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AMONG THE CANNIBALS, —OR— My Adventures at Sea.

CONCLUDED.

TRYING the pumps, and finding they worked freely, a gang of men went to work on them, while, rigging a whip from our yardarm, we assisted them on the Endeavor, by hoisting it out in barrels. Our work began to tell, and at night we had her half pumped out, and rolling at her anchors alongside of us. I tell you we felt gay as we saw how we were succeeding, and also heard that she had lots of barter in her hold.

I knew now, that if I could save what there was in her, and get it safely to China, I had made my fortune. I could see a brown stone mansion on Beacon Street, like the one Seymour was occupying when I left, loom up before me as bright as day, while nigger coachmen were cracking whips over me all night; although the latter part of my dreams I firmly believe arose from our swivel that faithfully roared out its warning note to the natives at its regular periods.

I didn't allow my crew to pump that night, for I wanted to ascertain if the wreck leaked any, and also wanted them to be fresh in the morning. As soon as it was light enough we measured the water in the hold, and found there were only a couple of inches more than when we knocked off the night before, so at it again we went, determined to clean her all out.

By noon she was as dry as a Shaker bucket, so now we went to work on the hole we had made. The plug was driven in as tightly as sturdy arms could send it, then sawed off smooth, a large piece of tarred canvas tacked on with small nails over the plug, some plank spiked over the canvas, and then we gave the whole concern a thorough coat of tar over all.

Having done this outside we repeated the performance on the peg inside the hold, making it perfectly water tight.

"I guess that snoodle-dog will stand all the banging it can get in one passage across the Atlantic," the mate said, when he had finished the job, he having taken the whole charge of it, being a good workman with tools.

"All I want it to do," I replied, "is to make one trip through the China Sea, and that will answer my purpose."

"You don't mean to tow that hulk to Canton, do you?" he asked, with some curiosity.

"Tow her! not far. I calculate when we get the masts that we cut away, and which are towing astern, shipped again, we'll let her do a part of her own carting."

"By thunder, that is a trick! I didn't think of that, I'll take her there if you say so," my mate said, with enthusiasm.

"We'll rig her first, and talk afterwards; but now she is free from water let's see if we can find out where she belongs, and what about her," I said.

Somehow we had refrained from going below, either in the cabin or forward, both of which places were on fire when we scuttled her in the hurry we did. Turning our steps aft, we looked down the cabin gangway. The stairs were gone; one look sufficed to tell us that it would be useless to look for identification there, for it was all burned up, the staterooms having fallen in, a mass of charred wood, their contents destroyed beyond recognition.

The fire had done no material damage to the hull of the vessel, aft, so we looked forward. The condition was the same there; and as there was no name painted on the hull we could discover nothing that would lead to her identification.

We found, however, that we had sunk her just in time, for one short half hour would have served to burn holes through her in a number of places; so we felt happy

to think I had, on the impulse of the moment, let drive a ball through her as I did. Having finished our examination, we concluded to make a new move, and this was to tow her further off shore.

The windlass was in perfect order, so we hove short on the cables, there being two out, and getting a hawser from the Endeavor, hoisted the anchors to the hawse-holes, and were in motion in a few moments.

As soon as the natives perceived we were underway they came out from the land in canoes, with a perfect storm of yells. It was hurrah boys, I assure you.

Slowly but surely we forged ahead, and a mile from where we started we dropped the anchors of the wreck, jumped into our boat, pulled hurriedly to the Endeavor, clambered on board, stuck out on the hawser to the wreck to the batter end, let it slip, and prepared to give the approaching canoes, another warm reception. Two broadsides sufficed to scatter them, and making a couple of tacks in shore of our prize we sent the natives back in a hurry.

Now came the tug of war. We had to break bulk in our prize, clear away around the masts, finding that the unfortunate trader's voyage must have been nearly completed, for she had piles upon piles of tortoise shell, and heap after heap of sandal wood, with very little barter on board, most of which was ruined by the water; but we cleared away finally, and took out the stumps of the masts. This being done, we fitted the ends of the masts in the water, rigged our purchases, and prepared to step them the next day. We got at work on them in the morning, and with some muckling got them stepped at last, and had part of the standing rigging set up before night.

