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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITORS.

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ALL THINGS EARNEST.

Time is earnest,
 Passing by;
 Death is earnest,
 Drawing nigh.
 Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?
 Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest;
 When 'tis o'er,
 Thou returnest
 Nevermore.
 Soon to meet eternity,
 Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest;
 Solemnly
 Float its voices
 Down to thee.
 Oh! thou mortal, art thou gay,
 Sporting through time earthly day?

Hell is earnest;
 Fiercely roll
 Burning billows
 Near thy soul.
 Woe for thee! if thou abide,
 Unredeemed, unsanctified!

God is earnest;
 Kneel and pray
 Ere thy season
 Pass away;
 Ere be set his judgment throne,
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone!

Christ is earnest,
 Bids thee "come!"
 Paid thy spirit's
 Priceless sum.
 Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refusest,
 Wretched one!
 Thou despisest
 God's dear Son!
 Madness! dying sinner, turn!
 Lest his wrath within thee burn.

When thy pleasures
 All depart,
 What will soothe thy
 Fainting heart?
 Friendless, desolate, alone,
 Entering a world unknown!
 Oh, be earnest!
 Loitering
 Thou wilt perish;
 Languering
 Be no longer—rise and flee;
 Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Paradise in the Pacific.

Lieutenant Bligh had been for several years sailing-master in the *Resolution* of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook; and in the year 1787 was intrusted with the command of his majesty King George the Third's armed ship the *Bounty*, on an interesting expedition to the South Sea Islands—namely, acting on the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, who had visited Otaheite with Capt. Cook in 1769—to try the experiment of introducing plants of the bread-fruit tree, which supplied their food to the Otaheiteans, into the West Indies. The *Bounty* set sail from Spithead on the 23d December, 1787. Mr. Bligh was then in the very prime of life—about thirty-three years of age. He returned to England and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th of March, 1790; having experienced during

that brief interval, such a disastrous adventure as will, with its incidents, always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages in our naval history. How little he thought of it as he issued in buoyant spirits from Spithead! The *Bounty* was of 215 tons burden, and including Bligh, a botanist, and a gardiner, carried forty-six persons. On the 26th of the ensuing October, they reached Otaheite (now called Tahiti,) and met with a very friendly reception from the natives, who supplied them in abundance with roasted pig and bread-fruit during a delightful stay of six months, during which Mr. Bligh succeeded in collecting upwards of a thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree. With these they quitted Tahiti in the spring of 1789, on their way to the West Indies. Mr. Bligh, though an able commander, seems to have been of a somewhat hasty temper; and it is possible that he and the master's mate, Mr. Fletcher Christian, lived not on the best terms together. The latter was a young man, only twenty-four years old, of respectable family, of talent in his profession, and possessed of a daring and adventurous spirit.

On the evening of the 27th of April 1789, the commander invited him to supper, but he declined; having, doubtless, by that time conceived the audacious purpose which he afterwards so quickly carried into effect. This memorable night was one distinguished even in the tropical regions for its tranquil loveliness; and we may conceive the commander of the *Bounty*, as his vessel softly cleave the sparkling waters, and his sails glistened in the silver moonlight, pacing the deck, and enjoying the beauty of the hour. But who can tell what an hour may bring forth? He was woken out of sleep at break of day by a startling vision—his cabin full of men armed with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Mr. Christian! On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice sternly exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" With oaths and great violence they tied his hands behind his back, without giving him time to dress; and then, hurrying him on deck, forced him, with eighteen persons, chiefly officers, superior and petty, into the ship's launch, flinging to them about 32 lb. of pork, 150 lb. of bread, 28 gallons of water, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvas, twine, and cordage. The heartless mutineers then sailed away, leaving their unfortunate commander, and almost all his officers—nineteen persons—in a boat on the Pacific Ocean only 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad, heavily laden, and without any awning! Could the mutineers have foreseen what was in store for them, they would not have dared a retributive Providence, and might have reflected a little on an old English maxim—"Begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end." Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, remains to be seen. We shall rapidly follow the course of each.

THE BOAT ADRIPT.

Here is scope for the imagination, and for sympathy. What will be thought of a slight open boat, thus crammed with human beings, performing a voyage across the ocean of nearly four thousand miles! Well indeed, and often, might they have exclaimed on their lonely and perilous voyage, "Ye gentlemen of England, that dwell at home at ease, Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the sea!" The ship left the hapless boat's crew at about thirty miles distant from Tefoa, one of the Friendly Islands, and the first thing the latter attempted was to land at the island, to procure bread-fruit and water. The savages, however, received them barbarously, attacking them with stones, and beat them off the island, where they left dead one of their mem-

ber, who had gallantly remained last on shore to push the boat off. The savages surrounded and killed him on the spot, and others pushed off in canoes to attack the unfortunate boat's crew, who, it must be remembered, had not been vouchsafed a single piece of firearms for their protection. Some cloths thrown into the water to amuse their pursuers, however, diverted their attention; and Mr. Bligh and his friends escaped massacre. But what was now to be done? Whither were they to direct their course?

"The world was all before them, where to choose Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!"

