

Famous Mutiny —Recalled.

The reprint of Lieut. Bligh's diary of the mutiny on board H. M. S. *Bounty*, which has just been issued by the Bantide Press of London, tells in direct sailor fashion the story of one of the most remarkable cruises ever made in a small boat. No mutiny in naval history had such far-reaching consequences as that which occurred on board the *Bounty* in the south seas more than a century ago. William Bligh was a skillful English navigator who was born in London in 1753. As a lieutenant he accompanied Capt. Cook on his Pacific voyages. He was commissioned by George III. to import breadfruit trees and other vegetables from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies and placed in command of the *Bounty*.

The *Bounty* reached Otaheite at the wrong season of the year and consequently had to remain there for six months to secure her cargo. Association with the native women corrupted the crew, and it is evident from Lieut. Bligh's diary that to this he attributes the mutiny. He says:

"The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on the finest island in the world, where they need not labor and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived."

Other writers who have dealt with this interesting story of the sea have alleged that Lieut. Bligh's exacting discipline was the chief cause for the trouble which broke out on board his ship. Bligh's subsequent career as Governor of New South Wales ended in his being arrested for tyrannical conduct, and that has been accepted as a partial justification of the mutiny. Lieut. Bligh's story of it gives no indication of unnecessarily severe discipline on his part. The *Bounty* sailed from Otaheite on April 28, and after setting Lieut. Bligh and his eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat with only 150 pounds of bread, 32 pounds of pork, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine and 28 gallons of water for provisions they bore away to Otaheite. Fourteen of the mutineers who remained there were arrested in 1791 by officers of the British ship *Pandora*. Four of these men were lost by shipwreck on the voyage home, the remainder were tried, three of them being executed and the others acquitted or pardoned.

Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, with eight of the mutineers, nine native women and nine native men, left Otaheite on the *Bounty* and sailed to Pitcairn Island, where the *Bounty* was wrecked, that all traces of her might be destroyed. Pitcairn Island is only about two and a half miles long and one mile broad, and had it not been for this mutiny it probably would have been unsettled to day. All trace of Christian and his mutineers were lost until 1808, when Capt. Folger of Nantucket called at Pitcairn Island, thinking it uninhabited. To his surprise two men of light brown color came out in a canoe and greeted him in English. They were descendants of the original mutineers, the only survivor of the party at that time being, Alexander Smith, who afterward assumed the name of John Adams. Smith prepared a code for the government of the island and acted as governor and teacher. He was apparently a man of unusual ability. In 1858 the Pitcairn Islanders were moved to Norfolk Island, because it was believed that they would be happier there. Two families of them, numbering seventeen persons, became homesick and returned to Pitcairn Island, where they and their descendants have lived since that time.

Lieut. Bligh's narrative of the mutiny on the *Bounty* is told in the simple manner of a log book. His description of the mutiny is told as follows:

"Just before sunrise, Mr. Christian, with the master of arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burket, seaman, came into my cabin while I was asleep, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back and threatened me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however,

called to loud as to alarm every one; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, but placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than threats of instant death, if I did not hold my tongue. Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, was kept in his berth; Mr. Nelson, botanist, Mr. Perkov, gunner, Mr. Ledward, surgeon, and the master, were confined to their cabins; and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, but he soon obtained leave to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels; the boatwain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck, where they saw me abait the mizzen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head.

"The boatwain was now ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

Bligh attempted to stem the tide, but Christian, who was apparently the most determined man among the mutineers, threatened to kill him immediately if he would not be quiet. The men who had been loyal to Bligh were forced over the side into the small boat which had been equipped with hardly enough provisions, apparently to last them a week. It was apparent from remarks made by the mutineers that they feared to give Bligh knowledge in the way of equipment for his boat knowing him to be a man of resource and suspecting that if he had a ghost of a chance he would make his way back to civilization. As it was his boat was loaded with men so deeply that she sunk low in the water. Among the officers of the *Bounty* who were cast adrift were John Fryer, master; Thomas Ledward, acting surgeon; David Nelson, botanist; William Cole, boatwain; Hayward and Hallett, midshipmen, and William Parcell, carpenter. The most able men in the ship's company remained on board the *Bounty*. As the *Bounty*, under command of the mutineers pulled away, Bligh heard them yell: "Huzza for Otaheite!"

In commenting on the mutiny, Lieut. Bligh says:

"The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party who were with me had all lived forward among the people, yet neither they nor the messmates, or stewards Henry or Young had ever observed any circumstance to give them suspicion of what was going on. The possibility of such a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts."

