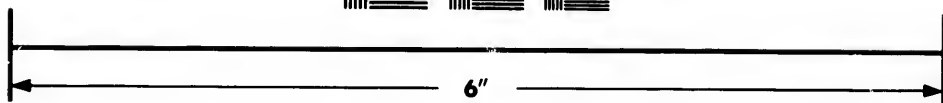
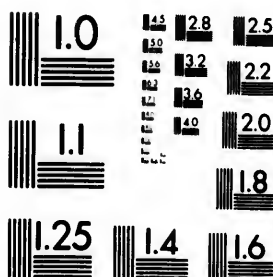


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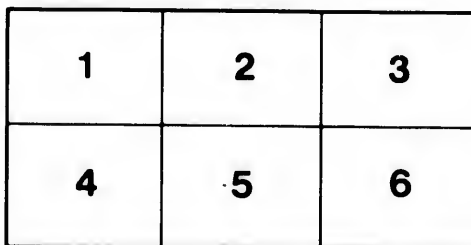
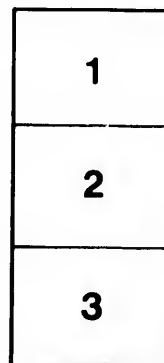
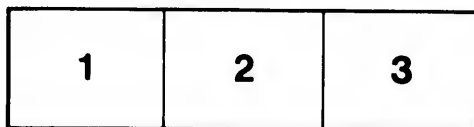
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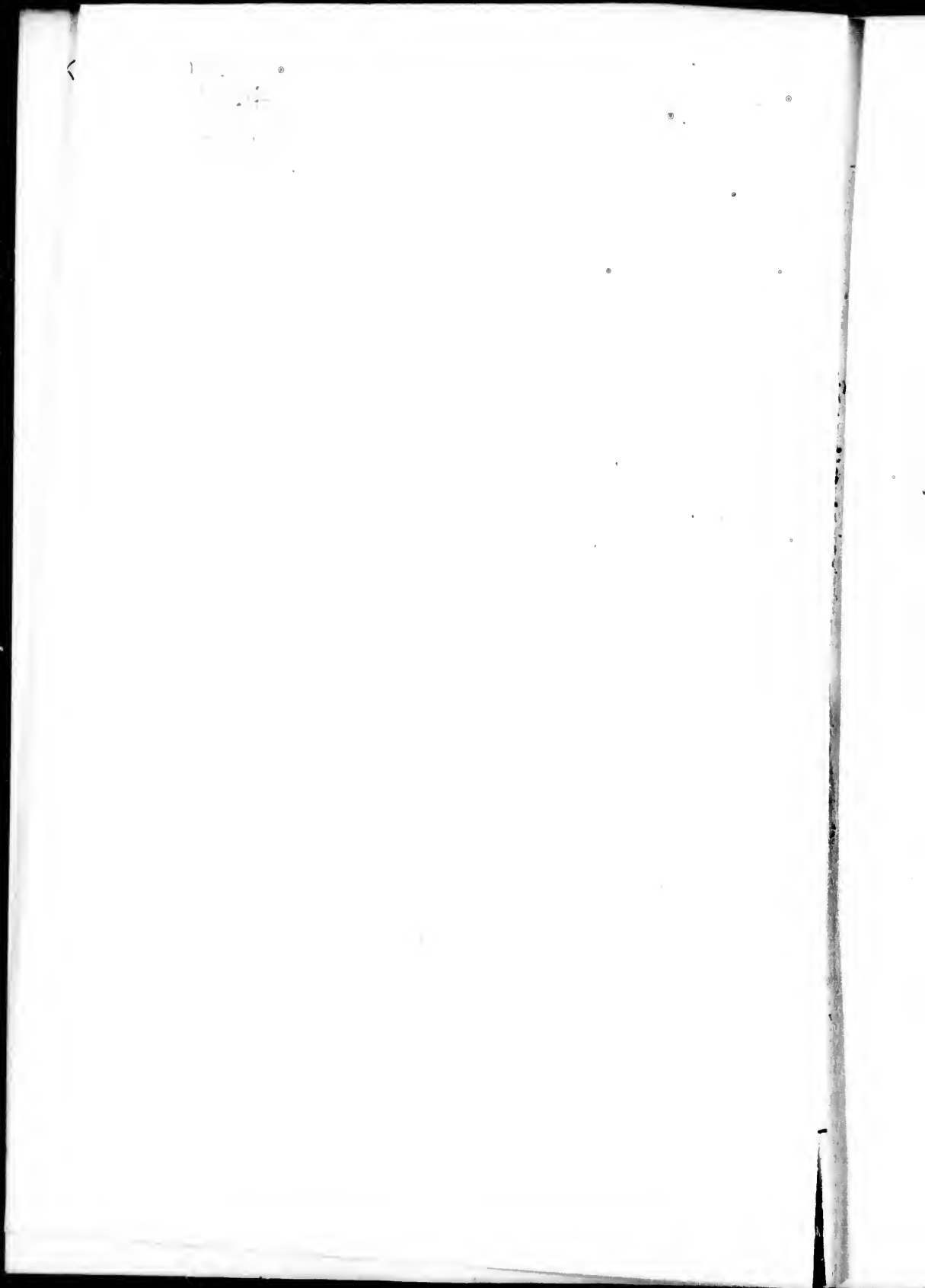
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*For some time past, my children and friends have urged me to commit to paper some recollections of my life, more especially that part of it relating to my various sea voyages around the world.*

*At the advanced age of eighty years, I realize that my memory is failing me in a great measure; at the same time, I find that I can recall the scenes of my early youth and manhood, and many events of "long ago" are much more vivid to-day than those of later date.*

*As this is intended only for FRIENDLY critics, it needs no apology for any want of literary merit; and if, in the long future, it will afford any pleasure to my children, it will more than repay the time which has been devoted to it by their loving father.*

CHARLES BREWER.

Jamaica Plain, 1884.

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## REMINISCENCES.

My ancestor was Daniel Brewer. He left London for Roxbury (Mass.) in 1632, accompanied by his wife and daughter; but the former did not live to reach America. Sarah Brewer, the daughter, married John May, 2d, son of John May, 1st, of Roxbury; and Sarah was the first recorded name of our ancestors in the May family in New England.

My father was Moses Brewer. My mother was Abigail May. They were married in 1798, at Roxbury. My father was a dry-goods dealer on Cornhill, in Boston, until 1813. He died June 17, 1813. After his death, my mother carried on the business for several years. She then retired, and passed the remainder of her life at the old homestead, at Jamaica Plain, her native place. She died on April 24, 1849, aged seventy-nine and a half years. She was the mother of five children, — one son and four daughters. I am the only remaining member of the family (1884).

I was born in Boston, on Cornhill, on March 27, 1804. At a very early age I had a strong desire to



be a sailor, but, being an only son, my mother strongly objected, and sent me to a woman's school at East Sudbury. I remained there two summers. During the year following I attended the East Sudbury Academy. I had a companion from Boston who attended the same school, and we boarded together with a farmer and his wife, who took good care of us. The farmer was very kind, and would often allow us to use the "old horse" when he was absent from home. The horse was a very quiet one, but somewhat in years.

One day, while the old farmer had gone to Boston, we thought we would improve the opportunity and have a ride. - we got the "old horse" out, and, without either saddle or bridle, we mounted him, I in front and my companion behind. It was rather hard work at first to get him into a trot, but after awhile we got him started into a full run. As we had no switch, we began slapping him with our hands on each side. As that didn't have much effect, we gave him one extra-hard slap, when he started off suddenly with great speed, and we both slipped off behind. As I fell, the horse's iron shoe struck me directly on the side of my face, cutting it open nearly up to my eyelids, and breaking my jaw-bone. I was left senseless on the ground, and alone, as my companion was frightened and ran off to get some assistance. I laid on the ground as if dead

for a time, but assistance came at last, and I was carried home. A doctor was sent for, but, as he lived some miles away, it was two hours before he reached the house. My cheek and jawbone were badly mangled; the surgeon trimmed off the small pieces and sewed up the deep cut in my face. The old farmer made up his mind that I could not live, and he sent a messenger immediately to Boston for my mother to come to Sudbury. When the doctor heard that, he at once sent another messenger, forbidding my mother to go to Sudbury, as he feared it might set me crying and break the stitches open in my face. I was obliged to sit upright in a chair for two or three weeks, and there were many months before the face was entirely healed. I had every kind attention I could wish from the old farmer and his wife, and from other friends in our neighborhood.

After leaving Sudbury, I attended a private school in Boston for several months; but I was always wishing for a sea voyage. One day I asked my mother to let me go privateering, — boys of my age were shipped during the war as powder-monkeys, their duties being to carry powder from the magazines to the upper decks when required. — but I could not get my mother's consent, so I said no more about it at that time.

During the latter part of the war (1814), the

British frigates were at one time cruising in Boston Bay, and it was expected they would enter the harbor. The inhabitants were then working very actively to finish off Fort Strong (Noddle's Island). The banking of the sides of the fort required assistance, although it was nearly finished.

The public-school boys were offered as volunteers to work. They turned out from the schools about three hundred at a time, and were marched down State Street in ranks and military order, with the American flag flying and drums beating. We marched to Long Wharf, where we embarked on board sloops and schooners, and were landed at Fort Strong, on Noddle's Island (now East Boston), where we worked two days. The boys' work was mostly carrying sods and pins and pickaxes.

