear and more hopeless than that felt by any of the wanderers who in early days were left upon that shore. For there is no solitude like that of a heart which dwells alone, whose memories of the past can bring no gladness, and whose future lies cheerless and blank before it.

He spent his time chiefly in reading, riding on horseback, and digging in his garden. He was fond of amusing himself with children, and would join in all their little sports. He employed himself, also, in writing the memoirs of his own campaigns. "Let us live on the past," he said. But ah! what satisfaction could a view of his past life have afforded him? Those who have lived only for this world must never expect anything but self-reproach in reviewing the opportunities of usefulness which they have lost, and the precious talents they have misemployed. What a favorable opportunity, however, was afforded to Napoleon in his solitude at St. Helena, of examining his past life. Happy would it have been for him if he had diligently used the time thus given him in mourning for his sins, and humbling himself for the misapplication of the vast talents entrusted to his charge.



Napoleon at St. Helena. Page 83.

That he sometimes thought of the subject of religion, indeed, is evident, if we believe a conversation which Count Monthoton, one of his attendants, has recorded. "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself," Napoleon is represented to have said, "founded empires upon force! Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits him who has been called the Great Napoleon! what a difference between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth. Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!" Napoleon became every day more and more unhappy. He used to feed some fish in a pond, but they sickened and died. "Everything that I love," said he, "leaves me: everything that belongs to me is stricken!"

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At last the event came which released him from all his earthly sorrows. A painful disease, called cancer in the stomach, attacked him; and, after considerable suffering, he expired on the 5th of May, 1821. The night of his dissolution was a terrible one; a fearful storm was raging all around. Napoleon had, for some hours, been insensible; towards six o'clock in the evening, however, he pronounced the words, "Head of the Army," as if his thoughts were running on the field of battle, and immediately afterwards his immortal spirit quitted the tabernacle of clay in which it dwelt. Such was Napoleon's death-bed. Alas! we look in vain upon it for that language of triumph which has so often broken from the lips of the followers of Jesus, when passing through the dark "valley of the shadow of death." With Napoleon's dying moments, contrast those of an eminent saint of God, Dr. Payson. "I seem to swim in a flood of glory," said he to some young persons, "which God pours down upon me. And I know—I know that my happiness is but begun—I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this! Nothing, nothing. Now all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart, which, I have often told you, is necessary to salvation;—and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot, no, you cannot see the kingdom of God!"

Napoleon was buried at Longwood, in the Island of St. Helena, under a large willow tree; but in 1840 his remains, with the consent of the British Government, were removed to Paris, and buried with grand honors in that city.

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## THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

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Many islands have at different times risen above the sea, which had for long years washed over and hidden them. There are two ways in which new islands are thus born like a fresh creation from God.

The great volcanic force which sends out flames and ashes from the tops of high mountains, or makes the solid earth tremble and crack, is at work also below the bed of the sea, and from time to time islands are raised there either slowly or by some sudden convulsion, just as we have also reason to believe that other islands are even now sinking lower under the influence of the same force, until, most likely, in years to come, the waves will once more flow over them again. You

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must not forget that when we talk of the forces of nature we mean really the hand of God. He it is who sends these great convulsions, or who directs the slow upheaving of new land. All is quite as truly the work of God as when, at His word, the dry land first appeared. "Fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind," are all "fulfilling His word."

Many of these islands, when first raised above the sea, must have been active volcanoes, sending out hot from their craters the flood of lava and the heated rocks which now lie cold and hard, and overgrown with moss, to tell us of their past history.

Of course, while this was going on there could be no life either of plants or animals on the mountain, which, indeed, as yet could scarcely be called an island, only a bare rock, around which the waves would beat, as if in hopeless endeavor to extinguish the fire which glowed deep in its caverned centre. But though neither waves nor storms could make this fire die out, yet there comes a time to most of these volcanic islands when the life and energy of the mountain seems gone, taken away, we know not how, by the same Great Hand that lighted it, and the lonely rock is now ready to be turned into a home for man, for this silent crater, this hard, broken crag, will, after a time, become a fair island home. God does not leave His works incomplete, and He has servants who will change this desolate rock into a fertile garden.

He sends the waves; they dash on the sides of the island, which rise generally abrupt and strong from the deep waters, and wherever they can find entrance they wear and powder the rock until it becomes fine soil, and a little beach is formed. Then rains fall and fill the clefts and hollows of the rock, and soften it at length as they wash down its face, till here and there patches of scanty soil are formed.

But something more than soil is needed; the most fertile land cannot of itself produce grass or herbs; there must be a seed before even the smallest weed can spring up, and those which float about in the air with us, are not found on a volcanic rock far away in the sea.

But messengers are prepared to bring them. Birds flying over the water sometimes stoop their wings to rest awhile on the rock, and often leave behind them seeds which they have gathered in far distant lands. At first, perhaps, only a few small weeds are seen. These, dying in their turn, improve the soil for their successors, until at length it can support shrubs and undergrowth, the seeds of which are sometimes washed on the shore by the waves, or found hidden in the clefts of some tree which has floated to the island from a distant shore.

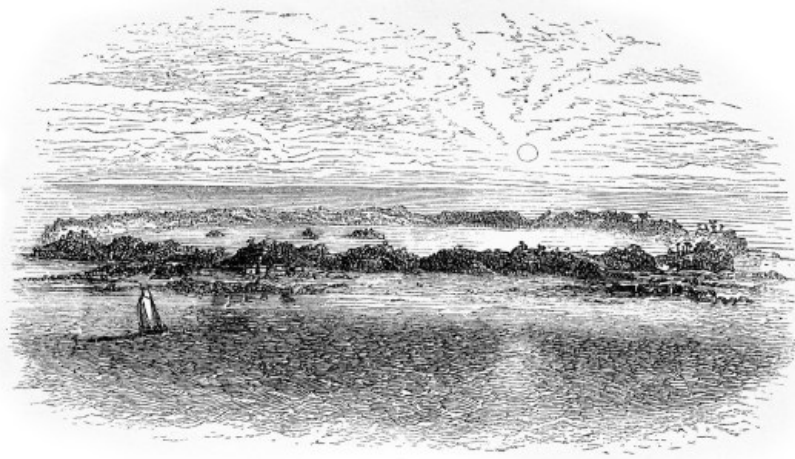
Last of all arises, like a crown of beauty, the graceful cocoa-nut palm, spreading broad leaves around its tall, slender stem, and making the once barren rock a shady and lovely retreat.

The island on which Alexander Selkirk lived is considered volcanic; it is probably formed in some such manner as that which we have described. Madeira, too, and probably St. Helena, are volcanic islands.

Pitcairn, the history of which you are now going to read, is also possibly of volcanic origin, and its high crags and sharp peaks seem as if they must have been thrown up by some sudden force; but as it is in the midst of a sea covered with coral islands, and has been supposed by some to be itself partially formed by coral insects, it may be well that you should hear a little of the wonderful growth of coral islands, which, though formed so differently from those of which you have been reading, are yet, when once their tops have risen above the waves, clothed in the same manner with fair growth, to prepare them for the presence of man. Tahiti, which you will hear mentioned in the story of Pitcairn, is a coral island, and they abound in groups, in pairs, or in single islands, through the wide Pacific Ocean.

They are formed by myriads of tiny insects, which are connected together, and seem to share a common life. One of these insects fastens itself on some hidden rock; sometimes it may be on an extinct volcano which is not lofty enough to appear above the waves, and on this foundation they begin to build, the insect, as it shapes its cells of coral, filling them with beings like itself, so that every tiny chamber has its inmate. Soon the whole rock is covered below the water with a fine network of delicate coral, and from the tops of the open cells the insects put out their delicate *tentaculae*, or arms, which look like the petals of a flower. By means of the food gathered from the water by these *tentaculae*, all the coral insects are fed.





Coral Island. Page 92.

Thus each one does its appointed work, laying unseen the foundations of a new land, for the coral growth is still spreading and rising higher and higher, till at length the waves begin to feel its resistance, and to break in white foam around its crests. 93

Its history, when it has once risen above the reach of the tides, is like that of the volcanic islands. The insects die, and the bare grey rock is left, that God's servants, the waves and winds, may fulfil His will, until in His own good time the coral island becomes lovely and fertile, fit for the dwelling-place of those who should be God's best servants—the men whom He has made for His glory, and for whose redemption His Son came down to die. It is sad to think how often man, to whom God has given the most, is the least ready to use these gifts for his Maker's glory, so that instead of these lovely islands being always full of His praise, they are often homes of sin and of unhappiness, as indeed it was at first with Pitcairn, the history of which we now give. 94

Far away from any other land, in the midst of the South Pacific Ocean, there is a little island, a mere speck in the sea, for it is not six miles across at its widest point. A passing ship might leave this tiny island unnoticed, save for the lofty cliffs and precipices which guard its shores, running down to the white waves, ever curling and breaking at their feet. Yet it was not a mere rock, inaccessible and barren; for when once a boat has safely won its way through the breakers, and the sailor has climbed the rocks which, steep above steep, stand like a wall before him, he is rewarded by the sight of lovely valleys, of forests of fruit-bearing palms, and of green, fresh-springing plants: a little fairy land, a new paradise seems hidden here from the eye and the foot of man. 95

It is called Pitcairn's Island, and was discovered more than a hundred years ago by a passing ship. It was uninhabited, and no one set foot on it again, till in 1789 a small ship might have been seen approaching its shores, as if she would seek an anchorage in that dangerous, rocky bay.

The ship is called the *Bounty*, and carries for her crew nine English seamen, and some colored men and women, natives of Tahiti, an island at which the *Bounty* had been recently anchored.

There is no captain on board, though the first mate, Fletcher Christian, seems to take his place and to direct the course of the ship; but his words are few, and his face is sad, as if some past trouble or sin weighed on his heart, and, when he is not obliged to be active, he sits gazing listlessly over the water, looking for he knows not what. 96

It would be a long and sad story to tell how that ship came to be thus cruising in the wide Pacific. Months before, Fletcher Christian and some of the sailors of the *Bounty* had mutinied; had put their captain, who by his harsh and unjust treatment had provoked their anger, into the ship's launch with eighteen of the crew, leaving them thus to reach home or to die on the ocean.