Bligh's first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofa, where the *Bounty* had been bound after leaving Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands. The boat in which he found himself was the ship's launch, without shelter. It was provided with oars and a sail. On the night of the day following the mutiny Bligh reached Tofa and kept his boat under the lee of the island until daylight. Tofa is the northwesternmost of the Friendly Islands. Here he obtained a few quarts of water. On Thursday, April 30, a strong wind made it dangerous to go to sea and Bligh's men climbed the cliffs and secured about twenty coconuts. On the day following a few natives appeared with whom Bligh made friends and from them he secured a small addition to his stock of provisions. Two chiefs appeared on Sunday and to them Bligh gave an old shirt and a knife. They knew that he had been with Capt. Cook and they were curious to find out how he happened to be cruising in a small boat. Bligh's plain narrative of what followed reads:

"The beach was now lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. It being now noon, I served a coconut and a breadfruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Mr. Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me if I gave them such an opportunity."

The sun was setting as Bligh gave the word to his men who were ashore with him to pick up their goods and rush for the boats. The natives kept knocking stones

together. "We had now all but two or three things in the boat when I took Nageete by the hand, and we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. When I came to the boat, and was seeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to stay to speak to Eslow; but finding I would not stay, Nageete loosed himself from my hold and went off and we all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the stern fast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water."

"I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about 200 men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling us on shore, and would certainly have done it if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapple, everyone being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands."

"We had no time to reflect, before, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable all of us. They paddled round us, so that we were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were inferior to them. At dark they gave over the attack and returned toward the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation."

After this experience Bligh decided to look for assistance at the Island of Timor, where there was a Dutch settlement. This was a distance of 1,200 leagues. His boat was only twenty three feet long, he had no chart and only a general knowledge of the situation of places assisted by a book of latitudes and longitudes. The men agreed to live on an ounce of bread and a quart of a pint of water a day, and away they sailed. Lieut. Bligh's diary for the few following days confines itself to the details of sailing his small boat, which proved unexpectedly seaworthy, and his careful division of each day's provisions. He made toward the Feroe Islands and each bit of land which he passed, he charted as well as he was able. He landed at none of them for fear of hostile natives, having no arms for defence. Wednesday, May 6, was notable because one of the men hooked a fish and was miserably disappointed by being lost in pulling it into the boat. Bligh describes the conditions on his boat in this fashion:

"I now directed my course west by north for the night, and served to each person an ounce of the damaged bread and a quarter of a pint of water for supper. It may readily be supposed that our lodgings were very miserable and confined, and I had only in my power to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch: so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out, and the nights were so cold and we so constantly wet, that after a few hours sleep we could scarce move. At dawn of day we again discovered land from west to southwest to west northwest, and another island north northwest, the latter a high round lump of but little extent; and I could see the southern land that I had passed in the night. Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

Occasionally canoes filled with natives chased his boat as long as it was in sight. Bligh says very little about the suffering of his men and himself. He entertained his men by describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland so that in case any accident happened to him they might know how to direct their course. Day after day they sailed or rowed on, sometimes fiercely storm beaten. Bligh found that he had to reduce his allowance of bread to one twenty fifth of a pound for each man three times a day. After severe storms he served a teaspoonful of rum to each man. This is a sample of his diary during this part of the voyage:

"Saturday, May the 18th: Fresh gales from the S E and rainy weather. In addition to our miserable allowance of one twenty fifth of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water I issued for dinner about an ounce of salt pork to each person. I was often solicited for this pork, but I considered it better to give it in small quantities than to use all at once or twice, which would have been done if I had allowed it. At noon I observed, in 33 degrees 33 minutes S; longitude 154 degrees 19 minutes W; course N 82 degrees W; distance 401 miles. The sun gave us hopes of drying our wet

clothes."

"Sunday, May the 17th. The sunshine was but of short duration. We had strong breezes at S E by S and dark gloomy weather with storms of thunder, lightning and rain. The night was truly horrible and not a star to be seen. Our situation was extremely miserable; always wet and suffering extreme cold in the night without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned as an evil, and it gave us exercise."

By this time every man was suffering from extreme hunger, and Bligh says:

"Thursday, May the 21st. Fresh sales and heavy showers of rain. Wind E N E. Our distresses were now very great, and we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely see. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort, for my own part, I almost lived with out it; we suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. About 2 o'clock in the morning we were overwhelmed with a deluge of rain. It fell so heavy that we were afraid it would fill the boat, and we were obliged to bale with all our might. At dawn of day I served a large allowance of rum. Toward noon the rain abated and the sun shone, but we were miserably cold and wet, the sea breaking so constantly over us, that, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we had not been able to add to our stock of fresh water. The usual allowance of one 25th pound of bread and water was served at evening, morning, and noon."

