

Stories of the Deep—Yankee Crew Outwitted Corean Pirates

Thrilling Fight of Sailors of the Four Master Spray Against a Fleet of Piratical Junks

Benjamin Sutherland, who tells this story, lives near Falmouth, Me. Many are the tales of danger and battle he recounts of the old sailing vessel days, but the adventure which lives most vividly in his memory is that in which he led his men against a band of Corean pirates.

WAS mate of the four master Spray out of New York with a cargo of kerosene for Hongkong and a commission to take on silks and spices at a number of East Indian and Chinese ports. For six days we had rolled in a calm a few cables length from a sandy shore in latitude 37 degrees north and about 130 degrees east longitude, the anchor chains sagging slack, pitch oozing from the seams and the decks all but sizzling when men threw buckets of water over the blistering planks.

On the evening of the sixth day a breath of wind stirred. We weighed anchor, set every stitch of canvas and bore off from the beach as best we could. We had seen no sign of human life while we were at anchor, but an hour after we set sail Capt. Simmon pointed out to me the peaks of three dirty sails of junks over a low lying point of land.

They were bearing seaward and we calculated would cross our bows if they held their course. We had watched them silently for several minutes when the skipper turned to me and said: "Mr. Barlow, those junks are running out too fast for this amount of breeze. The men must be rowing."

I agreed with him and guessed what was in his mind. The natives of that locality enjoyed no very savory reputation and it was not infrequent for vessels sailing those waters to fall in with pirates.

"We might look to the gun, sir," I suggested, "there are six of the craft now."

"Do so," said Capt. Simmon, "and I will see the men prepared."

I gave the necessary orders to prepare ammunition for the small cannon we carried in the bow, and the captain went among the men.

The junks, only the sails of which were visible to us, reached the end of the point before we were abreast of it, but instead of continuing out to sea they apparently lay to just beyond the sandy screen. Suspicious of their actions, we wore offshore and headed for the open sea, whereupon the junks one by one piled as though to head us off, sails set and swarthy, half naked men tugging at the oars.

The leading junk crossed our bows and was bearing off toward our stern, which meant that we would soon be surrounded. We loaded our cannon and fired.

The shot struck the junk just at the water line and we saw men swarming over her decks in a panic. Another shot scattered death among the pirates, and a third sank the junk, most of the crew who were able having thrown themselves into the sea.

But meanwhile the other craft were closing in on us.

What little breeze there was scarcely moved the Spray and we lay there helpless while the enemy bore down on us. Closer and closer they drew until our pistols were effective, but the men in the junks were armed too, and we were forced to seek cover behind the rails.

Two of them scraped our sides at once and up the pirates swarmed. They carried pistols of antique design, short barreled rifles, crescent knives made in the States and sticks with bayonets fastened to them. Our men were at them with a yell as terrifying as their own as they clambered up the sides. Many we pushed back into the sea, and as fast as a black head came within reach we smashed it with a rifle butt or sent a revolver bullet into it. It was not until the third junk ran foul of us that any gained the deck.

I saw the first man actually mount the rail. I aimed carefully with my pistol, but in the very act of firing a knife hurled by a pirate struck me in the wrist and the shot went wild. We were sadly outnumbered, and the captain and I started to get the men to retreat to the after cabin.

There we gained a few seconds respite from the attack and took account of our condition. Three of the men, Chase, Turner and Holden, I believe they were, had suffered serious wounds but managed to stagger into the cabin. We saw that they had plenty of ammunition and barricaded them in a corner where they could hold out until the last moment if our plans failed and the fight should go against us. Two men were left dead upon the deck.

The pirates were massing for an attack on the cabin, and we decided our one hope was to rush them first and drive them back to their junks or into the sea. There was no entrance to the cabin from the stern, but it was the work of a jiffy to smash out a port and a large enough hole around it for a man to crawl through. Three men with repeating rifles wormed themselves through this and climbed, unseen by the pirates, to the top of the cabin. As soon as we heard them on the roof the eight of us who were able to do so burst from the cabin with a yell. We caught the natives just a moment before they were ready to charge.

Simultaneously with our rush the men on the roof began firing into the noses of bodies, and for a second the pirates were actually swept off their feet. We were outnumbered, but we had better revolvers and more to fight for.

Very slowly we were driving the pirates to the rail. There was no time to reload weapons. It was rifle butt against rifle butt or club and knife

against crescent and bayonet. Our men fought silently now, for there was need for every ounce of strength and every scrap of breath if we were to come out alive. Suddenly with a yell of terror a number of the pirates clambered over the rail and dropped into one of the junks.