After working two days, we were taken to Dorchester Heights, where we worked one day, and were then dismissed. We marched back to Boston in the same military order; and the boys enjoyed the labor, for the fun attached to it.

After remaining some weeks at home, my mother sent me to the Woburn Academy, as I was so young she did not care to have me attend school in Boston. I was the youngest scholar in the academy, but I only remained there one year. The younger boys were not treated as well as the older scholars, there being a great difference in the quality

of the food. My mother had made three complaints without any notice having been taken of them, so I decided to leave.

One morning I got up very early, and, without my mother's knowledge, ran away from the school before daylight, and endeavored to find my way to Boston. I had not been long on the road before I discovered that I had lost my way, and I sat down upon a stone wall and began to cry. Soon a gentleman came along and asked me what was my trouble. I told him I wanted to get to Boston and did not know the road. He said he was going to Charlestown, and would show me the way. I told the gentleman I knew the way home from Charlestown, and would follow him, which I did, although I was very tired, as he walked so fast; but I finally reached home at one o'clock in the afternoon, and my mother was very glad to see me.

After remaining a short time at home, I attended a private school in Boston for a few months, when my mother concluded to send me to the Rev. Mr. Richardson's school, at Hingham. I remained there over a year, and was very much pleased in every way. There was a limited number of scholars,—about fifteen boarding scholars and five outsiders. The living was good throughout. As a general thing, we had a fine set of scholars; among others were Samuel G. Howe, James Davis, Josiah T.

Marshall, George, Henry, and William Barry (three brothers), and Edward N. Howe, brother of Samuel G. Howe (and who was afterwards drowned at sea), all of whom were Boston boys. Both our teacher and his wife were always very kind and pleasant with the scholars, and I left the school after a year and a half well pleased.

I was then fourteen years old when arrangements were made by my mother for me to enter the store of Messrs. George & Thomas Searle; but, as the position was then filled by a young man who had three months longer to serve before his time expired, I had an opportunity for three months' more schooling.

I entered the private school of the then celebrated teacher, Mr. Walsh, author of "Walsh's Arithmetic," which was highly prized in those days. At the end of my term, I entered the store of Messrs. George & Thomas Searle as an apprentice. After a service of three years, I concluded to continue in the store until I was twenty-one years old, as I should then be my own master, and could go to sea as a sailor, — for I still had the same desire for a sea life.

One day, my mother, without my knowledge, called on several of her old friends to consult with them about my going to sea. Among those whose advice she sought were Capt. John Pratt, Capt. Holland, and Capt. Benjamin Rich, three old retired mer-

chants, each of whom had been a sailor in his youth, and afterwards had been engaged in shipping business from Boston for many years. Their advice to my mother was, that, if I was so anxious to become a seaman when I was twenty-one, she had better give her consent for me to go when I was seventeen, so that perhaps I might become an officer by the time I was twenty-one. Their advice proved good, for I was second officer of the ship "Paragon" when I was *twenty-one*, and first officer of the same ship when I was *twenty-two*.

After receiving the advice of the three old sea-captains, my mother consented, although reluctantly, to have me look for a voyage, which I did. Several of my mother's lady friends, on learning that I was really going to sea as a common sailor, endeavored, by all the means in their power, to prevent it. They told my mother that she "would never see me again alive." My mother replied, "He that doeth all things well will have the same heavenly protection upon the ocean as upon the land."

I had always had a dislike for the counting-room, but the principal reason for my desire to go to sea was that I might have an opportunity to visit all parts of the world, which I could not do otherwise. Having now my mother's consent, I looked about the wharves for a vessel, and I also applied to friends, to help me. Finally, through the assistance of Mr.

Henry Lee, I obtained a berth as a green hand on board the brig "Palmer," bound to Calcutta. My wages were *five dollars* a month, and, perfectly satisfied with that, I commenced my sea life, and, like many another green hand, knew nothing of the hardship in store for me.

The "Palmer" was owned by the Lee family. Mr. Henry Lee was supercargo; Mr. Robert C. Mackay, captain's clerk. The brig was commanded by Capt. Hall.

There was one other boy besides myself, whose name was Lapham. At the request of our parents, we were put under the charge of Mr. Henry Lee. The sailors used to have an allowance of a glass of grog every day, just before dinner, and an extra glass for Saturday night, with which to toast sweethearts and wives; we two boys received from Mr. Lee, in lieu of the grog, a bottle of good molasses every week.

When going on deck in my middle watch at night, I most always carried my bottle of molasses and a ship biscuit to eat during the watch. I always kept my bottle of molasses under the lower berth, and would often use some when the watch was over. One dark night during my watch on deck, I took some of the molasses directly from the bottle by tipping it and swallowing a little at a time; but something seemed to prevent it from flowing freely. I

shook it several times before it would run, when to my surprise out came a *dead mouse*, with but little hair upon him; he was anything but an agreeable sight to look upon. I immediately put the mouse back into the bottle with the remaining molasses, and corked him up tight, so that he might float, and then threw it overboard. No doubt it was picked up by some passing boat crew during a calm, who expected to find letters for loved ones at home, and who were probably disappointed enough to see only the remains of a *dead mouse*. It was a long time before I could relish any molasses after that experience. I had had quite enough of that quality, and concluded for the future I would take it *pure* and *unadulterated*, or go without.

We left Boston with a good crew, with one exception, and that was a Scotchman, who gave us a good deal of trouble. The first day out from Boston the Scotchman ordered me to bring up the food from the forecastle: being a green hand, this was my duty to perform, and I was perfectly aware of it. As I was going up the ladder with a "kid" or "tub" in my hands from the forecastle, he gave me, as I stood upon the step, a heavy blow in my back and a kick, and told me to "hurry up." This act was so sudden and unexpected that I jumped from the two lower steps of the ladder down into the forecastle and clinched him around his neck. Just then four of the



crew came to my assistance, but not before I had got one or two good blows at him. He was a very large and powerful fellow, and would no doubt have hurt me seriously had it not have been for the timely assistance of the three Boston boys.

Our fore-castle was below the deck (forward), which is a very old custom. There has been a great improvement for the comfort of sailors since those days. All fore-castles are now built on the upper deck, instead of below, thereby giving more light and fresher air.

It is, or was, an old regulation, that when the first evening watch went below they should be allowed till "one bell," or half-hour, in which to "spin yarns" or talk, then all must go to sleep. We boys generally improved the opportunity: but that did not always suit the Scotchman.

One of the men had been telling a story which had been repeated over and over again perhaps fifty times; the Scotchman did not like it, and would often go on deck to get out of the way; but he had made himself so disagreeable that the sailors would often repeat it on purpose to annoy him. On our arrival at Calcutta, he took the first opportunity to run away, leaving some considerable amount of wages due him. We were all very glad when he left us.

When off Madagascar, our brig was struck by

lightning, which caused the copper around the mainmast, and also near the maintop, and near the pumps, to melt and run down upon the pumps and masts like molasses. The sulphurous odor was very strong and suffocating in the cabin and main hold. We feared at first there might be fire in the hold, so we broke out around the masts. There was a box stowed against the mainmast, and, although the box and some of the cargo were much discolored, there was no great damage done. On opening the box it was found to contain books for the American Mission at Calcutta.

When the lightning struck our vessel I was leaning against an iron bolt attached to one of the spars, and I was struck down upon the deck senseless, where I lay struggling until some of the crew raised me up, and the shock passed off. Several of the crew were close by me when the vessel was struck, but I was the only one who felt the shock.

There was a slight wind during the day, and squally. When off the island of Madagascar ships are very often liable to experience heavy gales and stormy weather. The climate of the island is generally pleasant in the north, but somewhat cool in the south during the winter months.

We arrived safely at Calcutta, and anchored at first in the river, and afterwards near the banks of the river, and I then had my first view of a foreign

country. It was very hot in Calcutta, and while discharging cargo I was stricken down with a sunstroke.

They immediately carried me below, and sent for a doctor, who gave me some medicine, and I was all right again in a couple of days. Mr. Henry Lee and Mr. Mackay took up their residence on shore. We laid at the moorings five months, and afterwards two months at anchor in the river, making our stay at Calcutta seven months. There was considerable sickness among the crew during that time, but no deaths. I was in rather poor health for five months from attacks of dysentery, but was never unable to do some duty.

During the seven months we were at Calcutta, Mr. Lee loaded several vessels for London and the United States, after which he loaded the "Palmer" with a returned cargo of India goods for Boston. Our voyage to Calcutta and back was about sixteen months.

The "Palmer" was a new vessel, and was built in Medford in 1820, and proved to be a fine vessel in every respect. There were five of the Lee family interested as owners. She was named the "Palmer" out of compliment to John Palmer, an English merchant in Calcutta.

I have no doubt my friends thought that this voyage of sixteen months would satisfy me, and that I would be glad to stay at home; but they were

quite mistaken. After spending a couple of months at Jamaica Plain, visiting my mother and sisters, I was quite ready for sea again ; so, when the " Palmer " was ready for another voyage, I again shipped on board of her, and felt quite proud when I learned that my wages were to be raised from *five* to eight dollars a month. My friend Lapham also shipped on board the " Palmer " for his second voyage, which made it very pleasant for me, as we were such good friends, and during our long voyage of sixteen months we had been very happy together.

