

The Hawaiian Star

SECOND SECTION

PAGES 9 TO 12.

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PAGES 9 TO 12.

DEATH OF FAMOUS WHALEMAN SUGGESTS SOME WHALING HISTORY

The following obituary notice of Captain Manter is from the Republican Standard, New Bedford, May 16. It makes the error of mentioning Father Damien as publisher of the Friend, instead of Rev. S. C. Damon, who was pastor of the old Seamen's Bethel and familiarly called "Father" Damon:

Captain Cyrus Manter, one of the most highly respected citizens of West Tisbury, died May 6 at the advanced age of 87 years. He was the son of the late Captain Granville Manter of Chilmark, and it was there he spent his boyhood days. At an early age he went to sea, soon rising to the position of captain, and for many years he spent nearly all his life on the water. Success attended his efforts and he has been retired for many years. He married Miss Amy Chase of Edgartown, who survives him. He also leaves a son, W. G. Manter, the well known contractor of Vineyard Haven.

The first Manter, surnamed John, came to the Vineyard about 1629 and for every generation there were Manters who followed the sea for a livelihood. Captain Manter's father was a captain and so it was natural that a son should follow in his footsteps.

Cyrus Manter shipped before the mast on the ship York, Captain Coffin, sailing from Edgartown in 1844 on a voyage that lasted 35 months and 15 days. The captain gave him a recommendation that was sufficient to land him a second mate's berth and he sailed from Vineyard Haven in the fall of 1847 in the Ocmulgee, the ship that was destined to visit the Arctic before her return. The ship rounded the Cape of Good Hope in the course of a whaling voyage to the south and eventually rounded into the Pacific ocean whaling on the well known grounds in the northern part of that ocean.

Previous to 1848 the cold, northern ocean was unknown to white men, and it was the adventurous whaling captains, fired with ambition to find new whaling grounds, who dared to steer their ships into the unknown north. It was in the year 1849 that the first Arctic voyage was made, and Captain Manter was one of the men on the voyage. Captain Joseph Dias, also of Marthas Vineyard, was also with Captain Manter on this voyage. At the time they made their first Arctic voyage Captain Dias was first mate and Captain Manter second mate of the ship Ocmulgee of Vineyard Haven. Captain Frederick Manter, master, the first whaling master to venture his craft past Bering strait.

American whalers have always enjoyed fame as fearless navigators and previous to venturing into the Arctic they had sailed in every sea on the globe. But the Arctic held little terror for them once they knew that whales were to be found there. That there were whales in the Arctic ocean was discovered accidentally. In the year 1848, Captain Royce, master of the bark Superior of Sag Harbor, had ventured so far into Bering strait that his ship was carried through to the northern ocean. On the way through the strait whales were sighted, going rapidly to the north. They were huge monsters and more numerous than had been met with in other waters, but they passed the ship so rapidly there was no chance to get any of them, though some were taken later.

Captain Royce found himself in the strange ocean, uncharted and holding unknown terrors. It was not intended that the ship should get into the ocean, and Captain Royce, at the first opportunity took his ship south through the strait. Safely out and proceeding south to the rendezvous of the whalers at the Sandwich Islands, Captain Royce had a wonderful story to tell of the strange ocean. His story was printed in the Friend, a paper published by Father Damien and having a considerable circulation among the whalers. It became the talk of the islands and every whaler there became interested in this discovery of a new whaling ground. It was the bow-head species of whale that Captain Royce had seen and at that period the whales became known as Royce whales in honor of the man who had first seen them. Among the whaling vessels in port was the ship Ocmulgee and Captain Manter was determined to venture his vessel into the Arctic ocean. It was the first voyage in which a whaling master intentionally

steered his ship into the unknown sea. In the fall of 1850 Cyrus Manter went out as first mate of the Ocmulgee under the command of Captain Cottle, another voyage to the North Pacific ocean lasting for three years.

In the winter of 1853 Captain Manter shipped as first mate in the full rigged ship Eliza F. Mason from New Bedford. While cruising around the Kings Mill Islands the crew mutinied and set fire to the vessel. It was only through the heroic efforts of Captain Manter that the vessel was saved. After refitting at the Ladrone Islands the Eliza F. Mason made a remarkable run south, covering 648 miles in 48 hours.

In the fall of 1857 Captain Manter sailed his first voyage as master, going out in command of the Edgartown ship Europa. This was a voyage to the North Pacific ocean, and lasted for nearly five years. Captain Manter finished his voyage in the Europa in 1862.

