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HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

An Old Sailor's Yarn. Matiny on the High Seas—A Yarn of the Pacific Ocean.

"It was in the ship *Russel Glover*, sir, when an old man of the name of Smith had, and the mate's name was Lewis. I was in her at the time, but a chap of the name of Jack Adams, as I was shipmates with afterwards, into the bark *Zerodina*, Captain Carr, he spurs me the yarn, and he were into her, and she were bound from San Francisco to California in the year 1851. She had sixteen men afore the mast, and they was to have \$300 apiece 'by the run,' and so advance. This here Jack Adams, what told me this, was a hard chap, and there were two or three more like him, and they put the devil into the rest. If the officers had a turned to and pitched in and whifled Jack and one or two others, which they might say have done, they would have had no trouble with the rest, but I suppose Jack and the other had one kind of felt of the mate on the first day and found him a little soft, and so that encouraged them to go on. You see, sir, I as a sailor man perhaps, don't ought for to say anything 'agin 'em as a class, but the truth is the truth, no matter who speaks it, and a sailor man has got for to be governed, else he'll go wrong. You see, sir, they can't get along without it, and officers of ships has got to be saddled and bridled, or else booted and spurred. They has either got to ride, or else play the jackass and be ridden. Almost all mutinies aboard of ships comes on by degrees and in the fault of the officers bein' too easy and not checkin' it at the first when it could be checked, and it goes on till the men gets the upper hand, and then there's the 'devil to pay and no pitch hot.' Nobody ever heard of no mutiny with 'Bully' Waterman, or Beersley or McCowan, or such men as these. Of sailors bein' pounded you did hear and frequent, but never no mutiny. Sailors generally begins on the first day out, that is, the bad ones—there ain't generally more than one or two in a ship's company—and they spies the rest, and one of them maybe will come up onto the forecastle when they are gittin' under weigh, with his pipe in his mouth. Well, if the mate jist fetches him a wipe and knocks the pipe half-way down his throat, that generally settles the matter, and this here man don't cut up rusty any more; but if this is passed over and will surely be trouble aboard of that ship after the 'yags is out. This here chap will feel of the old man next. Probably he'll go aft on the weather side to relieve the wheel. If the old man fetches him one alongside of the head and knocks him into the lee scuppers, peritely inquiring 'if he don't know as there's two sides to that ship, it's likely that'll put an end to trouble, but if the old man takes this, he'll have for to take more afore long."

"Well, sir, aboard of this here *Russel Glover* there were this Jack Adams and two or three more hard characters as had been to the mines, and then had knocked about along here in San Francisco for a year or more, and had got worse by that experience than they had ever before, and they begin right away with the mate, a beginin' at him and in various ways a feelin' of him for to see how far they could go, and as he seemed for to take it easy they tells him next day when he goes for to turn 'em to that they was shipped by 'the run' and that they wasn't a ship for to do anything but work ship, steer ship, pump ship, and have the lead if required; but as for putting on chains 'gear, or doin' any general work, that they wasn't a goin' for to do. Well, here were the chance; if the mate had a pitched in to them it's likely they would have giv'n it. But instead of that he goes aft and reports to the old man, and the old man he comes out and calls all hands aft, and he tells 'em if they don't go to work he won't pay 'em their money when they gets across, and then some of the sea lawyers they tells him they'd take the risk of that, that they'd only do what they shipped to do by the 'run,' and he'd have to pay 'em. Well, sir, he lets 'em go forward, and all that day and the next they done nothing, and of course the devil got full possession of 'em."

"Well, they talks over the matter by themselves, and some of 'em they begins to get sicky about their \$300 when the ship got in, and so they come to the conclusion as how they'd have their money then and there, and so they goes aft in a body and tells the old man as how they wanted their wages, and if he didn't giv' it to 'em not another stroke of work would they do of any kind, neither to steer, nor pump, nor shorten sail, nor nothing, and they intimates that if he don't give it to 'em peaceable they'll jist take it. Well the old man by this time was jist frightened of 'em. He had the money aboard of the ship, and he was afraid they'd take the whole and maybe kill him as well, so he tells 'em that he ain't got money enough for to pay 'em the whole, but he will give 'em half and a due bill for the other half; so they finally agrees to that and he jist gives 'em \$150 apiece and a due bill for \$150, payable when the ship gets to California. After this things went on for a week, the men havin' pretty much charge of the ship, sassin' the officers and doin' jist what they liked. Well, the ship had laid in San Francisco about six months, and then goes down into hot weather the riggin' got all stretched out, and needed settin' up, and the mate he goes forward and tries for to get the men for to turn to and set up the riggin' and they tells him they'll see him—first, and bein' pretty lippy, at last he gets mad and he does what he'd ought to have done long afore, he shows fight. But you see, sir, he were too late; and he had allowed the crew to get the upper hand, and when once they do they can generally keep it. Then this here mate ought for to have been prepared for the fight and had his second mate ready to jump in, and maybe the cook and steward, and the old man handy with his shooting-irons. Instead of this, he went in alone, and of course, the crew piled onto him and beat him badly. Well, then the old man comes a runnin' forward on top of the house with his revolver, and he fires the whole six shots over the heads of the crew; he said afterwards he done it a purpose to frighten 'em and he were afraid he might hit the mate if he fired into the crowd, and so he fired over their heads, and when they seen his pistol were empty a couple of 'em jumped up onto the house and captured him. And now they had full charge of the ship, and a chap by the name of Bill Johnson, one of the worst of the lot, he took charge and allowed that he were captain, and he made Jack Adams him as span me the yarn, chief mate, and a little Welch chap, named Jones second mate.