Capt. Simmon and I were among the first of the pursuers. He was ahead of me. Suddenly I saw two greasy arms lock about his throat and he was lifted clean of the deck and hurled half over the rail before I sank my knife between the ribs of the man who held him.

As the pirate dropped a dozen pairs of hands shoved the captain's body over the rail and he fell into a junk beneath. At that instant there was a rush of feet from the sides, steellike hands gripped my arms and legs, a furious battle raged round me for a few seconds and then a blow on my head sent everything black.

I must have lost consciousness for only a few moments, for when I opened my eyes I was lying in one of the junks tightly bound, and Capt. Simmon was lying beside me. I could see the men

working over the Spray's small boats and I wondered why they were not pursuing us. I learned later that in making their escape the pirates had fired into the boats, making them useless until they should be repaired.

Darkness was gathering fast, but I kept my eyes open to see what route we were following. The skipper was still unconscious. The junks were rowed past the point from behind which they had first appeared and finally proceeded up a narrow winding stream to a small barricaded village close by one bank.

The captain was carried away to a small hut and I was led to another. It was really nothing but a boxlike room with one small opening a little more than shoulder high. The floor was the bare earth and the roof of thatch, not very heavy. Into this I was shoved and the door made fast. Food was soon thrust in to me through the window. Before I was through with my meal the leader of the natives entered the hut with two armed men carrying a light. By signs he made it apparent to me that I would be liberated if my mates would pay for my freedom, and that if they refused a finger would be cut off and sent to them. Should they attack the village the leader made it plain that I would be killed. I knew the same pleasant arrangements would hold for the captain.

What condition he was in I did not know, but I fully believed that our rescue lay with me if it was to be accomplished at all. My first interest was in whether a guard would be placed outside my prison. I soon learned that this was the case, for through the window I could see a man pacing to and fro. I had a little scheme which I immediately began to put into effect.

First I silently scooped up earth enough with my hands to make a little pile under the window so that by standing on it I could easily thrust my arm through the window. Then I sat down to wait until with reason I could expect the others to be asleep. It was tedious work, but at last, allowing for my own impatience, I judged it must be past midnight. Then I threw myself against the side of the hut in which the window was and began to moan.

The moon was shining, and I watched the yellow window patch as a panther watches its prey. Silently, stealthily, a shaggy head at last appeared at the opening. The guard was looking in the window to see what ailed me. It seemed to me it took him hours to thrust forward his neck and peer into the darkness of the hut. The second his head entered the room I leaped with every ounce of strength in me and my tingling fingers closed upon his windpipe.

He could not cry out. His fingers let go the sill and his hands struck out against me, but his weight, no longer supported, made more strain upon his

the man understand that we wanted until the following day to give our answer, and he consented.

We were determined to liberate the captain without paying ransom if it was in any way possible. One of the seamen, Carrol, made a suggestion which we decided to follow. There was to be a night attack and we lost no time in making preparations.

From the head of a large cask of kerosene the carpenter cut a circular piece of wood and planed the edges so that it was too loose to be refitted. This we inserted and made fast with paraffin, which made the cask air tight again. Several bits of rope about three feet long were soaked in pitch and these we sewed into oil skin packages, sealing the seams with pitch.

Then we sat down to wait. Toward evening we heard sounds of revelry from the shore and judged the pirates were celebrating. Nothing could have suited us better, for they would probably drink themselves into a stupid sleep. Shortly after dark things quieted down, and at last we thought it time to carry out our plan of campaign.

Our precious cask once in the whaleboat, we rowed cautiously to the mouth of the creek. Carrol, who was a bullock for strength, and myself slid noiselessly into the black water of the creek and began swimming up stream, pushing the cumbersome cask before us. In each shadow I pictured a lurking pirate who would spoil our design. Every splash of water against the wooden barrel sounded to me like the booming of surf and I thought we must be discovered.

One moment we swam, the next we were able to walk, but inch by inch we forged ahead until we rounded the last turn, which brought us in sight of the stockade. All was quiet. The natives were probably sleeping in drunkenness. Close against the side of the stockade we placed the cask, daring scarcely to breathe.

all was confusion. Men and women and children ran from the little openings in the walls. Cries and the reports of rifle and pistols crashed in the darkness.

Carrol and I leaped from the water, skirted the spreading patch of flames and climbed the barrier. From the top I fired at natives who were attacking some of our men who had gained the enclosure. A big black fellow hurled a knife at my breast. I dodged but fell to the ground.