The mutineers well knew that if they returned to England, their own lives would pay the penalty of their crime, and therefore they determined to spend the rest of their days on some one of the numerous islands scattered in groups throughout the South Seas. 97

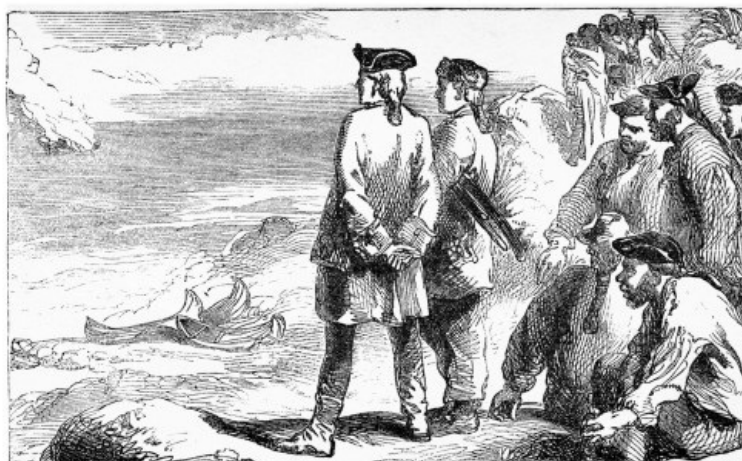
But as they had begun their course by an act which they knew to be wrong, it was not likely that their future would be happy and prosperous; the sweet flowers of peace and content do not spring from the bitter root of sin, "neither do men gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

Thus we need not wonder that trouble and dissension seemed to follow everywhere the ill-fated crew of the *Bounty*. They quarrelled and fought with the natives of the first island which they chose for an asylum; they disputed among themselves, suspecting and hating each other, as partners in sin most often do. The hearts of the leaders were full of fear also as they thought of the laws which they had broken, and of the fate which would be theirs should their captain reach England, and a ship be sent out to capture them.

At last the mutineers sailed for the Island of Tahiti, where they knew that the inhabitants were well-disposed and gentle, and would be pleased to welcome the white man to live among them. Fletcher Christian, however, could not rest; he had been the leader in the mutiny, he knew that 98

he would be sought for, and that if found he must die, and die covered with disgrace.

Therefore he determined to seek out Pitcairn's Island, of the discovery of which he had heard, and there pass the remainder of his miserable life. Eight of his comrades decided to go with him, the rest remaining at Tahiti, and, as we have seen, some of the Tahitian men and women agreed to make the voyage with them, and join in the new settlement.



Landing of the Mutineers on Pitcairn's Island. Page 99.

After long seeking, after cruising backwards and forwards for many days in the sailless and shoreless ocean, the island that they sought was seen standing high above a line of white waves, and after much difficulty the *Bounty* was anchored, and her boat sent on shore with some of her crew.

Everything of value on board was taken to the island, even the iron-work of the ship itself being removed, and when the *Bounty* was reduced to an empty and useless hulk, she was set on fire and burnt to the water-edge, that no passing ship might see any trace of inhabitants on the lonely island where these unhappy men sought to hide themselves.

Fletcher Christian, who had taken the command hitherto by the consent of his companions, now proceeded to divide the whole island into nine equal parts, one of which he gave to each of the English sailors who accompanied him, choosing for his own portion a piece of land at the farther end of the island, where he made for himself a retreat among the steep rocks which overlooked the sea.

But though the new colony was so small, it had in it all the seeds of dissension and of unhappiness. Even these nine men, though bound together by a common fate and by a common fear, could not agree, could not bear with nor yield to each other in any of the little differences or misunderstandings which arose between them from time to time. Still less could they live in peace with the natives who had accompanied them. They looked on these poor men and women as their slaves, and treated them so unjustly that the Tahitians, who had at first been attached and faithful, now determined on revenge. They were as much less guilty than the English as they were more ignorant; they had never been taught to be merciful, to forgive injuries, to be patient under wrongs; the blessed name of Jesus was not familiar to their ears, nor the lessons of His life and death to their hearts. They knew no law but that of violence and might, and finding themselves unjustly treated by those who had promised to be their friends, they formed a plot to put them all to death, and so to make themselves masters of the island.

Five out of the nine Englishmen were shot, and amongst them was their leader, Fletcher Christian. Ever since he had come to Pitcairn's Island, he had appeared sunk in sorrow and remorse. All day long he had remained hidden among the rocks, away from his comrades, his eyes fastened on the wide ocean, the barrier which he knew must now divide him for ever from his home and from all he loved. In this solitude his companion was the Bible, brought on shore by him from the ship. In this he was observed to be often reading, and though we know nothing of his thoughts nor of his prayers, it may be that God spake through His word to the heart of His erring child, and bade him, not in vain, to seek His face once more.

Let us hope that this Bible charged with such a blessed mission in years to come, was sent also with a message to this desolate heart, and that ere he died, Christian had sought and found the forgiveness which is given through the cross of Christ our Saviour. Some sign of his repentance may be found in a tradition handed down by the islanders, that he had given orders that everyone on the island should repeat each noontide the prayer of the returning and repentant prodigal: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Four white men had been saved by the interference of the Tahitian women from the fate of their comrades, but they did not feel safe; they believed that the men were still seeking their lives, and, as they imagined, in self-defence, they determined to put these their enemies to death. Thus the evil begun by the mutiny still went on from crime to crime, seeming to grow ever deeper and wider. For the dark and terrible story is not yet ended. Two of the four remaining

Englishmen soon after came to a violent end, while intoxicated by a drink which they had contrived to make from some of the plants which they found on the island, thus bringing into this lovely refuge the vice and drunkenness which beset crowded cities.

The sorrowful tale has hitherto been all dark, ever growing more gloomy and hopeless; but now for the first time a faint pencil of light, like the first streak of dawn, marks the sky, a ray which, like all true sunshine, comes from heaven and from God. The great and loving Father had not forgotten the children who had so long forgotten Him; this little island, so far from the eyes of human watchers was not unseen nor unregarded by Him. His messengers, the books which tell of Him, were still there, though forgotten and unread; but the time was now come when they were to speak again, and were to be heard and obeyed. 103

The two remaining mutineers were a sailor named Alexander Smith, or, as he now called himself, John Adams, and a midshipman named Edward Young. The midshipman had been well educated, and had learnt above all, in his childhood, the blessed lessons of God's love, and of the grace of Christ. These lessons, too long unremembered, now came back to him. Perhaps he thought of the days when, a young child, he had knelt at his mother's knee, or standing by her chair, had read one by one, as her finger slowly pointed them out, the words of the Holy Bible.

The good seed had lain long in a barren soil, now God in His mercy sent the rain and sunshine of His grace to cause it to spring up at last. No sooner had Edward Young begun to desire to return to the Saviour whom he had left, than he also wished that those around him should be taught of His love. The helpless women and children were, he felt, a sacred charge for him and his companion, to teach and guide. 104

Accordingly morning and evening prayers were established in the island, and a sort of school was begun for the children, John Adams being partly a teacher, partly a scholar, and so preparing to take his comrade's work when, a little time after this change of heart and life, Edward Young died, and left his comrade alone on the island with his untaught charge. He, the only one who had the key to God's book, the only one in whose memory were stored any lessons of His truth, in whose life lay, as it seemed, the only hope that this little colony might be saved from all the cruelty and ignorance of savage life, and added to the number of the servants of Christ.

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Nearly twenty-five years had passed since John Adams was left on Pitcairn's Island, the sole protector and teacher of the women, and of the young children who were growing up around him. He was himself but a common sailor, who had enjoyed only a few advantages of education, his only acquirements the simple lessons which had been taught him in his boyhood, and a new but straightforward and earnest desire to serve God in the way which God should teach him, and in penitence and faith to walk himself and to lead others to walk in the way that leads to everlasting life. 105

But God does not choose only the wise and the great and the strong for His workmen: often the weak things of the world are chosen to confound the mighty, and the poor and lowly to do the work of the High and Mighty One who inhabiteth eternity.

We have seen how evil passions indulged were like a seed of sin, growing and spreading into a mighty and poisonous tree. Then there was planted by its side, through the mercy of God, a germ of good and of life—has that too lived and spread, or has it withered and died beneath the shade of evil? 106

Two English vessels are approaching the island. At first the crews do not see it, but as evening draws on, the look-out man in the larger ship gives the signal that he has caught sight of land. "Land ho, land!" passes from mouth to mouth among the sailors. What land can it be? No island, no rock even, is marked on the chart, and the officers gather on deck to look over the darkening sea toward that darker point where the new land lies.

"We may have discovered a new island for King George," says the captain. "We must lie to till the morning, and then we will sail nearer, and see this unknown shore."

The morning comes, and almost before it is day some of the officers are on deck with their glasses, eagerly looking toward the island, which they can now see far more plainly. Even without a glass its lofty rocks and steep precipices can be distinguished. The ships are approaching nearer and nearer, till now their anchors are dropped, and one of the captains orders a boat to be prepared. 107

"Though I doubt how we shall get her through the surf," he says, ponderingly; "it is a dangerous coast, and no pilot within hail. People there too, I see—savages. The men must go well armed. Peters, look to the loading of the pistols."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Peters, looking, like the rest, towards the rocks, where groups of people coming and going were to be seen.

There was evidently great excitement on the island. A ship was a strange and unusual sight, no doubt.

Before the ship's boat could be launched, two men were seen to climb the top of the steep cliff which almost overhung the narrow beach. They, however, seemed to find no difficulty in their dangerous path, though each carried on his shoulders a light canoe. The strangers wore some kind of clothing, but even through the captain's glass it was impossible to tell of what race they were. 108

Dark against the clear sky, the two figures were seen for awhile to stand gazing steadfastly

toward the ship, and then bounded like goats down the rugged face of the rock, and soon launched their canoes fearlessly in the angry surf.

"Haul the boat up, we'll wait and receive these natives on board," says the captain; and in a few minutes one of the canoes was under the bows of the ship.

"Come alongside," shouted a sailor, trusting that his signs and gestures would explain the meaning of his English words.

"We have no boat-hook to hold on by," cried in answer the foremost of their visitors.

No words can explain the surprise with which the captain and the whole crew listened to these words spoken in pure English by the supposed savage. They looked at him and at each other, but no one spoke till the eager voice was again heard from the boat.

"Won't you heave us a rope now?"

A sailor seized and flung one end of a coil of rope, and in a moment their strange visitor had seized it and climbed fearlessly on deck.

He was a tall man, young, and almost English-looking, save that his complexion was tinged by the hot sun of his country; and his whole face and bearing were those of an educated and civilized man. His dress was a light vest and short trousers, while his palm-leaf hat was adorned with a bunch of brilliant feathers.

"Who are you?" asked the astonished captain, gazing at this strange and unexpected apparition.

"I am Thursday October Christian, the son of the mutineer, and there," pointing to the other canoe, now close to the ship, "is Edward Young."

The mystery was now explained: the ships had anchored at the island where the mutineers, long sought in vain, had taken refuge.

The officers crowded round their visitors, asking question after question, of their age, the number of people on the island, their habits and mode of life.

"Who is your king?" they asked.

"Why, King George, to be sure," replied Christian, quickly.

"Have you been taught any religion?"

