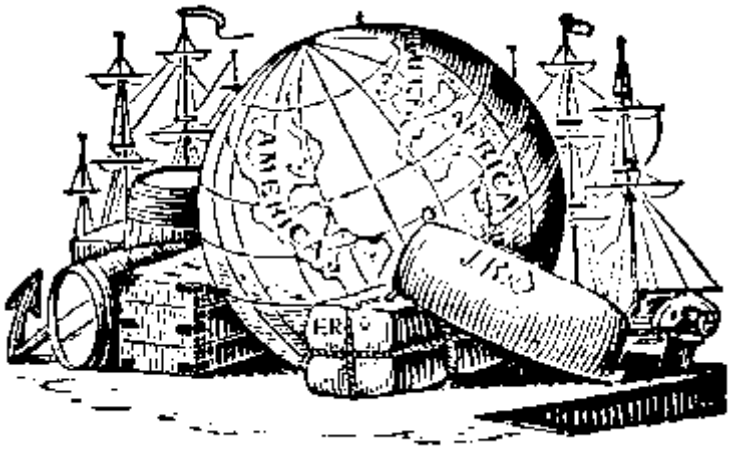
CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WEBBER

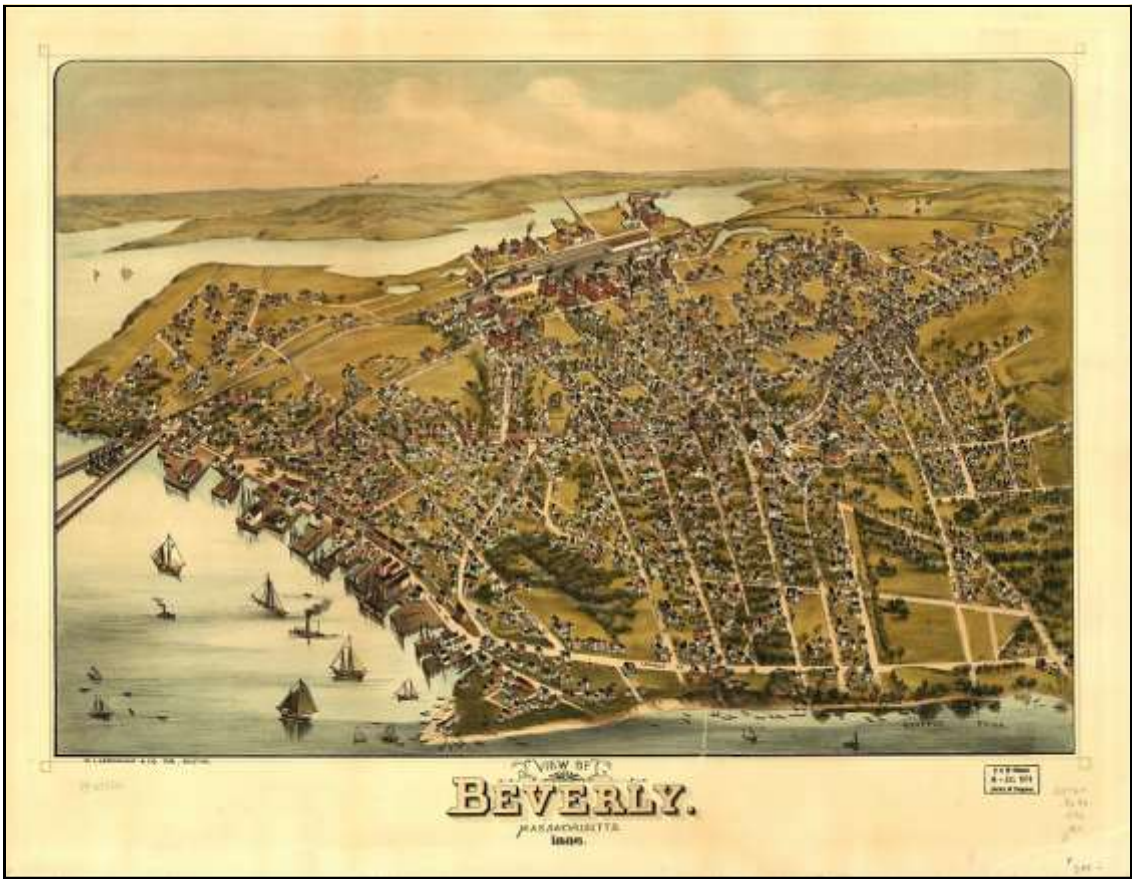
From a photograph taken in 185—, when he commanded the famous clipper ship *Trade Wind*.

Nathaniel Webber
A Man of the Sea

By Gina Sammis

2010





Nathaniel Webber was born March 29, 1795 in Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts to Elizabeth "Betsey" Standley and Samuel Webber. His siblings were:
Samuel, Benjamin, Sally, Henry, and Polly Webber, all born in Beverly, MA, according to the town records.

Beverly is a city in Essex County, Massachusetts. A resort, residential and manufacturing community on the North Shore, Beverly includes Beverly Farms and Prides Crossing. It is about 25 km from Boston. Beverly is a rival to Marblehead with the title of being the birthplace of the U.S. Navy and was once part of Salem of witch trial fame.

The Webbers were seafaring people, which is a natural for families living on the coast, especially one that has a working harbor as Beverly does. It is family legend that he became an orphan as a boy and was forced to live with relatives who treated him badly. His older brothers were all at sea and could not care for him. He is listed in the Essex Co. probate records on January 15, 1805 as a mariner from Beverly and an heir to someone who died intestate, which I have to assume was his mother or father. The Beverly town records list the wife of Samuel Webber dying in January 1805 from dropsy, which was probably Elizabeth/Betsey Standley Webber, Nathaniel's mother. According to descendant Alice Chamberlin, he went to sea as a stowaway on a ship from Salem, MA at the age of 9, but legend also says that he went to sea as a cabin boy to escape his plight and enlisted in the military very young, possibly being less than honest about his age. He was a young sailor in the War of 1812. He served aboard the privateer Favorite during that war. Over the course of his 56 years at sea, he served in just about every capacity aboard a sailing ship and on every ocean. He was a religious man and was known to conduct services for the passengers and crew every week. He was respected by his crews and loved by his family. This report is written to honor him and keep his story alive, as a piece of the history of American shipping and our family's nautical heritage.

Pedigree Chart for Nathaniel Webber

Nathaniel Webber
b: Mar 29, 1794 in Beverly, Massachusets

Samuel Webber
b: Aug 21, 1755 in Methuen, Essex, Massachusetts
m: Dec 11, 1783 in Danvers, Essex, Massachusetts
d: Abt. 1805

Elizabeth "Betsey" Standley
b: Jul 20, 1769 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d: 1805 in Beverly, MA

William Webber
b: Apr 22, 1711 in Ipswich, Essex, Massachusetts
m:
d: Abt. 1790 in Massachusetts

Lucy Kimball
b: Dec 28, 1734 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

George Standley
b: Jun 22, 1738 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
m: Nov 29, 1764 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

Abigail Standley
b: Jul 13, 1735 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

Edward Webber
b: Abt. 1680 in Massachusetts or New Hampshire
m: Apr 16, 1703 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts
d: Apr 16, 1703 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts

Patience Hobbs
b: Abt. 1683 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

Nathaniel Kimball
b: Nov 30, 1699 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts
m: Mar 14, 1724 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts
d: May 04 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts

Sarah Wells
b: Jan 23, 1703 in Ipswich, Essex, Massachusetts
d: Sep 10, 1778 in Wenham, Essex, Massachusetts

Joseph Standley
b: Nov 11, 1701 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
m: Dec 31, 1724 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

Mary Sallows
b: Nov 18, 1700 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

Jonathan Standley
b: Mar 07, 1709 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
m:
d:

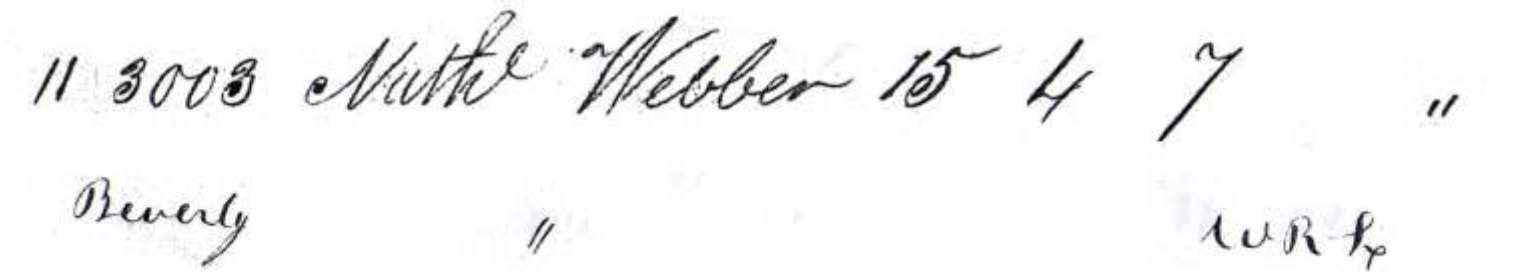
Mercy Sallows
b: Nov 30, 1710 in Beverly, Essex, Massachusetts
d:

From the Seamen's Protection Certificate Register Database
G.W. Blunt White Library & Mystic Seaport Museum Database

The following certificate was issued to Nathaniel Webber July 11, 1810
and written in a ledger at the Salem, MA Customs House
Certificate #3003

Nathaniel Webber
Birth Place: Beverly, Massachusetts
Age: 15 - Height: 4' 7" - Complexion: Light

July 11, 1810 Cert. #3003 Name: Nathaniel Webber Age: 15 Height: 4' 7" Complexion: light
Born: Beverly, Mass Distinguishing Marks: WRL

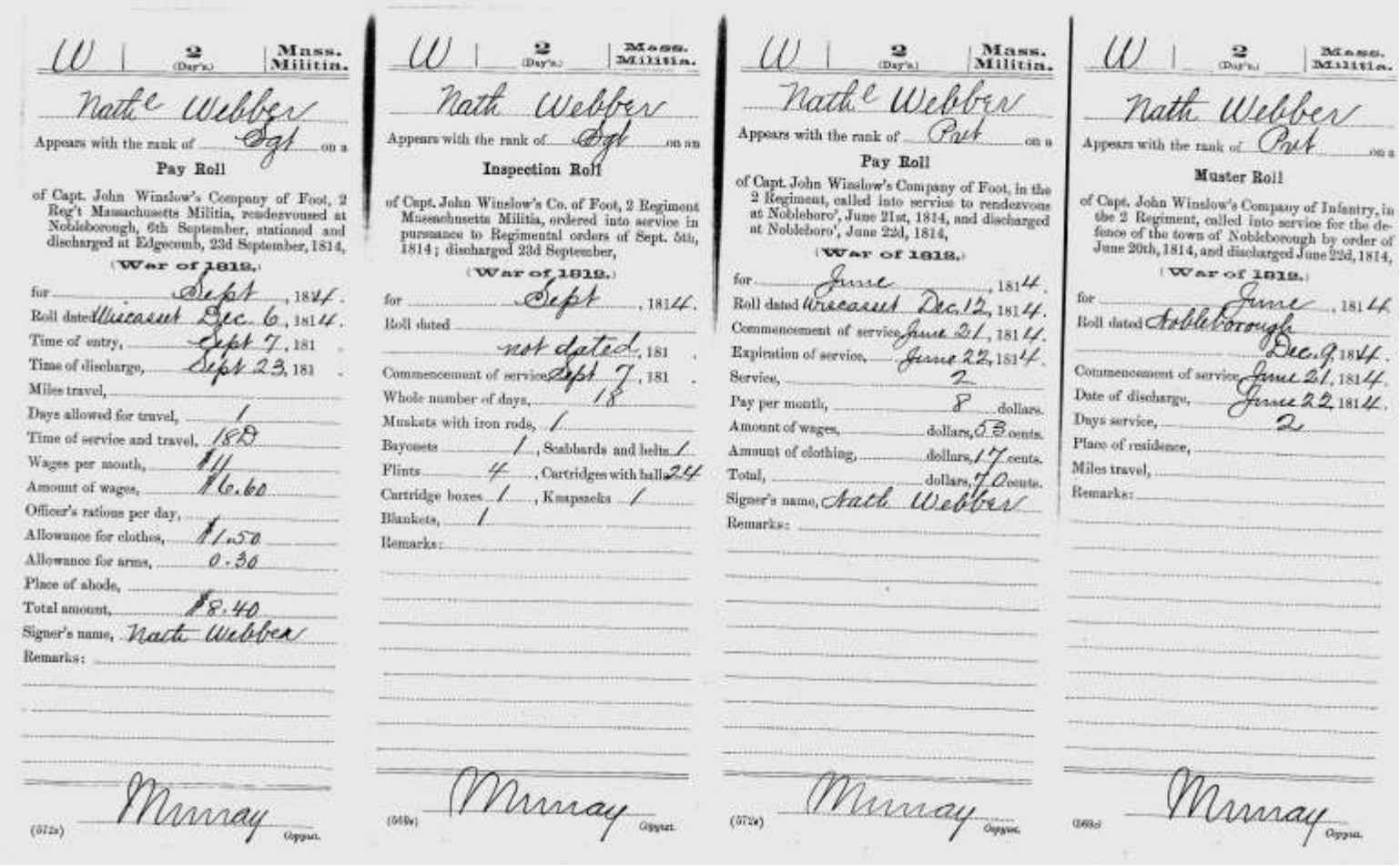


www.archives.gov/northeast - Seamen's Protection Certificate

The impressment of American seamen by the British was one of the causes of the War of 1812. . These records are in the Old Military and Civil Branch at the National Archives. Seamen's Protection Certificates (SPCs) were authorized by the Fourth Congress on May 28, 1796, to protect American merchant seamen from impressment. The British maintained that they had a right to use press gangs to forcibly recruit British seamen in port or on the high seas, and their attitude was "once a British subject, always a British subject." In fact, any English-speaking sailor was in danger of being impressed.

This is probably the Privateer Favorite, on which Nathaniel Webber served during the War of 1812. A lot of capturing and recapturing occurred during this war.

I am not absolutely sure this is our Nathaniel Webber, but I think it is.



W | 2 (Day's.) | Mass. Militia.

Nath[l] Webber

Appears with the rank of Sgt on a

Pay Roll

of Capt. John Winslow's Company of Foot, 2 Reg't Massachusetts Militia, rendezvoused at Nobleborough, 6th September, stationed and discharged at Edgecomb, 23d September, 1814,

(War of 1812.)

for Sept, 1814.
Roll dated Wiscasset Dec. 6, 1814.
Time of entry, Sept 7, 181
Time of discharge, Sept 23, 181
Miles travel,
Days allowed for travel, 1
Time of service and travel, 18 D
Wages per month, 11
Amount of wages, 16.60
Officer's rations per day,
Allowance for clothes, 1.50
Allowance for arms, 0.30
Place of abode,
Total amount, 18.40
Signer's name, Nath Webber
Remarks:

Murray
Paymr.

W | 2 (Day's.) | Mass. Militia.

Nath Webber

Appears with the rank of Sgt on an

Inspection Roll

of Capt. John Winslow's Co. of Foot, 2 Regiment Massachusetts Militia, ordered into service in pursuance to Regimental orders of Sept. 5th, 1814; discharged 23d September,

(War of 1812.)

for Sept, 1814.
Roll dated not dated, 181
Commencement of service Sept 7, 181
Whole number of days, 18
Muskets with iron rods, 1
Bayonets 1, Scabbards and belts 1
Flints 4, Cartridges with ball 24
Cartridge boxes 1, Knapsacks 1
Blankets, 1
Remarks:

Murray
Paymr.

W | 2 (Day's.) | Mass. Militia.

Nath[l] Webber

Appears with the rank of Pvt on a

Pay Roll

of Capt. John Winslow's Company of Foot, in the 2 Regiment, called into service to rendezvous at Nobleboro', June 21st, 1814, and discharged at Nobleboro', June 22d, 1814,

(War of 1812.)

for June, 1814.
Roll dated Wiscasset Dec. 12, 1814.
Commencement of service June 21, 1814.
Expiration of service, June 22, 1814.
Service, 2
Pay per month, 8 dollars.
Amount of wages, dollars, 32 cents.
Amount of clothing, dollars, 17 cents.
Total, dollars, 49 cents.
Signer's name, Nath Webber
Remarks:

Murray
Paymr.

W | 2 (Day's.) | Mass. Militia.

Nath Webber

Appears with the rank of Pvt on a

Muster Roll

of Capt. John Winslow's Company of Infantry, in the 2 Regiment, called into service for the defence of the town of Nobleborough by order of June 20th, 1814, and discharged June 22d, 1814,

(War of 1812.)

for June, 1814.
Roll dated Nobleborough Dec. 9 1814.
Commencement of service June 21, 1814.
Date of discharge, June 22 1814.
Days service, 2
Place of residence,
Miles travel,
Remarks:

Murray
Paymr.

Ships Nathaniel Webber served on that I've been able to track so far:

- President
- Brilliant, brig (newspaper article story "Romance of the Brilliant" 1901 Brooklyn Eagle)
- Favorite during the War of 1812, reportedly a privateer-letter from daughter Jeannie
- Trade Wind, 1852 clipper-many book references and newspaper clippings, famous ship
- Diadem, 1856? Wrecked between New Orleans & NY
- Armadillo, brig
- Washington, ship to China 1833
- Mary Hart, brig to South Seas 1831
- Osprey, brig 1833
- W.M. Groton, brig 1856
- Wissahickon, brig 1842, built by John Kelly Hammitt, owned by John Perrit of Philadelphia
- Tartar, ship 1840s, owned by Booth and Edgar
- Silas Greenman, ship NY to China for 7 years, 1858-1866 N. Webber listed as master in Lloyd's ship registers database

The Sydney Morning Herald.

XLVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1862. PRIC

Listing of Ships in Connecticut Ports from the Mystic Seaport Museum website:

1604	Silas Greenman	N. Webber	"	" 1	733	19 3	O. C.	C. I.	J'ne '54	1848	Mystic, Ct.		N. Y.	W. T. Frost.		F.	Ori. 2 Dks. N.O.P. Feb'y
1176	Roanoke.....	Webber	"	" 2	400	14 1	O.	I. C.	Feb.'58	1856	Portsm., Va.		Portsmouth.	Page & Allen.		M.	H. C. P. Ir.-kn'd.
2298	Silas Greenman	P. W. Pendallon N Webber	2		733 3	19 0.	C. I.	Nov.'60	1848	Toby & Hillerfield Mystic, Ct.		New York	W. T. Frost	146 33 26	F	Brig 2 decks N Orleans P	NY. May'61

New York Times—Tuesday, May 20, 1856
Marine Intelligence
Cleared
W. M. Groton, Captain Webber, Sailing for Matanzas, Owned by Yates & Porterfield

1833 Newspaper listing for The Osprey wreck

Jan. 1st, arr. ship Ohio, Garvin, fm NOrleans, 12 ds—brig William, Bancroft, 9 ds fm Halifax. Passengers—Captain Nathaniel Webber and crew of the late brig Osprey, of NYork, wrecked in Chiddiacte Bay, N. S., and John Dawson, late of the brig Margaret, of Portsmouth, wrecked on Hollandlsland. Also arr. schr Triton, Prescott, NYork, 3 days. Cld. brigs Acorn, House, Boston—schr Superior, Wilcox, NYork.

A.E. Webber's Three Bibles

Published in the newspaper The Long Islander from Huntington, NY on April 17, 1925, the Greenpoint Home News in 1915 and the Rambler, probably a Long Island newspaper.

The following article was kindly loaned us by A. E. Webber, of Richmond Hill. It appeared in the Greenpoint Home News about ten years ago and later in the Rambler:

The following interesting account of three Bibles in his possession was given to us by Mr. A. E. Webber, a dear friend of the Greenpoint Home News:

One Christmas night, many years ago, I had been made spokesman of a class of boys. Our teacher, Mary Cuyler, gave each of us a lantern, and when it came our turn to appear they darkened the church. Then we lighted our candles and marched up to the platform, feeling very proud as I said: "Company halt! Right face!" When I faced that assemblage I started to recite my piece.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven!" I was lost. I got as far as "let your light so shine—" When, finding I had forgotten the rest of the piece, I quietly but quickly turned around and said: "Boys, I am out of ammunition. Blow out your lights and retreat!"

I returned to my teacher and was feeling sad until she said:

"Albert, your ready wit made a hit. Cheer up!"

Then she gave me a Bible on which was my name, also her name and date, "Christmas, 1872."

Thirty-three years later I called on her father, who wrote on the opposite page: "This Bible was given to Albert E. Webber by my daughter, Mary, when she was his Sunday School teacher in 1872—Rev. Theodore Cuyler."

Captain Nathaniel Webber was an orphan at ten years of age, so he went to sea as cabin boy. Five years later he served in the 1812 war in the privateer Favorite. During his fifty-six years at sea he had visited every place of prominence in the world, and when he became master he did not forget the hardships of those in the forecastle.

When he took command of the clipper ship Trade Wind, the largest vessel afloat in 1852, he was pleased to find on a table in the cabin a large Bible with the inscription in gilt letters:

"Ship Trade Wind, 1852, Captain N. Webber."

The owners had placed it there for the sea parson, as he was called, for holding services on board ships he commanded.

The Trade Wind, with 70 in officers and crew, also many passengers, sailed from New York (maiden voyage), bound to San Francisco. On the passage out she came near being lost by fire.

Her next voyage was around the world.

In June, 1854, she was in collision with the ship Olympus off the Grand Banks. The Trade Wind and 22 of her crew were lost.

Her master passed away in 1887, but the Bible is still in my possession.

Captain John J. N. Webber was 3 years of age when he made his first voyage to Havre, France.

When he arrived at New York from a three years' voyage to eastern countries he was nine years of age. The missionaries in China said he was the youngest American boy who had been to China up to that time.

He was seventeen years of age and chief officer of the brig Eagle, which carried 30 persons in officers and crew.

She was an opium smuggler fitted up like a man-of-war to capture or destroy Chinese and Malay pirates.

He owned and commanded a ship when twenty-one years of age.

He followed the sea 46 years.

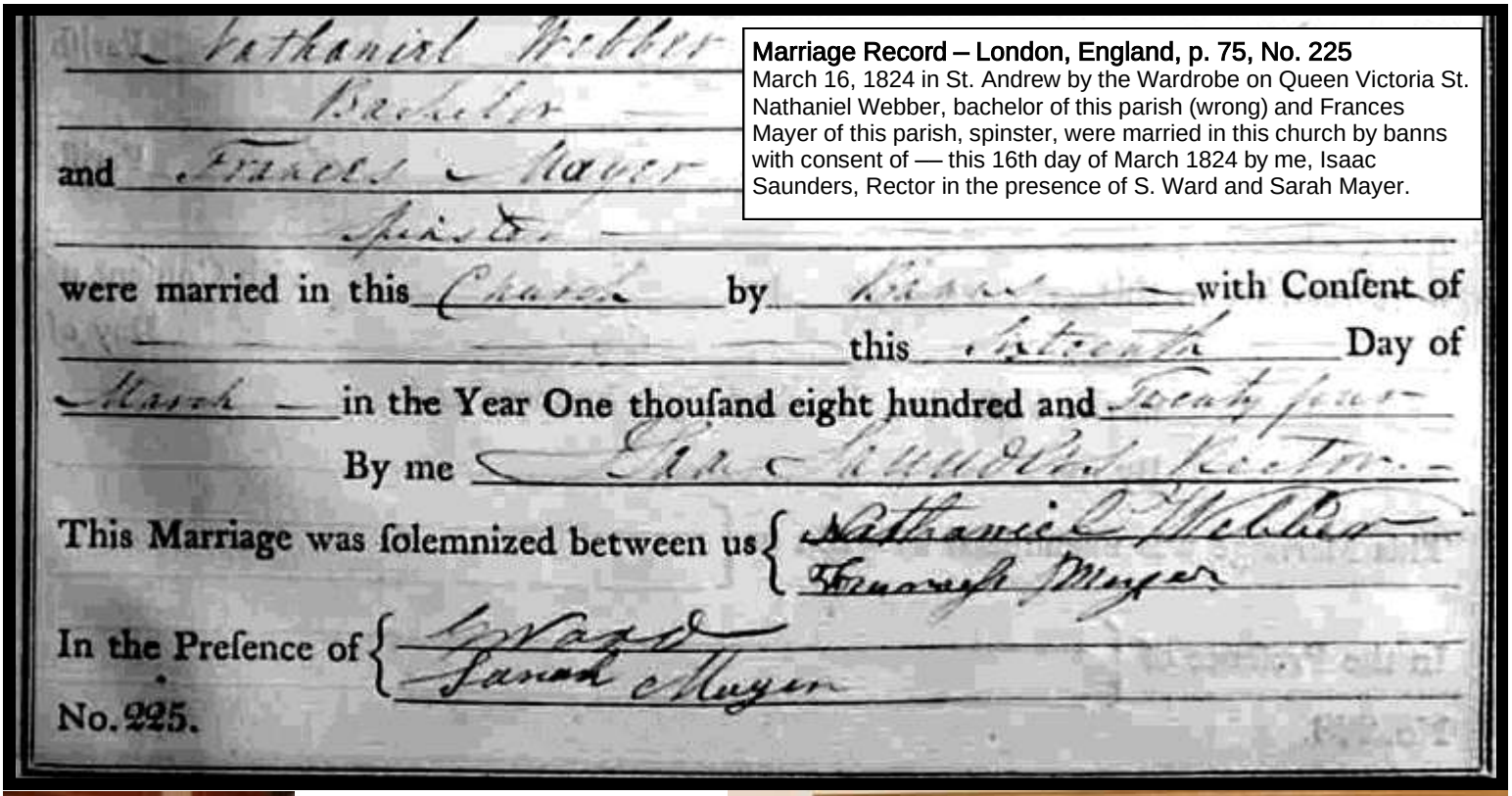
He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. August 18, 1829, and lived to the age of eighty-one.

