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For The Trans.

SONNETS.

Nature Sufficient.

When I go sauntering in the fresh, free air
To talk with Nature, books I leave behind,
For thus alone I recreate my mind
With her, and thus her sympathy I share.
She shows me things most marvelous everywhere;
Some new delight at every step I find,

Little with dead men to converse inclined, Charmed with melodious life, and pictures fair. Enough do these my faculties engage; These to my soul more pleasing thoughts supply

Than those of poet, scientist, or sage.

A silent warfare with myself I wage,

And the great queen seems angry, if mine eye,
Neglecting her, dwells on the lettered page.

TO J. S.

4 in my sonnets take no eagle flight,
But, like the swallow, skim along the ground,
Or, slightly soaring, fly at ease around.
And give expression to my heart's delight
In all the lovely scenes that greet my sight.
I only seek to please and not astound,

And love more what in the warm vale is found Than the cold splendor of the mountain height. The emotion that in mine own bosom springs I make my theme. I ask not history To lend me matter, or ambitious wings, I fain would keep my soul in harmony With Nature, sing but as the wild bird sings, And hive as pure, clear honey as the bee.

—W. L. Shoemaker,

## ADVENTURES AT SEA.

CONCLUDED.

HAD the first watch, and the mate soon followed the skipper's example (he having to turn out at midnight to relieve me), and I was left alone, so far as they were concerned, though two seamen were walking in the waist, and the interpreter was looking over the rail in the direction of the island. The night was very still and the sea smooth, the schooner forging ahead not more than two knots; but there was probably a current there, as the vessel had got past another point and shut in the fire before the bell was struck for ten o'clock. By eleven it was a dead calm, and the sails hung motionless, save for the occasional flapping caused by the slight roll of the schooner. The helmsman had made the wheel fast by twisting the tiller-ropes together with a belaying-pin, and was seated on a bucket which he had turned bottom-up on the deck. [We didn't pretend to keep man-o'-war-discipline in that craft.] I was leaning against the rail, talking to him, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, and asked, "Did you hear anything off there, sir ?" at the same time pointing to the headland we had passed shortly before.

"No," said I; "did you?"
"Yes sir; I heard a crash like a tree
breaking off, and then I thought I
heard a yell," said the seaman.

"It's strange I didn't hear it," I said; "'twas imagination, Tom."
"No imagination there, sir; I heard

moises, dead sure," said Tom.
"Well," I answered, "the noises wont
hurt us, at any rate; we'll keep a good
lookout till morning. I don't think

the schooner has been seen from the land yet."

"Won't you rouse up the captain and mate, Mr. Murray?" continued Tom.

"I would, sir. I don't pretend to tell you your duty, sir, but I've seen more of these islanders than you have, and you can't be too careful how

you your duty, sir, but I've seen more of these islanders than you have, and you can't be too careful how you work round 'em. And this is one of the worst islands anywhere round, so they say."

I did not place implicit credence in all "they" said, but I knew that old Tom

I did not place implicit credence in all "they" said, but I knew that old Tom was a cool, trusty seaman, and that he had made a number of trading voyages previous to this one; so I replied, "Well, Tom, I don't suppose it will do any harm; step below, and wake Mr. Moran; I'll see what he has to say."

In a few moments the mate appeared,

and having heard my report, and questioned Tom, he called the seaman from the walst, and asked if they had heard any sounds. They had not; but the Tannaman had, and came aft to report the noises, as the seamen were going away forward.

The mate asked him what he supposed the natives were doing on shore, but he could not say, unless they were either fighting among themselves, or were having a cannibal feast; but neither hypothesis would account for the noises.

Morgan did not go below again, and when my watch was up I rolled myself in a blanket and had a nap on deck—boots, revolver and all. We were no further disturbed, and Captain Graham was not called till four o'clock, as he had directed.

After listening to our story he coolly observed that he didn't care how much the natives fought with and ate each other, and that I had done wrong in not calling him at once on hearing the seaman's report; but that we would find out if there was anything up, as soon as it was light.

