

Life of Joseph Bates



JOSEPH BATES

Life of Joseph Bates

An Autobiography

Abridged and Edited by

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“ THEIR DESIRED HAVEN ”

THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Psalm 107: 23-31.

Editor's Preface

DURING my boyhood days my beloved father presented me with a volume entitled, "Life of Joseph Bates." This was the third book I ever owned for myself. It had been written by Captain Joseph Bates originally as a series of articles for the young people's periodical known as *The Youth's Instructor*, during the years 1858 to 1863, and had been published in book form on the first "steam press of the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association," in November, 1868. The copy that came into my hands was of the second edition, prepared by Elder James White and published in the fall of 1877, and first read by me in 1886, when I was nine years old. I have since reread it again and again. The stories Captain Bates told of his early life have never lost their charm. All through the years his autobiography has remained one of my most treasured possessions.

Three years ago I began an inquiry among friends to learn how many had read the "Life of Joseph Bates," and to my surprise I found that only a few had had this privilege. Several had never heard of the book. Students in our schools have been unable to obtain it. For a third of a century it has been out of print. The volume is rarely found even in large libraries.

During the last year I have had occasion to make three long sea voyages, and have been carrying in my portfolio my copy of the autobiography of Captain Bates, in the hope of preparing it for republication in abridged form. These stories, which are chiefly of the sea, have thus been made ready anew while I have been journeying to and fro across the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean, and up and down the China and Inland Seas. The little volume has been brought into as brief a form as seems consistent with the preservation of the Captain's quaint and racy style.

Captain Bates closed his story with a brief account of the advent movement of William Miller's day, and of his uniting with others in an effort to find the light of Bible truth as related to the closing messages of the everlasting gospel now being proclaimed by the denomination known as Seventh-day Adventists. His story does not set forth in detail the important work he undertook and accomplished in preaching, in publishing, in founding churches, and in attending general meetings. Many of the incidents and providences connected with his later labors have been made familiar to us through the reminiscent and historical writings of Elder J. N. Loughborough, and have been repeated in varying forms in "Origin and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists," "Story of the Advent Message," "Advent Stories," and "Publishing Department Story." I have finally decided not to attempt to add supplemental chapters to the story as told by the Captain himself, but to let his autobiography close just as he left it.

At the time Captain Bates prepared his life-story for the press, late in the 60's, he had reached the venerable age of seventy-five; yet his heart was ever young, and he was "possessed of a strong and clear memory, an independent mind, a noble and courageous soul." "The life of Captain Joseph Bates was crowded with unselfish motives and noble actions," declares Elder James White in an introduction prepared for the 1877 edition of the autobiography. "That which makes his early history intensely interesting . . . is the fact that he became a devoted follower of Christ, a thorough, practical reformer, and ripened into glorious manhood.

"Captain Bates retired from the seas in the month of June, 1828. He had acquired more than a competency. In physical appearance, his countenance was fair, his eye clear and mild, his figure erect and of fine proportions. He devoted his time and means to moral reforms, and labored ardently and successfully in this way for about twelve years, when he became an Adventist. He soon entered the lecturing field, and labored as a speaker and writer, and em-

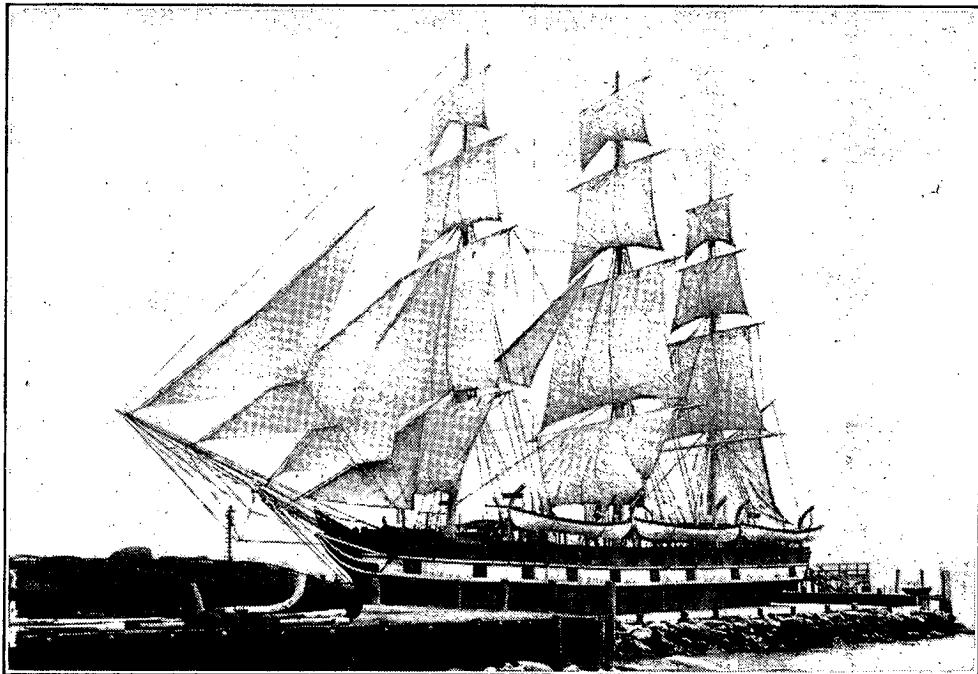
ployed his means and energies in the cause of Bible truth and reform during the remainder of his life, following his retirement from the sea.

"Elder Bates died in the eightieth year of his age, at Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A., March 19, 1872. On the 21st his remains were taken to Monterey, Allegan County, Michigan, where they were interred on the following day in Poplar Hill Cemetery by the side of his wife."

On the occasion of his death, some who had been his intimate associates paid a tribute of respect to their beloved friend, characterizing him in a published statement as "a great and good man, eminent for piety and Christian virtue; a pioneer in the third angel's message, always at his post of duty. . . . We miss him in our assemblies, in our churches, at our firesides; and while we deeply mourn his loss, we will remember his counsels, imitate his virtues, and endeavor to meet him in the kingdom of God."

C. C. CRISLER.

Shanghai, China,
July 15, 1926.



THE "CHARLES W. MORGAN," OF NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

This ship, set in cement at the wharf, is used as a whaling museum.

Early Years and First Sea Voyage

My honored father and his forefathers were for many years residents in the town of Wareham, Plymouth County, State of Massachusetts. My mother was the daughter of Mr. Barnabas Nye, of the town of Sandwich, Barnstable County, both towns but a few hours' ride from Plymouth Rock, the noted landing place of the Pilgrim Fathers.

My father was a volunteer in the Revolutionary War, and continued in the service of his country during its seven years' struggle. When General Lafayette revisited the United States in 1825, among the many who were pressing to shake hands with him at his reception-rooms in the city of Boston, was my father. As he approached, the General recognized him, and grasped his hand, saying, "How do you do, my old friend, Captain Bates?"

"Do you remember him?" was asked.

His answer was something like this: "Certainly; he was under my immediate command in the American Army."

After the war, my father married and settled in Rochester, an adjoining town, in Plymouth County, where I was born July 8, 1792. In the early part of 1793 we moved to New Bedford, some seven miles distant, where my father entered into commercial business.

During the war with England, in 1812, the town of New Bedford was divided, and the eastern part was called Fairhaven. This was my place of residence until I moved my family to Michigan in May, 1858.

In my schoolboy days my most ardent desire was to become a sailor. I used to think how gratified I should be if I could only get on board a ship that was going on a voyage of discovery round the world. I wanted to see how it looked on the opposite side. Whenever I thought of asking my father's consent to let me go to sea, my courage failed me for fear he would say, No. When I would endeavor to unburden my mind to my mother, she would try

to dissuade me, and recommend some other occupation. At last I was permitted to go for a short trip by sea with my uncle to Boston, "to cure me;" but it had the opposite effect. My parents then complied with my wishes.

A new ship, called the "Fanny," of New Bedford, was about to sail for Europe; and Elias Terry, the commander, agreed with my father to take me on the voyage with him as cabin boy.

In June, 1807, we sailed from New Bedford to take our cargo on board at New York City, for London, England. Our good ship was deeply laden with choice wheat in bulk, even into her hatchways. It was feared that she would sink under her heavy burden.

On the eve of our departure, Mr. S. Eldridge, then our chief mate, was coming on board the ship in the dark night, a lighted lantern in his hand, when he fell from the plank into the river, between the ship and the wharf, where the tide was running from three to five miles an hour. Mr. Adams threw a coil of rope under the wharf at a venture; fortunately the chief mate caught it, and after some struggle he was hauled up onto the ship's deck. When he began to breathe freely, he lamented the loss of the new lantern. Said Mr. Adams, "Why, you have it in your hand!" If it had been a cannon ball it would most likely have carried him to the bottom; for drowning persons hold on with a deadly grasp to whatever is in their hands.

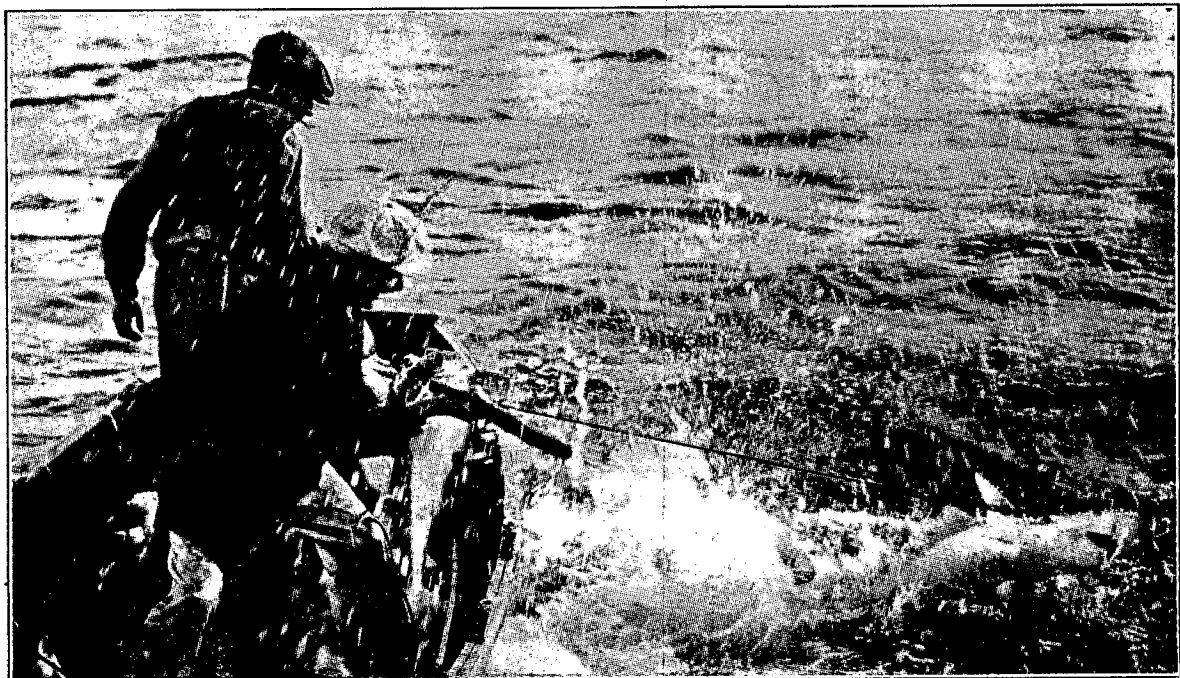
We had a pleasant run across the Atlantic Ocean. In our passage up the British Channel, between France and England, we discovered a number of kegs floating on the top of the sea. The maintop sail was laid to mast, and a boat lowered with a crew, which soon returned to the ship deeply laden with gin and brandy. The duties on such articles were so high, from France to England, that smugglers could afford to lose a whole cargo sometimes, and yet make their business profitable. But if they were caught by the revenue cutters or warships, while thus defrauding their government through evasion of her revenue laws, the penalty about ruined them for life. For these reasons it oft-

times occurred in those years that smugglers, when approached by government vessels, quickly fastened the kegs of liquor with ropes and buoys, and cast them overboard. Later, when all danger of interference was passed, they made diligent search for the cargo thrown overboard, with reasonable certainty of finding it and taking it on board again to carry the rest of the way across the Channel.

On our safe arrival at the London dock, the English officers who came to inspect our cargo, on opening the hatches, expressed their surprise to see the clean and dry wheat, up into the hatchway, as fresh as when we left New York.

Later, in preparation for our homeward voyage, we hauled out of the dock into the river Thames, and began filling our water casks with the river water that was passing us. During this process I thought, "How can a person drink such filthy water, mixed up as it is with the scum and filth from many vessels and from a great portion also of the city of London?" I soon learned that after a few days this muddy water, with its streaks of green, yellow, and red, flowing into our water casks, becomes settled and clear, unless stirred up from the bottom.

Some four years after this, while in the Mediterranean Sea on a ship that had filled its water casks from the river Thames, we were emptying out our old stock of fresh water which had been bunged up tight for about two years; and on starting the bung and applying a lighted candle, we found the stream of water running from the bung would blaze up a foot high, like the burning of strong brandy. Before becoming stirred up from the bottom, some of the clear water was exhibited in glass tumblers among the officers, and pronounced to be the purest and best of water, only about two years from London. I admit that it looked clear and tasted good, but from my former knowledge of its origin I confess I would a little rather have quenched my thirst from some of the pure springs of the Green Mountains in Vermont or the granite hills in New Hampshire.



Auckland (New Zealand) "Weekly News"

AN EXCITING MOMENT

"Sailors are generally brave and fearless men. . . . but the idea of being swallowed alive by a voracious shark that is silently following their ship, often causes their stout hearts to tremble."

Tales of Adventure

AMONG our passengers to New York was Mr. Lloyd, a serious-minded gentleman who was chief mate of a Philadelphia ship detained in London. On our voyage across the Atlantic he related to us a very singular incident that had occurred a few years previously, while he was a sailor from Philadelphia. He said he had never dared tell his mother or sisters of it. I will try to relate it in his own words. Said he:

“I was lodging away from home one night in another part of the city, when the house was beset by the police. For fear of being identified with those who were disturbing the peace, I fled from my bed into the street with nothing but my nightshirt on, and finally secreted myself in the market place, while a friend who was with me went back to obtain my clothes.

“About midnight a gang of men, passing through the market place, discovered me, and after a few inquiries as to who I was, they said, ‘Drive this fellow on before us.’ My pleading was in vain; they continued to keep me before them until we entered the cemetery, about two miles out of the city. We here came to a large flat stone with an iron hook in it. They placed in the hook a stout rope which they had brought with them, and by the aid of which they lifted the stone up. Thus was opened a family vault where a Jewish lady of distinction had been buried that day. The jewelry upon her person was what they were after.

“The exciting question now was, who would go down into the vault and get the jewels. Said one, ‘Here is the fellow.’ I begged and entreated them not to require me to commit so dreadful a deed. My entreaties were disregarded; they crowded me down into the vault, ordering me to go and strip off her jewels. I began to plead again, but

they gave me to understand that there was no alternative; I must either do this or stay where I was down in the vault. Almost dead with fear, I laid hold of the lady's hands, secured the jewels from her fingers, and passed them up to those above. As soon as they got hold of them, they dashed down the heavy flat stone slab and immediately ran away.

"I felt overwhelmed at my hopeless condition, doomed to die a most horrible death, and fearing every moment that the corpse would lay hold of me. I listened to the rumbling sound of the footsteps of those robbers as they hastened away, until all was silent as death. The stone was above me, I could not move.

"After a little I heard a distant rumbling of the ground, which continued to increase until I heard strange voices over the vault. I soon learned that this was another gang, most likely unknown to the first, and they were placing their rope to swing up the same stone slab.

"I at once decided what to do to save myself. As the slab came up, I leaped out of the vault in my white night-shirt. Horror-stricken, they all fled back toward the city, running with such speed that it was difficult for me to keep up behind them, and yet I feared if they were to stop, I should be discovered and taken. Before reaching the city, I had drawn some nearer to the two hinder ones, when one of them cried out to his companion, '*Patrick! Patrick! the old woman is close to our heels!*' Onward they raced through the market and fled away from me, for I stopped here to hide myself. After a while my friend, having obtained my clothes, found me, and I returned home."

Among those with us on this homeward voyage was a good-looking man, about twenty years of age, who had come on board before we left New Bedford, Massachusetts, with our cargo of wheat for London. When he joined us, he stated that he had come from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to get passage to London, but that he had no means nor any way to pay his passage. He also stated that his only object in going to London was to obtain a certain book

(the title of which I have forgotten) that could not be obtained at any other place. He finally shipped as a green, or new, hand before the mast.

This was rather new among sailors, for a man having no desire to be a sailor, to be willing to endure the hardships of a seven months' voyage with no other object than to get one book, and no certainty about that.

On our arrival in London the captain advanced our book-loving friend some money, and before night he returned from the city rejoicing that he had found the book. I have often regretted that our acquaintance ended with that voyage; for I have thought, if his life was spared, he was destined to occupy some honorable position among men.

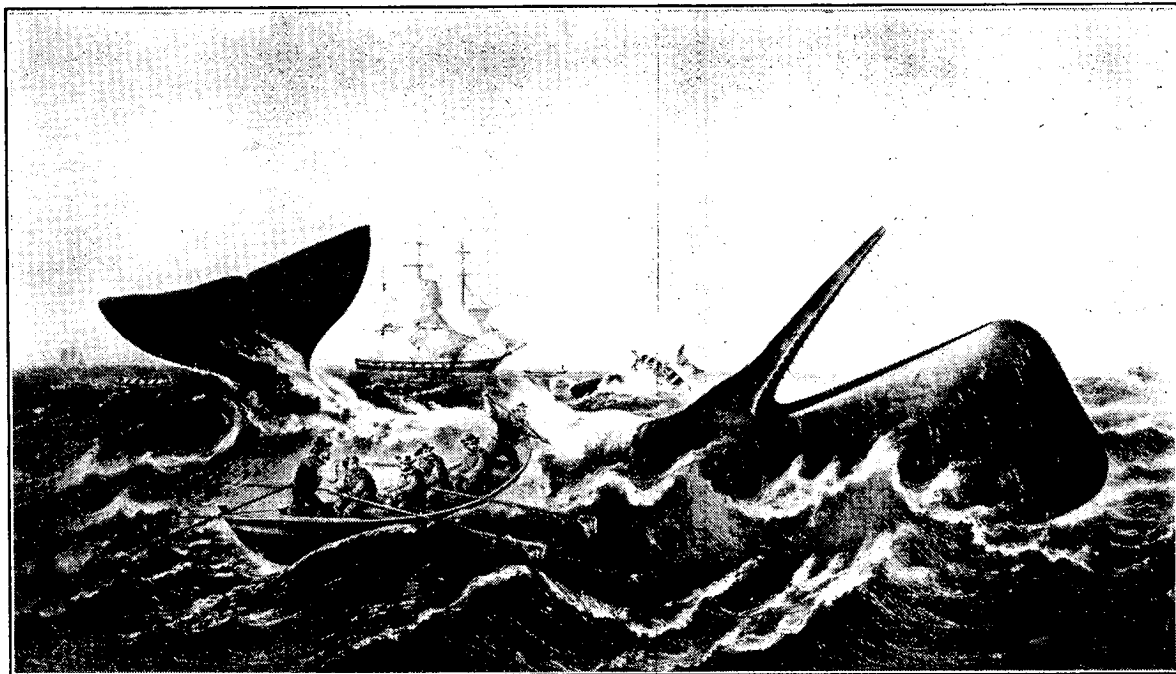
On recovering from my seasickness, I began my sea journal, to keep the run of the ship and the daily occurrences of the voyage.

One circumstance occurred on our homeward voyage, some eighteen days after departing from Land's End, England, which I will here relate:

In the morning (Sunday) a large shark was following us. A heavy piece of meat was fastened to a rope and thrown over the stern to tempt him to come up a little nearer, that we might fasten to him with a barbed iron made for such purposes; but no inducement of ours seemed to affect him. He maintained his position, where he could grasp whatever fell from either side of the ship.

On such occasions the old stories about sharks are revived — how they swallow sailors alive, and at other times bite them in two, and swallow them at two mouthfuls. Sailors hear so much about them that more is attributed to their sagacity than really belongs to them. Sailors are generally brave and fearless men; they dare meet their fellows in almost any conflict, and face the raging storms of the sea; but the idea of being swallowed alive by a voracious shark that is silently following their ship, often causes their stout hearts to tremble.

Toward evening of the day referred to, when we had ceased our fruitless efforts to draw the shark away from his



THE FINAL THRUST

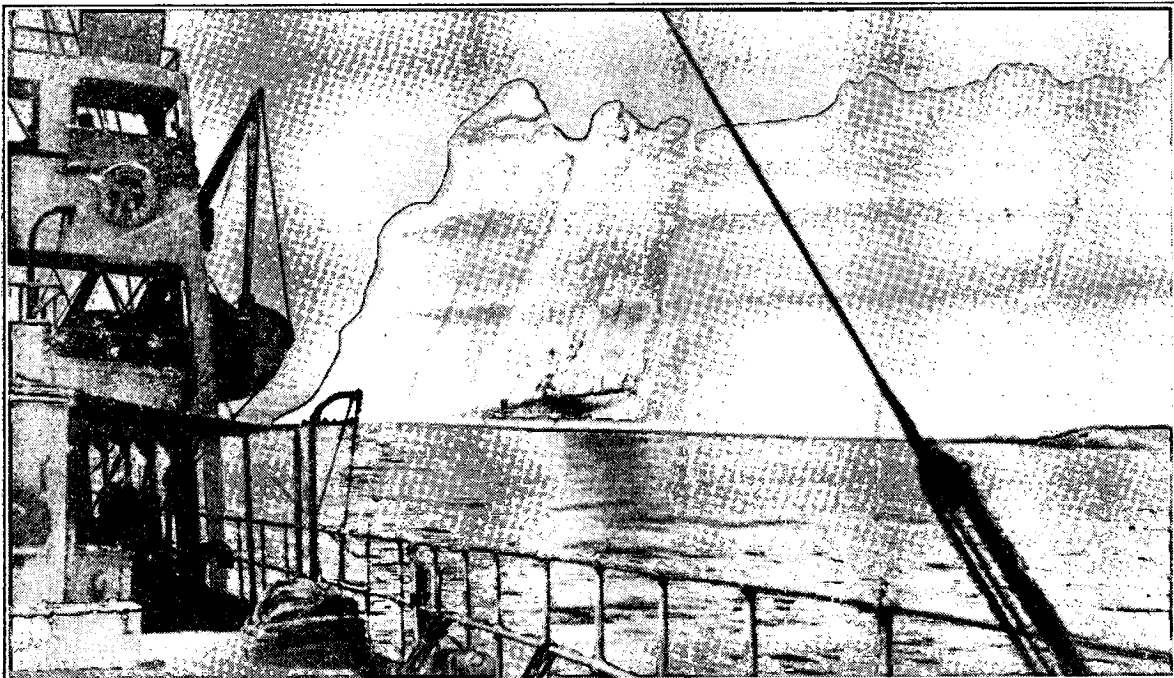
“ After getting these huge monsters of the deep alongside the ship, with sharp spades fitted on long poles they chop off their heads, and with their long-handled ladles dip out the purest and best oil.”

determined position astern of the ship, I ascended to the maintop-gallant masthead, to ascertain if there was any vessel in sight, or anything to be seen but sky and water. On my way down, having reached about fifty feet from the deck and sixty from the water, I missed reaching the place which I designed grasping with my hand, and fell backward, striking a rope in my fall, which prevented my being dashed upon the deck, but whirled me into the sea.

As I came up on top of the waves, struggling and panting for breath, I saw at a glance that the ship, my only hope, was passing beyond my reach. With the encumbrance of my thick, heavy clothing, I exerted all my strength to follow. I saw that the captain, officers, and crew had rushed toward the ship's stern. The first officer hurled a coil of rope with all his strength, the end of which I caught with my hand, He cried out, "Hold on!" I did so; and they hauled me through the sea to the ship, and set my feet upon the deck.

To the question if I was hurt, I answered, "No." Said another, "Where is the shark?" I began to tremble even as they had trembled while in anxious suspense they had watched me struggling in the water; for in their hearts had been the fear that at any moment the shark would attack me. Most singular to say, the thought of the shark had never entered my mind while I was in the water.

Walking over to the other side of the ship, I looked down into the water where shortly before I had been, and, behold, the shark was quietly gliding along his way with us, not far from the side of the vessel, seemingly unconscious of our gaze. And we did not disturb him in any way; for the sailors and passengers were all so glad that the cabin boy was rescued, not only from a watery grave, but from the shark's ferocious jaws, that they had no disposition to trouble him. He was soon missing, and we saw him no more. The wonder to all was, how he came to change his position to a place where he could neither see nor hear what was taking place on the other side or at the stern of the ship.



U. & U., N. Y.

MOUNTAINS OF FLOATING ICE

“These . . . islands of ice are driven by wind and current from the icebound regions of the North, and finally reach the shallower water known as the Banks of Newfoundland, where at a depth of about 300 feet the heavy icebergs strike bottom, and there hang, a menace to every passing vessel.”

Collision with an Iceberg

PROCEEDING on another voyage from New York to Archangel, in Russia, about the middle of May, 1809, we discovered one afternoon a number of islands of ice, many of them appearing like large cities. This was an unmistakable sign that we were nearing the Banks of Newfoundland, about one thousand miles on the mariner's track from Boston to Liverpool. These large masses, or islands, of ice are driven by wind and current from the icebound regions of the North, and finally reach the shallower water known as the Banks of Newfoundland, where at a depth of about three hundred feet the heavy icebergs strike bottom, and there hang, a menace to every passing vessel. In some seasons the icebergs are from two to three months dissolving and tumbling to pieces; and as they thus become smaller, they no longer touch bottom, but float, and are driven onward over the shallow places of the Newfoundland Banks into the fathomless depths of the ocean beyond, and are soon dissolved in the warmer sea water.

A strong westerly gale was wafting us rapidly along our course, and as night set in we were past the cluster of icebergs we had first seen. Soon the fog became so dense that it was impossible to see ten feet before us. About this time, while one W. Palmer was steering the ship, he overheard the chief mate expostulating with the captain, desiring him to round the ship to and lay by until morning light. The captain decided that we were past all the ice, and said the ship must continue to run, and that we should have a good lookout [watchman] ahead.

Midnight came, and we were relieved from our post by the captain's watch, to retire below for four hours. In about an hour from this we were aroused by the dreadful cry from the helmsman, "*An island of ice!*". The next moment came the terrible crash! When I recovered consciousness

from the blow I received by being tossed from one side of the forecastle to the other, I found myself clinched by Palmer. The rest of the watch had made their escape on deck, and had shut down the scuttle.

After several unsuccessful attempts to find the ladder to reach the scuttle, Palmer and I gave up in despair. We placed our arms around each other's neck, expecting to die. Amid the creaking and rending of the ship with her grappled foe, we could once in a while hear the screams and cries of some of our wretched companions on the deck above us, begging God for mercy, which only augmented our desperate feelings. Thoughts came rushing that seemed to choke, and for a few moments made it impossible for us to give utterance to our feelings.

Oh, the dreadful thought! — here to yield up my account and die, and sink with the wrecked ship to the bottom of the ocean, so far from home and friends, without the least preparation for or hope of heaven and eternal life! Oh, the terrible thought that I might be numbered with lost sinners, and forever banished from the presence of the Lord! It seemed that something must give way to vent my feelings of unutterable anguish.

In this agonizing moment the scuttle was thrown open with the cry, "Is there any one below?" In a moment we were both on deck. I stood surveying our position, the ship's bow partly under a shelf of ice, everything gone but her stem, all her square sails filled with the wind, and a heavy sea rushing her onward in closer contact with her unyielding antagonist. Without some immediate change, it was evident that our destiny and hers would be sealed in a few minutes.

With some difficulty I made my way to the quarter-deck, where the captain and second mate were on their knees begging God for mercy. The chief mate with as many as could rally around him, was making fruitless efforts to hoist the longboat [lifeboat], which, had it been launched, could not have been kept for two minutes from dashing against the ice.

Amid the crash and cries my attention was arrested by the captain's crying out, "What are you going to do with me, Palmer?"

Said Palmer, "I am going to heave you overboard!"

"For God's sake let me alone," the captain pleaded; "for we shall all be in eternity in less than five minutes!"

Said Palmer, with a fearful oath, "I don't care for that; you have been the cause of all this! It will be some satisfaction to me to see you go first!"

I laid fast hold of him, and entreated him to let go of the captain and go with me to try the pump. He readily yielded to my request, and to our utter astonishment the pump sucked! This unexpected good news arrested the attention of the chief mate, who immediately turned from his fruitless labor, and after a moment's survey of the ship's perilous position, cried out with a stentorian shout, "Let go the topgallant and the topsail halyards! Let go the tacks and sheets! Haul up the courses! Clew down and clew up the topsails!"

Perhaps orders were never obeyed in a more prompt and instantaneous manner. The wind thrown out of the sails relieved the ship immediately, and like a lever sliding from under a rock, she broke away from her disastrous position, and settled down upon an even keel broadside to the ice.

We now saw that our strongly built and gallant ship was a wreck forward of her foremast, and that mast, to all appearances, about to go too; but what we most feared was the ship's yards and mast coming in contact with the ice, in which case the heavy sea on her other side would rush over her deck, and sink us in a few moments. While anxiously waiting for this, we saw that the sea which passed by our stern bounded against the western side of the ice, and rushed back impetuously against the ship, and thus prevented her coming in contact with the ice, and also moved her onward toward the southern extremity of the island, which was so high that we failed to see the top of it from the masthead.

In this state of suspense we were unable to devise any way for our escape, other than that which God in His providence was manifesting to us, as just described. About four o'clock in the morning, while all hands were engaged in clearing away the wreck, a shout was raised, "Yonder is the eastern horizon, and *it's daylight!*" This was indication enough that we were just passing from the western side, beyond the southern extremity of the ice, where the ship's course could be changed by human skill.

"Hard up your helm," cried the captain, "and keep the ship before the wind! Secure the foremast! Clear away the wreck!"

Suffice it to say that fourteen days brought us safely into the river Shannon, in Ireland, where we refitted for our Russian voyage.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. . . . Their soul is melted because of trouble. . . . Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. . . . O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Ps. 107:23-31.

Dear friends, whatever be your calling here, "seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness" (Matt. 6:33), and get your feet planted on board the gospel ship. The Owner of this majestic, homeward-bound vessel shows the utmost care for every mariner on board, even to the numbering of the hairs of his head. He not only pays the highest wages, but has promised every one who faithfully performs his duty an exceeding great reward. That all the perils of this voyage may be passed in safety, He has commanded His holy ones (see Heb. 1:14) to attend and watch over this precious company, who fail not to see through all the mists and fogs, and give warning of all the dangers in the pathway. Moreover, He has invested his dear Son with all power, and given Him for a Commander and skilful Pilot, to convey this good ship and her company into her destined haven.

Captured by Danish Privateers

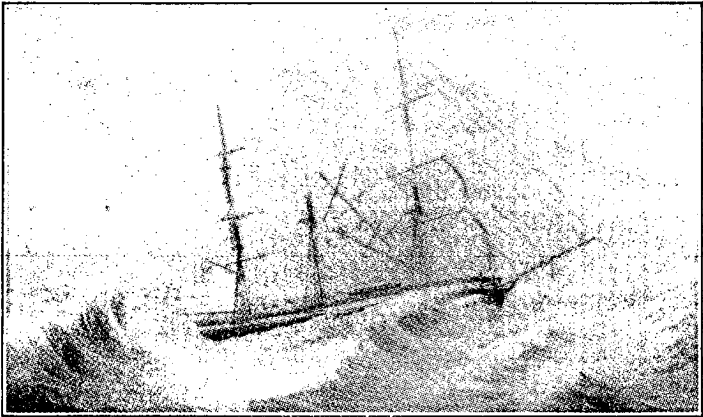
AFTER repairing in Ireland the damages that had been done our ship by the collision with an iceberg, we sailed again on our Russian voyage, and in a few days we fell in with and joined an English convoy of two or three hundred sail of merchant vessels, bound for the Baltic Sea, and convoyed by British ships of war as a protection from enemies. On reaching a difficult place called the "Mooner Passage," a violent gale overtook us, which, in spite of our efforts, was driving us on to a dismal, shelterless shore. With the increasing fury of the gale and the darkness of the night, our condition became more and more alarming, until finally our commodore hoisted the "lighted lantern," a signal for all the fleet to anchor without delay.

The long-wished-for morning at length came, and revealed to us our alarming position. All that were provided with cables were contending with the boisterous seas driven against us by the furious gale. It seemed almost a miracle to us that our cables and anchors still held. While watching one after another as their cables parted and the ships were drifting toward the rocks to be dashed in pieces, our own cable broke! With all haste we crowded what sail we dared on the ship, and she being a fast sailer, we found by the next day that we had gained some distance in the offing. Here a council was called, which decided that we should make sail from the convoy and take a lone chance through the sound by the coast of Denmark.

Not many hours after this, while we were congratulating ourselves respecting our narrow escape from shipwreck and for being out of reach of the commodore's guns, we saw two suspicious-looking vessels endeavoring to cut us off from the shore. Their cannon balls soon began to fall around us, and it became advisable for us to round to and let them come

aboard. They proved to be two Danish privateers,* which captured and took us to Copenhagen, where ship and cargo were finally condemned, in accordance with Napoleon Bonaparte's decrees, because of our intercourse with the English.

In the course of a few weeks we were all called to the courthouse to give testimony respecting our voyage. Previous to this, our supercargo and part owner had promised



A PRIVATEER
(From an old print)

us a handsome reward if we would testify that our voyage was direct from New York to Copenhagen, and that we had had no intercourse with the English. To this proposition we were not all agreed.

We were finally examined separately, my turn coming first. I suppose they first called me into court because I was the only youth among the sailors. One of the three judges asked me in English if I understood the nature of an oath. After answering in the affirmative, I was bidden look at a box near by (about fifteen inches long and eight inches high), and the judge said, "That box contains a machine

* According to the Century Dictionary, a privateer is "an armed vessel owned and officered by private persons, but acting under a commission from the state usually called letters of marque."

to cut off the two forefingers and thumb of every one who swears falsely here. Now," said he, "hold up your two forefingers and thumb on your right hand." In this manner I was sworn to tell the truth.

Regardless of any consideration, I testified to the facts concerning our voyage. Afterward, when we were permitted to go aboard, it was clear enough that the "little box" had brought out the truthful testimony from all; namely, that we had been wrecked by running against an island of ice fourteen days from New York; and that we had refitted in Ireland, after which we had joined the British convoy, and had been captured by the privateers.

After this experience of testifying before the judge, some of our crew, as they were returning from a walk where they had been viewing the prison, said that some of the prisoners thrust their hands through the gratings to show that they had lost the two forefingers and thumb of their right hand. They were a crew of Dutchmen who had likewise been taken, and had sworn falsely. We felt thankful for another narrow escape by telling the truth.

"We want the truth on every point,
We want it, too, to practise by."

With the condemnation of our ship and cargo and the loss of our wages, ended our Russian voyage. Thus we were left, in company with a strange people who had stripped us of all but our clothing. But before winter set in, I obtained a berth on board a Danish brig bound to Pillau, in Prussia, where we arrived after a passage both tedious and perilous, our vessel leaking so badly that it was with difficulty we kept her from sinking until we reached the wharf. In this extremity I obtained a berth on an American brig from Russia, bound for Belfast, Ireland.

Our voyage from Prussia to Ireland was replete with trials and suffering. It was a winter passage down the Baltic Sea, and through the winding passages of the Highlands of Scotland, under a cruel, drunken, parsimonious captain, who denied us enough of the most common food

allowed to sailors. And when, through his neglect to furnish even this, we were in a famishing condition and almost exhausted with pumping to keep us from sinking, he would swear and threaten us with severer usage if we failed to comply with his wishes. Finally, after putting in at an island and obtaining a fresh supply of provisions, we sailed again for Belfast, Ireland, where the voyage ended. From thence two of us crossed the Irish Channel to Liverpool, to seek a voyage to America.

A few days after our arrival, a British "press gang" (an officer and twelve men) entered our boarding house in the evening, and asked to what country we belonged. We produced our American protections [passports], which proved us to be citizens of the United States. But protections and arguments would not satisfy them. They seized and dragged us to the "rendezvous," a place of close confinement. In the morning we were examined before a naval lieutenant, and ordered to join the British navy. To prevent our escape, four stout men seized us, and thus, led by a lieutenant with drawn sword, who went before us, we were conducted through the middle of one of the principal streets of Liverpool like condemned criminals ordered to the gallows.

When we reached the riverside, a well-manned boat was in readiness, and conveyed us on board the "Princess," of the royal navy. After a rigid scrutiny, we were confined in the prison-room on the lower deck, with about sixty others who claimed to be Americans, but who nevertheless had been impressed in like manner as ourselves.

This eventful loss of freedom occurred April 27, 1810.

Enforced Service in the British Navy

ON board the British naval vessel "Princess," one feeling seemed to pervade the minds of all who claimed to be Americans, namely, that we had been unlawfully seized without any provocation on our part; hence, any way by which we could regain our liberty would be justifiable.

In a few days the greater portion of the officers and crew took one of their number on shore to be buried. It was then suggested by some that this was a favorable time for us to break the iron bars and bolts in the porthole, and make our escape by swimming in the strong current that was rushing by us.

In breaking the bars we succeeded beyond our expectation; but when we were all ready to cast ourselves overboard one after another, the boats came alongside with the officers, and our open place was discovered. For this, they began by taking one after another and whipping them on their naked backs in a most inhuman manner. This dreadful work was in progress for several hours, and ceased about nine o'clock at night, the officers intending to finish next day. But they did not have time to carry out their cruel work; for orders were given to transship us all on board a frigate near by, that was weighing her anchors to put to sea.

In a few days we came to Plymouth, where we were re-examined, and all such as were pronounced in good condition for service in the British navy were transferred to one of their largest stationary ships, called the "Saint-Salvadore del Mondo." On this monstrous floating castle were fifteen hundred persons in the same condition as myself.

Here, while I was in conversation with a young man from Massachusetts, we agreed to try to make our escape if we

perished in the attempt. We prepared a rope, and closely watched the soldiers and sailors on guard till they were being relieved from their posts at midnight. We then raised the "hanging port" about eighteen inches, and put the "tackle fall" into the hands of a friend in the secret, to lower it down when we were beyond the reach of the musket balls. Our rope and blanket, about thirty feet long, reached the water. Forbes, my companion, whispered, "Will you follow?" I replied, "Yes."

By the time he reached the water, I was slipping down after him, when the alarm ran through the ship, "Man overboard!" Our friend dropped the "port" for fear of being detected, which left me exposed to the fire of the sentinels. But I was soon in the water, and swam to a hiding place under the "accommodation ladder" by the time the boats were manned with lanterns to hunt us.

We watched for an opportunity to take an opposite direction from our pursuers, who were repeatedly hailed from the ship to know if they had found any one. We had about three miles to swim. We wore our clothes, except our jackets and shoes, which we had fastened on the back of our necks to screen us from a chance shot from the ship. An officer with men and lanterns descended the accommodation ladder, and sliding his hand over the "slat," he touched my hand, and immediately shouted, "Here is one of them! Come out of that, you sir! Here is another! Come out, you sir!"

We swam around to them, and were drawn upon the stage.

"Who are you?" demanded the officer.

"An American."

"How dare you undertake to swim away from the ship? Did you not know that you were liable to be shot?"

I answered that I was not a subject of King George, and had done this to gain my liberty.

"Bring them up here!" was the order from the ship.

After another examination, we were put into close confinement with a number of criminals awaiting punishment.