He owned a large (family) Bible, but never took it to sea.

He was an officer on board the U. S. Monitor when she defeated the Merrimac.

And as it is written in Captain Cook's journals, it was a rough passage going from New York to Hampton Roads, a fierce fight, and, though the Merrimac had ten guns and the Monitor two, she was victor and saved our country from being rent in twain.

The author of this article is Albert E. Webber, son of John Joseph Nathaniel Webber and grandson of Nathaniel. It is the first place where a family bible is mentioned that was given to Captain Webber by the missionaries on the Trade Wind's maiden voyage. The Trade Wind was Captain Webber's dream ship and he lobbied and waited years to be given such a contract. This article also talks about the fact that his son JJN Webber traveled with him and was the youngest American boy to travel to China at the time. I have to assume that Captain Webber's wife was also aboard as their son was three at the time. This article repeats the legend, not yet proven, that Nathaniel Webber was an orphan at ten years old and went to sea as a cabin boy. I have no records to prove or disprove this, but am still trying to find documentation about his teen years at sea. The tough voyage around the horn is one heard often and one for which Captain Webber writes in his journal, later published in the Outing Magazine.



Nathaniel Webber
Bachelor
and Frances Mayer
Spinster
were married in this Church by Isaac Saunders with Consent of
this Sixteenth Day of
March in the Year One thousand eight hundred and Twenty four
By me Isaac Saunders Rector.
This Marriage was solemnized between us { Nathaniel Webber / Frances Mayer
In the Presence of { S. Ward / Sarah Mayer
No. 225.

Marriage Record – London, England, p. 75, No. 225
March 16, 1824 in St. Andrew by the Wardrobe on Queen Victoria St. Nathaniel Webber, bachelor of this parish (wrong) and Frances Mayer of this parish, spinster, were married in this church by banns with consent of — this 16th day of March 1824 by me, Isaac Saunders, Rector in the presence of S. Ward and Sarah Mayer.

Early 1900s photo

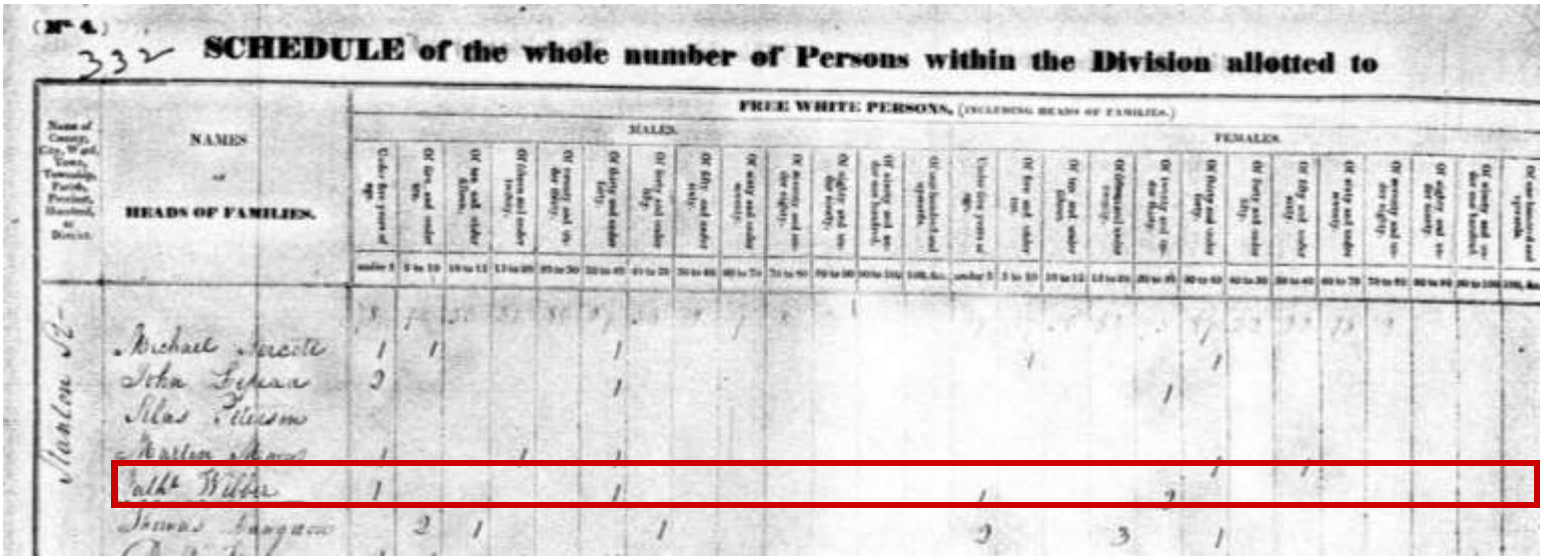
1990s photo

Nathaniel Webber and Frances "Fannie" Sarah Mayer were married March 16, 1824 at St. Andrew by the Wardrobe Church in London, England. Nathaniel was a sailor and the church is right on the Thames River where all the ships docked at the time. It is said that her father was a silk merchant so they may have met when Joseph Mayer, Frances' father and Captain Webber were doing business at the docks. In any case, the church at St. Andrew by the Wardrobe exists today and was named as such because it used to be where the king had his wardrobe made. Little is yet known about the Mayers but they might have come from Gloucestershire. The author visited the church in 2006 and found the past rectors on the wall, with Isaac Saunders listed, the man who married Nathaniel & Frances. It is a beautiful old church, being renovated today in 2010.

The next record of him is from the 1830 Census in Brooklyn, New York
1830 United States Federal Census about Nath'l Webber
Brooklyn Ward 5, Kings, New York
Free White Persons - Males - Under 5: 1, Males - 30 thru 39: 1,
Free White Persons - Females - Under 5: 1, Females - 20 thru 29: 2,
Free White Persons - Under 20: 2
Free White Persons - 20 thru 49: 3
Total Free White Persons: 5

Frances Sarah Mayer Webber

He is listed in the Brooklyn City Directories in 1830 at 6 Stanton, Brooklyn, NY,
Occupation ship master, marine



(No. 4.)
332
SCHEDULE of the whole number of Persons within the Division allotted to

Name of County, City, Ward, Town, Township, Parish, Precinct, Hundred, or District.	NAMES of HEADS OF FAMILIES.	FREE WHITE PERSONS, (INCLUDING HEADS OF FAMILIES.) MALES													FEMALES										
		Under five years of age	Of five, and under ten	Of ten, and under fifteen	Of fifteen, and under twenty	Of twenty, and under thirty	Of thirty, and under forty	Of forty, and under fifty	Of fifty, and under sixty	Of sixty, and under seventy	Of seventy, and under eighty	Of eighty, and under ninety	Of ninety, and under one hundred	Of one hundred, and upwards	Under five years of age	Of five, and under ten	Of ten, and under fifteen	Of fifteen, and under twenty	Of twenty, and under thirty	Of thirty, and under forty	Of forty, and under fifty	Of fifty, and under sixty	Of sixty, and under seventy	Of seventy, and under eighty	Of eighty, and under ninety	Of ninety, and under one hundred	Of one hundred, and upwards
		under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100, &c.	under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100, &c.
Ward 2-	Michael Mercein	1	1				1												1							
	John Lefevre	2					1												1							
	Silas Pilcrim																									
	Nathan Sharp	1			1		1																			
	Nath[l] Webber	1					1												2							
	Thomas Langton		2	1				1							2			3		1						

Nathaniel and Frances Webber were the parents of:

Frances Sarah Webber

Born 1827 in New York, Died Jan. 26, 1917 in Bluffton, Indiana
Buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Logansport, Indiana
Spouse Oliver Ketcham Sammis, married about 1840 and divorced 1852

1829 Twins JJN and Edward Webber born 1829

John Joseph Nathaniel Webber

Born August 1829 in Pennsylvania, Died Oct. 5, 1909 in Snug Harbor Sailor's Hospital, NY, Spouse Nancy Sammis, daughter of Captain Ezra Sammis

CAPT. JOHN J. N. WEBBER DEAD

Executive Officer of the Monitor During Famous Fight with Merrimac.

Capt. John Joshua Nathaniel Webber, who was the executive officer of the ironclad Monitor during the famous fight with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads in 1862, died at Sailor's Snug Harbor early on Thursday in his eighty-first year of cardiac asthma. He was the last of the officers of the vessel which was the forerunner of the modern navies of the world.

His best friend at Snug Harbor was Lieut. Duncan Johnstone, a former officer in the Confederate Navy, who had fought against Webber in many engagements, and was the chief mourner at the funeral of his friend yesterday. Capt. Webber was born in Brooklyn on Aug. 3, 1829. He commenced his real nautical career at 16.

Edward W. Webber

Born August 1829 in Pennsylvania, Died November 1915, Buried Evergreens Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York
Spouse Margaret Collins

Jeannie Olivia Berry Webber

Born April 3, 1835 in Brooklyn, New York, Died Sept. 25, 1915 in East Orange, New Jersey
Buried in Evergreens Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York
Spouse Oliver Ketcham Sammis, married about 1853

During his life, Nathaniel Webber was at sea most of the time, sometimes gone for years. He and his family lived in Brooklyn, NY for 30 years, living at #48 Hunter St., in the 7th Ward, according to the city directories. If the current maps are correct, it was at one time Brooklyn but is now Staten Island.

Publication: Brooklyn Eagle; Date:1901 Apr 27; Section:None; Page Number: 6

ROMANCE OF THE WRECK OF THE BRIG BRILLIANT

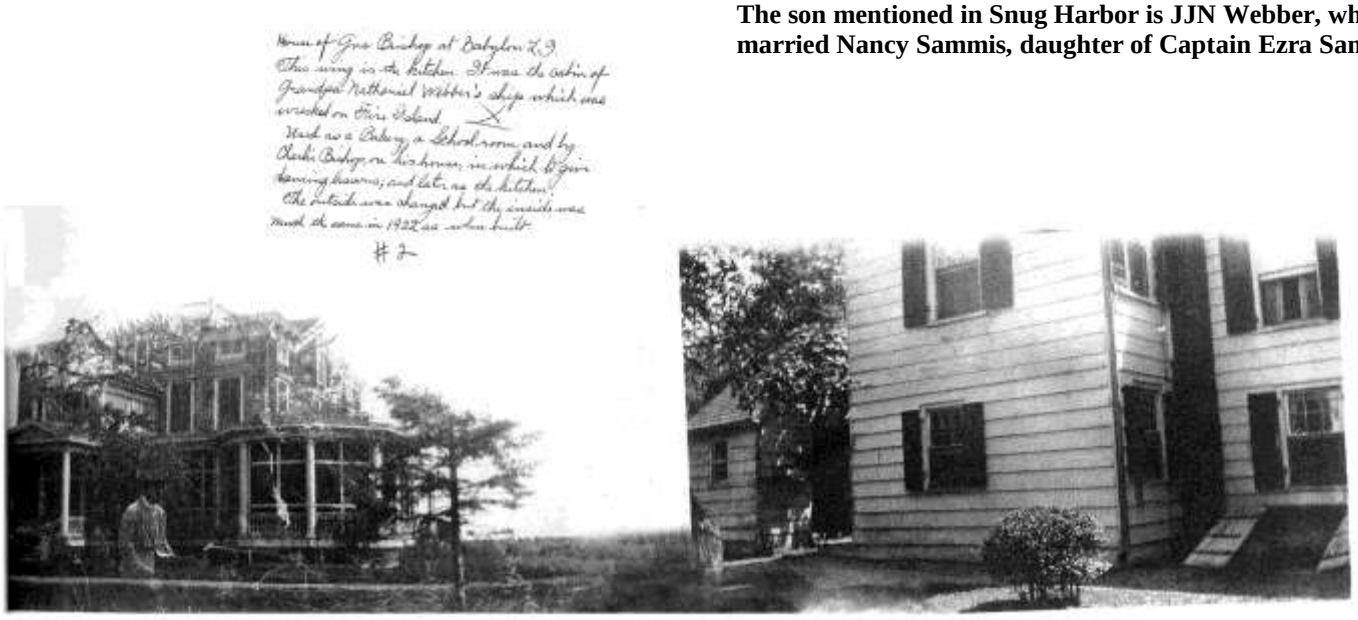
FEW of those who daily pass the Bishop homestead, on Fire Island avenue, Babylon, know that the small, one story kitchen extension has a history more interesting than that of most buildings hereabouts. The kitchen is the cabin of the brig Brilliant, which was wrecked on the South Beach, opposite this village, on a winter night nearly seventy years ago. The ship was commanded by Captain Nathaniel Webber, a veteran mariner, who served on the privateer Favorite during the War of 1812. The Brilliant was bound from Liverpool to New York with a number of immigrants aboard, and was driven ashore during a fierce snow storm. It so happened that Captain Ezra Sammis of Babylon, who had gone to the beach on a gunning trip, saw the wrecked vessel next morning and went to the rescue of her imperiled officers, crew and passengers in a South Bay fisherman's boat, which he had with him. All were carried ashore in safety, and when the storm ceased, were taken across the bay to Babylon. The brig was wrecked. Her cabin was secured by T. Platt Carll, a merchant here at the time, and conveyed across the bay on scows. It was used for a time as a school house, and in it some of the older citizens of the Babylon of to-day received their "first "schoolin'." It was also occasionally occupied as a church. After it ceased to be used for educational and religious services, the late Charles Bishop purchased the small structure and removed it to his property, where it now stands.

A rather romantic incident in connection with the wreck of the Brilliant is thus told: Some years after the brig had "left her bones" on the beach, John J. N. Webber, son of her master, married the daughter of Captain Ezra Sammis, who rescued the officers and crew of the Brilliant from death. At the wedding, Captain Webber was introduced to Captain Sammis, and remarked to the latter: "We have met before under less happy circumstances." Captain Sammis seemed doubtful as to any previous meeting, and Captain Webber then related the incident of the wreck on the South Beach. It seems that the brave South Bay fisherman was too busy saving life to inquire the name of the captain of the wrecked vessel, and had never known it, nor did he recognize, in the father-in-law of his daughter, the man whose life he had saved some years before.

The next day Captain Webber was taken to the little cabin school house, and as he entered the room and recalled his voyages in the Brilliant and the incident of the wreck, he was moved to tears.

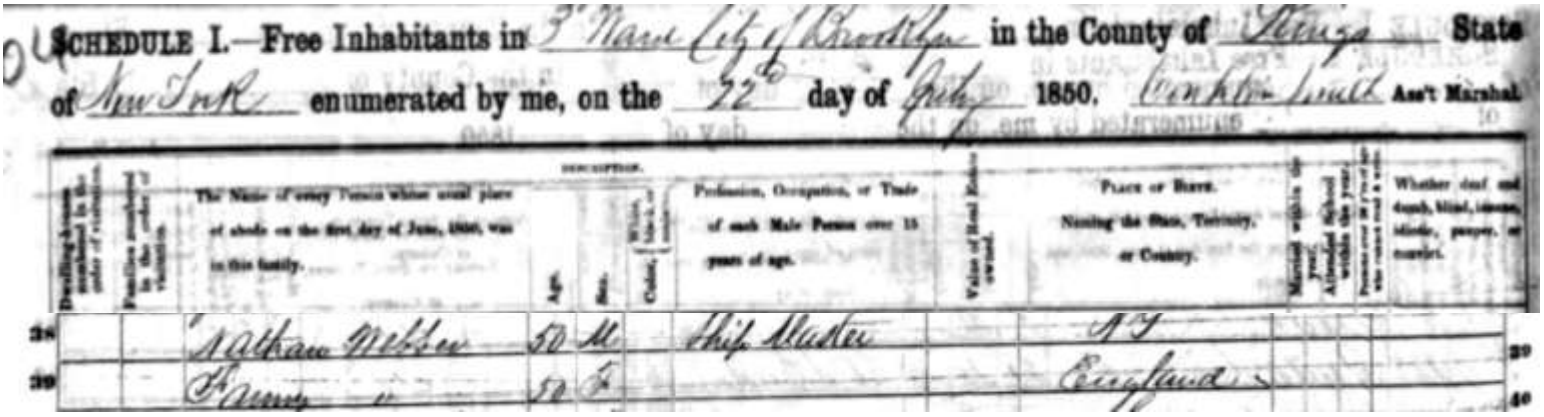
Captain Webber has long been dead, and his son was, and probably is now, an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. But the Brilliant's cabin is still intact and is serving a useful, if prosaic, purpose.

The son mentioned in Snug Harbor is JJN Webber, who married Nancy Sammis, daughter of Captain Ezra Sammis.



1840 Census-Marblehead, Essex County, MA

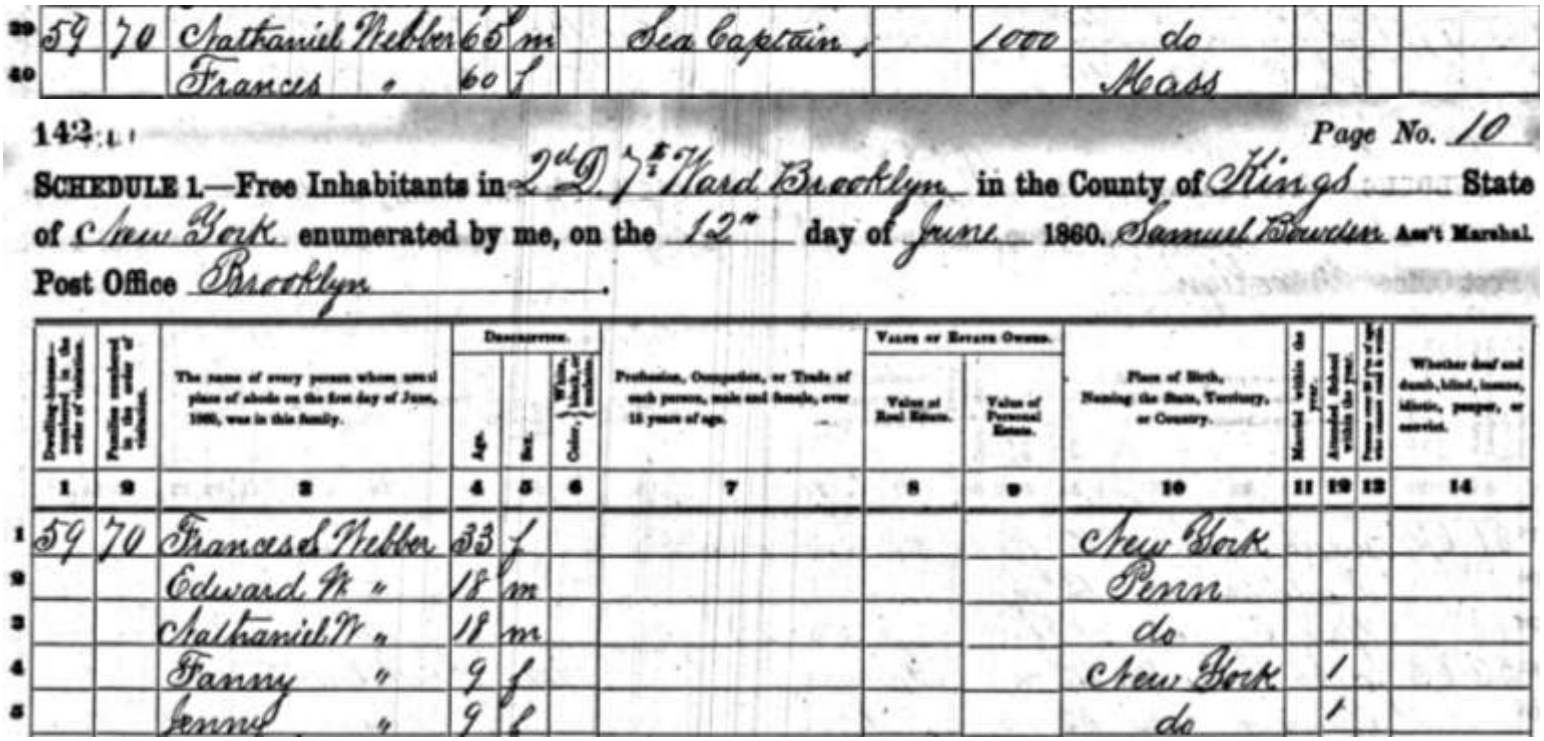
1850 Census-Brooklyn, NY, 3rd ward
Nathan Webber-50, male, ship master, born NY
Fanny Webber-50, female, born England



SCHEDULE I.—Free Inhabitants in 3rd Ward City of Brooklyn in the County of Kings State of New York enumerated by me, on the 22d day of July 1850. Conklin Smith Ass't Marshal.