As the schooner was becalmed, the boat was got ready to start at once, two shot-guns and three muskets being in, and having snatched a cup of strong coffee and a bite of bread and beef, we pulled away for the point at about five o'clock, daylight already enabling us to see that besides our boat the schooner was the only object on that part of the Pacific. We pulled in near enough to the shore to see the faint line of white made by the ripple on the beach, and coasted along to the extremity of the point beyond which we had seen the light, without discovering any signs of the natives. But as we rounded the point, Graham, who was standing in the stern at the steering-oar suddenly exclaimed:

"Avast pulling; what the devil is that? Ay the Eternal! they have got a wreck there. Here's the devil to pay, men; pull ahead, and let's get out of this sight—if they haven't seen us already—pull ahead."

The object which had caused the captain's exclamation was a brig, apparently close in shore, and half concealed from our view by the trees on a low projection of land; and as we shot the boat ahead in obedience to Graham's orders, a few strokes sufficed to shut her in behind the point nearest her, as we were still following the shore line, and, having rounded the tongue of land which concealed the schooner from the natives, were pulling down the other side of it into a small bay, or rather a large cove.

We kept about a pistol-shot from the shore until we arrived at the low point on the opposite side of which we supposed the brig was ashore, without seeing any of the savages. Near the extreme end was a wide white breach which extended right up to the trees and bushes, the latter not being very thick at this point.

Graham gave up the steering-oar to the steward, loosened his knife in his sheath, took one of the double-barrels in his hand, and directing me to stand by with the big shot-gun, as usual when trading, ordered the steward to lay the boat's nose on the beach. As soon as she took the ground he stepped out into the shoal water, told us to lay on our oars as close in as we could and not touch the bottom, and moved cautiously towards the trees, with his gun ready for instant use.

We waited anxiously for a few moments after he disappeared among the bushes, and I raised the gun to my shoulder as I saw a sudden stir near where he had entered; but my alarm was groundless, for the movement was made by Graham himself. Casting his eyes behind him, to see the position of the boat, he laid down his gun, advanced on hand and knees to a bush, peered through it for a moment, and then beckoned to me to join him. Taking my trusty weapon with me, I was soon at his side.

"Look there," whispered Graham, opening the bush a little; "see what the black devils are at."

Looking where he directed, I did see, A large brig, whose wooden davits and black sails would have told she was a whaler, without the spare boats turned up on her skids, was ashore on a reef within two hundred yards of the shore,

evidently hard and fast. She was careened from us, so that we could not see her deck; but the noise on board, an occasionally seen head, a whale-boat full of natives propelling themselves with paddles towards the vecel, and the crowd of savages, of both sexes and all ages, on the beach, spoke plainly of one of the terrible tragedles with which the history of these seas abound. The remains of a large fire were still smoking and smouldering near the water's edge; and doubtless it was the light of this we had see the evening previous.

"What's to be done, Graham?" I asked: "we couldn't do anything with the brig if we had possession of her, for her back's broken; she hogged full three feet amidship."

"O, the brig's done for; but what are they trying to do?" answered my companion. "There's two fellows in the maintopmast crosstrees; you can see 'em once in a while past the foretopmost (the brig was so nearly bow to us that the mainmast was partially hidden by the fore), and these black thieves don't go aloft for nothing, aboard ship.—We're safe enough here, for all the natives are round the wreck; just step down to the boat, and bring up the glass; you'll find it in my jacket in the sternsheets."

I procured the glass (a small opera) and handed it to the captain, who looked earnestly through it at the brig for a few moments, and then turning to me said, with more excitement in his tone than I had ever heard before:

"By the Eternal! Murray, there are white men there yet alive. Look into her cross-trees;" at the same time handme the glass.

The brig was not a quarter of a mile distant, and I soon satisfied myself that one of the two men aloft was a white man, and that he had some weapon; the second man appeared to be a native. Returning the glass, I told Graham what I had made out; and again he surveyed the wreck. Soon he spoke again:

"My God! Murray, what can we do? There's two or three of the natives going up the rigging, and one of 'em has got a cutting-in-spade; those men will be butchered right before our eyes. Ha! hold on a bit; that fellow in the cross-trees has got a hatchet; well done! hurrah! he's cut the topmost rigging and let the whole lot of the black devils rip down on deck together. By thunder! Murray, we can't leave them chaps to fight it out alone; what say?"

