PART II AND JOURNAL JUNIOR

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 15, 1901.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

How Norway Did Him Honor on Independence Day.

Tordenskjold, the Norwegian Dewey

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY PROFESSOR O. J. BREDA.

There's a Better Feeling Between Sweden and Norway.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Christiania, May 20, 1901.—After a long and dreary winter, with severe cold, heavy storms, high coal prices, depression in business and much suffering among the poorer classes, spring has come again. And such a spring as you have no conception of in America, with your sudden transition from the cold of winter to summer heat. Here spring comes on from day to day, just a trifle warmer and pleasanter with each succeeding day, and the days so long, lasting almost till midnight. The plains and the hillsides clad in a green as vivid as that of the Irish hills. The trees, many hued, with their clustering blossoms, and the balmy spring breeze over the wide expanse of the fjord! Existence is a joy and an intoxication in the "beautiful spring-time of Norway. And in this season of nature's fresh beauty comes the independence day of Norway, the Seventeenth of May. This year the day was to be celebrated as never before. The first 17th of May in the new century and the day of the solemn unveiling of the monument raised by national subscription to the memory of Norway's national hero, Admiral Peter Tordenskjold.

TORDENSKJOLD.

The Career of Tordenskjold.

Peter Tordenskjold (1690-1720) is the Dewey and the Cushing of Norway in one person. A dashing sailor from his early boyhood, he rendered magnificent service in the war between Sweden on one side and Denmark and Norway on the other in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Stories innumerable are told of his reckless daring and his splendid seamanship, which made him the terror of the North sea. His greatest exploit was performed in July, 1716, when Charles XII., Sweden's world-famous warrior-king, was besieging the principal fortress of Norway on the Swedish border. The success of the siege depended on the timely arrival of heavy siege guns and stores and supplies conveyed by a large Swedish fleet of transports under heavy military convoy, then at anchor in the sheltered inlet on the Swedish coast not far from the border. Tordenskjold, then only 26, and already in command of a squadron of two frigates and a number of smaller vessels, mounting altogether 141 guns, decided to go in and destroy or capture the Swedish transport fleet. The inlet is long and shallow, the channel very tortuous and narrow, in some places only a stone's throw across. The rocks on both sides were lined with Swedish guns and Swedish soldiers, and the Swedish warships protecting the transports mounted 105 guns. The Swedish admiral fancied himself and his fleet as safe, no doubt, as the Spanish admiral fancied himself in Manila bay. But Tordenskjold, like Dewey, unhesitatingly risked his own life and the lives of his men to save his country from defeat.

Early in the morning July 8, 1716, Tordenskjold went on board a gunboat and sailed into the narrow inlet. The Swedish gunboat on patrol duty turned tail and hurried to bring the news of the attack to the Swedish commander and Tordenskjold followed closely in her wake with the rest of his fleet after him. At half past seven the Swedish guns opened on the daring assailant and for three hours the guns roared incessantly on both sides. Then the Swedish fire slackened a little, and the Norwegian commander brought up his ships to within musket shot distance when the fight began again more furiously than ever.

But the day was Tordenskjold's. One of his lieutenants landed and captured the land defences of the Swedes, whereupon the Swedish ships were run aground and abandoned, but not till all had been put on fire by their brave defenders. But Tordenskjold was bent on having his prizes, and now commenced the most hazardous work of the day. Tordenskjold, his officers and men, rowed round from ship to ship jumped aboard in smoke and fire, smothered the flames, snatched the burning fuses out of open barrels of gunpowder and hauled the ships away from their burning neighbors, every minute in imminent danger of being blown to atoms by the explosion of powder magazines.

Out of the wreck and fire and ruin was saved as much as could be saved and then commenced the retreat out of the narrow inlet still lined on both sides with Swedish infantrymen blazing away at the tugging sailors. To render his ships as uncertain a mark as possible Tordenskjold had his guns fired incessantly, thus enveloping the ships in dense clouds of smoke . The next morning Tordenskjold had gained the open sea again, bringing with him nine warships and five transports Swedish ships had been burned and four captured from the enemy, while three had been sunk.

This deed of reckless daring saved Norway from the invader; even while the boom of the cannonade at Dynekilen was still heard among the surrounding hills King Charles gathered his troops, raised the siege and marched back to Sweden. This battle made Tordenskjold a commodore.