		The Name of every Person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1850, was in this family.	Age	Sex	Color, black, or mulatto	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each Male Person over 15 years of age.	Value of Real Estate owned.	Place of Birth. Naming the State, Territory, or Country.	Married within the year.	Attended School within the year.	Persons over 20 yrs of age who cannot read & write.	Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict.	
38		Nathan Webber	50	M		Ship Master		N Y					39
39		Fanny "	50	F				England					40

1860 Census-2nd Dist., 7th Ward, Brooklyn, NY, Kings County
Nathaniel Webber, 65 yo, male, sea captain, 1000 value personal estate, born NY (wrong, I think)
Frances Webber, 60 yo, female, born Mass. (wrong)
Frances S. Webber, 33 yo, female, born New York
Edward W. Webber, 18 yo, male, born Pennsylvania
Nathaniel W. (actually John Joseph Nathaniel) Webber, 18 yo, male born Pennsylvania
Fanny & Jenny Webber, born 9 yo, female, born New York (actually Fanny & Jenny Sammis, twin daughters of daughter Frances Webber Sammis and her husband Oliver K. Sammis)



39	59	70	Nathaniel Webber	65	m		Sea Captain		1000	do				
40			Frances "	60	f					Mass				

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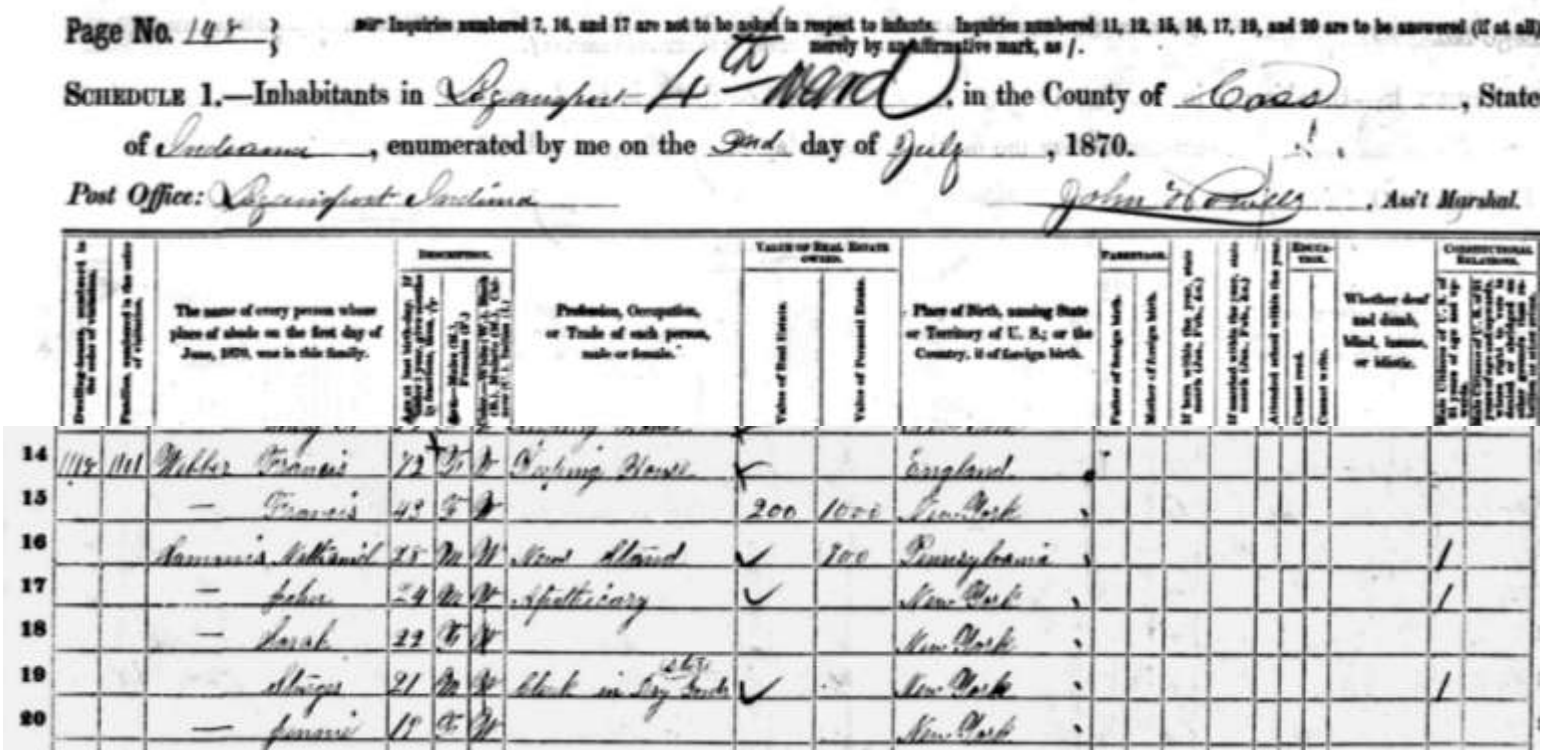
Page No. 10

SCHEDULE 1.—Free Inhabitants in 2d D. 7th Ward Brooklyn in the County of Kings State of New York enumerated by me, on the 12th day of June 1860. Samuel Bowden Ass't Marshal.

Post Office Brooklyn

	Dwelling-houses numbered in the order of visitation	Families numbered in the order of visitation	The name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in this family.	Descriptions. Age	Sex	White, black, or mulatto	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each person, male and female, over 15 years of age.	Value of Real Estate	Value of Personal Estate	Place of Birth, Naming the State, Territory, or Country.	Married within the year.	Attended School within the year.	Persons over 20 yrs of age who cannot read & write.	Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
1	59	70	Frances S Webber	33	f					New York				
2			Edward W "	18	m					Penn				
3			Nathaniel W "	18	m					do				
4			Fanny "	9	f					New York		1		
5			Jenny "	9	f					do		1		

1870 Census - Logansport, Cass County, Indiana
Francis Webber-72 yo, white female, keeping house, born England
Francis Webber-43 yo, white female, owns house worth $1000, born NY
Nathaniel Sammis-white male, 28 yo, works at news stand, born Pennsylvania
John Sammis-white male, 24 yo, works at apothecary, born NY
Sarah Sammis-white female, 22 yo, born NY
Sturges Sammis-white male, 21 yo, born NY, works as clerk in dry goods store
Jennie Sammis-white female, 19 yo, born NY



Page No. 14

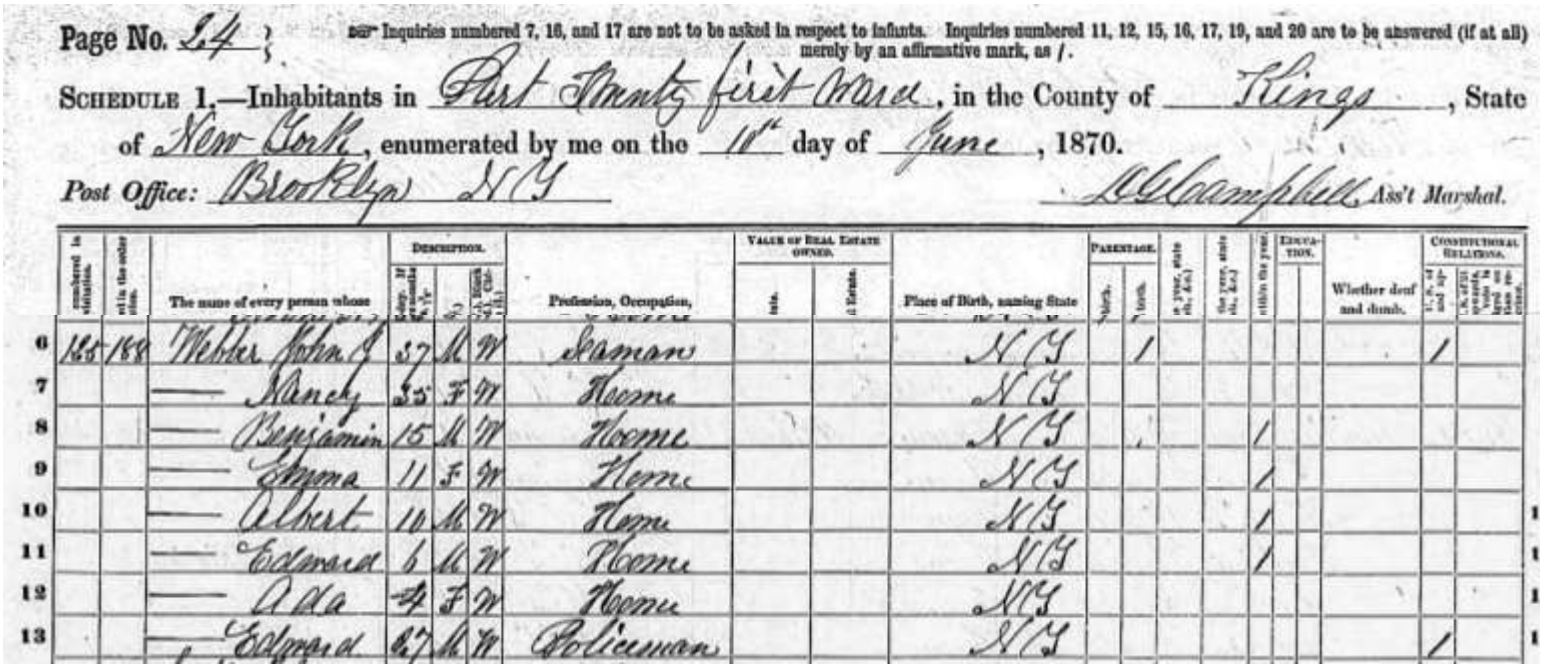
Inquiries numbered 7, 16, and 17 are not to be asked in respect to infants. Inquiries numbered 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20 are to be answered (if at all) merely by an affirmative mark, as /.

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Logansport 4th Ward, in the County of Cass, State of Indiana, enumerated by me on the 2nd day of July, 1870.

Post Office: Logansport Indiana — John H Powell, Ass't Marshal.

	Dwelling-houses numbered in the order of visitation	Families numbered in the order of visitation	The name of every person whose place of abode on the first day of June, 1870, was in this family.	Description: Age	Sex	Color	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each person, male or female.	Value of Real Estate owned	Value of Personal Estate owned	Place of Birth, naming State or Territory of U. S.; or the Country, if of foreign birth.	Parentage: Father of foreign birth	Parentage: Mother of foreign birth	Attended school within the year	Education: Cannot read	Education: Cannot write	Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic.	Constitutional Relations: Male citizens of U.S. of 21 yrs and upwards	Constitutional Relations: Male citizens of U.S. of 21 yrs and upwards, whose right to vote is denied or abridged on other grounds than rebellion or crime.
14	114	111	Webber Francis	72	F	W	Keeping House			England								
15			— Francis	43	F	W		200	1000	New York								
16			Sammis Nathaniel	28	M	W	News Stand	✓	700	Pennsylvania							1	
17			— John	24	M	W	Apothecary	✓		New York							1	
18			— Sarah	22	F	W				New York								
19			— Sturges	21	M	W	Clerk in Dry Goods Store	✓		New York							1	
20			— Jennie	19	F	W				New York								

Nathaniel Webber died May 27, 1867 in Brooklyn and it seems that his wife Frances was either visiting or living with daughter Frances and grandchildren Nathaniel, John, Sarah, Sturges and Jennie Sammis (children of daughter Frances S. and ex-husband Oliver K. Sammis) in Indiana in 1870, while their son Edward, who was a policeman, was living in Brooklyn with his brother JJN Webber and wife Nancy and children Benjamin, Emma, Albert, Edward and Ada. It must have been a strange dance that the parents did when two of their daughters married the same man, Dr. Oliver K. Sammis, and they had grandchildren from both.



Page No. 24

Inquiries numbered 7, 16, and 17 are not to be asked in respect to infants. Inquiries numbered 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20 are to be answered (if at all) merely by an affirmative mark, as /.

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Part Ninety first Ward, in the County of Kings, State of New York, enumerated by me on the 16th day of June, 1870.

Post Office: Brooklyn NY — A G Campbell, Ass't Marshal.

	Dwelling-houses numbered in the order of visitation	Families numbered in the order of visitation	The name of every person whose	Description: Age	Sex	Color	Profession, Occupation,	Value of Real Estate owned	Value of Personal Estate owned	Place of Birth, naming State	Parentage: Father of foreign birth	Parentage: Mother of foreign birth	Attended school within the year	Education: Cannot read	Education: Cannot write	Whether deaf and dumb.	Constitutional Relations: Male citizens of U.S. of 21 yrs and upwards	Constitutional Relations: Male citizens of U.S. of 21 yrs and upwards, whose right to vote is denied or abridged on other grounds than rebellion or crime.
6	186	188	Webber John J	37	M	W	Seaman			N Y		1					1	
7			— Nancy	35	F	W	Keeps House			N Y								
8			— Benjamin	15	M	W	Home			N Y					1			
9			— Emma	11	F	W	Home			N Y					1			
10			— Albert	10	M	W	Home			N Y					1			
11			— Edward	6	M	W	Home			N Y					1			
12			— Ada	4	F	W	Home			N Y								
13			— Edward	67	M	W	Policeman			N Y							1	

Brig Wissahicken

Trinidad de Cuba, Cuba to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
11 July 1842

Printed for Barnes & Carroll, Ship and Custom House Brokers,
No. 119 South Second Street, Philadelphia, by J. Young.

REPORT or MANIFEST of all the passengers taken on board the Brig Wissahicken whereof **Nathanial Webber is Master**, from Trinidad de Cuba, burthen 166 36/95 tons, and owned by John C. Kentshow? of Philadelphia and bound for Philadelphia.

Wissahickon' was built at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Commissioned in November 1861, she initially served in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Mississippi River, where in April-July 1862 she participated in the capture of New Orleans, bombardment of Grand Gulf, two runs past the Confederate fortifications commanding the river at Vicksburg and a battle with the ironclad CSS *Arkansas*.

After repairs at Philadelphia from August-October 1862, *Wissahickon* joined the blockade of the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia and eastern Florida. She took part in bombardments of Fort McAllister, Georgia, in late 1862-early 1863 and in the destruction of the privateer *Rattlesnake* (ex-CSS *Nashville*) on 28 February 1863. In March-June 1863, *Wissahickon* destroyed one blockade runner (the SS *Georgiana*)[1][2] and helped to destroy another. During the summer, she bombarded Forts Wagner and Sumter, off Charleston, South Carolina.

Wissahickon spent the rest of the Civil War patrolling off South Carolina and in expeditions into the inland waters of that state and Georgia. She went to New York in June 1865, after the end of hostilities, and was decommissioned there at the beginning of July. *Wissahickon* was sold in October 1865 and soon became a merchant vessel under the name ***Adele***. She was employed in commercial service for some 20 more years, bringing immigrants to the US.

From: http://www.immigrantships.net/v11/1800v11/wissahicken18420711.html
National Archives and Records Administration, Film M425, Reel 59. Transcribed by Harry Green a member of the Immigrant Ships Transcribers Guild 10 October 2009

I believe this is our Captain Nathaniel Webber, as Gloucester, MA is very near Beverly, MA

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Six Decades of Collecting American Decorative Arts

Nina Fletcher Little

E. P. DUTTON, INC.
NEW YORK

17. Tall clock by Simon Willard, late eighteenth century. H. 90". A rare feature is that the name Simon Willard has been incised twice on the plate behind the dial. Originally installed in the Captain Nathaniel Webber house, Gloucester, Massachusetts, by Willard himself.

18. Inscribed on the dial, *Warranted for Capt . . . / Simon Willard.* Simon Willard's label inside the door of the clock in figure 17.

One of the subjects that began to interest us at this time was antique clocks. This interest was not surprising as I had recently inherited a tall clock assembled by my great-great-grandfather, who had been a clockmaker in Bath, Maine, during the 1820s. John Masters had come from Devonshire, England, in 1787 to serve an apprenticeship with his uncle in St. Johns, Newfoundland. There he made and sold timepieces until the great fire of 1818 burned him out and he left Newfoundland, traveling to Boston and then on to Maine to ply his trade.

Our first purchase of a clock in 1930 was the piece shown in figure 17, which had never been moved from its position in the Captain Nathaniel Webber home in Gloucester, Massachusetts, since its installation by Simon Willard himself in the late eighteenth century. On the dial is lettered the following legend: *Warranted for Capt . . . / Simon Willard.* Miss Caroline Webber, the last descendant to live in the old house, knew the story behind this unfinished inscription. The clock was originally intended for a Gloucester sea captain and had been brought over the road from Roxbury by Willard himself. However, owing to several unsuccessful fishing trips, the prospective owner refused to accept it, and Willard reluctantly started back toward Boston, peddling the clock from door to door. As he passed through Fresh Water Cove, Captain Webber came out of his house and decided to make the purchase. Willard set the clock in the low-ceilinged parlor, thus necessitating the removal of the center eagle, which remained put away for over a hundred years. Pasted inside the door is Willard's rare label (fig. 18), printed in Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, Jr.

OUR FEARLESS SAILORS.

An Incident of the Old Days Off the Cape of Good Hope.

American vessels in those days (1833) surpassed the sailing records of ships of every other nation. Once when down nearly to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope we encountered the most severe gale of our outward bound voyage. A mountainous sea was heaving in from the south, and the wind, which had originally come from that direction, was now blowing directly from the west with hurricane force. High as the Washington stood above the water occasional crests would sweep her main deck and she steered so hard that I had to keep two men continually at the wheel and have them relieved every half hour

The wind, however, was fair, and therefore every man on the ship, from Captain L to the cook's boy, would have felt disgraced had the order been given to heave the ship to Under double reefed topsails and fore course she was logging upward of sixteen knots and all hands were as pleased as if they had just been granted a week's shore leave at New York

Later in the day, when the wind had moderated somewhat, we sighted a large British bark hove to under short canvas She was flying distress signals, so Captain L ordered the wh?? put up and ran down to have a look at her As soon as our signals could be clearly seen he asked what she wanted, and the bark replied with a request to stand by Captain L then ran up flags demanding if the bark were injured or anything wrong on board The Britisher replied again, "Stand by Does not like look of weather"

When the second mate read the meaning of this signal out of the code book a great laugh went up in our cabin, and Captain L replied with flags reading, "See nothing wrong in this weather," and hoisted the American ensign above the signal in order to give point to his remark No doubt the British captain said, "Another of those crazy Yankees" when he read our flags, but we were in Batavia a week before he appeared —From "The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Webber" in Outing.

From The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Webber in published in Outing Magazine

American vessels in those days (1833) surpassed the sailing records of ships of every other nation. Once when down nearly to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, we encountered the most severe gale of our outward bound voyage. A mountainous sea was heaving in from the south, and the wind, which had originally come from that direction, was now blowing directly from the west and hurricane force. High as the Washington stood above the water, occasional crests would sweep her main deck and she steered so hard that I had to keep two men continually at the wheel and have them relieved every half hour. The wind, however, was fair, and therefore every man on the ship, from Captain L to the cook's boy, would have felt disgraced had the order been given to leave the ship to under double reef topsails and fore course she was logging upward of 16 knots and all hands were as pleased as if they had just been granted a week's shore leave at New York. Later in the day, when the wind had moderated somewhat, we sighted a large British bark hove to under short canvas. She was flying distress signals, so Captain L Ordered the wh?? put up and ran down to have a look at her. As soon as our signals could be clearly seen he asked what she wanted, and the bark replied with a request to stand by. Captain L then ran up flags demanding if the bark were injured or anything wrong on board. The Britisher replied again, "Stand by does not like look of weather."" When the second mate read the meaning of this signal out of the code book a great laugh went up in our cabin and Captain L replied with flags reading, "I see nothing wrong in this weather" and hoisted the American ensign above the signal in order to give point to his remark. No doubt the British captain said, another of those crazy Yankees when he read our flags, but we were in Batavia a week before he appeared. — From The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Webber in Outing Magazine.

INWARD.

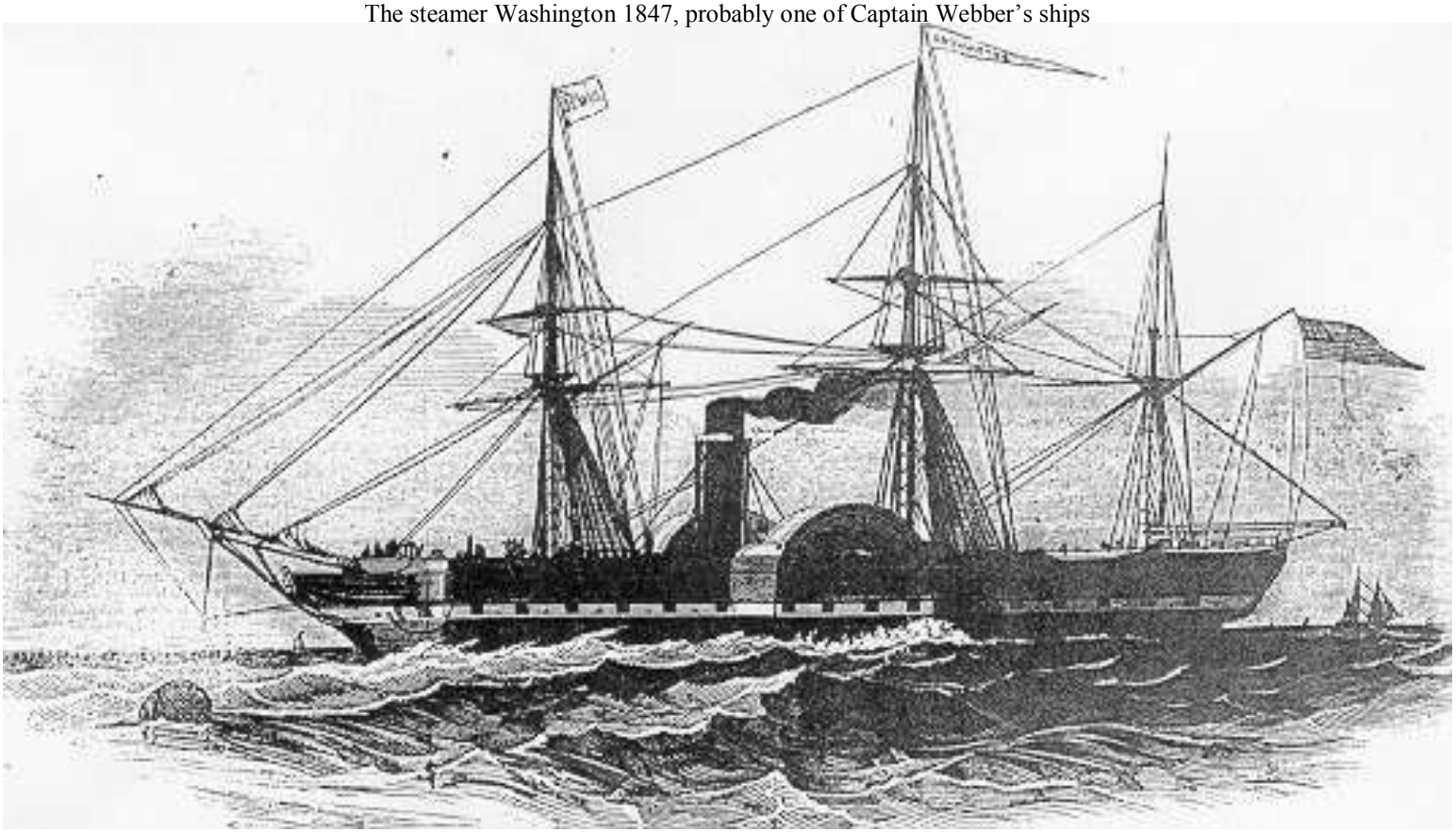
A LIST of the Crew and Passengers arrived in the Ship Silas Greenman of New York Nathaniel Webber Master,
of the Burthen of 733 Tons, from the Port of New York to Sydney New South Wales, Sept 14 1862

SEAMEN'S NAMES.	Station.	Age.	Of What Nation.	NAMES OF PASSENGERS.	Description.	Remarks.
Abraham N Whiting	Mate	38	Maine	Nil.		
Chas Edwards	2 do	27	New York			
Nathaniel W Sammis	3 do	20	"			
J A Grady	Carpenter	34	Scotland			
Emily Mitchell	Stewardess	36	New York			
Edward Mitchell	Cook	38	"			
Chas H Langley	Seaman	41	Rhode Island			
Edward Everett	"	26	Mass			
Richd Taylor	"	36	New York			
Jno Antonio	"	24	"			
Hy Thompson	"	30	"			
Ralph Trautman	"	34	"			
Timothy Shea	"	28	"			
Jno Nelson	"	22	"			
Jno Morgan	Boy	19	"			
Frank Simon	"	18	"			
Walter Chaney	"	14	"			
Stephen Mitchell	Seaman	40	"			
Michl Day	"	50	"			
Thos Cooksey	"	18	"			
Amos Doe	"	27	"			

Note his grandson, Nathaniel Webber Sammis, 20 years old, son of daughter Frances Webber Sammis, serving aboard this ship with him as "3rd mate"

N Webber

The steamer Washington 1847, probably one of Captain Webber's ships



Mariners and ships in Australian Waters

SILAS GREENMAN

OF NEW YORK, NATHANIEL WEBBER, MASTER, BURTHEN 733 TONS FROM THE PORT OF NEW YORK TO SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,

SEPTEMBER 14, 1862

Surname	Given name	Station	Age	Of what Nation	Status	Comments
WEBBER	NATHANIEL	MASTER			CREW	NIL PASSENGERS
WHITING	ABRAHAM W.	MATE	38	MAINE	CREW	
EDWARDS	CHAS	2ND MATE	27	NEW YORK	CREW	
SAMMIS	NATHANIEL W.	3RD MATE	20	NEW YORK	CREW	
FRENDY	J. A.	CARPENTER	34	HOLLAND	CREW	
WESTCOTT	EMILY	STEWARDESS	36	NEW YORK	CREW	
WESTCOTT	EDWARD	COOK	38	NEW YORK	CREW	
LANGLEY	SAML.	SEAMAN	41	RHODE ISLAND	CREW	
EVERETT	EDWARD	SEAMAN	26	MASSA.	CREW	
TAYLOR	RICHD.	SEAMAN	38	NEW YORK	CREW	
ANTONIO	CHAS.	SEAMAN	24	NEW YORK	CREW	
THOMPSON	HY	SEAMAN	50	NEW YORK	CREW	
SWEETMAN	JOSEPH	SEAMAN	34	NEW YORK	CREW	
SHAW	TIMOTHY	SEAMAN	28	NEW YORK	CREW	
KALOP	JNO.	SEAMAN	22	NEW YORK	CREW	
MORGAN	JNO.	SEAMAN	19	NEW YORK	CREW	
SIMON	FREDK.	SEAMAN	18	NEW YORK	CREW	
HENESSY	WALTER	BOY	14	NEW YORK	CREW	
MITCHELL	STEPHEN	SEAMAN	40	NEW YORK	CREW	
DAY	MICHL.	SEAMAN	50	NEW YORK	CREW	
COOKSEY	THOS.	SEAMAN	18	NEW YORK	CREW	
FOCE	AMOS	SEAMAN	27	NEW YORK	CREW	

Transcribed by Mary-Anne Warner 2005

THE LONG-ISLANDER

WEBBERS AND OUR WARS

A. E. WEBBER GIVES INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HIS WARRING ANCESTORS.

A. E. Webber, who has written so many songs of note, has sent to us one of his recent publications, "Trip to South Beach," and a very interesting account of the "Webbers and Our Wars." Mr. Webber now resides at Richmond Hill.