After some thirty hours of close confinement, I was separated from my friend, and hurried away with about one hundred fifty sailors (all strangers to me), to join His Majesty's ship, "Rodney," of seventy-four guns, whose crew numbered about seven hundred men. As soon as we had passed our muster on the quarter-deck of the "Rodney," all were permitted to go below and get their dinners — but *Bates*.

Commander Bolton handed the first lieutenant a paper, on reading which he looked at me and muttered, "Scoundrel." All the boats' crews, amounting to more than one hundred men, were immediately assembled on the quarter-deck.

Said Captain Bolton, "Do you see that fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you ever allow him to get into one of your boats, I will flog every one of the boat's crew. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then go down to your dinners; and you may, too, sir."

I now began to learn something of the nature of my punishment for attempting in a quiet and peaceful manner to quit His Majesty's service. In the commanding officer's view this seemed to amount to an unpardonable crime, and one never to be forgotten. In a few hours the "Rodney," under a cloud of sail, was leaving old Plymouth in the distance, and steering for the French coast to make war with the Frenchmen.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" my hope of freedom from this oppressive state seemed to wane from my view like the land we were leaving in the distance.

As our final destination was to join the British squadron in the Gulf of Lyons, in the Mediterranean Sea, we made a stop at Cadiz, in Spain. Here the French troops of Napoleon Bonaparte were bombarding the city and the British and Spanish ships of war in the harbor. The boats comprised a part of the Spanish fleet that had finally escaped from the Battle of Trafalgar, under Lord Nelson, in 1805, and were now to be refitted by their ally, the English, and

to sail for Port Mahon in the Mediterranean. Unexpectedly, I was one of fifty selected to refit and man one of them, the "Apollo."

A few days after passing the Straits of Gibraltar, we encountered a most violent gale, called a "levanter," common in those seas, which caused our ship to labor so excessively that it was with the utmost exertion at the pumps that we kept her from sinking. We were finally favored to return to Gibraltar and refit.

A number of Spanish officers with their families still belonged to the ship. It was wonderful and strange to us to see how tenaciously these people hung around their images, surrounded with burning wax candles, as if the images could save them in this perilous hour, when nothing short of our continual labor at the pumps prevented the ship from sinking with us all.

After refitting at Gibraltar, we sailed again and arrived safely at Minorca, the harbor of the island of Port Mahon. Here I, with two others, made another attempt to regain my liberty, by inducing a native to take us to land in his market boat.

While endeavoring to escape the vigilance of our pursuers after we stepped out of the Spaniard's market boat, away beyond the city at the base of a rocky mountain we discovered a wooden door which opened into a subterranean passage. Away in the distance it appeared quite light, and as we ventured down along the passage, we came to a large open space, where the light was shining through a small hole wrought from the top of the mountain down through the dome. The subterranean passage continued on in a winding direction, which we attempted to explore as far as we dared. For want of light we returned to the center, from which we discovered yet other passages. Upon exploring these, we found them running so far into the darkness that we dared not continue, but came back to the lighted passageway by which we had first entered.

The stone of this mountain is a kind of sandstone, much harder than chalk, called "holystone," which is abundant

on the island, and is made use of by the British squadron to scour, or holystone, the decks of ships every morning, to make them white and clean.

Afterward we were told that this mountain had been excavated in past ages for the purpose of sheltering a besieged army. In the central light place was a large house chiseled out of the rock, with doorway and window frames, designed undoubtedly for the officers of the besieged, and as a rallying place of the army.

After a close survey of this wonderful place, we became satisfied that we had now found a secure retreat from our pursuers, where we could breathe and talk aloud without fear of being heard or seized by any of the subjects of King George III. But alas! our joy soon vanished when we thought of the fact that there was nothing for us to eat.

When we ventured to a farmhouse to seek for bread, the people eyed us with suspicion. We feared they would seize us, and hand us over to our pursuers, so we avoided them.

After two days and nights of fruitless labor to escape from the island by boat or otherwise, or from those who were well paid for apprehending deserters, we deemed it best to venture back to the ship. Our voluntary return was finally accepted as evidence that we did not design to desert from the service of King George III. Thus we escaped being publicly whipped.

Our crew was now taken back to Gibraltar to join the "Rodney," our own ship, which had just arrived in charge of another Spanish line-of-battle ship for Port Mahon. In company with our Spanish escort, we sailed about eighty miles on our way to Malaga, where we discovered the combined armies of the English and Spanish in close engagement with the French army on the seaboard.

Our ship was soon moored broadside to the shore. As the orders for furling the sails were not promptly obeyed, by reason of the Frenchmen's shot from the fort, all hands were ordered aloft, and there remained exposed to the enemy's shot until the sails were furled. This was done out of anger. While in this condition, a single well-directed

shot might have killed a score, but fortunately none were struck.

Our thirty-two-pound balls made dreadful havoc for a little while in the enemy's ranks. Nevertheless, they soon managed to bring our allies between us, and thereby checked our firing. The engagement closed at sunset.

After disposing of the dead and washing their blood from the decks, we sailed away with our Spanish consort for Port Mahon. Just before reaching there, another levanter came on so suddenly that it was with much difficulty that we could manage our newly built ship. Our Spanish consort, unprepared for such a violent gale, was dashed to pieces on the island of Sardinia, and nearly every one of the crew perished.

After the gale we joined the British fleet, consisting of about thirty line-of-battle ships, carrying from eighty to one hundred thirty guns each, besides frigates and sloops of war. Our work was to blockade a much larger fleet of French men-of-war, mostly in the harbor of Toulon. With these we occasionally had skirmishes or running fights. The French squadron was not prepared, neither disposed, to meet the English fleet in battle.

To improve our mental faculties when we had a few leisure moments from ship duty and naval tactics, we were furnished with a library of two choice books for every ten men. We had seventy of these libraries in all. The first book was an abridgment of the life of Lord Nelson, calculated to inspire the mind to deeds of valor, and to teach the most summary way of disposing of an unyielding enemy. This, one of the ten men could read, when he had leisure, during the last six days of each week. The second was a small Church of England prayer book, for special use about one hour on Sunday, the first day of the week.

On the Black List

THE winter rendezvous of the Mediterranean British squadron was in the isle of Minorca, harbor of Port Mahon. After the middle of the seventh month, sailing is dangerous. (See St. Paul's testimony. Acts 27:9, 10.)

In the mild seasons, the sailor's uniform was white duck frock and trousers and a straw hat. The discipline was to muster all hands at nine o'clock in the morning, and if our clothes were reported soiled or unclean, we were doomed to have our names put on the "black list," and were required to do all kinds of scouring and filthy work, in addition to our stated duty, thus depriving us of our allotted time for rest and sleep in the morning watch below. There was no punishment more dreaded and disgraceful than this, to which we were daily liable.

If sufficient changes of clothes had been allowed us, and sufficient time to wash and dry them, it would have been a great pleasure, and also a benefit to us, to have appeared daily with unsoiled white suits on, notwithstanding the dirty work we had to perform. I do not remember ever being allowed more than three suits at one time to make changes, and then we had only one day in the week to clean them, namely, about two hours before daylight once a week, at which time all hands (about seven hundred) were called on the upper decks to wash and scrub clothes. Not more than three quarters of these could be accommodated at a time; but no matter, when daylight came, at the expiration of the two hours, we were ordered to hang all washed clothes on the clothesline immediately.

Some would say, "I have not been able to get water or a place to wash mine yet."

"I can't help that! Clear out your clothes, and begin to holystone and wash the decks."

Orders were most strict, that whoever should be found drying his clothes at any other than this time in the wash day, should be punished.

To avoid detection and punishment, I have scrubbed my trousers early in the morning, and put them on and dried them. Not liking this method, I ventured at one time to hang up my wet trousers in a concealed place behind the maintop sail; but the sail was ordered to be furled in a hurry, and the lieutenant discovered them. The maintop men (about fifty) were immediately ordered from their dinner hour to appear on the quarter-deck.

"All here, sir," said the underofficer who mustered us.

"Very well, whose trousers are those found hanging in the maintop?"

I stepped forward from the ranks and said, "They are mine, sir."

"Yours, are they? you ——!" and when he had finished cursing me, he asked me how they came there.

"I hung them there to dry, sir."

"You ——, see how I will hang you, directly. Go down to your dinner, the rest of you," said he, "and call the chief boatswain's mate up here."

Up he came in great haste from his dinner.

"Have you got a rope's end in your pocket?"

He began to feel, and said, "No, sir."

"Then away down below directly and get one, and give that fellow there one of the —— floggings he ever had."

"Yes, sir, bear a hand."

Thus far I had escaped all his threats of punishment, from my first introduction into the ship. I had often applied for more clothes to enable me to muster with a clean suit, but had been refused. I expected now, according to his threats, that he would wreak his vengeance on me by having the flesh cut off my back for attempting to have a clean suit, when he knew I could not have it without venturing some way as I had done.

While thoughts of the injustice of this matter were rapidly passing through my mind, he cried out, "Where is that

fellow with the rope? why don't he hurry up here?" At this instant the man was heard rushing up from below. The lieutenant stopped short and turned to me, saying, "If you don't want one of the —— floggings you ever had, do you run!"

I looked at him to see if he was in earnest. The under-officer, who seemed to feel the injustice of my case, repeated, "Run!"

The lieutenant cried to the man with the rope, "Give it to him!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

I bounded forward, and by the time he reached the head of the ship, I was over the bow, getting a position to receive him down near the water, on the ship's bobstays. He saw at a glance it would require his utmost skill to perform his *pleasing* task there. He therefore commanded me to come up to him. "No," I said, "if you want me, come here."

In this position, I was tempted by the devil, the enemy of all righteousness, to seek a summary redress of my grievances; namely, if he followed me and persisted in inflicting on me the threatened punishment, to grasp him and plunge into the water. Of the many that stood above looking on, none spoke to me, that I remember, but my pursuer. To the best of my memory, I remained in this position more than an hour. To the wonder of myself and others, the lieutenant issued no orders respecting me, neither questioned me afterward, only the next morning I learned that I was to be numbered with the black-list men for about six months. Thanks to the Father of all mercies for delivering me from premeditated destruction by His overruling providence in that trying hour.

Ships belonging to the blockading squadron in the Mediterranean Sea were generally relieved and returned to England at the expiration of three years; then the sailors were paid their wages, and twenty-four hours' liberty was given them to spend their money on shore. As the "Rodney" was now on her third year out, my strong hope of freedom would often cheer me while looking forward to that one

day's liberty, in which I was resolved to put forth every energy of my being to gain my freedom.

About this time the fleet encountered a dreadful storm in the Gulf of Lyons. For a while it was doubted whether any of us would ever see the rising of another sun. Those huge ships would rise like mountains on the top of the combing sea, and suddenly tumble again into the trough with such a dreadful crash that it seemed almost impossible they could ever rise again. They became unmanageable, and the mariners were at their wits' end. (See the psalmist's description. Ps. 107: 23-30.)

On our arrival at Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, ten ships were reported much damaged. The "Rodney" was so badly damaged that the commander was ordered to get her ready to proceed to England. Joyful sound to us all! "Homeward bound! Twenty-four hours' liberty!" was the joyous word:—All hearts were glad.

One evening after dark, just before the "Rodney's" departure for England, about fifty of us were called out by name and ordered to get our baggage ready and get into the boats.

"What's the matter? Where are we going?"

"On board the 'Swiftshore,' 74."

"What, that ship that has just arrived for a *three years' station?*"

"Yes."

A sad disappointment, indeed; but what was still worse, I began to learn that I was doomed to drag out a miserable existence in the British navy. Once more I was among strangers, but well known as one who had attempted to escape from the service of King George III.

A Prisoner of War

THE "Swiftshore" was soon under way for her station off Toulon. A few days after we sailed, a friend of my father's arrived from the United States, bringing documents to prove my citizenship, and a demand for my release from the British government.

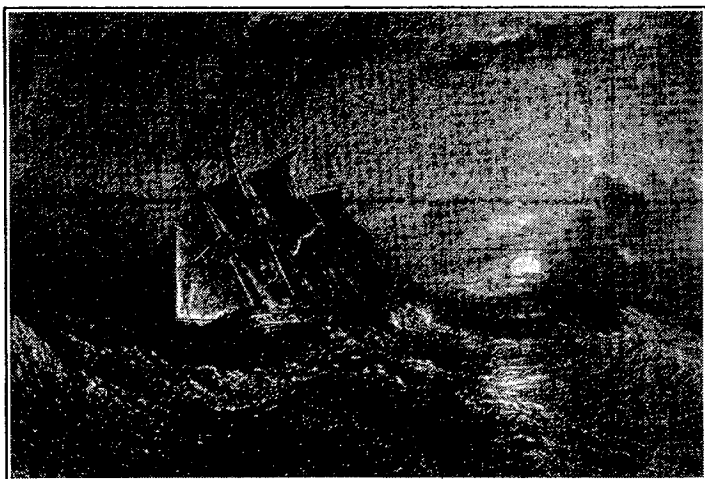
One of the most prominent causes of our war with England in 1812, was her impressment for service in the British navy, of American seamen on sea or land, wherever they could be found. This was denied by one political party in the United States. The British government also continued to deny the fact, and they also continued to regard the passports, or protections, of American citizens as of but little importance. Such proofs of American citizenship were required by them as were not very readily obtainable; hence their continued acts of aggression until the war.

An additional act was, that after they captured American seamen and set them at work on British naval vessels, they insisted that all letters written by these Americans should be examined by the first lieutenant before leaving the British ship. By accident I found one of mine torn and thrown aside, and thus I learned the impossibility of letting my parents know even that I was among the living.

At the time I was impressed into the British service, I had with me as genuine a United States Government protection [passport] as could be obtained from the official collector of the Government customhouse at New York; nevertheless, notwithstanding this official document plainly declared and attested to my American citizenship, I was passed off for an Irishman, because an Irish officer declared that my parents lived in Belfast, Ireland.

Previous to the War of 1812, one of my letters reached my father. He wrote to the President of the United States,

Mr. James Madison, presenting him with the facts in my case, and for proof of his own citizenship referred him to the archives in the War Department for his commissions returned and deposited there after his services closed with the Revolutionary War. The President's reply and documents were satisfactory. General Brooks, then governor of Massachusetts, who was intimately acquainted with my



O. W. Brierly

H. M. S. "GALATEA" ON A CRUISE

In such a vessel, used as a prison ship, the author spent many months.

father as a captain under his immediate command in the Revolutionary War, added to the foregoing another strong document.

Capt. C. Delano, townsman and friend of my father, preparing for a voyage to Minorca in the Mediterranean, generously offered his services as bearer of the above-named documents, and so sanguine was he that no other proof would be required, that he really expected to bring me with him on his return voyage.

On his arrival at Port Mahon, he was rejoiced to learn that the "Rodney," 74, was in port. As he approached the

"Rodney" in his boat, he was asked what he wanted. He said he wished to see a young man by the name of Joseph Bates. The lieutenant forbade his coming alongside. Finally, one of the underofficers, a friend of mine, informed him that I had been transferred to the "Swiftshore," 74, and that she had sailed to join the British fleet off Toulon.

Captain Delano then presented my documents to the United States consul, who transmitted them to Sir Edward Pelew, the commander in chief of the squadron. On the arrival of the mail, I received a letter from Captain Delano, informing me of his arrival and visit to the "Rodney," his disappointment, and what he had done, and of the anxiety of my parents. I think this was the first intelligence I had received from home for over three years.

I was told that the captain had sent for me to see him on the quarter-deck. I saw that he was surrounded by signal men and officers, replying by signal flags to the admiral's ship, which was some distance from us.

Said the captain, "Is your name Joseph Bates?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"To what part of America do you belong?"

"New Bedford, in Massachusetts, sir."

Said he, "The admiral is inquiring to know if you are on board this ship. He will probably send for you," or something of the like import. "You may go below."

The news spread throughout the ship that Bates was an American, and his Government had demanded his release, and the commander in chief was signaling our ship about it. "What a lucky fellow he is!" they said.

Weeks and months rolled away, however, bringing nothing but anxious suspense and uncertainty in my case, till at length I received another letter from Captain Delano, informing me that my case was still hanging in uncertainty. It was probable that war had begun, and as he was obliged to leave, he advised me, if I could not obtain an honorable discharge, to become a prisoner of war.

It was now the fall of 1812. On our arrival at Port Mahon to winter, the British consul sent me what money I then needed, saying that it was Captain Delano's request that he should furnish me with money and clothing to meet my needs. Owing to sickness in the fleet, it was ordered that each ship's company should have twenty-four hours' liberty on shore. I improved this opportunity to call at the offices of the British and American consuls. The former furnished me with some more money. The latter said that the admiral had done nothing in my case, and now it was too late, for it was ascertained that war was declared between the United States and Great Britain.

There were about two hundred Americans on board the ships in our squadron, and twenty-two on board the "Swift-shore." We had ventured several times to say what we ought to do, but the result appeared to some very doubtful. At last six of us united and walked to the quarter-deck with our hats in hand, and thus addressed the first lieutenant:

"We understand, sir, that war has begun between Great Britain and the United States, and we do not wish to be found fighting against our own country; therefore it is our wish to become prisoners of war."

"Go below," said he.

At the dinner hour all the Americans were ordered between the pumps, and not permitted to associate with the crew. Our scanty allowance was ordered to be reduced one third, and no strong drink. This we felt we could endure, and were not a little comforted that we had made one effectual change, and the next would most likely free us from the British navy.

From our ship the work spread, until about all the Americans in the fleet became prisoners of war. During eight dreary months we were thus retained, and frequently called upon the quarter-deck, where we were harangued, and urged to enter the British navy. I had already suffered for thirty months an unwilling subject; I was therefore fully decided not to listen to any proposal they could make.

Months of Suspense

A FEW months after our becoming prisoners of war, our lookout ships appeared off the harbor, and signaled that the French fleet (which we were attempting to blockade) were all out and making the best of their way down the Mediterranean. With this startling information, orders were immediately issued for the squadron to be ready to go in pursuit of them at an early hour in the morning. The most of the night was spent in preparing for this unexpected onset. The prisoners were invited to assist. I alone refused to aid or assist in any way whatever, it being unjustifiable except when forced to do so.

In the morning the whole fleet was sailing out of the harbor in line of battle. Gunners were ordered to double-shot the guns and clear away for action. The first lieutenant was passing by where I stood reading the "Life of Nelson" (one of the library books).

"Take up that hammock, sir, and carry it on deck," said he.

I looked up from the book and said, "It's not mine, sir."

"Take it up."

"It's not mine, sir."

He cursed me for a scoundrel, snatched the book from me, and dashed it out of the gun port, and struck me down with his fist.

As soon as I got up, he said, "Take that hammock up on deck."

"*I shall not do it, sir.* I am a prisoner of war, and hope you will treat me as such."

"Yes, you — scoundrel, I will!" "Here!" said he to two underofficers, "take that hammock and lash it onto that fellow's back, and make him walk the poop deck twenty-four hours."

And because I put my hands on them to keep them from doing so, and requested them to let me alone, he became outrageous, and cried out, "Master-at-arms! take this fellow into the gunroom and put him double legs in irons!"

"That you can do, sir," said I, "but I shall not work."

"When we come into action, I'll have you lashed up in the main rigging for a *target* for the Frenchmen to fire at!"

"That you can do, sir, but I hope you will remember that I am a prisoner of war!"

Another volley of oaths and imprecations followed, with an inquiry why the master-at-arms did not hurry up with the irons. The poor old man was so dismayed and confused that he could not find them.

The lieutenant then changed his mind, and ordered him to come up and make me a close prisoner in the gunroom, and not allow me to come near any one, nor even to speak with one of my countrymen.

With this he hurried up on the upper gun deck, where orders were given to throw all the hammocks and bags into the ship's hold, break down all cabin and berth partitions, break up and throw overboard all the cow and sheep pens, and clear the deck fore and aft for action. Every ship was now in its station for battle, rushing across the Mediterranean for the Turkish shore, watching to see and grapple with their deadly foe.

When all the preparations were made for battle, one of my countrymen, in the absence of the master-at-arms, ventured to speak with me through the musket gratings of the gunroom, to warn me of the perilous position I should be placed in when the French fleet hove in sight, unless I submitted and acknowledged myself ready to take my former station (second captain of one of the big guns on the fore-castle), and fight the Frenchmen, as he and the rest of my countrymen were about to do. I endeavored to show him how unjustifiable and inconsistent such a course would be for us as prisoners of war, and assured him that my mind was fully and clearly settled to adhere to our status and rights

as American prisoners of war, notwithstanding the perilous position I was to be placed in.

In the course of a few hours, after the lieutenant had finished his arrangements for battle, he came down to my prison-room. "Well, sir," said he, "will you take up a hammock when you are ordered again?"

I replied that I would take up one for any gentleman in the ship.

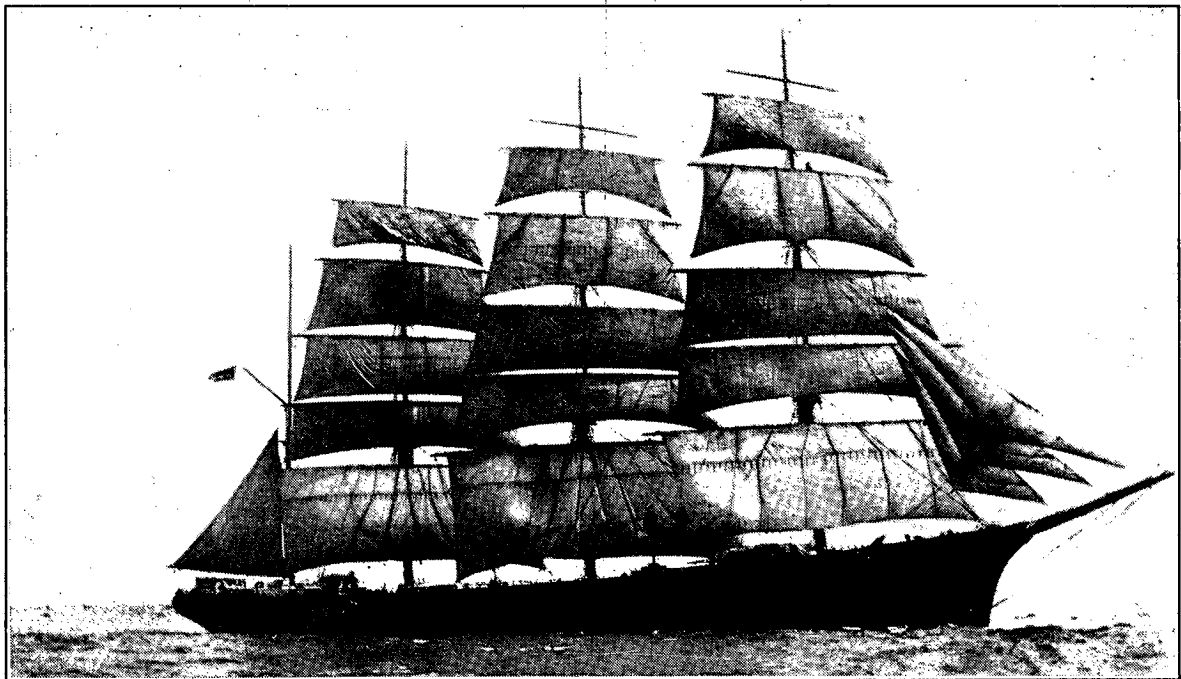
"You would, ha?"

"Yes, sir."

Without inquiring who I considered gentlemen, he ordered me released. My countrymen were somewhat surprised to see me so soon a prisoner at large.

The first lieutenant is next in command to the captain, and presides over all the duties of the ship during the day, and keeps no watch, whereas all other officers do. As we had not yet seen the French fleet, the first lieutenant was aware that my case would have to be reported to the captain; in which case if I, as an acknowledged prisoner of war, belonging to the United States, were allowed to answer for myself, his unlawful, abusive, and ungentlemanly conduct would come to the captain's knowledge; hence his willingness to release me.

The British fleet continued their course across the Mediterranean for the Turkish coast, until they were satisfied that the French fleet was not to the west of them. They then steered north and east (to meet them), until we arrived off the harbor of Toulon, where we saw them all snugly moored and dismantled in their old winter quarters, their officers and crew undoubtedly highly gratified that the ruse they had practised had so well effected their design; namely, to start the British squadron out of their snug winter quarters to hunt for them over the Mediterranean Sea. They had remantled, and sailed out of their harbor, and chased our few lookout ships a distance down the Mediterranean, and then, unperceived by them, returned and dismantled again.



Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE "ROANOKE"

This large, four-masted wooden ship was destroyed by fire at sea.

Mutiny on the High Seas

AFTER the naval officers had retained us as prisoners of war for about eight months, we, with others who continued to refuse all solicitation to rejoin the British service, were sent to Gibraltar, and thence to England, and finally locked up on board an old sheer-hulk, called the "Crown Princen," formerly a Danish 74-gun ship, a few miles below Chatham dockyard, and seventy miles from London. Here were many others of like description, many of them containing prisoners. Here about seven hundred prisoners were crowded between two decks, and locked up every night, on a scanty allowance of food and in crowded quarters.

Cut off from all intercourse except floating news, a plan was devised to obtain a newspaper, which often relieved us in our anxious desponding moments, although we had to feel the pressing claims of hunger for it. The plan was this:

One day in each week we were allowed salt fish; this we sold to the contractor for cash, which we paid to one of our enemies to smuggle us in one of the weekly journals from London. This being common stock, good readers were chosen to stand in an elevated position and read aloud. It was often interesting and amusing to see the rush to hear every word of American news, several voices crying out, "Read *that* over again, we could not hear it distinctly;" and the same from another and another quarter. Good news from home often cheered us more than our scanty allowance of food. If more means had been required for the paper, I believe another portion of our daily allowance would have been freely offered rather than give it up.

Our daily allowance of bread consisted of coarse brown loaves from the bakery, served out every morning. At the beginning of the severe cold weather, a quantity of ship biscuit was deposited on board for our use in case the weather or ice should prevent the soft bread from coming daily. In

the spring, our first lieutenant or commander ordered the biscuit to be served out to the prisoners, and directed that one quarter of the daily allowance should be deducted, because nine ounces of biscuits were equal to twelve ounces of soft bread. We utterly refused to receive the biscuit, or hard bread, unless he would allow us as many ounces as he had of the soft. At the close of the day he wished to know again if we would receive the bread on his terms.

"No! no!"

"Then I will keep you below until you comply."

Hatchways unlocked again in the morning. "Will you come up for your bread?"

"No!"

At noon again, "Will you have your meat that is cooked for you?"

"No!"

"Will you come up for your water?"

"No; we will have nothing from you until you serve us our full allowance of bread."

To make us comply, they had closed our portholes, thus depriving us of light and fresh air. Our president had also been called up and conferred with (we had a president and committee of twelve chosen, as we found it necessary to keep some kind of order). He told the commander that the prisoners would not yield.

By this time, hunger and the want of water, and especially the lack of fresh air, had thrown us into a state of feverish excitement. Some appeared almost savage; others endeavored to bear it as well as they could. The president was called for again. After a while the port where he messed was thrown open, and two officers from the hatchway came down on the lower deck and passed to his table, inquiring for the president's trunk.

"What do you want with it?" said his friends.

"The commander has sent us for it."

"What for?"

"He is going to send him on board the next prison ship."

"Do you drop it! He shall not have it!"

By this time the officers became alarmed for their safety, and attempted to make their escape up the ladder to the hatchway. A number of the prisoners, who seemed fired with desperation, stopped them, and declared on the peril of their lives that they should go no farther until the president was permitted to come down. Other portholes were now thrown open, and the commander appeared at one of them, demanding the release of his officers.

"When you release our president, we will release your officers," was the reply from within.

"If you do not release them," said the commander, "I will open these ports [all of them grated with heavy bars of iron] and fire in upon you."

"Fire away!" was the cry from within; "we may as well die this way as by famine; but, mark, if you kill one prisoner, we will have two for one as long as they last."

His officers now began to beg him most pitifully not to fire, "for if you do," said they, "they will kill us; they stand here around us with their knives open, declaring if we stir one foot they will take our lives."

The president, being permitted to come to the port, begged his countrymen to shed no blood on his account, for he did not desire to remain on board the ship any longer, and he entreated that for *his* sake the officers be released.

Double-plank bulkheads at each end of our prison-rooms; with musket holes in them to fire in upon us if necessary, separated us from the officers, sailors, and soldiers. Again we were asked if we would receive our allowance of bread.

"No!" Some threats were thrown out by the prisoners that the commander would hear from us before morning.

About ten o'clock at night, when all were quiet but the guard and watch on deck, a torchlight was made by setting some soap grease on fire in tin pans. By the aid of this light, a heavy oak stanchion was taken down, which served us for a battering-ram. Then, with our large, empty tin water cans for drums, and tin pails, kettles, pans, and pots, with spoons for drumsticks, and whatever would make a stunning noise, the torchlights and battering-ram moved

onward to the after bulkhead that separated us from the commander and his officers, soldiers, and their families.

For a few moments the ram was applied with power, and so successfully that consternation seized the sleepers, and they fled, crying for help, declaring that the prisoners were breaking through upon them. Without stopping for them to rally and fire in upon us, a rush was made for the forward bulkhead, where a portion of the ship's company, with their families, lived. The application of the battering-ram was quite as successful here, so that all our enemies were now as wide awake as their hungry, starving prisoners, devising the best means for their defense.

Here our torchlights went out, leaving us in total darkness in the midst of our so far successful operations. We grouped together in huddles, to sleep, if our enemies would allow us, until another day should dawn to enable us to use our little remaining strength in obtaining, if possible, our full allowance of bread and water.

The welcome fresh air and morning light came suddenly upon us by an order from the commander to open our portholes, unbar the hatchways, and call the prisoners up to get their bread. In a few minutes it was clearly understood that our enemies had capitulated by yielding to our terms, and were now ready to make peace by serving us with our full allowance of bread.

While one from each mess of ten was up getting the three days' allowance of brown loaves, others were at the tank filling their tin cans with water, so that in a short time a great and wonderful change had taken place among us. On most amicable terms of peace with all our keepers, grouped in messes of ten, with three days' allowance of bread and cans filled with water, we ate and drank, laughed and shouted immoderately over our great feast and our vanquished foe. The wonder was that we did not kill ourselves with over-eating and drinking.

The commissary, on hearing of the state of things, sent orders from the shore to the commander to serve out our bread forthwith.

Scuttling the Ship

OUR keepers were in the habit of examining the inside of our prison every evening, before we were ordered up to be counted down, to ascertain whether we were cutting through the ship to gain our liberty. We observed that they seldom stopped at a certain place on the lower deck, but passed it with a slight examination. On examining this place, a number of us decided to cut a hole here if we could effect it without detection by the soldier who was stationed but a few inches above where we must come out and yet have room above water.

Having nothing better than a common table knife fitted with teeth, after some time we sawed out a heavy three-inch oak plank, which afterward served us successfully for a cover when our keepers were approaching. We now began to demolish a very heavy oak timber, splinter by splinter. Even this had to be done with great caution, that the soldier might not hear us on the outside. While one was at work in his turn, others were watching, that our keepers might not approach and find the hole uncovered. About forty were engaged in this work. Before the heavy timber was splintered out, one of our number obtained the cook's iron poker. This was a great help in prying off small splinters around the heavy iron bolts.

In this way, after laboring between thirty and forty days, we reached the copper on the ship's bottom, two to three feet from the top of our cover, at an angle of about twenty-five degrees downward. By working the poker through the copper on the upper side of the hole, we learned to our joy that it came out beneath the stage where the soldier stood. Then on opening the lower side of the hole, the water flowed in some, but not in sufficient quantities to sink the ship for some time, unless by change of wind and weather she became more unsteady in her motion, and rolled the hole under water,

in which case we should doubtless have been left to share her fate. The commander had, before this, stated that if by any means the ship caught fire from our lights in the night, he would throw the keys of our hatchways overboard, and leave the ship and us to burn and perish together. Hence we had chosen officers to extinguish every light at 10 P. M.

Sunday afternoon, while I was at work in my turn, enlarging the hole in the copper, a shout of hundreds of voices from the outside so alarmed me for fear that we were discovered, that in my hurry to cover up the hole the poker slipped from my hands through the hole into the sea. The hole covered, we made our way with the rushing crowd up the long stairway to the upper deck, to learn the cause of the shouting. The circumstances were these:

Another ship like our own, containing American prisoners, was moored about one eighth of a mile from us. People from the country, in their boats, were visiting the prison ships, as was their custom on Sundays, to see what American prisoners looked like. Soldiers with loaded muskets, about twenty feet apart, on the lower and upper stages outside the ship, were guarding the prisoners' escape. One of the countrymen's boats, rowed by one man, lay fastened to the lower stage, at the foot of the main gangway ladder, where one of these soldiers was on guard.

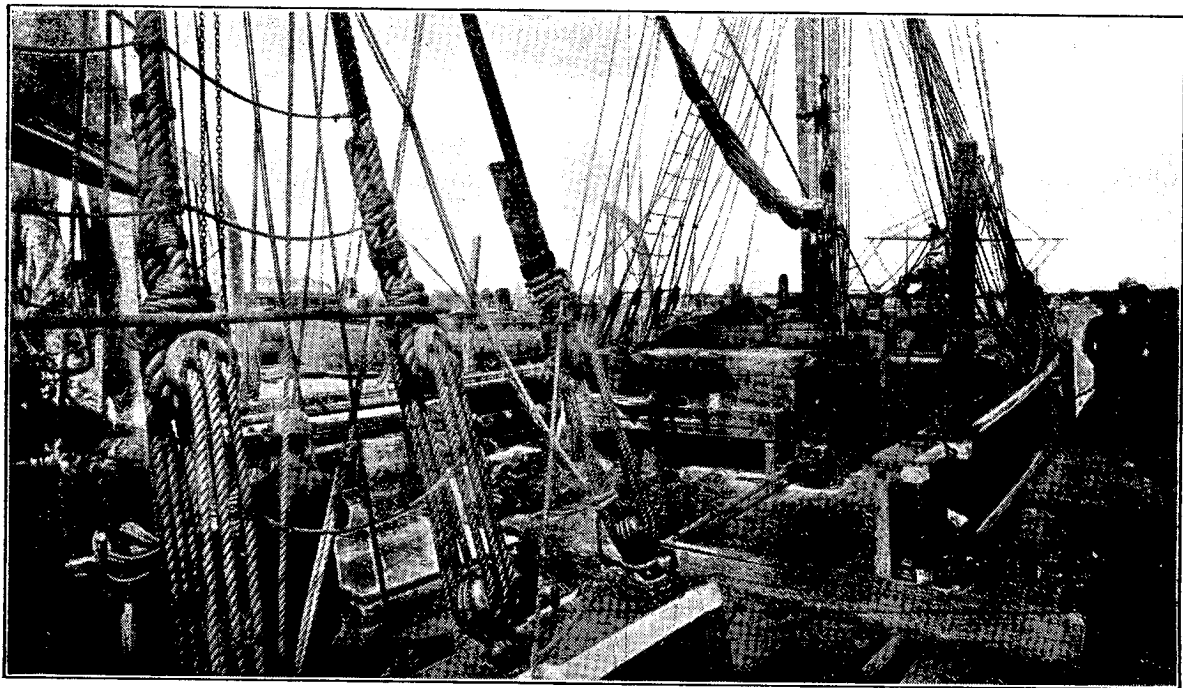
A tall, athletic Narraganset Indian, who, like the rest of his countrymen, was ready to risk his life for liberty, caught sight of the boat, and watching the English officers who were walking the quarter-deck, as they turned their backs to walk aft, bolted down the gangway ladder, clinched the soldier, musket and all, and crowded him under the thwarts, cleared the boat, grasped the two oars, and with the man (who most likely would have shot him before he could have cleared himself) under his feet, he shaped his course for the opposite, unguarded shore, about two miles distant!

The soldiers, seeing their comrade, with all his ammunition, snatched from his post and stowed away in such a summary manner, and moving out of their sight like a streak over the water by the giant power of this North American Indian,

were either so stunned with amazement at the scene, or it may be with fear of another Indian after them, that they failed to hit him with their shots. Well-manned boats, with sailors and soldiers, were soon dashing after him, firing and hallooing to bring him to; all of which seemed only to animate and nerve him to ply his oars with Herculean strength.

When his fellow prisoners saw him moving away from his pursuers in such a giantlike manner, they shouted and gave him three cheers. The prisoners on board our ship followed with three more. This was the noise which I had heard while working at the hole. The officers were so exasperated at this that they declared if we did not cease this cheering and noise they would lock us down below. We therefore stifled our voices, that we might be permitted to see the poor Indian make his escape.

Before reaching the shore, his pursuers gained on him so that they shot him in his arm (we were told), which made it difficult to ply the oar; nevertheless, he reached the shore, sprang from the boat, and cleared himself from all his pursuers, and was soon out of reach of their musket balls. Rising to our sight upon an inclined plane, he rushed on, bounding over hedges and ditches like a chased deer, and without doubt would have been out of sight of his pursuers in a few hours, and gained his liberty, had not the people in the country rushed upon him from various quarters, and delivered him up to his pursuers, who brought him back, and for some days locked him up in the dungeon. Poor Indian! he deserved a better fate.



DECK SCENE ON A WHALING SHIP

Efforts for Freedom Frustrated

THE prisoners now understood that the hole was completed, and a great many were preparing to make their escape. The committee men decided that those who had labored to cut the hole should have the privilege of going first. They also selected four judicious and careful men, who could not swim, to take charge of the hole, and help out all who wished to go.

With some difficulty we at length obtained some tarred canvas, with which we made ourselves small bags, just large enough to hold our jacket, shirt, and shoes; then we fastened a stout string, about ten feet long, to the end, and in the other end made a loop to pass around the neck. With hat and trousers on, and bag in one hand, and the other fast hold of our fellow, we took our rank and file for a desperate effort for liberty. At the given signal (10 P. M.), every light was extinguished, and the men bound for liberty were in their stations.

Soldiers, with loaded muskets, as already described, were on guard all around the ship, above and below. Our landing place, if we reached it, was about half a mile distant, with a continuous line of soldiers just above high-water mark. The heads of those who passed out would come only a few inches from the soldiers' feet, that is, with a grating stage between.

A company of good singers stationed themselves at the after porthole where the soldier stood that was next to the one over the hole. Their interesting sailor and war songs took the attention of the two soldiers to some extent, and a glass of strong drink now and then drew them to the porthole, while those inside made believe drink. While this was working, the committee were putting the prisoners through, feet foremost, and as their bag-string began to draw, they

slipped that out also, being thus assured that they were shaping their course for the shore.

In the meantime, when the ship's bell was struck, denoting the lapse of another half hour, the soldier's loud cry would resound, "All's well!" The soldier that troubled us the most would take his station over the hole and shout, "All's well!" Then when he stepped forward to hear the sailors' song, the committee would put a few more through, and he would step back and cry again, "All's well!" It surely was most cheering to our friends while struggling for liberty in the watery element, to hear behind and before them the peace-and-safety cry, "All's well!"

Midnight came; the watch was changed, the cheering music had ceased. The stillness that reigned without and within retarded our work. At length it was whispered along the ranks that the few who had passed out during the stillness had caused great uneasiness among the soldiers, and they judged it best for no more to attempt to leave for fear of detection. It was also near daylight, and we might better retire quietly to our hammocks.

Edmond Allen and myself, of New Bedford, covenanted to go and keep together. We had kept hold of each other during the night, and had advanced near the hole when it was thought best for no more to go. In the morning the cover was off, and Allen was among the missing. The committee reported seventeen, and Allen made eighteen who had passed out during the night.

The prisoners were greatly elated over the night's successful movement, and took measures to keep the hole undiscovered for another attempt at 10 P. M. the next night.