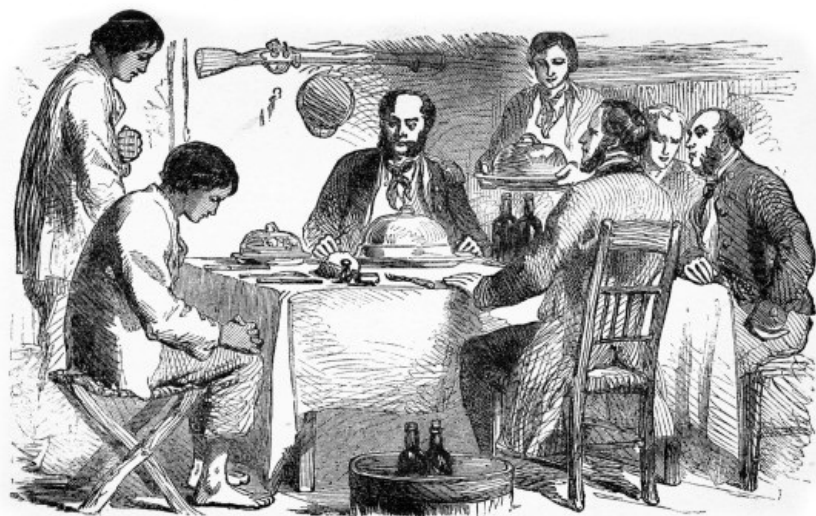
"Yes," they replied, "a very good religion; that which the Bible teaches."

The young men were led into every part of the ship; they looked with great interest at the many things they saw around them, the uses and even the names of which were unknown to them, and their questions showed much thought and intelligence.

In the course of the morning they were led to the stalls where the ship's cows were kept.

"What immense goats!" cried Christian; "I did not know there were any of such a size."

Just then a little dog, belonging to some one on board, attracted the attention of one of the newcomers. "I know what that is," he said, "that is a dog, I have read of such things;" and turning to his companion, "it is a pretty thing to look at, is it not?"



The Captain's Cabin.

When noon came, the two guests were taken into the captain's cabin to lunch, but before touching the food which was spread before them, they both folded their hands, and without troubling themselves at all about the presence of the officers, in the most simple and natural manner asked God's blessing on all that they should eat and drink.

Many of those who were present turned away to hide, not a smile, but a blush of shame that they, the sons of a Christian land, should need to be reminded of their duty to their God by these half-taught islanders.

Lunch over, the two captains went on shore, rowed by their guests, to whose strong and skilful hands they trusted to pilot them safely through the dangerous surf.

On the beach they were welcomed by more of the inhabitants, among the rest by a young girl, the daughter of Adams, who had evidently come to meet the English strangers in order that she might learn if her father was in any danger from them, for John Adams was the last remaining mutineer. Her confidence was restored by the looks and words of the two captains, as she led them, with light step, up the steep pathway by which alone the interior of the island could be reached. 114

The captains were almost exhausted long before the top was reached, but their guides seemed to climb as easily as the goats of their own island, and even the girls were so sure-footed that they were able to help the strangers up the difficult path. Arriving at the top, a new and beautiful sight delighted their eyes—a lovely valley, rich in fruit-bearing trees, and in cultivated fields, in the midst of which was built an almost English-looking village, with its church and school house, its cottages and gardens, and all that could speak of a simple, religious home life. Here they were welcomed by the remaining inhabitants, with Adams at their head, to whom all looked up as to their father. Beside him stood his blind Tahitian wife, and around him were groups of young men and girls with bright, intelligent faces, and smiles which told of the happiness and innocence of their hearts.



John Adams and his family. Page 115.

Whatever the daughter of Adams may have feared in her love for her father, he himself did not appear afraid to receive these English visitors to his island refuge. For he felt that as, in the sight of God, his sin had for Christ's sake been pardoned, so in the eyes of men these long years of penitence, and of honest endeavor after a better life, would surely have won pardon for the sins of his youth. It was with feelings too deep for words that he looked once more on the faces of his countrymen and heard the English speech from other lips than those to whom he had taught it. All the memories of early days awoke in him, and he longed to return once more and see his native land before he died. But as soon as those round him understood his wish, they seized his hands, they clung around him, praying him with tears not to desert them, not to leave his children; and Adams, much moved, promised to remain. And indeed he would have been sorely missed had he gone, for he was the chief authority on the island. He it was who each Sunday led the prayers of the islanders, all assembled around him in the church which they had built, thinking, as they joined in the words of the service, of their unknown brethren in the great country beyond the seas. He it was who explained week by week the words of the Bible to his listening companions, taught the children, and married the young people. 116

It was to Adams that every dispute was referred; all those slight disagreements which spring up from time to time, but which with the islanders were never, as they said, more than word-of-mouth quarrels, and always ended before set of sun.

The captains, though anxious to linger awhile in this island home, were obliged to leave next day, and they departed amid the regrets and farewells of these simple-hearted, affectionate people, a people Christian in heart as well as in name,—sincere, modest, pure, and unselfish, whose life seemed to be fashioned on the words of God's Book, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." 117

And all this peace and happiness has sprung, under the blessing of God, from the seeds of His truth sown long, long years before in the hearts of two English sailors, and from the power of His truth in His written word, and in the teaching of His Spirit.

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## NORFOLK ISLAND.

Far distant from the many other islands with which the Southern Pacific Ocean is studded, one stands alone, rich in natural beauty, and with a climate almost unrivalled.

This lovely island was visited by Captain Cook in 1774, and named by him Norfolk Island; it was then uninhabited, and neither the vegetable nor the animal world had been disturbed. For about two hundred yards from the shore, the ground was covered so thickly with shrubs and plants as scarcely to be penetrable further inland. The account given by Cook led to an attempt at settlement on Norfolk Island; but this was attended with difficulty. The island is small, being only about six miles in length by four in breadth; and was therefore unavailable for a large or increasing population. Lying nine hundred miles from Port Jackson, in Australia, it was inconveniently remote from that country; and, worst of all, its clifty and rocky shores presented serious dangers to mariners attempting a landing. Its general unsuitableness, however, for ordinary colonization, was considered to adapt it as a penal settlement, subordinate to New South Wales, and to which convicts could be sent who merited fresh punishment while in course of servitude. Thus, one of the loveliest of earthly paradises was doomed to be a receptacle for the very worst of malefactors. It was imagined that the beauty of Norfolk Island, and the fineness of its climate, would greatly tend to soothe the depraved minds of its unhappy tenants, and reconcile them to compulsory expatriation; but such was not the case: the feeling uppermost in the minds of the convicts was to make their escape; and this, along with other circumstances, caused the island, after a time, to be abandoned as a penal settlement. The narrative that follows may be relied upon as a true relation of facts, and will, it is hoped, afford warning to such as may be tempted to go astray, and deeply impress those who may be on the verge of crime, with the danger of their situation, by showing them that a course of error is a course of misery, ending in consequences the most afflicting.

“On the northern side of Norfolk Island, the cliffs rise high, and are crowned by woods, in which the elegant whitewood and gigantic pine predominate. A slight indentation of the land affords a somewhat sheltered anchorage-ground, and an opening in the cliffs has supplied a way to the beach by a winding road at the foot of the dividing hills. A stream of water, collected from many ravines, finds its way by a similar opening to a ledge of rock in the neighborhood, and, falling over in feathery spray, has given the name of Cascade to this part of the island. Off this bay, on the morning of the 21st of June, 1842, the brig *Governor Philip* was sailing, having brought stores for the use of the penal establishment. It was one of those bright mornings which this hemisphere alone knows, when the air is so elastic that its buoyancy is irresistibly communicated to the spirits. At the foot of the cliff, near a group of huge fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs, a prisoner was sitting close to the sea preparing food for his companions, who had gone off to the brig the previous evening with ballast, and who were expected to return at daylight with a load of stores. The surface of the sea was smooth, and the brig slowly moved on upon its soft blue waters. Everything was calm and still, when suddenly a sharp but distant sound as of a gun was heard. The man, who was stooping over the fire started on his feet, and looked above and around him, unable to distinguish the quarter from whence the report came. Almost immediately, he heard the sound repeated, and then distinctly perceived smoke curling from the vessel’s side. His fears were at once excited. Again he listened; but all was hushed, and the brig still stood steadily in towards the shore. Nearer and nearer, she approached; until, alarmed for her safety, the man ran to summon the nearest officer. By the time they returned, the vessel had wore, and was standing off from the land; but while they remained in anxious speculation as to the cause of all this, the firing was renewed on board, and it was evident that some deadly fray was going on. At length a boat was seen to put off from the brig, and upon its reaching the shore, the worst fears of the party were realized. The misguided prisoners on board had attempted to seize the vessel. They were but twelve in number, unarmed, and guarded by twelve soldiers, and a crew of eighteen men; yet they had succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel, and held it for a time, but had been finally overpowered, and immediate help was required for the wounded and dying.

“June 21, 1842.—My duty as a clergyman called me to the scene of blood. When I arrived on the deck of the brig, it exhibited a frightful spectacle. My heart sickened at the extent of the carnage; and I was almost sinking with the faintness it produced, when I was roused by a groan so full of anguish and pain, that for a long time afterwards its echo seemed to reach me. I found that it came from a man lying further forward, on whose face the death-dew was standing, yet I could perceive no wound. Upon questioning him, he moved his hand from his breast, and I then perceived that a ball had pierced his chest, and could distinctly hear the air rushing from his lungs through the orifice it had left. I tore away the shirt, and endeavored to hold together the edges of the wound until it was bandaged. I spoke to him of prayer, but he soon grew insensible, and within a short time died in frightful agony. In every part of the vessel, evidences of the attempt which had ended so fatally presented themselves, and the passions of the combatants were still warm. After attending to those who required immediate assistance, I received the following account of the affair:

“The prisoners had slept the previous night in a part of the vessel appropriated for this purpose; but it was without fastening or other means of securing them below. Two sentries were, however, placed over the hatchway. The prisoners occasionally came on deck during the night,

for their launch was towing astern, and the brig was standing off and on until the morning. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the men were called to work. Two of them were up some time before the rest. They were struck by the air of negligence which was evident on deck, and instantly communicated the fact to one or two others. The possibility of capturing the brig had often been discussed by the prisoners, among their many other wild plans for escaping from the island, and recently had been often proposed by them. The thought was told by their looks, and soon spread from man to man. A few moments were enough; one or two were roused from sleep, and the intention was hurriedly communicated to them. It was variously received. One of them distrusted the leader, and entreated his companions to desist from so mad an attempt. It was useless; the frenzied thirst for liberty had seized them, and they were maddened by it. Within a few minutes, they were all on deck; and one of the leaders rushing at the sentry nearest to him, endeavored to wrest from him his pistols, one of which had flashed in the pan as he rapidly presented it, and threw him overboard; but he was subsequently saved. The arms of the other sentry were demanded, and obtained from him without resistance. A scuffle now took place with two other soldiers who were also on the deck, but not on duty, during which one of them jumped over the vessel's side, and remained for some time in the main-chains; but upon the launch being brought alongside, he went down into it. The other endeavored to swim ashore (for by this time the vessel was within a gun's shot of the rocks;) but, encumbered by his great coat, he was seen, when within a few strokes of the rock, to raise his hands, and uttering a faint cry to Heaven for mercy, he instantly sunk. In the meanwhile, the sergeant in charge of the guard hearing a scuffling overhead, ran upon deck, and seeing some of the mutineers struggling with the sentry, shot the nearest of them dead on the spot. He had no sooner done so than he received a blow on the head, which rendered him for some time insensible. Little or no resistance was offered by the sailors; they ran into the fore-castle, and the vessel was in the hands of the mutineers. All the hatches were instantly fastened down, and every available thing at hand piled upon them. But now, having secured their opponents, the mutineers were unable to work the brig; they therefore summoned two of the sailors from below, and placed one of them at the wheel, while the other was directed to assist in getting the vessel off. The cockswain, a free man in charge of the prisoners, had at the first onset taken to the rigging, and remained in the maintop with one of the men who refused to join in the attack. At this moment, a soldier who had gone overboard and endeavored to reach the shore, had turned back, and was seen swimming near the vessel. Woolfe, one of the convicts, immediately jumped into the boat alongside, and saved him. Whilst this was the state of things above, the soldiers had forced their way into the captain's cabin, and continued to fire through the gratings overhead as often as any of the mutineers passed. In this manner several of them received wounds. To prevent a continuance of this, a kettle of hot water was poured from above; and shortly afterwards, a proposal was made to the captain from the prisoners to leave the vessel in the launch, provided he handed up to them the necessary supplies. This he refused; and then all the sailors were ordered from below into the launch, with the intention of sending them ashore. Continuing to watch for the ring-leaders, the captain caught a glimpse of one of them standing aft, and, as he supposed, out of reach. He mounted the cabin table, and, almost at a venture, fired through the woodwork in the direction he supposed the man to be standing. The shot was fatal; the ball struck him in the mouth, and passed through his brain. Terrified at the death of their comrades, the remainder were panic-struck, and instantly ran below. One of the leaders sprung over the taffrail, and eventually reached the launch. The sailor at the wheel, now seeing the deck almost cleared, beckoned up the captain, and without an effort, the vessel was again in their possession. In the confusion, a soldier, who had been in the boat, and was at this moment with the sailors returning on deck, was mistaken for one of the mutineers, and shot by the sergeant. The prisoners were now summoned from their place of concealment. They begged hard for mercy; and upon condition of their quietly surrendering, it was promised to them. As the first of them, in reliance upon this assurance, was gaining the deck, by some unhappy error, he received a ball in his thigh, and fell back again. The rest refused to stir; but after a few moments' hesitation, another of them ventured up, was taken aft by the captain, and secured. A third followed, and, as he came up, he extended his arms and cried: "I surrender; spare me." Either this motion was mistaken by the soldiers, or some of them were unable to restrain their passion, for at this instant the man's head was literally blown off. The captain hastened to the spot, and received the others, who were secured without further injury.

"When we reached the vessel, the dying, dead, and wounded, were lying in every direction. In the launch astern, we saw the body of one wretched man who had leaped over the taffrail, and reached the boat badly wounded; he was seen lying in it when the deck was regained, and was then pierced through with many balls. Nothing could be more horrible than his appearance; the distortion of every feature, his clenched hands, and the limbs which had stiffened in the forms of agony into which pain had twisted them, were appalling. The countenance of every man on board bore evidence of the nature of the deadly conflict in which he had been engaged. In some, sullenness had succeeded to reckless daring, and exultation to alarm in others.

"Nothing could have been more desperate than such an attempt to seize the vessel. The most culpable neglect could alone have encouraged it; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have succeeded, if anything like a proper stand had been made by those in charge of her when it commenced.

"The wounded were immediately landed, and conveyed to the hospital, and the dead bodies were afterwards brought on shore.

"The burial ground is close to the beach. A heavy surf rolls mournfully over the reef. The moon had just risen, when, in deep and solemn silence, the bodies of these misguided men were

lowered into the graves prepared for them. Away from home and country, they had found a fearful termination of a miserable existence. Perhaps ties had still bound them to the world; friends whom they loved were looking for their return, and, prodigals though they had been, would have blessed them, and forgiven their offences. Perhaps even at that sad moment, mothers were praying for their lost ones, whom in all their infamy they had still fondly loved. Such thoughts filled my mind; and when a few drops of rain at that moment descended, I could not help thinking that they fell as tears from heaven over the guilt and misery of its children.

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“On the morning following the fatal occurrence, I visited the jail in which the mutineers were confined. The cells were small, but clean and light. In the first of them, I found George Beavers, Nicholas Lewis, and Henry Sears. Beavers was crouching in one corner of the cell, and looking sullen, and in despair. Lewis, who was walking the scanty space of the cell, seemed to glory in the rattle of his heavy chains; while Sears was stretched, apparently asleep, upon a grass mat. They were all heavily ironed, and every precaution had evidently been taken to prevent escape.

“In the other cell I found Woolfe and Barry, the latter in much agony from an old wound in the leg, the pain of which had been aggravated by the heavy irons which galled it. All the prisoners except Barry and Woolfe, readily acknowledged their participation in the attempt to seize the brig, but most solemnly denied any knowledge of a preconcerted plan to take her; or that they at least had attempted to throw the soldiers overboard. They were unwilling to be interrupted, and inveighed in the bitterest manner against some of their companions who had, they seemed to think, betrayed them, or at least had led them on, and at the moment of danger had flinched.

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“The names of the surviving mutineers were John Jones, Nicholas Lewis, Henry Sears, George Beavers, James Woolfe, Thomas Whelan, and Patrick Barry.

“The depositions against them having been taken, all the men I have mentioned, with the exception of Jones and Whelan, who were wounded, were brought out to hear them read. They listened with calm attention, but none of them appeared to be much excited. Once only during the reading, Beavers passionately denied the statements made by one of the witnesses present, and was with difficulty silenced. His countenance at that moment was terribly agitated; every bad feeling seemed to mingle in its passionate expression. They were all young, powerful, and, with one or two exceptions, not at all ill-looking men.

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“From the jail I proceeded to the hospital, where the wounded men were lying. They had each received severe wounds in the thigh, and were in great agony. The violence of Jones was excessive. Weakened in some degree by the loss of blood, the bitterness of his spirit nevertheless exhibited itself in passionate bursts of impatience. He was occasionally convulsed with excessive pain; for the nerves of the thigh had been much lacerated, and the bone terribly shattered. His features were distorted with pain and anger, and occasionally bitter curses broke from his lips; yet there was something about his appearance which powerfully arrested my attention—an evident marking of intellect and character, repulsive in its present development, yet in many respects remarkable. His history had been a melancholy one, and, as illustrative of many thousand others, I give it as I afterwards received it from his lips.

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“At eleven years of age, he was employed in a warehouse in Liverpool as an errand-boy. While following this occupation, from which, by good-conduct, he might have risen to something better, he was met in the street one day by the lad whom he had succeeded in this employment, and was told by him how he might obtain money by robbing the warehouse, and then go with him to the theatre. He accordingly took an opportunity of stealing some articles which had been pointed out, and gave them to his companion, who, in disposing of them, was detected, and of course criminated Jones. After remaining some weeks in jail, Jones was tried, and acquitted; but his character being now gone, he became reckless, and commenced a regular career of depredation. In attempting another warehouse robbery, he was detected, and sentenced to twelve months’ imprisonment. By the time he was released from this, he was well tutored in crime, and believed that he could now adroitly perform the same robbery in which he had previously failed. He made the attempt the very night of his release from jail, and with temporary success. Subsequently, however, he was detected, and received sentence of transportation for seven years. He underwent this sentence, and an additional one in Van Diemen’s Land, chiefly at Port Arthur, the most severe of the penal stations there. From this place he, with Lewis, Moss (who was shot on board the brig), and Woolfe, having seized a whale-boat, effected their escape. During three months, they underwent the most extreme hardships from hunger and exposure. Once they had been without food for several days, and their last hook was over the boat’s side; they were anxiously watching for a fish. A small blue shark took the bait, and in despair one of them dashed over the boat’s side to seize the fish; his leg was caught by one of the others, and they succeeded in saving both man and hook. They eventually reached Twofold Bay, on the coast of New South Wales, and were then apprehended, conveyed to Sydney, and thence sent back to Van Diemen’s Land; tried, and received sentence of death; but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island.

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“Jones often described to me the intense misery he had undergone during his career. He had never known what freedom was, and yet incessantly longed for it. All alike confessed the unhappiness of their career. Having made the first false step into crime, they acknowledged that their minds became polluted by the associations they formed during imprisonment. Then they were further demoralized by thinking of the *glory*—such miserable glory!—attending a trial; and the hulks and the voyage out gave them a finished criminal training. The extent of punishment many of them have undergone during the period of transportation is almost incredible. I have known men whose original sentence of seven years has been extended over three times that period, and who, in addition to other punishment, have received five thousand or six thousand

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lashes!

"After many solemn interviews with the mutineers, I found them gradually softening. They became more communicative, and extremely anxious to receive instruction. I think I shall never forget one of the earliest of these visits to them. I first saw Sears, Beavers, and Jones. After a long and interesting conversation with them, we knelt together, and I offered prayer. When we arose, I perceived that each of them had been shedding tears. It was the first time I had seen them betray any such emotion, and I cannot tell how glad I felt; but when I proceeded afterwards to read to them the first chapter of Isaiah, I had scarcely uttered that most exquisite passage in the second verse—"I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me,"—when the claims of God, and *their* violation and rejection of them; His forbearance, and *their* ingratitude, appeared to overwhelm them; they sobbed aloud, and were thoroughly overpowered.

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"For a considerable time we talked together of the past, the wretched years they had endured, the punishments, and the crimes which had led to them, until they seemed to feel most keenly the folly of their sad career. We passed on to contrast the manner in which their lives had been spent, with what God and society required from them; their miserable perversion of God's gifts, with the design for which He gave them, until we were led on to speak of hope and of faith; of Him who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;" and then the Saviour's remonstrance seemed to arrest them—"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;" until at length the influences of the Holy Spirit were supplicated with earnestness and solemnity. These instructions and such conversations were daily repeated; and henceforth each time I saw them, I perceived a gradual but distinct unfolding of the affections and the understanding.

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"August.—The wounded men are much recovered, and the whole of the mutineers are now confined together in a large ward of the jail. They have long received extreme kindness from the commandant, and are literally bewildered at finding that even this last act has not diminished the exercise of his benevolence. That anybody should care for them, or take such pains about them after their violent conduct excited surprise at first almost amounting to suspicion; but this at length gave place to the warmest gratitude. They were, in fact, subdued by it. They read very much, are extremely submissive, and carefully avoid the slightest infringement of the prison regulations. At first, all this was confined to the three men I have mentioned; but their steady consistency of conduct, and the strange transformation of character, so evident in them, gradually arrested the attention of the others, and eventually led to a similar result.