During the next two years he was engaged in a number of daring ventures with varying fortunes. On December 28, 1718, he carried the news of the death of Charles XII. to King Frederick of Denmark and was made a rear-admiral, only 28 years old. In 1719 Tordenskjold captured a Swedish fleet and took the town of Marstrand and the fortress of Carlsten and was made a vice-admiral , not yet 29 years old. In 1720 peace was concluded, and Tordenskjold immediately went abroad. In Hannover he met King George I. of England, and was an honored guest at the king's palace, and among the highest aristocracy. But one day at a dinner party he had an altercation with a Swedish colonel, a duel resulted and Tordenskjold was killed.

History of the Statue.

His mortal remains rest in a sarcophagus in Copenhagen, which city also possesses a monument erected to the memory of the naval hero. His native town, Drontheim, has for some years possessed a copy of this monument, while the capital of Norway has had only a public square named in his honor. Funds for a monument were collected and in 1891 artists were invited to compete for the commission. A number of sketches were sent in. Some Journal readers may perhaps remember that the unfortunate Minneapolis sculptor, Fjelde, was one of the competitors. The judges decided that the best sketch was the one presented by the painter, Axel Ender, and the commission was awarded to him. Last fall the monument was ready to be set up, but it was decided that it would be better to postpone the erection and unveiling of the monument till the first celebration of the independence of Norway in the new century. I trust that your readers will pardon this long digression, but while I know that every Norwegian reader is fully acquainted with the exploits of Tordenskjold, I am just as sure that very few of my American readers would know anything about the Dewey of Norway, and for their benefit I have given a few details of his career.

A Memorable 17th of May.

Everything contributed toward making the 17th of May a most memorable occasion. The weather was magnificent, a bright, unclouded sun and a cool, fresh breeze which made the thousands of flags wave gaily and made walking a pleasure to the thousands who were abroad. Never have such crowds thronged the principal streets of the capital. Christiania now is a city of about 225,000 inhabitants, and a great many people from outside have come in to town to celebrate Independence Day. Never since the Norwegians commenced celebrating the day has there been such unanimous enthusiasm and good feeling. All party bitterness seemed buried and forgotten, all united in love for the common country and in patriotic joy for the past and hope for the future. Early in the morning religious music was played from several of the church spires. At 8 o'clock divine service was held in the principal churches and these services were largely attended. At 8:20 wreaths were deposited at the foot of the statue of Henrik Wergeland, the great Norwegian poet, who did more than anybody else in the first part of the last century to make the 17th of May the national day of Norway. Then similar honors were shown to the tomb of Colonel Krebs, one of the brave defenders of Norway's new-found liberty in 1814.

At 10:30 the school children's procession started on its march through the city. How many thousands of children there were in the procession I do not know, but the procession, marching two abreast, took exactly one hour in passing a given point. Every child carried a national flag, and many of the schools were uniformed in white or blue. Each school had its banner and a brass band. The sight from the palace hill, as this stream of white, blue and red, wended its way up the wide Karl Johan's street, enclosed by the densely packed multitude on both sides, was one of extreme beauty, a sight not to be seen anywhere else in the world, that I know of.

In one of the windows of Karl Johan's street stood the poet, Bjornstjern Bjornson, just returned from his triumphs in France and Germany. Bjornson originated the idea of these children's processions on the 17th of May, and he now received enthusiastic ovations from the thousands of boys and girls whose patriotism he has fired by his songs and words.

The Crown Prince Appears.

And now there is a cloud of dust, and in front of the procession a cortege dashes up to the portal of the palace. It is the crown prince, who has just arrived from Stockholm to receive the homage of the school children and to take part in the celebration of the day. Only once before, in 1857, had a representative of the royal family taken part in the celebration of the independence of Norway, and the fact that Crown Prince Gustavus this time, by order of the king, is present to grace the festivities of the day is duly appreciated by the people of Norway. In a few minutes the crown prince appears on the large balcony of the palace overlooking Karl Johan's street just as the head of the procession swings into the open space in front, kept vacant by the police. As each school swings into this space the music strikes up the national anthem, school banners are dipped, the children swing their flags and break into enthusiastic hurrahs. The crown prince uncovers and returns the salute—again and again. For one whole hour this scene continues with unabated enthusiasm. The crown prince has the tall, commanding figure of the Bernadottes, and makes a very impressing central figure in a scene like this. And I have no doubt that his heart swelled with emotion at receiving this joyous welcome from thousands of his future subjects. Certainly he would have to travel far to find a scene like the one before him. I doubt whether any ruler in history ever received a more beautiful ovation than this one, from thousands of white clad children with the blood red flags waving above their heads on this magnificently beautiful May morning.