We were confined between two decks, with no communication after we were counted down at night and locked up. During the day some tools were obtained, and a scuttle was cut through the upper deck, and covered up, undiscovered. Word was then circulated among the prisoners to go up from the upper deck as soon as the soldiers ordered the prisoners up to be counted down for the night. But those on the lower deck were to move tardily, so that those on the

upper deck might be counted down before the lower deck was cleared. This was done, and eighteen that had just been counted, slipped through the scuttle unperceived by the soldiers, mingled with the crowd up the lower-deck ladder, and were counted over again. At 10 P. M. the lights were again extinguished, and the ranks formed for another attempt to escape.

On taking our station at 10 P. M., it was whispered along our ranks that two men not of our number were waiting at the hole, insisting that they go first or they would raise a cry and prevent any one from going. They had been drinking, and would not be reasoned with. It was finally settled to let them go. The first was put through very quietly, saying to his drunken companion, "I will hold onto the ship's rudder rings until you come." The second man, not being much of a swimmer, sank like a log, and rose up under the stage, splashing and struggling for life. Said the soldier to his next companion, "Here's a porpoise."

"Put your bayonet into him," replied he.

"I will," said the first, "if he comes up again."

By this time we were all listening with almost breathless attention, fearing our chance for liberty was about gone. Up he came again. We heard the rush and then the cry, "Don't kill me! I'm a prisoner."

"Prisoner? prisoner? where did you come from?"

"Out of a hole in the ship."

The soldier cried, "Here's a prisoner overboard! Prisoners are getting out of the ship!"

"Prisoners are getting out of the ship!" was the quick response of all the watchmen.

All hands came rushing on the deck. In a few moments our vigilant commander came running from his bed frantically inquiring, "Where?" and hearing the sound outside he rushed down the accommodation ladder, crying out, "How many have gone?" One of the prisoners, who felt disposed to quicken our chief captain's speed, put his face to the grating hole, and cried out, "About forty, I *guess*."

In quick succession, the night signals of distress brought well-manned boats to pick them up.

"Where shall we pull?"

"Here, there, all around."

"Do you find any?"

"No, sir; no, sir."

Orders were now given to land a body of men, and surround Gelingham forest, where they supposed the "forty" must have escaped, explore it in the morning, and take them on board. We were much amused to see what full credit the commander gave to the prisoner's "guess."

After making these arrangements, they got the drowning man on deck, and demanded of him to state the facts; but he was so far gone with the large draughts of salt water which he had swallowed, somewhat mixed up with his rum, and the dreadful fear of being harpooned with a soldier's bayonet, that he failed to satisfy them, only that there was a hole in the ship, from which he passed out. One of the boats at length found it, pushed a long iron rod inside, and remained there watching until morning.

When we were permitted to go on deck in the morning, poor Johnson was lying tied to a stake floating in the water near the beach. All that we could learn was, that the string of his bag was fast around his left wrist, below which his hand was nearly cut off. Some of his friends knew that he had a sharp knife in the pocket of his pants, which was missing when he was found near the shore. Fastening his bag on his wrist instead of his neck, was doubtless a great hindrance to his getting away from the boats. In attempting to cut this string, we supposed he cut his wrist, and thus bled to death by the time he reached the shore.

We were kept on deck all day, without food, mustered by name, and strictly examined to see if we answered to our original descriptions. When it was clearly ascertained that eighteen living men had escaped the night previous to the discovery of the hole, and the full number of prisoners still reported on board, the British officers were arrested for

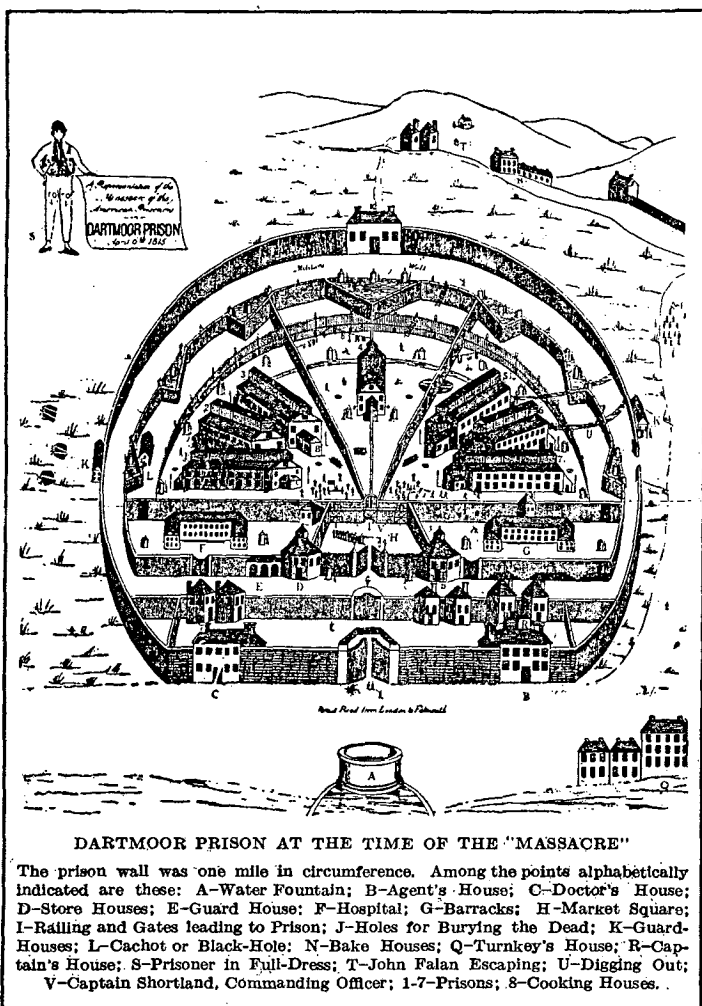
making a false report, but released again on our president's declaring how the affair was managed.

The following day the king's carpenters from Chatham were sent on board with their tools and a heavy stick of timber to plug up the hole. While they were busy cutting and pounding, some of the prisoners picked up a few of their loose tools and began to cut another hole, equally good, on the opposite side of the ship, and finished it before the carpenters had closed up the other. The soldiers outside ascribed the noise to the king's carpenters.

That night a number of us stationed ourselves at this hole to watch for an opportunity to escape, and remained there until about four o'clock in the morning. The copper having been cut off in a great hurry, ragged and sharp points were left. To prevent these points from mangling our flesh, we fastened a woolen blanket to the lower side to slip out on. Besides the vigilant guard, a boat was pulling around the ship during the night, with one man in the center, sounding the side of the ship, under the lower stage, with a long iron rod. The rod continued to strike on each side of the hole during the night, but failed to find the place.

Before daylight one of our number ventured to slip out, just after the boat passed, to ascertain whether the night was light, or dark enough to escape detection by swimming astern of the ship before the boat could get around. After pulling him in, he said the night was clear, and he could see a great distance on the water. We therefore concluded to wait until the following night.

By negligence of our committee, the blanket was left with the end floating in the water. This was discovered by the boatmen soon after daylight. "Here's another hole on this side of the ship!" and in came the iron rod, blasting all our hopes of escape from this quarter. To repair these damages, a portion of food was deducted from our daily allowance, and continued to be withheld for some time.



Courtesy "Literary Digest"

DARTMOOR PRISON, ENGLAND

"A dreary waste, some fifteen miles inland from old Plymouth harbor."

Immured in the Dungeons of Dartmoor

OUR boasting commander began to be sorely troubled for the safety of himself and his family. It seemed almost certain that these audacious, daring Yankees would yet sink their prison ships if they did not gain their liberty. I was told that he declared he would sooner take charge of six thousand French prisoners than six hundred Yankees.

After all their search for the eighteen who had escaped, a letter came from London, directed to the commander of the "Crown Princen" prison ship, informing him of the happy escape of every one of them, and of their safe arrival, seventy miles, at the city of London; and that it would be useless for him to trouble himself about them, for they were on the eve of sailing on a foreign voyage. They gave him to understand that they should remember his unkind treatment.

From this, the British government began to talk of sending us all to Dartmoor prison, a dreary waste some fifteen miles inland from old Plymouth harbor, where we should find some trouble in getting outside the massive walls and dungeons that were so strongly fortified.

In 1814 the American prisoners continued to pour in from Halifax, from the West India Islands, and from other parts of the world. Their state was miserable, indeed, for want of proper and decent clothing, especially the soldiers. It was distressing to see them in their tattered rags, many of them having their dirty woolen blankets wrapped around them to shield them from the cold storms. Statements were sent to the United States, which at length aroused the government to take measures to provide their prisoners with suitable clothing.

Mr. Beasley, acting agent for the United States in London, was empowered to attend to this matter for his suffering countrymen. He sent a London Jew with his boxes of ready-made or basted clothing, and a stripling of a clerk to deal them out to us according to his judgment; so that some who were not needy were supplied with a whole suit, while others who were much in want were turned away. The prisoners remonstrated with Mr. Beasley by letter, but he justified his agent, and paid little or no attention to our grievances.

After I had remained a prisoner of war over a year, the British government paid us our small pittance of wages, which enabled me to furnish myself with clothing and some extra food as long as the money lasted. My father was favored with an opportunity to send to an agent in London to furnish me with means from time to time. The agent sent me \$20, which sum was most gladly received. Soon after this, the American prisoners were sent off to Dartmoor, and I heard no more from him.

It was in the summer of 1814 that we were sent in large drafts (groups) by sea to Plymouth, and thence to Dartmoor. Soon we numbered, as we were told, 6,000. The double stone walls, about fourteen feet high, broad enough for hundreds of soldiers to walk on guard, formed a half moon, with three separate yards containing seven massive stone buildings, capable of holding from 1,500 to 1,800 men each. The center building was appropriated to colored prisoners.

These buildings stood on the slope of a hill, fronting the east, affording us a prospect of the rising sun; but the sun was shut out from our view long before sunset. A large number of similar buildings lay above us on the west, separated by heavy iron palings, and occupied for barracks, store, and dwelling-houses for our keepers, and a hospital. On these three sides one of the most dreary wastes, studded with ledges of rocks and low shrubs, met our view as far as the eye could reach. Surely it was rightly named *Dartmoor*.

The prisons were three-story buildings, with a flight of stone steps at each end, open in the center. There was one

iron-grated porthole in each gable end. We were guarded by 600 soldiers; in the morning we were counted out, and at sunset we were driven in. It was quite a sight, when the sun shone, to see those who desired to keep themselves decent, seated in groups about the yard, clearing their blankets and beds from vermin.

On hearing of the arrival of a fresh contingent, the prisoners would crowd up to the gates, and make a lane for all to pass through; and as they passed, some of them would recognize their friends.

"Halloo, Sam! Where did you come from?"

"Marblehead."

"Any more left?"

"No; I was the last one."

In this way many were recognized. It was often stated that nearly all the Marblehead sailors were prisoners.

During the winter, Agent Beasley's men appeared again to supply us with clothing, which was done much more to our satisfaction this time.

Religious meetings were held in the colored prison nearly every Sunday, and some of the prisoners professed to be converted, and were baptized in a small pool of water in the yard. This pool was ordinarily used by the soldiers in washing their clothes. The source of the water supply in the pool was a reservoir on the hill.

December, 1814, brought us the cheering intelligence that a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain had been signed by the plenipotentiaries at Ghent, on the Continent of Europe. Those who were never doomed to imprisonment in dark and dreary Dartmoor can appreciate nothing respecting our feelings. Yet we were held in suspense while a frigate was dispatched across the ocean to obtain President Madison's signature. In February, 1815, the frigate returned with the treaty ratified. Shoutings of rapturous joy rang through our gloomy dungeons, such as most likely will never be heard there again. What! about to be liberated, go to our native country, and gather around the

LIFE OF JOSEPH BATES

paternal fireside once more? Yes; this hope was in us, and it seemed sometimes as if we were almost there.

It was supposed that there were about two hundred of us in Dartmoor who had come from the British navy. This was a tacit acknowledgment, on their part, of our impressment. Some of these had served the British government thus as virtual slaves on naval vessels for from twenty to thirty years. As we had not taken up arms against Great Britain, we sent up a respectful petition to the British Parliament, asking a mitigation of our sufferings or an honorable release. This was strongly objected to by the noble lords, on the ground that they had trained us in their naval tactics, and if we were liberated before the close of the war, we would, as a matter of course, enter the United States Navy, and teach them how we learned to fight. That, said they, would be putting sticks into our hands, wherewith to break their heads.



A Subterranean Passage

ABOUT this time [early in 1815] the prisoners in one of the prisons began the Herculean task of opening a subterranean passage to the outside of the prison walls, to obtain their liberty. To accomplish this, one of the large, heavy flagging stones on the ground floor was raised, and the work begun of scratching the dirt into small bags, and packing it snugly away under the flight of stone steps which reached up to the third loft, planked up on the back side. To effect this, one of the planks had to be removed, but was carefully replaced, and also the flagging stone, before morning, subject to the critical inspection of the turnkeys after all the prisoners were counted out.

The length of the passage from under the foundation of the prison to the first wall across the prison yard (as nearly as I can remember) was about one hundred feet; from there to the outer wall was about twenty feet more. These walls, we were told, were fourteen feet high, and two feet below the surface of the ground, and were broad enough for the soldiers on guard to pass and repass on the top.

A friend of mine, Capt. L. Wood, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, who lived in this prison, and with whom I had frequent intercourse, informed me about the work, and of how difficult it was to enter that stifling hole after they had progressed some distance, and return with a small bag of dirt. Said he, "Their faces are almost black, and they are nearly exhausted for want of air," but still another would rush in, and presently return with a full bag. In this manner they continued their night work, undiscovered, until they reached and dug under the foundation of the first and second, or outer, walls. Many now prepared themselves with knives and such deadly weapons as they could defend themselves

with, determined to fight their way, at the risk of their lives, to the seacoast, and seize upon the first vessel or boats and steer for the coast of France.

Before they broke the ground outside of the outer wall for as many as desired to pass out, one following the other in the darkness of the night, one of the prisoners, being acquainted with their proceedings, informed on them. Suddenly armed soldiers and officers came into the prison yard with their informer in their midst, who pointed to the place over the dark passage, which they soon broke in, and thus in a few moments it was filled with stones and dirt from the stone-paved yard, and the traitor carefully conveyed out under guard for fear the prisoners would seize him and tear him in pieces. The governor gave him his liberty, and we heard no more about him.

On the arrival of the frigate from the United States, bringing the ratified treaty of peace between us and Great Britain, we learned that Mr. Beasley had resumed his functions as United States consul in London, and was instructed by our Government to procure suitable ships to convey the American prisoners from England to the United States. After we had waited for a considerable length of time, Mr. Beasley was addressed in behalf of the Dartmoor prisoners, to know why the ships did not come. His reply was very unsatisfactory. Again we expressed our surprise at his seeming neglect of us, when nearly two months had expired since the treaty of peace was ratified, and no relaxation of our sufferings. His reply was far from relieving us. At length the prisoners became so exasperated at his wilful neglect of them, that they erected a gallows in the prison yard, and hung and then burned Mr. Beasley in effigy. As the English periodicals began to herald this matter, Mr. Beasley woke up and expostulated with us for daring to take such liberties with his character. We gave him to understand that he was instructed to relieve and release us from imprisonment, and we were still waiting for the event.

Our governor, who bore a commission as post captain in the British navy, also undertook to take advantage of us, by

ordering that the prisoners consume the hard ship bread that had been stored for them in the winter in case soft bread could not be procured. This was not objected to, provided they would give us as many ounces of hard bread as we had been receiving of the soft bread. This, Governor Shortland objected to, and said we should not have so much by one third. This was what the commander of the prison ship had attempted to do with us the year before, and failed. We unhesitatingly objected to Governor Shortland's proposals. He said we should have that or none. We claimed our full allowance or none. We continued thus two days without bread, all the while facing an ominous threat that, if we did not yield, our water would be withheld also.

It was now the 4th of April, 1815. Governor Shortland left that day on a visit for a few days, thinking that probably by the time he returned we would be hungry enough to accede to his terms. But before sunset, the time fixed for turning us in to be locked up for another dismal night, a great portion of the prisoners were becoming so exasperated with their downtrodden and starving condition that when the soldiers and turnkeys came to order us in to be locked up, we refused to obey until they gave us our bread.

"Go into your prisons!" they cried.

"No, we will not until we get our bread!"

Soldiers were called to arms, and with their colonel and second in command, were arranged above the iron gateway, overlooking the great public square containing the hospital and storehouses where our bread was stored. On the lower side of this square was another iron fence and locked-up iron gateway, which was the line of demarcation between us and our keepers. Here was a narrow passageway about ten feet wide and thirty long, where all the prisoners, when out of their prisons, were continually passing and repassing into yards Nos. 1, 4, and 7, containing the seven-prison houses prepared to accommodate about ten thousand prisoners.

As darkness came on, the excitement had become general on both sides, and the narrow passageway was so crowded that it was difficult to pass. The pressure at length became

so heavy that the lock of the great folding gateway broke, and the gates flew open. In a few moments the prisoners, unarmed and without any preconcerted plan, were treading on forbidden ground, filling up the public square, and crowding up to the great iron gateway on the opposite side of the square, on the other side of which stood the colonel in command, with his regiment of armed soldiers, commanding the prisoners to retire or he would fire upon them.

"Fire away!" cried the prisoners, as they crowded in front of the soldiers; "we would as lief die by sword as by famine."

The colonel, still more unwilling to fire, wished to know what we wanted.

"We want our bread, sir."

"Well, retire quietly to your respective prisons, and something shall be done about it."

"No, sir, we will not leave until we get our full allowance of bread."

The colonel ordered the contractor to serve the prisoners with their full allowance of soft bread. About nine in the evening the various messes had all received their bread. The prisoners then quietly entered their respective prisons, and began satiating their appetite on the coarse brown loaves and cold water, commending in the highest terms the cool, courageous, and gentlemanly manner in which the colonel had received us and granted our request.

Liberty at Last

ABOUT three weeks after this, the long-looked-for news came; namely, that a cartel (ship) had arrived in Plymouth for a draft of prisoners. As I was among the first on the prisoners' list at this time, I was called up and mustered out with a draft of about two hundred fifty.

We were liberated from the Dartmoor prison on the morning of the 27th of April, 1815, just five years to a day from the time I was impressed in Liverpool. I had spent about two years and a half in actual service in the British navy, and two and a half as a prisoner of war. The western gate of our dreary place of confinement was at length thrown open, and the soldiers were ordered to march out with the prisoners.

As we ascended the heights of Dartmoor, we turned to look back on that dark and massive pile of stone buildings where we had suffered so many privations, and then forward to the western horizon, which could now for the first time since our confinement be seen stretching away in the distance toward our native country, where were our paternal homes and dear friends.

Our mingled emotions of oppressive bondage on the one hand, and unbounded liberty on the other, were more easily felt than described. Wearing an old pair of worn-out shoes, I stooped to relash them on my feet, and felt myself competent to perform what to us in our weak state was a tedious journey. But the joyful feelings of liberty, and the pleasing anticipation of soon greeting our dear friends, though an ocean of three thousand miles in width divided us, cheered us onward to the city of old Plymouth. The people stared at us, and no marvel, for I presume they had never seen so motley a company of men pass through their city before.

Boats were waiting, and before night we were embarked on board the cartel. This was an English merchant ship

of 400 tons' burden, called the "Mary Ann," of London, commanded by Captain Carr, with temporary berths between decks to accommodate about two hundred eighty persons. Some officers who had been on parole joined us at Plymouth, which swelled our number to two hundred eighty.

Our berths on board the cartel were much crowded together, and were prepared with a narrow passageway, just wide enough to admit of our passing up on deck and down, rank and file. The next morning we weighed anchor, and passed out of the harbor under a cloud of sail, with a fair wind. Very soon we took our departure from old England, and were glad enough to find ourselves on the wide ocean, and steering westward.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on board until we reached the eastern edge of the celebrated Banks of Newfoundland, except our meeting with the little sea larks (sea gulls) which came fluttering in our wake, seemingly overjoyed to find another ship and her company on the ocean, from which they could obtain their daily allowance of food. How they rest in the night, if they do at all, is the marvel! Sailors call them "Mother Carey's chickens," perhaps in honor of a good old lady by that name for her kind care of and sympathy toward poor sailors.

When a few days out, we learned from the captain that Mr. Beasley, our consul at London, had chartered this ship to land us at City Point (a long distance up the James River, Virginia), and load with tobacco for London. We considered this a cruel and unwarrantable act of Mr. Beasley's, for only about six of our number would be accommodated, while the rest would have to travel hundreds of miles to reach their homes in New York and New England, if they could beg their way. We expostulated with the captain, but he declared he would not deviate from his charter to land us at any other place. The freed prisoners declared, on the other hand, that his ship should never carry us to City Point; whereupon arrangements were soon made among us in a private manner, in case of a revolution in our floating castle, who the captain and officers should be.

As we approached the eastern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, about two thirds of the distance across the Atlantic Ocean, I found we were in the place where I was shipwrecked by the ice several years before, as related in a previous chapter. As this perilous place became the topic of conversation, we learned that a number among us had experienced like difficulties in passing over these banks in the spring season of the year.

Captain Carr said he had made fifteen voyages to Newfoundland, and had never seen any ice, and he did not believe there was any in our way. In the afternoon we saw a large patch of sheet ice. We asked the captain what he called that. He acknowledged that it was ice. As the night set in, the wind increased to a gale from the east. Captain Carr, unmindful of all that had been said to him respecting the danger of ice in our track, still kept the ship scudding before the gale under a close-reefed maintop sail and fore-sails, determined to have his own way rather than lay by until morning, as suggested by some of the prisoners. Some thirty of us, unwilling to trust to the captain's judgment, took our position on the bow and bowsprit of the ship to look out for ice.

At midnight the ship was driving furiously before the gale and storm, evidently without any hope of our having time to avoid ice if we should see it, and in danger of being dashed in pieces without a moment's warning. We also felt a marked change in the air.

In this dilemma we decided to take the ship from the captain and heave her to. We found him at the quarter-deck, conning the ship (seaman's language for guiding or directing a vessel by orders to the steersman). We briefly stated our dangerous position, and told him that about three hundred souls were at the mercy of his will; and now, if he did not round his ship to, *we would do it for him*. Seeing our determination to act in this matter immediately, he cried out to his crew, "Round in the larboard main brace! Put the helm astarboard!" This laid the maintop sail to the mast, and let the ship come by the wind.

This being done, the onward progress of the ship was stayed until the dawn of the morning, which showed us how narrowly we had escaped with our lives. Large islands of ice lay right in our track, and if we had continued to run before the gale, we should have been in the midst of them, in imminent danger of being dashed in pieces.

The wilfulness of Captain Carr was now evident to all, and the course we pursued in requiring him to heave the ship to was justifiable. And after the ship was again turned on her onward course, and passing these huge islands of ice, we were all stirred to watch until we had passed the Banks and were again safe in the fathomless ocean. These bodies of ice had the appearance of large cities in the distance, and had it not been for our forethought, would in all probability have been the cause of our immediate destruction.

Homeward Bound

A LARGE majority of us were satisfied that this was the best time to take the ship from the captain and proceed to New York or Boston, whence we could more readily reach our homes; for we had decided and declared, as before stated to Captain Carr, that his ship should never take us to City Point, Virginia, where his charter required him to land us. Having passed beyond all danger from ice, the most difficult point for us to decide was, which of the two ports we should steer for, if we took the ship.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, one of our company placed himself amidship upon the main hatchway, and with a stentorian voice cried out, "All you that are for New York go on the starboard side of the ship, and all that are for Boston go on the larboard side!" Sides were immediately taken, when it was declared that the greatest number were on the starboard side; hence the ship was bound for New York.

Captain Carr stood near by the man at the wheel, gazing at this unlooked-for and strange movement, when suddenly one of our number took the wheel from the helmsman. Captain Carr demanded that he should leave it immediately, and ordered his man to take the helm again. A number of us urged our friend to keep the helm, assuring him that we would protect him.

At this Captain Carr became very much enraged, saying what he would do with us if he had a crew able to cope with us. But he saw that resistance was vain; we had taken possession of the helm, and the ship therefore would no longer be steered by his direction. Seeing what was done, he called us a "rabble," "roughally," etc., for taking his ship from him on the high seas, and wished to know what we were going to do with her, and who was to be the captain.

Captain Conner, of Philadelphia, was lifted up by those who stood near him, and placed with his feet on the head

of the capstan (a cylinder four feet high, with levers to weigh the anchors, etc.).

"There is our captain!" cried the multitude.

Said Captain Carr, "Are you going to take charge of my ship, Captain Connor?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Yes, you shall!" was the unanimous cry.

"I don't want anything to do with her," said Captain Connor.

"You shall," was the loud cry, "or we will throw you overboard!"

"You hear what they say, Captain Carr. What shall I do?"

"Take her, take her, Captain Conner," said the English commander.

This being settled, Captain Carr began to call us hard names again. Some who stood near him advised him to cease and get down into his cabin as soon as possible, out of the way of danger. He did so, and order was soon restored.

Captain Conner took charge of the ship, and named three officers for mates. A number of us volunteered as sailors to man the ship, and we were divided into three watches, that every advantage might be taken to urge our ship onward for the port of New York under all the sail she could bear.

Captain Carr and crew had their liberty, and were treated kindly; but they were not allowed to interfere with the sailing of the ship. He declared that if the vessel ever arrived in the States, he would have us all arraigned before the United States court for taking his ship from him on the high seas. The idea of being deprived of our liberty and arraigned before our country for trial on our arrival, troubled us some; nevertheless we were resolved to keep charge until we arrived.

A ship was seen bearing down toward us, with American colors flying. We hoisted English colors. It was a rare sight to see one of our own country's ships, with the Stars and Stripes floating at her peak. As she came riding triumphantly within speaking distance, the cry was given,

“What ship is that? Where are you from and where bound to?”

“From the United States, bound to Europe. What ship is that?”

“The ‘Mary Ann,’ of London, a cartel with discharged American prisoners from Dartmoor, England, bound to the United States.”

A few more inquiries, and as each filled away for its onward voyage, we gave them three loud cheers, so glad were we to see the face of some one from our native country afloat on the wide ocean.

About ten days after the time we took the ship, we saw the land looming in the distance before us. As we drew near the coast, we learned to our great joy that it was Block Island, Rhode Island, about forty miles from our home. Sailboats were now pushing out from the land to get the first opportunity to pilot us in.

Some of our number thought this would be a rare chance for them to go on shore in their boats, and so got up their hammocks and bags, waiting to jump aboard when they should come along. A heavy squall was now rising out of the northwest, so the topsails were clewed down, and many hands were on the yards reefing them.

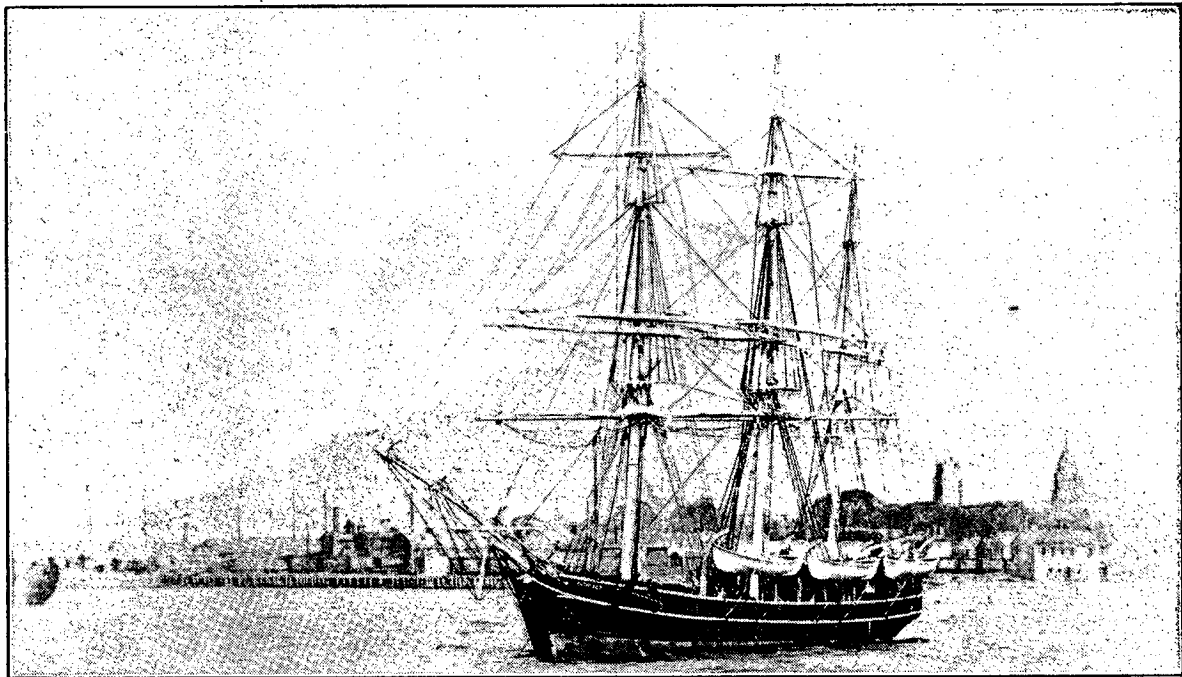
As the boats came sheering up to our side, the men on the topsail yards cried out, “Don’t you come here! for we have got the plague on board!”

The men who were in waiting for them declared we had nothing of the kind, and bade them come alongside.

A multitude of voices from the topsail yards were again saying, “Yes, we have got the plague on board, too! Don’t come here!”

The boats immediately hauled their wind and steered for the land. Nothing that we had would induce one of them to come on board, for they knew that a bare report of their doing so would subject them to a tedious quarantine.

The “plague” we had on board was this: We were expecting that Captain Carr would (as he had threatened) have us arraigned before the United States Circuit Court



THE WATERFRONT AT FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS, ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM NEW BEDFORD

for piracy on the high seas. Therefore we were unwilling to part with any of our number until we learned more about the matter, and could all scatter at one time.

The wind died away during the night, and the next morning we perceived that a heavy swell and current were setting us in between the east end of Long Island and Block Island into Long Island Sound. We now concluded that if we could get a pilot, we would pass up the Sound to New York. From some one of the many fishing smacks in sight we hoped to find one.

At length, one of the smacks was induced to come along-side. In less than five minutes she was taken possession of, while the captain and crew retreated away to the stern in amazement at the strange work that was going on. We judged that nearly one hundred of our company began throwing their bags and hammocks on board of her, and themselves after them in quick succession. They then cast off from the ship, gave us three cheers, and bore away for Newport, Rhode Island, before we could learn their object. They had no idea of being brought to trial by Captain Carr for piracy on the high seas.

As the wind was now unfavorable to proceed to New York, we concluded to go to New London, Connecticut, at which port we arrived the next forenoon, and anchored off the wharf before the town, six weeks from Plymouth, in England. A great number of us now crowded aloft for the purpose of furling all the sails at the same time. We then stood on our feet on the yards, and gave three cheers to the gazing multitude on the wharfs in New London. In a few moments more, boatloads of our joyous company, with their bags and hammocks, were crowding for the shore, leaving their captured ship and Captain Carr to find his way thence for his load of tobacco at City Point, Virginia, as best he could, or even to find us in the next twenty-four hours, if he still felt disposed to prosecute us for our so-called piratical proceedings on the ocean. Doubtless he was so wonderfully relieved at the departure of so rebellious a

group of passengers, that he had no particular desire to come into collision with them again.

The good people on the land seemed as glad to see and welcome us on shore as Captain Carr was to get rid of us. But neither party was half as glad as we were. It seemed almost too much to believe that we were actually on our own native soil once more as freemen,—free from British warships and their gloomy, dismal prisons.

After our joyful feelings in a measure subsided, we were inquiring our ways home. Within twenty-four hours a great portion of our company took passage in a packet for New York City. Four of us, without money, but by fair promises, chartered a fishing smack at two dollars a head, to carry twenty-two of us around Cape Cod to Boston, Massachusetts. This placed us beyond the reach of Captain Carr, or ever hearing from him again.

The purser of the cartel had allowed each of us about a week's amount of provision at the time we disembarked, so we might have sufficient to last us until we could reach our homes. We were highly favored with good weather, and arrived in Boston the third day from New London, when we sold our remaining stock of provisions for enough to pay our passage money. A friend and neighbor of my father's (Capt. T. Nye), being in Boston on business, lent me \$30 on my father's account, which enabled me to purchase some decent clothing in which to appear among my friends.

The next evening, June 14 or 15, 1815, I had the indescribable pleasure of being at my parental home (Fairhaven, Massachusetts), surrounded by mother, brothers, sisters, and friends, all overjoyed to see me once more in the family circle, and all of them exceedingly anxious to hear a relation of my sufferings and trials during the six years and three months that I had been absent from them; for my position on board the British warships, and in prison, for the past five years, rendered it extremely difficult, as I have before shown, for any of my letters to reach them.

It was well known that for my six and a quarter years of suffering and labor I had nothing to show but a few old, worn garments, and a little canvas bag which I have had no use for since I was prevented from swimming away from the prison ship in 1814. The relation of my experience caused the tears to flow so freely around me that we changed the subject for the time being.

My father had been told by those who thought they knew, that if ever I did return home, I would be like other drunken man-o'-war sailors. He was away from home on business when I arrived, but returned in a few days. Our meeting quite overcame him. At length he recovered and asked me if I had injured my constitution.

"No, father," I replied, "I became disgusted with the intemperate habits of the people I was associated with. I have no particular desire for strong drink," or words to this effect, which very much relieved his mind.

During my sojourn at home at this time, I renewed my acquaintance with my present companion in life, which had begun at an early age.

HOMEWARD BOUND

"OUT on an ocean all boundless, we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each is bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound."

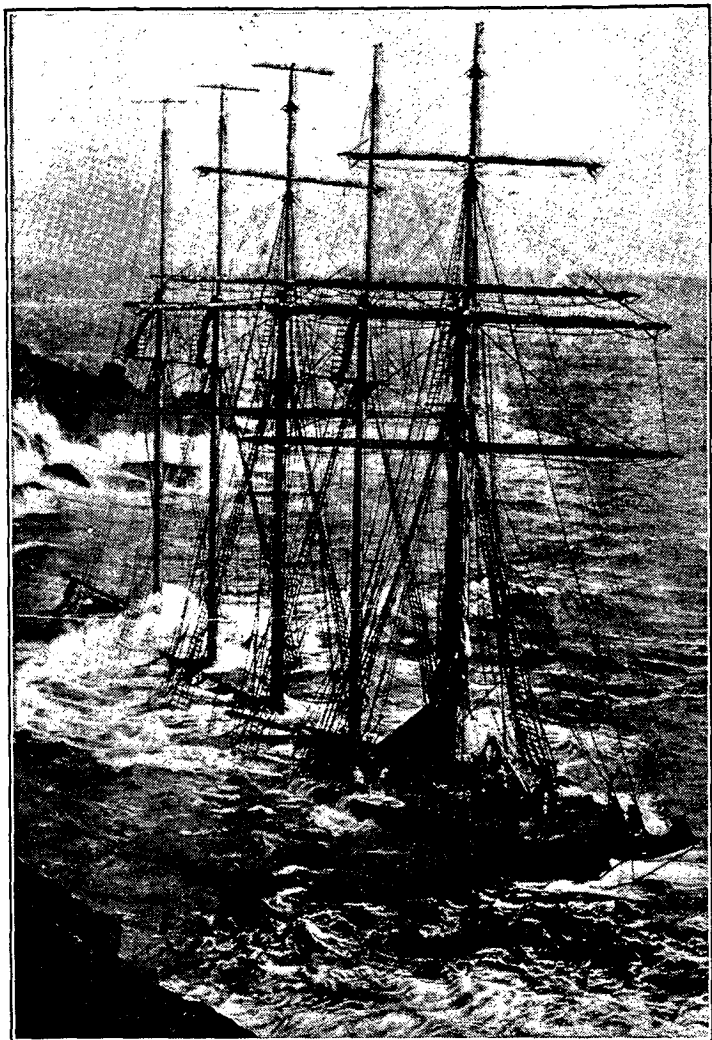


Photo by Topical

ON THE ROCKS, WITH DECKS AWASH

The ill-fated "Criterion" went ashore, and those on board abandoned her in time to save their lives.

The Ill-Fated Ship "Criterion"

A FEW weeks after my return, an old schoolmate of mine arrived at New Bedford in a new ship, and engaged me for his second mate on a voyage to Europe. We proceeded first to Alexandria, D. C., where we loaded for Bremen. We returned to Alexandria in the summer of 1816.

In the fall of 1816 I again sailed from Alexandria as chief mate of the brig "Criterion," of and for Boston, Massachusetts. There we loaded and sailed for Baltimore, where we discharged our cargo, and loaded again, and sailed for New Orleans in January, 1817. In this month began one of the severest winters known for many years.

As we sailed out of the harbor and down the river in the afternoon, we saw the ice forming around us so fast that we were in danger of being seriously injured by it. As we came to the mouth, or entrance, of the river, the pilot gave orders to prepare to anchor until daylight. The captain and I objected, and endeavored to persuade him to keep on and get out of the way of the ice. But he judged otherwise, and anchored in the Chesapeake, at the mouth of the Patapsco River, sixteen miles below Baltimore. The tide was so low that we grounded on the bank. In this situation the ice cut through our plank before the rise of the tide. All hands were hard at work from early in the morning, carrying out anchors and heaving the "Criterion" over the bank.

At flood tide we concluded we could sail over the bank if we could save our anchor. While we were getting the anchor up with the longboat, the tide turned, and the ice began to press so heavily upon us that we dropped it again and made our way to the vessel. As we came on the lee side, and were in the act of reaching to get hold of the vessel, the ice suddenly broke away from where it had been held for a few moments on the windward side, and crowded us away from her into a narrow space of clear water, which was

made by the breaking of the ice against her broadside, and passing by her bow and stern.

By the time we got our oars out to pull up to the vessel, we had drifted several rods to leeward, and the clear space of water was so narrowed that the oars lapped over on the ice, rendering them useless. We then laid hold of the broken edge of the ice to haul her up, but the ice broke in our hands so fast that we could not hold her.

The captain and pilot were doing what they could by thrusting oars, ropes, and various floating things toward us, but we drifted as fast as the things did, so that in a few moments we were completely inclosed in a vast field of ice that was hurrying us away from our vessel down the Chesapeake Bay as fast as the ebb tide and a strong northwest gale could move us.

We were all thinly clad in our working clothes, and had but little room to move about to keep ourselves from freezing. ~~We had now been in the boat from about two o'clock~~ in the afternoon. At the going down of the sun we looked every way to learn how we should direct our course if the sea should break up the ice that bound us.

We judged ourselves from twelve to fifteen miles distant from our vessel, as she was waning from our view. The distant shores to leeward appeared unapproachable on account of ice. The prospect of deliverance before another day seemed hopeless, even if any one of us should survive the bitter cold night before us. A few scattered lights to windward on the western shore of Maryland, some seven or eight miles distant, still gave us a ray of hope, though they were at the time unapproachable.

About nine o'clock in the evening the ice began to break away from us, and soon left us in the open sea. We manned our oars, and pulled for one of the lights on the windward shore, all of which were extinguished in a few hours.

After about six hours' incessant rowing against the wind and sea, the boat struck the bottom, about an eighth of a mile from the shore, so loaded with ice that had been made from the wash of the sea, both outside and in, that she filled

with water soon after we left her, and froze up, leaving her gunwale level with the ice.

The second mate waded through the water and ice to the shore to look for a house, while we were preparing to secure the boat. He soon returned with the joyful news that there was one not far off, and the family were making a fire for us. It was now three o'clock in the morning, and we had been about thirteen hours in the boat, with hardly any cessation from laboring and stirring about to keep from freezing, except the last fifteen or twenty minutes.