"They didn't hurt the old man, but they put him and the mate and second mate into the forecastle and put a guard over 'em, and then all hands went aft and took possession of that end of the ship."

"The ship were a runnin' across the Pacific afore the north-east trade wind, and there were little sail trimmin' required. The carpenter they left loose with the understandin' that if he didn't do jist what they wanted him to, they would heave him overboard. The cook and the steward was frightened half out of their wits, and jist obeyed orders. Very lockly there weren't much grog aboard, for if there had been there is no knowin' what these chaps might have done, but they weren't only about a gallon and that were gone in no time, and were hardly enough to make the crowd broody. While they had the run in 'em, however, they tormented the old man above a bit. He were a bald-headed old chap, and they mixed some slush with the soot out of the cook's funnel, and rubbed his head with that, tellin' him it would make his hair grow and there was many other indignities they put upon him, some of 'em like Pat's dream, 'too bad to be told.' The other officers also come in for their share of abuse, and the mate were badly hurt with the poundin' they had giv' him."

"We ain't made up our minds yet, says this Johnson to the old man, arter he'd had charge about a day. 'We ain't made up our minds whether we'll make you walk the plank or hang you at the yard-arm; but one thing or the other you'll have to do.' And that was his idea from the first, to put the old man and mates out of the way, and then go off to some of the islands where there weren't nothin' but natives, and spend the rest of their lives there, destroyin' the ship. If there had been run enough on board this might have been done, but what there was soon died out of 'em, and then some of 'em begin for to think that mutiny were bad without addin' murder to it. This here Johnson were already a begginin' to draw a pretty taut rein over 'em, and had turned 'em all out of the cabin, assertin' that that part of the ship were for him and his mates, and they thought as how he had found more money and appropriated it to himself. He hadn't however, for the old man had sewed it into the middle of his mattress, and they never thought to look there."

"Things went on this way for about a week, the new skipper growin' more dominionin' every day and not hesitin' to use his fists either when anybody didn't go exactly to suit him; and finally he and his mate fell out, and had a regular rough-and-tumble fight, in which Jack Adams, him as span me this yarn, got the worst of it. That settled this Johnson's hush at once. Jack said as how he'd been a thinkin' for some time of some way of gettin' out of the scrape they was in, and so the night arter he had this row he goes forward and tells the old man that if he will take a solemn oath on the Holy Bible not to prosecute the crew for what they had done they'll put him back agin in command and will obey his orders to the end of the voyage. Well, he were glad enough for to do this you may be sure, and so Jack then spoke for the rest of the men and they was glad enough for to agree to this, and they goes aft and overpowers this here Johnson as he was a sleepin' and they puts him in irons and gives the old skipper full charge agin. From this time out, Jack said, things went along well enough. Of course the crew did nothing, except jist what was necessary, but they was civil, and there weren't no further trouble. Arter the pilot come on board in the Hoogy, the skipper left this Johnson out of irons, on his promise to behave, and the crew left the ship when she got to California, and went ashore jist as if nothin' had happened. The old man didn't care to have it knowed that he had been a prisoner in his own forecastle and had his head anointed with slush and soot, and the men didn't care for to peach, for fear of a prosecution for mutiny. When they presented their due bills to the consignee, payment was refused. Jack says they went to a lawyer, and he, arter hearing their story, advised them for to say nothing about it and to thank God that they got off as well as they did. They took his advice, and nobody in California ever knowed anything about it; and it were not till years afterwards that Jack Adams told it to me. SEA.

A Diver's Adventures. Some of the Submarine Experiences of Paul Boyton.