Captain Manter remained at home for three years after his first voyage as master. He married in 1863. In 1865 he sailed as first mate in the ship Thomas Dickson, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Jernegan. This was a four years' voyage to the North Pacific, and after two years as master Captain Jernegan left her and Captain Manter finished the voyage as master. He returned in 1869, the last of his actual whaling voyages, though he continued to be connected with that industry. After a number of years at home he took command of the Roman, taking her from the shipyards at Bath, Me., to San Francisco.

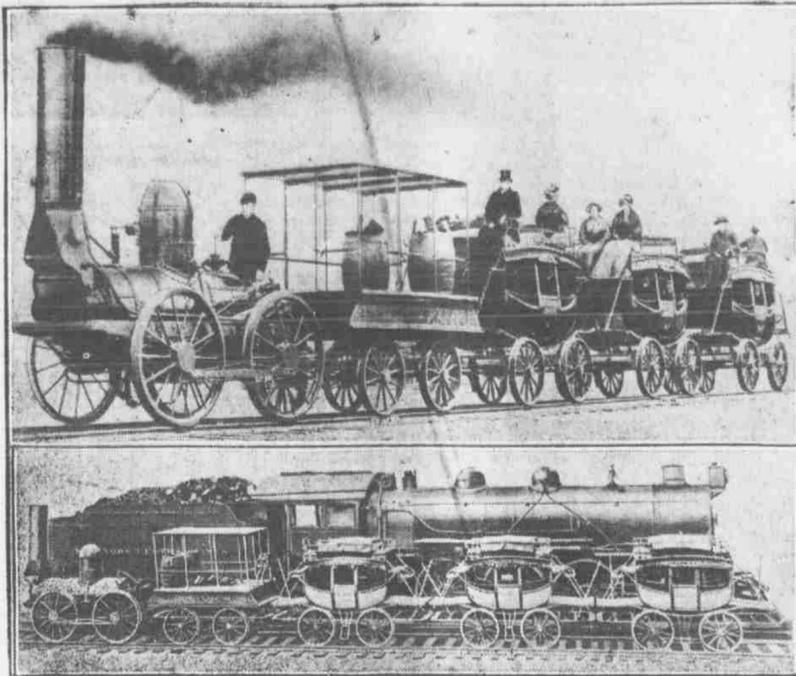
His next voyage was as master of the bark Legal Tender, carrying provisions to the Sandwich Islands and loading there with oil to go to San Francisco. From San Francisco he went in command of the Jenny Pitts, going to St. Lawrence island, in Bering strait, after a cargo of bone and oil. He returned to San Francisco and there took on an additional cargo to come to the Atlantic coast. Heavy weather was encountered and when the Sandwich Islands were reached the vessel was in such shape that a survey was ordered. The vessel was declared unseaworthy and she was stripped and sold after her cargo had been transferred to the Martha Davis, a Boston ship, bound to New Bedford. Captain Manter returned to San Francisco and there took command of the Siren to go to St. Lawrence island for another cargo of oil and bone. He went thence to the Sandwich Islands and reshipping the bone aboard a sugar laden vessel bound for San Francisco, he continued the voyage to New Bedford. On the trip the vessel lost her rudder head in the gulf stream and the Siren was taken to Bermuda for repairs.

Captain Manter then went to Dundee, Scotland, for the Bartlett's of New Bedford, to look into the merits of the steam whalers built there. As a result of his report the Belvedere, the first steam whaler, was built in Bath. Captain Manter took the Belvedere to San Francisco in 1880. It is a matter of interest that those on board with him during this trip were Captain H. Bodfish and Captain Benjamin Tilton, two men who shortly afterwards made their mark as Arctic whalers. A few years later Captain Manter took out the steam whaler William Lewis taking the steamer through the Straits of Magellan. On previous voyages around South America he had gone around Cape Horn, making fourteen voyages, around that dangerous point.

Captain Manter made his last trip to sea over twenty years ago, since which time he had been content to remain at home. His voyages had brought him a modest competence that had served to maintain him and his wife in a comfortable home in the charming old town of West Tisbury. Captain Manter spent nearly forty years in following the sea. During the first eighteen years of his going to sea he never spent a winter at his island home.

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WILL SHOW OUR PROGRESS IN DISSOLVING DISTANCE



Upper—One of America's earliest railroad trains. Lower—Same train compared with present day locomotive.

How far man has progressed in the furtherance of his desire to cover the greatest amount of distance in the least possible time is to be demonstrated at a "travel and vacation exhibition" in New York. It is a long way from the rowboat to the ocean liner, from the ox cart to the compound locomotive, but the distance will be bridged at the show. In addition, the intermediate steps will be traced, and the exposition, the first of its kind to be held in America, will be interesting to the "never homes," to those who travel occasionally and to those who remain at home.