I now requested all to get out of the boat. 'The acute pain on getting into the water, which was about three feet deep, was indescribable, while the frost that was in us was coming to the surface of our bodies. I called again to get out of the boat, when I saw that Tom, my best man, was at the side of the boat so fast asleep, or dying with the frost, that I could not wake him. I hauled him out of the boat into the water, keeping his head up until he cried out, "Where am I?" and got hold of the boat.

One I saw was still in the boat. "Stone," said I, "why don't you get out of the boat?" "I will," said he, "as soon as I get my shoes and stockings off!" He was so bewildered he was not aware that his feet (as well as those of all the rest of us) had been soaking in water and ice all night. We got him out, and all of us started together. By the time we had broken our way through the newly made ice to the shore, we were so benumbed that we could not crawl up the cliff. I directed the sailors to follow the shore to the first opening, and I would come along with Stone as soon as I could get his shoes on.

On entering the house, I perceived there was a great fire; and the men were lying with their feet to it, writhing in agony from the acute pain in their swollen limbs. I requested them to remove from the fire. As in the good providence of God we were now all in a place of safety, and I was relieved from my almost overwhelming anxiety and suspense, I moved to the opposite corner of the room, and sank down with exhaustion. As soon as I was relieved by our kind host and

his companion, feeling still faint, I got out of the house onto the deep snow, where it seemed to me I could hardly survive the excruciating pain which was racking my whole frame, and especially my head, caused by the frost coming out of my body. Thus the Lord delivered and saved me. Thanks to His name.

By keeping away from the hot fire until the frost was out of my body, I was the only one who escaped having frozen limbs and protracted sickness. Many years after this I fell in with Tom in South America. He told me how much he had suffered, and was still suffering, since that perilous night.

Captain Merica and his companion (for this was the name of our kind friends) provided us with a warm meal, and very kindly welcomed us to their home and table. After sunrise, by the aid of a glass, we saw that the "Criterion" was afloat, drifting in the ice down the bay toward us, showing a signal of distress — colors flying half-mast. It was not possible, however, for any human being to approach her while she was in the floating ice. We expected she was in a sinking condition, as she was cut through with the ice before we were separated from her.

As the "Criterion" passed within four miles of the shore where we were, we could see the captain and pilot pacing the deck, watching to see what would be their destiny. We hoisted a signal on the cliff, but they appeared not to notice it. We saw that the "Criterion" was careened over to starboard, which kept the holes made by the ice on her larboard side out of the water. Before night the "Criterion" passed by us again, drifting up the bay with the flood tide, and so she continued to drift about for two days, until in a violent northeast snowstorm she was driven to her final destination and burying place.

When the storm abated, with the aid of a spyglass we saw the "Criterion" lying on Love Point, on the east side of the Chesapeake Bay, distant about twelve miles. As there was no communication with the sufferers only by way of Baltimore, and thence around the head of the bay, across

the Susquehanna, I decided to proceed to Baltimore, and inform the consignees and shippers of her situation. Captain Merica said it was about thirty miles distant, and a good part of the way through the woods, and over bad roads, especially then, as the snow was about one foot deep. Said he, "If you decide to go, I will lend you my horse." Said his companion, "I will lend you a dollar for your expenses."

After a fatiguing journey from morning until nine in the evening, I reached Baltimore. The consignees furnished me with money to pay our board on shore as long as we were obliged to stay, and orders to merchants in Annapolis for cables and anchors, if we needed them, to get the "Criterion" afloat again.

Some two weeks from the time we were separated from the "Criterion," the weather moderated and became more mild, and the drifting ice much broken. Captain Merica, with some of his slaves, assisted us to cut our boat out of the ice and repair her. With our crew somewhat recovered, and two stout slaves of Captain Merica's, we ran our boat on the ice until we broke through into deep water, and climbed into her. Then with our oars and borrowed sail we steered through the broken ice toward the "Criterion."

As we drew near her, we saw that she was heeled in toward the shore, and a strong current was hurrying us past her into a dangerous place, unless we could get hold of a rope to hold us.

We hailed, but no one answered. I said to the men, "Shout loud enough to be heard!" The two slaves, fearing we were in danger of being fastened in the ice, set up such a hideous noise that the cook showed his head at the upper, or weather, side, and disappeared immediately. We caught a hanging rope as we were passing her bow, which held us safely. The captain and pilot, in consternation, came rushing toward us, as I leaped on the deck of the "Criterion" to meet them.

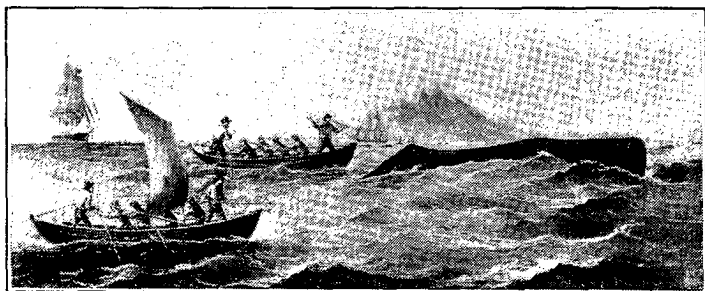
"Why," said Captain Coffin, as we grasped each other's hands, "where did you come from, Mr. Bates?"

"From the western shore of Maryland," I replied.

"Why," said he, "I expected all of you were at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay! I buried you that night you passed out of our sight, not supposing it possible for you to live through the night."

The "Criterion" had parted her cables and lost her anchor in the violent storm that drove her to the shore. Her cargo was yet undamaged. The captain and pilot consented for me to take part of the crew and return to the city of Annapolis, to procure cables and anchors. This we accomplished, but were prevented from returning for several days, on account of another driving storm, in which the "Criterion" bilged and filled with water, and those on board abandoned her in time to save their lives.

During the winter, with a gang of hired slaves (our men were on the sick list), we saved nearly all the cargo, but in a damaged state. The men who were chosen to survey the "Criterion" judged there was 170 tons of ice on her hull and rigging, caused by the sea rushing over her and freezing solid. After stripping her, in the spring, she was sold for \$20!



WHALING ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

After "catching" the whale, the sailors haul it alongside the ship. "The blubber is minced into small pieces and thrown into large iron try-pots to be tried out."

First Voyage to South America

I RETURNED to Baltimore and began another voyage as chief mate of the brig "Frances F. Johnson," of Baltimore, for South America. Our crew were all black men, the captain's peculiar choice. I often regretted that we two were the only white men on board, for we were sometimes placed in peculiar circumstances, in consequence of being in the minority.

With the exception of some dry goods, we disposed of most of our cargo in Maranham and Para. The last-mentioned place lies about one hundred miles up from the mouth of the Amazon River, the mouth of the river being on the equator. Here we took in a return cargo for Baltimore.

On our home-ward voyage we stopped at the French island of Martinique. After taking our place among the shipping near the shore, and remaining a few days, the captain and I were unexpectedly ordered on board by the commodore, who reprimanded us because we had failed to comply with a trifling point in his orders, for which he ordered us to leave the place in the morning.

We considered this ungenerous and severe, and without precedent; but we obeyed, and had but scarcely cleared ourselves from the island when a dreadful hurricane occurred (which is common in the West Indies about the autumnal equinox), causing such devastation among the shipping and seamen that in a few hours a hundred vessels were dashed in pieces at their moorings, and sank with their crews on board. Others were driven to sea in a helpless condition, leaving but two vessels saved in the harbor in the morning!

It was with much difficulty that we cleared ourselves from the island during the day, because of the sudden changes of the wind to almost every quarter of the compass. We were pretty well satisfied that a violent storm was at hand, and made what preparations we deemed necessary to meet it.

We fortunately escaped the most violent part of it, with but little damage, and arrived safely at St. Domingo.

A sloop from New York City came in a few days, the captain of which stated what I have already related respecting the storm and disaster at Martinique. Said he:

“ We arrived off the harbor of Martinique at the beginning of the hurricane, and as we were driven at the mercy of the storm, in the darkness of the night, while we were endeavoring to hold ourselves to the deck around our boat, which was lying bottom upward, strongly lashed to ringbolts in the deck, she was taken by the violence of the wind from our midst, and not one of us knew when, or how, or where she had gone.”

The miracle to them was that they survived the storm; but still more wonderful, to us, was that we, while attending to our lawful business, should in such an unexpected and unprecedented manner be driven from the place where none but the omniscient eye of Jehovah could tell of the terrible destruction that in a few hours was to come upon those we left behind. Surely, through His saving mercy and providential care, we were hurried out of that harbor just in time to be left still numbered among the living.

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

Captain Sylvester here gave me the command of the “ F. F. Johnson,” to proceed to Baltimore with the home cargo, while he remained in St. Domingo to dispose of the balance of the outward cargo.

At the time of sailing I was sick, and fearing my disease was the yellow fever, I had my bed brought up on the quarter-deck, and remained exposed to the open air by day and by night, and soon recovered my health.

We arrived safely in Baltimore the beginning of January, 1818. From there I returned to my father's, in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, having been absent from home about two years and a half. February 15, 1818, I was united in marriage to Miss Prudence M. Nye, daughter of Capt. Obed Nye.

A Stormy Passage from Sweden

SIX weeks subsequent to my marriage, I sailed on another voyage as chief mate of the ship "Frances," Captain Hitch, of New Bedford, taking command of the vessel. We proceeded to Baltimore, Maryland, where we loaded with tobacco for Bremen, in Europe. Thence we proceeded to Gottenborg, in Sweden, where we loaded again with bar iron for New Bedford, Massachusetts.

As Captain Hitch was part owner of the ship, with the prospect of making a few thousand dollars with a cargo of iron, he loaded the ship very deep, but did not seem to apprehend any particular danger until in the North Sea we encountered a violent storm. Our heavy cargo of iron, and the prevailing westerly gales, caused our ship to labor so incessantly that she began to leak very freely. We got up about twenty tons of iron and secured it on the upper deck. This eased her laboring some, but still the westerly gales prevailed, and we gained westward but slowly.

At length Captain Hitch said, "We must come on an allowance of water," and asked how much I thought we could begin with. I answered, "Two quarts a day."

"Two quarts of water a day!" said he, "why, I never drank two quarts of water a day in my life. I drink two cups of coffee in the morning, and two cups of tea at night, and two or three glasses of grog during the day [temperance societies were not known then], and that is about all I drink. I have been following the sea for about thirty years, and never yet have been put on an allowance."

I had not been so fortunate, but had been on an allowance of food five years, and several months on a short allowance of water. I said to Captain Hitch, "The very idea of being on an allowance of water will increase your desire for more." Well, he knew nothing about that, but said, "We will wait a little longer, for I don't believe I ever drank two quarts a day."

Premiaks to Board July the 23^d 1845

Wednesday the 23^d

First part M^oboats stand to the d^r at 2 o'clk fair-let the
 two top-ails & haul it at 4 o'clk got up. D^r & Sails & Bottom
 at 5 o'clk haul. Sails & shrouds haul Morning and Light M^oboats
 sail stand to the d^r & C^r at 9 o'clk got as lanes Ob C^r into North fine
 weather Lat^t Ob^s 36.41 N Long 162.39 O^r 162.45 Est

Thursday the 24th

First light breeze & Clear at 4 o'clk saw a large swarming off
 at 1 o'clk saw the Boats at 2.30 the saw Whales going back to
 the Water at 4 o'clk lowered 2 Boats Chased till sun down
 returned on board started sail Morning gentle breeze from N^W
 Made all sail & track to the d^r & P^r the Boats in sight at 7
 o'clk got as lanes Ob latter part hulk breeze sail fore-back
 Lat^t Ob^s 30.38 N Long 162.52 O^r 163.02



Friday the 25th

First hulk breeze at 2 o'clk track to the d^r & P^r Capes
 set up 4 large Cails at 4 o'clk a bottom sail Morning M^oboats
 made all sail & stand to the d^r & C^r in evening sail
 returned gentle swarming to the d^r & C^r at 9 o'clk got as lanes
 as last Lat^t Ob^s 31.34 N Long 163.31 O^r 163.29

Saturday the 26th

First part hulk breeze from N^W & C^r stand Ob^s 31.51 N
 saw Whales off on the bow at 3 o'clk lowered got part to the d^r & C^r
 boat & took line to the d^r & P^r shrouds sail Morning hulk sail
 at 7 o'clk M^oboats in sight at 9 o'clk got all low M^oboats
 sail stand to the d^r & P^r into N^W & C^r as lanes North squally fine the
 Lat^t Ob^s 29.24 N Long 163.41-43 O^r 163.47-50



Sunday 27th

First part hulk breeze & equally Commencement Drilling at 3 o'clk
 saw Whales bearing at 5 o'clk got part to the d^r & C^r into the d^r
 at 6 o'clk took line along side shrouds sail & haul N^W & P^r 21.56
 part hulk breeze from N^W & C^r Morning three Sails & Commencement
 Drilling at 9 o'clk got all in latter part M^oboats at 1 o'clk in sight to
 the d^r & C^r at 2 o'clk Lat^t Ob^s 29.49 N Long 162.15 Est



Monday the 28th

First part broad Sails stand to the d^r at 1 o'clk saw Whales off
 on the bow to the d^r & C^r lowered 2 Boats & Chased but of
 no use returned on board all hands busy Drilling & taking Care of
 Oil M^oboats part fresh breeze Morning equally some rain latter
 part fine light Drilling M^oboats & Com in latter part saw as last
 Lat^t Ob^s 30.22 N Long 163.32 Est



Courtesy The Marine Research Society

A PAGE FROM THE LOG OF THE SHIP "FRANCES," OF NEW BEDFORD,
 WHALING OFF JAPAN IN 1845

As we were still hindered in our progress, and the ship was increasing her leak, Captain Hitch said, "It is your morning watch tomorrow; I think you had better begin to measure out the water, and fasten up the water casks."

"Very well, sir," said I, "but how much shall I measure for each man?"

"Well, begin with two quarts."

This was done, and the captain's two quarts were taken to the cabin.

As I was walking the deck about seven o'clock in the evening, the after hatchway being open, I heard Captain Hitch in the dark say in a loud whisper, "Lem! you got any water? (Lemuel was a nephew of Captain Hitch, and messed in the steerage.)"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me a drink, will you?"

In a few moments I heard the captain gurgling the water down out of Lem's bottle, as if he was very thirsty, and yet it was twelve hours since his two quarts had been measured out.

At the breakfast table next morning I inquired, "Captain Hitch, how did you make out for water last night?" He smiled, and acknowledged he was mistaken. "The thought of being on an allowance, as you said, makes one feel thirsty. I never tried it before."

After encountering another heavy gale, Captain Hitch became seriously alarmed, fearing the "Frances" was too deeply laden to cross the Atlantic in safety. A council was held, which decided to relieve the ship of part of her burden by casting the twenty tons of iron overboard. In a few hours this work was accomplished, and the long bars of iron were gliding swiftly to their resting place some five or more miles below us, into what the sailors call "Davy Jones's Locker."

Twenty tons more were taken on deck. This change relieved the ship very perceptibly, and enabled her to make better progress. But still the captain was fearful of carrying a press of sail for fear her leak would increase and carry us all down to the bottom.

Our stock of provisions getting low, we came on a stated allowance of beef and bread, our small stores being about exhausted. We all began to feel anxious to get to our destined haven. At length the winds favored us, and we were making rapid progress. The last three days the wind had been increasing from the southeast, and according to our reckoning, if it continued, we should reach New Bedford in three days more, making the passage in seventy days from Gottenborg.

In this we were sadly disappointed, for by the third day at midnight the gale had increased to a dreadful height. The raging elements seemed to set at defiance every living creature that moved above the surface of the sea. In all my experience I had never witnessed such portentous signs in the heavens of a dreadful, devastating storm. The sea had risen to such an awful height that it seemed sometimes it would rush over our mastheads before our heavy-laden ship would rise to receive its towering, foaming top; and then the howling, raging wind above it, straining every stitch of sail we dared show, would dash us headlong again into the awful gulf below. All the canvas we dared show was a close-reefed maintop sail and reefed foresail. We needed more to hurry the ship off before the foaming sea, but were in great fear that the heavy gusts of wind would wrench them from the boltropes, and leave us in the power of the next sea, to be overwhelmed and sunk with our iron cargo to the bottom of the sea,

We charged the watch that were going below not to lay off any of their clothing, but be ready at a moment's warning. We considered ourselves in the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream,* one of the most dreaded places for continual storms

* The Gulf Stream is caused by a large body of water issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, and flowing northeasterly from the southeast point of the coast of Florida. In some places it passes close to the land, widening as it flows onward by our northern coast, then branching off toward the Banks of Newfoundland. Here it is sometimes several hundred miles in width, narrowing and widening as it is influenced by the heavy winds. This current sweeps along our southern coast, sometimes at the rate of three miles an hour. In passing from or approaching the coast of the United States, mariners always find the water much warmer in this stream than on either side of it. The weather is also changeable and tempestuous, such as is not found elsewhere.

on the American coast, or any other coast in the world. Cross it somewhere we must, to reach our home.

I entered the cabin for a moment to inform Captain Hitch of the increasing storm. He was unwilling to see it, but said, "Mr. Bates, keep the ship dead before the sea!" That was our only hope. Our tiller had been broken off within four feet of the rudderhead, a short time previously by a violent sea that struck us on the bow. We had spliced it, and now with tiller ropes and relieving tackles it required four experienced men, with our utmost skill in conning them, to manage the helm, to keep the ship running directly before the foaming, mountainous seas. Our continual work was something like the following:

"Starboard your helm!"

"Starboard, sir," was the reply.

"Steady, here comes another dreadful sea!"

"Steady," was the reply.

"How do we head now?"

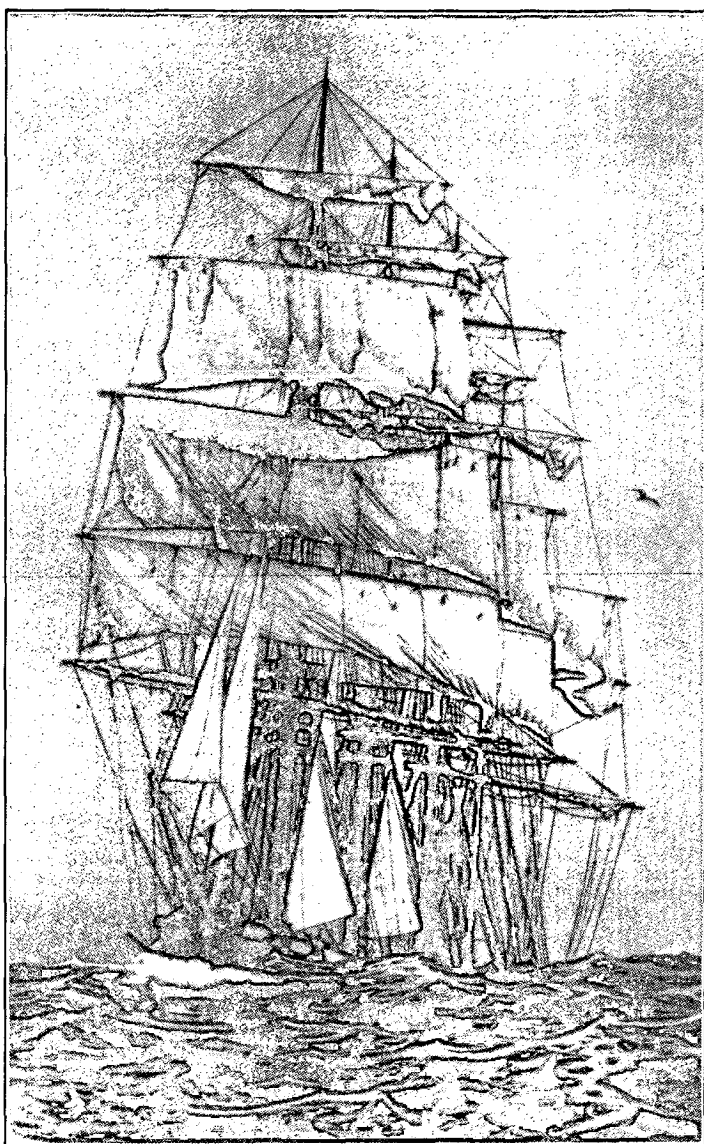
"Northwest," was the reply.

"Steady, keep her head just so. That was well done!"

If the ship had not answered her helm as she did, it appeared that the fearful sea would have rushed over our quarter, and swept us all by the board.

"Port your helm! here comes another on the larboard side! Steady now, the sea is square on our stern," etc.

With the dawn of the morning the rain came down upon us in such torrents that it was with much difficulty that we could see the shape of the sea until it was rushing upon us. This rain was ominous of a change more dreadful (if possible) than our present situation. My short experience had taught me that the Gulf Stream was more dangerous for navigators on this account than any other navigable sea.



Cardinell-Vincent Co., San Francisco

HEAVILY LADEN AND HOMEWARD BOUND

"She wallowed along until midnight between these tumbling seas, trembling, wrenching, and groaning, with her heavy iron load and precious living souls."

In the Trough of the Sea

IN the midst of the great storm the wind suddenly changed to the opposite quarter, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and our sails were struck against the mast. The simultaneous cry was uttered, "The ship's aback!"

"Hard aport your helm! Quick! quick!"

It seemed as if I touched the deck but twice in going thirty feet to the mainmast, where the weather forebraces were belayed. I whirled them from the pins, and shouted, "All hands on deck in a moment!"

Descending from the top of the sea, the ship answered her helm; her head paid off to the northeast. The foresail filled again, or we should inevitably have gone down stern foremost, from the overpowering rush of the next sea. The wind came furiously from the west for a few moments, and suddenly died away, leaving us in a dead calm.

"Lash your helm to the starboard! Call the captain, one of you! Clew up the maintop sail! Haul up the foresail! All hands aloft now, and furl the maintop sail. Make haste, men, and secure it to the yard as fast as you can!"

The ship was now unmanageable. The sea was on our lee beam, and seemed as if it would either run over our mastheads or roll us bottom upward to windward. As the captain came up from the cabin and saw our situation, he cried out, "*Oh, my grief!*" and for a while was silent.

The ship was now writhing and wrenching like a person in agony. Her tumbling in such a tumultuous and violent manner made it very difficult for the men to get aloft. Before they reached the topsail yard, the wind came rushing upon us like a tornado, from the west-southwest. This was what we feared, and why we hurried to save our storm sails if we could.

It was some time before the men could secure the sails. When this was done, and the ship pumped after a manner,

the crew were all clustered on the quarter-deck, except Lemuel T. and George H., the captain's nephew and son, who, by the captain's orders, were fastened below for fear they would be swept from the deck; also one passenger. Said the captain, "Cook, *can you pray with us?*" The cook knelt down where he could secure himself, the rest of us holding on upon our feet, and prayed most fervently for God to protect and save us from the dreadful, raging storm.

This was the first prayer I had ever heard uttered in a storm upon the ocean. Sinners as we were, I believed the prayer in our behalf was heard by Him whose ear is not closed to the distressed mariner's cry; for the Scriptures testify that "He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." Ps. 107: 25-28.

We seemed to be placed in the very position the psalmist speaks of. After we had done all we could to save our lives from the raging elements of the past night, until our ship was rendered unmanageable, our sails secured and the helm lashed alee, then we were at our "wit's end," and prayed to the Lord for help. We secured ourselves to the mizzen rigging and quarter-deck, there in deep contemplation and utter silence to await the issue of our case.

Captain Hitch doubtless felt that he had neglected his duty in not commending us to God daily during our long voyage; and now in this perilous hour, when we were at our "wits' end," his confidence failed him. He and the cook were the only professors of religion on board. They both belonged to the Close Communion Baptist Church, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The cook was the only colored man on board. I have always believed that the Lord specially regarded his prayer.

Once only during the voyage I heard the captain pray. I had become almost exhausted from extreme labor in some

of the storms I have mentioned, and was losing two hours of my evening watch to get some rest, when I overheard Captain Hitch, in a dark part of the cabin, praying the Lord to raise me to health and strength. In saying this I mean no disrespect to Captain Hitch, for he was a gentlemanly, good-hearted man, and treated his officers and men with kindness and respect.

After the cook's prayer I secured myself to the weather foremost mizzen shroud to watch the furious, raging storm. Captain Hitch was next behind me, the second mate and crew all ranged along the weather side of the quarter-deck, waiting in silence the decision of our case. The wind was so unabating in its fury that it would whirl the top of the contending seas over us, and drench us like pouring rain from the clouds. The labor of the ship seemed to be more than she could long endure. The marvel was that she had held together so long. It seemed sometimes, when she was rushing from the top of some of those mountain seas, broadside foremost, that she would either turn clear over or rush down with such impetuosity that she never would rise again.

After a while the sea became furious from the west, and the two seas would rush together like enemies contending for victory. We had remained in silence about three hours, and I said, "Our ship can stand this but a little longer."

"So I think," replied the captain.

I said, "It appears to me that our only hope is to loose the wings of the foresail, and drive her between these two seas on a northeast course."

"Let us try it," said Captain Hitch.

Soon our good old ship was making her way through between these two tumbling mountains, being most severely buffeted, first on the right and then on the left. And when our hearts would almost sink for fear of her being overwhelmed, she would seem to rise again above it all, and shake herself as if some unseen hand were guiding her from beneath; and with her two little outstretched wings filled to overflowing with the howling, raging wind, she would seem to move onward again with more than mortal energy.

Thus she wallowed along until midnight between these tumbling seas, trembling, wrenching, and groaning, with her heavy iron load and precious living souls that she was laboring to preserve, in answer to the poor negro sailor's prayer that had passed from her upper deck, away from the distracting hurricane and dreadful storm, to the peaceful mansions of the Governor of heaven and earth and seas.

My wife was visiting one of our relatives a few miles distant from home, when a Methodist minister called to visit the family. He asked why she appeared so sober. He was told that the ship her husband sailed in was out of time, and much fear was entertained for the ship's safety, and particularly at that time, as there was a violent, raging storm. Said the minister, "I want to pray for that ship's company." His prayer was so fervent, and made so deep an impression on my wife, that she noted down the time. When the ship came home, her log book was examined, which proved it was the same storm.



Safely Anchored at Last

ABOUT midnight, as the wind had veered to the north and west, and the furious sea from that quarter had become very dangerous, and was continuing to subdue and overpower the sea that had been so dangerous from the southeast, we deemed it for our safety still to bear away and head the ship on to the southeast sea, and drive her from the irregular, furious cross sea that was raging from the west. In a few moments followed a dead calm for about fifteen minutes, rendering the ship unmanageable; and then came a raging hurricane from the west-southwest, veering round by the north to the east, our course being northeast between the seas; then east and southeast, south and southwest. In this manner, in about four days, we ran three quarters of the way round the compass, some hundreds of miles farther from home than we were at the height of the storm.

This was the most peculiar and trying storm in all my experience; neither have I read of the like in its nature and duration. The marvel with us was that our good old ship had weathered this most trying time. Her leak, however, had increased to twelve thousand strokes of the pump in twenty-four hours.

Again, by a unanimous decision, we launched another twenty tons of our iron cargo into the sea. We endeavored to steer for a southern port, but the westerly winds continued to check our progress westward. Winter had now fairly begun, and our provisions and water were getting so low that we were about to reduce our allowance, while our constant labor at the pumps was also reducing our strength. We saw vessels occasionally, but at too great a distance to approach them. We made an extra effort, and sailed for one until nightfall, and then, to induce her to approach us, rigged a spar over our stern, on which we fastened a barrel of tar,

and fired it, to make them believe we were on fire, and so induce them to come to our relief; but to no purpose.

Soon after this, when things began to look more dubious, just at the close of a gale of wind, about midnight, we saw a vessel directly ahead steering toward us. She soon answered our signal by hoisting her "lanthorn," and soon we met within speaking distance.

"Where are you from?" we asked.

"New York," was the reply.

"Where are you bound?"

"South America."

"Can you spare us some provisions?"

"Yes, as much as you want; I am loaded with them."

"Lay by us, and we will send our boat."

"Very well."

Captain Hitch's heart began to fail him as we started to clear away our small-boat. Said he,—"The swell is so high the boat will be swamped, and I dare not have you go, Mr. Bates. To lose some of the crew now would be very discouraging, and how could the ship be saved in her leaky, sinking condition?"

"But, Captain Hitch, we are in want of provisions, and can now get a supply."

He still declared himself unwilling to command any one to attempt it. Said I, "Allow me, then, to call for volunteers." He continued irresolute.

Fearing we should miss this opportunity, I inquired, "Who among you will volunteer to go with me in the boat?"

"I will go for one, sir." "I will go," "And I will go," said others.

"That will do," said I, "three are enough."

In a few moments we were almost out of sight of our ship, steering for the signal light. One sea boarded us, and about half filled the boat. With one man bailing out the water and the other two at the oars, we reached the brig. On account of the rough sea we could carry but a few barrels of bread and flour. I gave the captain a draft on our owners in New Bedford.

"Your name is Bates," said he; "are you related to Dr. Bates, of Barre, Massachusetts?"

"He is my brother."

"Well, I am his near neighbor; I left there a few weeks ago. Don't you want some more?"

"No, sir. Only if you will fill away and tow us to the windward of our ship, we will be much obliged."

This done, we reached the ship in safety, and soon had our supply of bread and flour safely landed on deck. Our boat was stowed away, and each vessel filled away on its course.

Captain Hitch was almost overjoyed at our safe return with a supply of provisions to carry us into port. The westerly winds, however, prevailed, and our ship's bottom had become so foul with a mass of grass and barnacles that she moved very slowly. We prepared a scraper, with which we were enabled in a calm to scrape some of it off. Bushels of barnacles as large as thimbles, and green grass two feet long, would rise under our stern as we hauled the scraper under her bottom, all of which had accumulated during our voyage.

Again we met with a vessel from the West Indies, which supplied us with three casks of water; after which a ship from Portland supplied us with potatoes from her cargo. These were very acceptable, not only for a change of diet, but also to check the scurvy, which is common with seamen who are obliged to subsist on salted provisions. In a few weeks we obtained another short supply, and were animated with the hope of reaching some port on the coast in a few days. But our buoyant hopes would sink again with the increasing westerly gales, and we would wish that we had taken a larger supply of provisions. Thus we continued to toil on, gaining sometimes a considerable distance westward, and then in one gale losing almost as much distance as we had gained in a week before.

Three times after this we obtained a supply of what could be spared from different vessels we met, making in all seven different times. And it had become a common saying with

us, that at the very time we needed relief, it came. Wicked as we still were, we could but acknowledge the hand of a merciful God in it all.

Finally, we began to despair, contending with the almost continual westerly winds in our disabled condition, and called all hands in council,* to determine whether, in our perilous position, to preserve our lives we should change the voyage and run for a port in distress. It was decided unanimously that we bear up for the West Indies.

We had a successful run and passage to St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies belonging to Denmark. We arrived thankful to God for preserving and sustaining us through the perilous scenes we had experienced. Even when our ship was safely anchored and our sails all furled, for a while we could scarcely realize that we were safe in harbor. Careening our ship to clean the bottom, we found a great quantity of green grass, from two to three feet long, and large barnacles on the bottom.

Upon completion of repairs and refitting, we sailed for New Bedford, Massachusetts. En route we met a very tempestuous storm in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Hatteras.

In about three weeks from St. Thomas we saw Block Island. In the morning we were about twenty-five miles from New Bedford, when the wind came out ahead from the north in a strong gale, threatening to drive us off our soundings. We clinched our cables around the mast and cleared our anchors, determined to make a desperate effort and try the strength of our cables in deep water, rather than be blown off the coast. Then with what sail the ship could bear we began to ply her head to windward for a harbor in Vineyard Sound.

The sea and spray rushed upon us and froze on the sails and rigging, so that before we tacked, which was often, we had to break off the ice from our sails, tacks, and sheets, with

* When a deviation from a policy of insurance is made in a vessel's voyage, it is required to be done by the majority or whole crew in council, that they do so for the preservation of lives, or vessel and cargo; this transaction being recorded in the daily journal, or log book, of said vessel, that the owners may lawfully recover their insurance, if a loss occurs after deviation.

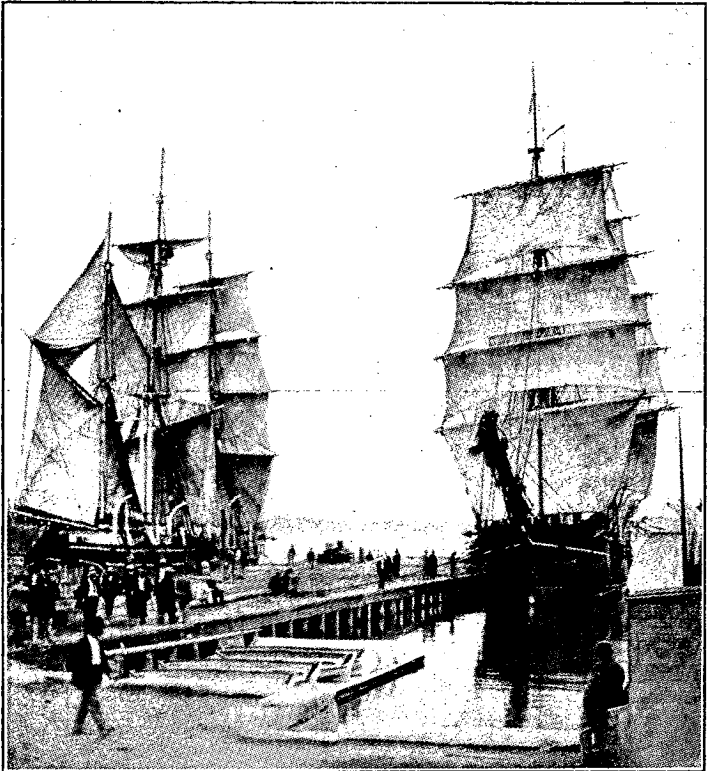
handspikes. In this way we gained about ten miles to windward during the day, and anchored in Tarpaulin Cove, about fifteen miles from New Bedford.

Our signal was seen from the observatory in New Bedford just as we were passing into the cove. When our anchor reached the bottom, the poor, half-frozen crew were so overjoyed that they gave three cheers for a safe harbor. After two days the gale abated, and we made sail and anchored in the harbor of New Bedford, Feb. 20, 1819, nearly six months from Gottenborg. So far as I have any knowledge of ship sailing, this was one of the most providential and singular passages from Europe to America, in its nature and duration, that is on record.

This voyage, including also our passage to the West Indies, could in ordinary weather be performed by our ship, when in good sailing trim, in less than sixty days.

Our friends were almost as glad to see us as we were to get safely home. The contrast between the almost continual clanking of pumps to keep our ship afloat, and the howling winter storms with which we had to contend, and the good cheering fireside, surrounded by wives, children, and friends, was great indeed, and cheered us exceedingly. We thought we were thankful to God for thus preserving our lives. This was the third time I had returned home during ten years.

"The Old Frances," as she was called, apparently ready to slide into a watery grave, was soon thoroughly repaired and fitted for the whaling business, which she successfully pursued in the Pacific and Indian Oceans for many years.



Courtesy The Marine Research Society

WHALING BARKS DRYING THEIR SAILS AT A NEW BEDFORD WHARF

Attaining a Captaincy

AFTER a pleasant season of a few months at home with my family, I sailed again for Alexandria, D. C., and shipped as chief mate on board the ship "New Jersey," of Alexandria, with D. Howland as commander. We proceeded up James River near Richmond, Virginia, to load for Europe, but went from there to Norfolk, Virginia, where we finally loaded and sailed for Bermuda.

On our arrival at Bermuda, our ship drew so much water that it became necessary for us to anchor in open sea, and wait for a smooth time and fair wind to sail into the harbor. The captain and pilot went on shore, expecting to return, but were prevented on account of a violent gale and storm which came on soon after they reached the shore, and which placed us in a trying and perilous situation for nearly two days.

As the gale increased, we veered out almost all our cable, reserving enough to freshen the chafe at the bow, which was very frequent. But contrary to all our fearful forebodings, and the fears of those on shore who were filled with anxiety for our safety, especially our captain and pilot, our brow-beaten ship was seen at the dawn of the second morning still contending with her unyielding foe, holding to her well-bedded anchors by her long, straightened cables, which had been fully tested during the violent storm which had now begun to abate. As the sea went down, the captain and pilot returned, and the ship was gotten under way and safely anchored in the harbor, and we discharged our cargo.

We sailed from Bermuda to Turk's Island for a cargo of rock salt. Here we moored our ship about a quarter of a mile from the shore, our anchor in forty fathoms, or 240 feet, of water, ready to ship our cables and put to sea at any moment of danger from change of wind or weather; and when the weather settled again, to return and finish loading.

In a few days we received from the natives, by their slaves, 12,000 bushels of salt, which they handed us out of their boats by the half bushel in their salt sacks.

The sea around this island abounds with small shells of all colors, many of which are obtained by expert swimmers, who dive for them in deep water. We returned to Alexandria, D. C., in the winter of 1820, where our voyage ended.

Before the cargo of the "New Jersey" was discharged, I was offered the command of the ship "Talbot," of Salem, Massachusetts, then loading in Alexandria for Liverpool. In a few weeks we were again out of Chesapeake Bay, departing from Cape Henry across the Atlantic Ocean.

Soon after leaving the land, a violent gale and storm overtook us in the Gulf Stream, attended by awful thunder and vivid streaks of lightning. The heavy, dark clouds, seeming but just above our mastheads, kept us enshrouded in almost impenetrable darkness, as the night closed around us. Our minds were relieved only by the repeated sheets of streaming fire that lit up our pathway, and showed us for an instant that there was no other ship directly ahead of us, and also the shape of the rushing seas before which we were scudding with what sail the ship could bear, crossing with all speed this dreaded, dismal, dark stream of warm water that stretches itself from the Gulf of Mexico to Nantucket shoals on our Atlantic coast. Whether the storm abated in the stream we crossed, we could not say, but we found very different weather on the eastern side of it.

In a few weeks we arrived at Liverpool, the commercial city where ten years before I had been unjustly and inhumanly seized, stripped of my right of citizenship, and transferred to the naval service of King George III, without limitation of time.

During these ten years a great change had taken place with the potentates and subjects of civilized Europe. The dreadful convulsions of nations had in a great measure subsided; first, by the peace between the United States and Great Britain, granting to the former "free trade and sailors' rights," secured in a few months after the great

decisive Battle of Waterloo in 1815; secondly, by what had been unheard of before,—a conclave of the rulers of the great powers of Europe, united to keep the peace of the world. (Predicted in olden times by the great Sovereign Ruler of the universe. See Rev. 7:1.)

During these ten years my circumstances also had materially changed. Press gangs and war prisons were things of the past, so that I enjoyed the freedom of the city of Liverpool in common with my countrymen.

As we were about loading with return cargo of Liverpool salt for Alexandria, a man dressed in blue jacket and trousers, with a rattan whip in his hand, approached me with, "Please your honor, do you wish to hire a 'lumper' to shovel in your salt?"

"No," I replied, "I do not want you."

"Why, your honor, I am acquainted with the business, and take such jobs."

I again refused to employ him, and said, "I know you."

He asked where I had known him.

Said I, "Did you belong to His Majesty's ship, 'Rodney,' of 74 guns, stationed in the Mediterranean in the years 1810-12?"

He replied in the affirmative.

"I knew you there," said I; "do you remember me?"

"No, your honor. Were you one of the lieutenants? or what office did you fill, or were you one of the officers of the American merchant ship we detained?"

"Neither of these," I replied. But from the many questions I asked him, he was satisfied that I knew him. We had eaten at the same table for about eighteen months. This man was the ship's corporal, or constable, in the watch opposite from me, and was captain of those unfortunates called "black list men," subjected to perform the scavenger work of the ship, and also to scour the brass, copper, and iron, where and whenever it was called for. In this work he appeared delighted to honor the king. The rattan in his hand looked to me like the same one that he used to switch about some of those unfortunate men.

Without gratifying his curiosity as to who I was, I learned from him the whereabouts of many of the officers and crew, for a great many of whom I felt a strong attachment.

