

S. P. Fisher

The Albany Register.

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NO. 7.

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 BY COLL. VAN CLEVE,
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 Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-23.

SWEPT OVERBOARD.
 BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

I was on the Old Happy Day—a topsail schooner plying in the lumber trade between Buffalo and Saginaw. I was mate of her, and had stuck by her so many seasons that the idea of ever parting company gave me a twinge under my vest.

Captain Valentine was a grand old dog, who had received his initiation on a whaler. I sailed with him five seasons, or until he found a grave in Lake Erie, and up to within a few days of his death I never knew that he had a daughter, wife, son, or kin of any kind in the country. In the fall, when we went into winter quarters as well as the vessel, the captain always made for Detroit, but I did not know why. He never chose to volunteer any information in regard to his domestic matters, and I was not the one to pump him.

I was therefore greatly surprised one evening, as the Happy Day was lying at a mill-dock in East Saginaw, and I sitting on the rail smoking my pipe, to hear a sweet voice ask: "Is my father on board?"

I peered into the gloom, and I saw a lady on the wharf, having a traveling bag, shawl, basket, etc., to show that she had been traveling.

"And who is your father?" I asked, jumping off my seat and going forward to within a few feet of her.

"Why, excuse me, but is this not the Happy Day, Captain Valentine?"

"It is madam," I replied, "but you are not Captain Valentine's daughter?"

"Certainly I am," she replied, laughing merrily at the thought that my old captain hadn't as good right as anybody to have a handsome daughter.

I assisted her over the rail, escorted her to the companion-way, and then stood back while she went down to surprise the old man, who was potting his books. I heard a glad shout, his gruff voice asking questions, and in a few minutes he stuck his head out and shouted: "Here! you, matey—come down here a minute!"

I went down, a good deal ashamed of my long hair, busy whiskers and sailors' clothes, and the old man gave me an introduction. He was greatly pleased at her advent, as I could easily see; and while he continued his potting, Jennie and I sat at one side of the table and talked. Come to see her face under the cabin lamp, I saw that she was really handsome. She had very large hazel eyes, which looked honest and innocent that one could not have helped but love the lass at first. She did not speak very plainly of the errand that had brought her aboard, but as near as I could find out, she was going with us to Buffalo, and from thence to some point in New York State to visit her friends.

"Ah! matey, if ye only had such a wife as Jennie would make ye, what a happy dog ye'd be!" growled the old man, thumping the table and indulging in about the only smile I had ever seen him wear.

Jennie and I were confounded, and the old man seemed to enjoy the joke immensely.

"She ain't no greenhorn, matey," he continued, glancing admiringly at the fair girl. "She sailed with me four years afore ye knew me, an' there ain't a man in the fore-castle that can hold the Old Happy Day closer to the wharf, or send her over a head-sea, better nor this very little girl!"

Well, we talked for an hour, and then I gave up my berth to the fair Jennie and went forward to bunk with the men. It was in September, and the weather was just turning chilly. I had never given a thought to head winds, black squalls and howling gales before; but somehow, as I turned in that night, I worried for fear that our voyage down would be an ugly one.

"Well, we were ready to swing out and take a tug next day at noon, and we dropped down to the bar at the mouth of the river and took on the balance of our cargo. We had all dry lumber this time, and it was all piled up five or six feet high on deck. We had hardly finished loading when a gale sprang up, and how it did blow! We sent our big anchor down, but the Happy Day strained and pounded so heavily that we at length slipped the cable and got her back into the river; and we did not show a spar out for nearly thirty hours. Having a presentiment, perhaps of what was in store for the schooner and her crew, Captain Valentine endeavored to persuade his daughter to go to Bay City and back to Detroit, where she could come aboard as the vessel passed down. She only laughed at him.

"Why, father, that's all I came for!" she replied, shaking her sunny head at him. "I want to see the big white caps jump again, and to feel the

schooner tossing and struggling in the arms of the storm!"