Mr. Webber was market wagon coverer before there was even a Wallabout Market. A. E. Webber was the first to put iron reefing thimbles in a market wagon cover.

Previous to the Spanish War Mr. Webber did an extensive sail, army and cover work. At present he is canvasman in Wallabout and Newark Markets.

From records in his possession and from associations with his grandfather and others of the Webber and Sammis families he gathered the following data:

Ezra Sammis was born at Huntington, L. I., as were his parents.

His wife was Phebe Weeks, of Huntington. Ezra Sammis moved to Babylon where he became a prosperous farmer and bayman.

In the War of 1812 he was a sergeant of artillery at Sag Harbor and assisted in driving away the British. His daughter, Rebecca, became the wife of Samuel Muncey, of Babylon. Mr. Muncey was one of the famous Muncey twins, who died at the age of 94 years.

The father of A. E. Webber was John J. N. Webber and he married Ezra Sammis' daughter Nancy. He was an officer on the U. S. iron-clad Monitor, when the Monitor defeated the Merrimac.

Other Webbers and the war work [illegible] as follows:

Captain Nathaniel Webber was born at Boston, Mass., (as were two parents) 1794. He was in the (1512 war) privateer Favorite.

[illegible] and Sarah Webber owned much land in (now N. Y. City) New Amsterdam from which they became wealthy. Anneke Webber of Holland married Roef Jans. They were rich owners in Dutch East and West India Company's trading. They came to New Amsterdam in one of the company's (Princess) ships in 1624. Jans died and Anneke married Everardus Bogardus. He was lost at sea while bound to Holland. Anneke (by Dutch laws) came in possession of all three estates, land in New York City, Harlem, Newton, Albany, Mohawk Valley. To-day that property is valued at $700,000,000 and what became of it (a mystery in real estate) 7,000 heirs are anxious to learn. Samuel Webber of Boston, born 1710, was professor and president of Harvard College.

Samuel G. Webber of Michigan, owned several banks and was elected to Forty-seventh Congress.

David D. Webber was the last (?) Whig Sheriff of Westchester County. Wesley Webber (5th N. H. Vol. Civil War) author, composer and artist, was the artist who sketched (published by Harper & Bros.) the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox Court House.

Webbers have fought in all our wars and held many prominent (political and otherwise) positions throughout the world. It has been my fortune to visit many vessels of note, the famous "Frigate Constitution," yacht "America." Among my treasures there is a book (record) in which my father (his duty) had written the names of the officers and crew on board the "Monitor," March 9, 1862, when the Monitor defeated the Merrimac. Also that while paying (with my mother) father a visit on board the Monitor, I stood on the deck (U. S. ironclad Monitor) the vessel that saved the nation from being rent in twain.

Friday, March 2, 1923.

Albert E. Webber, the author of this article, was Nathaniel Webber's grandson, the son of John Joseph Nathaniel Webber. He and his wife Josephine are buried next to Captain Webber in Evergreens Cemetery in Brooklyn, NY.

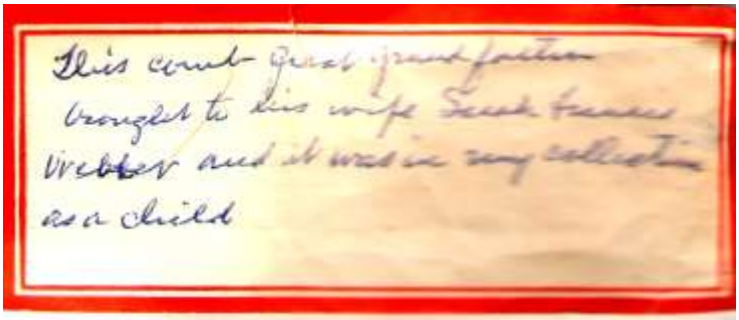
This article says that Nathaniel Webber and his parents were born in Boston, but it is actually Beverly. The Wolfert Webber connection has never been proved, but the legend has been passed down through the generations, so likely has some basis in fact. More research needed.

THE CLAIMANTS OF A LARGE ESTATE.

The claimants to the estate of Sarah and Wolfert Webber met last evening at the house of Mr. John Brady, No. 9 Mitchell-place, (East Forty-ninth-street.) Sarah and Wolfert were, it is said, the granddaughter and grandson respectively of King William IV., of Holland, and their estate is situated 20 miles from Amsterdam. The provisions of the will, which was deposited in the Orphans' Court of Holland, stipulated that the property belonging to the estate should not be used for purposes of trade or traffic until the fifth generation, which brings it down to the present time. There are 40 or 50 heirs to the estate, mostly residents of the United States. The coat of arms of the Webber family has been found at the house of Andrew W. Johnson, in whose possession it has been for a great many years. Upon one side is a bunch of grapes and a wine-glass, with the motto, "Leave abundance," and on the other a skull and cross-bones, with the inscription, "Prepare for death." The seal bears the date 1621, and reproductions of it will be taken to Holland by Mr. L. Sparenberg, one of the claimants. A number of family records are in possession of Mr. Charles Fontaine, who married into the Webber family.

N.Y. Times

Feby 8/79



Written by Minetta Leonard, grand daughter of Captain Webber and in the possession of her grand daughter, Jessica Reynolds Renshaw today. The thimble has FW engraved on it and was also Fannie Webber's.

The suffering at sea that terrible year of 1856 can never be told. The *Rutledge* was only one of an inordinate number of ships lost. Of that number the packets and immigrant liners were only a fraction, but a fraction that exceeded the loss suffered by the industry in any year before or since.

In quick succession during the early part of the year the London packet *Ocean Queen* with 90 passengers and the Liverpool packet *Driver* with 372, were posted as missing, closely followed by the old *Independence.* The Antwerp packet *Robert Carnley,* James D. Whitmore, master, sailed from New York the 2nd of January and was never reported. Two days later the new packet *Leah,* Captain Jonathan Latham, sailed from the same port and vanished without a trace. Early in May the fast clipper packet *Racer* was lost on Arklow Bank, off the Irish coast.

Captain Nathaniel Webber, who had commanded the little Baltimore brig *Triton* nearly 30 years before and who had hankered all his life for a big, fast ship, had taken charge of the huge three-decker *Trade Wind.* With 3400 tons of measured cargo—the largest that had ever been loaded in New York—and 46 first-class passengers in a hurry, he drove her around the Horn in 1852 to San Francisco in 103 days. When he lost her in collision in 1854, he went back into the coasting trade as master of the ship *Diadem,* one of William Frost's line of New Orleans packets. He sailed from New York for New Orleans in her on the 22nd of August, 1856, and a few days later the *Diadem* foundered in a hurricane.

There was little improvement as the year advanced. On the 12th of November the packets *Silas Wright, Samuel M. Fox,* and *Louisiana* were all lost in a terrific gale near Liverpool. The new "Red Z" packet *Adriatic* struck a sunken wreck and went ashore on the 5th of December, near Dunvargan; the second ship of the line to be lost on her maiden voyage. About the same time the *New York,* with 300 passengers, was wrecked on the Jersey coast and Captain Alexander McKinnon was nearly killed in the endeavor to protect his passengers from the brutalities of his crew. The old *Garrick* went ashore near Cardiff the same month and became a total loss. Other line ships which had been diverted to other trades went down or went missing in distant seas.

This is a painting that was on the wall of his son Raphael Sammis' home for many years and is in the possession of Loucille Sammis Lufberry, great grand daughter of Nathaniel Webber and daughter of Raphael. It was always known as "Grandfather Webber's ship." The Tradewind was Nathaniel Webber's greatest ship and contract, a clipper that sailed the seas in the 1850s and made several records around the horn. It carried missionaries to their posts all over the world and gold from the gold fields of California. An account from one of the missionaries is in this report. This great ship had a sad ending, sinking on its third voyage, but Captain Webber was no longer master when it sank.

NEW-YORK CITY

New York Daily Times (1851-1857); Nov 15, 1852;

NEW-YORK CITY.

SAILING OF THE TRADE WIND.—DEPARTURE OF CALIFORIA AND OREGON MISSIONARIES.—This large and beautiful ship, commanded by Capt. NATHANIEL WEBBER, sailed on her second voyage to California, on Saturday, 13th inst. She is freighted with a valuable cargo of 3,460 tons, in 35,000 packages, sent out by the house of BOOTH & EDGAR, of this City. More than ordinary interest was felt in the departure of this vessel, from the circumstance that she takes out to California and Oregon the large company of youthful ministers and their wives whom the American Home Missionary Society are now sending to reinforce their Missions on the Pacific coas . The embarkation took place on Friday afternoon, when some of the relatives of the missionaries, and many of their Christian friends from the City, were present to give them the parting hand. Strange as it may appear, yet it has come to be among the moral phenomena of our times, that what are called Home Missions in this country are assuming, in some of their important features, a character which, a few years ago, was peculiar to the Foreign Mission enterprise. Indeed, we see it stated that there is no Missions from this country which are more remote than some of those to which these missionaries have been appointed. And further, it may be noticed as a remarkable occurrence, that by the large immigrations of the Chinese and the Sandwich Islanders into California, the Heathen themselves, no less than the people of nominally Christian countries, are being transferred to our shores to meet the spreading influences of our Christian civilization.

The following are the Missionaries sailing in the *Trade Wind:* Rev. Messrs. SILAS S. HARMON, EDWARD B. WALSWORTH, SAMUEL B. BELL, JAMES PIERPONT, THOMAS CONDON, JOHN G. HALE, WILLIAM C. POND and OBED DICKINSON. They are all accompanied by their wives, one of whom is a daughter of a former Missionary at the Sandwich Islands, having returned some time since, after the death of her parents, to this country. Two of the gentlemen, Mr. WALSWORTH and Mr. HARMON, were for a short period settled ministers in the interior of this State. Of the eight, *six* go to important places in California, and the remaining *two* to Oregon.

We append a complete list of passengers by the *Trade Wind*:

Mr. E. B. Walsworth and lady; S. S. Harmon, lady and three children; James Pierpont and lady; Thomas Condon and lady; O Dickinson and lady; James G. Hale and lady; Wm. C Pond and lady; J. Hannah, Jr., Jas. King, J. A. Dryer, A. Burton, M. Middlebrook and lady. Mr. Thomas Davenport and lady, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Parry and two children, two Miss Parrys, Mr. J. Parry, Mr. H. Parry, Mr. J Stone, lady and son, Miss Coburn, Mr. Towle and daughter, Mr. C. Towle, Miss Towle.

THE RELIGIOUS RECORDER.

REV. J. H. SPILLER, } Editors. FOR THE DIFFUSION OF TRUTH AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF REFORM. J. S. TRAIR, & Co., Printers.
REV. J. L. AVERY, }

VOL. IX. NO. 49. SYRACUSE, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1853. WHOLE NO. 466

Letters From California
Correspondence of the Religious Recorder.
Ship Trade Wind, at Sea, Lat. 21 degrees, 14 min. N Long 29 deg. 48 min W.
November 27, 1852

Messrs. Editors -
At your request I promised to let you hear from me occasionally. This you may regard as the first installment of the indebtedness thus created. Our ship not being ready to sail, we spent just one week in the city of New York. To us it was a very pleasant and profitable week.

The interest felt by the brethren in that city for the cause of religion on the Pacific coast, is deep and absorbing. They love Christ and his cause, and though full of business, they find or make time to advance his glorious kingdom. That seems to be the predominant aim of their labors. To the looker-on, at least, they seem to be making money, not to consume it upon their lusts, but to glorify God with the silver and the gold which industry, crowned with the blessing of Providence puts into their hands.

The Secretaries of the Home Missionary Society received us with a cordiality and treated us with a kindness we shall never forget. If there is fidelity in public servants, if genuine piety and true Christian courtesy, and a warm, gushing sympathy, you have them all combined in those godly men. This you are made to feel, not because you are a personal friend, but because you are a disciple of Christ and a co-laborer in his kingdom. Moreover you feel that you are in the presence of men ripe for heaven.

The Secretaries made every possible arrangement for the comfort of the Missionaries, on their long voyage to the Pacific coast. They secured the largest and best ship in America, commanded by one of the kindest and noblest men that ever trod the deck of any vessel. They went down to the ship with us on Friday Nov. 12th, about 4 o'clock P.M., and saw us safely on board. Our ship was then towed into the stream, and anchored there read to sail in the morning. Morning came. The furious storm of the previous day had given place to a serene sky and a cloudless sun. As its rays sparkled in the waters of that beautiful harbor, and burnished, as with molten gold, the spires and domes of that city we were about to leave, perhaps forever, we could not but regard it as a bright omen of a safe and prosperous voyage.

Our anchor was lifted and we got under way about 7 o'clock. Some of the brethren and the Secretaries having come aboard accompanied us down the bay and did not leave us until the pilot was dismissed, and they saw the stately Trade Wind headed for her long voyage. I have alluded to our noble craft. The following statistics from the Trade Wind Observer, a weekly published by the officers and passengers on board, will give some idea of her dimensions and capacity.

The Clipper ship Trade Wind was built at the yard of Jacob Bell, in New York, in 1851. She is a three decker.
Length on deck - 249 ½ feet
Breadth of beam - 42 do
Depth of Hold - 30 do
Tons burthen - 3,400 tuns
When all the sails are set she unfurls to the breeze about 13,000 yards of canvas. If you consider that some tow or three years since our largest merchant vessels were of no greater capacity than some 1200 or 1500 tons you will have some idea of the enterprise of the ship owners and builders who planned and executed the nautical monster in which we are now domiciled.

Says the periodical just quoted - "If the entire contents of the Trade Wind, embracing the immense quantity of goods on freight, her stores and water, her spars and sails, the baggage of her passengers, officers and crew, could be piled

on a level spot in one heap, and if in addition to all this, those passengers, officers and sailors, including also the formidable array of pigs, porkers, and sheep, chickens and ducks, geese and turkies, should mount upon that pile and range themselves in line - and a spectator should be told that the mass which he beheld was to be conveyed eighteen thousand miles by one single ship at one load, he would scarcely believe the voice which assured him of so incredible a thing.

The value of a ship and cargo cannot be less than a million of dollars; yet this valuable ship with her contents is committed to the hands of one man. This shows the extent of the confidence which must be reposed in the abilities of our Captain to whom so valuable a trust is confided. I hesitate not to assert, (and in this I know I express the sentiments of every individual on board) that the owners of the Trade Wind might have searched the world over, and they could not have found a more gentlemanly, experienced and able commander that **Captain Nathaniel Webber**. He has a picked crew, numbering in all about sixty men and boys. There is not an able bodied seaman aboard, who does not understand his duty perfectly. There is not one who would not promptly risk his own life, if necessary, to execute an order of his commander. The skill and dexterity with which they work the ship is truly wonderful. I have heard almost every officer make the remark that such a crew they have never seen. And yet, though our gallant craft moves through the water most majestically, and rides the waves "like a thing of life," though she is well manned and equipped, and though she is directed by the very highest degree of nautical skill and experience; yet we would not forget that no structure of men, though made of oak, and ribbed with iron, no human foresight, no human power can stand against the elements when God rouses them from their slumber and commissions them to execute a penal sentence against a race of sinners.

Captain Webber is a noble Christian, and the most exemplary man I ever knew. At his own request we have morning and evening devotions on deck, at which the officers not on duty, and man of the sailors are present. We have preaching on the Sabbath. A large awning is spread to defend the audience from the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Sabbath morning the deck of the Trade Wind looks as tidy as a drawing room - every rope is most beautifully and artistically coiled - every sailor is neatly dressed - quiet and order reign throughout the ship. At the appointed hour, the bells fore and aft toll at the same time, reminding you of the sweet Sabbath bells in some country village. The floor of our floating sanctuary has upon it no carpet - our pews are not cushioned - the preachers' sofa is a stool, or perchance a spar - his pulpit a capstan - its drapery the "stars and stripes" - his sounding board, the canopy of heaven - his audience, passengers, officers and crew; and all are respectful and attentive listeners.

According to a peculiar kind of Christian courtesy, prevalent in certain quarters, the Episcopal service is required to be read on the Sabbath, though not a solitary one on board belongs to that denomination, or ever dreamed of it. There are no less than six regularly ordained Presbyterian and two Congregational ministers on board, and yet by this arrangement, they are supposed to be so ignorant of their own wants, and such strangers at the throne of Grace, they must presume to approach it without a "Common Prayer" book in their hand? If the polite authors of this unique specimen of Christian etiquette could be present and witness the felicitous manner in which the service is read by those who have not been cast in the prelatical mould, when it is solemnly announced, "Here endeth the First Lesson," methinks they would cry out "extemporaneously from this, Good Lord deliver us!" And so say we; and more too: from such uncivil bigotry which seeks every opportunity to worm itself into places where it is neither desired nor bidden, "Good Lord, ever more deliver us."

We observed Thanksgiving according to Gov. Hunt's recommendation, and in the orthodox manner. It was a calm beautiful day, with the thermometer at 70 deg. In the shade. We had an eloquent sermon from the Rev. E.B. Walsworth. **Captain Webber** gave his orders a week before, and our incomparable steward served up a most sumptuous dinner, after the New England style, which you know, embraces every good thing that mortals ever heard of. By the by, our steward does the handsome thing three times every day. He is a genuine, whole-souled son of the land of frankincense and myrrh. You never ask him for anything that can be found on land or sea, but it is forthcoming instanter. Our time is passed away very pleasantly in eating, drinking and sleeping, with some slight attention to lawless urchins, and an occasional tribute to Neptune. Every Monday we have a Presbyterial meeting; Tuesdays and Fridays a Bible class, Wednesdays a debating club, called the Trade Wind Lyceum, and every Saturday afternoon we all assemble on the quarter deck to hear the Trade Wind Observer read. That is as juicy and luscious as a ripe peach in August. I have spun a longer yarn than I intended when I began to write, the incoherency of which, together with all other blemishes you must attribute to the fact that Neptune befuddled my brain so long that it is utterly incapable of anything consecutive. Yours truly, S.S.H.

MERCHANT SAIL

BY

William Armstrong Fairburn

[1876–1947]

Naval Architect and Marine Engineer
University of Glasgow, 1897

reached in 1853 with an average of 12¼ sailings per month; by 1855, the average had dropped to ten per month. In 1857, it was down to about 5½ per month, and the average length of outward passage to San Francisco in 1857 was about six days more than in 1852. The winter of 1852-1853, which marked the peak of activity in the Cape Horn passages to California, saw what Lieutenant Maury described as the great "sweepstakes around Cape Horn and through both hemispheres" on what he referred to as "a great race course, upon which some of the most beautiful trials of speed the world ever saw have come off." Yet, the course is not an easy one, for Maury asserted: "The California [westward] passage is the longest and most tedious within the domains of commerce; many are the vicissitudes which attend it. It tries the patience of the navigator and taxes his energies to the very utmost."

Maury dramatized what he pleased to call a "race" between four new and modern clipper ships, "ably commanded and beautifully handled by their masters," as a sweepstakes, and he admits that "to win, both speed and wind were essential." He should have added "the smiles of Dame Fortune," for the four clippers that he selected to sail the Maury sweepstakes sailed from New York, according to his own version of the race, on October 12, October 29, November 1, and November 14, respectively. As the nominated four contestants commenced their passages during the long period of thirty-four days, it is but natural that whatever race there was in relation to these passages occurred between the clippers *John Gilpin* and *Flying Fish,* which cleared New York about three days apart at the end of October 1852, and as the *Wild Pigeon,* which had sailed twenty days before the *Flying Fish,* had encountered bad luck and very different sailing conditions from those that the ships sailing the end of October enjoyed, it is evident from the logs of the *"Fish," "Gilpin,"* and *"Pigeon"* that they were all in about Lat. 23° S. Pacific on December 30, 1852, and within a comparatively few miles of each other. Although Maury was staging a thrilling race for them and wrote that "the race was now wing and wing, and had become exciting," outside of the fact that the *"Pigeon"* saw an unidentified clipper in the distance when running north in the Pacific (apparently the *Flying Fish*) and the *John Gilpin* and *Flying Fish* had signaled each other off the Horn, none of the ships evidently was aware that she had been made a contestant in the world's great Cape Horn sweepstakes. In the period of thirty-four days stated and set apart by Maury as the limits for the start of his imaginative race between four clippers (i.e., October 12-November 14, 1852), eleven clippers and not only the four mentioned by him (viz., *Wild Pigeon, John Gilpin, Flying Fish,* **and *Trade Wind***) departed from East Coast U.S.A. ports westward bound around the Horn for California. Carl C. Cutler, in GREYHOUNDS OF THE SEA, suggests increasing the last period of departure limitation from November 14 to November 17, and this addition of three days increases the number of contestants in the great "Deep-Sea Derby" from eleven to sixteen vessels if we include the fast sailer *Tam O'Shanter* of 777 tons (built at Freeport, Maine, in 1849) among the clippers. Although not a true clipper, she was popularly rated as one. The following is a record of the clippers and reputed clippers that actually sailed from an East Coast U.S.A. port to California, with departures during the period of time set by Maury in his California sweepstakes and the extended period suggested by Cutler in his elaborated "Deep-Sea Derby" of 1852-1853:

Name of Clipper and Tonnage	Captain	Departure		Arrival at San Francisco 1853	Length of Passage
		Port	Date 1852		
WILD PIGEON (996 tons)	Putnam	New York	Oct. 12	Feb. 7	118 days
FLYING DUTCHMAN (1,257 tons)	Hubbard	New York	Oct. 15	Jan. 27	103 days net via Rio de Janeiro
DAUNTLESS (791 tons)	Miller	Boston	Oct. 15	Feb. 12	117½ days net via Valparaiso
WESTWARD HO (1,650 tons)	Johnson	Boston	Oct. 16	Jan. 31	107 days (claimed 103 days)

Continued on next page.

Name of Clipper and Tonnage	Captain	Departure Port	Departure Date 1852	Arrival at San Francisco 1853	Length of Passage
NORTHERN LIGHT (1,021 tons)	Hatch	Boston	Oct. 28	Feb. 23	118 days
JOHN GILPIN (1,089 tons)	Doane	New York	Oct. 29	Feb. 1	93 days 20 hours, port to pilot
FLYING FISH (1,505 tons)	Nickels	New York	Oct. 31	Jan. 31	92 days 4 hours, anchor to anchor
QUEEN OF THE SEAS (1,356 tons)	Knight	Boston	Nov. 1	Mar. 11	127 days net via Valparaiso
GREY FEATHER (610 tons)	McLaughlin	New York	Nov. 9	Mar. 15	126 days
WHIRLWIND (960½ tons)	Burgess	Boston	Nov. 12	Mar. 11	119 days
TRADE WIND (2,045 tons)	Webber	New York	Nov. 13	Feb. 24	102½ days
TAM O'SHANTER (777 tons)	Soule	Boston	Nov. 15	Mar. 26	130 days
TELEGRAPH (1,078 tons)	Pousland	Boston	Nov. 15	Mar. 10	114 days
CONTEST (1,098 tons)	Brewster	New York	Nov. 16	Feb. 24	100 days
GAME COCK (1,392 tons)	Hollis	New York	Nov. 16	Mar. 10	114 days (reported 112 days)
METEOR (1,067½ tons)	Pike	Boston	Nov. 17	Mar. 10	113 days (reported 110 days)

The spread of the sixteen sailings is thirty-six days and of arrivals thirty-one days. The average length of passage under sail was 112.2 days; there were three passages of 100 days or less, six under 110 days, and thirteen under 120 days. The *Flying Dutchman,* with a run of 103 days, made the best record of the first group of four clippers sailing during the five days October 12-16 inclusive. The *Flying Fish,* with a great passage of 92 days 4 hours, was the winner of the second group of clippers that sailed during the four-day period October 29-November 1 inclusive, but the *John Gilpin* finished a good close second. The *Contest,* with a 100-day run (erroneously referred to at times as a 97- or 98-day passage), made the best time of the eight clippers that sailed during the nine days November 9-17 inclusive; but the *Trade Wind,* handicapped by being on fire, won second honors with a good run of 102½ days, which was reported at about a day less.

