

CLARA BELLE LEE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Written for THE SCOUT, by C. F. Hinckley.
CHAPTER III.

WE left the "Clara Belle Lee," on May 5, 1850, lying with her main topsail aback and the wheel lashed down, with three large sperm whales alongside, to be cut in and tried out on the following morning.

At the first sign of dawn the crew were all on deck. Hot coffee was served out by the cook and steward, and the business of cutting in commenced. The chase and capture of whales is fine sport, but the cutting in and trying out is hard, disagreeable work.

By 7 a. m. on the morning of the 6th, we had one of our whales cut in and the body cast adrift. We stood watching the immense carcass as it slowly drifted astern. Old Bill Francis heaved a sigh as he watched it disappear, and said:

"If I only had that carcass beached on the Shimo shore at Nantucket, I would have some money."

"Yes, Bill," answered Mr. Hussey, "and marry the widow Chase, hey?"

"Oh I don't know about that," answered Bill. "The widow and I do not speak now as we pass by."

"Well, Bill, you must keep up a good heart, for if we make a great voyage you will have money enough then, and I may yet see you rolling down Orange street, dressed up to kill, with a girl on each arm—wing and wing—with stunsails out aloft and aloft, and the widow Chase looking out of her window, green with envy, wishing she had not given you the mitten."

"Darn her eyes!" roared old Bill, "she never gave me the mitten! I left her and went and shipped on this bloody old hooker."

After the laugh was over at Bill's excitement on the tender subject of the widow Chase, Mr. Hussey said: "Well, Bill, that is the report on the island, that she fired you. But what was the trouble, anyway? You were escorting her around last winter, and everybody said you were about to marry."

"That is all people know about it," said Bill as he slowly fished out from the depth of his pocket a long eel skin purse, and after hauling out numerous articles, at last found what he wanted—a note written in a lady's hand—and as he presented it to Mr. Hussey, growled out: "Read that, sir. That infernal note was the commencement of all our troubles."

Mr. Hussey took the note and read: DEAR WILLIAM—Do you love me as much as you did at a quarter to twelve last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me spirit to go down and tackle those cold beans left over from yesterday.

We all roared with laughter as Mr. Hussey finished reading the note. Old Bill was mad at our mirth, and the angrier he became the more it made us laugh. He was shedding his linen preparatory to "put a head on some of us," as he expressed it, when Captain Coffin, who had managed to command his countenance better than some of us, spoke up and said:

"Bill, no fighting, or I will stop your watch below. Come, tell us what answer you made to the widow's letter."

"Very well, sir. I mean no disrespect; but those darn young horse-marines—referring to us youngsters—have no respect for their elders. I answered back:

DEAR SUSAN—I do. Tackle them beans. And she tackled them with such effect that she was sick for a week, in sore distress from indigestion. The beauty of it was she laid it all to me," growled old Bill, "an' allowed that if I had not told her to go for the beans she would not have come so near dying. How did I know she was such a hog?" said Bill. "However, we patched up our differences and everything went on smoothly until about ten days ago. We had set up, courting, the widow and I, on that night until about 12 p. m., when on leaving her home I fell down the long front steps, in the darkness, and severely cut myself with a daguerreotype picture of the widow that I carried in my hip pants pocket. I struck on this, in a sitting posture. When I found out what hurt me so, I was so mad I could not speak. The widow came to the door with a light to see if I had killed myself. But when she found where I carried her picture she was so angry with me she would not speak, and went into the house, slamming the door behind her. I have not seen the widow since. I went down to Dr. King's and rung him up, and paid him a fancy price to pick out the pieces. The next morning I shipped as an A. B. on board of the "Clara Belle Lee," and here I am, for better or worse, and the widow can go to the devil."

We were all much amused at Bill's courtship. The captain spoke up and said:

"Let the men have their breakfast, Mr. Swain, before cutting in another whale; and, steward, give Bill a cake, a whole cake and pie, for he certainly takes the cake, with his confounded love yarns."