"I am ready to go where you wish, Captain Graham," said I.

"All right," he answered. "But I'm going further in their way, so that I can see her deck for a minute; I won't be gone long, nor go far; get into the boat you, and wait."

I did as he directed, and told the boat's crew, who were anxiously eager for information, what we had seen; which drew from old Tom the remark:

"That's the 'imagination' I heard last night, Mr. Murray."

In a few minutes Captain Graham returned, and informed us that there were fifty or sixty natives on board the brig, and that they were trying to cut down the mainmast, with axes probably belonging to the vessel; but that they did not know enough to cut the shrouds away first. Even while he spoke there was a great outcry, and then a crash and a splash. "It's all over," said Graham, quietly; but I'll take a look once more." He went up to our former lookout place, and almost immediately returned, seemingly much pleased.

"Those chaps have weathered 'em again," said he; "they have got across on the stays to the foremast, and are safe for a spell yet. But we must help 'em soon, if at all, for the foremast will be cut away now, certainly."

"Well, let's bring up the schooner and practise on 'em with the gun," said I.

"That would do if we could manage it, which we can't, in a dead calm," replied Graham; "we must tackle 'em with this boat and boat's crew, or else leave 'em alone. What is the word, men, will you face it? There are lots of natives, and they have got two whitemen penned up aloft in the brig; there is only one boat in the water there, that I saw, and that's a whale-boat, which these fellows can't paddle so fast as we can pull with two oars. There are some canoes, but you know what kind of dug-

outs these islanders have—they can't trouble us much. Will you try to save those two men? yes or no?"

"Yes," was the unanimous response; and Graham at once made his arrangements for the attack.

I was to remain in the bow with the two double-guns, my own revolver and a cullass for my amusement. Graham himself took the steering oar; and the two seamen, the Tannaman and the steward were to pull the oars. The muskets were in the stern, where Graham could put his hand on them at once, in ease of need.

"Now, Murray," said the skipper, don't waste a shot. Make sure work when you fire. You know how to use arms, and now is the time to do it."

"Yes," said I; "I know how to use all these tools except the cheese-knife; I never used a cutlass in my life, and don't know how."

"Well' if you get near enough to a native to reach him with the cutlass, all you have got to do is to take a good swing, and with all your might hit him with the edge of it—that's all the cutlass-exercise I know, either. Now, men, settle to your oars, and pull gently to the point; and when I give you the word, lay back all you know. I hope to gain something by the surprise."

We rounded the point, and were in full view of the savages on the shore; but so intent were they on observing the proceedings on board the brig, that we arrived within two or three hundred yards of the vessel before our approach was noticed, and made known to those on deck by yells and signals from the land.

"Now, men, give way—lay back, lay back," shouted Graham; "Morray, for God's sake keep cool and steady now, and show the metal you're made of; don't waste a shot, whatever happens."

A frighful uproar instantly arose from the brig, but in the midst of it all we distinctly heard the cheers with which we were greeted by the poor fellows who had been so hard pushed for their lives—cheers which were taken up by our boat's crew, and returned with a will.

We crossed the brig's bow at about fifty yards distance, and for the first time I could tell with certainty what kind of a job we had undertaken. Fifty or more of the savages, armed with lances, harpoons and spades, were on the vessel's deck—a decided hornets nest to get into.

They would have soon finished us, had we been among them. A dozen of them, at least, had swarmed into the boat; and, as we came in sight of her, she pushed off, and came straight for us, some of her occupants paddling, and the rest brandishing weapons similar to those exhibited on the brig.

"Now for it, Murray," said Graham; "aim low—don't hurry, don't hurry—make sure of your aim, and let 'em have it. Avast pulling—hold the boat;" and a moment later he continued, "stern boys, stern; we can stern no faster than they can paddle ahead; take your time, Murray; but don't miss!"

I had raised the gun to my shoulder once, but I trembled—trembled at the thought of shedding human blood, though in a just cause—a case of absolute necessity. But I remembered the two men in the cross-trees, whose lives depended on our success—and the probable fate of the shipmates; and when I glanced along the barrels again, my hand was as steady as it is while I write this narrative.

