

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Religious and General Intelligence.

REV'DS. I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

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

EDITORS.

VOL. 6.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 11, 1853.

NO. 43.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Paradise in the Pacific.

(CONTINUED.)

RETRIBUTION.

The atrocious act of mutiny and piracy excited, as may well be imagined, universal indignation in England; and a frigate (the *Pandora*), under the command of Captain Edwards, was forthwith despatched to the site of it, with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands and seize and bring home all the mutineers they might discover. The *Pandora* arrived at Matavai Bay off Otaheite, on 23d March, 1791; and three of the offenders immediately came on board, surrendered themselves, and were instantly put in irons. Eleven more were seized at Otaheite, and also put in irons. Two of the original mutineers who had landed at Otaheite, were dead—alter one of them had become a king, and been shortly afterwards murdered by the other, who was himself instantly stoned to death by the natives. No tidings could be gained of the remaining nine mutineers, nor of the *Bounty*; and after making all possible effort to discover them, the frigate with her fourteen mutineers lying in irons in a cage on the after part of the quarter-deck, only eleven feet in length, called "Pandora's Box," set off homeward. She was wrecked, however, on a coral reef off New Holland, on the 29th August, 1791, and the crew had to navigate a thousand miles in open boats. Four of the mutineers went down, in their irons, with the *Pandora*; others of their companions succeeded, with desperate efforts, in disengaging themselves from their irons. Thirty of the crew also perished.—Captain Edwards, and his surviving men and prisoners, succeeded in reaching a sandy quay, only ninety yards long by sixty wide,—a miserable spot where they all were nearly consumed, under a vertical sun, from the insupportable heat of which the wretched prisoners had no other defence but to bury themselves up to their necks in the burning sands! The captain and his men had tents made of boats' sails; but he deemed it consistent with duty to refuse the slightest shelter or protection to his wretched prisoners! One of them was a young gentleman, named Peter Heywood, not sixteen years old at the time of the mutiny, in which he had taken no voluntary part. The only article he saved from the wreck was a Common-Prayer Book, which he held between his teeth as he swam to shore for his life. He, with his guilty surviving companions, reached England, heavily chained and almost in rags, on the 19th June, 1792. On the 12th September, he and his nine fellow-mutineers were brought to a court-martial at Portsmouth, on board the *Duke*, the president being Lord Hood. On the 6th day the court acquitted four of the ten, and found the remaining six guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship, and deserting His Majesty's service. Among these latter was poor Peter Heywood. They were sentenced to be hanged by the neck on board one of His Majesty's ships of war; but two of them, Peter Heywood and another, were recommended to His Majesty's mercy. Two days afterwards, the unfortunate young gentleman wrote a letter to a clergyman, a friend of his family containing the following remarkable and affecting passages:—

"On Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, the dreadful sentence of DEATH was pronounced upon me, to which (being the just decree of that Divine Providence who first gave me breath), I bow my devoted head with that fortitude, cheerfulness, and resignation, which is the duty of every member of the church of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus. To him alone I now look for success, in full hope that perhaps a few days more will open to the view of my astonished and fearful soul His kingdom of eternal and incomprehensible bliss, prepared only for the righteous

of heart. I have not been found guilty of the slightest act of the detestable crime of mutiny, but am doomed to die for not being active in my endeavor to suppress it. Could the evidences who appeared in the court-martial be tried, they would also suffer for the same and only crime of which I have been guilty. But I am to be the victim. Alas! my youthful inexperience, and no depravity of will, is the sole cause to which I can attribute my misfortunes. But, so far from repining at my fate, I receive it with a dreadful kind of joy, composure, and serenity of mind, well assured that it has pleased God to point me out as a subject, through whom some useful, though at present unsearchable intention of the divine attributes may be carried into execution for the benefit of my country. Then why should I repine at being made a sacrifice for the good of perhaps thousands of my fellow-creatures? Forbid it, Heaven!"