The *Grey Feather* of 610 tons (only 138 ft. long) was outclassed and in the around-the-Horn service could not be expected to make a run the same as the larger and more powerful ships. The *Queen of the Seas* (1,356 tons) was overloaded and badly trimmed; with inadequate freeboard and a foot by the head, she was severely handicapped. The *Tam O'Shanter* of 777 tons, built at Freeport, Maine, in 1849, was not a real clipper but merely a good-lined, well-canvased fast sailer. Eliminating these three ships for ineligibility, the average time of passage of the remaining thirteen clippers in the 1852-1853 "Deep-Sea Derby" around the Horn was only 108.6 days—a world's all-time record for sailing.

The winner of the race, the *Flying Fish* (1,505 tons), lost two to three days' time off the Golden Gate because of calms and light airs and on her 88th day of passage was actually 156 miles nearer San Francisco than the *Flying Cloud* on her 1851 record passage of 89 days 21½ hours. The *Flying Fish* also lost three days beating around Cape St. Roque because of an error of judgment on the part of Capt. E. C. Nickels. If it had not been for an unusual adverse wind condition off the California coast and for a human error, the *Flying Fish* would have beaten the record held by the *Flying Cloud* and possibly have marked up an all-time record passage of some 88 or even 87 days.

Daily Alta California, July 4, 1853

The Late Passage of the Northern Light. MESSRS. EDITORS--On the sailing of the clipper ship *Northern Light* for Boston, the 13th March, the principal of a Boston house here offered Captain Hatch a suit of clothes if he would arrive in Boston before the ***Trade Wind*** arrived at New York. The *Contest*, a New York clipper, was supposed by everyone to be the *fastest* ship in ballast trim, and was not thought of in the offer. The following is an extract from a letter received this day from the owner, which will show the passage and what the Bostonians think of it.

> Boston, June 1, 1853
> I have the pleasure to inform you of the arrival here of the *Northern Light* on the 29th of May, after a passage of *Seventy-Six Days*, which rather astonished the natives. Captain Hatch had a good chance, and he put her through. Six days out was in the latitude of the Sandwich Islands; 38 days out Cape Horn bore southwest from him; 52 days was off Rio; 60 days crossed the equator; and 16 days from there to Boston Light; in all 76 days, which beats all the passages ever made yet. The *Contest* arrived on the 31st. The *Northern Light* beat her *Six Days.* The *Trade Wind* has not yet arrived. So you see the New York clippers are nowhere.
> N.B.--The *Northern Light* spoke the *Contest,* and passed her with ease.

In 1854, *Northern Light* was sold at auction for $60,000 to Captain Doane. In 1859, she sailed from Boston to San Francisco in 116 days. In 1861, Captain Lovell assumed command. On January 1, 1862 she collided with and sank the French brig *Nouveau St. Jacques*. The *St. Jacques* crew was taken aboard the *Northern Light*, but because of damages sustained by her, she was also abandoned and the crew taken on by other ships.

Trade Wind

Daily Alta California, February 25, 1853

ARRIVAL OF CLIPPERS.--The fine clipper *Trade Wind* arrived yesterday, after a very short passage of 102 days. Capt. N. Webber, who commands her, states that he would have been here several days ago, had he not been obliged to put about in consequence of a fire which broke out in the ship's hold. This is the second time this noble vessel has been threatened with destruction by the devouring element. She brings 3000 tons of cargo worth $500,000, and accomplishes her passage in spite of fire and water, with almost incredible speed.

Let us institute a comparison between our clippers and English merchantmen. There are at this time seventy-nine British vessels at sea, bound for this port. Of this number, over twenty have been out between three hundred and fifty and four hundred days, and may be much longer before they arrive. It will take eight of the finest of these ships to transport the cargo brought by the *Trade Wind,* and require thirty more men to man them than it does her. She performs a longer passage in one quarter of the time that they require, and is in the same proportion more commodious, healthy and safe.

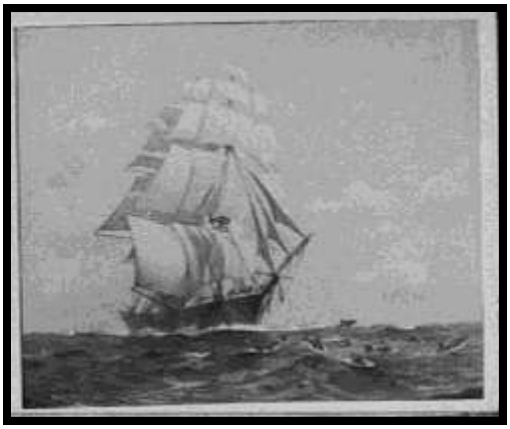
TRADE WIND

EXTREME clipper ship, launched at New York, Aug. 12, 1851, from the yard of Jacob Bell, successor to Brown & Bell, and was the longest and largest sailing ship built in the United States to that date. Keel, 235; over all, 265 x 43 x 25 feet; 2030 tons. After her first voyage a flush deck was added, improving her general appearance and increasing her capacity about 500 tons. On her second voyage she loaded at New York, 3300 tons of general cargo against 2800 theretofore. A portion of the space on the upper 'tween deck was utilized for passengers, officers and crew accommodations, galleys, etc., the ground tackle being also worked there. A carved billet took the place of a figurehead, the stern was round and handsome and altogether the ship was regarded as a model of perfect symmetry. During her short career she proved to be a fast sailer, being credited with having made at times 17 knots when deeply laden. The best day's work, however, reported on her three outward passages, was only 293, 289 and 270 miles respectively. Her owners were Booth & Edgar of New York, and William Platt & Son of Philadelphia. Her hailing port was the latter city.

The *Trade Wind* completed three round voyages, the outward passages being to San Francisco, the first two from New York, in 121 and 102 days and the third from Philadelphia, in 125 days. The homeward runs were, in order: San Francisco to Panama, 32 days and thence 86 days to New York; San Francisco to New York in 86 days, she being off Cape Hatteras when 78 days out; and the same route, in 1854, in 89 days. On all of these homeward runs she was in ballast.

Capt. W. H. Osgood, who was in command on her first outward passage, reported being 16 days off Cape Horn and 18 days from the Pacific equator crossing to destination, being off the Heads the last four days with a pilot on board for two days. In common with other arrivals about that time had much light and head winds on the run. At San Francisco she was fitted up for passengers of which she embarked 214 and sailed for Panama, Mar. 3, 1852, arriving out Apr. 4th, but Captain Osgood reported his run as 28 days, he being four days beating up the Bay of Panama. On Mar. 17th, a fire had broken out but it was immediately gotten under control. Captain Sweeney assumed command and arrived at New York, Sept. 10th, in 86 days' passage. Capt. Nathaniel Webber now took the ship and left New York, Nov. 13, 1852, crossing the line, Dec. 6th, 22 days out. Two days previously fire had been discovered in the 'tween decks which was extinguished by forcing water through holes chopped in the upper deck, but for eight hours the ship had to be run before the wind, resulting in her falling to leeward of Cape St. Roque and Captain Webber figured that he lost two days beating around; had crossed the line in longitude 34. Crossed 50° South, Atlantic, 48 days out; was 12 days thence to 50°, Pacific; 25 days from there to the equator, crossing Feb. 7th, 86 days out; and was thence 16 days and odd hours to port. Discharged and loaded 600 tons of ballast and 14 days after arrival was on the Pacific, homeward bound. On her third outward run, she was in competition with five other first class clippers, all arriving at San Francisco on Dec. 10-11, 1853, as follows: *Witch of the Wave*, 117 days; *Raven*, 119 days; *Mandarin* and *Hurricane*, 123 each; *Trade Wind*, 125; and *Comet*, 128 days.

The *Trade Wind* measured: length 248 feet, breadth 40 feet, depth 25 feet, and was 2030 tons register, being 24 tons larger than the *Challenge*. Those two ships were the largest clippers that were ever built at or about New York, and with the exception of the *Ocean Monarch*, a packet ship of 2145 tons register, built by William H. Webb in 1856, were the largest sailing ships ever constructed at that port. The *Trade Wind* was an exceedingly sharp and handsome ship, and attracted a great deal of attention. It was estimated that more than thirty thousand persons gathered about Jacob Bell's shipyard at the foot of Houston Street, East River, one bright morning in August of that year to see her launched. She was owned by W. Platt & Son, of Philadelphia, and was commanded by Captain W. H. Osgood, late of the ship *Valparaiso*.



The Flying Cloud
One of the Trade Wind's competitors

CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS OF 1853

DURING the year 1853, twenty ships arrived at San Francisco from Atlantic ports, chiefly New York, in 110 days or less, showing the high standard of efficiency that had been reached. The best passages of the year were made by the *Flying Fish*, 92 days; *John Gilpin*, 93 days; *Contest*, 97 days; *Oriental* 100 days; *Trade Wind*, 102 days; *Westward Ho*, 103 days; *Phantom*, 104 days; *Sword-Fish*, *Hornet*, and *Flying Cloud*, each 105 days; and *Sea Serpent*, 107 days. The *Comet* arrived on January 17th, after a passage of 112 days from Boston. While off Bermuda she encountered a heavy southwest gale, and was laying to under close-reefed fore- and maintopsails and foretopmast staysail, when the wind suddenly shifted into the southeast and blew with terrific force, carrying away the foretopmast stays, sending the foretopmast over the side, and making junk of the two topsails. Captain Gardner had a good crew, and so soon as the weather moderated, he rerigged his ship at sea, and took her into San Francisco as noted, in 112 days.

"Who wants to go to San Francisco," continued he, addressing the sailors, "I want fourteen hands for the McKay clipper *Flying Fish* to sail tomorrow morning?"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, before there was a rush to the desk of twice the number of hands wanted, all eager to register their names for the voyage. The requisite crew was soon procured, for the *Flying Fish's* second ocean race to 'Frisco.

An account of it has been written by Lieutenant M. F. Maury, than whom no man ever presented the world with such beneficial results for the improvement of commerce and navigation. Navigators were beginning fully to reap the benefit of Maury's researches, when four splendid American clipper ships put to sea from New York—all bound for California.

They were ably commanded, and, as they passed the bar at Sandy Hook, one by one, and at various intervals of time, they presented really a most magnificent spectacle. The names of these ships and their masters were, the *Wild Pigeon*, Captain Putnam; the *John Gilpin*, Captain Doane; the *Flying Fish*, Captain Nickels, and the *Trade Wind*, Captain Webber. Like steeds that know their riders, they were handled with the most

The fate of the Trade Wind

After arrival at New York, Captain Smith took command and sailed from Mobile, June 5, 1854, with 4657 bales of cotton, a crew of 34, and 25 to 30 passengers. At 11 P.M., June 26th, the weather being dark and thick and blowing fresh, she came in collision with the ship *Olympia* of Boston, from Liverpool, May 24th, for Boston, laden with hardware and iron, 13 in the crew and with 40 passengers. The position was latitude, 41° 50'; longitude, 57° 20'. The *Olympia* was crossing the bows of the *Trade Wind* when discovered, too near to be cleared. She was cut down between fore- and main-masts, all of her masts going by the board. *Trade Wind's* bows were entirely stove in and she was a mass of wreckage from stem to stern. The *Olympia* swung fore and aft, alongside, hung on a few moments and then drifted away. While in contact, the captain and some of the crew of *Olympia* got aboard the *Trade Wind*, believing her chances for floating better. At daylight the *Olympia* was seen some miles distant and her captain and his men started in a boat to inspect her, believing the *Trade Wind* in no immediate danger. Almost immediately, however, the latter was found to be settling fast, when Captain Smith sent his long boat, filled with passengers, towards the *Olympia*. The quarter boat, in being launched, was capsized and lost by the now demoralized crew, leaving Captain Smith and 25 men to climb into the mizzen top. In the meantime the *Olympia* had foundered and before the long boat had returned to the *Trade Wind* she, also, had gone down with Captain Smith and some 15 men. The Belgian bark *Stads Antwerpen*, Captain Wyteerhoven, now fortunately appeared and rescued the survivors, some of whom had saved themselves on floating spars. The total loss of life on both ships is said to have been 24. The *Trade Wind* was valued at $100,000; her cargo, at $250,000 and freight money, $50,000; all covered by insurance. The *Olympia*, owned by George Callender & Co., of Boston, was valued at $50,000; cargo, $200,000, and freight money, $15,000; partially insured.

yards along the Atlantic seaboard were represented by one or more. Donald McKay built the *Flying Cloud, Flying Fish,* and *Staffordshire;* William H. Webb, the *Challenge, Invincible, Comet, Gazelle,* and *Sword-Fish;* Fernald and Pettigrew, of Portsmouth, the *Typhoon;* Jacob A. Westervelt & Sons, the *Hornet* and *N. B. Palmer;* George Raynes, the *Wild Pigeon* and *Witch of the Wave;* Smith & Co., of Hoboken, the *Hurricane;* Perrin, Patterson & Stack, of Williamsburg, the *Ino;* Briggs Bros., of South Boston, the *Northern Light* and *Southern Cross;* Hood & Co., of Somerset, the *Raven;* J. O. Curtis, of Medford, the *Shooting Star;* J. Williams, the *Tornado,* Isaac Taylor, of Medford, the *Syren;* Trufant & Drummond, of Bath, the *Monsoon,* and Jacob Bell, the *Trade-Wind.*

It would be impossible to name the handsomest of these ships, for while they were all of the same general design, each possessed her special type of beauty; and beauty, as we all know, is elusive, depending largely on fashion and individual taste. In order to attract the favorable attention of shippers and to secure the highest rates of freight, it was necessary that these ships should be handsome as well as swift. Ship-owners were content to spend large sums of money, not only upon refined decoration, which was but a small portion of the expense, but also in carefully selected woods, such as India teak and Spanish mahogany for deck fittings, and in the finest shipwright's and joiner's work about the decks, which were marvels of neatness and finish.

Ship-builders certainly had every incentive to ex-

ercise their best skill upon these vessels; they received pretty much their own prices for building them, and each ship, as she sailed out upon the ocean, held in her keeping the reputation of her builder, to whom a quick passage meant fame and fortune. Six of the clipper ships launched in 1851, the *Flying Cloud, Comet, Sword-Fish, Witch of the Wave, Ino,* and *Northern Light,* established speed records that have not yet been broken, and as time rolls on, the probability that they ever will be, becomes less and less.

The *Flying Cloud* was originally contracted for by Enoch Train, the good friend of Donald McKay, but while on the stocks she was sold to Grinnell, Minturn & Co., under whose flag she sailed for a number of years. Mr. Train used to say that there were few things in his life that he regretted more than parting with this ship. She was 1783 tons register, and measured: length 225 feet, breadth 40 feet 8 inches, depth 21 feet 6 inches, with 20 inches dead-rise at half floor. Her main-yard was 82 feet and her mainmast 88 feet in length, and like all the large clippers of her day, she carried three standing skysail yards; royal, topgallant and topmast studdingsails at the fore and main, square lower studdingsails with swinging booms at the fore; single topsail yards, with four reef bands in the topsails; single reefs in the topgallant sails, and topsail and topgallant bowlines.

She was commanded by Captain Josiah Perkins Creesy, who was born at Marblehead in 1814. Like most boys who were brought up along the coast of Massachusetts Bay, he began his career by being

DEEP WATER VOYAGE OF A CENTURY AGO

Being the Cruise of the Brig " President " from New York to Orotara, in the Island of Teneriffe, During the Year 182—; Taken, with Editorial Emendation, from the Personal Journals of

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WEBBER, *at That Time Mate of the " President "*

OROTAVA, whither we were bound, is an open roadstead where in the winter time vessels must anchor in over 50 fathoms water several miles from shore to avoid being caught by one of the severe N.E. gales which are common at that time of year, and driven ashore.

While the brig was fitting out in New York for the voyage, I had mentioned this fact to Captain B. and had repeatedly urged him to procure an extra length of chain, as those already on our anchors were too short for anchoring in such deep water; and he as often promised to attend to it. The morning on which we got under weigh I had to request leave to go ashore to collect my belongings; and when I got back I found the Pilot ort board and everything in readiness for making sail. We were soon under weigh and slipping merrily down through the Narrows before a spanking northwest wind with everything set; it was not until I came to unbend the chain from the anchors and stow them below that I discovered that the purchasing of the extra cable had been neglected.

I reported the matter to Captain B. "Yes," said he, "I forgot it; we will have to go into shoaler water to anchor when we get there." So the matter dropped for the time being, but how dearly this oversight cost us will appear later.

For the first few days out of New York all went well. The weather was fine, the wind fair and the sea moderate.

We had on board, in addition to the regular ship's complement, a number of passengers—Spaniards with their wives, bound, most of them, for the Canary Islands. In addition there was one *white* woman who was the Captain's wife. She had objected very seriously to the owner's "turning our vessel into a packet ship and sending all those human cattle aboard," but orders are orders and we sailed with the cabin, which was large for a little brig like the *President*, crowded full to its utmost capacity.

When we had been out a week and were passing diagonally across the Gulf Stream, the wind one morning began to come very fresh ahead and by noon it was blowing half a gale with a considerable sea running. Captain B. was glad of the change because it made the passengers keep below and gave us clear decks to work upon. We had reduced sail to double reefed topsails, fore staysail and spanker at noon and the little brig made very good weather of it; but about 3 p. m. during my watch on deck the clouds broke away and the wind showed signs of moderating. Captain B. soon made his appearance on deck and after taking a look aloft and to windward came aft to where I was standing by the wheel. "Mr. Webber," said he, "it is getting moderate again; let us put more sail on her and see if we can't make those d d swine stay below decks for the rest of the day at least!" And before I could remonstrate he had called all hands and ordered the reefs shaken out of the topsails and the topgallant sails loosed. Then it was *Sheet home!* and *Belay all!*

The little vessel careened far over and labored heavily under the great press of canvas. Captain B. saw that he had rather overdone matters and that we were in danger of carrying away valuable gear which it would be a difficult and expensive thing to replace in the Islands, so he ordered the main topgallant sail furled again; but he gave the order just too late, for even while he was shouting to the hands, the brig plunged bows under into a combing sea and the next instant a great mass of water topped the forecastle head and came rushing aft into the waist of the ship, sweeping away the galley from its moorings on the spar deck and smashing it into fragments against the lee bulwarks. Pots and pans and mess gear of all sorts began to cruise about on deck and many of the articles were carried overboard by the retreating water. But worse than this was the loss of all the fresh meats and delicacies for the cabin table which the passengers had brought along for their use. The captain laughed heartily when he thought how disgruntled all the passengers would be to have to sit down to a mess of salt horse and hard bread served out of wooden truncheons at their next meal, but we were all too busy getting secured what was left of the wreckage to give the matter much thought.

However, it turned out to be rather more serious than any one had anticipated, for Portuguese Tom, one of the crew, told a Spanish girl about our joke that night and she told her man. Next morning the weather was moderate again and all the passengers turned out for breakfast. It was the captain's watch, so I ate first and hurried up on deck to let him

come below. "You had best look out, sir," I told him, "There was a great deal of muttering going on at the table, though unfortunately I could not understand what they were saying, but I saw a number of the men feeling for something on their belts."

"They be dead!" said he, and went below. I had inquired the course of the man at the wheel, and he had just replied when I heard a great racket coming from the cabin—women screaming and men shouting and above all the old man's voice bellowing like a goaded bull. I lost no time getting down the companion steps, but at the bottom of them ran into Mrs. B., the captain's wife, and she rushed into my arms for protection— which was unfortunate, because I dared not let her drop, yet could not go to the aid of her husband, whom I saw standing in an angle of the cabin laying about him heartily with a glass decanter, while in his other hand he had a stout carving knife. Around him in a circle were the Spaniards waving their daggers and cursing by all their saints, if one was to judge from the noise. Behind them were their women pressing them on and raving in a frantic manner; but the men were very strong when it came to holding back out of the sweep of the Captain's arm.

They were all too busy with their antics to notice me, so after I had dropped Mrs. B. on to a sofa I stepped into my room and drew out my two pistols from under the mattress and went back into the cabin. "Now senores," I said, "put away those knives, or else use them to cut your food if you feel so bad about the loss of the regular mess gear." They all went back and finished breakfast, except two or three who had not kept out of the Captain's way, but nobody was killed. The women were the worst of the lot because there was no way to discipline them.

We Miss the Islands

After this everything went well on board for several days and our observations showed that we were getting pretty well down to the latitude of the Canaries. This was before the time when chronometers were in common use, so we had no way to tell our longitude except by dead reckoning on the course and distance traveled, which is not likely to be very accurate on a long voyage when a ship is tacking and wearing and frequently changing her course. However, I felt that we were not getting far enough to the east to make Teneriffe, and besought the Captain to keep more to the eastward before he got into the latitude of prevailing easterly winds which sailors call the trade winds and which would be ahead for a vessel going as we were. Now Captain B. was a very headstrong man and because I had been the first to suggest altering our course to the eastward, he would have none of it, but kept right on—or if anything, let her run off a trifle more to the southward.

As I was only mate I could do nothing but hope that he might be right and that we would make the Islands as he said. However, the 30th day out from New York saw us in the latitude of the Canaries but with no land in sight. The captain realized that he had made a mistake, but like most men when they have, through stubbornness, acted contrary to what they know is right, he was not willing to do the thing which would be a confession of error—even when that was the only sensible cure for the situation.

"You are wrong, Mr. Webber," said he. "We are *east* of the Canaries, not west of them; but the Azores would be handier still, and as we are nearly out of drinking water, I am going to put her northwest for St. Mary's."

"If you must go to the Azores," said I, "instead of keeping her east to Teneriffe, which is the thing you know any sensible man would do, in heaven's name go north instead of northwest or you will miss those Islands too—if such a thing is possible." That was pretty strong talk to come from a mate, but we stood in a precarious position with our water allowance cut down to a pint to each man a day and the supply of salt beef almost exhausted.

Moreover, some of the crew showed signs of siding with the passengers and on one occasion I had discovered one of the women searching my room—I presume for my firearms. Just then her man went past the door and looking in mistook the situation and gave me a black look and her a sound flogging, which I would have liked to do myself, so held my peace. At any rate, the Captain only laughed at my advice and telling me to go join the clergy for my fears, put the ship's head on northwest. Yet I could not help noticing that for all his bluster he was ill at ease and when a few days later we had come into the latitude of the Azores Islands and saw naught but the broad sea horizon he had a black fit and would let no one approach within arm's reach of him, much less address him. I now spent most of the daytime aloft on the royal yardarm spying the horizon for any sign of land. Beneath me was a disquieting sight. The waist of the ship was filled with the Spanish passengers conversing among themselves in low tones. They had been forbidden to hold conversation with any member of the crew under penalty of death—and the same command had been given to

the men, so these kept forward to themselves except when the ship's duty called them aft. On the quarter deck was the helmsman standing still as an image except for an occasional turn of the wheel; while along the weather rail back and forth paced the Captain, making his turns each time in the same place with a mathematic precision, his hands clasped behind him and his black, scowling visage thrust forward. The tramp of his heavy sea boots on the hollow deck rang out like the reports of musketry, echoing through the quiet ship.

The Last Cask of Hate

As day after day went by without sight of land the Captain grew more sullen and the feelings of all became more intense. We were finally down to the last cask of water, which for a ship's complement of twenty souls would not last long. The Captain called for me to come into his room. He spread out the chart- of the North Atlantic Ocean on his berth and stood pondering. I said nothing, waiting for him to speak first. "You were right, Mr. Webber," he said at last, "we must have been west of the Islands all the time; and now we've come west so much farther that it is out of the question to get back against the easterly trades. There is only one chance left—I am going to put her west in the hope of striking Bermuda —if we miss that it's death from thirst and then Davy Jones' Locker for all hands."He stood there, a man crushed; it was not difficult to be seen that he placed little confidence in the desperate expedient proposed.