I employed two sturdy-looking Irishmen to shovel our salt out of the salt scows into the ballast port (a hole in the ship's side). While progressing in their work I saw them leaning over their shovels. Said I, "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough, sir; your men don't shovel it away as fast as we shovel it in!"

Seven or eight men were shoveling it away from them into the ship's hold.

Said I, "What is the matter, men? Are you not able to shovel the salt away as fast as these two men shovel it in?"

They replied they were not.

Said one of the Irishmen who were listening at the ballast port, "If we had as much meat to eat as you, we would give you as much again salt."

"Why," said one of my sailors, who seemed much troubled about this, "don't you have any meat?"

"No," said they, "we have not had any this fortnight."

"What do you eat, then?" said the sailor.

"Potatoes, sure," was the reply.

My sailors were then living on all the varieties that good boarding houses afforded in Liverpool. Many are of the opinion that meat imparts superior strength to the laboring class. Here, then, was one proof to the contrary.

On our homeward passage, we had prevailing westerly winds, and arrived safely in Alexandria, D. C., in the fall of 1820. As no business offered for the ship, I returned to my family in New England, having been absent about sixteen months.

Trading in South America

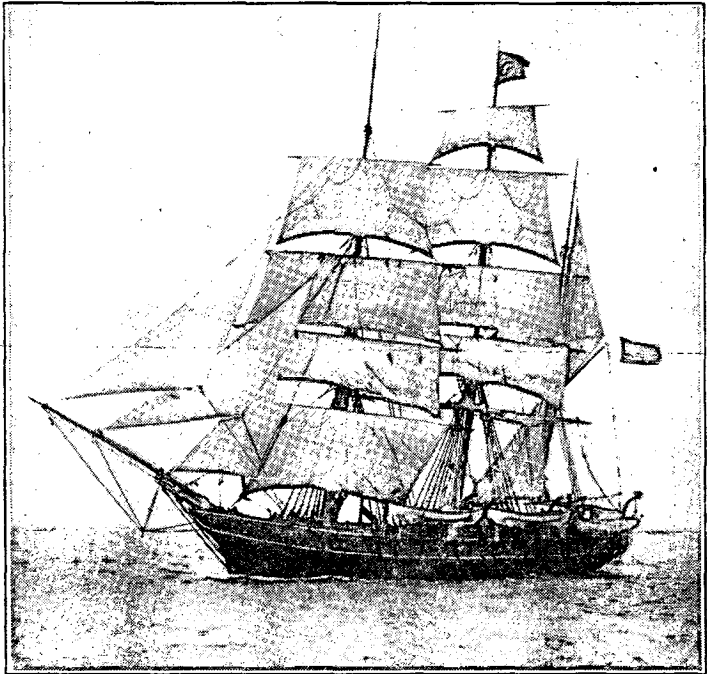
EARLY in the spring of 1821 I sailed again for Alexandria, taking charge of the "Talbot," to perform a voyage to South America. The bulk of our cargo was flour. My position was more responsible now than before; for the whole cargo, as well as the ship, was now confided to me for sales and returns. My compensation for services on this voyage was more than doubled. My brother F. was my chief mate. We cleared for Rio de Janeiro in Brazil.

After a few hours' sail from Alexandria, with a fair wind, we passed ex-President Washington's plantation at Mount Vernon. Sailors say it was customary with some commanders to lower their topmast sails as a token of respect when they passed his silent tomb.

About one hundred fifty miles from Washington, the variegated and pleasant scenery of the Potomac was passed, and we entered Chesapeake Bay. We had an experienced and skilful pilot; but his thirst for strong drink, requiring the steward to fix him gin toddy and brandy sling so frequently, awakened our fears for the safe navigation of the ship, so that we deemed it necessary to put him on an allowance of three glasses of grog per day, until he had piloted the ship outside the capes of Virginia.

From the capes of Virginia we shaped our course east southerly for the Cape Verde Islands (as is usual) to meet the northeast trade winds to carry us clear of the northeast promontory of Brazil, or South America, down to the equator, where we meet the trade winds coming more southerly. In running down these northeast trades, one is struck with the brilliant pathway the ship keeps rolling up in her onward course during the darkness of the night. The light is so brilliant from the phosphorescence, that I have been tempted to read by it at the midnight hour, by holding my book open

facing the shining track. Were it not for the continual caving and tumbling of the sea to fill up the chasm under the stern of the ship, which blends the letters in the book, one could read common print by it in the darkest night.



UNDER FULL SAIL

"From the capes of Virginia we shaped our course east southerly for the Cape Verde Islands."

Farther south we meet with a species of slender fish about a foot long, furnished with little wings. Suddenly a large school of them rise out of the sea, wheel sometimes clear round, and then drop into their element again. The cause of this, as seen sometimes, is a dolphin, with all the colors of the rainbow, darting like a streak of light in pursuit of his prey that have eluded his grasp by rising out of

their element and taking an opposite course. In the night they frequently fly on board the ship, affording the mariner a delicious breakfast.

On our arrival off the capacious harbor and city of Rio de Janeiro, we were struck with admiration while viewing the antique, cloud-capped, ragged mountains, and especially the towering Sugar Loaf that forms one side of the entrance to the harbor. Here we disposed of a large portion of our cargo, and then sailed for Montevideo, at the entrance to the river La Plata. A few days before our arrival, we encountered a terrific gale and storm, at the close of which we were drifting onto a rock-bound, uninhabited part of the coast. The wind died away to a dead calm, the sea and current setting us on toward the rocks. Our only resort was to clinch our cables and drop our anchors. Fortunately for us, they held the ship. After about thirty hours' anxious suspense, the wind began to rise again from the sea. We raised our anchors, and before midnight considered ourselves out of danger from that quarter.

Soon we arrived at Montevideo, disposed of the balance of our cargo, and returned again to Rio de Janeiro. I invested our funds in hides and coffee, and cleared and sailed for Bahia, or St. Salvador. On the Abrolhos Banks we fell in with the ship "Balena," Captain Gardiner, of New Bedford, trying out a sperm whale which had been harpooned the day before. Captain Gardiner was recently from New Bedford, on a whaling voyage in the Pacific Ocean.

After getting these huge monsters of the deep alongside the ship, with sharp spades fitted on long poles they chop off their heads, and with their long-handled ladles dip out the purest and best oil, called "head matter." Some of these heads yield twenty barrels of this rich product, which sells sometimes for \$50 a barrel. Then with their great iron blubber hooks hooked into a strip of the blubber, to which the huge winding tackles are fastened, with the fall at the end of the windlass, the sailors heave it round while the spade men are cutting the strip down to the flesh. As the strip of blubber rises, the whale's carcass rolls over until the blubber

is all on board the ship. The carcass is then turned adrift, and soon devoured by sharks.

The blubber is minced into small pieces, and thrown into large iron try-pots to be tried out. When the scraps are browned, they throw them under the try-pot for fuel. The hot oil is then put into casks, cooled, coopered, and stowed away for market. While this work is progressing, the cook and steward (if the captain thinks best) are at work at the flour barrels, rolling out bushels of doughnuts, which are soon cooked in the scalding oil as a general treat for all hands. Sailors call this having a good "*tuck out*."

Captain Gardiner furnished me with recent news from home, and left letters with me for the States. In a few days I arrived at Bahia, and from there sailed for Alexandria, D. C.

While on our passage home, I was seriously convicted in regard to an egregious error which I had committed in allowing myself, as I had done for more than a year, to drink ardent spirits, after I had practised entire abstinence because I had become disgusted with its debasing and demoralizing effects, and was well satisfied that drinking men were daily ruining themselves, and moving with rapid strides to drunkards' graves. Although I had taken measures to secure myself from the drunkard's path by not allowing myself in any case whatever to drink more than one glass of ardent spirits a day, which I strictly adhered to, yet the strong desire for that one glass, when coming to the dinner hour (the usual time for it), was stronger than my appetite for food, and I became alarmed for myself. While reflecting about this matter, I solemnly resolved that I would never drink another glass of ardent spirits while I lived. It is now about forty-six years since that important era in the history of my life, and I have no knowledge of ever violating that vow, only in using a little for medicinal purposes. This circumstance gave a new spring to my whole being, and made me feel like a free man.

Narrow Escapes Ashore

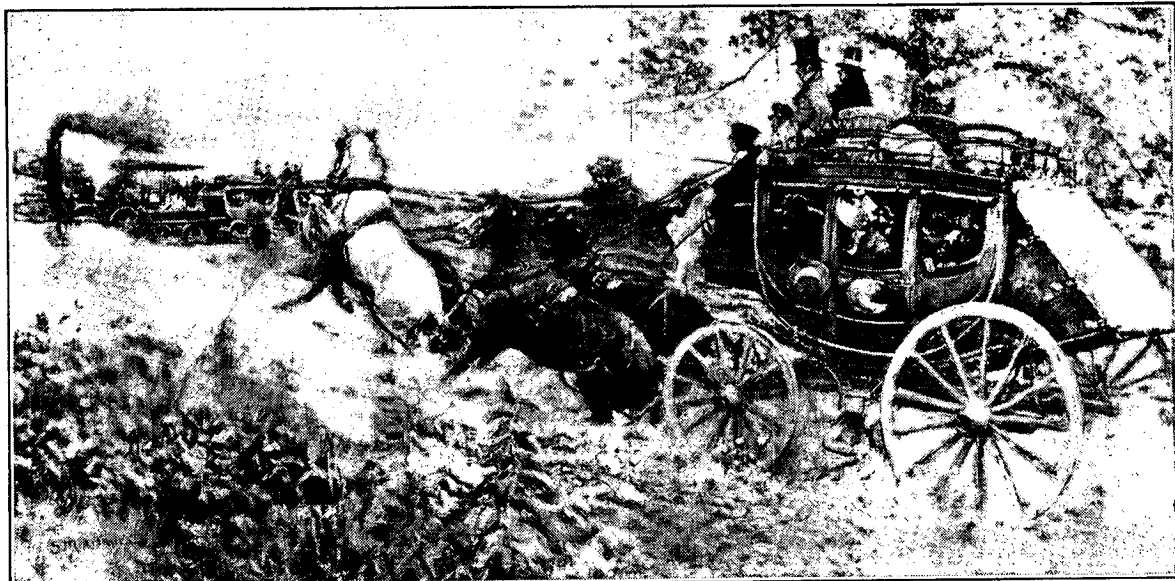
WE had a pleasant passage from Bahia to the capes of Virginia, and arrived in Alexandria about the last of November, 1821. A letter was awaiting me here from my wife, announcing the death of our only son.

Mr. Gardner, the owner of the "Talbot," was so well pleased with her profitable voyage that he purchased a fast-sailing brig and an assorted cargo, in Baltimore, for me to proceed on a trading voyage to the Pacific Ocean, while the "Talbot" remained in Alexandria to undergo some necessary repairs.

While preparations were being made for our contemplated voyage, I took passage in the mail stage from Baltimore to Massachusetts to visit my family. We left Baltimore on Wednesday, and arrived in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, on first-day evening, after a tedious ride of over four days, stopping nowhere only for a change of horses and a hasty meal, until we reached Rhode Island.

While passing through Connecticut in the night, the horses took fright and sheered on the side of a bank, upsetting the stage. A very heavy man on the seat with me held to the strap until it gave way, and he fell upon me, crushing me through the side of the stage upon the frozen ground. If the driver had not leaped upon the bank as the stage was falling, and stopped his horses, we must have been killed. I rode on until I reached home, but it was several weeks before I fully recovered.

After remaining with my family a few weeks, I left them to return to Baltimore. As we were entering Philadelphia, about midnight, in a close winter coach having but one door and containing seven men as passengers, in passing over a deep gully the straps of the driver's seat gave way, and the two drivers fell under the wheels, unknown to us who were snugly wrapped up inside.



© S. M. Arthurs

TRAVELING IN AN OLD-TIME STAGECOACH

Courtesy N. Y. Central R. R.

"While passing through Connecticut in the night, the horses took fright."

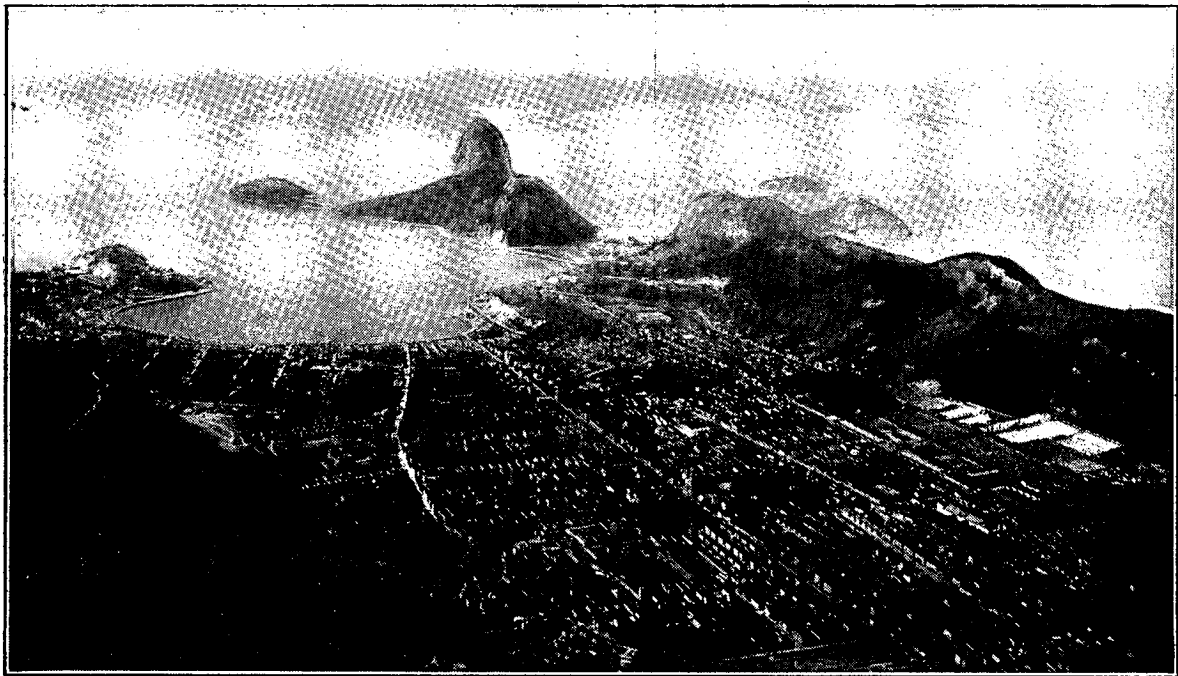
I asked why the horses were going with such speed.

"Let them go," said another, "I like to go fast." I was not so well satisfied, but threw off my cloak, got the door open, and hallooed to the driver; but receiving no answer and perceiving that the horses were going at full speed down Third Street, I reached around forward, and found that the drivers were gone, and the lines trailing after the horses. I threw the step down, stepped out on it (perhaps a foot from the ground), and watched for an opportunity to jump on a snow bank; but the horses kept on the pavement where the snow was worn off. The passengers from behind were urging me to jump, as they wished to follow before the stage was dashed in pieces.

Finally, putting forth all my strength, I sprang forward with the going of the stage, and just saw the hind wheels clearing my body as I pitched upon my head. How many times I tumbled before I stopped I cannot tell. I found I had gashed the top of my head, from which the blood was fast flowing. I heard the stage rattling furiously away down the street. By the aid of the moonlight I found my hat, and followed on after the stage.

I soon came to Mr. Gardner, my owner's son, who was in company with me from Boston. In his fright he had jumped squarely out of the stage, and was seriously injured. After getting him under a doctor's care, I started to learn the fate of the other five and our baggage. I met the horses with a driver, returning with the stage broken down on the wheels. Four other passengers had followed our example, and were not much injured. The last man out was very heavy, and after the carriage left the pavement he had jumped out on the sand, and was uninjured.

The horses ran to the river and turned suddenly under a low shed, crushing the stage upon the wheels, which would in all probability have killed every passenger who had dared to remain. We learned in the morning that the drivers had just escaped with their lives, the stage wheels crushing the fingers of one and taking a hat from the other's head. After a few days we were able to proceed, and arrived in Baltimore



Courtesy Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.

RIO DE JANEIRO

Showing the Harbor, with Sugar Loaf Standing Sentinel-like at the Entrance

In the Southern Hemisphere

SOON after my return to Baltimore, I was placed in command of the brig "Chatsworth," with an assorted cargo suitable for our contemplated voyage, with unlimited power to continue trading as long as I could find business profitable. Firearms and ammunition were also furnished to defend ourselves in case of piracy or mutiny. My brother F. was still my chief mate. We cleared for South America and the Pacific Ocean, and sailed from Baltimore Jan. 22, 1822. In a few weeks we were passing Cape Verde Islands, bending our course for the southern ocean.

In the vicinity of the equator, in moderate weather and calms, we meet with a singular species of fish (more numerous than in higher latitudes), furnished with something analogous to oars and sails. Naturalists sometimes call them "Nautilus." They are a kind of shellfish. Using their long legs for oars to steady them, they rise and swell out above the water from four to six inches in length, and about the same in height, resembling a little ship under full white sail. They sail and sheer round about the ship, fall flat on the sea, as if they were upset by a squall of wind, rise erect again, and glide ahead with their accustomed speed, seemingly to show the mariner that they, too, are ships, and how they can outsail him. But as soon as the wind rises, their courage fails; they take in all sail, and hide under water until another calm. Sailors call them "Portuguese men-of-war."

About the 20th of March we arrived and anchored in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Finding no demand for the whole of our cargo, we sailed again for the river La Plata. As we approached the northern entrance of the river, in the stillness of the night, although some three miles from the shore, we could distinctly hear the sea dogs (seals) growling

and barking from the sand beach, where they had come up out of the sea to regale themselves.

The next day we anchored off Montevideo to inquire into the state of the markets, and soon learned that our cargo was much wanted up the river at Buenos Aires. In navigating this, to us, new and narrow channel in the night, without a pilot, we got onto the bottom, and were obliged to lighten our vessel by throwing some of the cargo into the sea before she would float into the channel again. On our arrival at the city of Buenos Aires, our cargo sold immediately at a great profit.

While lying at Buenos Aires, at the head of ship navigation, a heavy "norther" blew all the water out of the river for many leagues. It was singular to see officers and crews of ships passing from one to another, and to the city, on hard, dry bottom, where but the day before their ships were floating and swinging to their anchors in fifteen feet of water. But it was dangerous to travel many miles, for the dying away of the wind, or a change of wind at the mouth of the river, would rush the water back like the roaring of a cataract, and float the ships in quick time to swing again at their anchors.

Until the suppression of the Inquisition in 1820, no religion but the Roman Catholic was tolerated in Buenos Aires. It was singular to notice, as we had frequent opportunity to do, with what superstitious awe the mass of the inhabitants regarded the ceremonies of their priests, especially the administering of the sacrament to the dying. The ringing of a small table bell in the street announces the coming of the "Host," generally in the following order: A little in advance of the priest may be seen a black boy making a ding-dong sound with this little bell; and sometimes two soldiers, one on each side of the priest, with their muskets shouldered, with fixed bayonets to enforce the church order for every knee to bow at the passing of the Host, or subject themselves to the point of the soldier's bayonet.

I was told that an Englishman, refusing to bend his knee when the Host was passing him, was stabbed with the sol-

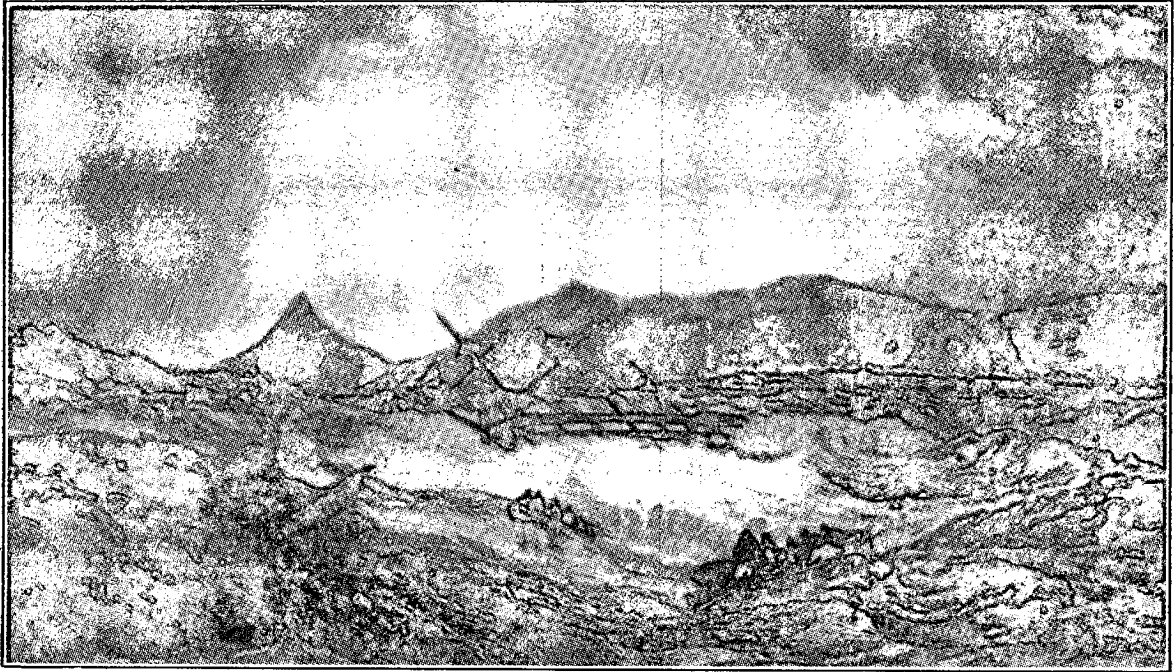
dier's bayonet. Persons on horseback dismount and kneel with men, women, and children in the streets, and at the threshold of their dwelling-houses, groceries, and grogshops, while the Host (or the priest) is passing with the wafer and the wine. We foreigners could stand at the four corners and witness the coming of the Host, and pass another way before they reached us.

Some thirty miles below the city of Buenos Aires is a good harbor for shipping, called Ensenado. To this place I repaired with the "Chatsworth," and prepared her for a winter's voyage around Cape Horn.

THE NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted.

—*Holmes.*



"Travel"

WRECKED OFF CAPE HORN

“Doubling” Cape Horn

DURING our stay at Ensenado, near Buenos Aires, the numerous arrivals of cargo boats from the United States overstocked the market, and opened the way for me to purchase a cargo for the Pacific on reasonable terms. The “Chatsworth” was now loaded and cleared for Lima, Peru.

As I had resolved on my previous voyage never again to use ardent spirits, except for medicinal purposes, so now, on leaving Buenos Aires, I also resolved that I would never drink another glass of wine. In this work of reform I found myself entirely alone, and exposed to the jeering remarks of those with whom I afterward became associated, especially when I declined drinking with them. Yet after all their comments, that it was not improper or dangerous to drink moderately, etc., they were constrained to admit that my course was perfectly safe.

Passing from the Northern into the Southern Hemisphere, one is struck with the remarkable change in the starry heavens. Before reaching the equator, the North Star is apparently setting in the northern horizon, and a great portion of the well-known stars in the Northern Hemisphere are receding from the mariner’s view. But this loss is supplied by the splendid, new, and varied scenery in the southern heavens, as one sails onward toward the southern polar regions.

Here, away in the southwestern heavens, in the track of the Milky Way, every starlight night, can be seen two small, stationary white clouds, called by the sailors the Magellanic clouds. Ferguson says, “By the aid of the telescope they appear to be a mixture of small clouds and stars.” But the most remarkable of all the *cloudy* stars, he says, “is that in the middle of Orion’s Sword, where seven stars (three of which are very close together) seem to shine through a cloud. It looks like a *gap in the sky*, through which one may see, as

it were, a part of a much brighter region. Although most of these spaces are but a few minutes of a degree in breadth, yet since they are among the fixed stars, they must be spaces larger than the space occupied by our solar system; *and in which there seems to be a perpetual, uninterrupted day among numberless worlds which no human art can discover.*"

This gap, or place, in the sky is undoubtedly the same that is spoken of in the Scriptures. (See John 1:51; Rev. 19:11.) The center of this constellation (Orion) is midway between the poles of the heavens, and directly over the equator, and comes to the meridian about the 23d of January, at nine o'clock in the evening. Inspiration testifies that "the worlds were framed by the word of God." Heb. 11:3. "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." "By His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens." Job 26:7, 13.

On our passage from Buenos Aires to Cape Horn, we arrived in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands, between 300 and 400 miles northeast of the cape. Here we endeavored to make harbor during a storm, by beating up into Falkland Sound, but the increasing gale obliged us to bear up and continue our southern course. On arriving off Cape Horn, we met with prevailing westerly gales, and for about thirty days during July and August, the coldest and most stormy season of the year, we had to contend with floating islands of ice from the polar regions, and had much difficulty and hardship in trying (as sailors say) to "double" Cape Horn.

We were finally enabled to double the cape and shape our course for the island of Juan Fernandez, 1,400 miles north of us. The westerly winds were now in our favor, so that in a few days our climate changed, and we were passing along in sight of this far-famed island, once the whole world to Robinson Crusoe.

After sailing north for 2,600 miles from the stormy cape, we could distinctly see the towering mountains of Peru, though we were eighty miles distant from the coast. Passing onward, we cast anchor in the spacious bay of Callao, about six miles west of the celebrated city of Lima.

North American produce was in good demand. Some of my first sales of flour brought over \$70 a barrel. A few cargoes arriving soon after us, reduced the price to \$30. Here I chartered the "Chatsworth" to a Spanish merchant for a voyage to Pisco, Peru, 100 miles farther south, with the privilege of disposing of my cargo and returning with his.

Soon after our arrival here, the chief mate and two of the men went up to the village, some distance from the harbor, to procure beef and vegetables for dinner. The men soon returned with the statement that the patriot soldiers had descended from the mountains and besieged the village, pillaging the stores where some of our cargo was exposed for sale, and had driven the mate out on one side of the village to shoot him; also declaring that they were coming down to take our vessel and dispose of me, because of the Spanish merchant we had brought there from Lima.

The mate soon appeared on the beach. After the boat brought him on board, he said that the soldiers, on learning that he was the mate of the "Chatsworth," drove him to one side of the village to shoot him. On arriving at the place, one of the soldiers persuaded the others not to kill him. They then concluded to let him go, but beat him unmercifully with their swords. We made preparations to defend ourselves, but our enemies thought best not to expose themselves within reach of our cannon balls. Notwithstanding our opposing foes, who continued to threaten us, we disposed of all our cargo here at better prices than were offered at Callao, and returned to Callao with the Spanish merchant's cargo.

In Peru

AT Callao we took on board a number of passengers to land in Truxillo, in latitude 8° south. Here we sold the "Chatsworth" for \$10,000 to a Spanish merchant, \$7,000 of which was in lumps and pieces of platapena and virgin silver, to be paid here. As this and all gold and silver coin was prohibited from exportation by the Peruvian government, various measures were invented by foreigners and their merchants to convey their specie on board their vessels. As my agreement was that the silver should be delivered to me outside of the breakers on board the "Chatsworth," when the time arrived for me to leave for Lima, I asked how this money was to be delivered.

Said the merchant, "It will come off to you about midnight tonight."

"But how?" said I.

"We will send it to you by some Indians" (aborigines).

I asked if the money was to be counted out to me before I left the shore, that I might identify the same, and the number of pieces as per invoice rendered, when brought off to me.

The merchant replied that he had put the amount of silver specified in the invoice, into the hands of several Indians many weeks before, subject to his order.

Said I, "What did they do with it?"

"Oh, they buried it in the ground somewhere."

"Do you know where?"

"No."

"What security have you from them that they will keep it for you?"

"None," said he.

"How do you know that they will deliver it all to me tonight?"

Said he, "I have employed them a great while, and put into their hands thousands of dollars in this way, and paid

them well for their labor when they delivered what I intrusted them with, and there has never been any failure on their part, and I fear none. They are the most honest people in the world, particularly where they live separate by themselves."

The "Chatsworth" lay about two miles from shore. The breakers inshore of us were too dangerous for ships' boats to pass. The government used a large boat manned with sixteen oars, by Indians trained for the business; and when occasion required her to pass out to the shipping, or return through these dangerous breakers of the sea, another company of Indians standing on the shore, as soon as the boat approached the breakers on her way out, and they discovered the sea rising to break over her, would raise a hideous yell. The boatmen would instantly head their boat for the breakers, and take a position with their oars to obey the helmsman's orders to keep the boat headed directly to the sea, while she was being violently tossed by the breakers; and then they would pull for life to clear the sand bar before another sea came. When the boat was returning, and they heard the watchmen's yell, the helmsman would steer the boat square before the rolling breakers, the oarsmen pulling with all their strength. After two or three struggles, the danger was passed. The watchmen on the shore would raise a mighty, joyous shout, joined by the boatmen, announcing to all around, "All's well!"

The people here, and in other places on the coast, have another kind of boats they call *caballos*, or Spanish "horses," on which they ride as people do on horseback. These "horses" are made of the common tall flags, or rushes, securely lashed together, about ten feet long, the large part about two feet in diameter, and tapering to two inches at the small end. This end they turn up like the head of a boat, to stand prominently out of the water as the boat cuts through the sea. The large part is to ride on.

None but those that are well trained can ride this kind of "horses," or keep them right side up but a few moments at a time. The people, especially the Indians, move through

the water in a masterly manner, much faster than with a common boat. They use a double paddle, or a paddle with a blade fitted at each end, and are seated as on horseback. It was interesting to see them paddle on each side alternately for the breakers, and when about to pass them, lie down on their "horses" while the breakers washed over them, and then paddle clear before the next one came. I was told that these "horses" are of great importance on some parts of the coast, where the breakers will not admit a ship's boat to approach. Communications and dispatches are made through the medium of these *caballos*.

The Indians who were to convey the platapena to us had to pass through this dangerous place in the dark night, while their watchmen on the shore were awaiting in suspense and deep anxiety their safe return. When we set the watch at night, I requested my brother, the chief mate, to be on deck until midnight, and if he saw any one floating on the water, approaching us, to call me up.

About midnight he called me, saying, "There are two men alongside, sitting in the water!"

We lowered empty water buckets and a lighted lantern. Then the Indians unfastened the bags of silver that were securely hung underneath their *caballos*, and placed them in the buckets for us to haul up on deck. When all was safely aboard, they seemed very much pleased at the accomplishment of the job.

It appeared to me at that season of the night almost an impossibility for them to pass through those dangerous breakers. We gave them some refreshment as they sat on their water-horses; for they dared not leave them. Soon they moved away as fast as possible to relieve their waiting comrades on the shore, and to receive the compensation that their employer had promised them. As their employer had declared, every particle was delivered to me as per invoice.

I now delivered up the "Chatsworth" to the purchaser, took leave of my officers and crew, my brother succeeding me in the command of the "Chatsworth," the second officer succeeding him as chief mate, to remain in the employ of the

new owners to trade in the Pacific Ocean. I then took passage to Lima on board a Peruvian schooner.

I was aware that I was risking much in the hands of this stranger and his crew, who might think that the large amount of money placed in their hands was of more value to them than my life; but I had no other means of conveyance to Lima. I endeavored to manifest no fear nor lack of confidence in him as a gentleman, but watched him very closely, and endeavored to keep the run of his vessel and the course steered.

We anchored in Callao Bay, after a passage of seven days. Here he refused to deliver to me the \$7,000 in silver which I had placed in his care until our arrival in Callao, alleging that the government of Peru did not allow him to deliver it to me. This he well understood when I placed it in his care to deliver to me on our arrival at Callao. He also knew that if he reported any specie on board belonging to a foreigner, no matter how honestly he came by it, the government would seize it for their own use. As the matter stood, he would neither let me have it nor let the government know there was any silver on board his vessel. He then immediately cleared for another country, weighed his anchor, and proceeded to sea.

I soon learned of his dishonest and wicked intentions. I was at that time on board a New Bedford whaleship, and saw him under way. Captain H. manned his whaleboat, and we soon overtook him. He still refused to deliver the silver to me, until he saw that resistance was vain. He then very reluctantly allowed me to receive it, and continued on his voyage. We transferred the silver to the United States ship "Franklin," 74, Commodore Stewart commanding, on deposit until we were ready for sea, as other Americans had to do, for safe-keeping.

Mr. Swinegar, our Peruvian merchant, gave a large dinner party to the captains and supercargoes of the American vessels, and a number of the officers of the American squadron, February 22, in honor of General Washington's birthday. As I was the only person at the table who had decided

not to drink wine or strong drink because of its intoxicating qualities, Mr. Swinegar stated to some of his friends with him at the table that he would influence me to drink wine with him. He filled his glass and challenged me to drink a glass of wine with him. I responded by filling my glass with *water*! He refused to drink unless I filled mine with wine. I said, "Mr. Swinegar, I cannot do so, for I have fully decided never to drink wine."

By this time the company were all looking at us. Mr. Swinegar still waited for me to fill my glass with wine. Several urged me to comply with his request. One of the lieutenants of the squadron, some distance down the table, said, "Bates, surely you will not object to taking a glass of wine with Mr. Swinegar." I replied that I could not do it. I felt embarrassed and sorry that such a cheerful company should be so intent on my drinking a glass of wine as almost to forget the good dinner that was before them. Mr. Swinegar, seeing that I would not be prevailed on to drink wine, pressed me no further.

At that time my deep convictions with respect to smoking cigars enabled me to decide also that from that evening I would never smoke another cigar, or smoke tobacco in any form. This victory raised my feelings and elevated my mind above the fog of tobacco smoke, which had to a considerable extent beclouded my mind, and freed me from an idol which I had learned among sailors to worship.

Weighing Anchor for Home.

I HAD now been on the Pacific Ocean about fourteen months, and was closing my business and preparing to return to the United States. The ship "Candace," Capt. F. Burtody, was about to sail for Boston, Massachusetts, in which ship I engaged my passage.

Captain Burtody and I mutually agreed, when the "Candace" weighed her anchor, that we would from that hour cease chewing tobacco.

About the last week in November, 1823, all hands were called to weigh anchor. None but those who experience these feelings can tell the thrill that fills every soul, from the captain to the cabin boy, when the order is given, "Weigh anchor for home." New life, with energy and strength, seems to actuate all on board. The hardy sailors clinch their handspikes, the windlass begins to roll and bring the watery cable on deck. The gallant ship, seemingly participating with her joyous crew, advances step by step to her anchor, until the officer cries out, "Hold! the cable is apeak!"

The topsails are now loosed, sheeted home, and hoisted to the masthead, and the yards are braced to cant the ship's head out of the harbor. The windlass is now manned again. The ship is soon up with her anchor. A few more turns of the windlass, and the anchor breaks its hold, and the gallant ship is free. The anchor is up and swung to the cat-head, and the ship's sails fill with the freshening gale. The sailors cry, "We are homeward bound!"

The feelings of the sailors still left in the harbor are something like these: "That ship has weighed anchor, and is standing out of the harbor, bound for home. Success to them. I wish we were going, too." No matter how many seas there are to pass, or how many storms to meet, or how far from home, the joyous feeling still vibrates in every

heart, "Home, home, sweet home. Our anchor's weighed for home!"

Our good ship now lay by with her maintop sail to the mast, until the boat came alongside from the commodore with our specie and silver, which Captain Burtody and I had gained by trading. When this was all safely on board, all sail was made on the ship. It was now night, and we were passing our last landmark (St. Lorenzo), and putting out for a long voyage of 8,500 miles. The steward reported supper ready.

"Here goes my tobacco, Bates," said Captain Burtody, taking it from his mouth and casting it overboard.

"And here goes mine, too," said I, and that was the last that has ever polluted my lips.

But Captain Burtody failed to overcome, and labored hard with me to keep him company. I was now free from all distilled spirits, wine, and tobacco. Step by step I had gained this victory. How much more like a human being I felt when I had gained the mastery in these things and overcome them all!

At this time I was also making great efforts to conquer another crying sin, which I had learned of sailors. That was the habit of using profane language. My father had been a praying man from the time I had any knowledge of him. My mother embraced religion when I was about twelve years old. I never dared, even after I was married, to speak irreverently of God in the presence of my father. As he had endeavored to train me in the way I should go, I knew the way, but the checkered scenes of the previous sixteen years of my life had thrown me from the track which I was endeavoring now to regain.

On our voyage from Cape Horn into the Pacific, I had tried hard to break myself of the evil habit of swearing, and had said to my brother that he must not swear nor allow the sailors to do so, for I should not permit it. As I had plenty of leisure now, I read much of my time, and very often, especially on Sundays, many chapters in the Bible. By so

doing I concluded that I was *making myself* a tolerably good Christian.

Our good ship continued to gain onward, and on reaching Cape Horn we encountered a driving storm; but the wind was fair to go eastward, so in forty-eight hours we were safely around the Horn in the South Atlantic Ocean, steering northward for home. As we approached the equator, some of the well-known stars in the Northern Hemisphere began to make their appearance — particularly the Pointers, which always direct the wandering mariner to the North Star. As our good "Candace" still continued to urge her way from the southern ocean to the equator, the Pointers indicated that the North Star was at the northern horizon.

The night was clear, and the watch on deck were all awaiting the appearance of the North Star. At length it was seen just breaking from the mist of the northern horizon, apparently four or five feet above the surface of the ocean. The first sight of this star, so well known to the mariners, ascending from the southern ocean, is often more cheering to their hearts than twenty-four hours of fair wind. If we had no way to ascertain our latitude by nautical instruments, we should know by the appearance of this star that we were at least 120 miles north of the equator.

As our good "Queen Candace" advanced in her onward course into the northern ocean, staggering under the freshening gale from the northeast trades, our hearts were cheered night after night on seeing the very same star rising higher and still higher in the northern heavens, an unmistakable sign that we were rapidly advancing northward, nearer and still nearer home.

At length, after the passing of many days and the coming of winter in the Northern Hemisphere, the joyful cry was raised, "Land, ho!" It proved to be Block Island, in the State of Rhode Island. Joyful sight, indeed, to see our own native land, within forty miles of home, looming in the distance. Yes; to see any land after watching sky and water for three long months, is a welcome relief.

A pilot boat appeared. "Where are you from?" was asked of us.

"Pacific Ocean," we replied.

"Whither are you bound?"

"To Boston."

"Will you take a pilot through the Vineyard Sound? It's always the safest way in the winter season."

"Yes; come alongside."

In a few minutes more the pilot had full charge of the ship, bearing down for the Vineyard Sound. And now we plied the pilot with questions. "What's the news in the States, pilot?" we asked.

"What's the news from Europe?"

"What's the state of the world?"

"Who's to be our next President?"

Hardly waiting for an answer, we continued: "Have you any newspapers?"

"Yes," was the response; "but they are not the latest."

"No matter; they will be new to us; it's a long time since we heard anything from the land of the living."

The wind favored us, and we were soon passing around Cape Cod into Massachusetts Bay, and the next day we anchored off the city of Boston, about the 20th of February, 1824, after a passage of three months from Callao Bay. Our voyage had been a very profitable one.

Fifty-five miles by stage, and I was once more at home. A little blue-eyed girl of sixteen months, whom I had never seen, was waiting with her mother to greet me and welcome me once more to our comfortable and joyous fireside. As I had been absent from home over two years, I remained at Fairhaven for some months to enjoy the society of my family and friends.

The Influence of a Poem

AFTER the passing of a few months, during which I remained with my family at my home in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, I arranged to go on another voyage to South America or to any other part of the world where I could engage in profitable trade. A new brig was now launched, rigged, and fitted to our liking. She was christened the "Empress," of New Bedford. Part of an assorted cargo was received on board in New Bedford. From there we sailed about the 15th of August, 1824, for Richmond, Virginia, to finish our lading with flour for Rio de Janeiro and a market.