On the 24th October, 1792, he and another received a free, unconditional pardon; another was respited and ultimately pardoned; and three were hanged at the yard-arm, a miserable spectacle, in Portsmouth harbour, on board the *Brunswick*. When Captain Montague, two days before the execution, read young Peter Heywood His Majesty's gracious pardon, the youth addressed him in the following noble strain:

"Sir, when the sentence of the law was passed upon me, I received it, I trust, as became a man; and if it had been carried into execution, I should have met my fate, I hope, in a manner becoming a Christian. Your admonition cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon my mind. I receive with gratitude my sovereign's mercy, for which my future life shall be faithfully devoted to his service."

And faithfully his future life redeemed the pledge. He immediately re-entered His Majesty's service, rose in it rapidly to high station, greatly distinguished himself, and died in honorable retirement in the year 1831, in his 58th year. His considerate and discriminating judges, after weighing all the facts of the case, regarded him as having been more unfortunate than criminal, from his youth, the coercion under which he had labored, and the absence of any proof that he had taken part in the outrage inflicted on his commander, or his fellow-victims. His early misfortunes saddened and sobered him for life; he became the idol of those who were placed either over or under him; and it stands recorded of him by one of our naval annalists, "that his king and country never had a more faithful servant, nor the naval service a more worthy and respectable member."

THE MISSING MUTINEERS.

It seems difficult to assign adequate motives for the mutiny of the *Bounty*, or at least to imagine the ulterior objects of its perpetrators. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, was a gentleman by birth and education, brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and Chief Justice of Ely; while Mr. Young, one of the midshipmen who shared his desperate venture, was the nephew of a baronet. What could such men have imagined would be their destiny? What, for instance, could they do with their king's ship? What pleasure could they have in spending the rest of their lives among savages?

It was twenty years before the slightest trace of them could be detected, but then their deplorable fate became known. It seems that as soon as they had turned adrift their commander, Christian sailed for an island 500 miles south of Otaheite, intending to land there; but the inhabitants refusing to allow them, they returned to Otaheite. Once more they went to the island in question, were again repulsed by the natives, and once more repaired to Otaheite. It was now necessary

for them to consider seriously how they were to dispose of themselves. All but nine resolved to settle at Otaheite, Christian, and his eight companions resolving to try their fortunes elsewhere. It so happened that he found in the *Bounty*, among its commander's books, a copy of Commander Cartaret's *Voyage Round the World*; and among his other discoveries, the author mentions a very little island which he first saw on the 2nd July, 1767, in the South Pacific Ocean, "it appeared," he said, "like a great rock rising out of the sea," and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues distance. Its highest point rose 1008 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather could be seen at forty miles' distance. As it was first seen by a young gentleman named Pitcairn, they gave it his name, "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it; but the surf was raging so violently round it as to render near approach impossible. It is at a distance of 1200 miles from Otaheite, and is in latitude 25° 4' south, and in longitude 180° 8' west. It is only four miles and a half in circumference, a mile and a half being its greatest length. It is of volcanic origin, having been elevated from the bed of the ocean by some tremendous convulsion caused by the action of fire, which has given a vertical character and a jagged outline to the stony mountains, and rendered the scenery wildly picturesque. It is covered with trees—the cocoa-nut, plantain, bread-fruit, and banyan—and its climate is favorable to the growth of vegetables. There are no venomous reptiles. There is only one point, called Bounty Bay, where access is possible, and that only in calm weather; and even then great care is requisite to avoid the breakers. There is scarcely any beach; and almost instantly on landing the visitor commences a precipitous ascent. This was the desolate spot selected by the mutineer and his companions for their future residence! They sailed in the *Bounty*; and when it arrived, there landed from it twenty-eight souls; viz., Christian, Mr. Young, a midshipman, and seven seamen; and all these nine Englishmen had married Otaheitan women! who accompanied them. There were also six Otaheitan men, three of them with wives; and a child ten months old. Let the reader realize for a moment the feelings of a gentleman—of two gentlemen, married to savages, doomed to spend the rest of their days on that forlorn spot, ten thousand miles away from home, where were their anxious families and friends, and where also resided those who doubtless were sending forth scouts to scour the ocean in quest of the guilty occupants of that island, and bring them home to suffer a just and ignominious death!