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"They will be detained here until the case has been decided by the authorities in Sydney. They will probably be tried by a commission sent from thence to the island for the purpose. Formerly, however, prisoners charged with capital offences here were sent up for trial; but (it is a horrible fact) this was found to lead to so much crime, that, at much inconvenience and expense, it was found absolutely necessary to send down a judicial commission on each important occasion, in order to prevent it. The mere excitement of a voyage, with the chances connected with it, nay, merely a wish to get off the island even for a time, led many men to commit crimes of the deepest dye in order to be sent to Sydney for trial.

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"Two months, therefore, at least must intervene between the perpetration of the offence and their trial; and this interval is usually employed in similar cases in arranging a defence but too commonly supported by perjury. In the present instance, I found not the slightest attempt to follow such a course. They declare that they expect death, and will gladly welcome it. Of their life, which has been a course of almost constant warfare with society, ending in remorseful feelings, they were all thoroughly weary, although only one of them exceeds thirty years of age.

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"In addition to the ordinary services, Captain Maconochie, each Sunday afternoon has read prayers to them, and has given permission to a few of their friends to be present. Singular good has resulted from it, both to the men and those who join in their devotions. At the conclusion of one of these services, Sears stood up, and with his heart so full as scarcely to allow him utterance, to the surprise of every person there, he addressed most impressively the men who were present. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'the words of one of yourselves, unhappily circumstanced as I am, may have some weight with you. You all know the life I have led; it has, believe me, been a most unhappy one; and I have, I hope not too late, discovered the cause of this. I solemnly tell you that it is because I have broken God's laws. I am almost ashamed to speak, but I dare not be silent. I am going to tell you a strange thing. I never before was happy; I begin now, for the first time in my life, to *hope*. I am an ignorant man, or at least I was so; but I thank God I begin to see things in their right light now. I have been unhappily placed from my childhood, and have endured many hardships. I do not mention this to excuse my errors; yet if I had years since received the kindness I have done here, it might have been otherwise. My poor fellows, do turn over a new leaf; try to serve God, and you, too, will be happier for it.' The effect was most thrilling; there was a deathlike silence; tears rolled down many cheeks, which I verily believe never before felt them; and without a word more, all slowly withdrew.

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"This man's story is also a common, but painful one. At fifteen years of age, he was transported for life as an accomplice in an assault and alleged robbery, of which, from circumstances which have since transpired, I have little doubt he was entirely innocent. During a long imprisonment on Horsham jail, he received an initiation in crime, which was finished during the outward voyage. Upon his arrival in New South Wales, he was assigned to a settler in the interior, a notoriously hard and severe man, who gave him but a scanty supply of food and clothing, and whose aim seemed to be to take the utmost out of him at the least possible expense. Driven at length to desperation, he, with three fellow-servants, absconded; and when taken, made a

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complaint to the magistrate, before whom they were brought almost without clothes. Their statements were found to be literally correct; but for absconding, they were sent to New Castle, one of the penal stations of New South Wales, where Sears remained nearly two years. At the expiration of that time, he was again assigned, but unfortunately to a man, if possible, worse than his former employer, and again absconded. For this offence, he was sent to Moreton Bay, another penal settlement, and endured three years of horrible severity, starvation, and misery of every kind. His temper was by this time much soured; and, roused by the conduct of the overseers, he became brutalized by constant punishment for resisting them. After this, he was sent to Sydney, as one of the crew in the police-boat, of which he was soon made assistant cockswain. For not reporting a theft committed by one of the men under his charge, he was sentenced to a road-party; and attempting to escape from it, he was apprehended, and again ordered to Moreton Bay for four years more. There he was again repeatedly flogged for disobedience and resistance of overseers, as well as attempting to escape; but having most courageously rendered assistance to a vessel wrecked off the harbor, he attracted the attention of the commandant, who afterwards shewed him a little favor. This was the first approach to kindness he had known since when, years before, he had left his home, and had its usual influence. He was never again in a scrape there. His good-conduct induced the commandant to recommend him for a mitigation of sentence, which he received, and he was again employed in the police-boat. The free cockswain of the boat was, however, a drunkard, and intrusted much to Sears. Oftentimes he roused the men by his violence, but Sears contrived to subdue his passion. At length, one night, returning to the hut, drunk, the man struck at one of the crew with his cutlass, and the rest resisted and disarmed him. But the morning came; the case was heard; their story was disbelieved; and upon the charge and evidence of the aggressor, they were sent to an ironed gang, to work on the public roads. When Sears again became eligible for assignment, a person whom he had known in Sydney applied for him. The man must be removed within a fixed period after the authority is given. In this case, application was made a day beyond the prescribed time, and churlishly refused. The disappointment roused a spirit so untutored as his, and once again he absconded; was of course apprehended, tried, and being found with a man who had committed a robbery, and had a musket in his possession, was sent to Norfolk Island for life. This sentence has, however, for meritorious conduct, been reduced to fourteen years; and his ready assistance during a fire which recently broke out in the military garrison here, might possibly have helped to obtain a still further reduction. He never, during those abscondings, was absent for any long period, and never committed any act of violence. His constant attempt seems to have been to reach Sydney, in order to effect his escape from the scene of so much misery.

“For some time past, I have noticed his quiet and orderly conduct, and was really sorry when I found him concerned in this unhappy affair. His desire for freedom was, however, most ardent, and a chance of obtaining it was almost irresistible. He has since told me that a few words kindly spoken to himself and others by Captain Maconochie when they landed, sounded so pleasantly to him—such are his own words—that he determined from that moment he would endeavor to do well. He assures me that he was perfectly unconscious of a design to take the brig, until awakened from his sleep a few minutes before the attack commenced; that he then remonstrated with the men; but finding it useless, he considered it a point of honor not to fail them. His anxiety for instruction is intense; he listens like a child; and his gratitude is most touching. He, together with Jones, Woolfe, and Barry, were chosen by the commandant as a police-boat’s crew; and had, up to this period, acted with great steadiness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties required from them. Nor do I think they would even now, tempting as the occasion was, have thought of seizing it, had it not been currently reported that they were shortly to be placed under a system of severity such as they had already suffered so much from.

“Woolfe’s story of himself is most affecting. He entered upon evil courses when very young; was concerned in burglaries when only eleven years of age. Yet this was from no natural love of crime. Enticed from his home by boys older than himself, he soon wearied of the life he led, and longed to return to his home and his kind mother. Oftentimes he lingered near the street she lived in. Once he had been very unhappy, for he had seen his brother and sister that day pass near him, and it had rekindled all his love for them. They appeared happy in their innocence; he was miserable in his crime. He now determined to go home and pray to be forgiven. The evening was dark and wet, and as he entered the court in which his friends lived, his heart failed him, and he turned back; but, unable to resist the impulse, he again returned, and stole under the window of the room. A rent in the narrow curtain enabled him to see within. His mother sat by the fire, and her countenance was so sad, that he was sure she thought of him; but the room looked so comfortable, and the whole scene was so unlike the place in which he had lately lived, that he could no longer hesitate. He approached the door; the latch was almost in his hand, when shame and fear, and a thousand other vile and foolish notions, held him back; and the boy who in another moment might have been happy—*was lost*. He turned away, and I believe he has never seen them since. Going on in crime, he in due course of time was transported for robbery. His term of seven years expired in Van Diemen’s Land. Released from forced servitude, he went a whaling-voyage, and was free nearly two years. Unhappily, he was then charged with aiding in a robbery, and again received a sentence of transportation. He was sent to Port Arthur, there employed as one of the boat’s crew, and crossing the bay one day with a commissariat-officer, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. In attempting to save the life of the officer, he was seized by his dying grasp, and almost perished with him; but extricating himself, he swam back to the boat. Seeing the drowning man exhausted, and sinking, he dashed forward again, diving after him, and happily succeeded in saving his life. For this honorable act, he would have received a remission of sentence; but ere it could arrive, he and five others made

their escape. He had engaged with these men in the plan to seize the boat, and although sure of the success of the application in his favor, he could not now draw back. The result I have already shewn. There were two more men concerned in the mutiny, who, with those I have mentioned, and those killed on board the brig, made up the number of the boat's crew. But neither of these men came under my charge, being both Roman Catholics.

"At length the brig, which had been despatched with an account of the affair, returned, and brought the decision of the governor of New South Wales. He had found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to obtain fitting members for the commission, who would be willing to accept the terms proposed by the government, or trust themselves in this dreadful place, and therefore he had determined that the prisoners should be sent up for trial. The men were sadly disappointed at this arrangement. They wished much to end their days here, and they dreaded both the voyage and the distracting effect of new scenes. They cling, too, with grateful attachment to the commandant's family, and the persons who, during their long imprisonment, had taken so strong an interest in their welfare. I determined to accompany them, and watch for their perseverance in well-doing, that I might counsel and strengthen them under the fearful ordeal I could not doubt they would have to pass.

"The same steady consistency marked the conduct of these men to the moment of their embarkation. There was a total absence of all excitement; one deep, serious feeling seemed to possess them, and its solemnity was communicated to all of us. They spoke and acted as men standing on the confines of the unseen world, and who not only thought of its wonders, but, better still, seemed to have caught something of its spirit and purity.

"November.—The voyage up was a weary, and, to the prisoners, a very trying one. In a prison on the lower deck of a brig of one hundred and eighty-two tons, fifty-two men were confined. The place itself was about twenty feet square, of course, low, and badly ventilated. The men were all ironed, and fastened to a heavy chain rove through iron rings let into the deck, so that they were unable, for any purpose, to move from the spot they occupied; scarcely, indeed, to lie down. The weather was also unfavorable. The vessel tossed and pitched most fearfully during a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning. I cannot describe the wretchedness of these unhappy convicts; sick, and surrounded by filth, they were huddled together in the most disgusting manner. The heat was at times unbearable. There were men of sixty—quiet and inoffensive old men—placed with others who were as accomplished villains as the world could produce. These were either proceeding to Sydney, their sentences on the island having expired, or as witnesses in another case (a bold and wicked murder) sent there also for trial. The sailors on board the brig were for the most part the cowardly fellows who had so disgracefully allowed the brig to be taken from them; and they, as well as the soldiers on guard (some of them formed a part of the former one), had no very kindly feeling towards the mutineers. It may be imagined, therefore, that such feelings occasioned no alleviation of their condition. In truth, although there was no actual cruelty exhibited, they suffered many oppressive annoyances; yet I never saw more patient endurance. It was hard to bear, but their better principles prevailed. Upon the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, we learned that the case had excited an unusual interest. Crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the men as they landed; and while some applauded their daring, the great majority very loudly expressed their horror at the crime of which they stood accused.

"I do not think it necessary to describe the trial, which took place in a few days after landing. All were arraigned except Barry. The prisoners' counsel addressed the jurors with powerful eloquence; but it was in vain: the crime was substantiated; and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all of the prisoners, recommending Woolfe to mercy.