"It is no use, sir," I told him as respectfully as I could, "we are over a thousand miles at the least from the Bermudas and if you cannot find a large archipelago like the Western Islands, how do you expect to strike a little dot on the map like Bermuda ? Let me go aloft and have another look and if I see no land then put about and try to beat up for the Azores. Believe me, it is by far the wiser plan!"

"Well, you may go aloft and have a spy, Mr. Webber," he replied, "but I do not promise to follow your advice."I went wearily up the ratlines to the maintop and then on up to the main royal yard.

All hands had now become so accustomed to seeing me go aloft that they did not even look up in hope of my sighting anything. It was a fine, clear day. I extended the telescope and swept the horizon. There was not a sign of land. Then directly ahead I spied a tiny speck. I put the g!a?s down to rest my vision, then looked again. "Sail, oh! Sail!" I cried shrilly. The speck on the horizon was the fore royal of a ship headed toward us!

The effect of my shout was magical. All the passengers swarmed to the rail and peered about on every side, while the seamen sprang into the rigging and ran aloft with more celerity than they had ever shown in handling sail. Captain B. rushed bareheaded to the deck.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WEBBER

From a photograph taken in 185—-, when he commanded the famous clipper ship *Trade Wind,*

"Where away?" he hailed. "Dead ahead, sir," I replied, "and headed right for us."

"Very well, Mr. Webber," he shouted with all his old bluster returned, "chase down that d d crowd of baboons down out of the rigging; and come down yourself and get all the kites on her so that we shall get up to him before nightfall." We soon had the brig under studdingsails fore and aft; but an hour later the breeze lightened and by sunset had dropped out almost entirely. The stranger, a full-rigged ship and a whaler from her looks, was now in plain sight only a few miles away. To prevent his missing us in the dark we placed an empty tar barrel on the forecastle head and set fire to it. This made a bright illumination and showed the other vessel how to steer. By nine o'clock he was abeam half a mile off our weather. Captain B. then ordered the brig hove-to and the cutter swung out and lowered. He got into the boat with four seamen and an empty water cask and they pulled away to intercept the whaler.

Soon the whaler wore ship, and I had to do the same in order not to be left behind. Now began a period of intense anxiety for us on board, because the Captain had taken with him no lantern or other means of making a light; and what with the darkness of the night and the maneuvering of the vessels we could not tell whether or not he had succeeded in reaching the ship. So I commanded all hands to be silent and to refrain from speech and I listened intently, keeping my car down by the rail of the brig in the hope of hearing the sound of oars from the returning boat. Thus both vessels sailed on for more than two hours and I had begun to fear that we had sailed away from the cutter and left our Captain

in the middle of the ocean somewhere astern, when the lookout spied a black object in the track of a star on the water. Great was our relief when the boat, for such it was, had come alongside and been hooked on to the davit falls and hoisted aboard.

The men jumped out nimbly enough, but Captain B. remained huddled in the after sheets and had to be lifted out. He said he was very sick from the motion of the small boat on the water but the smell soon convinced me that something stronger than water was accountable for his sudden illness. One of the hands who had been in the boat told me that the reason they were so long in getting back to the brig was because Captain B. had insisted upon steering for a red star, low on the horizon, which he took to be our port side-light. This, it happened, put them on a course about parallel to that which the brig was taking, so they had been rowing for the past hour along with us, only gradually edging nearer when the Captain would lose sight of the star in his confusion of mind and they could head the boat around in the proper direction. The men were pretty well used up because they had been rowing hard for fear lest the brig should slip ahead of them.

Pursuit of the Whaler

The Captain, for his part, was too befuddled to remember the longitude which the Commander of the whaler had given him, though he told me that we were quite a bit to the west of the Azores. Fortunately he had not forgotten to fill the cask with fresh water, but one cask would not last long for so many people.

By this time the ship had got nearly out of sight to the northeast of us, the wind being southerly, so I cracked on all sail and stood after her in order that we might get more water and ascertain our position on the morrow. The whaler, being in no hurry, was under easy sail, and we began soon to overhaul her, then alas! the breeze freshened so I had to take in studding-sails and clew my royals, and a slight mist coming up with the wind we would lose sight of the ship for a time and then catch a quick glimpse of her as she swung along over the seas ahead of us. It was an exciting race, for our very lives were at stake. As the wind grew stronger it became evident that we were scarcely holding our own with her, so I dared not shorten sail more; though the little brig labored heavily and at one time 1 thought the masthead to be sprung, but it proved not, thanks be to Providence! This night I kept the deck through all watches. The Captain was below in his bed.

Morning showed us the whale-ship several miles to the lore, but within plain vision, so I signalized her and her commander saw our flags and hove-to until we came up with him. I then hailed him and told him that we needed more water and he replied that he would supply us, having a large store on board.

Then boats were lowered from the whaler, they being more handy than ours for transshipping water in the heavy sea which was now running. The Captain of the whaler himself came on board, and finding we had ladies on board, he remained with us for a long time. Not having seen any American or English ladies for a long time, he viewed them closely with his one eye (for he had but one, yet with that he made great use, as well as of some cognac or other liquor which was passed around pretty freely).

After a while some, if not all, of the passengers went aboard his ship; and in the afternoon I asked permission to go on board and see his mate. I did not say what I wanted to go for; but what I desired was to find out if possible what his longitude was, as I could not learn from the Captain; and when I saw how freely drinking was going on I thought I should have a pretty poor chance of learning from my Captain even if he had found out from the captain of the whaler.

I went on board in the whale-boat, but got very little satisfaction, for I found the mate of the whaler "half-seasover" as the sailors say; so as soon as I could I got back to my own vessel again. They were still drinking and laughing in the cabin, and as the boats had gone back and forth many times, each time changing crews and getting treated on board both ships, all hands were nearly "over the bay."

In the cabin they soon grew to be quite lively, some of them, I think, quite on the drunken side of the bay. There they remained, talking and drinking, until late in the evening. As the weather grew more threatening, I began to feel alarmed for the safety of the whale-ship, knowing the state they were all in, with hardly enough men left on board to work the ship even when sober. So I ventured to go and speak to the Captain and tell him that they maneuvered his ship in such a strange way that I feared I should lose sight of her.

He replied quite insultingly to me, saying that I only wanted to be rid of him and that he would not go till he pleased; however, he came on deck to take a look.

Now, just about three or four feet in front of our cabin door was the break of our quarter-deck, the brig being what is called a "deep-waisted" vessel with the quarter-deck raised some four feet above the main deck. The night was dark and he blind of one eye and from having drunk so much could hardly see out of the other; I was afraid he might step off and hurt himself; I gave him caution, and he called me all the Yankee rascals he could think of and asked me if I thought he was drunk. After abusing me for saving him from an "Irish hoist," he turned and went into the cabin, saying he would not go till he had a mind to, and would stay all night if he pleased.

And I do not know but what he would, had it not been for a scene that took place, shortly after, which brought him and all the rest of them on deck— a horrible scene, it was. I wish I could portray it to the reader in such a manner that he might have some faint idea of it as it really was; I hardly think it will be possible. But I will try.

The last whale-boat to come alongside before night remained alongside for their captain: the boat's crew, all but one man, came aboard the brig to have a "long yarn" (as sailors call it, the whalers call it a "gam") with our crew, while all were jovial fore and aft. Now, the man in the boat (who was left there to take care of her and keep her clear of the brig's side), whether asleep or otherwise, let the boat's gunwale get caught and upset the boat, and away she went astern, spilling him out, and had he not been a good swimmer he would have been drowned. The boat was lost and all that was in her; he, however, got on board the brig.

And now commenced a new scene of action. Those in the cabin left their grog and came on deck, the sailors cut their "long yarn" short and came piling aft. Nearly all the boat's crew pitched into the poor fellow, whose life had just been spared, to give him a beating. Then some of our crew would not see such foul play, as they called it; and they pitched into *them.* They all pounded each other for some time, and every few minutes they would knock someone overboard, and by some means or other he would manage to get in again (by means of ropes hanging over the side, for our rigging was all adrift).

From some remark or other cause—I know not what—the two Captains got at it. The old whaler got my captain down. Then I had to go and roll him off; I believe they could not hurt each other much—they had drunk too much. But by this time the Spanish passengers had entered into the arena, brandishing their drawn knives, the ladies screeching and screaming, and the Captain's wife rushing to me for protection. This sort of business went on for a long time, sometimes stopping the fight for a few minutes to quarrel, and then going it again with renewed *viger* — and away flies two or three more overboard. Finally, they became exhausted and gave it up.

We made out to get near enough to hail the ship and the Captain ordered another boat to come for him. As soon as this was alongside, both boats' crews and their commander got in and away they went, quarreling as they left the brig.

We Raise the Azores

As soon as they got clear of us I bore away and made sail, not knowing if they ever reached their ship or ever hearing of them or their ship afterward. After the departure of our visitors the passengers and my Captain went below and went to sleep. I kept the deck the whole night. Next morning, quite to my surprise, we made out some high land—the Peak of Pico in the Azores or Western Islands—a long distance off, and by reason of the wind being light and baffling we were not up with it before night. At midnight when my watch was out, I called the Captain and told him that we were nearly down to the harbor and as the wind was fair it would not be best to run too far, as we should go past.

He replied, "Go and turn in; I will be up directly." I waited awhile and then called again, "Are you awake, sir?"

"Aye, ah, y-e-s, yes, I will be up in a few minutes; go and turn in."

It is not the duty of a mate to run counter to his captain's orders or take any unbecoming responsibility. I had stood the deck as long as I could; more I could not do, so went below as ordered.

When I was called at 4 a. m. I found the Captain had not been up and the vessel still running on. I hove-to immediately and waited for daylight, when it became evident that we had passed the harbor. To beat back would have

consumed much time, so I ran on for St. Mary's, which, fortunately, we made during daytime; and ran in and let go anchor.

Here we replenished our supplies, and, getting the anchor at the bow and making sail, stood out to sea again. We had before us now a run of some seven hundred miles from the Azores to the Canary Isles. Hardly had we been out a day when, the wind drawing a trifle more to the eastward, Captain B. put his helm up and bore off S.S.E., so as to carry his sails rap full of wind. Earnestly did I desire him to lay her closer to the wind, saying that if we made such a fair wind of it now we would have it only so much the more ahead later on, and be forced to beat in order to weather

Palma and Gomero—the two islands which lay on our course this side Teneriffe.

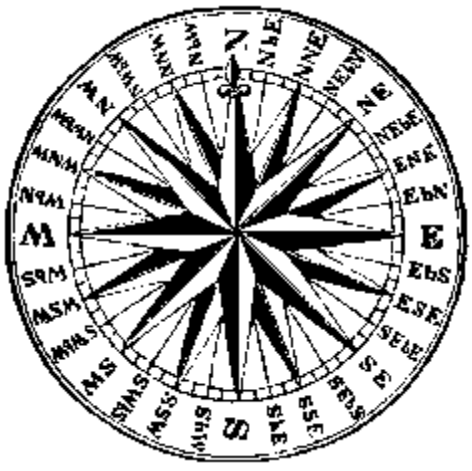
But he would run her off, and the upshot of it was that we went to leeward not only of those islands but of Teneriffc as well, and lay for days becalmed under the lee of the high land. Then at last, drawing out from behind the land under a great press of canvas, our brig encountered a whole gale of wind as soon as the Point was passed.

It piped up faster than we could shorten sail, so to save our gear we had perforce to run back in. Here, being once again becalmed, Captain B. could not be convinced that it was still blowing hard outside, so he must needs wear ship and beat forth once more under full sail. Then again it was *clew up and clew down!* and get in sail as fast as the Almighty would let us; and twice was this performance repeated before Captain B. could be prevailed upon to shorten sail before going out past the Point.

"If, Sir," I said, "you will put the brig under proper canvas for a blow and then go out and hang her to it, we shall eventually be able to beat around to the weather side of the islands and the harbor of Orotava, for which we are bound ; but there is surely no sense in going out there under full sail and then growing frightened and running back whence we

After some difficult windward work the brig finally arrived at the port of Orotava. Here they found it necessary to anchor far off the land in deep water, as Mr. Webber had predicted, and as their cables were not long enough to get bottom Captain B. had to go ashore and hire a cable for this purpose.

The passengers were put ashore, but a gale coming up before the cargo could be landed, the vessel was forced to slip her cable and stand out to sea. Instead of heaving-to until the gale was past and then going back to his moorings, Captain B. ran for the island of Lazarote, where there was a well-sheltered harbor. While the brig was lying there Captain B. and Mr. Webber had a falling out over some repairs which the latter held were not being made in a seamanlike fashion. As a result Mr. Webber was disrated, but later a reconciliation was effected through the efforts of the American consul - an Englishman - and the mate was reinstated. After lying at Lazarote for seven weeks, the brig ran back to Orotava, disposed of her cargo and set out for New York, where she arrived after a stormy passage just six months from the day on which the outward-bound voyage began! Such a voyage nowadays would scarecely take the ordinary tramp steamer as many weeks to accomplish.



A CHINA VOYAGE IN THE CLIPPER SHIP DAYS

Adapted from the Journals of

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WEBBER

From Outing Magazine-Volume LXII-April to September 1913

A FEW days after my arrival at New York in the brig *Armadillo* from Mobile, I met with a friend whom I had known for many years. One time when as boys we were playing at Indians in his father's hay field, which lay on the downs overlooking Boston harbor, we had stopped our sport to gaze at a tall ship passing out to sea; and he, after looking long at the ship, had read me this riddle: "I sat on a load of hay, and saw the dead carry the living away."

"If by the dead you mean yonder fine vessel," I had replied, "you had best scheme up something different, for truly she appears to me as much endowed with life and grace of bearing as any fine lady on the Common of a Sabbath evening." In such small ways do our youthful notions mould an entire career: he, practical and looking always to the profit of a voyage, had risen to be commander of a great clipper engaged in the China trade, while I, with my mind turned rather toward the perfection of my craft, was but a poorly paid Master in the coasting service.

Now as we walked together across the Bowling Green he began to chaff me about the stinginess of my employers. "Is it true," said he, "that in the coastwise trade the owners are too mean to supply a vessel with proper brushes for painting the white-work, but instead make it necessary for a Master to have the paint laid on with plucked-out ropes' ends?"

No little nettled at his manner, I replied, "You do yourself little credit in my opinion, Captain L., to be coming the roots o'er me in this vaunting fashion because Providence has seen fit to bless you beyond the fortunes of your old friend, and, no doubt, beyond your deserts!"

"No, Nathaniel," he cried, "I had not meant to injure you, but rather it is my hearty desire to improve your fortunes, and in proof thereof I now desire you to come Mate with me in the *Washington* the next voyage. You are a competent navigator and a good seaman, and no doubt will soon rise to be the Master of a vessel in the same employ; you are merely starving yourself, where you are." '

He spoke more in the same vein with such warmth that I was persuaded ere we separated to make the voyage with him, although it was not easy for me who had been used to being Master in my own ship, however small, to welcome the prospect of being again subject to another's commands. At any rate, I fetched my belongings aboard the *Washington* next day and immediately assumed charge of loading the outward cargo—trading goods for the port of Canton—as was my office. A week later I went to the Captain's house and reported the ship ready for sea. . At this time (1833) it was customary for a smart captain to take his ship out of the harbor without the assistance of tow boats, and some account of how this was managed may not be amiss. The *Washington*, be it remembered, was in the first class of the finest and largest ships of the day—one of the earliest of that great fleet of clippers which in the '50s and '60s made our flag known with admiration in every port of the world. Her register was rising 1,000 tons and she measured some 220 feet between perpendiculars, while it was upwards of 130 feet from the waterline to her main skysail yard. No small fabric, indeed, to manage under her own power in the crowded waters of a harbor; but there were shipmasters in those days worthy of the title!

The day on which we sailed was August the 13th, 1833, with the breeze fresh at E. S. E. The ship lay at the Company's wharf on South Street. When our passengers had come aboard the captain summoned me and ordered a light stream-anchor with a long hawser bent on to it to be carried out by one of the ship's boats into the middle of the river and there let go. When this had been done, the end of the hawser was passed through one of the stern chocks and along the deck to the great capstan which was now manned by all hands and set turning merrily to the tune of a shanty. As soon as the slack of the hawser had been reeled in the Captain raised his trumpet and sent the command along the wharf, above the cheering of the crowd, to "let go all shore lines."

These were promptly let go and hauled in by men stationed for that purpose, and as the capstan kept going around the mighty ship drew gradually away from the shore and out into the stream. Once clear of the wharf and with room for the ship to swing, the hawser was carried to the bow chock and the ship hove out to her anchor. As the tide was running flood, she tailed with it so that her stern was toward the wind.

Captain L. then came to the break of the quarterdeck with his speaking trumpet, while I, as first officer, took my position on the forecastle head and the other mates went to their allotted stations to supervise the work of setting sail. At a word from the Captain the fore and main topsail halyards were manned and the yards sent aloft. Then sail stops were cast off and the bowlines loosed. As the great sails bellied out to the fresh breeze they were sheeted home and the yards squared around by their braces.

Under this sail the vessel gradually gathered headway and came up over her light anchor, which was quickly run up to the bow. Then in rapid succession one sail after another was unfurled and sheeted home until within a space of perhaps 10 minutes what had been but a gaunt network of spars and rigging was become, to all appearances, a great, unbroken expanse of canvas.

With a fresh breeze on her quarter the *Washington* ran swiftly down the Narrows and in the lower bay passed an incoming fleet of warships with which we exchanged salutes. By evening Navesink Highlands had dropped below the horizon astern and we were on a course for the Cape of Good Hope.

The next few days showed me how delightful a voyage may be on a well-appointed ship with competent officers and a sufficiently large crew to perform their duties without hardship or grumbling. I had one watch with the third mate, while the second and fourth mates took the other, Captain L. coming on deck at any time of the day or night when he might see fit, but without any appointed watch. This system, which is that followed by all deep water vessels in the China and California trades, relieves the commander from the annoyance of petty duties and leaves him fresh to exert his utmost force in the time of storms or other emergencies.

Captain L. was a fine, hearty man and a splendid seaman. He had full confidence in his ship, which he believed in driving to the utmost of her powers, as well as in his officers to whom he was unfailingly courteous, yet whom he never spared in the proper exercise of their work—which was to carry as much sail as the vessel would stand and carry it as long as it would stay in the bolt ropes.

It was his custom in fine weather to take a turn on deck immediately after dinner and then again at about lip. M. before retiring for the night. On the fourth night out, as we were crossing the center of the Gulf Stream, it came on to blow very heavy northwest with severe rain squalls and lightning. It was my watch until midnight and I took the liberty of asking the Commander if it would not be well to shorten down to topsails at the change of the watch, when all hands would be on deck. The ship was tearing through the black water at a tremendous rate, leaving a great phosphorescent wake astern of her, and was laboring heavily under the tremendous press of canvas.

Captain L. steadied himself for a moment by the wheel and gazed aloft where occasionally a vivid flash of lightning would throw the straining fabric of upper sails into relief against the riven clouds. Then he turned to me and shouted with a laugh, "The skysails are still there, Mr. Webber. Let her go and call me if it *moderates!"*

All went on smoothly for day after day until one would almost lose track of the passage of time. There were, of course, times which would have given a little vessel like my former command a severe tussle, but the *Washington* came through them all flying—scarcely doffing any of her canvas. The winds at this time of the year were for the most part westerly, and Captain L. would as soon have thought of refusing a good cargo as to shorten sail to a fair wind. In fact, on more than one occasion lighter sails were torn to ribbons or blown completely out of their bolt ropes. Then it would be, "Mr. Webber send down what's left of that fore royal and bend a new one in its place. Have the sail maker see if he can patch it up to replace the next one that goes."

It made no difference how heavy the wind might be or how badly the ship was laboring, a squad of men under one of the mates or boatswain would make their way aloft-^-one moment swung out over the boiling water 100 feet below and the next with their bodies flattened against the shrouds by the sheer weight of the wind—to swarm put on the yard and gather in what remained of the thrashing sail. Fortunately the hands were a picked lot, as efficient and seamanlike as their officers, and with as much pride in the vessel and her record for fast voyages. No task was too severe for their

hardihood. This I say in direct refutation of the stories which we hear in these degenerate days of steam and grease about the cruelty practiced in the old sailing-ship days. The mates, to be sure, could allow no soldiering; but where none was attempted the seaman was treated' with respect by his officers, and his life, though a dangerous one, was by no means the slavelike existence which modern story writers would have us believe. At least, this is so of the big ships bound on long voyages where harmony between all the members of a ship's company was worth paying good wages and serving good food to procure.

It was indeed this very harmony which made it possible for American vessels in those days so far to surpass the sailing records of ships of every other nation. As an example of this one instance comes clearly to my memory. When down nearly to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, we encountered the most severe gale of our outward-bound voyage. A mountainous sea was heaving in from the south and the wind, which had originally come from that direction, was now blowing directly from the West, with hurricane force. High as the *Washington* stood above the water, occasional crests would sweep her main deck, and she steered so hard that I had to keep two men continually at the wheel and have them relieved every half hour. The wind, however, was *fair* and therefore every man on the ship from Captain L. to the cook's boy would have felt disgraced had the order been given to heave the ship to. Under double reefed topsails and fore course she was logging upwards of 16 knots and all hands were as pleased as if they had just been granted a week's shore leave at New York.

Later in the day, when the wind had moderated somewhat, we sighted a large British bark hove to under short canvas. She was flying distress signals so Captain L. ordered the wheel put up and ran down to have a look at her. As soon as our signals could be clearly seen, he asked what she wanted and the bark replied with a request to stand by. Captain L. then ran up flags demanding if the bark were injured or anything wrong on board. The Britisher replied again, "Stand by. Do not like look of weather."

When the second mate read the meaning of this signal out of the code book, a great laugh went up in our cabin and Captain L. replied with flags reading, "See nothing wrong in this weather," and hoisted the American ensign above the signal in order to give point to his remark. No doubt the British captain said, "Another of those d d crazy Yankees" when he read our flags, but we were in Batavia a week before he appeared. Afterwards he rendered us valuable aid, as shall appear, so perhaps I should not make too much sport of his prudence.

Once around the Cape of Good Hope, which we passed well out to sea, a course was laid for Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra. This was the season of typhoons on the Indian Ocean at the change from the southwest to the northeast monsoon so all hands were kept busy reeving new running gear under my direction and replacing any parts of the standing rigging which showed the slightest sign of weakness. It was the philosophy of the old clipper ship commander not to care how many sails he blew away provided it was the canvas alone which went and that no spars or yards were carried away. I believe that by the time we were well into the Indian Ocean a hurricane could have struck the *Washington* and ripped every thread of canvas off her without breaking a spar or parting a sheet or halyard.

Curiously enough, however, the expected bad weather did not come, but on the contrary the wind remained fresh and constant between southwest and west, and every day showed a record of 300 miles or better run on our course. Still, the nervous tension on board had become quite acute and was possibly more felt for the long suspense. I, although first mate, was the only one of the officers who had not been into the East before, but I had heard great stories of the terrific weather to be expected at the break of the monsoon and was determined that no particle of preparation should be neglected.

This attitude seemed to be reflected in the minds of all, and resulted in one case in an act of violence which, I believe, would not have occurred under ordinary circumstances. As it was the only thing of the kind to take place on the entire voyage I cannot but mention it, though it be with regret.

We had a number of young gentlemen living in the steerage who had been sent to sea by their parents to learn navigation. One of these was a young man from New Orleans by the name of Kane. He was of a very excitable temperament and the direct cause of his coming with us was the fact that he had killed a man shortly before in some private quarrel. Although usually amenable to the ship's discipline, he resented being addressed by the lower mates in the way that they would speak to a common sailor. This morning in the Indian Ocean Captain L. and myself were engaged in taking an observation for our longitude and Kane was busy with some minor work about the deck. The second mate came along and I heard him reprimand Kane for some slight mistake in rather a testy voice. Kane did not

reply; but the next moment we heard the sound of a blow and a scuffle, and the man at the wheel cried out, "He'll murder him!"

We turned and saw the mate prostrate on the deck with a widening pool of blood about his head and Kane standing above him, an open splicing knife in his hand. Fortunately the knife had no point or murder would no doubt have been done. Captain L., however, did not stop to investigate, but with quickness amazing in so large a man, sprang upon Kane, wrenched the knife from his hand and then, seizing him about the waist, swung him over his head and dashed him to the deck with such force that I thought we should soon have two burials instead of one.