We worked like beavers for a week, finally getting the rigging all atanto; and a queer-looking craft she was, with her masts thus shortened down.

It took another week to fit her sails, for all had to be reduced, somewhat; and having done this we turned our attention to below.

By uncasing a lot of goods on the Endeavor we managed to get enough boards to fit up some quarters in the cabin, or what was left of it, for the crew we were going to put on board, and having made it habitable, Mr. Snell the mate took charge of her with six of our men.

The arms of our prize consisted of four iron guns, six pounders, and as they were all discharged, we had no difficulty in putting them in serviceable condition.

There were no signs of a boarding-netting, and as I had a plan of my own, we all hauled, from myself to the boy with us, turned on to making one for the "Stub and Twist," as one of our crew termed the unfortunate craft.

We used up all the spare stuff we had to make such a netting as she needed, but attributing her loss to the lack of one I would not allow her to be called ready for service until it was completed. It was done at last, however, and although it was made in a hurry, and out of such things as we had, yet it was one that in time of need would prove serviceable, and was a great deal better than none, if it was a rough affair.

The galley of the Stub was a pretty fair one, but as there were no provisions on board, excepting some salt beef and pork, even the water being spoiled, we sent a sufficiency to last the crew for the voyage I intended making, as well as plenty of ammunition.

We were quite ready at last, and it was with a sigh of relief that I left the Stub for my own good Endeavor, telling Snell that the next morning at daylight we would get underway and go to Lauou, where Seymour had found his wife, and see how the market was there.

Nothing of note transpired during the night, so at six in the morning we prepared to leave Rava and the treacherous Kanakas, hoping that no other ship would ever be entrapped into capture by the wily natives.

"Way, haul away, haul away, my Josey! Way, haul away, haul away, my Jo!"

roared the gunner in stentorian voice, as he led off in a sonorous chanty, the crew joining in with wild glee, their exuberance of joy knowing no bounds at the prospect of getting away from such inhospitable regions; for they little thought then that I had no idea of leaving the Fejees until I had visited the other islands, and ascertained what could be done with natives there.

Suddenly a hail was heard from our consort.

"Ay, ay, there! what's wanted?" roared Mr. Jacobs, my second mate, who was now acting chief, in the absence of Mr. Snell, on the Stub, who was calling to us.

"Look to wiu'ard!" he roared, pointing as he spoke.

Gazing in the direction of his index finger, I saw a sight that gave me considerable alarm. About three miles away were a fleet of large canoes crowded with natives coming directly before the wind down on us, and I well knew what it meant.

"Captain Snell," I shouted, "there is mischief ahead for us. Load your guns with punches, give revolvers to your men, and be ready for a muss!"

"Ay, ay, sir," came ringing back.

Big Ben, our gunner, immediately began to look after his battery, while I saw that our ammunition was placed in handy position, and gave the men firearms, together with loaded revolvers, and warned them that now they must prove men, or we should run a chance of losing our lives, as the men on Mr. Snell's vessel had lost theirs.

Nearer and nearer came the canoes, and Big Ben was getting ready to swing his swivel into position to give them a dose, when the approaching flotilla halted on the wind, shot off, and then hove to.

"What does that mean?" I asked anxiously.

Before my question could be answered I saw a canoe with two men in it leave a large one, and come toward us, one paddling, one waving a green bough.

"That is a little encouraging," I muttered.

The canoe went to the Stub first, passed a few words with Captain Snell, and then came to me.

"What do you want?" I asked, in my purest Kanaka.

"Speak English if you can, I can understand that," said the native with the green branch.

"David Whippley, how are you?" I shouted, recognizing the man as soon as he spoke.

"By George! have you come back again?" he asked, excitedly.

"I think I have. Come on board," was my answer.

In a few minutes, David Whippley, the Nantucket renegade whaleman, was on my quarter-deck, and we were shaking hands as sociably as you please.

The first thing we did was to go below, where I extended the hospitality of my cabin without delay.

"Ah! this is better than *cava*, after all," he murmured, as a pint of fine old port disappeared down his throat.

"You need only to say the word, and you can leave this country instanter, and never touch their *cava* again," was my remark, as he put his glass down for the second time, empty.