A correspondent who has interviewed Captain Boyton sends a report of the Captain's statements to *The Gentleman's Magazine*: Soon afterward I worked down into the Gulf of Mexico. The first coral I raised was at Catoche. Knocking round about there, I heard of the loss of the schooner *Poom*. The first mate and three men got saved, but the captain, his daughter and three men got lost. I slung round to see if she could be raised. Afterward I spent the best part of a week, we sailed over and dropped anchor. It was a lovely Sunday morning when we struck her. She lay in sixty feet of water, on a bottom as white as the moon. Looking down I could see her leaning over on one side upon the coral reef. When I got down to her I saw she'd torn a great gap in the reef when she ran against it. The mainmast was gone and hung by the fore. I clambered; I saw whole shoals of fish playin' in and out of the hatches. First I went to look for the bodies, for I never like to work while there's any of them about. Finding the fo'castle empty, I went to the two little state cabins. It was rather dark, and I had to feel in the lower bunks. There was nothing in the first, and in the other the door was locked. I pried it open and shot back the lock with my adze. It flew open, and out something fell right against me. I felt at once it was the woman's body. I was not exactly frightened, but it spook me rather. I slung it from me, and went out into the light a bit until I got hold of myself. Then I turned back and brought her out—poor thing, she'd been very pretty, and as I carried her in my arms with her white face nestling against my shoulder, she seemed as if she was only sleeping. I made her fast to the line, as carefully as I could, to send her up, and the fish played about her as if they were sorry she was going. At last I gave the signal and she went slowly up, her hair floating round her head like a pillow of golden seaweed. That was the only body I found there, and I managed arter to raise considerable of the cargo.

Only one of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles—the loveliest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious tree-like shapes. As I stepped along the bottom it seemed as if it was a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson seaweed. Silver-bellied fish flash about among the deep brown and purple sea ferns, which rose as high as my head. As far as I could see all around in the transparent waters were different colored leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in color that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows. I could not work for a bit, and had a quiet determination to sit down for a while and wait for the mermaid. I guess if those sea-girls live anywhere, they select this spot. After walking the inside out of half an hour, I thought I had better get to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure ship. It was a *Brivisher*, I think, and corals had formed all about her, or rather about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit of either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece that I had to Mr. Barnum of New York.

After I left there I had a curious adventure with a shark. I was down on a rusty rock bottom. A man never feels comfortable on them; he can't tell what big creatures may be hiding under the huge quarter-deck sea leaves which grow there. The first part of the time I was visited by a porcupine fish, which kept sticking its quills up and bobbing in front of my helmet. Soon after I saw a big shadow fall across me, and looking up I saw a infernal shark playing about my tabling. It makes you feel chilly in the back when they're about. He came to me sick as I looked up. I made at him and he sheered off. For near an hour he worked at it, till I could stand it no longer. If you can keep your head level it's all right, and you are pretty safe if they are not on you sharp. This ugly brute was twenty feet long I should think, for when I lay down all my length on the bottom he stretched a considerable way ahead of me, and I could see him beyond my feet. Then I waited. They must turn over to bite, and my lying down bothered him. He swam over me three or four times, and then skulked off to a big thicket of seaweed to consider. I knew he'd come back when he'd settled his mind. It seemed a long time waiting for him. At last he came viciously over me, but, like the time before, too far from my arms. The next time I had my chance, and ripped him with my knife as neatly as I could. A shark always remembers he's got business somewhere else when he's cut, so off this fellow goes. It is a curious thing, too, that all the sharks about will follow in the blood trail he leaves. I got on my hands and knees, and as he swam off I noticed four dark shadows slip after him. I saw no more that time. They did not like my company.

After a short period of experience in pearl-diving, the next is the loss of nearly everything that he possessed, including his diving apparatus, in a conflagration. Captain Boyton, in a sort of desperation, took service in the Mexican war, and led an exciting life till, growing tired of the semi-barbarian mode of warfare, he deserted, crossing from Matamoros at midnight in an old tub of a boat, in which he expected every minute to go to the bottom. Arriving at Brownsville, he "fixed himself into hard work" at a dry goods store. Then he wrote home, and hearing that his father was dead, grew restless again, and "waded away north," through Virginia, San Antonio, Indiana, and by a schooner from Galveston, whence he proceeded via New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington to New York. There he stayed until he had filled his pockets again, and having set himself up with a diving suit, he shipped for Havre.

Van Winkle, with a Variation. A Live Incident of Travel in the South—How Sam Caved and Abandoned His Home.

A gentleman residing in this city had occasion a few days since to take a journey down the river and several miles back of it, using a saddle-horse. Darkness overtook him in a sparsely settled district, and as the roads were in a bad condition and the evening looked threatening, he halted before a forlorn looking hut and asked if he could find lodgings.