It turned out that the mate was not seriously hurt beyond a deep scalp wound and was able to resume his duties next day. Kane, however, although he recovered apparently from the Captain's rough handling, seemed to be affected in his mind by the unfortunate incident coming so soon after his former escapade, and after this we had to watch him very carefully on the ship and dared not let him go ashore in any of the ports visited, for fear lest he should kill some one, as the morbid desire seemed to grow upon him. In such a way may the hasty act of one moment alter a man's life. «

The ship entered Batavia Roads on the day before Christmas, and we remained there until after New Year's Day taking on fresh supplies and water.

The day before we sailed there came in the British bark which we had passed off the Cape of Good Hope; and Captain Cunningham, her commander, desired us to remain over night and sail in company with him the next day across the Java Sea that we might have mutual protection against the Malay pirates which at this time infested all that region.

This time Captain L. did as requested, and well it was, because the high land back of Batavia had hardly disappeared from sight when there appeared two large proas coming out from some hidden harbor on the Java shore. It was the hour before sunset and the wind was so light that the *Washington* and her consort scarcely had steerage way. The proas, however, with fifty men at their oars, came out quite rapidly and when within range, the one in the lead sent a solid shot across our bows from a small gun mounted in the eyes. We had little fear of their artillery but had no liking, on the other hand, for their curved krises and poisoned daggers. The *Washington* had gun ports painted on her sides, but the Malays seemed to know that these were false, for they came steadily on.

Muskets and hand spikes were given out to all hands and a guard was stationed at every point where it would be possible for a man to get up over the side. Some of the passengers and young gentlemen who had brought fowling pieces were stationed on the quarterdeck to prevent a rush on the cabin in case any of the Malays reached our deck alive.

Captain Cunningham was a quarter of a mile astern of us, and as both the proas were headed for us we presumed it was their idea to take the largest ship first and then capture the other at their convenience. Since the bark appeared to be too far off to lend assistance, Captain L. signalized him that he had best wear ship and attempt to escape, because there would be no use in sacrificing both ships.

However, we had reckoned without a knowledge of our sturdy English friend's preparedness: great was our surprise and joy to see a sudden puff of smoke followed by the report of a cannon from his forecastle head. Whether the shot was due to skill or luck I know not, but it struck the leading proa fairly amidships and must have wrought great damage because the boat stopped, and soon both Malay vessels were pulling back for the shore faster than they had come out— with Captain Cunningham's visiting cards whistling after them. Although we had sailed with him at his request, it was he who was proven the rescuer.

The remainder of the voyage to Macao—the port for Canton—was without special event, save for smuggling the Captain's wife into a port from which all white women were at that time excluded by Imperial edict.

The homeward voyage of the *Washington* was much delayed by head winds in the China Sea and Indian Ocean, but even so the round trip was completed in less than a year.

As an indication of the profits which were sometimes made in the early days of the China trade, a later voyage of Captain Webber's may be cited in which, on the testimony of his journals, a vessel is known to have netted $200,000 profit from a single voyage.—ED.

TRILLING SCENES.

Naval journal, Volume 25, May 1853

By American Seamen's Friend Society

We are indebted to the courteous Secretaries of the Am. H. M. Soc'y., for the following communications in season for this No. of the Sailors Magazine.—ED.

It will be remembered, we doubt not, by all our readers, that a large missionary reinforcement was sent, a few months since, by the American Home Missionary Society, to the Pacific coast Eight missionaries, with their families, sailed from New York, November 13th, in the clipper ship "Trade Wind," Capt. Nathaniel Webber. The first intelligence concerning them since their departure, is the report, just received, of their safe arrival in San Francisco, on the 24th of February, after a voyage of 102 days. But little inconvenience was experienced from sea sickness, storms, or extremes of heat and cold ; every possible attention to the wants of the passengers was uniformly paid by the officers of the ship; and no event occurred, with a single exception, to vary the uniform pleasantness of the passage.

The particulars of the passage have been communicated by several of the missionaries. We publish below a few extracts, relating to the most interesting incidents, particularly to the fire, by which the ship, and the lives of all on board, were exposed to imminent peril.

Rev. E. B. Walsworth writes, under date of Feb. 14th, as follows:

We have found Capt. Webber to be, in all respects, better than he was recommended to us, high as those recommendations were. He has left nothing undone that he could do, which would minister to our comfort . He has made us feel as if we were at home—as if he were a father to us all. The sailors regard him as a father and a friend. He is also a man of simple and earnest piety. He has seconded all of our efforts to do good among the passengers and crew. We have services on the Sabbath, twice each day, when the weather allows. He has *required* the sailors to be present at the morning service, and *requested* them to attend in the afternoon. We have had morning and evening devotions on deck ; a Bible class in the forecastle, on the Sabbath, and twice during the week in the cabin. We have had the communion administered twice. At the last one, by request of the Captain, I baptized his son, and five other children, who were brought forward by Christian parents. It was a season that will be remembered by us all.

Peril by Fire

Only one thing has occurred to us, in all of the passage, which has marred our happiness, and that was the great danger which our ship was once in from fire; but, by the kind interposition of that Providence which has conducted us hitherto, we were saved. It was on the morning of the 21st day of our passage, when in lat. 1° 14', and long. 32° 38', that one of the sailors came running to the officer on the quarter deck, crying out, " The ship is on fire !*' This officer went forward, and saw the smoke coming out of the chain lockers and crevices of the deck. He ordered the force pump to be manned, and went back to the cabin, where Capt. W. and the passengers were at breakfast. He communicated the fact to the Captain, and they both left without any suspicions being excited as to the cause. After breakfast I went upon deck, and the unusual stir on the forecastle attracting my attention, I went forward, and soon learned the cause; the ship was on fire—in the cargo—somewhere, it was supposed, between the second and third deck; but how extensive the fire was, could not be immediately ascertained. A hole was cut through the deck, and a stream of water from the force pump, which would throw about five barrels per minute, was thrown in upon the burning mass. Several other places were cut, and lines, for passing buckets were formed by the passengers. We toiled on in this way for some three hours, but could see no indication that we were getting the fire under. The ventilators seemed rather to show that it was spreading aft, under the cabin, which was then beginning to be filled with gas and smoke.

The ship was then turned head to the land; we were 450 miles from it. The powder magazine was hoisted upon the upper deck, and placed where it could be easily thrown overboard ; the life boats got out, and the provisions and water, and the clothing which we would need till we could reach the land, made ready. At this time another large opening was made, and a box, on fire, was broken in pieces, and its contents passed up upon the deck. Another and another were broken up in this manner, till a place was made large enough to admit one of the sailors, who boldly went down with the hose in his hand. He directed it against the burning mass, till he fell exhausted upon the floor. He

was dragged out, and another, as .bold as he, came to his place. In a moment or two he fell, like his companion, and was dragged out insensible, and carried upon the deck. Another and another took his place, and shared his fate. Thus it went on, till every one of our sixty sailors had taken his turn. At one time, I counted sixteen of these generous fellows lying together on the deck. The ladies came from the cabin, and bathed their heads with camphor, which would, in most cases, bring them to in a short time. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to walk, he would go back and offer his services again. Several of the men were brought up out of this place insensible, as many as six times. On the most of them the gas which they inhaled seemed to have an effect somewhat like that of exhilarating gas, particularly when they were partially resuscitated. It was no easy matter to restrain those powerful men, when they endeavored to throw themselves overboard, or do themselves or us some personal harm.

For four hours we labored in this way, and you may imagine the terrors of our position. We could not but fear that the strength of the men, self-sacrificing as they were, would not hold out till the flames were extinguished. Some of them could do no more, and these the hardiest of them all. We toiled on, however,— the passengers, gentlemen and ladies, working the pumps,—for another hour, when the joyful news came that the fire was out. No more flames could be seen, no more smoke arose. We began to breathe freely, and hope that deliverance had been sent to us. After the rest of an hour an examination was made, but no signs of fire were discovered. We all lay down upon the deck (it was very warm), and passed the night. The next day was the Sabbath, and never did a more grateful, a more devout assembly, come together for the worship of God.

The most daring and wicked among the sailors, confessed that if God had not helped them they could not have put out the fire. One of them had said, when the ship was on fire, " You see, now, of how little use all this praying is, which we have had aft. There was never a ship that went out of New York, that has had so much of it on board, and yet here she is, on fire." And yet, this same man, when he went down into the hold, and saw what the fire had done, said, with a treat deal of emotion, "If prayer didn't keep the ship from getting on fire, it must have had something to do in putting it out."

On Monday, the Captain ordered the cargo to be broken into, and a thorough examination to be made. It was found that the fire had burned over a space which extended forty feet in one direction and thirty in another. It had burned through from one side of the ship to the other, and had burned so nearly through the floor, or deck, that a blow of the hand would break it through. Had the fire made its way through the sides of the ship, I do not see how she could have been saved; as it was, it was a most difficult task. We owe our preservation, under God, to the fidelity of the men, and the excellence and power of the force pump with which the ship is provided. One of the men said to me, that they would not have worked as they did for any other Captain. They had no grudge against him that they wished to gratify. One of our sailors had once before been on board of a ship that was burned, and narrowly escaped with his life. When it became clear that our ship was dangerously on fire, he ran up and down, raving like a maniac. It was some time before he could be so quieted as to return to his duty.

After a very careful examination of the condition of the ship, the Captain came to the conclusion that she was not injured so as to require him to put into Rio Janeiro. He thought that her strength was not weakened, as her timbers were not much burned. We went on, therefore, and have seen the land but twice in ninety three days; once, the coast of South America, near Cape St. Roque; and the land on both sides of the Straits of Le Maire, through which we passed soon after going by the straits of Magellan. We did not speak a single ship on the Atlantic side. We spoke a whaler off Cape Horn, and spent nearly a day on board of another, when becalmed off Callao.

Our visit to that ship was, I trust, one of the links in a chain of Providence by which great good may be done to those on board. The Captain had been deeply afflicted in the loss of his wife, who had accompanied him on his passage. She was buried on Pitcairn's Isle. She was sincerely pious. He told us the incidents of her death, and repeated an exquisitely beautiful piece of poetry that she wrote on their separation, just before she died. His mind was tender; he seemed to be desirous to be prepared to meet his wife in a better world. The cook on this ship was a pious man, and the Captain bore witness to the sincerity and earnestness of his piety. We gave to them a part of the books which we obtained from the Tract Society. I trust that the prayers of that pious cook will be answered, in seeing salvation come to those for whom he so long and so earnestly prayed.

An Invisible Enemy. The suffering and danger caused by breathing the noxious gas, which was generated by the fire, is more particularly described in a letter from Rev. Mr. Dickinson.

A new difficulty now met us. The confined fire, as it fumed beneath the deck, had filled the hold with carbonic acid gas. Every recess, every crevice of the hold, like the chinks of a smothered coal pit, was loaded with this deadly poison. And now, before the fire was extinguished, and while it still cracked beyond the reach of the water which issued from the hose, this deadly poison began to work. The boxes of freight must be removed before the fire could be fully conquered; and into the midst of this poisonous fluid the men must go, in order to extinguish the fire. They began to work without suspecting the presence of this destructive element. In removing the boxes, as one descended to the hold, he fell senseless to the floor. While he is being dragged out in the fresh air, another and another fall senseless, smitten by this strange foe. In the midst of the hurry and fearful scenes of a ship on fire at sea, it is some time before we can determine the cause of this new difficulty, and while we hesitate, another and another, and now a whole company have fallen, until nearly the whole of the remaining band of men are engaged in dragging out and bearing up, through the forecastle hatch and the cook s companion way, the apparently lifeless bodies of their comrades.

And now a scene follows which beggars description. There lies one with his chin falling, and gasping for breath, as if in the agonies of death. By his side lies another in mad delirium, throwing himself into a thousand contorted shapes. One is biting himself and gnashing his teeth for pain, while the froth runs from his mouth, like the slimy ejections ot one afflicted with the hydrophobia. But thanks to God for the confidence and strong courage manifested by all the passengers. The ladies were as calm and self-possessed as if nothing had happened. Those who loved Christ felt that they had nothing to fear, and their calmness, together with the serene countenance of our beloved commander (Capt. Webber,) seemed to infuse the same spirit into all the rest, and all of them became efficient helpers in this hour of trial.

The fire was still burning late in I he afternoon, and almost every man, officers and crew, had suffered from the effects of the gas. Some of the men, after lying in agony, every limb cramping, for nearly half an hour at a time, .would rise, as soon as they came out of their cramps, and breaking away from those who besought them not to expose themselves, would again go below to fight the fire. Thus, several times did some of them throw themselves down into the smoking gaseous hold, as if determined to extinguish the fire, or die in the attempt.

Six times were some of those noble fellows brought up from the hold, apparently as lifeless as a corpse ; and as many times did they suffer the most intense agony, by cramps and convulsions; and yet they conquered. Officers, crew and passengers, seemed to have nailed their colors to the mast—" *Never give up the ship!"* Never, in any battle, was courage more fully tried. Never did victory, longer waver between two contending parties, as if doubtful on whose standard to perch. Never was their a harder struggle than this day exhibited. Hungry, thirsty, weary, and faint, the men rather staggered than walked with their last buckets of water; and when it was all over, and the last spark extinguished a more begrimed, smoke-blackened set of men was never gathered from the powder-scorched battle-field than was exhibited here.

A Sailor's Eloquence

The scene which occurred on Monday after the fire, and which is barely alluded to in one of the foregoing extracts, is thus described by another of the missionaries—Rev. Mr. Bell. ' Monday followed. All ship's company—officers, crew, and passengers —were called aft, where they assembled, a silent and expectant throng. Our captain stood in the midst; orders were given the helmsman to keep the ship " Steady, steady ho, to the wind!" Then, with head bared, our commander expressed his hearty gratification in his crew and passengers, and paid a well-merited compliment to their self-possession and bravery .in the midst of their past perils.

He then alluded to the rumors that *were* or *might be* afloat in relation to the situation of the ship, as to her sen-worthiness, or her capacity to proceed to her place of destination without putting into some port before reaching Cape Horn.

Our commander here recounted some facts in his history, as reasons for our entire confidence in his bravery, experience, and skill. He had followed the sea for nearly half a century; had served in every capacity, on every ocean; had commenced a cabin boy; had been a cook; had served before the mast some ten years; had been boatswain, third mate, second mate, first officer, and commander; had gone back; served as second mate, first mate, and captain again; had retraced his steps again and again ; and was now commander of the Trade Wind. He had been selected for the post by the owners and underwriters of the snip, and was determined not to betray his trust, should every soul on board rise up against him. There was but one being in the universe he feared, and that was his God; before him alone he

trembled. He was a mechanic; could make anything belonging to a ship; had been a farmer; was now a sailor; had been to China a score of times; had doubled Cape Horn and circumnavigated the globe as captain of the first-class vessels; had confidence in himself, under God, that he could do all that would insure the safety of the ship and cargo, and every human being on board. He proclaimed himself as the supreme power on board the ship, to order all things for what he deemed the best interests of all; he had as much at stake as any soul on board; besides which, he had to stand between underwriters, owners, and freighters; he felt the responsibility and delicacy of his position, and knew that a false move on his part might involve much ruin. He would carefully weigh all the circumstances, critically examine the cargo, and, if he felt it to be his duty, he would put into Rio Janeiro, let gainsay who might: or, if otherwise, he would proceed onward around Cape Horn, let who might oppose.

During the course of his remarks our captain sincerely proclaimed himself a religious man; that he had never known what happiness was until he had made his peace with God. Addressing himself to the sailors more particularly, he gave them sterling religious advice, which, coming from a gray-headed veteran mariner, that has seen every service incident to a seaman's life, was admirably appropriate; and we have an abiding confidence before God that his words fell into some hearts that will bear fruit an hundred-fold, and that our speaker then and there was the instrument of saving a soul alive, that shall appear as an invaluable gem in the diadem in which he shall rejoice hereafter. That sermon can never be forgotten. The time, the circumstances, the speaker, the hearers, will fasten it on every memory in indelible imprint, and a strict rendering of the account of *that* hour will be required of us all!

The speaker ceased; and the spontaneous cheer that came from the encircling throng, and the renewed *three times three* that rang on the pleasant gale, showed that one and all, crew and company, would stand by our captain whilst there was a plank between us and our unfathomed graves, or a single rag to flutter in the whirling storms! There we were, on the boundless deep, alone with the circling sky and watery waste, but we could have wished those cheers to reach the homes, the firesides, of every relative and friend of all on board, that hoped for us, that prayed for us, in scenes hallowed to us, in sacred places far,/or a way! * * * * It would be wrong for me to write an account of the scenes of this day, without paying a proper tribute of praise to Captain Nathaniel Webber, and the other officers of the ship. Their calmness, inspired us ,with courage, their cool, collected, yet positive orders gave proper direction to every effort, and this, and only this, seconded by the exertions of one of the most efficient crews that ever sailed out of port, saved the ship and the lives of over a hundred souls on board.

We may congratulate the owners of the vessel in their choice of such a captain and officers. Under God we have reason to thank, them for the preservation of our lives, and property. I doubt whether one ship in a hundred would have been saved under similar circumstances. Capt. Webber is a Christian, and he believes in treating his men in a Christian-like manner. There is no severity in his authority; every common sailor is made to feel himself a man because he is treated as a man. The sailors, composing the crew of the "Trade Wind," love their Captain and officers, and yet there is no slackness of discipline; every man of them worked on this trying occasion, as if he would rather die, than see his captain's reputation sullied in the least, ever by the accidental loss of his ship, and what I say of their conduct this day is true of it through the whole voyage. It is a *base slander* upon the character of sailors to say that they cannot be governed without being kicked and cuffed about like dogs. Make a sailor feel that he *is a man,* and he will *act* like a man; and I hesitate not to say that the gentlemanly, mild, yet decided course pursued by our Captain would secure on other ships the same strict discipline, which is carried out here. I have often heard the sailors say, since the day of the fire, that if they had had any other Captain but Captain Webber, the ship would have gone down, and they would have betaken themselves to their boats. But they loved their Captain as children love a father, and would die before he should suffer.

Twenty-Ninth Annual Report of the New York City Bible Society

VOYAGES OF AN OLD SHIPMASTER

From the Journals of

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WEBBER

A Ship That Failed and the Wreck of the "Brilliant"

AFTER I had made three successful voyages from New York to Mobile in the schooner, my owners were so pleased that they went ahead and, without consulting me, secured a cargo of lime for B—— Brothers of New Orleans. When I heard of this I was very indignant, because summer was at hand and with it the fever season in all the southern ports. If I went there and took the fever I knew that the owners would not pay one cent of doctor's bills—I had already had a trial of that—and if I died my wife and two children would be left alone among strangers. "So," I thought, "if you want to use me in this shabby manner without even consulting my judgment, we shall see how the shoe fits on the other foot." I do not like revenge, but when I see a person trying to use me as a tool, without regard for my health, life or feelings, I have no right to submit to it!

Accordingly, I went to see some of my friends and soon fell in with a man who wanted me to take command of a brig called the *Mary Hart*, built in North Carolina and belonging to New Orleans, but bound at this time for Jamaica with a cargo of lumber and flour.

I told him I would take her and then I went and told my former owner that I would not go in his schooner to New Orleans. "If I had known that before," said he, "I would not have taken the cargo."

"Oh, but you took the cargo without consulting *me*" I replied; "I may do better in the *Hart* or I may do worse, but in any case it is clear that you made a mistake when you thought you could make a fool of me."

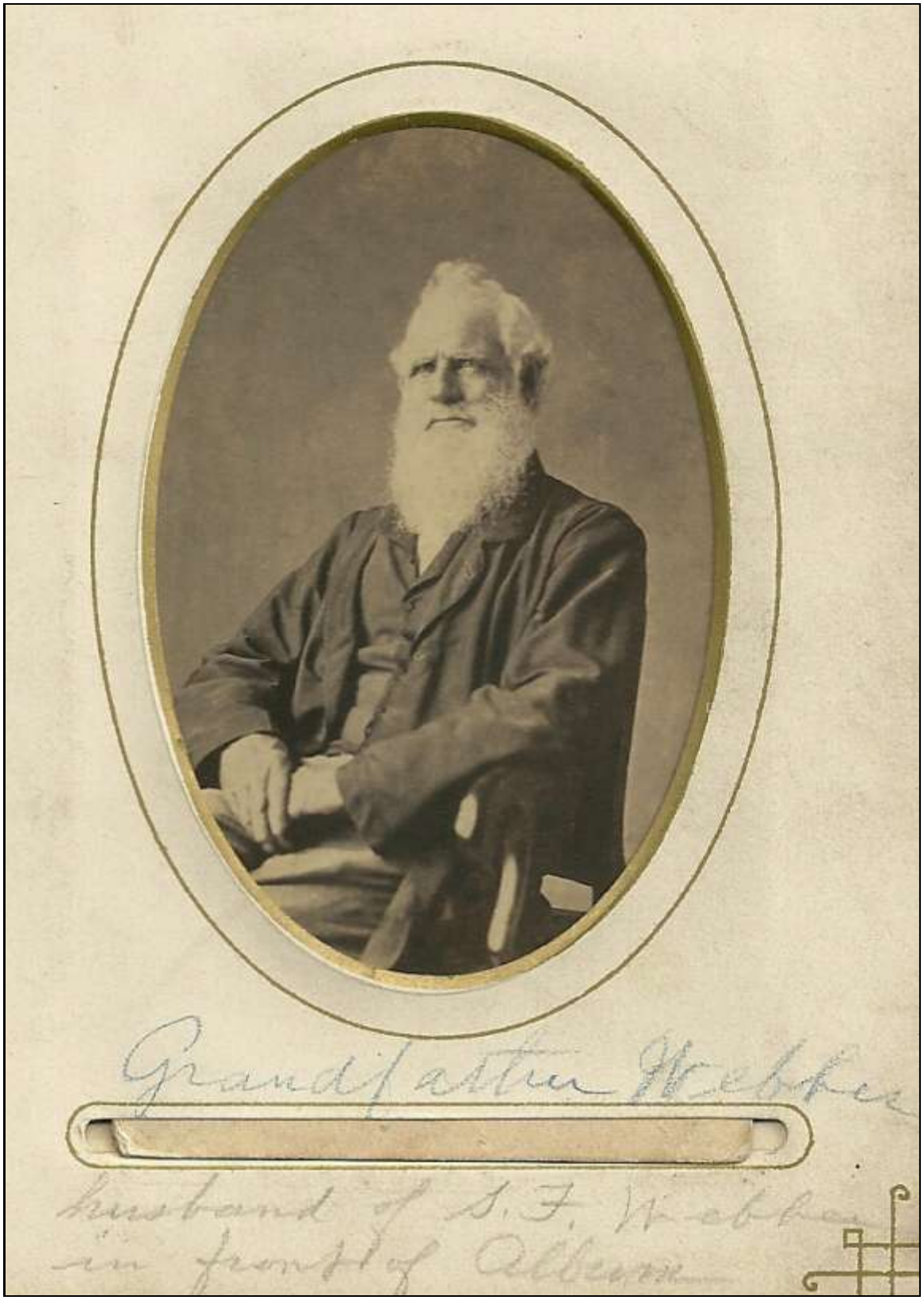
The *Mary Hart* had her cargo on board and everything in readiness for sea, so I had only to go to the Customs House and clear for Kingston, Jamaica, and take the pilot and get under way. We sailed from New York the 26th of August, 1831.

During the night it freshened up pretty well from the southeast and as the vessel was very deep, what with her cargo below hatches and a high deck-load of cedar joists, it was not long before the seas began to sweep over her forecastle-head and deluge the decks. At midnight I sent the carpenter down into the hold to see if there was any danger of the cargo shifting, because there was by this time a very heavy sea running and I dared not carry enough sail to prevent her rolling—since I feared that, deep laden as she was, the gear aloft would not endure the strain.

As the deck hatches were all covered over by the lumber which we were carrying, the carpenter had to saw out a plank in the cabin floor and let himself down through that. Later I discovered there was a trap door in another part of the cabin, but although the mate had been in this same vessel for the past five years, he did not know of its existence. A most shiftless and incapable fellow he proved.