After much consideration, Mr. Bligh obtained his companions' concurrence in a proposal to make for a Dutch settlement on the Island of Timor, (of which they knew nothing but the name), a distance of 3618 miles! The gunwales of the boat were only six inches above the water, and it is easy to imagine the misery to which eighteen people were to be so long consigned, even regarding only their cabin, cribbed, confined condition: they were to traverse the ocean by day, by night, in all weathers, over a space of comparatively unexplored ocean, equal to a sixth of the entire circumference of the globe! They started upon their voyage on the 2d of May; all Mr. Bligh's company having solemnly promised him to be content with one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day apiece. One half of them were to be on the look-out, while the others lay down in the boat's bottom; and not having room to stretch their limbs, and being exposed to constant wet and colds, they suffered, poor souls! quickly and severely from cramps, which almost disabled them from moving a limb. What a look-out by day and by night! One can imagine them often gazing down into the depth beneath them—within a few inches from its surface, and watching the dark shadows of the sharks sitting around them, waiting for a banquet, which any sudden caprice or accident might bring them! After five days' sail, they were startled to find two large canoes, filled with cannibals, making toward them at top speed from the Feeje islands. The canoes continued the chase till within two miles' distance, when they gave it up. Sharks beneath, cannibals behind, storms above and below!—what sources of fear and misery! what long hours of loneliness and terror must have been theirs? They encountered tremendous thunder storms—by one of them, shortly after starting on their voyage, they were very nearly swamped; yet these brave and good souls placed their hopes in God, to whom they often addressed a devout prayer, composed for them by their commander, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book. He wrote it in a small blank signal-book, now extant; and it contains a humble confession of sins on the part of those suffering under the divine chastisement, invokes the protection of the Almighty in their misery and danger, and returns thanks to him who spared their lives from day to day. Poor Bligh tried as long as he could to note a few observations, chiefly of places he passed, in this book; and this blotted and weather-stained document, an affecting relic, is now in the possession of his daughters. "It is with the utmost difficulty," he says, "that I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." It was fortunate, indeed, that no quarrels or dissensions seem to have broken out among the little crew. Had it not been so, what might have been the consequence? As early as the 6th of May, the allowance of food to each was necessarily reduced to one and a half ounce of pork, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, an ounce of bread, and a tea-spoonful of rum, Bligh measuring out the allowance very accurately, by means of a pair of scales which

he made out of two cocoa-nut shells, while a pistol bullet (of twenty-five to the pound) served as a weight to fix the allowance of bread to each. The half pint of cocoa-nut milk, however, was soon further reduced to a quarter; and as for the bread, wetted and decayed as it was, and doled out thus by bullet-weight, it was eaten with the utmost relish. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning drenched them to the skin, yet proved a timely god-send, for it produced them twenty gallons of water. This was dealt out three times a day in a small horn cup two inches deep and two in diameter, and round it was written by Bligh, "Allowance of water three times a day." He took his own meals out of a small gourd, round which he also wrote, "The cup I eat my miserable allowance out of." The bullet was afterwards set in a metal plate, on which Bligh inscribed, "This bullet, 1-25th of a lb., was the allowance of bread which supported eighteen men for forty-eight days, served to each person three times a-day, under the command of Captain William Bligh, from the 28th of April, 1789 to the 14th of June following." All these deeply interesting relics are now in the hands of his daughters. From the 11th of May they encountered a succession of storms, with frequent thunder and lightning, the sea constantly breaking over the boat, and nearly filling it with water, which they had to bail out as quickly as possible to prevent being swamped; yet most of them were seriously weakened and ill, from cramp and spasms. They gained some slight relief by adopting a suggestion of their thoughtful commander,—viz: they all took off their clothes, steeped in rain-wet, and wrung them in the salt water, which produced some little warmth to their shivering limbs. What a sight these unfortunate beings, thus engaged on the lonely ocean, must have presented to a pitying beholder! To aggravate their disastrous position, their little store of bread had become soaked in the salt water, which had broken over them incessantly; and even of their sorry fare, their pittance, by the 24th of May, was reduced to 1-25 of a lb. for breakfast, and the like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! On the 25th they succeeded in capturing one or two sea-fowl that came so near the boat (which must have been indeed a novel sight to them,) as enabled the mariners to catch them with the hand! They were of the size of a pigeon, and each was cut into eighteen pieces, and eaten, of course, uncooked.—About this time the heat of the sun became so intense that it caused a languor and faintness which made them weary of life. On the morning of the 29th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously, but they contrived to haul off, and so escape instant destruction. They were able to steer through an opening in the reef, and found a small island within it, which Bligh named "Island of Direction." "We had," says he, "returned God thanks for his gracious protection; and with much content took our miserable allowance of a 25th of a lb. of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water (with which they had been furnished, it will be remembered, by the thunder storm). At length they began to near New Holland, and landed on a fine sandy bay in an island near the main, where they luxuriated on oysters, water, and berries, and slept comfortably all night; but as they were preparing in the morning to leave, they found a large party of natives armed with spears, hallooing and running towards them—whether friendly or not, Mr. Bligh and his companions did not pause to ascertain, but put off safely to sea. On the 31st they landed at another little island, where they again found oysters; and it may be said, in a sad way, that they indeed, "astonished the natives," on whom they supped heartily. On the evening of the 3d June they succeeded in threading their way