We got outside at last, and we had an ugly run until we picked up a tug a few miles off Port Huron. There was a head wind, with tacking and heaving, and spray jumping halfway to the topsail yard. The men of the fore-castle looked upon her as "a regular built angel," as one of them expressed it, and as for me, why, she'd got to windward of me the very first night, and was now driving me on the rocky shore of "over ears in love" every hour. She pulled at the halyards of the big yard with the men, sung "oh-ho!" as they pulled, and a dozen times a day she would sly back, take the wheel from the man on duty, and would hold the Happy Day so near the compass point for half an hour that the men felt ashamed to see the schooner yawning as the wheel was passed over to their care.

We had a better time after the tug took us, and our trip down through the big rivers was easy enough. The man at the wheel had only to steer with the tug, and the rest of us had nothing to do. As we got down to Detroit it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the old man called me into the cabin. The sky had a leaden cast, and even a sailor's child could have told that an ugly storm was brewing.

"Matey," commenced the old man, as I took a seat and drew up to the table, "ye must take good care of Jennie. If ye don't make her a good husband, I'll come back and hunt ye if there is such a thing in the book!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, looking sharply into his face to see if he had not taken a glass too much.

"I ain't drunk—it isn't that," he replied, "but something's going to happen. The Happy Day is going to be wrecked, and you and the girl will be the only ones saved! Don't dispute it, because I've dreamed it three times over, and I've made all preparations. Ye'll find some valuable papers in my locker, and I hope that the girl, who seems well pleased with ye, will consent to sail on the same tack with ye forever!"

I laughed at him until I saw he was offended, and I reasoned with him until I saw that arguments were thrown away. Then I went up the companion-way feeling that the old man was getting childish, and that a season more would use him up.

The sun had just dipped as the tug cast us off a mile or two from the mouth of the river. There was only one other vessel, and we both stood off to the northwest on the same tack. There was a chilly wind and a vexed sea, and when the shadows finally settled and we set our signal lights, there was a moaning and growling which told better than a barometer that the old Happy Day would have a rough night of it. The strange schooner was soon out of sight in the darkness, and then we were alone.

It was the captain's watch from eight to twelve, but none of us turned in. The fore-castle men talked in whispers, and seemed to feel that some calamity was at hand. Jennie was in the cabin, and Captain Valentine paced the deck and hadn't a word to say to any of us. An hour after dark the gale breezed up so that I ordered the topsail taken in. The sea was coming up fast, and before another hour we went in stays took the other tack, and then double-reefed fore and main sails and lowered the jibs. The captain did not give a single order, but left everything to me. An hour before midnight he came up to me and whispered in my ear, though no one was near:

"She'll hold out about two hours yet—after that, remember what I told you last night about Jennie!"

I had seen worse storms than this, but at midnight I began to get nervous. With one more tack we had all the sea-room we wanted, and then the wind suddenly shifted, as it always does before it comes up suddenly to blow great guns. It whipped around and almost died out for a moment, and then we heard it coming off the starboard quarter.

We got the main-sail down, took an extra turn of the tail of the fore-heel over the clew, and were waiting when the storm struck us. How it blew! She went over on her beam ends at the first blast, and on my soul I thought she was done for. She would never have righted except for the whole deck-sliding off. As the weight went over, her port bulwarks were ripped out here and there, much of the rail carried off, and the shrouds of the mainmast were cut off by the lumber like so many pipe-stems.

At last the schooner righted. She fell off until the wind was almost astern, and then she jumped into the black darkness like a frightened deer. The cargo being of dry lumber, I

knew that the schooner would not go down. She would become water-logged, but would be all right unless driven ashore or beaten to pieces. The waves rolled and roared as I never saw them before or since. It was impossible to stand up, and each one of us clung to something.

"Don't this make you realize the power of God!" exclaimed a voice in my ear, and Jennie grasped my arm.