Fighting clear of the struggling men I ran to the hut where the captain was imprisoned. In a second Carrol was at my side and had smashed in the door with his rifle butt. The skipper was unbound and dashed through the opening. A pirate hurled himself at the man, but I crushed in his head with my pistol butt.

"To the boat! To the boat!" I yelled. "The captain is free!"

The natives were still struggling in confused masses, terrified by the explosion and the flames, which were fast devouring the walls of the stockade and spreading into the forest. Just as we were forcing our way outside the barrier a native broke through and dashed out Carrol's brains with a heavy club.

I do not know how the others made their way back to the boat. I saw two of our men drag the body of Carrol with them as they fought their way through the forest. Some one helped me with the captain. It was a confused kaleidoscopic whirl of blows and parries. Fighting for every inch we finally gained the boat.

Carrol was dead. Two of the other men lay helpless for six weeks after the fight, but even the one death was counted better than that the captain should have died in torment.

As we rowed out to the Spray that night the flames swept upward and lapped about the tops of some of the trees. The sky was red and the black smoke swirled in great rolls. The scene was one of beauty, one that would have been admired but for the poor mangled body that had paid for it.

The wild hogs of Catahoula parish are declared by natives of that part of Louisiana to be among the most ferocious and aggressive of beasts. The flesh of these meat fed porkers is much liked by the Catahoula dwellers and they have perfected a way of capturing the hogs by which the dangers, and particularly the hard work, of hunting them have been eliminated.

To accomplish this dogs are trained in a special manner. The only other thing required is a strong pen or corral.

The start of a hunt for a drove of hogs in the thick and tangled Catahoula woods is made by the dog. It is his business to find the drove. After that the hunting is all done by the hogs, for they industriously pursue the dog. The hunter himself does nothing but sit on the corral fence and wait.

Keeping always in mind the direction of the pen or corral, the dog goes into the woods and flushes a drove of wild hogs. Then he yelps out an aggravating challenge which the hogs instantly accept. They make a furious dash for the hated enemy, and the hated enemy turns tail and flees, heading straight toward the corral, and managing at all times to keep a sufficient distance ahead of the angry drove.

Should the hogs halt in their pursuit and resume their feeding, the dog trots back and renews his dare. Instantly the bristles of the hot tempered hogs are erect again, and furiously the drove dashes after the dog. Again he flees.

In this way he lures the hogs on until in their mad chase they follow him through the open gate of the corral. Then the dog speeds to the closed end of the corral and nimbly jumps the fence while the master of the hunt lets himself down from his perch on the fence, where he has been patiently waiting the outcome of the chase, and shuts the gate on the entrapped porkers.

The persistent and intelligent dog, the duke of which is not found elsewhere than in the languorous shades of the Catahoula wilds, is rewarded with a liberal bunk of corn pone, and the next day there is a great hog killing time at the corral, followed by a feast and revelry.

American Oaken Bulwarks Won Against Chinese Granite Walls

Capture of the Barrier Forts at Canton Recalled by Recent Events

THE Chinese Government has just now the task of reclaiming the forts of Canton from the rebels that hold them and incidentally the added obligations of protecting resident foreigners. Thus history in a fashion repeats itself and brings home to Americans a deed of daring dating back nearly sixty years. In 1856 the British were having trouble with the Cantonese authorities and the English troops in one of their attacks upon the inner defenses of Canton were joined by some American citizens, who, in their zeal, planted the Stars and Stripes upon the walls of that ancient Oriental stronghold. Naturally, the Chinese thereafter looked upon both Americans and Britishers as their enemies. Thus was precipitated a series of battles between the Barrier Forts and two American warships, which forms one of the most brilliant records of the American navy.

The Barrier Forts, four in number, were built of stone, their walls ranging from six to eight feet thick; they were defended by 5,000 men, and they mounted nearly 180 guns. On the side of the Americans were two wooden ships carrying batteries totalling forty pieces, the heaviest of these being of

eight inch calibre. The officers and crews numbered 410 men. This force was somewhat augmented by details from a third ship that could not approach the forts. It was a case of granite walls against oaken bulwarks, and the marvel of it was that the latter won.