After breakfast things were lively on board of the ship. The fires were started in the tryworks and the thick black smoke from the fire, made by burning scraps of tried out blubber, hung like a pall over the ship until a light puff of wind would carry it off down to leeward.

A new whale was under the gangway; twenty men at the windlass heaving in the long heavy blanket pieces; old Bill Francis doing nothing but sitting on the windlass bits, singing shanties—sea songs—with the whole windlass crew roaring in on the chorus; the long, ponderous yards of the ship, with the sails hanging in festoons from the yards by the buntlines and clewlines; the squeaking of the mauling machine; the fires snapping and cracking under the pots; the hoarse commands of the officers; the noise of the saws of the carpenters; the ring of the cooper's hammers, as they walked around the immense oak casks, driving on the iron hoops solid before filling them with oil; men at the after hatch breaking out between decks to make room for the oil; the after part of the ship lumbered up with casks of water and provisions taken from the hold, all combined to make a picture, once witnessed, never to be forgotten.

The sharks were around the ship, feeding on the whales. Hundreds of them. All sorts and sizes, from the immense bone shark, thirty feet long, to the smaller blue shark, shovel-nose sharks, man eaters and ground sharks. All were there, filled to repletion, lying with their snouts thrust out of the water onto the sides of the whales, with no sign of life about them. Not a fin would move. They laid quiet and still, full as a tick with blubber, their cold, fishy, deadly eyes staring you straight in the eye, without a blink. I stared at one big fellow until he commenced to fascinate me and I had to withdraw my eye from his or I verily believe I should have jumped overboard to him. The little sucking fish, which has a curious apparatus on the crown of its head, by means of which it can fix itself firmly to any other body, designed by the Creator, to give this little fish the means of resting when tired, is quite a curiosity. Just think of the felicity of his being able to cuddle down cozily on the back of a whale and when he wakes up from his comfortable nap, to find himself at his journey's end. The pilot fish, who swims under the shark, were there, joining in the revel—a regular Tim Finnigan's wake.

"S-a-l-o-h!" was sung out from the lookout aloft.

"Where away?" was hailed from the deck.

"Off the weather quarter, sir," came back the answer from aloft.

"Heave away lively, boys, at that windlass," sang out Capt. Coffin, "the sooner we get the jackets off them the sooner we can make sail for Bermuda, and lay in our supply of potatoes and onions."

"Yes," said Mr. Chadwick, "and see the Bermuda girls, hey, Bill?"

"No women for me, Mr. Chadwick. They will not do," said old Bill. "The bible, Mr. Chadwick, says that woman was the last thing that God made, and he did not make her until Saturday night, and then was in such a hurry to finish her that he make her out of a rib. Anybody can see how tired he was."

"The widow Chase has soured you on women, Bill, I can see plainly," said Mr. Hussey. "Now for my part, considering the material God had to work with, I think he did a very good job when he made woman."

"That is a whale ship, sir, up to windward," sang out the lookout aloft, "and she is running off for us."

Soon we could see her from the deck, a large four-boat ship, painted white, and looming large on the horizon, a noble sight, indeed. She was evidently bent on speaking us. Cloth by cloth the canvass whitened the yards as she drew nearer to us, mounted the stays and arched like the pinions of sea birds from the bowsprit and jibooms until the ship in the keen brilliant sunshine showed as a surface of snow, with some of the iridescence of foam in her glittering complexion, from the line of gold on her milk-white sides, to where the little royals rounded, yearning from under the shining buttocks of the truck; her top gallant forecastle black with men watching us and evidently excited by our having whales alongside; her officers standing on the quarter deck and

in the waist; her captain sitting in the starboard boat with his speaking trumpet in hand. Our captain was standing by the wheel house, trumpet in hand. Mr. Swain was standing by his side with the ship's spyglass leveled on the rapidly approaching ship. "They have all negroes forward, sir," he said at last.

"Well," answered Captain Coffin, "it must be one of Joe Starbuck's ships then, for he ships negroes if obtainable."

"That is the 'Mogul,' sir, Captain Veeder," sang out Mr. Hussey.