After finishing our lading in Richmond, we passed down James River and anchored in Hampton Roads, to procure our armament in Norfolk. Finding no cannon mounted, we proceeded on our voyage without one. It is not so necessary now for merchantmen to carry guns as it was then, on account of piratical vessels. September 5 we discharged our pilot off Cape Henry lighthouse, and shaped our course east southerly, to meet the northeast trades.

From the time I resolved to drink no more wine (in 1822), I had occasionally drunk beer and cider, but now, on weighing anchor from Hampton Roads, I decided from henceforth to drink neither ale, porter, beer, nor cider of any description. My prospect for making this a profitable and successful voyage was more flattering than my last, for I now owned part of the "Empress" and her cargo, and had the confidence of my partners to sell and purchase cargoes as often as it should prove to our advantage, and to use my judgment about going to what part of the world I pleased.

But with all these many advantages to get riches, I felt sad and homesick. I had provided myself with a number of what I called interesting books to read in my leisure hours. My wife thought there were more novels and romances than were necessary. In packing my trunk of books, she placed

a pocket New Testament, unknown to me, on the top of them. On opening this trunk to find some books to interest me, I took up the New Testament, and found at the opening page the following poem by Mrs. Hemans, placed there to arrest my attention :

“ THE HOUR OF DEATH

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set — but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

“ Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

“ Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

“ We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

“ Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
 They have one season — *all* are ours to die !

“ Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.”

These lines seriously arrested my attention. I read them again and again. My interest for reading novels and romances ceased from that hour. Among the many books, I selected Doddridge's “ Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.” This and the Bible now interested me more than all other books.

A Funeral at Sea

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTOPHERSON, of Norway, one of my crew, was taken down sick soon after our departure from Cape Henry. Nothing in our medicine chest availed to relieve him. His case appeared more and more doubtful. The first verse of "The Hour of Death," particularly the fourth line, was almost continually in my mind:

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

I longed to be a Christian, but the pride of my heart and the vain allurements of the wicked world still held me with a mighty grasp. I suffered intensely in my mind before I decided to pray. It seemed as if I had delayed too long. I was also afraid that my officers and men would learn that I was under conviction. Furthermore, I had no secret place in which to pray. When I looked back on some of the incidents in my past life, how God had interposed His arm to save me when death was staring me in the face again and again, and how soon I had forgotten all His mercies, I felt that I must yield.

Finally I decided to try the strength of prayer, and confess all my sins. I opened the run scuttle under the dining-table, where I prepared a place so that I might be out of the sight of my officers, if they should have occasion to enter the cabin during my prayer season.

The first time I bowed the knee here in prayer, it seemed to me that the hair on my head was *standing out straight* for presuming to open my mouth in prayer to the great and holy God. But I determined to persevere until I found pardon and peace for my troubled mind. I had no Christian friend at hand to tell me how, or how long, I must be convicted before conversion. But I remembered when I was a lad, during the great reformation of 1807 in New Bedford and Fairhaven, of hearing the converts, when relating their ex-

perience, say that they had been sorrowing for sin two and three weeks, when the Lord spoke peace to their minds. It seemed to me that my case would be something similar.

A fortnight passed, and no light beamed on my mind. One week more, and still my mind was like the troubled sea. About this time I was walking the deck in the night, and was strongly tempted to jump overboard and put an end to myself. I thought this was a temptation of the devil, and immediately left the deck, and did not allow myself to go out of my cabin again until the morning.

Christopher was very sick, and failing. It occurred to me that if he should die, I should be doubly earnest about my salvation. I now removed him into the cabin, and placed him in a berth next my own, where I could give him more attention, and charged the officers as they waited upon him during their night watch to call me if they saw any change in him.

I awoke in the morning soon after daylight. My first thought was, How is Christopher? I reached over his berth and placed my hand on his forehead; it felt cold. He was dead. I called the officer of the morning watch, "Why, Mr. Haffards!" said I, "Christopher *is dead!* Why did you fail to call me?"

Said Mr. Haffards, "I was down to him about half an hour ago, and gave him his medicine, and saw no alteration then."

Poor Christopher was now laid out on the quarter-deck, and finally sewed up in a hammock with a heavy bag of sand at his feet. After we had settled on the time to bury him, I was most seriously troubled in relation to my duty. I felt that I was a sinner in the sight of God, and dare not attempt to pray in public. And yet I could not consent to plunge the poor fellow into the ocean without some religious ceremony over him. While I was debating in my mind what I should do, the steward asked me if I would not like to have a Church of England Prayer Book.

"Yes," said I, "have you got one?"

"Yes, sir."

“Bring it to me, will you?”

It was just the book I wanted, for when I was in the British service I had heard the ship's clerk read prayers out of such a book when our sailors were buried. But this was the first burial at sea that had occurred under my command.

I opened the book and found a suitable prayer for the occasion. A plank was prepared, with one end over the side of the vessel. On this his body was laid, with his feet toward the sea, so that by raising the other end of the plank the body would slide into the ocean feet foremost. All but the helmsman stood around poor Christopher, to take their final leave of him, and commit his body to the deep as soon as the order should be given.

The idea of attempting to perform religious service over the dead while in an unconverted state troubled me much. I had requested the chief mate to call me when he had made the preparation; meanwhile, I retired below.

When the officer reported all ready, I came up trembling, with the book open in my hand. The crew respectfully uncovered their heads. As I began to read, my voice faltered, and I was so unmanned I found it difficult to read distinctly. I felt, indeed, that I was a sinner before God. When I finished the last sentence, I waved my hand to tip the plank, and turned toward the cabin. As I passed down the gangway, I heard poor Christopher plunge into the sea. I passed down into my praying place, and vented my feelings in prayer for the forgiveness of all my sins, and those of the poor fellow who was sinking lower and lower beneath the rolling waves.

This was the 30th of September, twenty-six days from the capes of Virginia. From that time I felt a sinking into the will of God, resolving henceforward to renounce the unfruitful works of the enemy, and seek carefully for eternal life. I believe now that all my sins were forgiven about that time. Then I also made the following covenant with God, which I found in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul:"

" A SOLEMN COVENANT WITH GOD

" Eternal and ever-blessed God: I desire to present myself before Thee with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul. Sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is to appear before the Holy Majesty of heaven, the King of kings and Lord of lords, . . . I come therefore acknowledging myself to have been a great offender. Smiting on my breast and saying with the humble publican, ' God be merciful to me a sinner,' . . . this day do I with the utmost solemnity surrender myself to Thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me, and I consecrate to Thee all that I am and all that I have. . . . Use me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, as an instrument of Thy service, number me among Thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of Thy dear Son, to whom, with Thee, O Father, be everlasting praises ascribed by all the millions who are thus saved by Thee. Amen."

Done on board the brig " Empress," of New Bedford, at sea, October 4, 1824, in latitude 90° 50' north, and longitude 34° 50' west, bound to Brazil.

JOS. BATES, JR.

I wish that I could always have the resignation to the will of God that I felt the morning that I signed this covenant. Yet I could not believe then, nor for many months after this, that I had any other feelings than a deep conviction of sin. I am satisfied that I have not always regarded this covenant in the solemn light in which I now understand it. But I am very glad I made it, and that God has still spared my life, to allow me yet to do all that I therein covenanted to do.

After signing this covenant, I had a remarkable dream respecting some communications from the post office. One appeared to be a written roll of paper, the other a long letter commencing with spaces as follows:

EXAMINE!	EXAMINE!	EXAMINE!
EXPERIENCE!	EXPERIENCE!	EXPERIENCE!
YOURSELF!	YOURSELF!	YOURSELF!

Then followed a long letter beginning with religious instruction, closely written, of which I read a few lines, when I awoke. I then wrote it on paper and filed it with other papers, but it is now missing. There was much more which I have forgotten, but I believe the dream, thus peculiarly set forth on paper, was to convince me that my sins were forgiven. But I failed to see it then, because I had conceived that God would manifest Himself in such a manner that I should never doubt my conversion afterward. I had not then learned the simplicity of God's gracious work on the sinner's heart.

Along the South American Coast

It would have been a great relief to me if I could have been released from the heavy responsibilities of my trading voyage, considering how my mind was at that time exercised concerning spiritual things. But our voyage continued, and we arrived at Pernambuco, northeastern Brazil, Oct. 30, 1824. Pernambuco is situated on the border of the sea. On approaching it from the ocean, it presents a commanding and beautiful appearance; but ships have to anchor in the open sea some distance from land, and on account of a heavy surf, it is difficult to get ashore.

In Pernambuco we found the state of commerce very far from prosperous; but we were in the best market for selling, and therefore disposed of our cargo.

I was much disappointed in Pernambuco in not finding there any member of a Protestant church with whom I might converse; but the state of my mind was such that I was fully resolved to persevere for a full and free salvation.

Captain Barrett, from Nantucket, Massachusetts, arrived at this port soon after we did. Concluding to sell here also, he sent his boat off to bring his wife on shore. As the boat with Mrs. Barrett was drawing in to the shore, quite a number of us assembled near the landing place with Captain Barrett to receive her. A number of black slaves were also waiting, whose business it was to wade out to the boats and shoulder freight and passengers, and if possible, bear them safely through the breakers to the landing. The fare through the breakers for a passenger, without stumbling, was one rial, or twelve and one-half cents.

It was soon decided who should have the honor of bringing the American lady through the breakers. Captain Barrett requested his wife to seat herself upon the shoulder of the black man who was now waiting for her. This was a mode

of traveling that Mrs. Barrett was entirely unacquainted with; besides, she was very doubtful whether the man could pass the breakers without being overwhelmed in the surf. Therefore she hesitated, and was silent. Captain Barrett and his friends urged, declaring there was no other mode of conveyance. Finally she seated herself upon his shoulder and grasped him by the head with both hands, when he steadily and manfully bore her in safety to the arms of her husband, while his comrades raised a joyous shout in commendation of the sturdy and manful manner in which he had performed the act of landing the North American lady.

Here, also, as in other places, I was assailed by my associates for refusing to drink wine or intoxicating drinks with them, especially wine at the dinner table, which was a very common practice in South America. I will give one instance:

A large company of us were dining with the American consul, Mr. Bennet. His lady at the head of the table filled her glass, and said, "Captain Bates, shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?"

I responded, and filled my glass with water. Mrs. Bennet declined, unless I would fill my glass with wine. She was aware from our previous acquaintance that I did not drink wine, but she felt disposed to induce me to disregard my former resolutions.

As our waiting position attracted the attention of the company, one of them said, "Why, Mr. Bates, do you refuse to drink Mrs. Bennet's health in a glass of wine?"

I replied that I did not drink wine on any occasion, and begged Mrs. Bennet to accept my offer. She readily condescended, and drank my health in the glass of wine, and I hers in a glass of water.

The topic of conversation now turned on wine drinking and my course in relation to it. Some concluded that a glass of wine would not injure any one. True, but the person who drank one glass would be likely to drink another, and another, until there was no hope of reform. Said one, "I wish I could do as Captain Bates does; I should be much better off." Another supposed that I was a reformed drunkard. Surely

there was no harm in drinking moderately. I endeavored to convince them that the better way was *not to use it at all*. On another occasion a captain said to me, "You are like old Mr. —, of Nantucket; he wouldn't drink sweetened water!"

After a stay of six weeks, having disposed of the greater part of our cargo in Pernambuco, we sailed on another voyage to St. Catherine's, in latitude 27° 30' south. Care, and a press of business, I perceived, had in some measure deprived me of the spiritual enjoyment I possessed on my arrival at Pernambuco. I had more leisure just now to search the Scriptures, and read other books on the subject of religion.

I here began a diary of my views and feelings, which was a great help to me. This I forwarded to my wife as often as I wrote to her. These sheets were bound up in a roll and laid by, and have not been read for about thirty-five years. I suppose that this was one of the rolls of paper which I saw in the peculiar dream I had relative to my experience on my outward passage. I thought what a great privilege it would be to have just one professed Christian to compare my views and feelings with on this all-absorbing theme, or to be in a prayer meeting for an hour or so, that I might vent the feelings that were pent up within me.

We arrived at St. Catherine's about the 1st of January, 1825, where we purchased a cargo of farina for the northern coast of Brazil. The farina of Brazil is first cultivated very much like the Carolina sweet potato, and resembles it, only being much longer. It matures in from nine to eighteen months, if not destroyed by frost, and is called by the Brazilians "mandioca." The people manufacture it into flour in their sheds or shanties as follows:

A cow, harnessed at the end of a shaft, and traveling in a circle, moves a wheel banded with copper, having holes pierced through it like a grater. A man with his tub of scraped mandioca presses it end foremost against the whirling grater, which grinds it to pomace, piece after piece. This pomace is then placed in a machine like a cheese press, and all the juice pressed out. Then the pomace is thrown into

large shallow iron pans over a heated furnace, where in about twenty minutes, two or three bushels are dried. When taken out, this is ready for market, and is known as "farina," or Brazilian flour. I have been told that it keeps good for as long a period as three years.

The usual way of preparing it for the table is merely to scald it with hot soup in plates, and pass it around for bread. The poorer classes and slaves gather it up with the ends of their fingers, and throw it into their mouths by the half-ounce, washing it down with water. Since the years when I was trading in Brazil, much of it has been imported into the United States and other lands, and retailed at the stores.

On my arrival at Pernambuco, farina was in good demand, but the government would not allow me to enter because it was unlawful for foreign vessels to trade coastwise. In a few days a message came overland from a president of one of the northern provinces, inviting me to come to the port of Paraiba and dispose of my cargo. Here I sold my whole cargo at an advanced price, the government purchasing a large share of it for the troops.

As the drouth continued and my vessel was a fast sailer, the president granted me permission to import another cargo forthwith, and gave me a letter of introduction to the president of St. Catherine's to help me onward.

On my arrival at St. Catherine's the merchants, learning about the demand for breadstuffs in the north, endeavored to prevent me from buying until they were ready to dispatch vessels of their own. After a few weeks' detention in this way, I employed an interpreter and proceeded in our boat some distance up the coast. Leaving our boat to return and come for us the next day, we went up into the mountains to purchase farina from the farmers. On some farms we found it by the roomful, bedroom or sitting-room, just as they had places to stow it from the rain, for use and for sale. Some of their rooms were packed full with this article.

The merchants in St. Catherine's, hearing of our success in purchasing produce of the farmers and towing it to our

vessel in boats, tried hard to prejudice them against us. But our silver "patacks" of 40, 80, and 120 cent pieces, with which we paid them for their farina at the highest market price, were far superior to their barter traffic and proffered advice.

The first night I spent on the mountain was a trying, sleepless one. I had two heavy bags of silver, and night had overtaken us at a house where we had made a purchase, to be delivered in the morning. I said to the man, through my interpreter, "Here are two bags of silver we have with us to buy farina; I want you to keep them safe for us until the morning."

"Oh, yes!" he replied, and stowed them away in a case.

At bedtime I was shown into a little dark room by myself. I raised no objections, knowing that I should fare no better, after the confidence I had reposed in him in placing my money in his hands. After praying, I lay down, not to sleep, but to think of my unsafe position, and listen to the conversation of the stranger and my interpreter, which continued until a late hour, but a few words of which I could understand.

My information respecting the treacherous character of this people proved to be without foundation, respecting this stranger at least, for when the morning came and we were prepared to pay him for his farina, he manifested strong feelings of gratitude for the confidence we had placed in him. This opened the way for us to trade with his neighbors.

Entering upon a New Experience

IN my intercourse with this people, who were all Catholics, I found no one to converse with on the subject of religion. I often thought what a privilege it would be to meet with one Protestant Christian, and how delighted I should be to spend an hour in an assembly of praying Christians, or hear another's voice in prayer besides my own. I felt such a strong desire for some place of retirement to free my soul and give utterance to my pent-up feelings, that it seemed to me if I could get into the dense forest I should, in a measure, be relieved.

A way soon opened before me. With my Bible for my companion, I passed out of the city and followed the seashore until I found an opening into the thick forest, into which I entered. Here I enjoyed freedom in prayer beyond anything I had ever experienced before. It was indeed a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. When my business would permit, I used to spend the afternoon away somewhere in the forest; and sometimes, for fear of reptiles, I used to ascend a large tree, and fix myself securely in the branches, where I enjoyed most precious seasons in reading the Scriptures, singing, praying, and praising the Lord. His precious truth seemed the joy of my soul, and yet, strange as it may seem, I did not then believe my sins were forgiven; but I rejoiced that I was still under conviction. When the time came that I could go again, I felt that I had made much dependence on being there, and I do not remember of ever returning without a special blessing. Oh! how dark it would seem, on returning to the hum and crowd of the people, after such precious seasons!

We now cleared for St. Catherine's, and sailed with another cargo, and on our arrival in Paraiba we learned that the famine still prevailed. The authorities, learning that we were

handing out some of our provisions to feed the starving poor, opened their prison doors to allow their prisoners to come also and beg from us. Being unauthorized by my owners



Courtesy Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.

A BRAZILIAN FOREST, DENSE WITH UNDERGROWTH

"With my Bible for my companion, I passed out of the city and followed the seashore until I found an opening into the thick forest, into which I entered."

to give away their property in this way, I felt reluctant to do it; but I esteemed it a privilege on my own account, for a while, to feed these poor, starving, and almost naked creatures,

who lingered about our landing place as if it was their only hope from starvation. I did not count them, but I think there were sometimes more than fifty receiving farina at a time. The way they ate it out of their calabashes, as they received it from our boat's crew, was evidence of their starving state.

About this time Captains J. and G. Broughton, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, arrived in Paraiba. They were the first professed Protestant Christians that I had known since leaving the United States. With Capt. G. Broughton I enjoyed sweet intercourse during the few days of our acquaintance. It was truly a refreshing season. From the time I made a covenant with God, I had been in the habit of spending all my time before breakfast in prayer, reading the Bible, and meditation. This I have since learned to be the best way to begin the day.

August, 1825, we sailed from Paraiba on our fourth voyage. Our trading trips up and down the Brazilian coast during the next few months netted us a fair profit. We invested our funds in hides and skins, and sailed for New York. After a pleasant and prosperous passage of thirty days, with the exception of cold, freezing storms on our coast, we arrived at the quarantine ground several miles below the city of New York about the last of March, 1826. As we had no sickness on board, I was allowed the privilege on Sunday of taking my crew with me to hear service at the Dutch Reformed church. This was the first religious assembly I had met with since I covenanted to serve God, and I enjoyed it much. It seemed good to be there.

In a few days we were relieved from quarantine, and I was made glad in meeting my companion and sister in New York. My brother F. took my place on board the "Empress" for another South American voyage, and I left for Fairhaven, to enjoy for a season the society of my family and friends, after an absence of twenty months.

One of my old acquaintances came in to bid me welcome home again, and very kindly inquired how long it was since I entertained a hope, or *was converted*. I replied that I never had been converted. She was a good Christian, and seemed very much disappointed at my reply.

My wife had before this endeavored to encourage me to believe that God for Christ's sake *had* forgiven me. I begged her not to deceive me in such an important matter as this. She said that she did not wish to do so, but was satisfied from my letters and diary during my absence that if she was ever converted, I was. I replied that it seemed to me that I should be fully convinced of my conversion before I could rejoice in it.

I had fully resolved, on my return home, that I would erect the family altar. Satan tried hard to hold me back in various ways, but I resolved to begin as soon as we had breakfast. At this point one of my former associates, who was very much opposed to experimental religion, called to see me. At first, I felt some misgivings, but conscience and duty prevailed. I opened the Bible and read a chapter, and knelt with my family and commended ourselves and friend to the Lord. He looked very sober and soon withdrew. After this victory I do not remember ever experiencing any such hindrance again. If I had yielded here, I am satisfied that I should have had more to overcome if I had attempted to pray in like manner again.

I now had the privilege of religious meetings and Christian friends, and also a weekly prayer meeting at my own house. Elder H., a Congregational minister and particular friend of my parents, invited me to attend an interesting revival of religion then in progress in Taunton, about twenty miles distant. After I had related to him my past experience, as we were drawing near to Taunton, I requested Elder H. not to call on me to speak in meeting, for I had no experience in that part of the work.

In the evening I attended what was called an "inquiry meeting" of the converts and those under conviction of sin. The pastor of the Congregational church, and Elder H., began by inquiring into the state of their minds, and asking the converts to state what the Lord had done for them. As this was the first meeting of the kind in my experience, I listened with an unusual degree of interest and attention, to learn how all these persons had been converted in *so short*

a time. The simple story of what the Lord had done for them when they felt convicted of sin, and were weighed down with a load of guilt and shame, and how they went to the Lord with all their burden and confessed their wrongs, and the various ways in which they found relief,— some in secret prayer, some in the meeting, and others at home; how God spoke peace to their troubled souls; also the various states of their feelings when their burdens left them,— all seemed plain to me. There was such a similarity in this to my experience that I said to myself, "This is the operation of the Spirit of God on the heart through Jesus Christ."

After listening awhile to these simple testimonies, it appeared to me that I understood the same language, and I began to reason, and ask myself, "Is this conversion from sin? Is this really it? Then I have experienced the same." "My heart was hot within me." Oh, how I wished Elder H. would ask me to speak, that I might tell what the Lord had done for me!

For something like eighteen months I had been unwilling to believe that the Lord had forgiven my sins, because I had been looking for some evidence or manifestation of His power (I did not know how or in what manner), which would convince me beyond a doubt. My limited views of conversion, and my strong desire not to be deceived in this important matter, caused me to overlook the simple manner in which God graciously condescends to pardon the guilty, pleading sinner.

After meeting, my tongue was loosed to praise God for what He had done for me so many months before. From this time, all doubts and darkness respecting my conversion and acceptance with God passed away like the morning dew; and peace like a river for weeks and months occupied my heart and mind. I could now give a reason of the hope within me, and say with the apostle, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 1 John 3:14; 2 Cor. 5:17.



Founding the First Temperance Society in America

DURING the spring of the year 1827 we were blessed with a revival of religion at Fairhaven, especially in the Christian Church. At this season my mind was more or less exercised in regard to uniting with some denomination of Christians. My companion had been a member of the Christian Church several years previous to our marriage. By attending with her, after our marriage, when I was at home, I had become acquainted somewhat with their views of the Bible. They took the Scriptures for their only rule of faith and practice, renouncing all creeds.

My parents, with all their converted children thus far, were members of long standing in the Congregational Church, and anxiously hoped that we also would unite with them. But they embraced some points in their faith which I could not understand.

Our perplexity in this matter led me to make my duty a special subject of prayer, particularly in relation to baptism; after which, in opening the Bible, my eyes rested on the twenty-seventh psalm. When I had finished the last verse, I said, "Lord, I will! If I wait on Thee according to Thy word, I must be immersed — buried with Christ in baptism." Col. 2: 12. God strengthened my heart and set me free from that moment, and my duty was perfectly clear. His promise was sweet and powerful. In a few days I was immersed and joined the Christian Church.

The same day, while we were changing our clothes, I solicited Elder M., who baptized me, to assist me in raising a temperance society. As my mind was now free with respect to this last duty, I was forcibly impressed with the importance of uniting my energies with others, to check, if possible, the increasing ravages of intemperance. Since I had ceased

to use intoxicating drinks, I was constrained to look upon it as one of the most important steps I had ever taken. Hence, I ardently desired the same blessing for those around me.

Elder M. was the first person whom I asked to aid me in this enterprise. Failing with him, I moved out alone, and presented my paper for subscribers. Elder G., the Congregational minister, his two deacons, and a few of the principal men of the place, cheerfully and readily subscribed their names, twelve or thirteen in number, and forthwith the Fairhaven Temperance Society was organized.

The majority of our little number had been sea captains, and had seen much of the debasing influence exerted by ardent spirits among its users, abroad and at home. They seemed the more ready, therefore, to give their names and influence to check this monster vice. Elder G. exclaimed, "Why, Captain Bates, this is just what I have been wanting to see!" The meeting was organized by choosing Capt. Stephen Merihew president, and Mr. Charles Drew secretary.

Pending the discussion in adopting the constitution, it was voted that we pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of ardent spirits as a beverage. Having no precedent before us, it was voted that rum, gin, brandy, and whisky were ardent spirits. Wine, beer, and cider were so freely used as beverages that the majority of our members were then unwilling to have them in the list. Some doubts arose with the minority whether we should be able to sustain the spirit of our constitution without abstaining from all intoxicating beverages.

Inquiry was then made whether there were any temperance societies then known. A statement was made that certain individuals in Boston had recently agreed together that instead of purchasing their liquor in small quantities at the stores, they would get it by the keg, and drink it in their own houses. This association was called the "Keg Society." If any temperance societies had ever been organized previous to the one at Fairhaven, we were unacquainted with the fact.

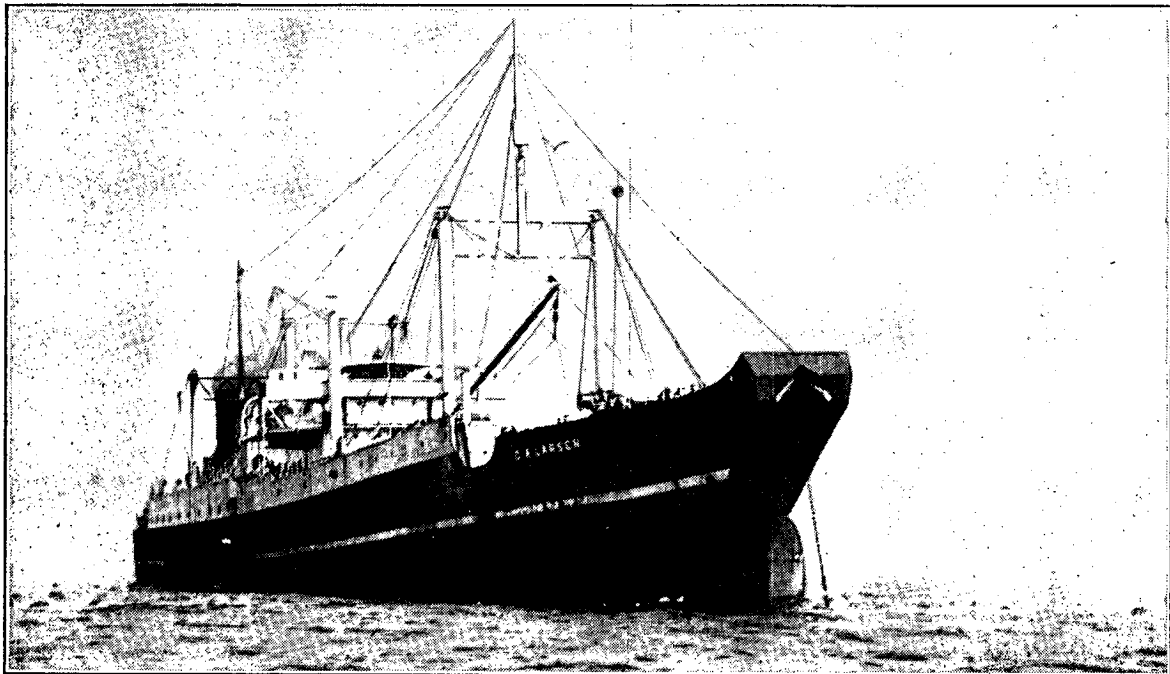
A short time after our organization, one of our number was reported to have violated his pledge. This he denied.

"But you were intoxicated," said we. He declared that he had not drunk anything but cider, and that was allowed. (We were told that his wife said she would a great deal rather he would drink brandy, for when he got drunk on cider he was as ugly again.) During the trial of this member, he continued to declare that he had not violated the letter of the constitution, but it was evident to the society that he had violated the intent and spirit of it, which he was unwilling to admit, nor would he even promise to reform. He was therefore expelled.

The society here saw the necessity of amending the constitution by striking out the words "ardent spirits," and inserting in their place "all intoxicating drinks," or something else that would sustain and aid the cause. From this a reform was introduced, which finally resulted in the disuse of all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal purposes. This reform gave us the name of "Teetotalers."

Before this, our temperance society had become exceedingly popular. Our meeting houses in their turn were crowded with all classes to hear lectures on the subject; and converts, both male and female, by scores cheerfully pledged themselves to the temperance constitution. Many of the citizens of New Bedford who came to hear, also united with us. A society was organized in their town and also in other places.

Arrangements were soon made, and a Bristol County Temperance Society was organized, and the Massachusetts State Temperance Society soon followed. Temperance papers, tracts, and lectures multiplied throughout the land, and opposition began to rage like the rolling sea, causing the tide of temperance to ebb awhile. Then came the "Cold Water Army" of little children from four years and upward, commingling their simple little songs in praise of water—pure, cold water—no beverage like unmingled cold water. Their sweet, stirring appeals, especially when assembled in their society meetings, seemed to give a new impetus to the cause, and rearouse their parents to the work of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.



Herbert Photos, N. Y.

THE WHALING SHIP "C. A. LARSEN"

Said to be the most modern whaling vessel afloat. The "Larsen" carries a complete plant for the disposal of the carcasses of the huge mammals of the sea. In its weirdly shaped prow is a huge water-proof door, through which the captured animals are drawn into the hold of the vessel.

A Ship's Crew Without Intoxicating Liquors

IN the midst of our temperance labors, my brother F. arrived from South America on the "Empress." She was soon loaded again with an assorted cargo under my command, and cleared for South America. We sailed from New Bedford on the morning of Aug. 9, 1827. I found it much more trying to part with my family and friends this time than ever before.

Our pilot now left us with a strong breeze wafting us out once more into the boisterous ocean for a long voyage. As usual, our anchors were stowed away, and everything was secured in case we should be overtaken by a storm. As the night set in, on taking our departure from Gay Head Light, distant about fifteen miles, all hands were called aft on the quarter-deck. All but one were strangers to me, as they had come from Boston the day before. I read our names and agreement to perform this voyage, from the shipping papers, and requested their attention while I stated the rules and regulations which I wished to be observed during our voyage.

I spoke to them of the importance of cultivating kind feelings toward each other while we were alone on the ocean, during our contemplated voyage. I stated that I had frequently seen bitter feelings and continued hatred arise on shipboard by not calling the men by their proper names. Said I, "Here is the name of William Jones; now let it be remembered while we are performing this voyage that we all call his name William. Here is John Robinson; call him John. Here is James Stubbs; call him James. We shall not allow any Bills, or Jacks, or Jims to be called here." In like manner I read all their names, with those of the first and second mates, and requested them always to address one

another in a respectful manner, and to call themselves by their proper names; and if the officers addressed them otherwise, I wished it reported to me.

Another rule was, that I should allow no swearing during the voyage. Said William Dunn, "I have always had that privilege, sir."

"Well," said I, "you cannot have it here," and quoted the third commandment, and was endeavoring to show how wicked it was to swear, when he said, "I can't help it, sir!"

I replied, "Then I will help you to help it."

He began to reason about it, and said, "When I am called up in the night to reef topsails in bad weather, and things don't go right, I swear before I think of it."

Said I to him, "If you do so here, I will tell you what I will do with you; I will call you down and send you below, and let your shipmates do your duty for you."

Dunn saw that such a course would disgrace him, and he said, "I will try, sir."

Another rule was, that we should allow no washing nor mending clothes on Sundays. I said to the crew, "I have a good assortment of books and papers which you may have access to every Sunday. I shall also endeavor to instruct you, that we may keep that day holy unto the Lord. You shall have every Saturday afternoon to wash and mend your clothes, both at sea and in harbor, and I shall expect you to appear every Sunday morning with clean clothes. When we arrive in port, you may have the same Saturday afternoon in your turn to go on shore and see the place, and get what you wish, if you return on board at night sober; for we shall observe the Sabbath on board in port, and not grant any liberty on shore Sunday." *

At this, Dunn remarked again, "That's the sailor's privilege, and I have always had the liberty of going on shore Sundays, and —"

"I know that very well," said I, interrupting him, "but I cannot give you that liberty," and endeavored to show the

* This was nearly twenty years prior to the time Capt. Joseph Bates learned of and began the observance of the true seventh-day Sabbath.

crew how wrong it was to violate God's holy day, and how much better they would enjoy themselves in reading and improving their minds than in joining in all the wickedness that sailors were in the habit of indulging in at a foreign port on that day.

"Another thing I want to tell you is, that we have no liquor, or intoxicating drinks, on board."

"I am glad of that!" said John R. Perhaps this was the first voyage he had ever sailed without it.

Said I, "We have one junk bottle of brandy, and also one of gin, in the medicine chest; this I shall administer to you like the other medicine, when I think you need it. This is all the liquor we have on board, and all that I intend shall be on board this vessel during our voyage; and I here strictly forbid any of you to bring anything of the kind on board when you have liberty to go on shore in foreign ports. And I would that I could persuade you never to drink it when on shore. When you are called to do duty during your watch below, we shall expect you to come up readily and cheerfully, and you shall retire again as soon as the work is performed, and also have your forenoon watch below. If you adhere to these rules, and behave yourselves like men, you shall be kindly treated, and our voyage will prove a pleasant one."

I then knelt down and commended ourselves to the great God, whose tender mercies are over all the works of His hands, to protect and guide us on our way over the ocean to our destined port.

The next morning, all but the man at the helm were invited into the cabin to join with us in our morning prayer. We told them that this would be our practice morning and evening, and we should be pleased to have them all with us, that we might pray with and for them. Also, to further encourage the crew to read and inform their minds, we proposed to issue a paper twice a week, namely, Tuesday and Friday mornings, during the voyage. Before sailing, I had prepared a stock of books, with the latest newspapers, also the last volume of an interesting religious weekly paper, published in Boston, called *Zion's Herald*. We began our issue with the first

number of the volume, requiring the return of the last number before issuing the next; this we placed under the volume, to be given out again at the end of six months.

The novel idea of a semi-weekly paper at sea interested the crew very much, and when the first number came forth again, and they began to reread the volume, I heard nothing said with regard to their ever having seen it before. Their interest in the paper continued throughout the entire voyage. During their forenoon watch below, I used frequently to walk forward, unobserved, and listen to hear some one of them reading aloud from their morning paper, and their remarks thereon.

On Sundays, when the weather was suitable, we had religious worship on the quarter-deck, otherwise in the cabin, when we generally read some good selected sermon, and a passage from the Bible. When in port we could not have their whole attention on Sunday, as when at sea. It sometimes seemed hard for them to be deprived of the privilege of going ashore with other ship companies that were passing us for that purpose. But we enjoyed peace and quietness, while they were rioting in folly and drunkenness.

After a few weeks it was truly gratifying to see them selecting their books from our little library on Sunday morning, and reading them, and also their Bibles, to inform their minds—it was so different from their former course on shipboard. They also appeared cheerful and willing to obey when called upon, and so continued.

After a passage of forty-seven days, we arrived in safety at Paraiba, on the east coast of South America. From there we continued our voyage to Bahia, or San Salvador, where we arrived the 5th of October. Finding no sale for our cargo, we cleared for St. Catherine's.

The night before our arrival at Bahia, we were fired upon and detained by a Buenos Aires privateer. The captain pretended to believe that I was loaded with muskets and powder for his enemy, the Brazilians. After satisfying himself to the contrary, he released us.

Chased and Captured by an Argentine Privateer

ON arriving at St. Catherine's, we landed, sold our cargo, and loaded again with rice and farina, and sailed for Rio de Janeiro. Several days after we left St. Catherine's, a strange sail was discovered at a distance on our weather-quarter, bearing toward us early in the morning. She soon began firing guns, but we paid little attention to her, and were standing on our course under a very light breeze. The Sugar Loaf and other high mountains at the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro were now looming in the distance, eighty miles ahead of us.

We saw that the strange sail was gaining on us very fast, and by the aid of the spyglass discovered that she was sweeping with long oars and firing occasionally. We hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and soon discovered that she was a brig with the Buenos Aires flag at her peak.

We had eight gentlemen passengers on board, six of them Brazilian merchants, going to Rio de Janeiro to increase their stock of goods. They were exceedingly agitated on learning that their enemy was approaching. I said to them, "If you think it best I will crowd on all sail, and if the breezes freshen up soon, we can outsail them; but if not, they will sweep down upon us, and in case they overtake us, you will fare hard. I have no fear of them myself, while under the American flag. But if we heave to for them, they will cease their firing and treat you more kindly. I will do either of which you shall choose among yourselves."

They soon decided that we might better heave to and let them come up with us. We did so, and calmly awaited the approach of the enemy.

In the course of an hour they rounded to, broadside to us, and cried out, "Brig ahoy! Halloo! Lower your boat down, sir, and come aboard here immediately!"

"Yes, sir."

They cried again, "Do you bear a hand about it, sir, and bring your papers with you!"

"Yes, sir."

I directed the second mate to take charge of the boat, to keep her from being stove while alongside the privateer. On reaching the deck I was met by two ruffianly looking men with their brace of pistols, and the captain, standing in the cabin gangway, who said, "Why didn't you heave to, sir, when I fired at you? I have a good mind to blow your brains out here!" followed up with a volley of blasphemous imprecations.

I replied, "I am in your hands, sir; you can do as you please," and then added, "I hove my vessel to as soon as I ascertained who you were;" and pointing to our flying colors. I remarked, "That is the American flag, and I hope you will respect it."

Then came another volley of oaths with a threat that he would sink my vessel, and he cried out, "Go away aft, there, sir, on the quarter-deck!" Here he took my papers.

When I got aft, I saw that my whole crew were with me. I said, "Mr. Bowne, why did you not stay in the boat?"

"Why, sir, they ordered us all on deck after you, and put in a crew of their own; yonder they go on board the 'Empress.'"

The privateer master then inquired, "Captain, what's your cargo?"

"Rice and farina," was the reply.

"You have got ammunition for the enemy under your farina."

"No, sir; I have no such thing in my cargo. You have my invoice and bills of lading."

He said he knew I was aiding the Brazilians, and that he would carry me down to Montevideo as a prize.

Said I, "If you do, I shall find friends there."

"Why," said he, "have you ever been there?"

"Yes," I replied.

Said he, "I will burn your vessel up, and sink her to the bottom;" and he hailed his officer and ordered him to take off the hatchways and sound her with rods to the bottom of the hold.

Their crew now came alongside with our boat to discharge their plunder. Said I, "Captain, are you going to plunder my vessel?"

"Yes," he answered, "I promised these men plunder if they would pull with the sweeps and overtake you."

My remonstrance only made him curse and swear about what he would do to us.

My papers and letters were then spread out on the quarter-deck. I asked him what he wanted with my private papers and letters. He answered that he wanted to find out my correspondence with his enemy, the Brazilians. Said I, "You have my wife's letters there from the United States."

Said he, "You may have them, and your private property."

The boat was unloading her plunder again, and I said, "Your men have just passed in my spyglass; will you let me have it?"

"No," said he, "I promised them plunder if they would overtake you, and I cannot stop them."

While examining the invoice, he suddenly asked, "Where is your money?"

I replied, "You have my papers with the invoice of my cargo; if you find any account of money, take it."

He then ordered his officers to make thorough search for it on board. Not finding any, they told the steward they would hang him if he did not tell where the captain's money was. He declared that he had no knowledge of any. Our money was in silver coin; no one knew where it was but myself. I had stowed it away in bags where I had but little fear of pirates' finding it.

This captain was English, with a mixed, savage-looking crew, apparently ready for any kind of murderous work.

Two or three times he had his vessel steered so near ours that I feared they would get foul of each other and be wrecked, or go down; and because I spoke by way of caution, he poured his abusive epithets on me unrestrained. After an hour or so his excitement began to subside, when he invited me to go down into the cabin with him and take a glass of grog.

"Thank you, sir," said I, "I don't drink any."

Well, he did, and down he went for a few moments to swallow another deadly dram.