At length the carpenter reported to me that although he had found the cargo all in good shape it was evident that the hatch covers on the spar deck had been put on without being battened down, because the water streamed down around the edges every time a sea came aboard. Here indeed was a nice fix. Ten feet of lumber on top of the hatches and *them not tight!*

Mr. H——, the first officer, was for



This wonderful photograph of Captain Webber is in the possession of Jessica Reynolds Renshaw, from Long Beach, California. It was obviously in his later years, probably the 1860s. The writing is the hand of Minnetta Leonard, Jessica Reynold's grandmother.

jettisoning cargo, but I would not hear of it, because I opined that all that fine lumber was worth more than the old hulk, and I would rather see her become a derelict with the deck load still intact so that it could be salved by a passing ship than to let it all go overboard and be lost.

Mr. H—— believed that the general cargo below decks would be enough to sink her, or that the staving and chains over the deck load would carry away once she was waterlogged, in which case she would surely sink—but I thought the chance worth taking.

"It was" your place to have seen that the hatch covers were properly set on before ever the deck load came aboard," I told him, "and now if you and I drown, it is your own fault; there is room enough for the hands and the petty officers in the long boat."

Mr. H—— had stowed his deck load right over the pumps also, but there was a small pump aft at the break of the poop which could be got at, so I directed the watch to work that in shifts, and then, having altered the course so that the brig was heading for the Delaware Capes, I went below and turned in, as there was nothing more I could do and I foresaw that I might need all my energy later. The wind now being fair on our starboard quarter (under the changed course), it was possible to carry more sail and the vessel traveled famously. I calculated that we should fetch Cape May by noon next day if we could keep her afloat that long.

I had hardly been asleep more than an hour when a sea of unusual force boarded the brig and threw her down so hard onto her beams' ends that it cast me out of my berth. The slowness with which she recovered her bearings told plainly that there was great store of water in the hold. A moment later Mr. H—— burst into my room with a white face and eyes which showed terror in the glint of the swinging lamp.

"You forget yourself, sir," I told him sharply. "It is customary for an officer to rap before entering the captain's cabin."

"But, sir, she is going to founder, he cried.

"Founder, be d——d!" I said, "did you ever hear of wood sinking?" Which I think relieved his mind no little. "Go back on deck where you belong and tell the men I shall be up presently."

Despite my remarks to Mr. H——, I wrapt up my sextant, log book and some few personal belongings which I valued and tied them securely in a shawl before I went back on deck.

It was still pitch dark and the sea was much swollen. The wind, moreever, had not only increased in violence, but had backed around to the north so as to head us off, and every few moments a harder gust would draw down from the west of north so that I had to order her head swung off as far as N. W. in order to avoid the risk of being caught aback and dismasted.

When Mr. H—— saw this he called out in the hearing of the men (who had come aft, as the whole deck was awash forward) "My God, the wind is heading us, we cannot even make the land!"

The men took up the cry and began to call out to abandon the ship and similar notions. At such a time discipline is likely to become relaxed if the master does not keep firm control. One of the men pressed forward to take a look at the compass, but I sent him into the lee scuppers with a cracked head for his unsailorly manners. Then I called the hands together and directed them under the boatswain's management to rig vangs from the mastheads and lift the long boat out of its nest in the deck load and secure it in a position from which it could be easily and quickly swung out and lowered if the brig should founder. Mr. H——, the steward and the cook, a six-foot Jamaica negro who took the whole business as a frolic, were directed to break out food and water sufficient for ten days' rations for a dozen men and to stow the same in the long boat.

While this was being done I called the carpenter into my cabin and asked him how fast the water came in through the hatches.

"Half a dozen buckets every time a sea comes aboard, sir," he said.

"And you found eight foot of water

in the hold just now when you sounded?"

"Yes, sir, eight foot and gaining; the pumping does not make any difference to it, sir."

"But eight feet of water is many thousands of bucketfuls; surely that could not all have come into her through the hatches during the last few hours."

"No, sir, there is a rotten spot in her somewhere that has given in—that's where the leak is—she is surely done for."

"Very good," I told him. "Say nothing of that to the men," and went back on deck.

When the boatswain had got the long boat in place for launching I set all hands taking short tricks at the pump to keep them busy until the time should come when they would have to leave the ship.

Meanwhile the first streak of daylight began to show and the wind, after piping up to a fury for a couple of hours, began to moderate and the sea fell down. As soon as the vessel had got back on something like an even keel and there was light to work by I started all hands getting the timber off the fore hatch and piling it aft.

Once the hatch was clear I had the cover removed and, suspending an empty cask in a sling from the fore-spencer gaff, I directed them to lower it into the water in the hold. The head of the cask was knocked in and it instantly filled with water. Then all hands tailed onto the hoist and ran the cask up to the deck, where the mate stood ready to capsize it. In this way we were able to bail the ship at a rate of about sixty gallons every fifteen seconds, which was much faster than the pumps would work.

By sunrise the wind was gone entirely and we lay with sails thrashing and yard arms jerking at the braces as the brig rolled in the trough of a heavy ground swell.

The day proved exceedingly hot and the men were nearly done by noon, but it was evident that the more we gained on the water in the hold the less the leak became, which showed pretty clearly that it was in some of the higher seams; and with this encouragement we worked on, each man getting five minutes rest to the hour and no one excepted.

By night two men at a pump were able to keep the vessel clear of water, and the next day saw us back off Sandy Hook with a fine, fresh southwest breeze to speed her up the bay.

The owners were surprised at my early return and Mr. F——asked me sarcastically if I had made a good voyage and what the profits were.

"An excellent voyage," I replied, "five thousand one hundred dollars."

"What?" he exclaimed. "How do you make that?"

"Five thousand dollars by saving the cargo and a hundred dollars for the gear on your rotten old hulk," I replied and walked out of their office.

The owners sent around next day and told me that they had placed the *Mary Hart* in drydock to be completely overhauled and that they wished me to remain in command of her. I went down and looked her over and found the quarter timbers so decayed that you could drive a two-inch spike into them anywhere with a blow of the fist, so I sent my respects back to the owners and told them that they would have to seek a master for her elsewhere.

The "Brilliant"

It was not long before my friends (who did not want to have me go to sea in such a rotten old bait trap) had found another command for me—the fine new flush-decked brig *Brilliant*, one of the first of her type to be built. We were bound for New Orleans, as the season (October) was sufficiently advanced by the time she was completed to make it safe to go there again.

The cabin accommodations were excellent, so I carried a number of passengers, among them a Mrs. B——, who owned a milliner's shop in New York and was on her way with two of her daughters to establish another one in New Orleans.

She was a very charming woman and took great interest in the navigation of the brig and everything pertaining thereto, in which I undertook to give her instruction to the best of my poor ability.

In due course we arrived at New Orleans and discharged (not without regret) our passengers and turned the car go over to the consignee. Before I left Mobile, Mrs. B—— had taken a large store there and when I went to bid her good-bye she shed tears and desired me to come and bring her back in the spring, which I promised to do if I could, but how little do we know when we part with friends whether we shall ever meet again!

It was the first of December by the time we had put Hatteras abeam, bound north, and bitter cold weather, too, with heavy northerly gales. All hands were kept busy most of the time chopping ice off the decks and bulwarks and beating it off the running rigging, which had to be kept clear at every cost. The head winds gave us a tedious time of it, but finally on the morning of the 8th of December we raised Navesink Highlands and were up with them by noon.

I was looking forward to a speedy ending to our suffering and hardship and was thinking how good it would be to have supper on shore with my family once more, when in the space of an hour the wind, which all morning had been fair from the west-northwest, veered around into the northeast and began to blow a gale, with a blinding snow so that you could not see across the deck.

I was below when the snow squall set in and the brig on a course for Sandy Hook. But it was out of the question to try to beat up into New York Harbor in such a smother, and I asked the mate what bearings he had taken on the land before the snow started so that I could locate the ship's exact position and know whether it would be best to stand in a little closer or to heave-to where she was.

He said that the squall had come so quickly that he had not thought to get any bearings, but that it would probably blow over before long and that we were a good piece off shore, so that it would be safe enough to stand on in for a while and gain the shelter of a lee. However, I figured that if the wind was coming off east the most important thing was to get to windward of our harbor, which being accomplished, it would not take long to run down to the channel once it came clear. Accordingly, I put her about onto the port tack and let her jog along east under shortened canvas, thinking to carry well clear of the Long Island shore and at the same time keep a weather gauge on New York.

The squall, however, showed no sign of moderating, but as evening came on and darkness approached the wind only increased in force and it became bitterly cold, so that the snow cut like particles of ice; and the men suffered so badly and the vessel's decks were so continually awash that they could not handle the sounding lead.

Hove-to Off New York

Once, in the darkness, we almost collided with a large bark which was hove-to like ourselves but on the other tack, and another time the stern of a small schooner suddenly loomed up right under our jib boom end, but she put her helm up and got clear of us just in time.

By four A. M. the wind was fair east and to avoid working too far off the coast I ordered the brig put about so as to lie on the other tack for a while. She was now headed just about north and was going ahead slowly under only fore-staysail and reefed spanker. I judged myself at least ten miles off the Long Island coast and was only waiting for daylight and a glimpse of the shore before I should swing her off and drive for New York; but I had figured without the strong flood tide which must have been setting us up to windward most of the night.

Suddenly came the lookout's cry of "Breakers on the starboard bow, sir."

It was too late to tack ship, so I made an attempt to wear, but hardly had the helm been put hard up and the vessel gathered good headway when there came the cry, "Breakers to larboard, sir!" Then, "breaking water dead ahead!"

There in a semicircle before and about us was a turmoil of surf which thundered so that one could hardly have heard a pistol, shot off in his hand. The roar of the gale and the blackness of the night had prevented our sensing the danger in time. Presently a great combing sea picked the brig up and hurled her

bodily toward the shore, while the masts and spars crashed down about our heads and we were all thrown to the deck. The brig's forefoot struck the sand first and turning on this as a pivot, the seas slewed her stern around (dashing clear over it), so that she lay partly on her side parallel to the beach, from which, however, we were separated by about a hundred yards of surf.

It was a terrible situation. How long would she hold together? It seemed as though every plank and timber would be wrenched from its neighbor by each successive sea which struck us.

We got the long boat out and made a hawser fast to her to try for the shore, the plan being to let the men lie in the bottom of her and be carried ashore by the surf; then the boat could be hauled back by the hawser for another load.

We had one passenger who was weak in the back. He was dreadfully frightened and wanted to be helped into the boat at once. I tried to persuade him that it was better to wait and let some of the hands try it first, but how hard it is to convince people to be calm at such a time! I told him I was not going to go at present, but he wished to go, so we put him in and a sailor to take care of him, as he was not able to help himself. Pretty soon a large sea came rolling in, parted the hawser and landed the boat high and dry on the beach, where he quickly got all over his fright.

Fortunately, the tide was falling now and as it receded the brig got less punishment from the seas, otherwise she would quickly have broken up. When it got to be properly daylight I could see two men on shore. It was one of those small sand knolls which front Babylon, Long Island, across a bay about four miles wide. Presently there came more men, to the number of about twenty-five, and at dead low tide it was possible to get from the brig to the land on the sand which the action of the waves had heaped up like a causeway between her and the shore.

We got all our people ashore and ample provisions, also the cabin-house, which we set up on the knoll, and brought the galley stove ashore and sea up in it, so that we were quite comfortable. Not two hundred yards down the beach was the wreck of a small schooner which had been lost with all hands, including the captain and his wife. It was the same one, I think, which we had nearly run down during the night.

* * * * * *

Captain Webber was exonerated from any blame in the loss of the *Brilliant* and was highly complimented for his coolness and resourcefulness in saving his people and the ship's cargo, practically all of which he got ashore by a very ingenious method. Within a month he was at sea again in command of the brig *Osprey*, bound for Le Havre.

The next story from Captain Webber's life to appear in OUTING will be the voyage of the ship Washington to China in 1833.

Dec. 5. Mary, of St. George, Me., Jones, wrecked at sea; Capt. and crew brought to Poston.

Dec. 8. H. W. Godfrey, from Cape Henry, abandoned at sea: Captain and crew brought to N. York; 103 tons, valued $1200.

Dec. 8. Mary Ann, of Bath, Me., waterlogged at sea; crew carried into New Orleans.

Dec. 13. John N. Roach, lost off Gay Head; all on board perished.

Dec. 13. Hope W. Gaudy, of New London, Owens, at sea in sinking condition; crew carried off and carried into Holme's Hole.

Dec. 14. Sarah Post from N. Y., ashore on Bailey's Island, bilged.

——— W. S. Brown, of N. Y., totally lost on Conception Island; 146 tons; vessel and cargo valued $15,000.

Dec. 14. Copia, ashore at Harwick, full of water.

Dec. 14. Washington, of Wiscasset and Portland, Patterson, ashore W. of Wood Island; total wreck; 156 tons.

Dec. 15. Anna Jenkins, of Providence, ashore on Barnegat Shoals; total loss; crew saved.

Dec. 15. Albemarle, of Pantego, N. C., Pluart, ashore inside of Sandy Hook; full of water; no lives lost.

Dec. 18. Camilla, of Brandywine, ashore on Cold Spring Bar, probable loss.

Dec. 18. John A. Paine, of Provincetown, abandoned at sea; crew arrived at Barrington, N. S.

Dec. 18. Belcher, from Rockland, Verrill, ashore at Provincetown, and burnt. Total loss, 180 tons, valued at $6,000

Dec. 20. Emily Fowler, of Lubec, Rowell, ashore on Pleasant Island; total wreck.

Dec. 20. Mary, of St. George, abandoned at sea.

Dec. 22. Cincinnati, sunk off Thatcher's Island; Capt. and crew taken off and carried into Bucksport, Me.

Dec. 23. Julia Francis, from Beaufort, in collision with an unknown steamer and sunk; crew saved.

Dec. 23. Camilla of Brandywine, Del, ashore on Cold Spring Bar; total loss: crew saved; 129 tons; valued at $3,000.

Dec. 23. Williamsburg, Torbell, sprung a leak; crew taken off and brought to N. York.

Dec. 25. Emeline Peterson, of New York, at sea in a sinking condition; Captain and four men saved.

Dec. 25. Sophronia of Tremont, Me., at sea, in a sinking condition; cargo, coal; Captain and crew saved.

Dec. 26. Louis A. Surette, from Boston, ashore at Cranberry Head; total loss; Captain and one of the crew drowned; remainder of crew and passengers saved.

Dec. 26. Amanda A. Acken, of Brunswick, N. J., abandoned at sea; crew saved and brought to Holme's Hole.

Dec. 26. Queen Esther, of Brunswick, Me., Pendleton, fallen in with at sea; Captain and crew saved; 176 tons; valued $4,000.

Dec. 27. Dispatch, at sea in a sinking condition; crew saved and brought to Boston.

Dec. 27. Harriet, of New Bedford, at sea leaking badly, sails blown away and burnt; crew saved.

SUMMARY.

Steamer, 1; Ships, 14; Barks, 3; Brigs 15; Schooners, 32; Total 65.

LOSS OF THE SHIP DIADEM, CAPTAIN N. WEBBER.

By request we insert the following notice of this disaster:

The Diadem sailed from N. Orleans for N. York, August 23. Soon after entering the Gulf was overtaken by a storm, which reduced the vessel in a few hours to a complete wreck. The man at the wheel was washed away, and three others swept overboard, one of whom was drowned. The Captain, mate and steward were badly bruised, and others of the crew were wounded. The men were lashed to the pumps and other secure places, yet some were swept loose several times afterwards. The fore and main masts were broken off below decks, leaving holes for the water to enter, by which the vessel soon became waterlogged and was fast settling. On Saturday, the 30th, the Bark Yuba, Capt. Hall hove in sight, and lowered a boat for their relief, but so rough was the sea that its men were unable to get on board either the Diadem or their own vessel, and were compelled to remain in the boat all night. Next morning the Yuba stood for the wreck, and soon after the boat hove in sight, and succeeded in taking off the crew. But in pulling for the bark the boat was twice upset and all hands thrown out. Capt. W. clung to the boat and was rescued as were all the others except two. The mate of the bark, Mr. Egbert Ketchum, of L. Island, and one of the crew of the Diadem were lost. The rescued men were kindly cared for by Capt. Hall, and his lady; and on the 3d. o Sept. they were taken off by the Schooner W. H. Titcomb, Capt. Manning, of Rockland, Me., and carried into N. Orleans.

Capt. W. desires to express publicly his thanks to Capt. and Mrs. Hall, and to Capt. Manning and his officers for their many kindnesses displayed on this occasion to him, and to his crew.

I Hereby Certify, That I attended

(Name of the deceased,) Nathaniel Webber

1. Aged 72 years months days. Born in Beverly Mass.
2. Occupation, Sea Captain (Single) (Married) (Colored) [Cross out the words not required in this line.]
3. Term of residence in this City, 30 Years [And how long in the United States, if of foreign birth.]
4. That I last saw him on the 27th Day of May 1867.
5. That he died the 27 day of May 1867, at No. 48, Hunter St., 7th Ward.
6. And that the CAUSE of his said death was

(FIRST,) Chronic Bronchitis, Existing for 12 months, days before death.

(SECOND,) Beginning days hours before death.

Place of Burial,

(Undertaker) S. Webber (Signed,) Geo. H. Sylvester M.D.

(Place of Business,) Myrtle Av (Address,) 120 Hunt St

(Date) May 27th 1867.

Gina Sammis 2010
The Webber Plot at the Evergreens Cemetery
in Brooklyn, NY is full of Webbers & Sammises

Publication: Brooklyn Eagle; Date:1867 May 28; Section

DIED.

WEBBER—At his residence, No. 48 Hunter street, on Monday, May 27th, in the 73d year of his age, Captain NATHANIEL WEBBER.

The funeral will take place on Thursday, the 30th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the DeKalb avenue M. E. Church. His friends are respectfully invited to attend.

His voyage is o'er, he hath weathered the storm,
Jesus, his pilot, hath guided him through;
God's Word was his compass, he hath his reward,
For the Lord with his servants deals justly and true.

☞ Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco papers please copy.

LDS (Mormon Church) Record:
Name: Nathaniel Webber
Gender: Male
Date: Baptism/Christening Place: Birth Date: 29 Mar 1795
Birthplace: BEVERLY, ESSEX, MASSACHUSETTS
Father's Name: Samuel Webber
Mother's Name: Betsey
Indexing Project (Batch) Number: C50015-1
System Origin: Massachusetts-ODMSource

My Dear Raph: Brooklyn-July 3, 1914

Written by Jeannie Olivia Berry Webber in her 79th year of life to her youngest child, Raphael

I should have answered before this, but I have been looking up the papers I thought would be of use to you, the one of all Webbers, and I have written out what I could remember. I guess it is pretty straight. I send you the book as you are to be in that country, you may trace up some other members of the notorious tribe.

Alice (Alice Chamberlin, Catherine "Kate" Sammis' daughter) came up with Everett (Alice Chamberlin's son) Tuesday. Today is the fifth anniversary of their wedding. Charlie hoped no one would send them a rolling pin but can't you whittle out of some spare wood a neat little paddle and carve the date and send it to them. Make it artistic.

What have you done with Marianne. I have heard nothing from her. Delie (Cordelia Sammis Reade) writes that West (Westall Reade, her son) is home. May came two weeks ago home to see her folks for summer. West was to stay in K. Delie says it is all right and they are to visit me next week, then I shall hear particulars and write and let you know. I suppose your life is dull to you but you can at least go around. I am waiting for the auto to call for another joy ride. Now I will begin my history.

The Brilliant that Al speaks of was the first ship I ever remember. The cabin of the Brilliant was taken by Mr. Carl Platt for the school house on his place on Main Street and Deer Park Road, and after moved onto Main Road for a millinery store, then after used as a bakery, then bought by Charles Bishop and added to his home as a kitchen. At this date it remains perfect except the ships's cabin windows have been changed for modern ones.

In 1842 my father sailed the brig Wisahicon, built by John Kelly Hammitt I think, and owned by John Perrit of Philadelphia. It was gone three years and seven months. Then he came to New York and took charge of the ship Tartar. I think the Tartar was from the firm of Booth and Edgar. Then the Tartar had some very rough weather and her main mast was split diagonally half way down. My father had the mast spliced with ropes and brought her in to Coentris slip and she was seen as a wonder by hundreds. Then he waited home all summer while the Tradewind was being finished. The first three decked merchant ship. He carried to San Francisco a number of passenger missionaries to be sent to China from there. Not far from San Francisco the ship caught fire and the passengers met and demanded him to run into the first landing and save their lives. He replied, "My papers tell me to carry this ship into San Francisco and into San Francisco I go. If you want to save your lives, take to the pumps. My men are exhausted and they did." Every man and woman too took a hand and they went into San Francisco. Afterward the passengers gave him a dinner and presented him with a silver trumpet worth $300 and with his name and a suitable inscription. Then he, like all sailors with a suspicion, left the Tradewind. Then I heard that she had something happen to her and then the third voyage she collided with some English vessel and sank. After that my father sailed in some vessels that I did not know of as I had married and moved from Brooklyn.

But in the year 1856 in the month of August there were some notable storms and he had a vessel I did not know the name of that was wrecked between New Orleans and New York. There he with five men were in a boat afterward and she turned over and they clung to the upturned boat. They were in that situation for five days until finally picked up by a steamer which had been searching around for

shipwrecks. Of the five men on the boat originally, only two men besides my father were saved and he, who could not swim had slipped into the ocean three times and been saved by one of the men who were drowned. There had been so many disasters at that time that often some from shipwrecks were brought in to the hotel and so it happened my father with his companions were brought in to the dinner table amongst the guests and seated was my brother John (Webber), who had been picked up the day before, he being the mate of the vessel and seeing who it was that was being seated opposite him leaped over the table not waiting to walk around. The guests stopped all their dinner to congratulate the rescued. Then his next ship was the Silas Greenman out of New York to China. That voyage he was gone for seven years. The ship was pronounced unseaworthy and sold.

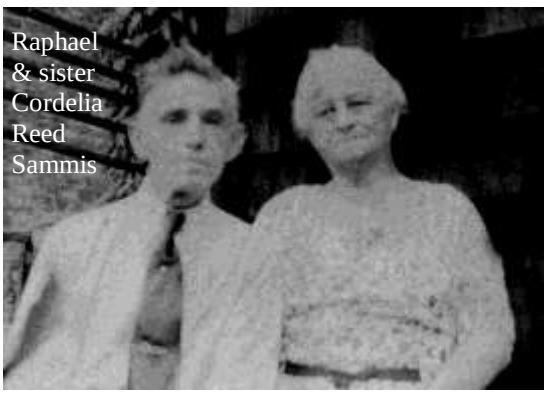
My father was taken with his final illness and brought home in his bed and died. This printed paper will tell you of the first part of my father's life and I have given you all I can recall since my 8th year. He was a grand good man, a faithful Christian and a loving father.

Now I have been told that when his parents died, with his older brothers at sea, he was taken by a rich cousin and made a little servant. At fifteen he ran away and went to sea from Salem, Massachusetts. I thought he was born in Beverly. He claimed that place as his home. He had a cousin named Stephen Porter Webber, I think, who made a fortune in mustard in Beverly. Of the two brothers Henry was the eldest who settled in Boston with two children. One William H, daughter Mary Eliza married Ezekial Coffin who was universal minister in Gloucester, Massachusetts. They had one son George in 1852 and the youngest brother Benjamin never married. I once heard it said by a stranger to me, a lady who knew him when he was a young man, that he was one of the handsomest men that ever walked. I wonder if it is a family trait. You are right in the nest of your grandfather's relatives now. If only you knew their names. I once went to dinner in Boston where the father, mother and seventeen children out of a family of 24 by the same parents were at the table. I cannot think of their names tonight. I may call you up on the long distance and tell you when it comes to me. I know that one son named Joseph was the one responsible for the one shipwreck of my father's because he fell asleep at the wheel. That was the only time my father had a tooth ache and had a sound tooth jerked out by the ship's carpenter.

Hoping you will enjoy a sane and quiet 4th of July as I suppose I shall the same. Hurrah for the 4th, three cheers for George Washington and may the peacock of liberty never lose his tail feather.

"Erin go union e pluribus bragh." I'm getting childish.

Goodbye dear, Mother


Raphael & sister Cordelia Reed Sammis


Daniel Sammis & mother Jeannie


Raphael Sammis

Raphael's daughter Shirley and me, Gina Sammis, in 2009 when I flew to Oregon to meet her, after corresponding for decades. We had so much fun!