

Christian Advocate

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Religious Intelligence.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In May last we began to publish extracts from the journal of Betsey Stockton, which was kept during the voyage of the mission family, of which she formed a part, to the Sandwich Islands; and we promised a continuance of these extracts. The publication of the interesting journal of the Rev. Mr. Stewart immediately afterward, and the occupation of this part of our miscellany by the minutes of the General Assembly since, have occasioned delay in the fulfilment of our promise till the present time. Nor shall we now publish as largely from this journal, as we should have done, if we had not given such copious extracts from that of Mr. Stewart. But a journal of a sea voyage, if well written, is never uninteresting, or out of date: and a missionary voyage must, we think, be perused by friends of missions with uncommon interest. In our present number we shall give the narrative of the approach to and passage round Cape Horn; and in our next the continuance of the voyage across the Pacific ocean, till the arrival of the family at the place of their destination, and the settlement of the writer in the island of Lahaina.

(Continued from p. 235.)

Feb. 5th, 1823.—All well and anxious to get round Cape Horn; a little blow in the afternoon. We are not without our fears; but the Lord reigneth, and we will rejoice. Lat. 49° 40'—lon. 62° 08'.

Feb. 6th.—The weather is beginning to be rather cold. I find my woollen clothes to be very comfortable : my health is very good again—a little home sick, but do not wish to return. O! thought I, if I could but spend one Sabbath evening in your study, how my heart would rejoice. But I must look forward to that Sabbath which will never end—there to see, face to face, what we now see dimly through a glass; and to meet you, with my other friends, whom I have left behind. It is a source of consolation to me to be able to think that you, with many others in my native land, pray for me. Were it not for that, I should almost despair. I find my heart more deeply corrupted than I had any idea of. I always knew that the human heart was a sink of sin, and that mine was filled with it; but I did not know, until now, that the sink was without a bottom. I attribute much of my spiritual difficulty to the want of retirement and prayer. It is with the greatest anxiety that I mark the hours as they pass away, which once were devoted to God in secret, without having at present a place for retirement, or indeed at times a heart to retire. Ah ! how soon may the people of God grieve away his Holy Spirit. But why should I thus complain and despond. He is still my Father and my God—and I still love him—Yes, my balm is still in Gilead, and my physician there.— Lat, 56° 41'—lon. 63°.

Feb, 7.—Still sailing with all speed towards Cape Horn. Just as the sun was setting, we were called to witness one of the most sublime scenes that ever the eyes of mortals beheld—no language could paint it—it was the setting of the sun. The scene kept changing from beautiful to more beautiful, until I could think of nothing but the bright worlds above, to which the saints are hastening. As soon as it was over, and the sun had disappeared, we were assembled on the quarter deck for prayers. Here my soul found free

access to the throne of grace, and rose with delight in the contemplation of that God who is the author of all our joys, and of all good.

Feb. 8.—I was roused this morning by *Mr. Lane*, who came into the cabin to inform the captain that there was land two points off the weather bow. The captain told him to brace and stand for it. I soon dressed myself, and went on deck to see it. Its first appearance was that of a dark cloud; but it became much darker as we approached it; until we came near enough to discover cragged rocks, with a whitish earth running between them. It was about 12 o'clock when we first saw the white streaks, and at 1 we could see the greenish appearance of the mountains. Half an hour afterwards we saw a smoke rising from them, and at 2 a light blaze. It was however, soon extinguished. What this fire was, no one on board could tell—perhaps a company of sealers had stopped there, and seeing our ship, lighted it up to alarm us. Or it might be the signal of distress for some poor cast-away sailor—or possibly a volcanic eruption. Our captain had often passed *Staten land* before, but had seen nothing of the kind. But our situation was too critical to admit of a moment's delay to make observations; for we were now near enough to see the breakers dashing against this forbidden shore; and either a calm or squall might prove fatal to us. I thought of the language of the poet, as I looked at these craggy cliffs—

“Alas! these rocks all human skill defy. Who strikes them once, beyond relief, must die.”

We continued sailing near them until 4 o'clock, when a calm ensued. Our captain said nothing to us, but evidently appeared troubled. I then knew no danger, and talked to him as usual—asked him to send a boat ashore; and jestingly told him, that I would accompany him. I thought he appeared very solemn, and could give no reason for it. The truth was, that a strong current was drawing us towards these fatal rocks; and if wind enough should not rise to render the ship manageable, we must inevitably be wrecked upon them, during the ensuing night. Here you will indulge me with a passing reflection. I have always remarked, that in the most dangerous situations, I have felt the easiest; and it was because I did not know my danger. And can there be anything more like a sleeping Christian, or an unawakened sinner? both in imminent danger, and both stupid. O that God may save me from the spiritual, as he has in mercy from the natural evil. A fresh breeze sprung up towards evening, and we were soon borne beyond the reach of the current; and in a few hours *Staten land* receded entirely from our view. But fresh dangers and anxieties awaited us.