The clash between the forts and the ships was brought about by the action of the forts in firing upon a boat in which Capt. Foote of the Portsmouth was on his way to Canton from the Whampoa anchorage. The Chinese Commissioner Yeh justified the attack on the score of the participation of American citizens in the British assault, but of course that could not be accepted as an excuse by Commodore James Armstrong, who commanded the American East India squadron. A sufficient apology being withheld, Commodore Armstrong, after a consultation with Capt. Andrew H. Foote of the Portsmouth and Capt. William Smith of the Levant, determined to chastise the Chinese. The task was undertaken by these vessels. The San Jacinto, the third vessel of the squadron, drew too much water to approach the forts.

Some time previously the small American merchant steamer Kumfa, when threading the Macao Passage had been fired upon by the Chinese forts there and her commanding officer needed no coaxing to tow the Levant into action, while the American steamer Willamette volunteered to take the Portsmouth into battle. The Kumfa had more than she could handle in her struggle with the current and the Levant was swept aground before she could bring her guns to bear upon the nearest of the forts. That mishap might have warranted a halt on the part of the Portsmouth, but Capt. Foote and his crew never faltered, and the Willamette went steadily onward.

Fifty odd years ago the waters of the Canton River were imperfectly charted, and before the attack was started it was necessary to have an accurate idea of the channel's path. The hazardous work of taking soundings led to Lieut. Willamson of the San Jacinto. In a cutter with an armed crew he deliberately made soundings at short intervals until he was wellnigh under the shadows of the forts. He was fired upon three times, but did not desist until hiscoxswain was stricken by a grapeshot when in the act of heaving the lead. He had, however, proved that there was water enough for the Portsmouth and the Levant.

Notwithstanding the hostile greeting of the Barrier forts the Willamette and the Portsmouth forged steadily ahead until within about 500 yards of the nearest defence, when both vessels anchored. Slowly the Portsmouth swung into posi-

tion and dropped an anchor astern, and then at 4 o'clock of the afternoon of November 16 she opened with a broadside upon her foe.

It was not easy work for the American Jackies, for the men behind the Chinese guns had recently been discharged from a European man-of-war and were excellent marksmen. The Portsmouth's bulwarks were plugged in many places with solid shots of formidable dimensions and whistling grape tore the rigging and pockmarked the ship's sides. Fortunately none of the Americans were killed though some were wounded, and for three hours the old sloop of war pounded away at the nearby fort with broadside after broadside of screaming shell. These explosive projectiles swept away the enemy's marksmen, dismounted their guns and shattered the supposedly impenetrable walls of stone. That day's work was a revelation to the ordinance world.

Commodore Armstrong waited three days for an apology from Commissioner Yeh, believing the Chinese effectually subdued, but detecting the enemy engaged in making repairs he decided to

renew the attack. This time the Levant joined in the fighting. For three-quarters of an hour the fire was hot on both sides, but at the end of that time the Chinese became silent before the American fire. Then it was that a storming party of officers, seamen and marines, 287 strong, with four howitzers, commanded by Capt. Foote, Bell and Smith, were towed away from the Portsmouth by the little Kumfa and toward the shore under the cover of the guns of both ships.

No time was lost in getting the expedition landed and in sending the marines in advance, while the sailors hastened after them with their howitzers. It was bad country for these guns, but the bluejackets pulled away lustily through mud and water waist-deep and in the face of a heavy fire from ginkals and Chinese rockets. In this work one marine was mortally wounded.

The fort was carried despite its force of a thousand soldiers. A corporal of marines planted our flag upon the walls of the abandoned defence and thus the second of the forts fell.

The Chinese had retreated so precipitately that they had failed to spike the guns still standing, and these, with the aid of the howitzers, were turned upon the third fort, which had fired as soon as the Stars and Stripes had appeared on the captured position. It was not long before the fire of the American marksmen silenced the enemy's guns that guarded the channel, and in this manner the third fort was overcome.

A short rest and a hasty noon meal sufficed to put the expedition in condition to push on up the river, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of November 21 the marines captured a six gun breastwork on the river bank. A large detachment of Chinese troops, some hundreds strong, advanced to oppose the sea soldiers, but were repulsed when two companies of sailors reinforced the marines.

While this skirmish for the breastwork was under way, one of the howitzers was brought to bear upon a still withstanding the greater numbers the Chinese scattered before the howitzer fire and with considerable loss. All this while the boats had been tracked up the river in the face of a sharp fire from the opposite shore.

Under the shelter of the last won guns and those of the third fort captured the boats crossed to the island and the central defence was occupied. This position held thirty-eight guns, and one of its weapons was a monster brass piece 22½ feet long with a bore of 8½ inches. There then remained but one more of the Barrier Forts in service.