I pulled her to me, held up her hands so that she could grasp the shrouds of the foremast, and just then heard the captain call. He was on the starboard side, the men all about him, and I think he wanted to consult me about cutting away the mast. I started to cross over, and just then the schooner went down, a tremendous wave rushed in over her bow, and every soul of us except the girl were swept over the rail or through the stoved bulwarks to leeward.

As I went over the rail into bubbling, hissing, roaring sea, I caught a glance of the girl. She stood where I had left her, clinging tightly to the shrouds, hair streaming down, the sea dashing over her—a veritable angel of the storm!

There was a wail or a shout from each of the men, as we were swept off through the gloom, and then all was still except the dash of the waves and the howl of the gale. I was swimming bravely, though knowing that death would soon drag me down when something struck me. It was a piece of the rail! I clutched it fiercely, and after several trials succeeded in pulling myself upon it. How cold the water was! I shivered like one with the ague, and I felt such a numbness that I feared I should be swept away. I was sweeping along amidst a wave or covered under a white cap, and growing more and more benumbed, when I heard the shiver of canvas—such a banging as it makes when a ship goes in stays and the wind is brisk. Next moment there came a hail.

"Ho! ho-o-o-o! Ho! ho-o-o-o!"

Frightened as I was, I recognized it as Jennie's voice. I could not answer back, I was so full of water, and so cold and numb. Next moment I heard the swash of the Happy Day, and she came right down on me, her chains striking the rail within a foot of me. As the boat was borne down, I made a grand effort, and I caught one of the chains and twisted a leg over it. Next moment I went thirty feet high (so it seemed) as the schooner rose on the wave, but I came in, and in a few minutes cluded in over the bow. The vessel was shipping seas every moment or two, but I crept forward to the stampon post, found a jib halyard and lashed myself fast. I could not see the girl, but every three or four minutes for the next hour I heard her hallooing to the lost mariners, and felt the motion as she put the schooner on the other tack. She was beating the vessel up and down to find them. For two hours she did this, and then the storm began to abate. As the seas stopped coming over, I crept aft and gave her a great shock. She had not seen me, and believed that all were dead. Together we worked the vessel to and fro until daylight, and then we had to give up all hopes. Not one of the six men who went overboard with the wave had escaped his fate. I, the seventh, was there to tell her how God's providence had preserved me through her heroism. When certain that the others were dead, I laid our course for Toledo, the vessel a wreck, and we finally arrived there.

What I have told you happened a good many years ago, and the wife there in the corner, busy at her needle as I write, is the storm angel who saved me from a grave in Lake Erie.

—Fleming Friend.

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Call and see me.
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I guarantee entire satisfaction. Charges liberal.

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 Agent for Mrs. Carpenter's CELEBRATED DRESS MODEL. Nov. 4, 1874

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I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order mangle-bottomed chairs, &c. Shop near the Mills and Hosley, Jefferson, Oregon. Branch shop near "Maggie's Mills," Albany, where orders for chairs, turning, &c., can be left. JOHN M. METZLER, Jefferson, Oct. 4, 1872

MONKEYS AS POLICE DETECTIVES.
 A remarkable story comes from Bombay, which suggests the propriety of employing monkeys as detectives. A Madras man making a journey took with him some money and jewels, and a pet monkey. He was waylaid, robbed, murdered and buried by a party of assassins. The monkey witnessed the whole affair from a tree top; and as soon as the villains had departed, he went to the nearest police officer's station, attracted his attention by his sighs and groans, and finally led him to the grave of his master. He then enabled the officer to recover the stolen property from the place where it had been concealed, and then went to the bazaar and picked out the murderers one by one, until secured. They confessed the crime, and are held for trial.

A new capital of the State of Texas is to be selected and a lively contest for the choice is going on between Austin, Houston, Waco, Bryan, Hearne, Dallas, and probably twice as many more.

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