This second voyage in the " Palmer " was quite a short one, lasting only five months, as we only went to Liverpool and from there returned to Boston. The first officer of the " Palmer " was from Cape Cod, and he proved to be a very disagreeable man in many ways. He showed a marked difference in his treatment toward young Lapham and myself. I soon began to notice that he gave me all the dirty and disagreeable work to do, and would send me aloft in bad and squally weather. Lapham, on the contrary, was very kindly treated, — the easiest and cleanest jobs being always given him ; and I noticed that he was never sent aloft if I was round. I could not for some time understand why there should be so much difference, and that I should have such hard usage, as I had always tried to perform my duty, and had never had a complaint made

by either Mr. Lee, Capt. Hall, or any of the passengers; but after a while I learned the reason, which was that there was a *lady* in the case. It seems that the first officer had been engaged to Lapham's *sister* for the last two years; so I suppose it was quite natural that he should make it pleasant for the *brother*. But I think he might have done that without making it so uncomfortable for me.

Lapham's parents were very nice and respectable people, living in Charlestown. When Lapham and myself parted, by each going on different voyages, the owners of the "Palmer" offered me a position as second officer, but I did not feel myself competent, and I also thought myself too young for so responsible a position, so I declined. Lapham shipped on board a vessel bound to Calcutta. The ship loaded at Calcutta for the United States, but never reached home, as she took fire in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and burned up entirely. The captain, with his wife and family and part of the crew, went toward South America (having taken to their boats in mid-ocean), while the first officer, with the balance of the crew, went towards South Africa. Both boats arrived safely at the end of their unfortunate voyages, and all would have been well if the officer had followed the captain to South America, but, on landing at South Africa, several of the crew took the African fever and died. My dear

friend and shipmate, Lapham, was among the number. He was a great loss to his parents and to all who knew him, and I shall always cherish his memory, although it is now *sixty-three* years since we shipped together on board the "Palmer."

The officer of the ship which was burned was the same one who had treated me so badly on board the "Palmer."

I arrived home from the East Indies in good health, and felt that I was well repaid with what I had gained in experience. After remaining on shore for a few weeks, I began to be restless again for the sea, and so looked around for another ship.

I had always had a desire to visit the northwest coast of America and the Sandwich Islands. I had been particularly interested in the latter place since reading "Cook's Voyages" when a boy.

I learned that the ship "Paragon" was going to the Sandwich Islands and to China, so I made application at once, and was shipped on board as an ordinary seaman at eight dollars a month. The owner of the ship was Mr. Josiah Marshall, of Boston, and she was commanded by Capt. William Cole. We left Boston on Feb. 23, 1823, for Honolulu, Oahu. We had two passengers, Thomas Crocker, Esq., United States consul for the Hawaiian Islands, and Robert Elwell, consul's clerk. Our first officer was John Bowman, and our second was John Dominis, who

acted in the double capacity as sail-maker and second officer. We had a fair passage around Cape Horn.

Before we left Boston, it had been directed by the owner of the ship that we should stop at the island of Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's island) and fill all the casks with fresh water, as we only took with us from Boston a supply for a hundred days. There being no good harbors off the island, the ship had to lay off and on for a day or two, in order to get the water off from the shore. The boat was sent on shore under the direction of Mr. Dominis, with a crew of seven men, of which I was one. We made one trip to the shore, and towed the casks of water to the sides of the ship, where they were hoisted on board. A second boat was then sent off, and this time our two passengers accompanied us. They thought they would like to try their hands at shooting a wild bullock and fishing, so, at their request, we left them on the island while we returned to the ship with a second raft of water casks. When about four or five miles from the shore, it came on to blow a gale, and we shipped a sea which almost capsized the boat (it was a whale or surf boat), and it was filled with water almost up to the thwarts. We were at an equal distance from the shore and the ship, — about five miles from each, — and were in a dangerous condition for a while. I lost my oar during the *mêlée*; and we had to bail out

the boat with our hats, boots, and shoes. Finally, after some hours of pulling, we got alongside of the ship, by which time the wind had decreased to a moderate gale. The captain thought, as the ship was so far from the shore, it would not be prudent to go for the two passengers until the next day.

During the night the gale increased, and we were drifted off a long distance, and it was eleven days before we were able to regain our position. In the mean time the two passengers had an opportunity to realize somewhat the feelings of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. As soon as practicable we went to their rescue. As we neared the shore, we saw them running down the hill as speedily as possible; and as soon as they jumped into the boat, they commenced with ravenous appetites to devour some raw salt beef and ship-bread, being a portion of some provisions which we were taking on shore for some Spaniards (five in number) who had been left there by a sealing party the year previous, but who had failed to call for them according to contract.

We learned from the passengers that it had rained hard every day and night during the ten days of their enforced detention on the island, consequently they had no opportunity for hunting or fishing. They took up their residence with the five Spaniards, — who were themselves short of provisions, —



in a miserable hut, consequently were unable to entertain their unexpected guests very luxuriously. As soon as we reached the ship, our passengers immediately divested themselves of their clothing and long beards, which were infested with *vermin*, which was the only *game* they obtained.

During the first night of the gale, the ship obtained all the water which was needed for the voyage to Honolulu, and with all our provisions on board, we took leave of the island of Juan Fernandez, and after a long and tedious voyage of one hundred and eighty-one days we arrived safely at Honolulu. The trade-winds were very light until after we crossed the equator, after which we had a fresh breeze until we reached the Sandwich Islands.

We made Hawaii (the island) over one hundred miles off, when we saw the top of Mauna-Kea covered with snow; the height of Mauna-Kea is 13,950 feet, and that of Haleakala on Maui 10,217 feet. After remaining in the harbor of Honolulu for some weeks, the "Paragon" made a cruise around the islands for the purpose of obtaining sandal-wood; but we were not successful. The surf set on shore very heavily, so that the ship was obliged to slip her anchor and chain and return to Honolulu. Sometimes the surf on the north side of Oahu will break in seventeen fathoms of water, and the vessels are obliged to put to sea.

We carried out on the "Paragon" the frames for two schooners, which were built and launched from Marini's wharf at Honolulu. One of them was named the "Washington." Volunteers were required as a crew to cruise about in search of sandal-wood. The schooner "Washington" was chartered for that purpose, and I was one of five volunteers.

On our first night out in the Oahu Channel, we had two men knocked overboard by the main boom; one was a white man and the other a Kanaka. The white man was drowned, but the Kanaka succeeded in getting on board again. We were unsuccessful in obtaining sandal-wood, on account of the heavy surf, and were obliged to return to Honolulu around the south west side of the island. Subsequently we made several trips in search of sandal-wood around the islands, stopping at Pearl River and other places. After that the ship made a trip to Waimea, and there lost her anchor, consequently we were obliged to return to Honolulu. The anchor was never recovered. The "Paragon" laid in the harbor of Honolulu five months altogether, receiving sandal-wood from small vessels; while the "Washington" was receiving cargo for the "Paragon," which came in very slowly.

While we were at Honolulu, news was received of the death of Queen Kapiolani, wife of King Kamehameha II.; she died at Lahaina on the island of

Maui. At the request of the king, the "Paragon" was chartered for the funeral. There was a fleet of twelve vessels, large and small, and all filled with passengers. The king, with all his officers, together with all the foreign consuls, was on board the "Paragon." On the arrival of the fleet at Lahaina, minute-guns were fired, and it was continued all the day. There were nearly 12,000 natives at the landing at Lahaina to witness the funeral; and they expressed their deep grief, and sympathy for the king, by a loud wailing and wringing of hands. The next day the fleet returned to Honolulu. Kamehameha was the second king, and Kapiolani was his favorite wife.

The "Paragon" now being ready for sea, we left Honolulu for China with a full cargo of sandal-wood. We arrived safely at Whampoe, where we had to stay about two and a half months, waiting for a cargo of teas. While lying in the river, the captain had the ship's rigging stripped entirely off, and that, with other repairs, took up the time of some of her lay days. After much delay, the ship was finally loaded and left Canton for Boston, where she arrived safely and discharged her cargo in good condition; and that ended my experience at sea as a green hand.

After remaining at home for a few weeks, the "Paragon" was chartered for a second voyage, and I was promoted to the position of second officer.

We were to go first to Charleston, S. C., thence to Liverpool, and return with a cargo of cotton. The charter was a very curious one, the owners giving the captain the use of the vessel *free* on condition that he was to newly copper the vessel at his own expense, and pay all expenses of the crew, provisions, etc., of the voyage, and to deliver the vessel in as good order in every way as she was when he took her from Boston,—the captain to have all the freight money. The ship lost money, but the captain made a very good thing out of the bargain.

When we arrived off Charleston bar, the ship grounded; but we soon obtained help from the shore. We loaded with cotton, and hauled off into the river ready for sea; but the next day it was discovered that the ship was leaking some, and, after remaining in the river a couple of days, we found the leak was increasing, and the crew refused to go in the ship; however, after some persuasion, the captain prevailed on them, promising that if she leaked badly he would put back into some port.

We then left Charleston in company with three or four other ships bound to Liverpool. We had fair winds and good weather for a few days and the leak increased but very little, but when we were ten days out it gained upon us so rapidly that the crew had to keep pumping both day and night, and not only the crew, but the officers were obliged to assist.

When in the Irish Channel we had a very severe gale, which brought us on a lee shore under close reefs and in a dangerous position. We had drifted very near the shore (within a mile), when the gale abated very suddenly, then a heavy rain squall from the shore and very strong winds on the Welch coast.