The exposition will have numerous features, but it is expected that the historical section will draw the largest number of visitors. All sorts of sources have been drawn upon for original exhibits, for models of those which it is impossible or inconvenient to move and for photographs and plans of others. Among those agencies which have cooperated to furnish interesting material are the Smithsonian Institution,

the United States government's scientific museum in Washington; the navy department, railroad and steamship companies and traffic clubs.

The Smithsonian will send models of early steamboats, including Fulton's Clermont, Stevens' Phoenix, John Fitch's boat and the Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic ocean. In addition the government will send a large model of the Panama canal. Admiral Peary will exhibit some of his sledges, and there will be a model of the Gjoa, in which Amundsen discovered the Northwest passage.

Motorboat devotees will find much to interest them in the new naphthalene launch ever built, with its engine. They were constructed twenty-seven years ago and were the forerunners of the speedy motorboats, with the internal combustion engines which have now superseded those of the old type.

The progress of land transportation will claim a large share of space in the show. John Brown's old stage coach, used by the man of Osawatimie in his

campaign trip through Iowa, and the original Deadwood state coach will arouse memories among the old timers.

One of the pictorial exhibits is a series of photographs and diagrams showing every locomotive constructed for the Georgia Central railroad from the beginning to the present day. The first is a tiny engine erected in 1823. It weighed about five tons and was called the Chinkapin.

But the gem of the collection, no doubt, in the minds of most of the visitors will be the old De Witt Clinton train, the first ever run in the state of New York, with its quaint, old time coaches, modeled after the horse-drawn vehicles of the time. Its huge stack wood burning locomotive and the other features which have disappeared in the development of railroading. There are few relics of older times more interesting than this train.

The illustration sets forth the relative sizes of the De Witt Clinton train and a giant passenger locomotive of today.

What the sailing vessels of olden days were as compared with the present great ocean liners the De Witt Clinton, the first steam railroad locomotive run in the states of New York is to the giant Pacific type of passenger locomotive now in service on the New York Central lines. The De Witt Clinton, with its original pioneer train of three coaches, made its first regular trip between Albany and Schenectady on August 9, 1831, attaining a maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour. The Clinton was built at the West Point foundry, foot of Beach street, New York. Its four driving wheels were four feet six inches in diameter, the cylinders five and one-half inches in diameter and sixteen inch stroke. The weight of the engine and tender was about six tons. The boiler had thirty copper tubes two and one-half inches in diameter. The engineer mounted a small seat attached to the rear of the tender and gave the signal for starting by blowing a tin horn. The fuel used on this trip was dry pitch pine, coal having been tried previously but found not to work satisfactorily.

As there was no spark arrester on the stack the smoke and sparks poured back on the passengers in such a volume that they raised their umbrellas as shields. The covers were soon burned off these, and each man whipped his neighbor's clothes to put out the fire started by the hot cinders. When a stop was made at the water station an attempt was made to remedy the disagreeable jerks, resulting from the slack between the coaches, by wedging rails from a neighboring fence between the cars and tying them fast by packing yarn. This plan succeeded and the train arrived at the incipient plane at Schenectady without accident. After the party had partaken of refreshments in Schenectady they returned to Albany and thus completed the first regular trip of a steam locomotive and train in New York state.

WALTON WILLIAMS.
Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

ENGLISH AUTHOR'S ADVENTURES WITH THE TURKS IN TRIPOLI

(The Daily Chronicle, London.)
Mr. G. F. Abbott, a well known British author and journalist, who has been with the Turkish headquarters in the Tripolitan hinterland since December last, has reached London. He left the Turks on March 28, and after an adventurous journey on foot, in the course of which he was lost in the desert, was rescued by Arabs, and finally imprisoned by an Arab garrison, reached London by way of Tunis.

Speaking to Reuter's representative of his experiences, Mr. Abbott said: "I have spent about four months with the main Turkish and Arab forces in the desert round the town of Tripoli with a view to writing a book on the war.

"In London I had been warned that the Arabs themselves would cut my throat, or that the Italians would shoot me at sight if they caught me. Well, the Arabs, so far from cutting my throat, as soon as they made sure that I was not an Italian, treated me as a friend, while the Italians never had a chance of catching and shooting me, for the very simple reason that they dared not come out of their trenches. The only real difficulties I encountered were those unavoidable in desert travel—long marches on foot, on horse or on camel back, and, at the beginning, scarcity of provisions.

"The English Red Cross arrived most opportunely to assist the Turkish and German doctors already in the field—for fever really proved a much more formidable enemy than the Italian fire. Had the Italians followed up their occupation of the town of Tripoli by a vigorous advance along the coast and into the interior I have no doubt they would have been able to possess themselves, within a month, of all the territory as far south as the Djebel Mountains. The Turks had lost their prestige among the natives by evacuating the capital. The Arab recruits had deserted them en masse.