Unveiling the Monument.

The unveiling of the Tordenskjold monument was set for 1 o'clock. The large Tordenskjold square is bounded on one side by the waters of the fjord, forming the Pipervik bay on the west side of the headland, on which the picturesque old fortress Akershus is situated. On three sides the square is enclosed by houses, some of which are rather old, while others are quite imposing, modern buildings, which have replaced the miserable little huts which disfigured this part of the capital thirty years ago. The monument is placed on a high pedestal of gray sandstone decorated with columns and bronze shields and enclosed by an iron railing. Round this pedestal a floor has been erected with seats for the crown prince and suite, for high officers of the army and navy, the cabinet ministers, members of parliament, the municipal government and invited guests. This square was enclosed by tall masts bearing armorial shields and national flags. Behind the monument were places reserved for deputations with banners and a large chorus of singers. And outside of this enclosure every available place from which anything could possibly be seen was taken up by the assembled multitude, every window of the adjoining buildings was filled and even the roofs of some of the houses accommodated interested spectators. By 12:45 the reserved space was filled with a throng of ladies in fine toilets and men in resplendent uniforms, representing all the branches of the military and civil service. Among foreigners present were particularly noticed Colonel Livermore of the United States army and the Russian consul general, who was especially gorgeous on account of the number and splendor of his decorations.

Admiral Borresen's Oration.

At 1 o'clock the crown prince arrived amidst enthusiastic greetings of the multitude. The music played a march of honor and then the magnificent chorus of 400 voices sang a cantata written for the occasion by Mr. Caspari. In spite of the high wind the song sounded rich and strong and tuned the minds of the assembled thousands to the proper key of enthusiasm for the proceedings to follow. Then the president of the day, Admiral Borresen, appeared on the rostrum to deliver the memorial oration. Bjornstjerne Bjornson, who besides being the most popular poet of Norway, also enjoys the distinction of being the best public speaker of the country, had been requested to speak, but had declined, and, so, very naturally, the most popular man of the Norwegian navy, the young admiral, had been chosen to eulogize the greatest man in the annals of the Norwegian navy. Rear Admiral Borrensen is probably the youngest admiral in the world, being only 43 years of age. He is a very handsome man, of a large, imposing figure. By the explosion of cannon a few years ago he lost his right arm, but that rather adds to his warlike appearance. It may interest American readers to know that the admiral's wife is an American lady, a native of Philadelphia. Though not a speaker in the sense that Bjornson is a speaker, the admiral did extremely well. He spoke with wonderful ease, in a strong, manly voice, presenting in well-chosen words a picture of the dashing young hero who always was ready to risk his life when his country was in danger.

An Impressive Ceremony.

When the applause which greeted the admiral's speech had died away, the crown prince rose and in a few words gave the signal to unveil the statue. This was by done by two officers of the navy and the statute appeared in all its impressive beauty to the eager spectators. An admirals salute thundered forth from the fortress of Akersheed as well as from the two battle ships "Tordenskjold" and "Eidsvold," which were anchored on the bay. The spectators broke into enthusiastic hurrahs and standing with uncovered heads joined in the siging of the national anthem. After another song by the chorus the statue was solemnly handed over to the care of the municipality; the crown prince decorated the artist, Axel Ender, with the cross of St. Olaf and the audience dispersed.

The ceremony did not last much over half an hour but was extremely impressive and beautiful. Christiani has hitherto not been very fortunate in the monuments which decorate her public squares. The Karl Johan monument in front of the palace and the statue of Christian, the Fourth, on Market Square, are fairly good, the statues of Bjornson and Ibsen in front of the National theater almost

REAR ADMIRAL BORRESEN, R. N.

caricatures. But all agree that the new Tordenskjold statue is an extremely satisfactory piece of work. It fully satisfies the popular idea of the dashing naval hero, is full of life and spirit in a remarkable degree without being in the least theatrical. The expression of the face is notably beautiful—it gives all the stern detonation and wild joy of battle, and the pose of the body is well balanced and graceful from all points of view. Christiani has at last acquired a monument of which she may well be proud and which will no doubt fire the hearts of coming generations to emulate the deeds of the brave defender of Norway's glory on the sea.

More Parades.