"I reckon you might," replied the long-haired, sorrowful-eyed squatter, arter hesitating a moment. The Vicksburger found little to eat, and his horse found still less. The squatter and his wife were all alone, and they had but a few words for the stranger, and scarcely spoke to each other. When the evening grew old, the traveler camped down on the floor on a blanket, and being very tired he fell asleep, while host and hostess were smoking their clay pipes at the other end of the room. He had slept about two hours, when the squatter shook him by the shoulder and said: "Stranger, I'm powerful sorry to disturb yo, but I want to ax a favor."

"Yes—yes—what is it?" inquired the Vicksburger, as he rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Ye like to see fair play, don't yo, stranger?" "Yes, of course."

"Well, me'n the old woman can't agree; I somehow, she's cross and tetchy, and I guess I'm a trifle ugly. Looastwise, we don't beg up worth old boots. We're fit and fit; I'm ole, and she's chuck full o' grit, and it's about an even thing."

"Well, I'm sorry," put in the Vicksburger, as the squatter hesitated. "We've been a-talkin' 'sine yo cum, stranger, and we've made up to ax yo to hold the candle and to let us go in for an old romser of a fight—a regular school-bogger—which shall settle our fuss. If I lick, she'll go; if she lick, I'll travel."

"I'm sorry if there's any trouble, and bops yo won't fight."

"We've got to do it, stranger," replied the woman. "I won't live with a man who kin lick me, and he's jist as high-born. Sam's as good as the run o' 'em, but he's lazy and easy, and he wants to wear his hat on his ear."

"She's right, stranger," said the squatter; "and this cabin can't hold both of us any longer. It's to be a square fight—no kicking or clubbing, and we won't go back on yo decision."

The Vicksburger protested, but the woman placed a lighted candle in his hand, and posted him in the door, and the man stepped out on the ground.

"Saks, I'm going to wallop yo right smart in just four hoots and a holler!" said the squatter, as he pushed up his sleeves.

"Sam, yo don't weigh 'nuff into three tons!" she replied in a grim voice, and the battle commenced.

The Vicksburger mentally bet twenty to one on the man at the start, but in two minutes he had reduced the odds to ten, and in two minutes more he was betting even. The wife was like a wild cat; springing, dodging, striking and clawing, and pretty soon her husband had to stand on the defensive.

"Look out for the Bengal tiger, Saks!" he warned as he clawed the air.

"I can whip the boots off yo, Sam!" she replied and the battle grew fiercer.

One of the woman's sharp nails struck the husband's eye, and blinded him for an instant. As he threw up his arms she seized both her hands into his hair, yanked him down, and in another moment had the "rogue" on him.

"Sam, do yo cove?" she asked as they lay quiet.

"That's the dead-wood, Saks, and I'm a licked man!" he mournfully answered.

She let him up, and he turned to the Vicksburger and inquired: "Stranger, was it a fair fight?"

"I guess it was."

"Then I travel!"

He entered the hut, put on his coat and hat, took up his rifle, and as he came out he reached his hand to his wife, and said: "Good-by, Saks! I've agreed fair and square, and here I go." Then turning to the traveler, he added: "Much obliged, stranger; yo hold the candle plump fair, and yo didn't holler for either one of us."

And he walked down to the fence, leaped over, and was soon lost in night.

"Good 'nuff on the shoot," mused the wife, as she gazed after him, "but his fightin' weights is clear down to nuthin'!"—Vicksburg, Miss. Herald.

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A Full Line of Builders Hardware, Putts, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentines, Brushes, All Kinds, Brooms, 3' Patent Axes, Steel and Iron, Common Axes, Steel and Iron, Carriage Springs, Bolts, &c. &c. All the above Goods and a great many more which time and space will not permit us to mention. Can be had from the Undersigned at satisfactory Prices. Call and examine for yourselves. 552. DILLINGHAM & CO.

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THE "DOMESTIC!"

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE IN USE! 50 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY! For particulars see Circulars. WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH The Patent Attachment! To any of the machines now in use, which will run them perfectly without the least exertion on the part of the operator. These Wheels are made here at the HILAND PATENT WATER WHEEL ATTACHMENTS, which are superior to those imported, and sold for less money. Buy One and You will be Convinced. It is a well known fact that the ill health of thousands of women and girls, can be traced to the exertion required to run Sewing Machines by foot power. A word to the wise is sufficient. DILLINGHAM & CO.

White & Colored Rattan Matting, Rattan Chairs, Manila Rope, Peanut Oil, Nests Camphor Trunks, Basket Tea, China Hams, Nankin Cloth, Japanese Umbrellas, Assorted Silk, Silver Ware, Ivory Ware, Sander Wood Ware, Lacquered Ware, China Ware, Canvas Shoes, Straw Slippers, Cloth Baskets, Flower Pots, Wrapping Paper, Dried Limes, Dried Dates, Gold & Silver Jewellery, Tortoise Shell & Crystal Jewellery, Gentlemen & Ladies Hat, China Brick & Side-walk Stones

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