We had drifted, at one time, very near the rocks off Baltimore Harbor, and we were on the eve of running the vessel on shore to save our lives, but we fortunately escaped. It seemed afterwards almost miraculous. When we were close into the rocky shore, it became suddenly calm, then a gale sprung up from the Irish coast, and drove one of the three ships that were in company with us on the Welch coast, where she was entirely wrecked and about all the crew were drowned.

Of the four ships which left Charleston in company only two arrived safely at Liverpool. One ship put back when in about the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and returned to the United States. We left Charleston in December and arrived at Liverpool in January. It was a very hard winter.

When we were near the Irish coast, the mainsail got adrift and all hands were sent aloft to secure it. I was among the number, and as I was on the weather yard-arm, and the ship being very crank, I lost my hold of the sail and fell backwards, striking my head on the mizzen-stay (which really saved my

life), and came down on to the deck into the lee scuppers upon my left side, where I lay senseless for some time. The ship was so crank that there was more than a foot of water in the scuppers. It was a very dark night, and the captain, who was on the weather side of the deck, knew nothing of my fall until some of the men aloft cried out that I had fallen overboard. As soon as the men came down from aloft, the captain called for a lantern, and it was then discovered that I had fallen on board. I was taken up and carried into the cabin, and upon examination the next morning it was found that there were no bones broken, but my left leg was badly bruised, and afterward it withered to that extent that the leg was five inches smaller around than usual, and it crippled me for life. My fall was about fifty-five feet from the main-yard, about forty feet to the mizzen-stay, and thence fifteen feet to the lee scuppers.

The ship had a full load of cotton in bales not only in the hold but in the cabin and on deck, which was the cause of her being so crank. Two tiers of cotton had been under water most of the time. We put the ship in dock, where she was calked and coppered and put in good order. We had a very rough passage home, arriving in the month of March, 1823.

Notwithstanding the various hardships and acci-

dents I had met with, I continued to enjoy a sea life, and when the "Paragon" was again chartered for a voyage around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, I was all ready and eager to go again. Mr. Dominis and myself were engaged for the voyage as first and second officers. We went on board and had been at work a few days getting ready for sea, when, to our surprise, we were told that the voyage was changed, and that instead of going to the Sandwich Islands we were to load with a cargo of ice for the West Indies. This was in the month of July, and, aside from its being an unhealthy season, neither Mr. Dominis nor myself wished to go to the West Indies. We told Mr. Marshall (the owner) that when we agreed to go it was with the understanding that we were to make the voyage to the Sandwich Islands, and consequently we should resign our positions, which we did. Mr. Marshall was very angry, and said he would never employ us again. We had been three years in his employ, and he had never had cause for complaint.

Mr. Marshall and Mr. J. C. Jones, of Boston, fitted out a brig owned by themselves for the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Jones was acting captain, and, although Mr. Marshall had said he would not employ either Mr. Dominis or myself again, the former was engaged as sailing master. Mr. Dominis urged Mr. Marshall very hard to take me as second officer, but

he persistently refused. I was very sorry to lose the opportunity of going again with my old friend and shipmate; however, I did not have long to regret it, for the very next day I met an old friend of mine (Capt. Babcock), who had also been in the employ of Mr. Marshall for many years. Capt. Babcock had made many voyages to the northwest coast of America, but had then left off going to sea on account of his age. He was in Mr. Marshall's office on the day when the conversation took place relative to my going in the brig as second officer, and he felt that I had not been treated fairly. I told him how sorry I was to lose my berth on so good a ship, and he replied, "Why don't you go with Capt. Thomas Meek, of Marblehead? He is going in the brig 'Chinchilla,' to Honolulu." I was not acquainted with Capt. Meek, but Capt. Babcock offered to introduce me; so the next morning he called at my mother's house with a horse and chaise, and we started for Brookline, where Capt. Babcock lived, but on the way we met Capt. Meek, and they had some conversation relative to my ability as a seaman. The recommendation of Capt. Babcock proved satisfactory, for, on the following day, Capt. Meek called at my mother's house and notified me that I was appointed *first* officer of the brig "Chinchilla." I was very much gratified at my promotion, and realized that the old adage, "a patient waiter is no loser," had been verified in my case.



The "Chinchilla" was loading in New York, and Capt. Meek wished me to go on at once and take charge, as he was desirous of going to his home at Marblehead for a few days. After receiving instructions about loading the vessel and getting ready for sea, I went immediately to New York.

After spending a few days with his family, Capt. Meek arrived in New York, and on the 25th of December we set sail for the Sandwich Islands. I little thought then of the deep interest I should have in those islands in the future.

The "Chinchilla" was one of the fastest vessels of her class, and was owned by the Messrs. De Wolf, of Rhode Island. Although she was deeply loaded, we had a good run off the coast of seven hundred and fifty miles in the first three days. On the third day out, we made the unpleasant discovery that the steward had brought on board with him the small-pox. We immediately built him a house on deck by using the ship's two boats and an old heavy canvas covering, and made him as comfortable as we could under the circumstances. As no one volunteered to assist me, I attended to him myself alone for twenty days, when he died of confluent small-pox of the worst kind. After he died, the cook helped me to launch the corpse overboard; and that was the only assistance I had. I sewed him up in canvas myself; he took the disease from buying second-

hand clothing in New York. I had been vaccinated when a child, and had seen a good deal of the disease in various parts of the world. We had to cleanse the two boats by filling them with water several times, then scrubbing, and smoking them and giving them two coats of paint. Our captain was very cautious lest he might carry the disease to the Sandwich Islands.

Although we had rough weather, and were twenty-five days off Cape Horn, we arrived safely at Honolulu after a passage of one hundred and fifty days; while the missionary packet, which left New York fourteen days before we did, was nine months reaching the Sandwich Islands. She was only forty tons' register, while the "Chinchilla" was one hundred and thirty tons. The missionary packet was obliged to go to the Falkland Islands to recruit, and that delayed her somewhat. We sold a part of our cargo at Honolulu, and filled up with salt and an assorted cargo, and sailed for Sitka on the northwest coast, where we sold all our cargo to the governor of the Russian settlement, receiving as payment furs, seal, beaver, and sea-otter skins, and then returned to Honolulu. We then cruised around the islands during a part of the winter, collecting sandal-wood, with which, and our cargo of seal-skins, we sailed for China and there sold it. In China we purchased a cargo suitable for Honolulu and Sitka, selling a

part to the Russian government and the balance to merchants in Sitka. We received payment for various kinds of furs, such as sea-otters, beavers, etc., by draft on St. Petersburg.

We made three voyages in the "Chinchilla" during the years 1826, 1827, and 1828, to China, Honolulu, and Sitka, remaining about two months in each of the harbors, trading with the natives and inhabitants of Kamtschatka and Paulowsky.

I had now been three years with Capt. Meek as his first officer, and it was with much regret that I told him I was anxious to make a visit home to see my dear mother once more, as she was getting old and feeble, but if my life was spared, I hoped to return again to Honolulu.

Capt. Meek had always treated me with the kindness of a father, and when I told him I must go home he appeared very sad to have me leave him. I had but little means with which to pay my passage home in a whale ship. Capt. Meek went, without my knowledge, and obtained for me a free cabin passage to New Bedford; and he also furnished me with a good outfit of private stores at his own expense. It was a sad parting for both of us when the ship sailed.

A few years after I left him, Capt. Meek was taken sick at Honolulu, and he concluded to return to his home at Marblehead. For two or three years

Mr. James Hunnewell and myself supplied him with some of the necessaries of life. One day we went to his home to make him a visit. When we arrived at the house, his wife told us that her husband had been stricken with palsy that very morning, and that it would be no satisfaction to us to see him, as he would not recognize us and could not speak; so we were obliged to return to Boston without having seen him. The next day I was called to New York on business, and was absent one week, and on my return I learned that my dear old captain was dead and buried. Capt. Meek had four brothers, all of whom were living when I was in the "Chinchilla"; they were all ship-masters of good standing among merchants, and some of them had made several voyages to the northwest coast, trading among the Indians. While I was with Capt. Meek, he told me a story, which I think worth relating.

In the year 1816 he was in command of a ship which had been trading upon the northwest coast, and while on the way to China he called at Behring's Bay. He found there upon the island a Russian officer with a body of men who were catching seal for the Russian government. They had about ninety thousand seal-skins stored upon the island. The Russian officer made an offer to Capt. Meek, that if he would take him with his seal-skins on board his ship and make a quick run down to China that

he would give him (Capt. Meek) one half the seal-skins. That might have been a tempting offer to some, but Capt. Meek did not hesitate a moment in his reply to the proposition, and said, "Old Meek is a *poor* man, but he will die *honest*."

Nothing more was heard from the Russian, and Capt. Meek sailed for China. He had quite a number of furs on board his own ship, which he had obtained from Alaska and the northwest coast.

War with England (1816) was not then known in the East Indies, but Capt. Meek found it out. He was chased by an English frigate into the port of Canton. He escaped by running between two islands which were very shallow, and the frigate dare not follow him, consequently he got safe into Canton River.