"I know her now. She sailed from Nantucket last September, before this ship was launched from the railways."

"The 'Mogul' soon swept gracefully by our stern, about forty feet off."

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?" came sounding through the trumpet with a roar.

"The 'Clara Belle Lee,' of Nantucket, Coffin," answered our captain through his trumpet. "I hope I see you well, Captain Veeder."

"Very well, I thank you. How is Captain Coffin?"

"Very well, thank you. Will you come on board, Capt. Veeder?"

"Not now; some other time," answered the "Mogul's" captain. "I see you have been at it. Which way did the whales go?"

"Down to leeward" answered Capt. Coffin.

By this time the "Mogul" had swept by us and it was hard to understand one another.

"How long are you out from home?" roared Capt. Veeder.

"Four days out—300 blbs. sperm," answered Capt. Coffin.

The answer seemed to surprise those on board the "Mogul." We could see them talking together, and as Capt. Veeder stepped out of his boat onto his ship's deck, he swung his trumpet at us, and his answer was:

"Bully for you!"

They had only taken 150 blbs. of oil in seven months, though they made a good voyage later on.

"As the 'Mogul' sailed off down to leeward of us we stirred our fires vigorously and buried her up in the thick black smoke from our tryworks—"to grease her up a little for luck"—as Mr. Hussey expressed it.

By one o'clock in the afternoon our whales were cut in and the carcasses cast loose from the ship. All sail was made and we squared away for Bermuda. The wind had raised through the day and it was now blowing quite hard, and a heavy sea running. The "Mogul" was still in sight, far down to leeward.

"The 'Mogul' is maneuvering down there as though she saw whales," was roared out from aloft.

"Keep the ship off for her, Mr. Swain," sang out Capt. Coffin. "Steward, bring me my glass," and, taking his spyglass from the steward's hand, he slung it over his shoulder by the lanyard attached, and hurried up the mizzen rigging, where, sitting with his legs thrown over the mizzen topmast crossrees, he looked long and steadily at the "Mogul," almost huddled down to leeward. "Her boats are down," at last said Captain Coffin, "and pulling towards us, but I see no whales. Ah, row I do!" he exclaimed, "a lone whale coming right for us, three miles off. Crack all sail on ship, Mr. Swain! Work lively, boys, or those niggers will get that whale before our eyes, and that will be a fine yarn to go back home. The Nantucket girls will all throw off on you if that thing happens, so work lively!"

The ship was soon under a cloud of canvass, thrashing through it at a lively rate, the water raising in foam to our hawser holes as we flew through the angry seas, and we very soon lessened the distance between us and the "Mogul." In a very short time we could see the whale from the deck, coming to windward, with the "Mogul's" boats trailing along a short distance behind, their crews working hard at their oars. One of the boats was some distance ahead of the others, and very close to the whale, but not gaining on him much.

"Let the ship come to the wind," roared out Captain Coffin from aloft. "Bank the fires in the tryworks. Hoist and swing the boats, and work lively or they will have that whale. Mr. Swain, you need not lower. Mr. Chadwick, lower away the boats and try hard to cut out that whale?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Chadwick, and the boats were lowered and away from the ship in no time.

It was blowing heavy. The boats put two reefs in their sails and dashed down towards the whale, coming about one mile off, head on. We watched them from the ship with breathless interest.

"They have made a mistake, Capt. Coffin," sang out Mr. Swain to Capt. Coffin, aloft. "They will not get there

before the 'Mogul's' boat. They should have braced their boats masts with their short warps, and carried all sail."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Swain," said Capt. Coffin, anxiously. "Lower away in your boat and see if you can get there. But be careful, it is dangerous work going down, head on, to that whale in the breeze and sea."

"Aye, aye, sir. I will be careful," and the larboard boat dropped into the sea.