Feb. 9th.—Here begins our tossing and rolling.—To-day we have had rain and hail in squalls. We cannot write or read with comfort; and if we attempt to eat, sitting on chairs that are not lashed, the chance is ten to one that we are thrown across the cabin, before the meal is over. I have had several pretty hard blows on my head, since we left the river Plate. Our latitude, as far as we can judge from reckoning and observation, is 55° 26'—lon. 35°. Twenty-one days ensue after this, in which there was snow, hail, rain, and one continued gale. Sometimes we could scud before the wind; but the most of the time it was too strong to admit of that; we generally lay too under a close reefed top-sail, and mizen-stay-sail. Oh! how cheerless every thing looked around us, in comparison with what it did some time ago. The sailors were all wet, day and night; the fore-castle was half of the time under water; and the water that was shipped at the bow, ran as far as the companion-way. All over the ship there was nothing but dirt and wet, so slippery that we could not stand. One night, at twelve o'clock, I went on deck, when the ship was laying too, under nothing but a close reefed top-sail. The wind was so strong, that I could not stand without holding by my hands to something fixed : it seemed as if the ship was going on her beam ends every

moment. The sailors were always pleased to see me on deck in a storm, and tried more than once to frighten me; but when they found that they did not succeed, they ended with saying, “ well Betsey, you’ll know how to pity poor sailors—we have not been dry since we left Staten land.” My heart has often bled for these poor fellows. I slept whenever I could, night or day. Studying was out of the question; I found it impossible to put two ideas together, half the time. During this period, we caught several birds; one or two of which I tried to save for Mr. — , but the rain continued so long that they were spoiled. The sailors call them *Mother Carey’s chickens*, And *Mock Mollys*. The most beautiful that I have seen is the Mock Molly. Of this species we took a number. They are a little larger than a goose. In viewing Cape Horn, I can truly say *the half was not told me*. It is indeed one of the most dreadful places ever seen; and if I double it again, I shall endeavour to do it by the way of the Cape of Good Hope; this, I know, is a blunder, but it conveys my meaning. In a gale we lost the waste-board of the ship; this left the deck three feet nearer to the water, and consequently we shipped more water than usual. I had always had the good fortune to be below when the deck got washed very badly; and as we were soon to be in the milder waters of the Pacifick, I wished very much to see our vessel *ship one heavy sea*, as the sailors call it. My wishes were answered in the following manner—One afternoon, when I had been suffering for some time with wet feet, I went to the caboose to warm them; just as I was coming out, I got both my eyes filled with ashes and embers, which put me in a very unfavourable situation for seeing what I had wished to see : but at that moment I heard a sea strike the leeward side of the ship, fore and aft; in an instant I sprang to the shrouds, and heard the water run in a torrent under me. My poor eyes were condemned to darkness: a liquid made of salt water mid ashes did not improve them just then. However I felt no inconvenience from it afterwards, except that it afforded fine sport, for some time, to the captain, who often observed that Betsey had shipped a sea in her face. This occurrence however did not intimidate me : I went on deck very often to view the grandeur of the sea; and it is truly one of the most sublime objects in creation. I have spent hours since I left my native land in view ing this object. At times I have seen the waves rise mountains high before us; and it would appear as if we must inevitably be swallowed up; but in a moment our ship would rise upon the wave, and it would be seen receding at the stern. I stayed on deck one evening until 12 o’clock, looking at the waves breaking over the ship : it was one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. The water would foam up like mountains of snow around us, and break over the deck; while below it sounded like thunder, or like rivers running over us. I could compare our sailing when going before the wind to nothing but flying. We were scudding with the wind directly aft, under a close reefed top and main-sail; of course the ship rolled and pitched at the same time. Captain Clasby had told us, more than once, that if the wind was fair, we must take care of ourselves, for he did not intend to spare us. He was now literally fulfilling his words; for he neither spared us nor the ship. I felt more afraid that her sides would meet the same fate that the waste-board did, than of any thing else. She laboured very hard, and we shipped so much water, that the pumps were kept at work every four hours. I have thought at times, in the night, that we were on a rock; but on inquiry, the answer would be, *nothing but Cape Horn*.

However, we are almost done with it, and I am not sorry : nor am I sorry that I have been called to double it; for I have enjoyed more of the light of my heavenly Father’s countenance, during the time we were off the Cape, than I ever did in the Atlantic. The only reason I can assign is, that here we have been called hourly to acknowledge his mercy in sparing our lives; and that while we here view his power upon this stormy ocean, we have felt our helplessness, and been made to adore and tremble. I am not writing to one who is unacquainted with the human heart; you know its dark deceitful nature, and that it is not always kept warm by tender treatment. For me at least it is necessary, in order to keep me in my place, to have

some doubts, some temptations, and some sickness to struggle with; and even then my garments are far from being kept white. But hitherto has the Lord helped me, and I can raise upon this much dreaded landmark, a strong and lasting *Ebenezer*. Long, I hope, shall I remember the mercy of my God here. Here too the Spirit of the Lord has, I trust, been striving with some of the sailors, though many are yet, I fear, in the gall of bitterness; some, however, are rejoicing in the Lord. How would your heart rejoice with us, could you see these hardy sons of the ocean, who would scorn to complain of any earthly hardships, bowing with the spirit of children, at the cross of Christ. This fact we witness; and if I could do it as I wish, it would please me to give you an account of some of their conversations— their plain, abrupt, and sailor-like manner of expressing their thoughts and feelings; but I must leave this for an abler pen.

(To be concluded in our next.)