The following morning, Saturday, November 22, all hands were called at 4

o'clock preparatory to attacking the remaining fort. At early daylight every thing being in readiness, the First Lieutenant of the San Jacinto, who had been left in charge of the third fort, was ordered to fire a single howitzer for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and when that did not succeed another shot was discharged with no better result. The fort was then attacked by a landing party in boats. The Chinese guns kept up a hot defence against the assaulting party. Round shot, grape shot and the shot from ginkals struck all around and passed uncomfortably close overhead, but by great good fortune did no damage.

As the boats could not be brought close in shore, the men with their heavy cheers jumped into the water waist deep, formed and advanced with a rush upon the works, which they carried, reaching them in time to fire upon the last of the retreating foe and just soon enough to cut the firing slow and leading to the capture of the fort. The Chinese had trained upon our boats before fleeing.

Although the enemy had abandoned their last defence, they were not yet subdued, and in a final effort to recapture the position the Chinese attacked in force and attempted to scale the wall at the rear of the fort by means of ladders. It took hard hand to hand fighting and the howitzers to drive them off. The three days of hard work was no done until the last of the guns were spiked and the defences tumbled into masses of ruins by means of mines.

By a premature explosion during these operations three of our men were instantly killed and nine wounded.

We lost seven killed and twenty-two wounded in action. The Chinese authorities admitted a loss of 500.

As a result of these successive victories the best that Commodore Armstrong could get out of the Imperial Commissioner, Yeh, were some scraps of regret; he probably feared for his head at the hands of his masters at Peking; but just the same the Chinese at large were taught an enduring lesson, for the American flag was thereafter daily respected wherever displayed in the waters of China.

Berries, Rattlers and Hornets. THE huckleberry crop returns to the families of coal miners in the vicinity of Hazleton, Pa., alone between \$35,000 and \$40,000 every season. The season lasts about three months. One of the best double blocks of buildings in what is known as the Diamond addition to that city was built by a woman who by the death of her husband was left penniless with three small children, all girls. The block was built and paid for by the sale of huckleberries picked on the mountains above Hazleton by the widow and her three daughters during eight seasons and yields them an income of \$1,800 a year.

The berry pickers of that region are chiefly the wives and children of miners and mine laborers. Early every morning during the huckleberry season every avenue leading up to the mountains is thronged with picturesque parties laden with baskets, boxes, pails and receptacles of many kinds, and hurrying to the berry patches.

Between 10 and 11 in the forenoon the berry pickers begin to come in from the hills, every vessel filled to overflowing with fruit. The first picking of the day is ready to be delivered to the dealers, who, to expedite the business, meet the pickers with wagons at convenient points.

The berries are purchased and paid for in cash on the spot. The average price, taking it as the seasons go, is 5 cents a quart, although for what are known as early blues, the variety that comes first in market, 8 and even 10 cents a quart is paid.

After delivering their first pick the women and children hurry back to the mountains. Neither the fatigue of the forenoon's work nor the heat of the midday sun—and a huckleberry basket is a sweltering, stifling spot—has a deterring effect on the pickers. They think only of how many quarts of berries it is possible for them to get in market for the day. Frequently a day's picking will net a woman 25 cents, and when released from their toil underground they hasten to the huckleberry grounds to help their wives, children or sweethearts toward increasing the total of the gathering.