"During the whole trial, the prisoners' conduct was admirable; so much so, indeed, as to excite the astonishment of the immense crowd collected by curiosity to see men who had made so mad an attempt for liberty. They scarcely spoke, except once to request that the wounded man, who yet suffered much pain, might be allowed to sit down. Judgment was deferred until the following day. When they were then placed at the bar, the judge, in the usual manner, asked whether they had any reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced upon them. It was a moment of deep solemnity; every breath was held; and the eyes of the whole court were directed towards the dock. Jones spoke in a deep, clear voice, and in a deliberate harangue pointed out some defects in the evidence, though without the slightest hope, he said, of mitigating the sentence now to be pronounced on himself and fellows. Three of the others also spoke. Whelan said, 'that he was not one of the men properly belonging to the boat's crew, but had been called upon to fill the place of another man, and had no knowledge of any intention to take the vessel, and the part he took on board was forced upon him. He was compelled to act as he had done; he had used no violence, nor was he in any way a participator in any that had been committed.' At the conclusion of the address to them, Jones, amidst the deep silence of the court, pronounced a most emphatic prayer for mercy on his own soul, and those of his fellow-prisoners, for the judge and jury, and finally for the witnesses. Sentence of death was then solemnly pronounced upon them all; but the judge informed Woolfe that he might hold out to him expectations that his life would be spared. They were then removed from the bar, and sent back to the condemned cells.

"I cannot say how much I dreaded my interview with them that day; for although I had all along endeavored to prepare their minds for the worst result, and they had themselves never for a moment appeared to expect any other than this, I feared that the realization of their sad expectation would break them down. Hitherto, there might have been some secret hope sustaining them. The convulsive clinging to life, so common to all of us, would now, perhaps, be more palpably exhibited.

"Entering their cells, I found them, as I feared, stunned by the blow which had now fallen on them, and almost overpowered by mental and bodily exhaustion. A few remarks about the trial were at length made by them; and from that moment I never heard them refer to it again. There was no bitterness of spirit against the witnesses, no expression of hostility towards the soldiers, no equivocation in any explanation they gave. They solemnly denied many of the statements made against them; but, nevertheless, the broad fact remained, that they were guilty of an attempt to violently seize the vessel, and it was useless debating on minor considerations.

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"In the meantime, without their knowledge, petitions were prepared and forwarded to the judges, the governor and executive council. In them were stated various mitigatory facts in their favor; and the meliorated character of the criminal code at home was also strongly urged. Every attention was paid to these addresses, following each other to the last moment. But all was in vain. The council sat, and determined that five of the men should be hanged on the following Tuesday. Whelan, who could have no previous knowledge of a plan to seize the vessel, together with Woolfe, was spared. The remaining four were to suffer. The painful office of communicating this final intelligence to these men was intrusted to me, and they listened to the announcement not without deep feeling, but still with composure.

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"It would be very painful for me to dwell on the closing scene. The unhappy and guilty men were attended by the zealous chaplain of the jail, whose earnest exhortations and instructions they most gratefully received. The light of truth shone clearly on the past, and they felt that their manifold lapses from the path of virtue had been the original cause of the complicated misery they had endured. They entreated forgiveness of all against whom they had offended, and in the last words to their friends, were uttered grateful remembrances to Captain Maconochie, his family, and others. At the place of execution, they behaved with fortitude and a composure befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Having retired from attendance upon them in their last moments, I was startled from the painful stupor which succeeded in my own mind, by the loud and heavy bound of the drop as it fell, and told me that their spirits had gone to God who gave them."

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Since the foregoing narrative was written, the treatment of convicts has undergone considerable change, government having found the experiment of transporting the worse class of criminals from New South Wales to Norfolk Island to be a failure. The penal settlement was therefore broken up in 1855, and convicts are now confined in different establishments in the United Kingdom, where, without subjecting them to absolute silence or solitude, they are separated from the contaminating society of each other. Under the present system, it is a fixed principle never to allow, if at all possible, the punishment—while it may be made to any extent disagreeable—to injure either the body or the mind.

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## THE SOLITARY ISLANDER.

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It was at the time Queen Anne began to reign, and her ships were carrying the English flag into all seas, for commerce, for discovery, or for war, when one of these vessels, called the *Clinque Ports*, put in to refit at the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, on the west coast of South America.

It was but a small island, though fertile and pleasant; it had not been tilled or planted, neither had any place of shelter been built upon it, but sometimes two or three sick sailors had been left there to recover health, and sometimes a passing ship would put in for water, and departing leave one or two of their live-stock on the island. It had thus become stocked with goats, which ran wild about the hills and craggy rocks, free from any danger of pursuit and capture.

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This was not the first time that the *Clinque Ports* had touched at Juan Fernandez, for not long before she had left there two seamen who were unable to continue their voyage, and now she had anchored to reship these men, to take in water, and to refit for the long and perilous voyage to the English shore.

The two seamen, coming on board, told strange stories to their comrades of the pleasant life they had led on the island, of the hunt for goats, of the abundance of shell-fish, of the delicious fruits and vegetables, and of the cool waters of the place.

Of all the eager listeners to these tales of plenty and delight, there was one who never failed to fasten on each word that was said, and by constant questioning, to learn every detail of the life on the green island which lay before them. This sailor was a Scotsman, named Alexander Selkirk or Selcraig. He was of an impatient, overbearing temper, and no favorite with his captain, who was not wise enough to discern the good sense and honesty which lay hidden under his rough and uncourteous manner. Thus it chanced that the Scotch Sailor was often in trouble and disgrace, and resenting bitterly a harshness he did not think he had deserved, he began to long to leave the ship at any cost.

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But perhaps the beginning of his misery and discomfort must be sought farther back in his life. His surly speech, his unsocial temper, spoke of a mind ill at ease,—the remembrance of the past made the present sad.

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He had been religiously and strictly brought up by his father, a Scotch Puritan, but he had broken loose from the restraints which his parents sought to throw around him, and had led, if not a vicious, at least an irreligious life, without thought of God, or of the lessons of truth and goodness which he had been taught. Yet his conscience was not so hardened that he could be happy in this neglect of God, and he felt ill at ease, dissatisfied with himself, and with all around him.

He shrank, too, from the prospect of the voyage to England in a vessel but half repaired, exaggerating to his own mind the perils before him, and fearful of his own temper with his hard and prejudiced commander.

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Weighing all these things, he determined on asking the captain to set him on shore, that he might wait at Juan Fernandez the passing of some other ship in which he might return home. The captain agreed to this proposal willingly enough, glad to dismiss from his crew so insubordinate a sailor; and just before the *Clinque Ports* was about to weigh anchor, the adventurous seaman was sent on shore with the few things that belonged to him. He sprang from the boat almost before her keel had grazed the sand, wishing to appear gay and brave to his companions; but no sooner did the splash of oars begin to grow faint and distant, and the faces of the boatmen indistinct as they neared the ship, than all his courage forsook him. With outstretched hands, and frantic words and gestures, he implored them to return, promising to bear everything, to risk everything, if only he might not be left alone on the lonely island. But he cried in vain; the boat reached the ship, the men climbed on board, the sails were hoisted, and there on his sea-chest, sat the lonely sailor, gazing over the wide ocean, on which nothing but the lessening speck of white on the far horizon reminded him of the existence of any human being but himself.

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Days passed almost uncounted, for in his desolate misery Alexander Selkirk had but one thought left—the longing desire of rescue and return home. He valued the daylight only because by its aid he could watch for a sail on the wide, silent sea; he dreaded the coming on of the night, chiefly because it shut him off for a time from his one employment. During these dreary days or weeks he never tasted food, save when driven to look for it by pangs of sharpest hunger, and even then he would not leave the beach, but fed on shell-fish picked up on the rocks, or sometimes on the flesh of seals.

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It was September when the *Clinque Ports* sailed, and now October had come, the middle of spring in Juan Fernandez, and, all round him, nature spoke of hope, and taught of God. But before hope could enter into Alexander's desolate heart, sorrow must come: sorrow for sin, for his disobedience to the parents whom he had made unhappy; for his reckless, godless life; for all the teachings of his youth forgotten, and for its lessons neglected. Sometimes, for a few minutes, Alexander would turn his eyes from his eager watch over the sea, and looking down, would picture instead his Scottish home. He would see clearly in his mind his venerable father, with his furrowed brow, and stern, unsmiling mouth; his mother, in her tall white cap, busied at her wheel, with a far-away, mournful look in her eyes, which told that she was thinking of her absent son. Ah! and he saw again even his poor idiot brother, to whom he had only used harsh words, and even rough blows. "I would be so different now if it should please God ever to let me see home and my dear ones again," he thought. And so has many a poor prodigal thought as he has been compelled to suffer the punishment for his sins, and found no way to escape from it.

172

Little by little, there grew up in his heart the purpose of beginning even now this new life. He would not wait till his return to England. In this lonely island, with half the world between him and all he loved, he would strive to be one with them in heart, and to join with them in prayer and praise. He would seek pardon for the sins of his youth for the Saviour's sake, and in His strength, begin life anew. He had a Bible with him in his chest, and he began to read it daily, and in earnest prayer to seek forgiveness and blessing; then, even in his loneliness, comfort came to him. He was no longer alone, for God was with him. He knew that God was his Father, his Helper, and his Keeper, and he grew calm, almost happy, and was even able sometimes to leave his look-out over the sea, and make little journeys into the interior of his new kingdom.

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As his mind became more peaceful, he turned his thoughts to the question of a shelter from the storms of the approaching winter, which, even in that mild climate, was often accompanied with frost and snow. There were plenty of trees on the island, and with their stems and branches he soon built for himself a rough hut, which he thatched with long grass cut and dried in the sun. This attempt was so successful that he determined to build another hut at a short distance, so that he might sleep in one, and in the other, prepare his food. Now that he had once looked in the face the thought of spending the winter in the island, he grew, slowly, more reconciled to it, and began to take an interest in preparing, as far as he could, for its approach.

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His huts must be furnished in some fashion; first, he brought up from the shore his sea-chest, which contained his few clothes; then he cut and fastened up a shelf on which to keep his Bible and the other books which he had brought on shore. He had with him a large cooking-pot in which to prepare his food, and a smaller drinking-can which he had brought, most likely, from home, and which bore the old-fashioned inscription, "Alexander Selkirk, this is my one." It was needful to make for himself a bed, for hitherto he had slept on the beach, so that at the first moment of opening his eyes he might begin his watch over the sea: now he must sleep in his hut.

This bed he determined to make of the skins of goats, for he had begun to hunt the wild goats for food, having by this time wearied of his diet of fish. At first he was able only to overtake and capture the young kids, for he had no gun, no bow and arrow with which to kill them at a

distance; then as exercise and practice increased his strength, he found himself able to pursue and take the largest and swiftest goats, and having killed them, to carry them on his shoulders to his hut. But as goat's flesh, his principal food, could only be obtained by him while he remained in full strength and vigor, he determined to provide a store in case of illness or accident, and so, catching several young kids, he slightly lamed them, so that they could move but slowly, and then trained them to feed around his hut, and these gentle creatures, who soon learned to know him, brought some sense of companionship to the lonely man.