After leaving the "Chinchilla" in Honolulu, I went home to Boston, where I remained with my mother for several months. I was convinced that the longer I went to sea the more I enjoyed a sailor's life, so, in October, 1829, I shipped on board the brig "Ivanhoe," owned by Bryant & Sturges, of Boston. The "Ivanhoe" was bound to China direct. Capt. Snow was commander, Mr. Rufus Perkins, supercargo, and I was first officer. In those days there were no stevedores, and I was obliged to be in the ship's hold all the time, attending to the stowing of cargo.

Mr. Wm. Sturges was on the wharf as we were

about to sail, and said to me, "I hope you will not leave the ship during the voyage." I replied, "I never left a ship in a foreign port." Our voyage was expected to be about eighteen months. We arrived out safely, and discharged our cargo in good order at Whampoa. We then left Canton for Manilla, where we took in a cargo of rice and returned to Canton. At Whampoa we took on board a full cargo, and returned to Honolulu, where, after anchoring a few days, we proceeded to Mazatlan and up the Gulf of Mexico on a trading voyage. Our cargo was mostly sold on the coast of Mexico.

From Mazatlan we returned to Honolulu and back to China once more. We left there with a very valuable cargo, which was all discharged in good order. It was valued at \$208,000. We again left Canton with a third cargo for Honolulu and Mexico. We sold a portion of our cargo at Honolulu, where we remained two or three weeks. Our ship was anchored in the harbor, and about ready for sea, when one Sunday afternoon our captain came on board after dinner and ordered the second officer to take some empty water casks on shore and have them filled with water for the vessel. I very politely hinted to the captain that it was against the laws of the Hawaiian government to carry on any work or labor on Sunday; that the natives were not even allowed to smoke or cook any meals on Sunday. I

advised the captain to postpone our work until the next day; but the captain did not pay any attention to my advice, so the second officer and the men went on shore and began filling their casks, — they being ignorant of the laws. The second officer returned to the ship, and reported that the crew had been arrested and were confined in the fort. The captain flew in a great passion, and ordered me to have our four guns loaded with grapeshot, and have them placed all on one side of the ship toward the fort, remarking that "he would blow the town down." I said to him that I feared he would get himself into trouble, as well as the crew. At that he turned suddenly around and struck me a heavy blow. I did not *strike* him back, but I clinched him and gave him a good shaking, backing him up against the ship's railing, where I held him until he said, "Let me go, Mr. Brewer." I took my hands off from him, and said, "Go, and never again lay your hands on me." He ordered me to my state-room, and as I was going down the cabin stairs he attempted to kick me on the head. I then said to him, "I never will sail with you again," and in the afternoon I went on shore to see Mr. Perkins, our supercargo. I told him I would never sail with such a man again, that he had never treated either the second officer or me with civility during the whole voyage. Mr. Perkins said he did not blame me for leaving him, and only

wished he could get rid of the captain, as he was very disagreeable to him.

Mr. Perkins and the owners of the "Ivanhoe" had always treated me well during the two and a half years I had been in that vessel. I went back in the afternoon and packed up all my clothing and effects, and went to the hotel, where I took up my residence for a while.

Our supercargo had taken on board the "Ivanhoe" some boxes of plants. Among others was a night-blooming cereus, which, apparently, had died, and Mr. Perkins told me to throw it overboard, which he supposed I had done; but, thinking I saw some signs of life in it, I placed it in the after-hold, and nursed it with great care, and in about three weeks it revived and proved to be a very handsome flower. When we arrived at Honolulu it was taken on shore, and was a great curiosity to the inhabitants. One evening the supercargo had a large company of ladies and gentlemen to see it. The flower was in full bloom. That was 1831. When I was at Honolulu in 1879, I found the plant no longer a curiosity, for the walls in many parts of the town were covered with it.

One evening, at the hotel, I sat at the supper-table with several gentlemen with whom I was acquainted, among whom was Mr. Wm. French, one of the first merchants in Honolulu. Mr. French



asked me if I would take command of the schooner "Victoria" for a trading voyage on the coast of California and Mexico. I said, "Yes," and accepted his offer at once. The schooner was very small; she was built at Raiatea (one of the South Sea Islands) of tamano-wood.

I went trading for furs of various kinds, sea-otter, seal-skins, hides, etc., on the upper coast of Alaska and California. After a short time we had the schooner loaded with the above cargo, and touched on our way at San Francisco and Monterey, and thence to Honolulu, where we arrived safely with our cargo in good order.

While in Monterey I learned from Mr. Spence (our agent) that there was a lot of old broken brass guns belonging to the governor of Monterey which were for sale. These guns had been destroyed by Mexican privateers previous to Southern California being free. I offered to buy the broken guns, and, taking Mr. Spence with me as interpreter to the governor's house, a bargain was there made in his presence on my account. I engaged a teamster to drag the guns down to my vessel.

The next morning another ship hove in sight, and her captain, hearing of the sale of the guns, went immediately to the governor and offered him nearly double the rate for which he had agreed to sell them to me, and, although I had made a fair and honest

purchase of the broken guns, when the governor found he could get a *better* offer, he annulled *my* bargain and sold them to the other captain, whose name I will not mention.

The "Victoria" was my first *real* command of a vessel. I had sailed several vessels as temporary captain, in short trips only, while making search for sandal-wood around the islands.

I was very glad to leave the "Ivanhoe" for the "Victoria," and, although she was very small, I realized that I was my own master, and I was sailing for pleasant owners, consequently was very happy. Mr. French also owned the schooner "Unity," and after my return in the "Victoria" he offered me the command of her. We were to go on a trading and sealing voyage to Mazatlan and elsewhere.

After leaving Honolulu we touched at Santa Barbara, and took on board enough water to last a year. We then proceeded to the island of Guadalupe, on the coast of Mexico, and landed water for a sealing gang who had been left there. There was no water on the island, and it was uninhabited. The sealing gang was to remain one year on the island, according to contract with the owners, and they would then return to Honolulu by some vessel that would be sent for them. The sealing gang waited some months over the year, but the contractors failed to send for them, and, there being no water on the

island, their situation was becoming anything but pleasant, when an English brig hove in sight. The English captain bought all the skins of the sealers, and took the men off with them to some port in South America, and they were never heard from again.

We left Guadalupe for the Gulf of California, and down the Mexican coast, trading, and then sailed for Honolulu direct.

March 17, 1833, we arrived at Honolulu from Cape St. Lucas, where we had taken on board as cargo some hides and horses. On May 22, 1833, I again took command of the "Unity," and left Honolulu on a voyage to Okhotsk, in Siberia, and arrived there on the 20th of July, after a long and tedious passage of fifty-eight days. It was the hardest and roughest voyage I ever made. She was a good sea-boat, but only of sixty tons' register.

June 15, we were obliged to send down our top-sail-yard and topmast, and carried away our bob-stays, which left our foremasts in a bad position, as there was a heavy sea running, which struck the bowsprit and carried away jibboom and martingale; secured the foremast by tackles.

When running down the Sea of Okhotsk at five o'clock in the morning, a whale broke water close under our keel, and scraped his back against the keel of the vessel, shaking her as if she were going over

a ridge of rocks. The whale came up under the bows and went off. The mate went forward with his pistol to shoot, but I forbade the shooting, for one blow of his flukes would have sunk us in a moment. On July 8, 1833, lat.  $49^{\circ} 20'$  N., and lon.  $203^{\circ} 21'$  W., we were entirely surrounded by whales from every quarter; they were almost as thick as a forest of trees.

On the next day we saw the land. We had entered the Sea of Okhotsk and saw the large hill of Onckatan. On entering the Sea of Okhotsk we had strong currents and tide rips; saw several seals and very large whales.

July 19, at 4 p. m., we saw a very large boat coming out of the river; and at 6 p. m. they got alongside of us with the pilot; at 11 a. m. we anchored abreast of the town of Okhotsk. We saluted the fort, which salute was immediately answered. I went on shore with our supercargo and called on the governor, who received us very pleasantly. Our schooner was the second American vessel that had ever entered the Sea of Okhotsk. We informed the governor of our business and the nature of our cargo. There was no one in Okhotsk who understood the English language, but I could manage to make myself understood in Russian, having gained some knowledge of it during my various voyages to Sitka in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828. The gov-

ernor's wife was the only one who could speak French, and I could understand a little of that when we were trading with our cargo. I also had my French dictionary on board, and that was of some assistance. The governor came on board with several of his officers, and on his different visits made large purchases from our cargo.

The other American vessel that had anchored off Okhotsk was named the "Dabol." She was there in 1816. We had on board the "Unity" two very troublesome sailors, who had come with us from Honolulu; one of them had threatened to take my life the first chance he got, and I was obliged to put him in irons a few days before we arrived at Okhotsk. I applied to the governor, and asked him if he would confine the man on shore until I was ready for sea. He said, "Yes"; but that I must take him on board again when I left. I offered the governor seventy-five gold dollars if he would keep the man until I was away, but he declined; but would keep him in irons until I arrived at Kamschatka.

We were often invited to dine with the governor at Okhotsk. He provided a very comfortable room for our supercargo until we were ready for sea. He had been sick during the most of the voyage. We were about five weeks in Okhotsk, and then made ready for Kamschatka. We called on the governor to bid him good by. He insisted upon my drinking

a large tumbler of champagne; both the governor and his officers also drank with me. I then went on board the schooner and saluted the port with seven guns, which was immediately returned. At 1 o'clock we were towed over the bar, and at 2 o'clock the pilot left us, and we stood away out of the Sea of Okhotsk on our way to Kamschatka.