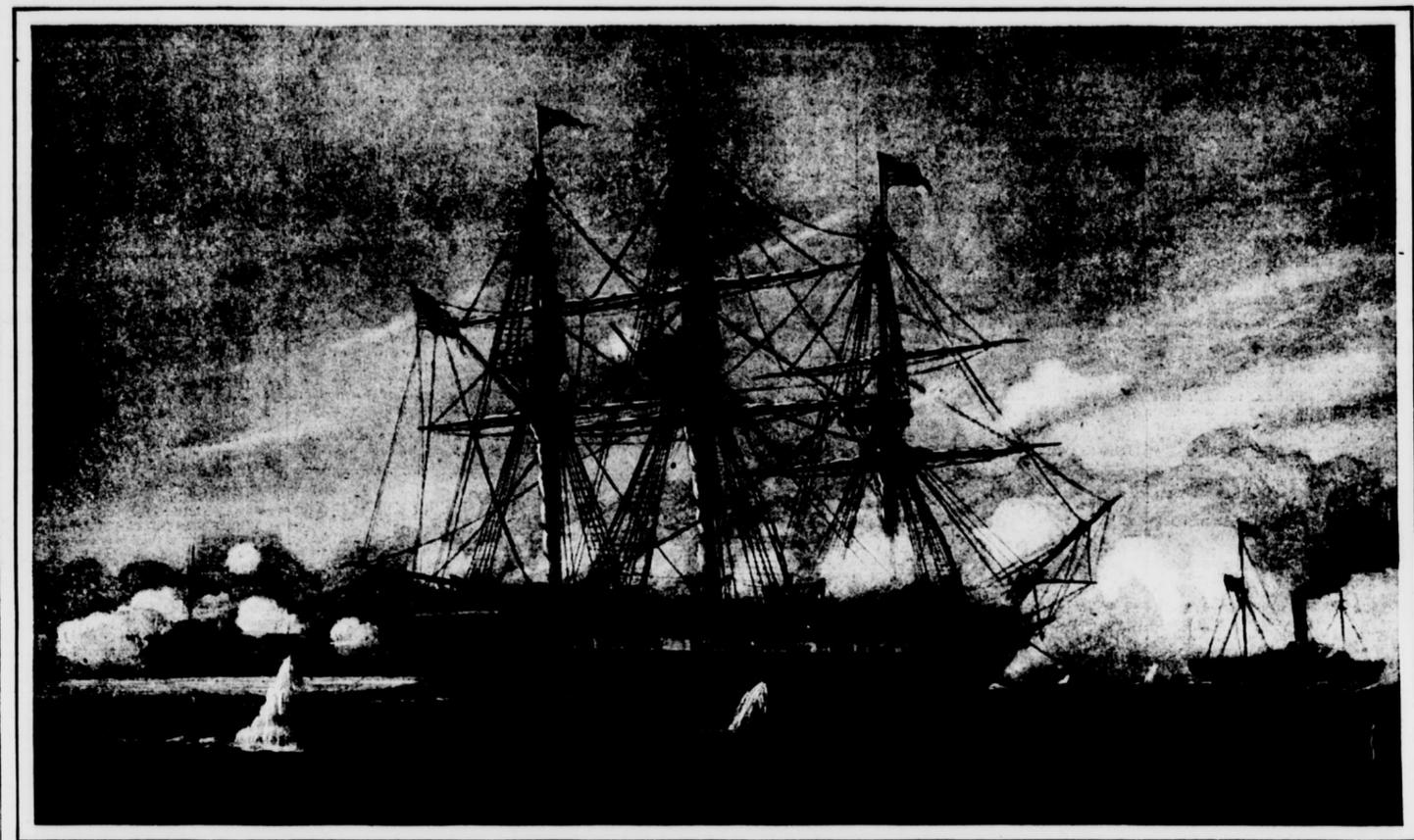
The Italian women and children are the most apt and skillful huckleberry pickers. An Italian woman can pick easily fifty quarts a day, which is equivalent to \$2.50. These women have on an average three children old enough to be pickers, who will add at least as much more to the day's income. Every Italian picker comes from the picking bearing a box or basket on her head and carrying a large pail or basket full of them in each hand, her children trailing along behind, similarly according to their strength.

The stranger in that locality may wonder at the large number of little whiffed dogs that accompany the huckleberry pickers to the patches. These dogs are an important part of the equipment of the pickers. Their duty is to hunt out and kill the rattlers and copperheads that abound where the berries are.

The dogs seem to take delight in hunting the snakes and to be well aware of the deadly nature of the reptiles. This is manifest from the wariness with which they govern themselves when confronted by a rattlesnake or copperhead and the skill with which they flank it and seize it from behind, always by the neck.

The dogs, however, cannot guard the patches against the hornets and yellow jackets that seem to favor the berry grounds for their nesting places, and these hot tempered occupants of the barrens frequently force pickers to leave particularly choice and prolific berry yielding spots.

The earnings of the miners' families from berry picking in that part of the anthracite coal region will range from \$100 to \$300 each during the season according to the number and skill of the pickers. Huckleberries afford a similar helping harvest to the families of miners in many other of the coal centers.



Battering down the Canton Barrier Forts in 1856—United States Sloop-of-war Portsmouth going into action.

Self-Hunting Wild Hogs

The wild hogs of Catahoula parish are declared by natives of that part of Louisiana to be among the most ferocious and aggressive of beasts. The flesh of these meat fed porkers is much liked by the Catahoula dwellers and they have perfected a way of capturing the hogs by which the dangers, and particularly the hard work, of hunting them have been eliminated.

To accomplish this dogs are trained in a special manner. The only other thing required is a strong pen or corral.

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