Then was seen the reason why Mr. Swain ranked so high as an officer and whaleman. He was quick to think and act, always showing good judgment and nerve on trying occasions. We fastened a short warp to the head of our boat mast and hauled it down taut and fastened it to about thwart making the mast as stout again, set our boat sail with no reefs in it, shoved out our jib to windward on a boat hook, and went scudding away after our boats, wing and wing, flying through the water at a fearful rate, over one sea and through another. In two minutes we were as wet as though we had fallen overboard and all hands hauling out water that poured into the boat in sheets. At times it seemed as though we would dive her under entirely. But those Nantucket made whale boats the world can't beat for safety and buoyancy. They are regular life boats. Our stout oak boat mast swayed and bent under the tremendous press of sail we were carrying, and we thought every minute it would go by the board; but thanks to our foresight in staying our mast with our short warp, it held fast. The strain on the boat was fearful. Cracks opened in her sides and the water came in, but still we held on. I glanced up at Mr. Swain and could see by the expression of his face, the closely shut mouth, the glare of his eye and by the look of stern determination on his countenance that we would get there or go down. But, still, it was anybody's whale. One of the "Mogul's" boats was very close to the whale and gaining all the time. The large six-foot buck niggers were laying back on their oars manfully, their officer at his steering oar, with his hat off and heaving on the aft oarsman's oar with all his strength, to help his boat along, swearing at his men one minute and begging them the next, to pull hard. Soon we were up with our own boats, who, seeing they had no show of getting there, let fly their sheets and came to the wind, watching us. All rivalry was forgotten in the face of such incomparable seamanship, and they swung their hats and let out a tremendous shout, and yelled and yelled again, to cheer and encourage us on as the heavy waves, hissing and lifting away, fell in sheets like satin from the sharp stem of our boat. Our boatsteerer crouched in the bow. Mr. Swain stood like a figure of iron at the steering oar; the rest of us firm on thwarts, with faces looking forward at the rapidly coming whale, with countenances hardened into stone, knitted brows and every muscle swelled and set. Our larboard boat flew by. Not a glance did we direct at our boats—we had no time. A slight wave of Mr. Swain's hand, in acknowledgement of this cheer, was all.

"I believe that is a white whale, Clay," said Mr. Swain—and it proved so. White whales are rare and usually alone and very ugly. They are not white but of a lead color. "Stand up, Clay, and get your iron ready. Keep cool, my boy, and do not get excited. Get both irons in if you can. If you boys jump overboard you can stay there for I will not pick you up."

And the boys in innocence believed him, and stayed with the boat—as long as there was any boat to stay with—like good fellows.

The "Mogul's" boats, seeing they had no show, slapped the water with their oars to scare the whale, but they were too late, for we dashed alongside of that whale in no time, and Clay sent both irons into his body to the scussing. Our boat mast snapped short off as we fastened to the whale, and we were buried up in the folds of the fallen canvass. It bothered us badly. If the whale had sounded or run we should have had to cut loose from him. But he had no intention of running, not he. When he felt the irons he stopped quickly, lifted his head out of the water, showing his long rows of ivory teeth, and cutting his immense flukes away from us with a savage sweep, brought them back again towards us with a rush and whirl of water, knocking our beautiful larboard boat into kindling wood in no time, killing Clay and the tub oarsman or sinking them so that they never rose to the surface, for we never saw them again—and left the rest of us swimming for dear life towards our other boats coming rushing down to our rescue.

They should have braced their boats masts with their short warps, and carried all sail."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Swain," said Capt. Coffin, anxiously. "Lower away in your boat and see if you can get there. But be careful, it is dangerous work going down, head on, to that whale in the breeze and sea."

"Aye, aye, sir. I will be careful," and the larboard boat dropped into the sea.