His life began now to have its regular duties and interests. In the morning when he rose, he sang one of the old Scotch psalms, after the practice which he had been taught from childhood, and then read aloud a chapter of the Bible, and prayed long and fervently.

Then he betook himself to light a fire by rubbing together two dry sticks till a flame was produced, and this fire he fed from time to time with branches and logs from the woods. He had also, his food to obtain and to cook—goat's flesh or cray-fish, which he boiled in his large sauce-pan; and to gather the tender tops of the cabbage-palm or other vegetables, for bread. These necessary employments finished, he would take his Bible, and, sitting in the door of his hut, or on the beach, would study it for hours, finding new truths and deeper meaning in the blessed words familiar to him from his childhood. Or he would choose one of his books on navigation, and study with a care which he had never before thought it worth while to give, hoping in this way to be a better sailor, and be able to take higher rank in the service, if it should please God to restore him once more to the duties and work of life. In this regular, peaceful, and religious life his spirits gradually recovered; nay, he became far happier than he had been since his childhood, for something of the trust and the love of a little child were restored to his heart.

He would adorn his hut with fragrant boughs, and as he fed and caressed his kids, would sing with a light heart the songs of old Scotland. Then at set of sun he returned to the hut in which he slept, and there once more sang, and read, and prayed, and so lay down to sleep in peace, because he knew that it was the Lord only that made him dwell in safety.

"I was a better Christian in my solitude than ever I was before, or than I fear I shall ever be again," he said, years after he had left the island. In this there was both truth and error. He had been led by the merciful goodness of God to repentance and to an earnest desire to escape from sin, but it was in the life among his fellows that this repentance and these new resolves—must be tested. It was in the daily little trials and crosses of a life among other men, that he must learn to subdue his proud spirit, and curb his hot temper.

Months and even years passed on, and but little happened to vary Alexander's quiet life in his island home. He had now a large number of kids around his hut, and had added to his list of favorites several tamed cats, which he needed to protect him from the troop of rats which gnawed his bed-clothes, and even nibbled at his feet as he lay asleep. He had taught the kids and cats, too, to dance, and many a merry hour he spent among these his daily companions and friends. The clothes which he had brought on shore had been long since worn out, and he had supplied their place by a cap, and trousers, and jacket, made of goat-skin. His needle was a nail, and his thread thin strips of the skin; among his stores was a piece of linen, and this too he had sewn into shirts, unravelling one of his stockings for a supply of thread. He was barefoot, and the soles of his feet had grown so hard that he could climb sharp crags, and run over the stony beach, unhurt.



A narrow escape.

Twice or thrice during these lonely years he had seen a sail approaching, but on these he looked with as much terror as hope, for should the crew prove to be Spaniards, he knew that he should be made a prisoner by them, and either put to death, or sent into hopeless slavery.

Once, indeed, the crew of a Spanish vessel, putting in for water, had caught sight of the strange figure in the goat-skin dress, and had chased him, but so swift-footed was he that he soon left his pursuers far behind, and then lay hid in terror for hours, till the vessel had departed. His life had been besides in other danger, for once while pursuing the hunt from crag to crag, in wild and delightful adventure, he had set foot on the hidden edge of a precipice: the grass which seemed to promise so fair a footing gave way beneath his feet, he fell headlong, and lay hurt and senseless below. He judged by the size of the moon, when at last he opened his eyes to consciousness, that he must have been lying stunned and helpless for more than twenty-four hours, and it was with the greatest pain and difficulty that he could drag himself to his hut, and lie down on his bed of skins. His tame favorites came about him but none of them could help him, and he was too weak to care to procure for himself food or water. But even in his great distress he did not lose his confidence in God, and he lay calm and patient, satisfied that he was safe in the care of his Heavenly Father. After many days of suffering he recovered and once more enjoyed full health and vigor.

He had been alone on Juan Fernandez for more than four years when one evening, looking out seaward before lying down in his hut, he saw the sails of an English-built vessel which was standing in very near to the shore. Alexander could not resist the sudden and strong desire which he felt, to be once more among his fellow-men, to hear once more the English speech, and feel once more the grasp of a friendly hand. Hurrying down to the beach, he piled and lighted a large bonfire, to carry a message to his fellow-countrymen, but the ship, instead of sailing shoreward, or of putting off a boat at once, tacked and went farther from the island, taking the fire to be the lights of an enemy's ship at anchor in the bay.

Alexander spent the night in hope and in doubt: he killed some goats and prepared them for food, hoping the next day to entertain some of his countrymen in his island home, and at the first dawn of day he was again on the beach, gazing at the now distant but motionless ship.

Those on board were also keeping an anxious watch, but when morning light showed them that there was no other ship near, the captain determined to send a boat on shore to discover the cause of the strange light which they had seen the night before. As they approached the island they saw a strange figure running to meet them, and by gestures and shouts pointing out the best place for landing. Alexander, with his long beard, his tanned complexion, his goat-skin dress, had lost almost all outward resemblance to a civilized man, and they wondered much who this friendly and solitary savage might be.

But who can describe his joy when he heard once more the speech of his own country, and looked on the faces of his kind. He welcomed his visitors in the best English he could remember, for even his speech was half forgotten, and led them to his hut to partake of the banquet he had prepared.

Yet in the midst of all his joy he could hardly determine to leave his beloved island, so accustomed had he grown to solitude, and to his wild, uncontrolled life. At length the remembrance of his aged parents, and of his friends at home, made him determine to ask a passage in the ship which had touched on his island shore, and the captain, finding how much he had learnt of seamanship and navigation, offered to rate him as mate. And thus Juan Fernandez was left once more in utter solitude, and Selkirk, gazing from the ship's deck, saw its green hills and pleasant coasts disappear in the distance, as he left the island and all its sad, its sacred, its happy memories forever. He soon grew tired of the society of men, and when not busy about the ship, would always seek to be alone, dreaming of the life which he had left. He found it hard, too, to accustom himself to the salt meat and biscuits which were sailors' fare, and to the dress and boots in which he must now appear. Soon every other thought was lost in his longing desire to see once more his parents and his home, for the shores of England were in sight. It was on a Sunday morning that the wanderer entered once more his native village, where all seemed quiet and unchanged. He did not turn his steps to his father's cottage, for his parents, as he well knew, would be at the kirk, and there would he look on their faces once more. Would they recognize, he asked himself, in the strong and bearded man, the youth who had left them years ago for the life of adventure which he loved best? Would they know the fine gentleman in gold lace and embroidery to be their son Alexander, their lost sailor lad. Pondering such thoughts as these, he walked on almost unconsciously. How well he knew every step of his way! In this farmhouse, his sister and her husband used to live; there was the wood where he had so often gathered nuts, or climbed for birds' nests with his boyish companions; there, its thatched roof more lichen-covered than of old, stood his father's cottage, at the door of which years ago he had kissed his mother for the last time—ah! was she still alive to welcome the returning wanderer?

Seated in the kirk among unfamiliar faces, his eyes sought at once the well-known corner where, as a boy, he had been used to sit, and with an almost overwhelming rush of thankfulness and joy he saw once more his mother's face, the same, yet changed, its added wrinkles and silvered hair telling, perhaps, of many tears and long sorrow for her lost sailor son.

There sat his father, too, the portly, respectable-looking elder, in blue cap and coat of homespun tweed. In vain did Alexander seek to join in the psalm or prayer, his looks and thoughts were ever wandering; and he was not alone in this, for the dark eyes of his old mother turned continually with an eager, inquiring gaze to the grand stranger gentleman, strange yet so

familiar. Then her eyes were cast down once more on her book, as she tried to give heed to the service, till at last a sudden smile which lit up Alexander's face, showed her that she saw before her the son for whom she had longed and prayed, whom no doubt she had before this counted as among the dead. In her sudden joy the old woman forgot all else, and rising, rushed towards the place where the returned wanderer was seated.

The whole family, with Alexander in their midst, now made their way out of the kirk, and returned home to talk of the great deliverance which God had given to their lost kinsman.

On this true story of Selkirk was founded the tale of the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

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## CAPTAIN COOK'S LAST VOYAGE.

The discovery of a supposed north-west passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific Oceans, had for many years been ardently sought for, both by the English and the Dutch. Frobisher, in 1576, made the first attempt, and his example was in succeeding times followed by many others. But though much geographical information had been gained in the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay, Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and the coast of Greenland, yet no channel whatever was found. By act of parliament, £20,000 was offered to the successful individual. But though Captain Middleton, in 1741, and Captains Smith and Moore, in 1746, explored those seas and regions, the object remained unattained. The Honorable Captain Phipps (afterwards Earl Mulgrave) was sent out in the *Racehorse*, accompanied by Captain Lutwidge, in the *Carcase* (Lord Nelson was a boy in this latter ship), to make observations, and to penetrate as far as it was practicable to do so. They sailed June 2, 1773, and made Spitzbergen on the 28th; but after great exertions, they found the ice to the northward utterly impenetrable. Once they became closely jammed, and it was only with great difficulty they escaped destruction. On August 22, finding it impossible to get further to the northward, eastward, or westward, they made sail, according to their instructions, for England, and arrived off Shetland on September 7.

Notwithstanding these numerous failures, the idea of an existing passage was still cherished; and Earl Sandwich continuing at the head of the Admiralty, resolved that a further trial should be made, and Captain Cook offered his services to undertake it. They were gladly accepted, and on February 10, 1776, he was appointed to command the expedition in his old, but hardy ship, the *Resolution*, and Captain Clerke, in the *Discovery*, was ordered to attend him. In this instance, however, the mode of experiment was to be reversed, and instead of attempting the former routes by Davis' Strait or Baffin's Bay, etc., Cook, at his own request, was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Strait; and as it was necessary that the islands in the Southern Ocean should be revisited, cattle and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the natives.

Every preparation having been made, the *Resolution* quitted Plymouth on July 12, taking Omai, the native, from the Society Isles. Having touched at Teneriffe, they crossed the equator September 1, and reached the Cape on October 18, where the *Discovery* joined them on November 10.

The ships sailed again on November 30, and encountered heavy gales, in which several sheep and goats died. On December 12 they saw two large islands, which Cook named Prince Edward's Islands; and three days afterwards several others were seen; but having made Kerguelen's Land, they anchored in a convenient harbor on Christmas day. On the north side of this harbor one of the men found a quart bottle fastened to a projecting rock by stout wire, and on opening it, the bottle was found to contain a piece of parchment, on which was an inscription purporting that the land had been visited by a French vessel in 1772-3. To this Cook added a notice of his own visit; the parchment was then returned to the bottle, and the cork being secured with lead, was placed upon a pile of stones near to the place from which it had been removed. The whole country was extremely barren and desolate, and on the 30th they came to the eastern extremity of Kerguelen's Land.