During the night, in the Sea of Okhotsk, the water had a singular appearance, being the color of milk, as far as the eye could reach. The night was unusually dark overhead, but so light on deck that we could read a newspaper easily. The substance which causes this peculiar color is called *brit*, which is the food of the right whale. The next day we were surrounded with whales as far as could be seen in every direction. The largest whale I ever heard of was taken in the Sea of Okhotsk, and yielded three hundred and six barrels of oil.

We passed out of the Sea of Okhotsk on Aug. 23, and went around Cape Lapatka and entered the bay and harbor of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, — Petropaulowsky. We passed the lighthouse on the bluff-head at 3 P. M., and at 10 P. M. took a pilot. Being at the entrance of the inner harbor, we cleared up the decks and gave a salute of seven guns, which was returned. We then went on shore to call upon the governor, who treated us very cordially, and invited us to dine with him on the next Sabbath. We

hired a house on shore and opened our salesroom, using the same house at night for our sleeping-rooms. We were fortunate enough to find two persons besides the governor who could speak English. One was named Gardner. They were both Americans, and had lived among the Russians at Kamtschatka since 1816. Each of them had a large family, all born at St. Peter's and St. Paul's, otherwise called Petropaulowsky. One of the Americans was born in New York and the other in Boston.

I called on the governor of Kamtschatka and reported to him that I had a man on board who had threatened my life, and that the governor of Okhotsk kept him in irons while we were there, but that he obliged me to take him again when we were ready for sea. When I informed the governor that he had threatened my life while in port at St. Peter's and St. Paul's, he said that, being a Russian port, the punishment would be the salt mines *for life*. I felt that that was a very severe penalty, and I told the governor I did not wish him to send him there. He then said the man must have a fair trial by jury; that the lieutenant-governor must act as judge, and the government officers to be selected by the lieutenant-governor, as jurymen and witnesses. The trial came off, and I lost the case. I told the governor that I thought it hardly fair, as the witnesses were all strangers to me, and not one of my

crew was present to give evidence on my side. When the governor learned this, he was very angry with the lieutenant-governor, and he ordered another trial at once, and summoned some of my crew as witnesses. This time it resulted in my favor. The man was kept in confinement all the time we were in Petropaulowsky; but the governor said he would release him as soon as we left, and would keep the man at work until he could get away to some other country, with which arrangement the man seemed satisfied. (I heard some years afterwards that the man had turned up in California, and was *practising medicine*.) We remained two months in Petropaulowsky, during which time I sold all our cargo, and salted down about seventy barrels of salmon. When ready for sea, we took leave of the governor with a salute of seven guns, and then sailed for Honolulu.

My next voyage was in the brig „Becket,” of which I was master, and Mr. Henry A. Pierce, supercargo. The “Becket” was built in Salem, Mass. She was chartered from the Hawaiian government for a voyage to Kamschatka and China and back to Honolulu. We arrived at Lintin, China, and discharged a cargo of sandal-wood and pearl shell, and then loaded again at Canton, and sailed for Kamschatka, where we sold our cargo to the Russian governor and the merchants of Petropaulowsky. When we arrived near the Kurile Islands,



I was lying in my berth one afternoon reading, when I was startled by a tremendous thump under the centre of the vessel which almost threw me out of my berth. Springing to my feet, I went to the cabin windows, where I had a good view of a large whale, which had, in passing, struck us a blow, but without causing any damage.

I passed the Kurile Islands again in 1835, in the ship "Rasselas," of Boston, on our passage from China to Kamschatka, but saw very few whales, being too far east of the islands. On this passage I discovered a cluster of dangerous rocks, which were not laid down on any chart at that time. They were in lat.  $31^{\circ} 54'$  N., lon.  $140^{\circ} 20'$  E. The weather being clear and sea smooth, I went to the masthead while passing abreast within a mile of them. These rocks were low, and could not be seen far in thick weather. They were about ten or fifteen feet in height, forming nearly a circle, and about two cables' length in diameter, and with much broken water around them.

I think I was the first person who gave information to the American whaling captains at Honolulu of the existence of the great abundance of whales in the Sea of Okhotsk, which proved so profitable to them and their owners for several years after.

But this is a long digression. The governor was very kind to Mr. Pierce and myself, and we often

dined with him. One day after dinner, he asked us to go with him to see a salmon. He led us to the kitchen, where we saw a very large salmon on the table; he then asked us to guess its weight. After inspecting it a few minutes, we thought it might weigh about *fifty pounds*; the steward then weighed it in our presence, when, to our surprise, it brought the scales down to *seventy pounds*. The governor gave me the salmon, and I carried it to Honolulu in good order and gave it to the king; he also presented me with a young *bear*, which I afterward carried to Boston, but which proved so unruly and troublesome that I sold him for five dollars. The purchaser got up a shooting match, at twenty-five cents a shot, drawing for chances; but the person who drew the first chance made a *fatal* shot and killed the bear.

The "Becket" being now ready for sea, we took leave of the governor with the usual salute of seven guns, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands. Soon after my arrival there, Messrs Pierce & Grimes purchased the ship "Rasselas" (formerly of Boston) and gave me the command. She was fitted out for a voyage to China and elsewhere. We sailed from Honolulu on Dec. 26, 1834, and arrived at Canton, Jan. 29, 1835. We anchored at Lintin, and, taking on board a portion of our cargo, went to Macao, where we received the balance. She was formerly

one of the Liverpool packets, and, I think, was built at Medford. We went to Kamschatka, and, after remaining there two months, and disposing of nearly all our cargo, we stood out for Bay of Alaska, and after a passage of thirty-one days from St. Peter's and St. Paul's we arrived safely at Honolulu, where we discharged our cargo. I afterwards made a trip of six weeks around the islands, obtaining a cargo of sandal-wood, cattle, etc., and then left the ship.

After remaining a short time in Honolulu, I was offered the command of the whale-ship "Bartholomew Gosnold," which offer I declined. The United States consul wished me to take command and navigate her to New Bedford, but I refused. The voyage of the whale-ship had been broken up in consequence of the captain, first officer, and some of the crew having been killed by the savages of the South Sea Islands.

Mr. Pierce had been absent from home twelve years, and was anxious to go back and visit his family. He made me an offer to join him as a partner in business, which offer I accepted, and in one month from that time, Mr. Pierce left Honolulu for Boston, where he remained a year or more, returning by the way of Mexico and South America. A short time after the departure of Mr. Pierce, I received information that the brig "Griffin" (of

which our firm was part owner) was wrecked by a hurricane off Mazatlan. She was commanded by Capt. Wm. C. Little, who was also part owner; there were also wrecked at the same time several other vessels, — one brig and seven small vessels.

As soon as I heard of the loss of the "Griffin," I chartered the brig "Lama," and immediately sailed for Mazatlan, leaving only our clerk in the office at Honolulu. We arrived at Mazatlan safely, and received on board about ninety thousand dollars in specie, belonging to several parties in Honolulu and some agents in China. The specie was ready to go on board the brig the day previous to her loss. We arrived back safely, having been absent from Honolulu fifty-one days. The money was shipped at once to Mr. James P. Sturges, at Canton.

After the "Griffin" broke from her anchors, she laid over on her broad-side and drifted up against the rocks, with the several masts breaking as they struck. Capt. Little was the last one to leave the brig, and, while he was endeavoring to get on to the rocks, he was thrown off from the bowsprit, and, striking on his head, was drowned. The next day, five hundred dollars reward was offered for his body, but it never was found. The brig "Mary" was anchored in the harbor, near the "Griffin," but broke from her anchor, and the vessel drifted off to sea, where she soon sunk. The sea went down next morning, and

the weather cleared somewhat, but there were no signs of any one floating; but on the following day it was quite clear, and several of the inhabitants went up on the hill to see if anything could be discovered of the wreck. After a while, with the aid of a powerful glass, they saw something floating at quite a distance from the shore. A boat's crew was immediately despatched, and as they drew near, they saw it was a piece of timber with something attached to it, and on a nearer approach, they discovered it to be a man lying across the timber *naked*. It proved to be Capt. Johnson of the brig "Mary," who had been on the timber for twenty-four hours. He had lain upon his stomach so long that the flesh was worn away to the rib bones, and but for the timely assistance he could not have survived much longer. He was taken on shore and was well cared for by the inhabitants, who expressed much joy at his miraculous escape. In a few weeks he recovered sufficiently to proceed to China as a passenger. A few months later, I met him at Macao. He seemed quite lame, but otherwise was as well as usual. I learned that he afterwards obtained command of a ship in China. There were about five or six small vessels at anchor in the inner harbor at the time of the cyclone and all of them sank at their anchorage, but there were no lives lost. The crews of the two brigs got on shore. Capt. Little was the only one drowned.

Mr. Pierce returned from his visit to Boston, and, as I had then been absent from home six years, I thought I would like to go and visit my mother. We had purchased the brig "Lama," and I decided to go to Boston in her, taking the command myself. We took on board a cargo of hides and goat-skins, and sailed on Jan. 14, 1840, arriving safely in Boston on May 20.

The copper had been on our vessel for ten years, and after discharging our cargo at India Wharf, it was found to be in a good state of preservation, having only a very few patches on it. Several merchants came down to the wharf to examine the copper, and were surprised to find it in so good a condition. Our vessel had been for some years trading on the northwest coast, where copper wears better and much longer than on the southern coasts.