"I suppose so; but I am too well identified with my present life, as you well know, to ever think of leaving it; and besides, I am getting entirely too old to dream of abandoning my wives and children whom I love."

I looked closely at Whippley as he spoke and saw that he was too old to entertain the idea of returning to civilization again. His hair was thin and gray, while his countenance gave every indication that his voyage of life was nearly over, and I knew that if he were to return to his home in Nantucket he would find his old friends scattered and gone, while his family was entirely extinguished, he being the only one left.

"What are you doing here, with this fleet of canoes?" I asked, as these thoughts flashed over me.

"We are looking for your old enemy Darnsford," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

"Darnsford! is he alive?" I shouted, in surprise.

"He was, a couple of months ago; such men as he, as my grandmother used to say, are like chickens, with their curses, come home at night to roost."

"I thought when you took him from us that the natives would brain him without delay."

"So did I," said Whippley; "but the rascal was too smooth with his tongue for the chief, who contemplated burning him alive as soon as he got on shore; but the half-breed actually talked him out of that idea, by laughing at the chief, telling him he had paid altogether too much for him, and that he could have been got cheaper, and now it was too bad to lose so much for so little, when he could keep him a while, get partly paid by work, and then carry out his revenge; and, after all, it was only for a woman, and women were cheap there."

"The blackguard talked that way, told the chief what he had seen in foreign countries, and actually, in the time it took

to carry him five miles, without one single plea, directly, for his life, he made himself appear so valuable that it was decided not to kill him immediately, as he was too valuable an acquisition.

"They have held him three years a prisoner, although he was furnished with a wife, and now, a couple of months ago they were tired of him, and about to knock him in the head, when a vessel came along trading."

"I was sent for to act as interpreter, but found they were all Dutchmen; and as I couldn't understand them at all, and as Darnsford could, he was respited for the time, and conducted the trade much to the satisfaction of the chief."

"When the vessel sailed, which she did in the night-time, suddenly, it was found he had escaped in her, probably inducing the captain to carry him off, to act as interpreter the balance of the voyage; and worse than all, the chief's oldest daughter had accompanied him in his flight, probably aiding him to escape."

"The chief is thoroughly aroused, and swears that his child shall be brought back and Darnsford killed, or there shall never be any more trading. Tui Viti, the king at Ambow, is backing the chief, and has given strong assistance."

"We thought one of these vessels was the one Darnsford escaped in, so part of our fleet came on, to bring me to ascertain if he was here, and if it was so, then the whole fleet of two hundred canoes were to make an attack, immediately if necessary, but to-night anyway."

I was surprised at this revelation, for I made sure that Darnsford had suffered the penalties of his crimes long ago; but as he had not, I asked Whippley the name of the vessel that Darnsford left in.

"It was a brig, something like your consort, only her masts were not so stumpy, called the Gottlieb. I don't know where she hailed from."

I now told Whippley all about my consort, and how we came to be possessed of her, so he immediately solved the riddle.

"Darnsford brought her here," he said, "cleaving the captain into the idea of great chances for trading, when all regular traders are aware that Rava is the poorest island, and that the natives are the most treacherous."

"His intentions were to take the brig by surprise, get the natives on shore, all but a few, under some pretext or other, then get underway, make those he had on board seasick while pretending they were blown to sea, and promising the natives he had with him that he would get her back in a little while, carry her and the freight into China, sell out, get a fresh start, abandon his new wife and crew, and leave with a fortune for Europe or America, the latter, I think, to have revenge on you and Mr. Seymour."

"O the villain! Your coming so unexpectedly as you did, disarranged his plans, and he has probably fled on shore with his woman, after firing the vessel, never dreaming you would save her."

"It is all explained now. But what will you do?" I asked.

"Dare you trust having a dozen chiefs on board, I giving my word you shall not be molested?"

I did dare to, and replied in the affirmative.

Going on deck immediately, he waved his hands in a peculiar manner, while I shouted to Mr. Snell that it was all right, and to lower his boat and come on board.

When Whippley had done waving, several of the canoes started at once for us, while Snell got into his boat and sculled her to the Endeavor, alone, looking very pale, but determined.