Christian and his friends were not however the first occupants of the island, for they found indubitable traces of ancient predecessors, savage and idolatrous; hatchets; spear-heads of hard stone; a large stone bowl; carvings of the sun, moon, and stars; four images six feet in height; and a number of skulls buried, each having a pearl under it. The new comers found no other traces of man on the island; they were the only living human occupants.

MURDERS.

Fearful times awaited the mutineers and their companions. Christian retained for a while the position and authority of head of the community; and his mind seemed to have been occupied with efforts to preserve order and peace, which were hourly interrupted by his turbulent and savage companions. Much of his time, however, was spent on a spot on the top of a high rock, which he called his "look-out," whence he would anxiously survey the ocean, to see whether it bore along its bosom the coming avenger! What thoughts must have been his on these occa-

sions of mournful solitude! What would he then have given to undo all he had done.

Shortly after their landing they broke up the *Bounty*, and so condemned themselves to perpetual imprisonment in the island. There were sanguinary frays incessantly arising between the Europeans and the savages; and at length the Otaheitan men entered into a plot to destroy their European companions. The wives of the latter, however, disclosed it to their husbands on the eve of the projected massacre. The result, however, may be anticipated. Within a year's time, Christian and four of his companions were murdered by their Otaheitan companions, all of whom were in turn slain the same year! One of them was killed with an axe by Mrs. Young, the midshipman's Otaheitan wife! As soon as she had done this, she signalled her husband, and he immediately shot the sole surviving Otaheitan! In the year 1794, there were only four of the Englishmen alive, one of whom was Mr. Young; and the five skulls of the murdered Englishmen, including Christian, were kept by the women of the place as trophies; and they were afterwards, only with much difficulty, prevailed on to give them up to be buried. One of the survivors was unhappily acquainted with the art of distilling; and having converted a copper boiler from the *Bounty* into a still, he made ardent spirits from the root of a plant in the island. How strongly this cause operated in promoting turbulence and bloodshed may be imagined. He himself in a fit of *delirium tremens*, committed suicide, throwing himself from a rock into the sea; another was killed by Mr. Young, and one John Adams, in self-defence; and of all the fifteen unhappy men who had landed from the *Bounty*, only two died a natural death—Young, of asthma, in 1800; and Adams in 1829. The last survivor of those who came in the *Bounty* was Mrs. Young, who died at an advanced age in the year 1850. From all this it may appear that the mutineers must have found the barren rock to which they partook themselves, become a very hell upon earth.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

The last male survivor was the John Adams above mentioned, a seaman; and marvellous, indeed, was the change which reflection and merciful experience contributed to effect in his mind and character. He had lived not only among scenes of violence and blood, but in constant terror of being discovered by some ship approaching the island, and taken home to be hanged. As a sample of his sufferings on this score, in the year 1795 a ship was seen coming near the island, on which he and his brother mutineers hid themselves in the bushes in great terror. When at length they dared to venture out, they stole cautiously to the landing-place, and found that the ship had disappeared; but as a knife and some cocoa-nuts were lying near the water's edge, it was clear that some one had landed, but doubtless not having seen any traces of occupation, had left, and the ship had proceeded on its voyage.

In the year 1800, Adams, then only thirty-six years old, found himself the only man in the island—his companions being twenty of the children of his deceased comrades; but they had come to regard him as their common father, with reverence and affection. He was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of the Bible, and of a prayer-book, which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and of these he made unceasing use. Two remarkable dreams occurred to him in the year 1810, which he always regarded as having been designed to awake in him reflection and repentance; and he became a very devout man—training up in Christianity the young semi-pagans who surrounded him. He had constant morning and evening prayers, and was never tired of reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took