On January 24, 1777, they came in sight of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), and on the 26th anchored in Adventure Bay, where intercourse was opened with the natives, and Omai took every opportunity of lauding the great superiority of his friends, the English. Here they obtained plenty of grass for the remaining cattle, and a supply of fresh provisions for themselves. On the 30th they quitted their port, convinced that Van Diemen's Land was the southern point of New Holland. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved this idea to be erroneous, Van Diemen's Land being an island separated from the mainland of Australia by Bass's Strait.

On February 12, Captain Cook anchored at his old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand; but the natives were very shy in approaching the ships, and none could be persuaded to come on board. The reason was, that on the former voyages, after parting with the *Resolution*, the *Adventure* had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish with the natives. It was the fear of retaliatory punishment that kept them aloof. Captain Cook, however, soon made them easy upon the subject, and their familiarity



was renewed; but great caution was used, to be fully prepared for a similar attack, by keeping the men well-armed on all occasions. Of the animals left at this island in the former voyages, many were thriving; and the gardens, though left in a state of nature, were found to contain cabbages, onions, leeks, radishes, mustard, and a few potatoes. The captain was enabled to add to both. At the solicitation of Omai, he received two New Zealand lads on board the *Resolution*, and by the 27th was clear of the coast.

After landing at a number of islands, and not finding adequate supplies, the ships sailed for Anamocka, and the *Resolution* was brought up in exactly the same anchorage that she had occupied three years before. The natives behaved in a most friendly manner, and but for their habits of stealing, quiet would have been uninterrupted. Nothing, however, could check this propensity, till Captain Cook shaved the heads of all whom he caught practicing it. This rendered them an object of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabled the English to recognize and keep them at a distance. Most of the Friendly Isles were visited by the ships, and everywhere they met with a kind reception. On June 10 they reached Tongataboo, where the King offered Captain Cook his house to reside in. Here he made a distribution of animals amongst the chiefs, and the importance of preserving them was explained by Omai. Two kids and two turkey-cocks having been stolen, the captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. This produced a good effect, and much of the plunder was returned.



Deliverance. Page 194.

Captain Cook remained at the Friendly Islands nearly three months, and lived almost entirely during that period upon fresh provisions, occasionally eating the produce of the seeds he had sown there in his former visits. On July 17, they took their final leave of these hospitable people, and on August 12 reached Otaheite, and took up a berth in Oaiti-piha Bay, which, it was discovered, had been visited by two Spanish ships since the *Resolution* had last been there.

Animals of various kinds had been left in the country by the Spaniards, and the islanders spoke of them with esteem and respect. On the 24th the ships went round to Matavai Bay, and Captain Cook presented to the king, Otoo, the remainder of his live stock.

They here witnessed a human sacrifice, to propitiate the favor of their gods in a battle they were about to undertake. The victim was generally some strolling vagabond, who was not aware of his fate till the moment arrived, and he received his death-blow from a club. For the purpose of showing the inhabitants the use of the horses, Captains Cook and Clerke rode into the country, to the great astonishment of the islanders; and though this exercise was continued every day by some of the *Resolution's* people, yet the wonder of the natives never abated.

On the return of Omai to the land of his birth, the reception he met with was not very cordial; but the affection of his relatives was strong and ardent. Captain Cook obtained the grant of a piece of land for him on the west side of Owharre harbor, Huaheine. The carpenters of the ships built him a small house, to which a garden was attached, planted with shaddocks, vines, pineapples, melons, etc., and a variety of vegetables, the whole of which were thriving before Captain Cook quitted the island. When the house was finished, the presents Omai had received in England were carried ashore, with every article necessary for domestic purposes, as well as

two muskets, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, etc.

The two lads brought from New Zealand were put on shore at this place, to form part of Omai's family; but it was with great reluctance that they quitted the voyagers, who had behaved so kindly to them.

Whilst lying at Huaheine, a thief, who had caused them great trouble, not only had his head and beard shaved, but, in order to deter others, both his ears were cut off. On November 3, the ships went to Ulietea, and here, decoyed by the natives, two or three desertions took place; and as others seemed inclined to follow the example, Captain Clerke pursued the fugitives with two-armed boats and a party of marines, but without effect. Captain Cook experienced a similar failure; he therefore seized upon the persons of the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law, whom he placed under confinement till the people should be restored, which took place on the 28th, and the hostages were released. One of the deserters was a midshipman of the *Discovery*, and the son of a brave officer in the service. Schemes were projected by some of the natives to assassinate Captain Cook and Captain Clerke; but though in imminent danger, the murderous plans failed.

At Bolabola, Captain Cook succeeded in obtaining an anchor which had been left there by M. Bougainville, as he was very desirous of converting the iron into articles of traffic. They left this place on December 8, crossed the line, and on the 24th stopped at a small island, which he named Christmas Island, and where he planted cocoa-nuts, yams, and melon seeds, and left a bottle enclosing a suitable inscription.

On January 2, 1778, the ships resumed their voyage northward, to pursue the grand object in Behring's Strait. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at a great distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld, and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering-party, but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. They also discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were generally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honor of the noble earl at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on February 2, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was made on March 7; the ships, after sailing along it till the 29th, came to anchor in a small cove. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears, wolves, foxes, deer, etc., both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary articles were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practiced at this place in a more scientific manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships, with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound, but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; one river they traced a long distance, which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place June 6, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the strait. The natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the King of England. On August 3, Mr. Anderson, surgeon of the *Resolution*, died from a lingering consumption, under which he had been suffering more than twelve months. He was a young man of considerable ability, and possessed an amiable disposition.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative position of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice, beyond which they could not penetrate. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of sea-horses were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th. He then explored the coasts in Behring's Strait both in Asia and America; and on October 2 again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, etc., to the English Admiralty, which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbor of Samganooodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then return to Kamtschatka. The island of Mowee was discovered on November 26; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owyhee (now Hawaii); and being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and examining the coast; and they found the islanders more frank and free from suspicion than any they had yet had intercourse with; so that on January 16, 1779, there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well-laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Captain Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders, Karakakooa. The natives constantly

thronged to the ships, whose decks, consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of the pork was good at Christmas, 1780. On the 26th, Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, King of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respectful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him; and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On February 3, the day previous to the ships sailing, the King presented them with a quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which, on the night of the 7th, the *Resolution* sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay, in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs, however, was far from solid. They were savages at a low point of cultivation, and theft and murder were not considered by them in the light of crimes. Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, was anxious to avoid any collision, and it was with no small regret that he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter of the *Discovery* as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the King, who had sanctioned the theft.

The narrative of what ensued is affectingly tragical. Cook left the *Resolution* about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with their accustomed tokens of respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before, in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the King to go on board the *Resolution* with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armor. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the *Discovery's* boat. The women, who had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook, perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak, lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native, grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that "if he were to force the king off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;" and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small-shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt; and brandishing his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain, the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe, in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed. The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation; he waved his hand for the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. Nor was this all the mischief that ensued; for, as it devolved upon the pinnace to receive the marines, she became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their fire-arms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded. At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him, as if watching for an opportunity to spring forward upon his victim. This man was a relation of the king's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length, he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned: he staggered a few paces,

and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavored to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnacle (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. It is asserted that, in consequence of the crowded state of the pinnacle, (through the withdrawal of the launch), the crew of the boat were unable to render any aid; but it is also probable that the emergency of this unexpected catastrophe deprived the English of that cool judgment which was requisite on such an occasion. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger from each others' hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honors due to the rank of the deceased. Thus, February 14, 1779, perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession. It may almost be said that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers, with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ships' companies left Owyhee, where the catastrophe had occurred, the command of the *Resolution* devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr. Gore acting as commander of the *Discovery*. After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtschatka and Behring's Strait. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward; and on August 22, 1779, Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who, in his turn, gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the *Discovery*. After a second visit to Kamtschatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape, and arrived at the Nore, October 4, 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days, during which the *Resolution* lost only five men by sickness, and the *Discovery* did not lose a single man.

By this, as well as the preceding voyages of Cook, a considerable addition was made to a knowledge of the earth's surface. Besides clearing up doubts respecting the Southern Ocean, and making known many islands in the Pacific, the navigator did an inestimable service to his country in visiting the coasts of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island—all now colonial possessions of Britain, and rapidly becoming the seat of a large and flourishing nation of Anglo-Australians—the England of the southern hemisphere.

The intelligence of Captain Cook's death was received with melancholy regrets in England. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of the children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of him; and various other honors at home and abroad were paid to his memory.

"Thus, by his own persevering efforts," as has been well observed by the author of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' "did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honors which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind."

Honor and fame are not to be achieved by seeking for them alone, nor are their possession the end and aim of human existence. It is only by an unwearied striving after a new and nobler nature; only by being useful to our fellows, and making the most of those qualities of mind which God has given us, that happiness is to be attained, or that we fulfill the ends of our being.

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## EXCELLENT BOOKS.

SIX MONTHS AT MRS. PRIOR'S. By Emily Adams. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.25.

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MISS PRICILLA HUNTER, by Pansy, opens a new view for that charming writer, but one eminently popular at the present time. It deals with the payment of a church debt, and shows how an humble woman, with a Christian character which gave power to her words, raised the money to pay off a debt which had long been a hindrance to church growth and to Christian benevolence. Why she did it, and how she did it, is told in Pansy's best fashion: her encounters with crabbed folks, and stingy folks, and folks determined not to give to the church debt, are highly amusing, as well as her devices to get something from everybody.

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## RECENT BOOKS.

YENSIE WALTON. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.50.

Of the many good books which the Messrs. Lothrop have prepared for the shelves of Sunday-school libraries, "Yensie Walton" is one of the best. It is a sweet, pure story of girl life, quiet as the flow of a brook, and yet of sufficient interest to hold the attention of the most careless reader. Yensie is an orphan, who has found a home with an uncle, a farmer, some distance from the city. Her aunt, a coarse, vulgar woman, and a tyrant in the household, does her best to humiliate her by making her a domestic drudge, taking away her good clothing and exchanging it for coarse, ill-filling garments, and scolding her from morning till night. This treatment develops a spirit of resistance; the mild and affectionate little girl becomes passionate and disobedient, and the house is the scene of continual quarrels. Fortunately, her uncle insists upon her attending school, and in the teacher, Miss Gray, she finds her first real friend. In making her acquaintance a new life begins for her. She is brought in contact with new and better influences, and profiting by them becomes in time a sunbeam in her uncle's house, and the means of softening the heart and quieting the tongue of the aunt who was once her terror and dread. Mrs. Clark has a very pleasing style, and is especially skilful in the construction of her stories.

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JOHNNY'S VACATIONS AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. N. Hathaway. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.00.

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