On May 29 he cautiously landed on an island where he secured a few oysters and a fresh supply of water. He named it Restoration Island, and after two days left it just as the natives had discovered his presence. His course led him through island channels and whenever he landed it was with fear of the natives. On Thursday, June 4 he steered out into the open ocean for Timor. An occasional small fish or a bird was caught to add to their stores. Writing in his diary on June 11 Bligh says:

"I however, hope to fall in with Timor every hour, for I had great apprehensions that some of my people could not hold out. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, great propensity to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me melancholy presages of their approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Leboque, in particular, were most miserable objects. I occasionally gave them a few teaspoonfuls of wine, out of the little I had saved for this dreadful stage, which no doubt greatly helped to support them."

"For my own part, a great share of spirits, with the hopes of being able to accomplish the voyage, seemed to be my principal support; but the boatwain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any one in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion diverted me, and I had good humor enough to return him a better compliment."

This indicates the kind of a man this English navigator was. He sighted the island of Timor on the following day and then began skirting the shore to find the Dutch settlement. On Sunday, June 14, he found a settlement of friendly natives and secured a guide and some dried turtle, and two days later he reached the Dutch settlement of Coupang. The governor did everything possible for his crew and Bligh, now that his voyage was ended, indulges in a little descriptive writing, painting the condition of his men, who were ragged and nearly dead. The inhabitants nursed them back to life, with the exception of David Nelson who died.

"When I reflect," says Bligh "how providentially our lives were saved at Tofa by the Indians delaying their attack, and that, with scarce anything to support life, we crossed a sea of more than 1,200 leagues, without shelter from the inclemency of the weather; when I reflect that in an open boat, with so much stormy weather we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last happily to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses: I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear with resignation and cheerfulness, the failure of an expedition, the success of which I had so much at heart, and which was frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the fairest prospects of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of his Majesty, and the honorable promoters of so benevolent a plan."

Bligh died, in London, an admiral in 1817.

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HE GOT HIS START ANYHOW.

A Young Lawyer who Got Tired of Waiting for a Practice and won by a Bluff.

There was a lull in the court proceedings and the lawyers were telling stories to while away the time one day in a court room at Detroit, Mich. This is the story that one of them told:

"When I look back at it now I am lost in admiration of my own nerve. But, after all, there is a good deal of bluff that goes to make up this struggle for existence that we call life. I am afraid that if we come down to a close analysis we will find that we are trying to create the impression that we are of more importance than we really are."

"My first case came to me after many days of weary waiting. One day when I had about given up all hope of ever getting a client I was sitting in my office gazing absently, out of the window and wondering if I had not made a mistake by not making a farmer of myself, as my father wanted me to do. From where I sat I could see the office of the only lawyer in the place, an old man who had a firm hold of all the law business in the town and evidently proposed to keep it."

"While I sat there thinking what a hard world this is I saw a well known citizen of the town leave the old man's office. It was very evident that he was charged across the street in the direction of my office my heart leaped into my mouth. Hastily throwing every legal looking paper I possessed on the desk before me, I buried my nose and the party had to speak to me three times before I heard them."

"I'm through with that old fool across the street," he roared, when I looked up at last "and I want you—"

"Excuse me," I broke in. "I am very busy—call tomorrow—no, I'll be busy then let's see, call a week from today at 3 o'clock. Good morning!"

When he left I broke into a cold sweat at my own audacity and for the life of me I couldn't remember whether he had promised to call or not. But he did, and neither one of us had cause to regret it afterward. It was a cold bluff and it won out. But I wouldn't dare do it again, under the same conditions."

The Last of the Bisons.

In the forests around Great Slave Lake the wood bison still exists in the wild state, but its numbers are rapidly declining. According to a recent estimate, not more than 50 members of a herd which numbered several hundreds in 1894, were left alive in 1899. The wood bison resembles the buffalo of our Western plains; but is rather larger. The head of one of these animals was recently acquired by the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and is greatly prized.

A Fanned Darkey.

It was during the war that a negro was discovered, by a squad of union cavalry, on his knees in the corner of the field. He was in the attitude for prayer but he was not praying.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired one of the men.

"Well, yo' see, boss, I's mighty puzzled. I swar toe goodness I dunno whether toe pray toe de Lawd or toe Gin'l Sherman."

A Reprint.

Mrs. Mullin (pointedly) "Shure it wud be retrihsia" 'ee see a gintleman want in a phile?"

Mr. Crusty—"What's that?"
Mrs. Mullin—"Be gor av you wor wan you'd not let that ledly shand av you sit?"

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