"It is all right," I said, in assuring tones; "these are allies, not enemies. I have no time for explanations now, but feel entirely easy, for we have got a streak of luck now."

Before Snell could say a word, the canoes that had started for us were down alongside, and, in answer to an invitation from Whippley and myself, half a dozen chiefs came on board, and heard the story from their renegade.

Their plan of action was decided on at once, and telling them I should wait a while in that locality until their movement was over, I saw my dusky visitors leave, greatly to the satisfaction of Captain Snell, who breathed easier as they departed.

While they were going, I told all hands the whole story of my former visit to the islands, and the turn that affairs had taken and that I should remain to watch proceedings. By the time I had related the story as concisely as I could, the fleet of canoes were in motion, while from around the

point, where they had hitherto been concealed, came a crowd of canoes larger than we had hitherto seen.

The two masses joined, and, with terrific yells, started for the shore as fast as wind and paddles would take them.

There were over two hundred canoes in the fleet, and, as each canoe would average thirty men, I felt grateful enough to think that their attention was turned from us in other ways.

Had we been attacked by such numbers, although we should have caused great destruction and devastation among them, they would have overwhelmed us in the end; and consequently I should not now have been here in Boston, narrating this yarn to you. Steadily they advanced to the shore, and anxiously we awaited for the termination of their descent.

There was such a host of invaders that the natives of Rava made no opposition to their landing, so we saw them form into solid columns on the shore, and disappear in the mountains.

Captain Snell went on board the Gottlieb, as we now must call her, and in company we stood in as near as we could, and waited for the invaders to return.

Loud yells informed us as to their line of march, the cries suddenly ceasing to be heard.

For two hours we remained in suspense, and then exultant cries were borne on the air to us.

Soon the host of natives were seen filing out of the woods, with shouts that seemed to have rejoicing and sorrow in their tones, and presently we descried that they were dragging the form of a Kanaka, who was forced along with no gentle hand, although he struggled violently to escape from their clutches.

As the end of the procession came in view, I saw with the spyglass that they were bringing a litter, on which lay the form of a native who had been wounded in whatever fight they had had.

The natives soon got to their canoes, embarked, and immediately paddled for us, forming a circle around the two vessels, greatly to the alarm of my crew, even Mr. Snell, on the Gottlieb, getting nervous about our position.

One canoe came directly toward the Endeavor, and in the stern, greatly to my regret, I saw the form of David Whippley lying on a rude stretcher, his form stained with blood.

I soon discovered the cause. When the natives landed on Rava, the inhabitants had fled to their stockaded village before the overwhelming force, that had halted in the vicinity, and then sent a party of ambassadors, of whom David was one, to treat with them for Darnsford, if he was on the island.

The man was there, with the chief's daughter, as Whippley reasoned, and the inhabitants, on being threatened with annihilation if they were not surrendered to the attacking force, decided to do so without further parley.

As soon as this decision was arrived at, Darnsford raised a musket and fired at the ambassadors; then seizing a club, killed the woman they sought, who stood near him. He was knocked down by those with whom he sought protection, and immediately secured and given up.

The ball from the musket that he fired struck Whippley in the groin, inflicting a serious wound, and the chiefs had brought him to my vessel, to see if he could receive any alleviation at my hands.

I am something of a surgeon, and having a beautiful case of instruments, I took them, and got into the canoe.

Whippley lay there in intense pain, the perspiration standing in beads all over his face. With the utmost sympathy for the sufferer, I pressed his hand gently, and asked where he was hurt.

"The ball struck in the groin," he murmured, faintly, his eye roving from mine to the instruments, and back again with restless motion.

Examining the wound critically, I inserted the probe, and soon discovered the ball.

"I have found the ball, David, and can soon relieve you; and I hope that you will soon be over this little scratch," I said, in a jocular tone, although I felt much differently than I spoke.

"Pull it out, then; but I greatly fear I am a goner, for wounds don't get well in a hurry in this climate," he replied.

Going carefully to work, I sought the ball with my instrument, and with some little difficulty succeeded in extracting it as successfully as the most experienced surgeon in our late war could have done.

"Here, David," I said, handing him the