Then was seen the reason why Mr. Swain ranked so high as an officer and whaleman. He was quick to think and act, always showing good judgment and nerve on trying occasions. We fastened a short warp to the head of our boat mast and hauled it down taut and fastened it to about thwart making the mast as stout again, set our boat sail with no reefs in it, shoved out our jib to windward on a boat hook, and went scudding away after our boats, wing and wing, flying through the water at a fearful rate, over one sea and through another. In two minutes we were as wet as though we had fallen overboard and all hands hauling out water that poured into the boat in sheets. At times it seemed as though we would dive her under entirely. But those Nantucket made whale boats the world can't beat for safety and buoyancy. They are regular life boats. Our stout oak boat mast swayed and bent under the tremendous press of sail we were carrying, and we thought every minute it would go by the board; but thanks to our foresight in staying our mast with our short warp, it held fast. The strain on the boat was fearful. Cracks opened in her sides and the water came in, but still we held on. I glanced up at Mr. Swain and could see by the expression of his face, the closely shut mouth, the glare of his eye and by the look of stern determination on his countenance that we would get there or go down. But, still, it was anybody's whale. One of the "Mogul's" boats was very close to the whale and gaining all the time. The large six-foot buck niggers were laying back on their oars manfully, their officer at his steering oar, with his hat off and heaving on the aft oarsman's oar with all his strength, to help his boat along, swearing at his men one minute and begging them the next, to pull hard. Soon we were up with our own boats, who, seeing they had no show of getting there, let fly their sheets and came to the wind, watching us. All rivalry was forgotten in the face of such incomparable seamanship, and they swung their hats and let out a tremendous shout, and yelled and yelled again, to cheer and encourage us on as the heavy waves, hissing and lifting away, fell in sheets like satin from the sharp stem of our boat. Our boatsteerer crouched in the bow. Mr. Swain stood like a figure of iron at the steering oar; the rest of us firm on thwarts, with faces looking forward at the rapidly coming whale, with countenances hardened into stone, knitted brows and every muscle swelled and set. Our larboard boat flew by. Not a glance did we direct at our boats—we had no time. A slight wave of Mr. Swain's hand, in acknowledgement of this cheer, was all.

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

The Latest Styles of
MILLINERY!
A Large Invoice of Fall and Winter Goods Just Received.
DRESSMAKING
—AND—
TRIMMING
—A Specialty—
And None but the
most Skillful Artists
Employed.
"THE NEW YORK."
Everything in the Millinery Line Constantly on Hand. Also a Choice Assortment of
Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Shoes.
Prices cheaper than any other house in the county. Call and be convinced.
Mrs. L. B. Rinehart,
Main Street, Union, Or.

The Scout Job Office,
F. M. SLOCUM, Lessee.
The facilities having been increased by the addition of a fine assortment of new type and a large invoice of the finest papers and material, is now better prepared to execute
THE FINEST WORK
on short notice. Call at once if you want anything in the way of
Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Shipping Tags, Legal Blanks, Posters, Constitutions, Circulars, Envelopes, Receipts, Tickets, Statements, By-laws, Business Cards, Society Cards, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Ball Programs, Briefs.
You can get them at The Scout Job Office.
PRICES REASONABLE.
Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Instance. Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. Address: THE SCOUT JOB OFFICE, Union, Oregon.

C. VINCENT,
—DEALER IN—
BOOTS All Kinds.
AND
Latest Styles. **SHOES,**
Just Received, Direct from the East, a Large Invoice of LADIES' and MISSES' CALFSKIN SHOES, the Best Ever brought to this Market.
—Also a Fine Assortment of—
GENT'S -- FURNISHING -- GOODS.
My Prices will suit the times. Drop in and see me.
C. VINCENT, Main Street, Union, Or.

The Centennial Hotel,
Union, Oregon.
A. J. COODBROD, - Proprietor.
—(Recognized by all as the)—
Leading Hotel of Eastern Oregon!
FINE LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS For the Accomodation of Commercial Travelers,
CHARGES REASONABLE.

.. The New No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson ..
AT THE
EXPOSITION
UNIVERSELLE
PARIS, 1889
The Highest Possible Premium,
THE ONLY GRAND PRIZE
FOR SEWING MACHINES,
WAS AWARDED TO
WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO
—AND THE—
GROSS OF THE
LEGION OF HONOR.
WAS CONFERRED UPON
NATHANIEL WHEELER,
The President of the Company.
Pacific Coast Agency, 1368 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Machine
Stands at the Head.
Most Perfect Machine
in the Market for
Family Use
Elegant in workman-
ship and Design.
Look at them before
Purchasing.