"The Arab population was ready to submit to the invader without striking a blow. Indeed, in several places like Azizia and Zanzur, which now are Turkish camps, they had hastened to hoist the white flag.

Missed Their Opportunity.
"For a few weeks the small Italian party of influential natives in the town of Tripoli had it all their own way. No resistance seemed possible.

"Unfortunately for themselves, the Italians missed the psychological moment. As is clear from their subsequent behavior, they had come to Tripoli prepared to annex and not to conquer, and they wasted their time in changing the status of the country on paper instead of occupying it with garrisons.

"Their blunder gave the Turks and the Arab patriots time to rally. Fervid appeals were made to the population to rise in defence of their country and faith. The population responded with admirable spirit. The white flags were hauled down, and the first contingents of Arab volunteers began to arrive from the interior.

"Then came the massacres at Tripoli to fan the Arab spirit into fierce flames. From that moment submission became as impossible as resistance had at first seemed to be. From that moment, too, the position of the Italians has been growing weaker, and more volunteers—some on horseback, most on foot—are daily flocking up from the south to fight under the Sultan's flag, and week after week I saw those warriors, who at first had little besides bravery to qualify them as soldiers, learning the rudiments of discipline and tactics and the use of modern rifles.

"The attitude of those men can be summed up in one sentence, which is constantly on their lips: 'We shall go on fighting as long as there is one drop of blood left in our veins.' That this is not an empty piece of rhetoric I am convinced by repeated personal experience. I have seen Arabs wounded two, three, four, or five times, and each time, immediately the wound was healed, returning to fight again.

From the material point of view also the position of the Turks has been steadily improving, and that of the Italians as steadily deteriorating since the beginning of the war. At first the Turks had neither money nor provisions—a piece of bread or a handful of stale dates was about all they could find to eat, and a packet of 20 cigarettes that normally cost two pence had to be bought for two shillings.

"Gradually contributions from all over the Mohammedan world—Turkey in Europe and Asia, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria and so forth—began to come in and caravans of all sorts began to cross the frontier. Even volunteers from Tunis, Algeria, and the desert beyond Chadames came to join us, shouting 'Allah yansur es Sultan'—God save the Sultan. The French authorities cannot arrest this stream without running the risk of a rebellion of their own subjects, so profound is the enthusiasm aroused by this last attack of the Cross on the Crescent. As a very responsible French official in Tunis said to me: 'Even apart from political considerations, it is utterly impossible for us to guard such an extensive frontier. If the Italians wish to stop the inflow of men, money and food they must land an army and guard the frontier themselves.'

Prime Mutton in The Desert.
"Besides help from outside, this year's rains, after four years of drought, have been of immense benefit to the fighting Arabs. I saw the desert rapidly transforming itself into a beautiful meadow under my eyes and for some months past the flocks of sheep and goats that abound on Tripolitania have been fattening on luscious grass, with the result that I ate better mutton in the hinterland of Tripoli than I had ever tasted in the best restaurants of London. And that is not all. The Italians have given time to the Arabs of the various oases to till and sow their fields, and when the crops are harvested in June they will afford a supply of food that will make the forces of the Crescent independent of provisions from outside.

"On the other hand, the Italians, penned up in the town and its immediate environs, have, since all communication with the interior is cut off, been all this time obliged to rely entirely on supplies imported from Europe. From the point of view of health also, to one sick Arab you will probably find ten Italians for while the former are in the open desert, the pure air of which counteracts in a large measure the causes that make for disease, the latter are doomed to breathe the polluted atmosphere of an insanitary and congested Oriental town. All these conditions will be accentuated as the months creep in, and the summer, with its terrible heat and the suffocating sirocco, succeeds to the comparative coolness of the spring.

"Had the Italians advanced during the winter, when the climatic conditions were in their favor, and when owing to the calls of agriculture most of the Arab volunteers were obliged to stay at home, they might have been masters of the situation. But the fact that they have not quitted their fortified trenches has not only made advance now impossible, but has induced the Arabs to believe that the Italians are lacking in courage.

"Lastly, a word as to finance. The war costs Italy several million francs a day. It costs Turkey about £20,000 a month—and most of that money is raised by private contributions.

Arab Bravery.
"In the circumstances the struggle, so far as the Arabs are concerned, can continue indefinitely. Even if the Porte is compelled by troubles nearer home to conclude peace, they declare that this will make no difference to them. 'We will never submit to this invader,' was said to me a few days ago by a venerable old sheikh of 67, and he concluded his passionate speech with a solemn appeal to 'Allah, up there,' pointing to the blue heavens above. Personally, I have seen enough of Arab valour—a gal-

(Continued on Page 10)