We about forty yards from the other boat, when I took a cool deliberate aim at the centre of the crowd of natives, and fired; and hardly had the first heavy charge of buckshot done its work, before the second barrel was emptied with as good an aim as the first. I only waiting an instant for the puff of smoke to clear away, so as to "make sure work," as Graham had urged.

The howls of rage and defiance from the brig and the shore were insufficient to drown the shrieks of terror and mortal anguish that arose from the crowded whale-boat. One crimson object sprang into the air and disappeared with a splash, beneath the waters of the little bay; a tall native in the bow, armed with a boat-spade, brandished his weapon for a moment after I fired the second barrel — then dropped it, swung his hands out wildly as though seeking

some support, and fell backwards over the gunwale of the beat; and one—and then a second, dropped down in her bottom, while several of the survivors were vainly striving to stop the blood that gushed freely from their wounds. Sixteen buck-shot, "eighty to the pound," in each barrel, at forty yards just far enough to scatter—inad told heavily on their unprotected bodies. Two or three of them were frantically paddling for the brig, as I picked up the second shot-gun and cocked it.

"Hold on, Murray; hold on—don't fire that one—load up—load up, and let 'em have it; sung out the skipper; "we must keep our arms ready, and work coolly. Shove a dozen buckshot into this musket (handing one of them to the man next him, who passed it to me) on top of the ball, and let fly into the boat again before she reaches the brig. Quick's your play, mate, quick's your play! Never mind any wad, let her rip, let her rip!"

"Let her rip" I did, merely stopping to drop a number, how many I have no idea, of the buckshot into the gun. I heard a roar and felt a jar, and then I picked myself out of the boat's bottom, having been kicked backwards over the bow thwart by the recoil of the overloaded musket.

Looking towards the other boat, I saw that she was deserted, one wounded wretch alone being visible, lying half over her side. One or more of them had fallen from the last fire, and the terrified survivors had taken to the water.

I commenced to reload the big shotgun, and was ramming down the wads on the powder, Graham at the same time loading up the discharged musket again; having cartridges for his gun, while I had but loose powder and shot, he had finished loading, and was putting on the cap, when he suddenly stopped a moment, looking towards the shore, and said:

"Look here, Murray; I must kill that fellow—our only chance is to get the natives gallied, frightened; I hate to do it, but I must."

Looking in the direction indicated I saw a native swimming rapidly for the shore, the rest having probably reached the brig. Before I could look around or speak, I heard a report, and simultaneously with the sound I saw the fugitive's head drop beneath the surface, and his hands thrash about for a few moments, and then the water was suddenly and violently agaitated, and sharp backfins seen two or three times above the waves, evidenced that the ocean cannibals—the sharks—were busy at their work. I looked at Graham.

"Don't blame me, Murray," said he; and he was ghastly pale, though cool and determined as ever; "don't blame me. It looks like murder, but it had to be done. Our lives or theirs, there is no other alternative."

"I don't blame you, Graham," said I; "but this awful work. Those sharks—none of the savages can swim for us now, that's certain; and—"

"Boat ahoy!" came from the brig's cross-trees; "look ashore, look ashore!"

We looked ashore; and saw what was not all calculated to reassure us. The natives were launching no less than seven good-sized canoes, capable of carrying from fifteen to thirty men each.

"Aha! here's hot work for us yet," said Graham; "steward, load up that musket, load it carefully, and make sure the powder enters the tube; a mis-fire may cost our lives. Are you loaded, Murray?"

"All ready," said I.

"Then stand fast all, keep the boat steady, and I'll try if a bullet will do anything for us. Look sharp ashore, Murray, and see if I hit."

And as he spoke, Graham levelled a musket and fired. A native who was some distance from the water's edge sprang into the air, but did not fall to the ground; he was evidently badly hurt, however, and staggered into the bushes, accompanied by the whole howling crowd.

"That was a good shot," I remarked, "and has done us good; see 'em hook it!"

"It's done us good and no mistake," said the skipper; "but I didn't aim at that fellow! at all! I fired at the ones around the canoes. But it's just as well. Load this gun, steward—handing it to