Before the "Lama" left Boston she was calked and coppered, and made ready for sea. My first officer, Mr. Owen Jones, was promoted to the position of captain, and having taken on board a cargo adapted to the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, Capt. Jones sailed for Tahiti and Honolulu.

I remained at home several months with my mother, and in the mean time was married to Miss Martha Turner, daughter of Rev. Edward Turner, of Massachusetts.

Messrs. P. I. Farnham & Co., Mr. James Hunne-

well, and our firm bought the ship "William Gray," and I took the command of her. The ship was loaded for Valparaiso and Tahiti, and on the 14th of March we sailed for Valparaiso, with my wife, my aunt, Mrs. Moore, and Mr. Ward for passengers. We had a fair passage around Cape Horn, and arrived at Valparaiso on Sept. 28, — having been one hundred and thirteen days from Boston, — sold a portion of our cargo, and then sailed for Tahiti, where we expected to dispose of the remainder, but did not succeed. On our arrival there we found the small-pox raging badly, consequently we remained only two or three days without offering any cargo for sale.

At Valparaiso we had taken on board two Catholic priests as passengers. When we anchored at Tahiti they were very anxious to go on shore, but as none of the crew or passengers were allowed to go from the vessel, I refused them permission. But the priests begged very hard to be allowed to go and meet the Catholic bishop, promising to go directly to his house and return in the boat to the ship, without going elsewhere; so I somewhat reluctantly consented, but, having some misgivings, I watched them through my telescope and saw them walking about the city, contrary to their promise. I immediately ordered the first officer to get an empty hogshead and stand it upon its head on deck, with one head out. A netting was made to hold cloth-

ing, like a bag. A kettle was then placed over the hoghead containing several odorous matters, such as sulphur, tan, leather, matches, etc. As soon as the priests came on board, I requested them to change all their clothing so as to have them freely smoked. The clothing was placed in the netting over the kettle, and then the other head placed upon the cask. They remained there several hours. The priests made no objection, as they were fearful we might be quarantined at Honolulu. The first officer had added the friction matches without my knowledge, and the priests carried the odor about with them for several months after their arrival at Honolulu, and it was reported that even after they reached another island "the scent of the matches hung round them still."

We left Tahiti on Sept. 18, and on arrival at Honolulu, most of our crew and passengers were vaccinated on board of a United States frigate which was then in the harbor. If the pilot had informed me outside the bar of the existence of the small-pox, I should not have entered the harbor; but I knew nothing of it until we had anchored.

When I asked the pilot why he did not inform me of the existence of the disease, he replied, "*You did not ask me.*" We left Tahiti, Sept. 18, 1841.

When I was received as a partner in business with Mr. Henry A. Pierce, I continued the firm name of



Pierce & Brewer until Mr. Pierce retired, in 1843. I then continued the business as C. Brewer & Co., with my nephew C. Brewer, 2d, until the year 1845, when I gave my business over to Messrs. Marshall & Johnson, who had been in business in Honolulu for the past few years. Mr. Pierce afterward returned to the United States overland on horseback by way of Valparaiso, Santiago, Mendoza, and Buenos Ayres to Boston.

In 1845, I left Honolulu, with my wife and family, for the United States *via* China, with Capt. Lovell as commander, in the ship "Montreal." Besides my wife and children, we had as passengers, my aunt, Mrs. Moore, my cousin, Mr. Wm. Avis, and Mr. Langden Williams. While on the passage to China, we experienced a very heavy typhoon. It went entirely around the compass in twelve hours. We laid to during the typhoon, as it was evident the ship was laboring hard, and having very little cargo on board, was very crank. We got everything ready to cut away the mizzen and main masts. We scud under bare poles. The ship ran four hours handsomely, when a tremendous gust of wind struck her (it more resembled a solid body than wind), and she broached to with her lee scuppers about a foot under water. She remained in this state about twenty minutes, when, just upon the point of cutting away the masts, she fell off and righted, and afterward scud many miles without further accident.

There were many wrecks near the islands on the coast of China, and several of them foundered. The most singular part of it was that the ship "Leland" (American), which left Honolulu on the same day and hour we did, arrived at Hong Kong only two hours before us, she having experienced nothing worse than a double-reefed topsail breeze, with a heavy sea running, and every indication of another typhoon.

We remained in China but a short time, and then took passage for home on board the ship "John Quincy Adams," bound to New York direct. I was very glad to recognize in the commander my old friend and shipmate, Capt. Nichols. We had been nearly three years together on board the "Ivanhoe," as first and second officers, and I was very glad to know that we were to be under his care during the voyage home. Capt. Nichols was a thorough seaman, and very kind to his passengers, officers, and crew. We had a very pleasant passage, and arrived safely at our home in Jamaica Plain in about one hundred and ten days.

I afterwards heard with sorrow that our good friend, Capt. Nichols, died on his next voyage to China.

I felt now that my sea life was over, and I should settle down to the enjoyment of my home and family; but I had only been at home one year before I

found it necessary to return to Honolulu in order to close my business with my successors. Our firm was interested in the ship "Samoset," which was about to sail for Honolulu, so I decided to take passage in her. The cargo was consigned to myself for sale. She was commanded by Capt. Hollis. We sailed from Boston on Oct. 23, 1847, with a goodly number of twelve passengers, among whom were some missionaries,—Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, and Mr. Dwight. The former were to proceed to Portland, Oregon, while the rest were to remain at Honolulu. Before leaving Boston, religious services were held on board in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives, and the sad farewells which were then spoken proved indeed a *last* farewell to many. While death claimed some, duty has retained the others; so that, among our little family who spent so many pleasant days together on board the "Samoset," only a small number ever returned to Boston.

We made the passage to Honolulu in one hundred and thirty-two days. On the day of our arrival there, we found the residents of Honolulu in a great state of excitement, in consequence of the arrival of a boat from Christmas Island, giving information of the wreck of a ship which had sailed from Honolulu some three months previous. Among the passengers were Lieut. Stevens, with his wife and

child, Miss Johnson, and the little daughter of Hon. Mr. Ten Eyck, then United States commissioner at Honolulu, and Mr. Christy, brother of Mrs. Stevens.

Fortunately the steam frigate "Sarcelle," belonging to the French government, was then in port, and through the courtesy of her commander, her services were immediately tendered to Mr. Ten Eyck, who at once proceeded to Christmas Island to the rescue of the passengers. In a few weeks they were all returned to Honolulu in safety, and gave some interesting as well as amusing accounts of their trials during the three months they remained on the island.

They found the island uninhabited and no water, which added greatly to their trials, as they were compelled to use the strictest economy with the small supply they saved from the wreck. The surf was very heavy, and there was no inducement for ships to stop there. Their situation was becoming perilous when Mr. Christy, with three or four of the crew, decided to start off on an exploring expedition around the island. They were absent three or four days, and were becoming discouraged over the result of their tramp, when, to their joy, they discovered another wreck, on board of which were some provisions and good water. This wreck was directly opposite that part of the island from where they had started, and, finding it impossible to trans-

port the water so great a distance, they retraced their steps to report of their discovery. After a consultation with the captain and passengers, they decided that, as the water could not be brought to *them*, they must go for the *water*; so, after packing up what few necessary articles they could carry, they commenced their weary tramp across the island. It was necessarily very slow, and occupied several days. The children were obliged to be carried a great part of the way, and oftentimes the men would make an arm-chair of their arms and so carry Mrs. Stevens and Miss Johnson. Although their condition was somewhat improved by the transfer, they were quite in despair as to the probability of being rescued. Finally, it was decided to make some attempt to reach Honolulu by means of a boat. They found on the wreck material enough for the construction of one, and, without chart or compass, the first officer and three or four volunteers from the crew started on their perilous voyage, and the result, as related above, proved successful. After the excitement had somewhat subsided, and the shipwrecked passengers became rested, the residents of Honolulu got up a testimonial in the shape of a ball for the officers of the "Sarcelle," which proved to be a very enjoyable occasion.

I remained at Honolulu eight months, selling the cargo of the "Samoset" and settling up my own

affairs. That was before the days of Pacific Railroad, and I was obliged to wait for a good opportunity for a passage round Cape Horn.

Learning that the ship "Tsar," Capt. Kennedy, was on her way out, and would return directly to Boston, I decided to go home in her. The "Tsar" was detained at Honolulu some six weeks for repairs.

We had a very pleasant passage home, stopping at Tahiti (Society Islands) two days. Besides myself were four other passengers, — Miss Johnson, Miss Pratt, little Hatty Ten Eyck, and Mr. Smith; the latter having been on the spot when the first discovery of California gold was made.

The "Tsar" brought the first gold-dust from San Francisco to Boston, causing great excitement on her arrival. As soon as it became known, there were crowds of people on the wharf, merely to look at the *outside* of the ship that had *brought the dust*.

We arrived in Boston on March 26, 1849, and from that time my sea life may be said to have ended. I continued my business alone for about one year, and then joined with Mr. James Hunnewell and Mr. Henry A. Pierce in the Sandwich Islands and East India trade, as well as general freighting in various parts of the world. Our partnership consisted only in our ships, and we were one third owners each of our several vessels. When Messrs. Pierce and Hunnewell gave up their interests, I con-

tinued the business under the name of Charles Brewer & Co., which firm still continues to date (1884) in the same business as the past, still continuing our shipping interests. I have now retired from active business, and am residing upon a portion of what was once my great-grand-father's farm at Jamaica Plain.