I said to the Brazilian merchants just before he came up with us, "Say nothing to me about your money; secure it the best way you can. I shall undoubtedly be questioned about it, and if I know nothing of it, I can say so." They gave their gold watches to the sailors, who kept them upon their persons out of sight. I was afterward told that they threw a quantity of their gold doubloons into the cook's "coppers," where the beef and pork were boiling in salt water for our dinner. These merchants were well stocked with summer suits and linen, which the greedy fellows laid hold of, stripping them all off except their shirts and pantaloons.

After a while the insatiate crew that were ransacking our vessel for money, feeling the gnawings of hunger, seized upon the beef and pork that were cooking in the boilers. It seemed that a merciful Providence checked them from discovering the golden treasure at the bottom of the coppers; for if they had discovered it, they would have suspected there was more of the same in other places, and most probably some of us would have been hanged or shot before the search ended.

During this abusive detention of seven or eight hours, or from eleven in the forenoon until sundown, my boat's crew and I were crowded into a standing position away aft on the quarter deck, with nothing to eat. Late in the afternoon the Brazilian merchants were brought on board the privateer as prisoners of war, and ordered to stand forward of the gangway on the lee side, or, as sailors term it, "in the lee scuppers." Poor fellows, they looked most pitiful. Their

prospects seemed very dark and dubious. I had heard of their saying, or talking among themselves, soon after we sailed from St. Catherine's, because of our praying with them and our sailors morning and evening, that there would be no danger, that they would have a safe passage to Rio de Janeiro. Their faith was now being tested. There they stood, with their eyes fastened on the captain of the privateer and our little company.

A little before sundown the captain ordered all his men on board from the "Empress." As our boat returned with them, he said to me, "You may now take your papers and boat and go on board your vessel."

"Thank you, sir," I replied.

"Will you let the passengers go with me?"

"No!" said he, "they are my prisoners."

"I know that, sir; but I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will let me have them."

He said he wished me to understand that he knew his own business. I was at liberty to go on board when I pleased, but I should not have his prisoners. My men had gone into the boat, and were waiting for me.

These poor fellows did not understand English, but it was clearly manifest from their agonizing, agitated looks that they knew their fate was being settled. Everything to them seemed to hang on a few moments. I appealed to his English and humane feelings respecting their treatment of prisoners not found in arms against them, and said to him, "These men have behaved like gentlemen on board my vessel; they paid me \$50 each for their passage before I left St. Catherine's; they were quietly prosecuting their individual business. In point of worldly interest I shall gain nothing, as I am already paid; but I want to fulfil my engagement with them, and land them safe in Rio de Janeiro. They have never injured you, and they will be in your way here. Now, captain, why will you not let me have them?"

"Take them," said he in a subdued tone.

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness."

The way these men passed over that vessel's side into our boat, when we pointed them to her, was pretty clear proof that they understood all we had been saying concerning them. The captain then endeavored to apologize for his unkind treatment to me. I bade him good-by, and at the setting of the sun we were once more all on board the "Empress."

Here we found things in great confusion; our longboat unstowed, hatches all thrown off, leaving the cargo exposed to the first sea that should come on her decks. Passengers and crew worked diligently to put the "Empress" in sailing trim, and as night closed upon us we were out of reach of the privateer's guns, under a good wholesale breeze, and the passengers were congratulating one another on their safe deliverance from a cruel death.

When order was restored, we assembled as usual in the cabin to thank the Lord for His daily mercies, and especially for His manifest interference in delivering us from the power of that reckless crew of pirates on the high seas. Thanks to His holy name! The sailors delivered the passengers their watches, and whatever else they had given them for safe keeping. Their doubloons were also safe in the coppers. The enemy had got none of their money; but they ransacked their trunks, and left them in a rather sad plight to meet their friends.

The afternoon of the next day we anchored in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. When the report of the matter reached the city, the government dispatched a frigate in pursuit of the privateer, but they did not find her.

As the customhouse authorities declined granting me liberty to sell my cargo in Rio de Janeiro, we cleared and sailed again for St. Catherine's. On our arrival there, the president of the province, having just received a communication from the province of Rio Grande for two cargoes of farina for the troops in the south, granted me the first privilege, and gave me a letter to the authorities of Rio Grande. Thus prepared, we sailed again, and arrived at the bar of Rio Grande on the last day of the year 1827.

While in the port of Rio Grande we held meetings on board our vessel every Sunday; but none of our neighbors, who were anchored near by and around us, came to unite with us, as they preferred to spend their leisure hours on shore. Their men returned in the evening, generally in a turbulent and riotous condition. Our temperance and religious principles on shipboard were new, and, of course, objectionable to all around us; but still they were constrained to admit that we enjoyed peace and quiet on board our vessel that they in general were strangers to, especially on Sunday nights.

After some detention we sold our cargo to the government, and invested the most of our funds in dry hides, and cleared for St. Catherine's. After sailing about eight miles from our anchorage to the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, we were compelled to anchor for the night, and wait for daylight and a fair wind to pass safely over the sand bars.

On receiving my account current from Mr. Carroll, the Brazilian merchant whom I employed to transact my foreign business, I ran it over without discovering any error. But still it seemed to me that I had received more cash in balance than was my due. But many other things then necessarily occupied my mind (as is usual on weighing anchor to proceed on a voyage), until we were obliged to anchor near the lighthouse. I then discovered that the merchant had balanced the account wrong, in my favor. This, of course, was no fault of mine; but he had paid me over my due \$500 in gold doubloons. Only one way was now open for me to communicate with him, and that was by sending my boat.

Our unsafe position near the sandbars and breakers seemed to demand that not only our boat, but also our crew, should be at hand in case our anchors should fail to hold us during the night. But the money was not mine, and I felt that I should not be blessed of the Lord if I attempted to proceed on my voyage without an exertion on my part to pay it over. My vessel might never be heard from again, neither Mr. Carroll's money; then, of course, the fault would be

charged to me. I therefore dispatched my boat with the following letter :

“ MR. CARROLL.

“ DEAR SIR: Since I parted with you, I have been wondering how I came by so much money. Once I overhauled the accounts and concluded they were right. This evening, being more collected and free from care, and not satisfied, I have again spread them before me and made a memorandum of sales and purchases, which led me to discover the error — \$500.34. I have been devising the best way to get this money safe to you; as it is now late, and a prospect of a fair wind early in the morning, I have concluded to send my boat. To double the diligence of my men, I have promised them 960 reis each. I do not know of any other way that would be safe.

JOSEPH BATES.

“ *Brig 'Empress,' at the bar off Rio Grande,
March 8, 1828.*”

By the blessing of God our boat returned in safety, with the thanks of the merchant, in time for us to put to sea early in the morning, with a fair wind. We were prospered with a safe voyage to St. Catherine's, where we finished our lading with hides and coffee, and cleared for New York.

Returning Home from My Final Voyage

OUR passage home was pleasant and prosperous. We were cheered once more with the well-known North Star as we advanced a little way north of the equator, out of the South Atlantic Ocean. After passing the northeastern extremity of South America, as we steered away northwest, we soon came under the quickening influence of the northeast and east trade winds, which wafted us onward toward our home and friends, sometimes at the rate of 200 miles in twenty-four hours. Sailors reckon their days as astronomers do, from noon to noon. Every night, on the appearance of the North Star, her ascension in the Northern Hemisphere was very perceptible, and also encouraging, proving our onward course northward.

During our homeward-bound passage, our crew seemed more thoughtful and attentive to the religious instructions we were endeavoring to impart to them. It was evident that the Spirit of the Lord was at work among us. James S. gave good evidence of a thorough conversion to God, and was very happy during our voyage home. Religion seemed to be his whole theme. One night in his watch on deck, while relating to me his experience, he said, "Don't you remember the first night out on our voyage from home, when you had all hands called aft on the quarter-deck, and gave them rules for the voyage?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, sir, I was then at the helm, and when you finished and knelt down on the quarter-deck and prayed with us, if at that time you had taken up a handspike and knocked me down at the helm, I should not have felt worse; for I had never seen such a thing before."

Thomas B. also professed conversion at that time.

A heavy gale troubled us some, but the good Lord delivered us from its overwhelming influence, and soon afterward we arrived safely in the harbor of New York City.

The first news from home was that my honored father had died some six weeks before my arrival. This was a trying providence for which I was not prepared. He had lived nearly seventy-nine years, and I had always found him in his place at the head of the family after my long voyages, and it seemed to me that I had not one serious thought but that I should see him there again if I lived to return home.

While in the city I had the pleasure of attending an evening Bethel prayer meeting on board a ship lying at the wharf. I enjoyed it very much. Such meetings were then in their infancy, but since that time it is common enough to see the Bethel flag on Sunday morning on board the ships for meeting, on both the east and the north side of the river, for the benefit of sailors and young men who are often wandering about the city without home or friends. Many, doubtless, have been saved from ruin by the efforts of those engaged in these benevolent institutions, while other homeless ones, who have not had such influences to restrain them, have been driven to deeds of desperation, or have yielded to feelings of despair. The trying experience of my early days had made me familiar with such scenes.

On one of my previous voyages I had prevailed on a young man to accompany me to his home in Massachusetts. And while I was in the city this time, as I was passing through the park, among many others whom I saw was a young man seated in the shade, looking very melancholy, quite similar to the one just mentioned, and not far from the same place. I seated myself beside him, and asked him why he appeared so melancholy.

At first he hesitated, but soon began to inform me that he was in a destitute state, having nothing to do and nowhere to go. He said his brother had employed him in his apothecary store in the city, but he had recently failed and broken

up, and left the city, and that now he was without home and friends. I asked him where his parents lived.

He replied, "In Massachusetts. My father is a Congregationalist preacher, near Boston."

I invited him to go on board my vessel, be one of my crew, and I would land him within sixty miles of his home. He readily accepted my offer, and on our arrival in New Bedford, Massachusetts, his father came for him, and expressed much gratitude to me for his safe return and the privilege of again meeting his son.

On our arrival in New York, my crew, with one exception, chose to remain on board and discharge the cargo, and not have their discharge, as was customary on arriving from a foreign port. They preferred, also, to continue in their stations until we arrived in New Bedford, where the "Empress" was to proceed, to fit out for another voyage. After discharging our cargo, we sailed, and arrived in New Bedford about the 20th of June, 1828 — twenty-one years from the time I sailed thence on my first European voyage, in the capacity of cabin boy.

Some of my men inquired when I was going on another voyage, and expressed a wish to wait for me, and also their satisfaction with the last as being their best voyage. It was some satisfaction to me to know that seamen were susceptible of moral reform on the ocean (as proved in this instance), as well as on the land; and I believe that such reforms can generally be accomplished if the officers are ready and willing to enter into it.

When at the beginning of our last voyage I had made the announcement that there was no intoxicating liquor on board, excepting that which pertained to the medicine chest, one man had shouted that he was "glad of it," this lone voice on the ocean in behalf of this work of reform, had cheered me. I believe the man was deeply affected, and I cannot recollect that he used intoxicating liquor in any way while under my command.

That which had been regarded as so necessary an article to stimulate the sailor in the performance of his duty, proved

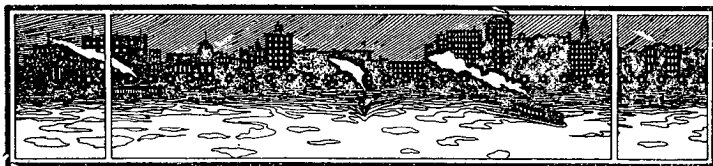
not only unnecessary, but the withholding of it was shown to be a great blessing in our case.

Some time after this voyage, I was in company with a shipowner of New Bedford, who was personally interested in fitting out his own ships and storing them with provisions, liquors, and all the necessaries for long voyages. We had been agitating the importance of reform in strong drink, when he observed, "I understand, Captain Bates, that you performed your last voyage without the use of ardent spirits."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

Said he, "Yours is the first temperance vessel I have ever heard of."

My brother F. now took command of the "Empress," and sailed again for South America, being fitted out to perform the voyage on the principles of temperance, as on her former voyage. During my last voyage I had reflected much on the enjoyments of social life with my family and friends, of which I had deprived myself for so many years; and I desired to be more exclusively engaged in bettering my condition, and that of those with whom I should be called to associate, on the subject of religion and moral reform.



Entering into the Pleasures of Life Ashore

My seafaring life was now finished. I once more esteemed it a great privilege to unite with my brethren in the Christian Church. I also gladly re-engaged in the temperance reform with my former associates, who had been progressing in the work during my absence.

My father in his last will requested that I should unite with my mother in the settlement of his estate. Before the year came round, my mother was also removed by death. I now turned my attention to farming, and began to improve a small farm which my father had bequeathed to me. Through the aid of an agricultural weekly, called the *New England Farmer*, and with some of my ready cash, I soon made some perceptible alterations on the farm, but with little or no income.

My companion had often said that she wished I had some way to sustain my family that would allow me to live at home. I promised her that when I had gained a competency by following the sea, then I would relinquish the business and stay on shore. When asked what I considered a competency, I answered, "Ten thousand dollars." After tasting the sweets of the Christian's hope, I found it much easier, with all the opening prospects before me, to say where I would stop in this business, if the Lord prospered me.

I now enjoyed the privilege of reading some of the periodicals of the times, especially those on religion and morals. The sailors' wants were beginning to be agitated through a periodical called the *Sailor's Magazine*. A few friends of the cause came together, and we organized the Fairhaven Seaman's Friend Society. A little pamphlet called "The Missionary Herald," advocating the cause of foreign

missions, also enlisted my feelings, and engaged my attention to some extent. My intercourse with what the "Herald" called the heathen, enabled me to see more clearly their moral and religious wants. I also became much interested in the work of the American Tract Society, which was organized in Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1814, and was embracing all the evangelical denominations in the United States. I read with pleasure, and helped to circulate, many of their tracts on religious subjects and temperance reform.

Up to 1832, the Christian Church in Fairhaven, with which I had united, had occupied a rented hall, and they now began to feel the need of having a house of worship of their own in a more convenient place. Four of the brethren united and built one, which was called the Washington Street Christian meeting house. Soon after it was finished and dedicated, we opened a series of religious meetings, in which the Lord graciously answered our prayers, and poured out His Spirit upon us, and many souls were converted. The other churches became zealously affected, and the work of God spread throughout the village. For many weeks in succession the church bells were ringing, morning, afternoon, and evening, for preaching and social meetings. It was thought by those who spoke of it that the whole population of the unconverted were under the deep movings of God's Holy Spirit.

Our village had been blessed with several revivals before, but I was away from home, except during two, the last of which I have just mentioned. The first one was in the year 1807, when the people were immersed in the love and pleasures of the world and the pride of life. The work was wonderful to them, and altogether unexpected.

Although we had a stated ministry and regular preaching, it was ascertained that there were but two family altars in the place, — at Mr. J.'s and at my father's. I remember that I felt deeply interested in that work, and loved to attend their prayer meetings; and I have often thought that the Lord at that time forgave my sins, but I, like too many other youth, neglected to tell my feelings to my parents or any

one, feeling that religion was for older ones than myself; and before the revival wholly subsided, my mind was occupied in preparing for my first European voyage.

From the year 1824, when I made my covenant with God, I had lived up to the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, but had continued the use of tea and coffee, without much conviction about their poisonous and stimulating effects, for about seven years longer. With my small stock of knowledge on the subject, I was unwilling to be fairly convicted that these stimulants had any effect on me, until on a social visit with my wife at one of our neighbor's, where tea was served somewhat stronger than we usually drank it. It had such an effect on my whole system that I could not rest nor sleep until after midnight. I then became fully satisfied (and have never seen cause to change my belief since) that it was the tea I drank which so affected me. I became convinced of its intoxicating qualities, and from that time discarded the use of it.

Soon after this, on the same principle, I discarded the use of coffee, with the result that in the later years of my life my health has been better and my mind clearer than when using these beverages.

I sold my place of residence in the year 1831, and was occupied much of the time in 1832 in locating my dwelling house and outbuildings on my little farm, and was also associated with three of my Christian friends in building the Washington Street meeting house.

In 1831 it was stated that 3,000 temperance societies had been organized in the United States, with 300,000 members. (See "Haskell's Chronological View of the World," p. 247.) Thus in four years — or from 1827 to 1831 — temperance societies had progressed from our small beginning in Fairhaven. Many ships were also adopting the temperance reform.

About the close of 1831, and early in 1832, antislavery societies began to be organized again in the United States, advocating immediate emancipation. As the work progressed, antislavery advocates were maltreated and mobbed

in many places where they attempted to organize or hold meetings to plead for the poor, oppressed slaves in our land.

It was during these times that I began to feel the importance of taking a decided stand on the side of the oppressed. My labor in the cause of temperance had caused a pretty thorough sifting of my friends, and I felt that I had no more that I wished to part with; but duty was clear that I could not be a consistent Christian if I stood on the side of the oppressor, for God was not there. Neither could I claim His promises if I stood on neutral ground. Hence, my only alternative was to plead for the slave, and thus I decided.

After finishing the buildings on my farm, I undertook the work of raising mulberry trees to obtain their foliage to feed the silkworms, designing to enter into the culture of silk. I had erected a schoolhouse on my place, in which I designed to have a manual-labor school for youth. I intended to employ them a certain portion of the time to gather the mulberry foliage, and attend to the feeding of the silkworms, and as the work advanced, other branches of the business also, such as reeling and preparing the silk for market. By an examination of the works of able writers on the subject, I was satisfied that silk could be produced to advantage in New England as well as in Europe.

While my trees were maturing, we raised and fed the silkworms two or three seasons on a small scale, which satisfied me that by attention and care the business could be made profitable. Many who began the business about the time I did, entered into the speculation and excitement about raising the Chinese *multicaulis* tree for sale, which enriched some, disappointed many, and caused a failure, because silk culture could not be made a money-making business in its infancy. I was endeavoring to raise my trees first, before entering upon the business, and had many trees which had begun to bear fruit, and my third orchard in a thriving condition, designing, if I lived, to attend to that business only.

Discovering and Investigating Some Great Truths

ON the night of Nov. 13, 1833, a wonderful phenomenon occurred in the heavens, which caused consternation and dismay among the people, namely, *the stars falling from heaven!* Many watchmen in the cities, and sailors in their night watches on the ocean, together with those that were up, and their friends whom they called up to witness the exhibition of the falling stars, were now relating what they had witnessed, as were also the newspapers of the times.

Prof. Denison Olmsted, of Yale College, says:

“The extent of the shower of 1833 was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth’s surface, from the middle of the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America to undefined regions among the British possessions on the north, the exhibition was visible, and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance. Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of Nov. 13, 1833, probably saw the *greatest display of celestial fireworks that has ever been seen since the creation of the world.*”

In connection with these portentous signs in the heavens, moral reform was working its way like leaven throughout the United States. It seemed that some unseen agency was assisting those who were struggling in the uphill work of opposing the masses, while they were soliciting and enlisting the energies and sympathies of men, women, and children to help stay the tide of intemperance and slavery which, to all human appearance, if not stayed, would demoralize and debase us below the moral standard of all the civilized nations of the earth, before the then rising generation should pass from the stage of action.



THE GREAT STAR SHOWER OF NOVEMBER 13, 1833

"From the middle of the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America to undefined regions among the British possessions on the north, the exhibition was visible."

What appeared to be most inexplicable in moving forward this work, was to see ministers whose Christian characters were before unsullied in the community, pleading in favor of slavery, upholding rum drinking and rum selling, and keeping a large majority of their churches and congregations under their influence. Others were mute, waiting to see how their friends would decide. Some there were, however, who took a noble stand in the work of reform.

Moral reform societies were multiplied in various places, as were also peace societies, having for their object the abolition of war. They proposed to settle all disputes or difficulties of importance by reference to a Congress of Nations.

In the fall of 1839, while engaged in my orchard, Elder R., an acquaintance of mine, and a preacher in the Christian connection, called upon me, and inquired if I would like to go to New Bedford, about two miles distant, that evening, and hear him preach on the second coming of Christ. I asked Elder R. if he thought he could show or prove anything about the Saviour's coming. He answered that he thought he could. He stated that the North Christian meeting house in New Bedford was offered him, in which to give a course of five lectures on that subject. I promised to go with him, but I was very much surprised to learn that any one could show anything about the *time* of the Saviour's second coming.

A little previous to this, while spending an evening in a social company of friends, Elder H. stated that he had heard that there was a Mr. Miller preaching in the State of New York that the Lord Jesus Christ was coming about the year 1843. I believe this was the first time I had ever heard the subject mentioned. It appeared so impossible that I attempted to raise an objection, but was told that he brought a great deal of Scripture to prove it. But when I heard Elder R. present the Scripture testimony on the subject in his first lecture, I was deeply interested, as was also my companion.

After meeting, we rode some distance toward home, absorbed in this important subject, when I broke the silence by saying, "*That is the truth!*" My companion replied, "Oh,

you are so sanguine always!" I argued that Elder R. had made it very clear to my mind, but we would hear further. The meetings continued with crowded congregations and increasing interest to the close, and I felt that my mind was much enlightened on this important subject.

I now obtained William Miller's book of nineteen lectures, which I read with deep interest, especially his argument on the prophetic periods of Daniel's vision, which heretofore, when I read the Bible in course, had appeared to me so intricate, and had led me to wonder what importance there could be attached to those days connected with this pictorial prophecy of chapters 7 and 8. But I now began to learn that those days were so many years, and those years were to close about 1843, when, according to Mr. Miller's view of the prophecies, Christ would personally appear the second time.

With my limited views of the subject of the second advent, I saw that if Mr. Miller was correct respecting the soon coming of the Saviour, then the most important point in his theory was to learn *where* to begin to reckon Daniel's prophetic periods, and trace them to their termination. The first issue in pamphlet form by Mr. Miller is dated 1832. His first lectures in Boston, Massachusetts, in the Chardon Street and Marlborough chapels, were in the winter of 1840. This opened the way for Elder Joshua V. Himes, of Boston, to issue, as editor, the first periodical published on the second advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, called the *Signs of the Times*, in Boston, Massachusetts, March, 1840.

As Elder Himes was as destitute of means as any other minister who at that time boldly preached and advocated the necessity of moral reform, and was expressing an anxious desire to get up a paper on the subject of the second advent, an aged sea captain from the State of Maine, being present, handed him a silver dollar. "With this one dollar," said Elder Himes, "we began to publish the *Signs of the Times*."

Attending Conferences on the Second Advent

THE *Signs of the Times*, of Boston, Massachusetts, Sept. 1 and 15, 1840, published a call for a general conference on the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, saying:

“The undersigned, believers in the second coming and kingdom of the Messiah at hand, cordially unite in the call for a General Conference of our brethren of the United States, and elsewhere, who are also looking for the advent near, to meet at Boston, Massachusetts, Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1840, at 10 A. M., to continue two days, or as long as may then be found best. The object of the Conference will not be to form a new organization in the faith of Christ, nor to assail others of our brethren who differ with us in regard to the period and manner of the advent, but to discuss the whole subject faithfully and fairly, in the exercise of that spirit of Christ, in which it will be safe to meet Him immediately at the judgment seat.

“WILLIAM MILLER,
HENRY DANA WARD,
HENRY JONES,
HENRY PLUMER,
JOHN TRUAR,
JOSIAH LITCH,
JOSHUA P. ATWOOD,
DANIEL MERRILL,

DAVID MILLARD,
L. D. FLEMING,
JOSEPH BATES,
CHAS. F. STEVENS,
P. R. RUSSELL,
ISAIAH SEAVY,
TIMOTHY COLE,
J. V. HIMES.”

In accordance with the call, the General Conference convened in Chardon Street chapel, Boston, Massachusetts, Oct. 14, 1840, and continued two days with increasing interest, at the close of which the communion of the Lord's supper was administered to about two hundred communicants of different denominations. Many of them were from remote distances.



WILLIAM MILLER

From this Conference, an address of 150 pages, in pamphlet form, was circulated in the United States and foreign lands. Elder Joshua V. Himes entered into this work apparently with all the zeal of Joshua of old, in his preaching

and editorial work, in circulating all the light which could be elicited from every quarter on the subject of the second advent of the Saviour.

In March, 1841, Brother Miller began a course of lectures in the Washington Street meeting house, in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. I thought if he could be obtained to lecture on the second coming of Christ to my friends and neighbors, I would willingly give my seat in the meeting house to others, if the house should be crowded. I had been reading his lectures, and supposed I understood the most he would preach. But after hearing his first lecture, I felt that I could not be denied the privilege of hearing the whole course, for his preaching was deeply interesting, and very far in advance of his written lectures.

The house was crowded so that a great portion could not be seated, and yet all was quiet and still as night. It seemed as if the people were hearing for *themselves*. I believe they did *then*. Passing around among them the day after the lecture, one would hear another inquiring of his neighbor,

“Were you at the meeting last night?”

“Yes.”

“Did you ever hear such preaching before?”

“No.”

“What do you think of his doctrine?”

Many called on Brother Miller to converse with him relative to the doctrine he taught, and seemed highly pleased with his prompt and ready quotations of Scripture in reply. Elders Himes and Cole accompanied him to Fairhaven. His week's labor with us seemed to work a very apparent change among the people.

His next course of lectures began the next week in the North Christian meeting house in the city of New Bedford, about two miles distant. It was supposed that here he had about fifteen hundred hearers, the number that the house would accommodate at one time. A large portion of the aristocracy and ministers were in attendance. No such religious excitement for the time was ever heard of there. The interest seemed deep and widespread.

At the close of the last meeting, Brother Miller affectionately addressed the ministers, and exhorted them to faithfulness in their responsible work. He said, "I have been preaching to you people on the soon coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, as I understand it from the Scriptures," and added that, if they thought he was right, it was highly important that they should teach it to their respective congregations. But if he was wrong, he much desired to be set right, and expressed a strong desire to meet with them before he left the place, and examine the subject with them. The Baptist minister proposed the vestry of his church, in William Street, at nine o'clock the next morning.

I was not a minister then, but I had a strong desire to attend this meeting, to learn how the ministers received the second advent doctrine. By request, a number of lay members, with myself, were permitted to attend. When the meeting opened in the morning, I counted twenty-two ministers present, belonging to the place and within a circle of a few miles around the city, and about forty lay members. After the meeting was organized, Brother Miller proposed that they begin with the prophecy of Daniel, and requested the reader of the Scriptures to begin with the second chapter.

Occasionally Brother Miller would request the reader to pause, and then ask the ministers how they understood what had just been read. At first they looked upon one another in silence, seemingly unwilling to expose their ignorance in this matter, or to see who would reply. After some time, one of the learned ministers replied, "We believe it as you do, sir." "Well," said Brother Miller, "if you are all agreed on this point, we will proceed." No other one replied. The reader proceeded until another question. All was silent again until the same learned minister answered, "We believe this as you do, sir." And thus they professed to believe with him to the end of the chapter. It was truly cheering to see how all these ministers of the various denominations were admitting and believing the doctrine of the second advent.

The second General Conference of second advent believers was held in the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, June 15-17, 1841.

Uniting with the Adventist People

OPPOSITION from various quarters was now manifested, nevertheless the movement was daily increasing. In October, 1841, the third conference was held, in Portland, Maine, which gave a new impulse to the cause in that section of the country. Conferences were held in other places during the winter, particularly in New York City, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Early in the spring of this year Elders Himes and Fitch held a conference in Providence, Rhode Island. Here I became acquainted with Brother Fitch. His clear expositions of the prophecies relative to the second coming of our Lord were listened to with deep interest. His preaching, in connection with that of Elder Himes, deeply affected the hearts of the people, and a great many professed strong faith in the near coming of the Lord.

It was truly wonderful how fast professed Christians could believe the evidences of the near coming of the Lord from the teaching of the Bible and history, and then disbelieve on no better authority than a sneer, a laugh, or a "How do you know? Nobody knows anything about it."

Some of my brethren of the Washington Street Christian Church also began to wane in their advent faith, and would say to me sometimes at the close of our social meetings, "Brother Bates, we wish you would not say so much about the second coming of Christ."

"Why," I would say, "don't you believe it is as true now as it was when Brother Miller preached it here last year, and you believed it?"

"Well, we believe Christ is coming, but no one knows when. Brother Miller taught that it would be about 1843, but we don't think so. We like to hear you exhort and pray, but we don't like to hear you say so much about the second coming of Christ, and the time."

About this time the church elected a pastor, which was a source of deep trial to those who were more deeply interested in the advent movement. Several of these interested ones sought and obtained their dismissal. I continued in deep trial on this point for several weeks, hoping for some change for the better. I besought the Lord for light in this matter, and that which was granted me was quietly to withdraw and be free. I did so, and notified the trustees of the meeting house that I was ready to dispose of my interest in the premises. They declined my offer, which left me at liberty to dispose of it publicly, which I did at quite a sacrifice. I was now relieved from about twelve years' responsibilities and care, in aiding to build up and sustain a free church, who took the Bible for their only rule of faith and practice.

Four of us, members of the church, had united and built the meeting house at a cost of over \$9,000, nearly three quarters of which belonged to us at the time I withdrew. Some of my good friends who were engaged in the temperance and abolition cause, came to know why I could not attend their stated meetings as formerly, and argued that my belief in the coming of the Saviour should make me more ardent in endeavoring to suppress these growing evils.

My reply was, that in embracing the doctrine of the second coming of the Saviour, I found enough to engage my whole time in getting ready for such an event, and aiding others to do the same, and that all who embraced this doctrine would and must necessarily be advocates of temperance and the abolition of slavery; and those who opposed the doctrine of the second advent could not be very effective laborers in moral reform. And further, I could not see duty in leaving such a great work to labor single-handed as we had done, when so much more could be accomplished in working at the fountainhead, making us every way right as we should be for the coming of the Lord.

In May, 1842, a General Conference was convened in Boston, Massachusetts. At the opening of this meeting, Brethren Charles Fitch and Apollos Hale, of Haverhill, pre-

sented the pictorial prophecies of Daniel and John, which they had painted on cloth, with the prophetic numbers, showing their fulfilment. Brother Fitch, in explaining from his chart before the conference, said that while examining these prophecies, he had thought if he could get out something of the kind as here presented, it would simplify the subject, and make it much easier for him to present to an audience.

Here was more light in our pathway. These brethren had been doing what the Lord had shown Habakkuk in his vision 2,468 years before, saying, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time." Hab. 2: 2, 3.

After some discussion on the subject, it was voted unanimously to have 300 charts similar to this one lithographed, which was soon accomplished. They were called "The '43 Charts."

This was a very important conference. A camp-meeting was now appointed to convene the last week in June, at East Kingston, New Hampshire, where an immense multitude assembled to hear the glad tidings of the soon coming of our blessed Lord. I had not the pleasure of attending this meeting, but heard most stirring reports of what was accomplished there. Camp-meetings and conferences were now being multiplied throughout the Middle and Northern States, and Canada, and the messengers were proclaiming, in the language of the message, "*The hour of His judgment is come!*"



ELDER JAMES WHITE AND HIS WIFE, MRS. ELLEN G. WHITE

Second Advent Camp-Meetings

DURING the month of August, 1842, a second advent camp-meeting was held in Littleton, Massachusetts. This was the first camp-meeting I had ever attended. It was quite a novel thing to see such a variety of tents pitched around the ministers' stand, among the tall, shady trees. At the opening of the meeting, we learned that those who occupied them were families from the various towns in the vicinity of the camp and the city of Lowell, who were interested in the advent doctrine.

The subject of the prophecies connected with the second coming of our blessed Lord and Saviour, was the theme of ministers and people. All, except a mob who came to break up the meeting, seemed deeply interested; and these, after becoming acquainted with the nature of the meeting, ceased to trouble us, and peace, harmony, and love prevailed during the entire meeting.

In September following, another camp-meeting was held in the southern part of Massachusetts in the town of Taunton, in a beautiful grove of tall pines by the railroad between Boston and New Bedford. This meeting was one of deep interest to the advent movement, and opened the way for tens of thousands to hear the proclamation of a coming Saviour. The cars, passing to and from these cities twice a day, landed the people in crowds on the campground. A large number of ministers were in attendance. Elder Josiah Litch took the lead in this meeting, which continued for about a week. The preaching was clear, and was accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit in mighty measure.

At one of our morning prayer meetings, as the invitation was given for those to come forward who wished to be prayed for, among the mourners it was said there were about *thirty ministers* who prostrated themselves, some of them

on their faces, beseeching God for mercy and a preparation to meet their coming Lord!

On Sunday it was judged there were ten thousand people on the camp-ground. The clear, weighty, and solemn preaching of the second coming of Christ, and the fervent prayers and animated singing of the new second advent hymns, accompanied by the Spirit of the living God, sent such thrills through the camp that many were shouting aloud for joy.

While the committee were moving around in the congregation, receiving contributions to defray the expenses of the meeting, some of the sisters began to take out their earrings and strip off their finger rings and other jewelry, an example followed by many others, and all were thrown into the contribution.

From this circumstance a report was circulated abroad that the Taunton camp-meeting had taken up in their collection about *three flour barrels full of jewelry!* The committee of arrangements, anticipating some wrong report about this matter, dispatched one of their number on the first train to New Bedford, instructing him to sell all the jewelry for cash. He did so, and returned with *seven dollars!* We considered this about six times less than what it should have sold for, the whole of which would have filled a pint measure.

This was in keeping with many other false reports of second advent meetings which were retailed about the world for facts. This meeting was a very important one, and it opened the way for hundreds of meetings in the various towns and villages in that region of country.

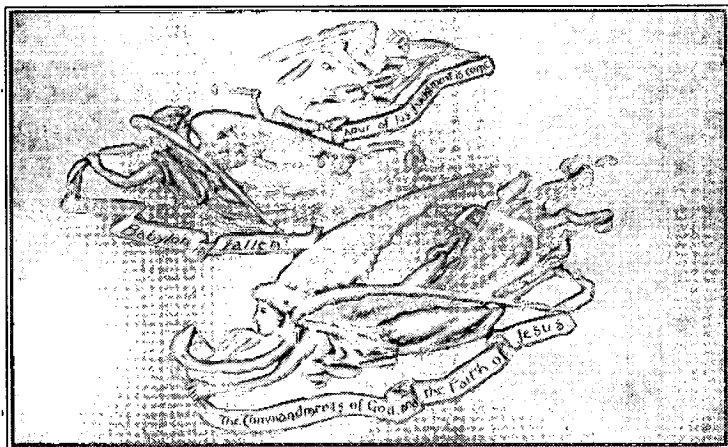
In about four weeks another camp-meeting was held three miles back of the city of Salem, Massachusetts. For interest and numbers, this surpassed any meeting that I had ever attended. Elder Joshua V. Himes had charge, and pitched his big tent there, which was said to hold about seven thousand people. On approaching this meeting from the city of Salem, the main streets, crossroads, lanes, and paths were crowded with teams and carriages loaded with people, besides the jam of foot passengers, all crowding through the thick, smothering dust to the camp-ground.

Here in the large stone-walled pasture ground, interspersed with high, ragged rocks, clumps of bushes, and straggling trees, bounded by woods on two sides and water on another, with the city of Salem in the distance in another direction, were pitched the numerous tents for the great meeting. The big tent loomed above them all like a lighthouse, pointing to the looked-for harbor of the mariner, inviting the pressing multitude to enter and listen to the messengers of God proclaiming with stentorian voices the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The preaching was on the great leading doctrines of the second advent. Ministers and people listened with profound attention, desiring to know if these things were so, and what to do to fit them for that day. The ministers present who preached were Elders Himes, Litch, Fitch, Hale, Plumer, Cole, and others. So anxious were the people to hear on this great subject, that those who could not be accommodated in the big tent could be seen in the distance congregated under trees, listening to selected ministers explaining from the '43 chart fastened to the trees.

When the preaching meetings closed, prayer meetings and praying circles for the unconverted began in the tents. The evenings were more especially devoted to this part of the work. Anxious ones who became fully convinced by listening to the truth, sought and found relief in these praying circles. Sometimes after listening to the united, earnest prayers, the shout of victory would follow, and then the rush to the tents to learn who was converted, and to hear them tell what Jesus had done for them, and how they loved His appearing. And those who wished to see the onward progress of this work of God, could join with the groups of men and women with their selected ministers passing down to the water-bound side of the camp, and there, in accordance with their faith, and in obedience to Him who had set them free from sin, see them buried with Him by baptism, and while returning on their way rejoicing, meet others going to be buried in like manner.

Brother Miller, with others, was attending conferences and camp-meetings in other States, and his engagements were such that he could not see it duty to be at any of these meetings in Massachusetts which I have mentioned. Elder Cole, while speaking of his last meeting, on the preachers' stand, said, "Last evening I preached in the meeting house in Merideth, New Hampshire, to a crowded house, and the people were so absorbed in the subject of the coming of Christ that



THE THREEFOLD MESSAGE

"The everlasting gospel . . . to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Rev. 14: 6.

they remained on their knees after I had closed the meeting, so that I had to pick my way out by stepping over them, to be out of the meeting in time to secure my passage to the Salem camp-meeting; and when I got out of the house, the people in the yard were also on their knees, and thus I passed on, obliged to leave them."

On Sunday, it was judged there were *fifteen thousand people* in the camp. Here Brother Fitch took leave of his brethren and started for the West, to spread the glad tidings of a coming Saviour. Two brethren in the ministry also started about this time to preach the second advent of Christ in England.

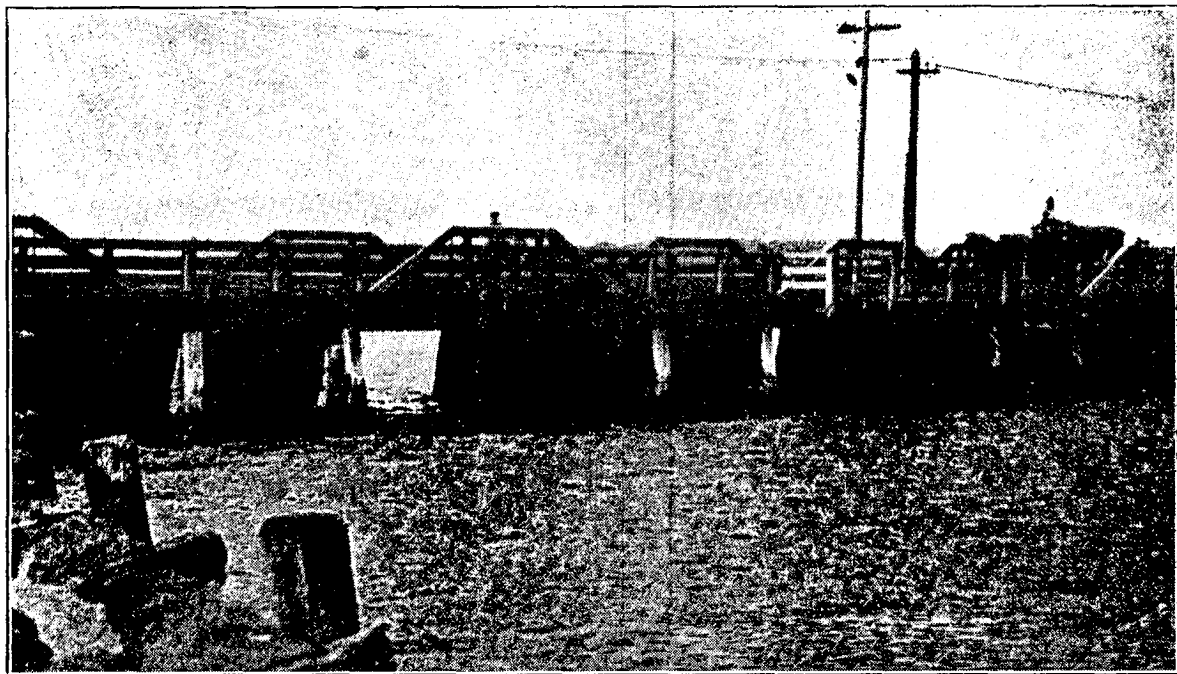
This meeting gave an impetus to the cause that was widespread and lasting. When the camp broke up, a multitude from thence repaired to the Salem station to secure their passage for Boston and vicinity. Some accident occurring to the trains from Newburyport detained us in the Salem station for about two hours. Here our company began singing advent hymns, and became so animated and deeply engaged that the people of the city came out in crowds, and seemed to listen with breathless attention until the train came and changed the scene.

Elder S. Hawley, a Congregationalist preacher who confessed faith in the advent doctrine about this time, was invited to preach on the subject in the city of Salem on Sunday. On attending to his appointment a few weeks afterward, he reported that the excitement there on this subject was intense. It was judged that he had *seven thousand hearers*.

Second advent publications were now multiplying, and through the daily journals it was astonishing to learn with what rapidity this glorious doctrine was being proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the Union and the Canadas. The people in the various States, counties, towns, cities, and villages, were all being aroused to hear the glad tidings.

Elder E. R. Pinney, of New York, in his exposition of Matthew 24, says: "As early as 1842, second advent publications had been sent to every missionary station in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and both sides of the Rocky Mountains."

As no work of God had ever aroused the nations of the earth in such a powerful and sudden manner since the first advent of the Saviour and the day of Pentecost, the evidence was powerful and prevailing that this work was the fulfilling of the prophecy of the angel flying "in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the *hour of His judgment is come.*"



OLD BRIDGE BETWEEN FAIRHAVEN AND NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Upon this bridge Elder Bates met his friend, Mr. Hall. Said Mr. Hall, "Captain Bates, what's the news?" Said Captain Bates, "The news is that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and we ought to keep it." Said Mr. Hall, "I will go home and read my Bible." He did so, and from that time on observed the Sabbath.

In the South with the Message

As Mr. Miller had always stated the time for the coming of the Lord to be *about* the year 1843, he was now pressed to state the point of time more definitely. He said that according to the best evidence he could gather, he believed the Lord would come "sometime between the 21st of March, 1843, and March 21, 1844." Before the close of this memorable year, conferences were appointed to be held by Brethren Miller, Himes, and others in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, to give the last warning, and if possible wake up and warn the household of Cæsar. It was a season of thrilling interest to all who truly loved the second advent doctrine.

About this time I sold my place of residence, including the greater portion of my real estate, paid up all my debts, so that I could say once more that I owed "no man anything."

For some time I had been looking and waiting for an open way to go down South into the slave-holding States with the message. I was aware that slaveholders in the South were rejecting the doctrine of the second advent, and but a few months before had ordered Brethren Storrs and Brown from the city of Norfolk, Virginia; and I was told that if I went South, the slaveholders would kill me for being an abolitionist. I saw there was some danger, but imperative duty and a desire to benefit them and unburden my own soul, overbalanced all such obstacles.

Brother H. S. Gurney, now living in Memphis, Michigan, said he would accompany me as far as Philadelphia. The steamer on which we took passage from Massachusetts had much difficulty in getting through the floating sheet ice on the last end of her passage, through Long Island Sound and Hurl Gate, to the city of New York.

In Philadelphia we attended some of the crowded meetings of Brother Miller and others. It was truly wonderful

to see the multitudes of people gathered to hear him preach the coming of the Lord.

Brother Gurney now concluded to accompany me South. We reached the city of Annapolis, Maryland, by way of Washington, and crossed the Chesapeake Bay through the ice to the central part of Kent Island, on which I had been cast away some twenty-seven winters before. At the tavern we found the people assembled for town meeting. The trustees of two meeting houses who were present, were unwilling to open their doors for us, and intimated the danger of preaching the doctrine of Christ's coming among the slaves. We applied to the tavern keeper for his house. He replied that we could have it as soon as the town meeting closed.

We then made an appointment before them, that preaching on the second advent would be held in the tavern the next afternoon, at a given hour.

Said the keeper of the tavern, "Is your name Joseph Bates?"

I answered, "Yes."

He said that he remembered my visiting his father's house when he was a small boy, and informed me that his mother and family were in another room, and would be glad to see me. His mother said she thought she knew me when I first came to the house.

The notice of our meeting soon spread over the island, and the people came to hear, and soon became deeply interested about the coming of the Lord. Our meetings continued here, I think, for five successive afternoons. The mud was so deep, on account of a sudden thaw, that we held no evening meetings. The tavern was a temperance house, and accommodated us much better than any other place we could have found in the vicinity.

At the beginning of our last afternoon meeting, a brother who had become deeply interested in the cause, called Brother Gurney and myself aside to inform us that there was a company about two miles off at a rum store, preparing to come and take us. We assured him that we were not much

troubled about it, and urged him to go into the meeting with us and leave the matter in their hands.

The people seemed so earnest to hear that my anxiety increased to make the subject as clear as I could for them, so that the idea of being taken from the meeting had entirely passed from my mind. But before I had time to sit down, a man who was at the meeting for the first time, whom I knew to be a Methodist class leader, and one of the trustees who refused us the use of their meeting house, arose and began denouncing the advent doctrine in a violent manner, saying that he could destroy or put down the whole of it in ten minutes.

I remained standing, and replied, "We will hear you."

In a few moments he seemed to be lost in his arguments, and began to talk about *riding us on a rail*.

I said, "We are all ready for that, sir. If you will put a saddle on it, we would rather ride than walk."

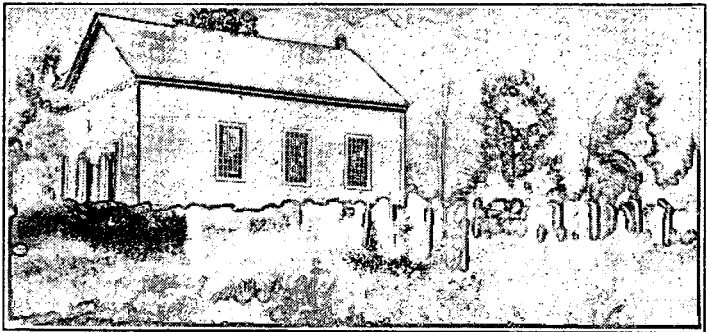
This caused such a sensation in the meeting that the man seemed to be at a loss to know which way to look for his friends.

I then said to him, "You must not think that we have come six hundred miles through the ice and snow, at our own expense, to lecture to you, without first sitting down and counting the cost. And now, if the Lord has no more for us to do, we had as lief lie at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay as anywhere else until the Lord comes. But if He has any more work for us to do, you can't touch us!"

One Dr. Harper arose and said, "Kent, you know better! This man has been giving us the truth, and reading it out of the Bible, and I believe it!" In a few minutes more Mr. Kent shook me heartily by the hand and said, "Bates, come and see us!"

I thanked him, and said my work was so pressing I did not think I should have time; but I would come if I could. But we had time to visit only those who had become deeply interested, and wished us to meet with them in their praying circles.

At the close of our meeting we stated that we had the means, and were prepared to defray all the expenses of the meeting cheerfully, unless some of them wished to share with us. They decided that they would defray the expenses of the meeting, and not allow us to pay one cent.



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH AT WASHINGTON, N. H.

In this graveyard are buried some of the early pioneers of the advent message.

Along the Shores of Chesapeake Bay

ON leaving Kent Island we passed along the east side of the Chesapeake Bay to the county town of Centerville, Maryland, about thirty miles distant, where we had sent an appointment to hold meetings. We chose to walk, that we might have a better opportunity to converse with the slaves and others, and furnish them with tracts which we had with us.

On reaching Centerville we inquired for a Mr. Harper. On arriving at his store we presented our introductory letter, and were introduced to Judge Hopper, who was engaged in writing. A number of men and boys came crowding into the store, apparently full of expectation, when one of them began to question us respecting our views, and soon came to the point that Christ could not come now, because the gospel had not been preached to all the world. I replied that it had been preached to every creature. When he showed his unwillingness to believe, I asked for a Bible, and read the following: "If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven." Col. 1:23.

Said the man, "Where are you going to preach?"

Judge Hopper said, "In the new meeting house."

"Well," said he, "I will come and hear you."

Mr. Harper invited us and the judge to tea, and to spend the evening. The judge had a great many questions to ask us respecting our faith, and about ten o'clock insisted on our going home with him to spend the night. Before reaching his house, which was about a mile out of town, he said, "Mr. Bates, I understand that you are an abolitionist, and have come here to get away our slaves."

Said I, "Yes, judge, I am an abolitionist, and have come to get your slaves, and *you too!* As to getting your slaves *from* you, we have no such intention; for if you should give us all you have (and I was informed he owned quite a number), we should not know what to do with them. We teach that Christ is coming, and we want you all saved."

He appeared satisfied and pleased with our reply, and in a few moments more we were introduced to his family. The judge and Mr. Harper were the principal owners in a new meeting house just erected. These two friends stated that their meeting house was free for us to occupy. We began meetings there the next forenoon with a large congregation. Judge Hopper invited us to make his house our home during our series of meetings.

Our meetings in Centerville continued about three days with much interest. Many became deeply interested to hear for the first time about the coming of the Lord. Judge Hopper was very attentive, and admitted that he was almost persuaded of the correctness of our position. We were told that one of his slaves was deeply convicted, and professed to have been converted during our meetings.

The second day of our labors the judge arrived at his house before us, and was engaged reading his paper, which had come by the last mail. It was the *Baltimore Patriot*. When we came in, he said, "Do you know who these were?" and began reading in substance as follows:

"Two men who came up in a vessel from Kent Island, were in our office, and related a circumstance respecting two Millerites that were recently there, preaching about Christ's second coming and the end of the world. When threatened with riding on a rail, they replied that they were all ready, and if they would put a saddle on the rail, it would be better to ride than to walk!" The editor added that "the crush of matter and the wreck of worlds would be nothing to such men."

We replied that such an occurrence did take place when we were on the island a short time previous, and that probably we were the persons alluded to. He laughed heartily,

and pressed us to relate the circumstance while his family were gathering to the dinner table.

He then inquired which way we were going. We stated that we should like to go to the next county seat northeast. He gave us a letter of introduction to a friend of his, a lawyer, who had charge of the courthouse in his absence, telling him to open the house for us to hold meetings in while we stayed. We arranged our appointments for five meetings, and sent them to the lawyer to publish, as he was also editor of their village paper.

The name of this town was Chester, I believe, distant about twenty-five miles. One of our interested hearers sent his private carriage to convey us on our way. We were walking just before we came to the village, and met a man on foot, seemingly in great haste, who stopped and inquired if we were the two Millerites who were going to preach in that place! We answered in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "I have traveled thirteen miles this morning to see you!" As he stood gazing on us, I said, "How do we look?" Said he, "You look like other men." His curiosity being gratified, we passed on and saw him no more.

On arriving at the tavern for dinner, the tavern keeper slipped the village paper into the hand of Brother Gurney, for him to read the notice of the Miller meeting, supposing that we were the strangers expected. The notice closed by hoping that "the old women would not be frightened at these men's preaching about the end of the world."

After dinner we called to see the lawyer at his office, where we were entertained for hours listening to his skeptical views about the second advent, and answering his numerous questions. He was very punctual at all our meetings, and became so deeply convinced of the truth that he was as much alarmed about his preparation for the coming of the Lord as the old women he was so troubled about.

The people came out to hear, and listened attentively, particularly the slaves, who had to stand at the back of the white congregation and wait until they had all passed out.

This gave us a good opportunity to speak with them. So we asked them if they heard what was said.

"Yes, massa, ebery word."

"Do you believe?"

"Yes, massa, believe it all."

"Don't you want some tracts?"

"Yes, massa."

"Can you read?"

"No, massa; but young missus or massa's son will read for us."

In this way we distributed a good number of tracts, with which we had furnished ourselves from Elder Himes in Philadelphia. They seemed delighted with the advent hymns. They heard Brother Gurney sing the hymn, "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger." One of the colored men came to our lodgings to beg one of the printed copies. Brother Gurney had but one. Said he, "I'll give you a quarter of a dollar for it." Probably that was all the money the poor fellow had. He lingered as though he could not be denied. Brother Gurney then copied it for him, which pleased him very much.

When we closed the meeting, the white people remained seated and silent. The poor slaves stood behind, gazing and waiting for their superiors to move first. There sat the lawyer who had so faithfully warned the old women not to be scared about the preaching of the end of the world. He, and one or two others, had been taking notes of our subject. We sang an advent hymn, and exhorted them to get ready for the coming of the Lord, and dismissed them again.

Still they remained silent and immovable. Brother Gurney exhorted them faithfully, but they appeared as if they had not the least desire to leave the place. We felt fully satisfied that God was operating by His Holy Spirit. We then sang another hymn, and dismissed them, and they began slowly and silently to retire.

We waited to have some conversation with the colored people. They said they understood, and seemed much affected. When we came out of the courthouse, the people

stood in groups almost silent. We passed along by them, bidding them good-by. The lawyer and the principal of the academy were watching for us, and walked with us to the hotel. Both of them were powerfully convicted, and apparently subdued. The teacher had argued with us several times to prove that this movement was all a delusion, but now he began to confess. The lawyer seemed now to ask questions for himself, and was so intent on the subject that he detained us in conversation at the side of the hotel until we were compelled by the cold to go in by the fire. We exhorted him to confess all his sins, and give his heart to the Lord.

The principal of the academy said, "Now, brethren, I want you to go with me to my room, where we will have a good fire. I want to talk more about this work." He there confessed how skeptical he had been, and the opposition he had manifested, and how he had attended the meetings and taken notes on purpose to refute the doctrine. "But," said he, "I believe it all now. I believe, with you, that Christ is coming."

We labored and prayed with him until after midnight. We were told next morning that some of the inhabitants were so powerfully convicted that they had not been in bed during the night. Two men who were staying at the hotel, said they had come thirty miles on horseback to attend the meetings.

While here the way opened for a series of meetings thirteen miles northward, at a place called The Three Corners. We were told that we had better not go, for the tavern keeper was a rank Universalist, and would oppose us.

At "The Three Corners"

ON our arrival at the place called The Three Corners, we feared from its appearance we should have but few hearers. An academy, a tavern, and a Methodist meeting house in the distance, with a few scattered dwellings, were about all there was to be seen. Our appointment was out for a meeting that evening. The Methodist trustees refused us the use of their house. We finally obtained the academy for our evening meeting, and put up at the Universalist tavern, kept by a Mr. Dunbar.

The Methodist preacher on the circuit said to us, "I held a meeting in the academy last first day, and had but eighteen hearers. I suppose your doctrine will call out a *few more*."

Imagine our surprise at the hour of meeting to find the house crowded, so that a great portion of the congregation were perched on top of the seats, looking over each other's heads. We found a place finally to hang up our chart. Brother Gurney began to sing one of the favorite advent hymns, which stilled them into silence, and the meeting continued with deep interest to the close.

We then stated our wish to hold four meetings more, and to begin the next afternoon, but we had no place open for us. After waiting a moment, our landlord said, "Gentlemen, appoint your meeting at my house."

I hesitated, doubting whether it would be proper to appoint an advent meeting where liquor was vended and drunk without restraint. As no other person spoke, I made the appointment for the next afternoon at Mr. Dunbar's tavern! I believe it was two o'clock.

After getting to the tavern, Mr. Dunbar came in, followed by a number of ladies, saying, "Gentlemen, these ladies have come to hear you sing more of your new hymns. They are delighted with the singing, and interested in your doctrine."

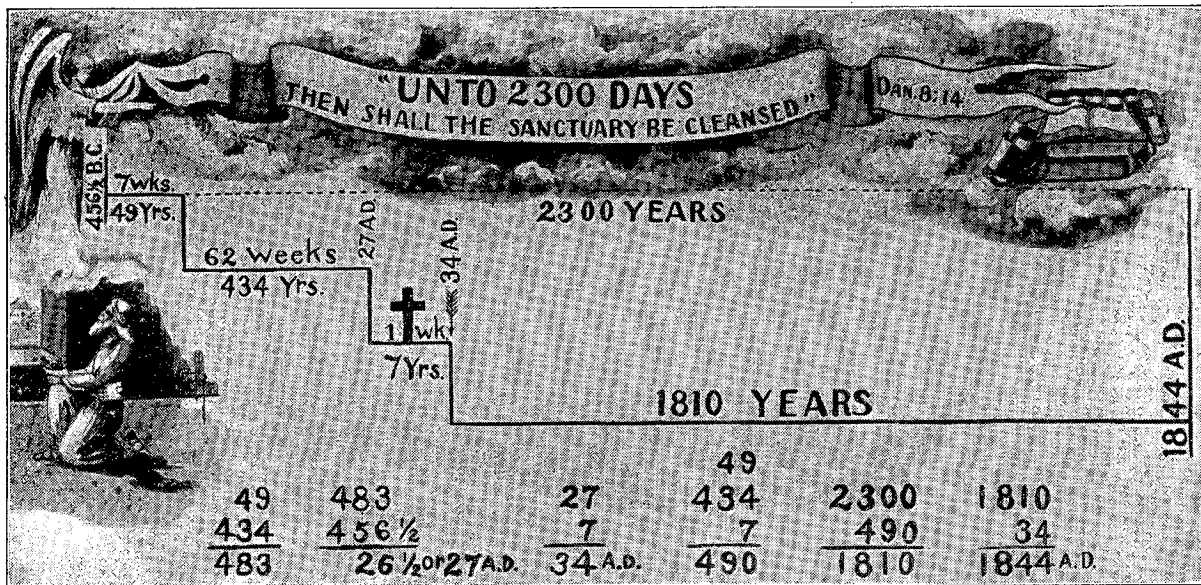


CHART ILLUSTRATING THE PROPHECY OF DANIEL 8:14

After breakfast the next morning our host began in a very gentlemanly manner to show the inconsistent views of professed Christians, and the beauties of the doctrine of Universalism. In order to relieve us both from long arguments, we told him we had nothing to do with the Universalist doctrine. We had come there to preach the coming of Christ, and we wanted him and his neighbors to get ready. Our conversation closed here, and he went out.

After a while he came home, saying, "Well, gentlemen, the Methodist meeting house is open for you to lecture in. The trustees have had some feeling about refusing you the use of their house. It is now ready for your meeting this afternoon. I did not believe they would let you hold your meetings in *my* house."

Soon after our meeting opened in the afternoon, a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man entered and seated himself near the center of the house, and while I was explaining a passage of scripture from the book of Revelation, he looked at me earnestly and shook his head. I said to the audience, "Here is a gentleman shaking his head. *He doesn't believe.*" Before I had finished my discourse, as I was quoting another passage from the same source, he repeated the operation. I said, "This gentleman is *shaking his head again.* He does not believe." His countenance changed, and he appeared confused.

As Brother Gurney and I came down from the pulpit after closing the meeting, he pressed his way through the crowd and took my hand, saying, "I want you to go home with me tonight."

I thanked him and said, "I would with pleasure, but I have a friend here."

Said he, "I want him to go, too, and I want you should bring that chart [pointing to it] with you."

Another man pressed us to ride home with him, some two miles, to supper. Said this gentleman, "I'll go, too." He did so.

In the evening our congregation was larger and very attentive. After meeting, our new friend, Mr. Hurt, took

us into his coach with his wife. Soon after we started, he asked his wife if she remembered the dream that he had told her. She said, "Yes." "Well," said he, "these are the two angels that I saw." Here he began to relate his dream. The following, in substance, is all I now remember:

Just previous to our coming to the place, he dreamed of being in company with two angels that were declaring good



THE CYRUS K. FARNSWORTH HOMESTEAD, AT WASHINGTON, N. H.
In this home, about one mile from the Seventh-day Adventist church, Joseph Bates learned the Sabbath truth.

news, and he remembered particularly how they looked. "Then," said he, "when you spoke about my shaking my head the second time, I looked again. I thought I had seen you. Here my dream came to me, and I knew by your countenances that you were the two persons, and more especially you, because of that *mole* on your right cheek, which I saw in my dream."

He stepped out and opened his gate, and I thought, Surely we shall be at the house soon. After a while we learned from him that it was *three miles from his front gate to his house!* His plantation was large, and he had a great number of slaves. He was a man of leisure, and had learned from some author peculiar notions about the book of Revelation. This was why he shook his head at my appli-

cation, because of the opposite views. He and his wife entertained us a good part of the night, and until time for meeting the next afternoon, asking questions about the doctrine of the advent, the chart, etc.

When Mr. Hurt's carriage was ready, he apologized for his remissness in not asking us to address his servants (slaves). I felt relieved at this, as I would rather speak to them in the mixed congregation. But as we were getting into the coach, he said to his hostler, who was holding the reins, "Do you tell all hands to come to meeting this evening."

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you forget — ALL OF THEM."

"No, massa."

This was cheering to us. We wanted them to hear with their master.

The preceptor of the academy, and Mr. Dunbar, the landlord, were the two leading Universalists in that section of the country. Both of them had now become interested in this new doctrine. The preceptor closed his school to attend the last afternoon meeting, and came in with three great books under his arm, expecting, I suppose, to confound us in some of our expositions of the prophecies by quotations from the dead languages. He appealed to his books but once, and failing to prove his point, said no more. From their appearance, I was satisfied that he and Mr. Dunbar were deeply convicted of the truth. As he was lugging home his books after meeting, I said in passing him, "What do you think of the subject now?" Said he, "I will give up."

In the evening the gallery was crowded with colored people; unquestionably the majority of them were Mr. Hurt's slaves. They listened with marked attention. Anything that would work deliverance from perpetual bondage was good news to them. The congregation appeared remarkably willing to hear.

At the close of the meeting we stated that our appointment had gone forward to Elktown, twenty-five miles north, for us to meet with the people the next evening, and we wished to engage one of their teams to carry us. Mr. Hurt cour-

teously offered to see us there in his private carriage, and engaged us to tarry with him for the night.

While we were waiting for the carriage after meeting, Mr. Dunbar came to us privately to ask if this doctrine was preached in the North, and also in England, and if this was the way Mr. Miller presented it.

We answered that it was, only that Mr. Miller set it forth in a superior manner, and in far clearer light than we had ability to do. He walked about, seemingly in deep distress.

Mr. Hurt now rode up, and we passed on with him. He seemed much troubled while he related the experience of himself and his wife, and how he had refused to be a class leader among the Methodists, and regretted that they could not be baptized.

On our way in the morning we stopped at the tavern, and when we came out of our room with our baggage to settle our fare, Mr. Dunbar and the preceptor sat in the barroom with their Bibles open, listening to Mr. Hurt's dream concerning us, and his faith in the advent doctrine. Mr. Dunbar and the preceptor said they saw the truth as never before, and importuned us to stay and continue our meetings. We replied that our previous appointment at Elktown required us to be there that evening. They then pressed us to return, but as our arrangements were still farther north, we could not comply with their request.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL 1843 CHART

VISIONS OF DANIEL & JOHN.

Proposed by J.M. Hays.

1843

GOD'S EVERLASTING KINGDOM

Date of its Discovery and its use by the Disciples of the Holy Spirit.

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL 1843 CHART

"We found a place . . . to hang up our chart, . . . and the meeting continued with deep interest to the close."

The Passing of the Time in 1843

FROM The Three Corners Mr. Hurt took us in his carriage to Elktown, introducing us and the message to his friends on the way. In Elktown also he exerted himself to open the way for our meetings. When parting with us, after we had prayed with him, he said, "I would give all I possess if I could feel as I believe you do in this work." We heard no more from him.

We held five meetings in the courthouse in Elktown. Some professed to believe, and were anxious to hear further, if we could have stayed with them longer.

From Elktown we took the cars to Philadelphia, and thence to New York City. Here we met Mr. Miller, who had just returned from Washington, D. C., where he had been to give a course of lectures. At New York we took passage on board a Long Island steamer for Fall River, Massachusetts.

In the evening, after passing Hurl Gate, we hung up the chart in the center of the passengers' cabin, and by the time we had sung a hymn, a large company had collected, who began to inquire about the pictures on the chart. We replied that if they would be quietly seated, we would endeavor to explain. After a while they declared themselves ready to hear, and listened attentively for some time, until we were interrupted by an increasing heavy gale from the east, which caused our boat to bear up for a harbor. In consequence of the violence of the gale, the route of the boat was changed, and the passengers were landed on the Connecticut shore, and proceeded in the cars to Boston. The subject of the advent of the Saviour was resumed on board the cars, and continued to be agitated until we separated at the passenger station in Boston.

Before the passing of the time, we visited some of the islands belonging to Massachusetts and Rhode Island, namely, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Block Island. Of the ten or twelve thousand inhabitants on these islands, many professed to believe, and united in the advent movement.

As we came down to the spring of 1844, and approached the long-looked-for time published by Mr. Miller and others, for the closing up of the prophetic periods of Daniel's vision and the coming of our Lord and Saviour, the work became more and more exciting. Probably nothing since the flood, in the days of Noah, has ever equaled it.

The most important point then to settle was *where* in the history of the world the 2300 days began. It was finally settled that 457 years before Christ was the only reliable time. Thus the sum of 457 years before Christ, and 1843 full years after Christ, made just 2300 full and complete years.

Scripture testimony was also clear that every year began with the new moon in the spring, just fourteen days before the yearly Passover. (See Ex. 12: 1-6; 13: 3, 4.) It was therefore settled that the 17th day of April, 1844, Roman time, was the close of the year 1843, Bible time.

The passing of this time was the first disappointment in the advent movement. Those who felt the burden of the message were left in deep trial and anguish of spirit. They were surrounded by those who were exulting with joy because of the failure of their calculation.

In this trying time the Scriptures were searched diligently, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the disappointment. In the prophecy of Habakkuk were found a few points relative to the vision, which had never been particularly examined before. It reads thus: "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it *tarry*, *wait* for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Hab. 2: 3.

At this period it was said that there were some fifty thousand believers in this movement in the United States and the Canadas, who never, until the passing of the time, had realized or understood that there was a tarrying or waiting time in

the vision. This, and other scriptures of like import, encouraged the tried ones to hold on with unyielding faith. They were often attacked by their opponents with, "What are you going to do now your time is past? You know you set the time for Christ to come at the termination of the 2300 days of Daniel's vision. Your time is now past, and He has not come; now why don't you confess your mistake, and give it all up?"

They would answer, "Because the Lord said, 'Wait for it.'"

"Wait for what?"

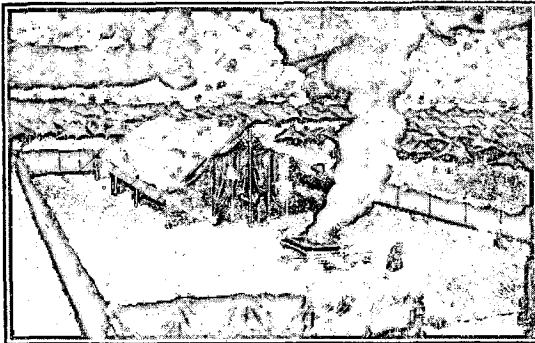
"*The vision.*"

"How long?"

"He did not say; but *He did say*, 'WAIT FOR IT; BECAUSE IT WILL SURELY COME.' Give it up, did you say? We dare not!"

"Why?"

"Because the command of the Lord to His confiding and disappointed people, at this particular point of the second advent movement, was to WAIT."



THE SANCTUARY IN THE WILDERNESS
Type of the sanctuary in heaven



THE TEN VIRGINS

"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

“Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh”

THE first work of the advent body in their disappointment was to re-examine the 2300 days of Daniel's vision. But they were unable to discover any error in their calculation. It was still evident and clear that it required every day of 457 years before Christ, and also every day of 1843 years after Christ, to complete the 2300 years of the vision. It was also clear that the year must correspond and terminate with the Jewish sacred year.

At this important crisis the “Advent Shield” was published, reviewing all the past movement, especially the prophetic periods, showing that we had followed them down correctly. We quote from pages 86, 87:

“We look upon the proclamation which has been made, as being the cry of the angel who proclaimed, ‘*The hour of His judgment is come.*’ Rev. 14:6, 7. It is a sound which is to reach all nations; it is the proclamation of ‘*the everlasting gospel,*’ or ‘*this gospel of the kingdom.*’ In one shape or other this cry has gone abroad through the earth, wherever human beings are found, and we have had opportunity to hear of the fact.”

Joseph Wolfe, D. D., according to his journals, between the years 1821 and 1845, proclaimed the Lord's speedy advent, in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Georgia, throughout the Ottoman Empire, in Greece, Arabia, Turkestan, Hindustan, in Holland, Scotland, and Ireland, at Constantinople, Jerusalem, St. Helena, and in New York City to all denominations.”—*Voice of the Church*, pp. 343, 344.

From the foregoing historical facts, the unbiased reader will not fail to see with what wonderful speed the glorious doctrine of the second advent of our Lord and Saviour spread throughout the whole habitable globe. Those who were engaged in this most solemn work were some of the

Bro Stowell

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THE

SEVENTH DAY SABBATH,

PERPETUAL SIGN,

FROM THE BEGINNING, TO THE ENTERING INTO THE GATES OF THE HOLY CITY,

ACCORDING TO THE COMMANDMENT.

BY JOSEPH BATES.

Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which we had from the beginning. The old commandment is the WORD which ye have heard from the beginning.
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
And God blessed the seventh day, and rested from all his works.
Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and enter in.
Rev. xxii: 14

Acq 1846

...ed by some, that became
...path from its institution in
...PR...enna in the wilderness, mentioned in
...it was therefore here instituted for the Jews.

ELDER BATES'S FIRST TRACT ON THE SABBATH QUESTION

honest and faithful from all the churches. Said the "Advent Shield," pages 92, 93:

"No cause of a moral or religious character, probably, ever made so rapid advances as the cause of adventism. Its votaries have usually been the most humble, pious, devoted members of the different churches. . . . Never have a set of men labored more faithfully and zealously in the cause of God, or with purer motives. But their work is with the Lord, and their record on high."

While in this tarrying, waiting position, searching and praying for light on the track of prophecy, it was further seen that our Lord had given the parable of the ten virgins (Matt. 25:1-13) to illustrate the advent movement. In answer to the question, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" (Matt. 24:3) our Lord pointed out some of the most important events with which the Christian church was to be connected from the time of His first to His second advent, such as the destruction of Jerusalem in A. D. 70, following which was the great tribulation of the Christian church for more than sixteen hundred years, under pagan and papal Rome. Then the darkening of the sun in 1780, and the falling of the stars in 1833. Then followed the proclamation of His second coming in His kingdom, closing with a description of two classes of Adventists.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom," etc. The words "kingdom of heaven" undoubtedly refer to the same portion of the living church which the Lord pointed out in Matthew 24:45-51, who continue in their history with the same proclamation of His second coming. And all the way to verse 13, in every important move they make, their history is likened, or compared, to the history of the ten virgins in the parable, namely, the tarrying of the vision, the tarrying of the bridegroom, the midnight cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," etc.

Soon after the tarrying of the vision of 2300 days, the second angel's message began to be proclaimed. (See Rev. 14:8.) While moving on in this message into the summer

of 1844, the definite time for the close of the vision began to be taught. But the leading ministers opposed it.

A camp-meeting was appointed to convene in Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 12th of August. On my way there in the cars, something like the following was several times very forcibly presented to my mind: "You are going to have new light here, something that will give a new impetus to the work."

On my arrival there, I passed around among the many tents to learn if there was any new light. I was asked if I was going to the Exeter tent, and was told that they had new light there. I was soon seated among them, listening to what they called "the midnight cry." This was new light, sure enough. It was the very next move in advent history (if we moved at all), wherein advent history could be fitly compared to that of the ten virgins in the parable. Matt. 25:6. It worked like leaven throughout the whole camp. And when that meeting closed, the granite hills of New Hampshire were ringing with the mighty cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

As the loaded wagons, stages, and railroad cars rolled away through the different States, cities, and villages of New England, the cry was still resounding, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Christ, our blessed Lord, is coming on the tenth day of the seventh month! Get ready! get ready!!

After an absence of five days, I returned home to Fairhaven in season for an evening meeting. My brethren were slow to believe our report respecting the new light. They believed they were right thus far, but the midnight cry was a strange doctrine to connect with advent history. Sunday morning I attended the advent meeting in New Bedford, some two miles distant. Brother Hutchinson, from Canada, was preaching. He appeared much confused, and sat down, saying, "I can't preach."

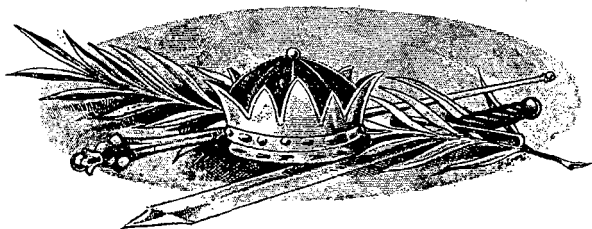
Elder E. Macomber, who had returned with me from the camp-meeting, was in the desk with him. He arose, apparently much excited, saying, "Oh! I wish I could tell you

what I have seen and heard, but I cannot,” and down he sat also.

I then arose from my seat in the congregation, saying, “I can!” and never do I remember of having such freedom and flow of words in all my religious experience. Words came like flowing water. As I sat down, a sister came to me across the hall, saying, “Brother Bates, I want you to preach that same discourse to us this afternoon.”

Brother Hutchinson was now relieved from all his stammering, and said, “If what Brother Bates has said is true, I don’t wonder he thought my preaching was like carpenters’ chips.”

When the meeting closed the next evening, stammering tongues were loosed and the cry was sounding, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!” Arrangements were quickly made for meetings, to spread the glad tidings all around.



The Providential Unfolding of Scriptural Truths

The Launching of a Great Movement

ON August 22, 1844, a paper was issued, called the *Midnight Cry*, setting forth all the points in the types, with the calculations showing that the definite time for the ending of the vision of 2300 days would be on the tenth day of the seventh month, 1844. Following this, at a camp-meeting in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Elder J. V. Himes and several of the leading Adventist ministers pressed their objections respecting the genuineness of the midnight cry. But before the meeting closed they were returning to their stations, and a few days later, the *Advent Herald* was heralding their confessions, and telling how all their objections were removed, and their faith in the cry steadfast and unwavering.

We have not space here to present the arguments by which the midnight cry was sustained, but so convincing and powerful were they that all opposition was swept before them, and with amazing rapidity the sound was heralded throughout the land, and the poor, discouraged souls who had "slumbered and slept" "while the Bridegroom tarried," were awakened from their apathy and discouragement, and "arose and trimmed their lamps" to go forth and "meet the Bridegroom." All hearts were united in the work, and all seemed in earnest to make a thorough preparation for the coming of Christ, which they believed to be so near. Thousands were running to and fro, giving the cry, and scattering books and papers containing the message.

But another sad disappointment awaited the watching ones. Shortly before the definite day the traveling brethren returned to their homes, the papers were suspended, and all were waiting in ardent expectation for the coming of their Lord, and Saviour.

The day passed, and another twenty-four hours followed, but deliverance did not come. Hope sank and courage died within them, for so confident had they been in the correctness of the calculations that they could find no encouragement in a re-examination of the time. They felt nothing could be brought to extend the days beyond the tenth day of the seventh month, 1844, nor has there been to this day, notwithstanding the many efforts of those who are continually fixing upon some definite time for the coming of Christ.

The effect of this disappointment can be realized only by those who experienced it. Advent believers were then thoroughly tested, with various results. Some turned away and gave up the faith, while a large majority continued to teach and urge that the days were not ended. Still another class believed that the days had ended, and that duty would soon be made plain. All, excepting this latter class, virtually rejected their former experience, and in consequence were left in darkness relative to the true position and work for the advent people.

Those who still held fast to their belief that the time was right, and had really passed, now turned their attention to an examination of their position. It soon became apparent that the mistake was not in the time, but in the event to take place at the end of the period. The prophecy declared, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." We had been teaching that the sanctuary was the earth, and that its cleansing was its purification by fire at the second advent of Christ. In this was our mistake, for, upon a careful examination, we were unable to discover anything in the Bible to sustain such a position. Light began to shine upon the Word of God as never before, and by its aid a clear and well-defined position was obtained on the subject of the sanctuary and its cleansing, by means of which we were enabled to explain satisfactorily the passing of the time, and the disappointment following, to the great encouragement of those who held fast to the message as being of God.

We were also greatly cheered and strengthened by the light which we received on the subject of the three angels' messages of Revelation 14:6-12. We fully believed that we had been giving the first of these, "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come;" that the proclamation of definite time, that mighty movement which roused the world and created such a general and widespread interest in the advent doctrine, was a perfect fulfillment of that message. After the passing of the time, our eyes were opened to the fact that two other messages were to follow before the coming of Christ,—the second angel, announcing the fall of Babylon; and the third, giving a most solemn warning against false worship, and presenting the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

In close connection with the giving of the first message, we became convinced that the fall of Babylon indicated the moral fall from the favor of God of the nominal churches which rejected the light from heaven, and shut out from their places of worship and from their hearts the doctrine of the advent, because they had no love for it, and did not desire it to be true.

The first and second messages being given, attention was now turned to the third, and an examination as to its nature and claims was instituted. As before remarked, it contains a most solemn warning against the worship of the beast and his image, and presents to notice the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. By the expression, "commandments of God," we understand the moral law of ten commandments, which has been recognized by the church in all ages as binding upon mankind, and containing those moral precepts which regulate our duty to God and to our fellow men. This being made the burden of a special message just before the coming of Christ, coupled with such a solemn warning, renders it apparent that the church must be remiss in the matter, and that some gross error in regard to the commandments of God must lie at their door.

A careful examination of the practice of the church reveals the fact that the fourth commandment is not observed

— as it enjoins the observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, while almost all the Christian world have been keeping the first day. Hence the necessity of a reform in this matter. Before Christ comes, His people must observe all of God's commandments, and thus be prepared for translation.

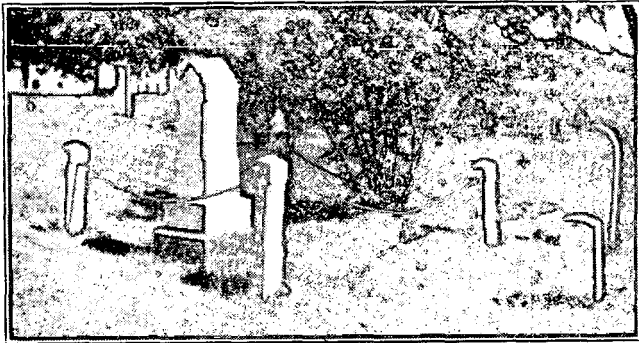
As these facts were presented to the attention of those who had been giving the two former messages, those who were moving in the counsel of God and recognized His hand in the work thus far, and in the disappointment, as being of itself a fulfilment of prophecy, gladly embraced this truth, and began keeping the Sabbath of the Lord. Although at first the light on this subject was not one-tenth part as clear as it is at the present time, the humble children of God were ready to receive and walk in it.

From that time the progress of the work has been steadily onward. Rising in comparative obscurity, rejected by many who had gladly embraced the first and second messages, presented at first by but few preachers, struggling along in want and poverty, contending with the opposition of many and the prejudices of all, it has gradually and steadily worked its way upward, under the blessing of God, until it now stands on a firm foundation, presenting a connected chain of argument and a bold front of truth, which commend it to the consideration of the candid and thoughtful wherever the message is preached.

It is now [in 1868] twenty-three years since we began keeping the Sabbath of the Lord, which time we have endeavored to teach it to others, both in private and by public labors, by the fireside and from the sacred desk. We have presented this and kindred truths in New England, many of the Western States, and the Canadas, and our labors have been blessed by seeing scores and hundreds turn from the traditions of men to the observance of all of God's commandments.

In closing this work, I desire to express my gratitude to God that I am permitted to bear a humble part in this great work; and while my past life has been a checkered and eventful one, it is my earnest desire to spend the remainder

of my days in the service of God, and for the advancement of His truth, that I may have a place in His soon-coming kingdom. And that reader and writer may meet in that happy home of the saints, is my most earnest prayer.



GRAVE OF ELDER JOSEPH BATES, AT MONTEREY, MICH.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. . . . Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.” Rev. 14:13.