My homestead consists of about ten acres, upon which I built my present dwelling in 1851; and now, at the age of eighty years, I can look back and realize that the desires and ambitions of my youth have been fully gratified; for it has certainly been my good fortune to visit almost every part of the globe.

My life at the Sandwich Islands during a period of nearly twenty-six years was a very pleasant one, and I shall always remember with gratitude the kindness I received from the many friends in Honolulu, and especially from his majesty King Kamehameha III., who, from his boyhood to his death, was always my firm friend.

#### YOSEMITE.

DURING the year 1879, I made a visit to Honolulu in company with my daughter and her friend, Miss Rogers. On our return, we went into the Yosemite Valley, where I again had a narrow escape for my life. I here copy the account of the accident, which was published at the time.

"A stage line of passengers in the Yosemite Valley had a most narrow escape from destruction.

"The party occupying the stage consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson and daughter, of New Albany, Ind.; Mrs. Thomas E. Garvin, of Evansville, Ind., Mr. Jones and his two sisters, Mr. Smith, of San Francisco, Capt. Charles Brewer and daughter, and Miss Rogers, of Jamaica Plain, — eleven in all.

"They left Priest's Hotel, situated at the top of the hill, leading to the Chinese camp, at 8.30 p. m. The moon was shining with unusual brilliancy, and all anticipated a delightful view of the country beneath them. The horses (five in number), on account of the sudden and short turn in the road, are hitched three abreast.

"Shortly after leaving the hotel, the traces of the front horse of the leaders became detached, which caused him to run away, and take the others with him.

"For nearly a mile down the road, with a yawning abyss below them, were the party carried by the runaway team. They all knew what had happened, but not a word was spoken.

"When nearly a mile from the starting point, and at the first turn in the road, the front wheel came in contact with a rock bluff, and was instantly shattered, — and most fortunately so. Had it been the other wheel, the whole party would have been dashed



over the precipice, with scarcely a chance that a single member would have been left to tell the tale.

"The horses tore loose from the stage, carrying the front axle and attendant wheel with them, and ran until they exhausted themselves. So severely were they injured that one of them had to be shot; while the others will probably be unfit for service.

"Of course, when the stage struck the bluff, the passengers were all thrown forward, and several of them out upon the ground, Mr. Jones and Mr. Culbertson being both thrown from the driving seat to the ground, with the latter falling with his whole weight upon the body of the former.

"Mrs. Culbertson was thrown to the ground, and Mrs. Garvin out toward the precipice; but her clothing catching on to the wheel of the stage prevented her from further danger.

"All were considerably injured, except Capt. Brewer, Mr. Smith, and Miss Rogers, who were only slightly injured. Miss Brewer was stunned, and laid upon the ground senseless for a long while, by a severe bruise upon the side of her head.

"The entire party was taken back to the hotel, where they were obliged to remain for three days before being able to move on their journey. Their escape was one of those incidents that sometimes occur in the lives of people, that are hard to be accounted for.

"Anywhere during the perilous ride we might have been thrown over the precipice, whose tree-tops were just discernible, while the roots of others exposed by the making of the road were visible on the bluff opposite.

"Mr. Jones had one arm and one thigh broken, and the other thigh was dislocated.

"The proprietors of the hotel were obliged to pay Mr. Jones about \$3,500 damages. It was some six months before he could be removed from the valley to his home in San Francisco.

"Mr. Jones was taken the next morning to the Chinese camp by the surgeon in a light carriage. The mother of Mr. Jones, who resides in San Francisco, went immediately up to Chinese camp with another surgeon. One surgeon remained with Mr. Jones until he was able to be carried to his home. He was upon crutches nearly a year, and is now more or less a cripple."

#### PROBABLE FATE OF CAPT. DOMINIS.

DURING the summer of 1861, Rev. Mr. Damon visited the Micronesian Islands in the missionary ship "Morning Star."

In writing to the *Advertiser*, he gave some facts which had come to his knowledge in communication with the natives of Ebon (one of the Marshall

Islands), and he suggested that it might throw some light on the fate of Capt. Dominis and his fellow-passengers.

The brig "Wm. Neilson," Capt. Weston, left Honolulu for China in August, 1846, having as passengers Capt. Dominis (father of J. O. Dominis) and Mr. Brown, ex-United States commissioner, and his son. The brig was never heard from after leaving the port of Honolulu.

Here is the interesting story as given by Mr. Damon:—

"About fifteen or sixteen years ago, there came to the island of Ebon, in the fall of the year, a large boat (not a whale-boat) having in it six men. 'Three of these,' to employ the language of my informant, 'were chief men,' very handsome and richly dressed. They were not like common sailors; they had very much property in their boat,—sails, provisions, compass, clothing, etc.

"They wanted water. They touched on one of the Windward Islands and procured cocoanuts. My informant thus described the 'chief men': 'One tall and handsomely dressed white man, with a red handkerchief around his neck.' He led the party when they landed.

"Was not this our old friend and neighbor, Capt. Dominis?

"The next man was 'large and portly, well dressed, and tall.' Was not this Capt. Weston?

"The other was short and rather thick-set, but well dressed.' Was not this ex-Commissioner Brown?

"The remaining three made no especial impression on my informants.

"When the party landed, they made signs for the 'big chief' of Ebon. 'There was a great crowd of people upon the shore.' The spot where they landed was at the entrance of the lagoon on the southwest side of the island. Some of the chiefs were for killing them immediately, but one of them resolutely opposed the design. The contest was sharp among the chiefs as to what should be done. The friendly native beckoned to them to follow him; but he was finally overpowered, and the mad project was formed for putting the whole party to death, which was done by stoning. Then followed the scene of plundering and throwing the bodies into the sea.

"Such briefly is a summary of the facts which I have gathered, and, from a careful consideration of these statements and others of a corroborating nature, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion that the murdered persons belonged to the bark 'Wm. Neilson.'

"I think the vessel must have struck upon some sunken reef or low island, and been wrecked, while the crew and passengers, all or in part, escaped."

Up to this date, 1884 nothing was ever heard of the vessel or crew.

I have now gratified my children and friends by giving them, as well as I can from memory, a brief account of some events of my long life. I can truly say that I have enjoyed my life on earth; and, with gratitude to Him "who has supplied my wants of body and soul, shielded me from dangers, sustained me in distress, and carried me thus far, a wonder to many, may I find a happy admittance to that world where existence is not measured by years, or improvement retarded by age!"

## APPENDIX.

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"AUTHOR and Supporter of life, who art the same from everlasting to everlasting, in whose duration there is no succession,—one day being with Thee as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,—I come to Thee, the Rock of Ages, the Refuge of every generation, desiring to thank Thee for the many favors I have received at Thy hand. Thou hast maintained my frail existence through many years, and crowned its successive periods with Thy mercy. Even my sorrows and trials have showed a Father's discipline for my good. Thou hast supplied my wants of body and soul, shielded me from dangers, sustained me in distress, and carried me thus far, a wonder to many. How much do I owe Thee for the light and consolation and hopes of the gospel! Praised be Thy name, that I have no dread of ceasing to exist, because Christ has removed the burden of our fears and opened the door of immortal life.

"I feel myself connected with Thee by a tie which can never be broken, and claim an interest in every moment of the everlasting future. To Thee, who hast continued my life thus far, I look for its continuance in another world.

"Merciful God! I am filled with sorrow at the recollection of neglected duty. Record not against me the indiscretions of my youth, and show Thy compassion to my present sins. I would have a Godly sorrow for whatever I have thought or said or done amiss in the long course of

my pilgrimage. The time which I have lost do Thou help me to redeem, and the good works I have begun, do Thou assist me to complete. If I have injured any, enable me to discern it, that I may make due reparation, and be at peace with all men before I go hence.

"Preserve me from every sin to which I may be exposed. Oh, save me from a selfish, censorious, impatient, and irritable temper. Make me thankful to those who contribute to my comfort, and may I rejoice in the happiness of all around me, and with a friendly spirit instruct and admonish the rising generation. Thus may I bring forth fruit in my old age.

"Lord of my life, my strength, now is oftentimes labor and sorrow, and I shall soon go down to the grave. These admonitions of increasing age and approaching death are wisely attached to my condition, and I would duly heed the needful warnings.

"I desire to submit the events of my being to Thy management without one murmuring word or one discontented thought. This is my first and earnest prayer, that as the outward man fails the inward man may be renewed day by day. Let my hoary head be found in the way of righteousness. Though my sight is dim to the world, let the eyes of my mind be opened to see Thy salvation; though my ears are dull of hearing, let them hear the glad tidings of the gospel; though I cannot taste as formerly what I eat and what I drink, let me taste the goodness of the Lord, and hunger and thirst after righteousness; though my limbs are weak and my strength is but feebleness, yet do Thou make me strong in the Lord, to walk in Thy ways, that my feet may lay hold on eternal life. O Father, amid

the infirmities of age, may Thy comforts delight my soul, and, finishing my course with joy, let my last days be my best days. I rest on Thee. Cast me not off in my old age; forsake me not when my strength fails, but be Thou the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. While I live I will praise Thee, and sing praises to Thy name while I have my being; and, looking forward with joyful hope to eternal life, which is Thy gift, may I find a happy admittance to that world where existence is not measured by years or improvement retarded by age.”

“AMEN.”