The afternoon was given up to processions of various kinds. The socialists, counting no less than fifty-two unions, with banners and flags, had their celebration and parade at 3:30. At 4:30 the great parade, consisting of eighty different corporations with their banners, headed by members of the national government, the parliament and the city council, started and marched through the principal streets. The parade was reviewed by the crown prince, who was greeted with enthusiastic hurrahs. Bjornstjerne Bjornson likewise received his share of ovations of the parade. On the Tullin square the oration of the day was delivered by the indefatigable Admiral Bowesen. At 6:30 the women had their parade, counting fifteen banners. Miss Holsen made a speech on the subject of female suffrage. 6:15 was the hour set for the dinner given by the municipality in honor of the crown prince and invited guests, hundreds of the national government, high officers of the army and navy, members of the municipal government, representatives of the press, etc. The dinner was served in the old Masonic hall, which now belongs to the municipality. The great feature of the dinner was the presence of the Crown prince and his speech, which was about as follows:

What the Crown Prince Said.

Gentlemen—I desire to express my heartfelt thanks for the kind words directed to me. We are to-day face to face in mutual understanding—I feel myself, body and soul, as one with you—for Norway is my country, too. It is a great joy to me to be in your midst and to celebrate with you the great national day of Norway. I propose the 17th of May!

The toast was received with the wildest enthusiasm. After the dinner, the crown prince had a long conversation with Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Among other things the crown prince said to Bjornson that he had never witnessed such an outburst of national enthusiasm. In an interview with a newspaper man, Bjornson expressed himself as having received a most excellent impression of the crown prince. "He is a straightforward and a serious man—just the king for Norway and the Norwegians."

Prince Popular Now.

It is not very long since the crown prince was the most unpopular man in Norway. A few years ago, when the tension between the united kingdoms was at the highest point, the crown prince was credited with the remark that "he desired nothing better than to lead a military pormenade to Norway to teach the Norwegians manners," and only some three years ago the crown prince was pelted with snowballs when driving up to the palace one evening. Now the situation seems to be entirely changed. The crown prince has at one stroke become popular with everybody. His coming here on this occasion to take part in the celebration of Norway's independence day and in the unveiling of the statue of the national hero, has captured all hearts for him. And the evident feeling with which he received the ovations of the school children, as well as those of the grown-up population, and his emphatic declaration of sympathy with the Norwegian people, will go far to remove past misunderstandings.

A Change in Relations.

Things have indeed changed wonderfully of late in the relations of Norway and Sweden. Only a few years ago a military promenade from Stockholm might have been a possibility. The Norwegians stood in the attitude of a people wanting everything, while they were entirely unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices for securing the objects of their desires. But a new spirit was aroused, the people taxed themselves heavily to secure a navy and an army. Within as many years four modern battleships have been added to the list of the naval armament, the sea approaches to the capital being reasonably secured by formidable defensive works, great exertions are now being made to have the land approaches secured in the same way. The army has been reorganized and equipped with the most approved modern arms, a large number of well-trained officers are every year turned out by the military schools. As a consequence, a spirit of self-reliance has superseded the old feeling of the country's being at the mercy of any well-armed invader. The stubborn defense of the Boer nation against the hosts of mighty England has shown the world what a small people can do in the way of defending itself against fearful odds. And our friends the Swedes, on the other hand, who, a few years ago, looked down with perhaps not unmerited contempt upon the military resources of the Norwegians, now find that they themselves are rapidly being distanced, and that they need reorganizing their own armament to keep up with us.

Finland an Object Lesson.

And the ruthless Russification of Finland has given them food for reflections of a rather disagreeable nature. In 1809 Finland was wrested from Sweden, but has since, with its semi-independence, served as a sort of a buffer between the two countries, but when Finland shall have been fully Russianized, then the giant's appetite for more lands to swallow may lead to disastrous results for Sweden. The Swedes are beginning to feel that in such an emergency they need the sincere friendship and active assistance of the Norwegians, and to gain that friendship they will probably be willing to accede to all just and proper demands on the part of the Norwegians for the fullest recognition of Norway's equal standing in the union. Kindlier feelings have of late begun to prevail on both sides of the border, the tone of the newspapers on both sides has become a different one from what it was a few years ago, the two nations are at last beginning to understand each other. And the appearance of the crown prince at the national celebration of Norway and the words he spoke on this occasion, it is to be hoped, will strongly cement the new friendship between the two nations and will mightily hasten the coming of the era of good feeling.

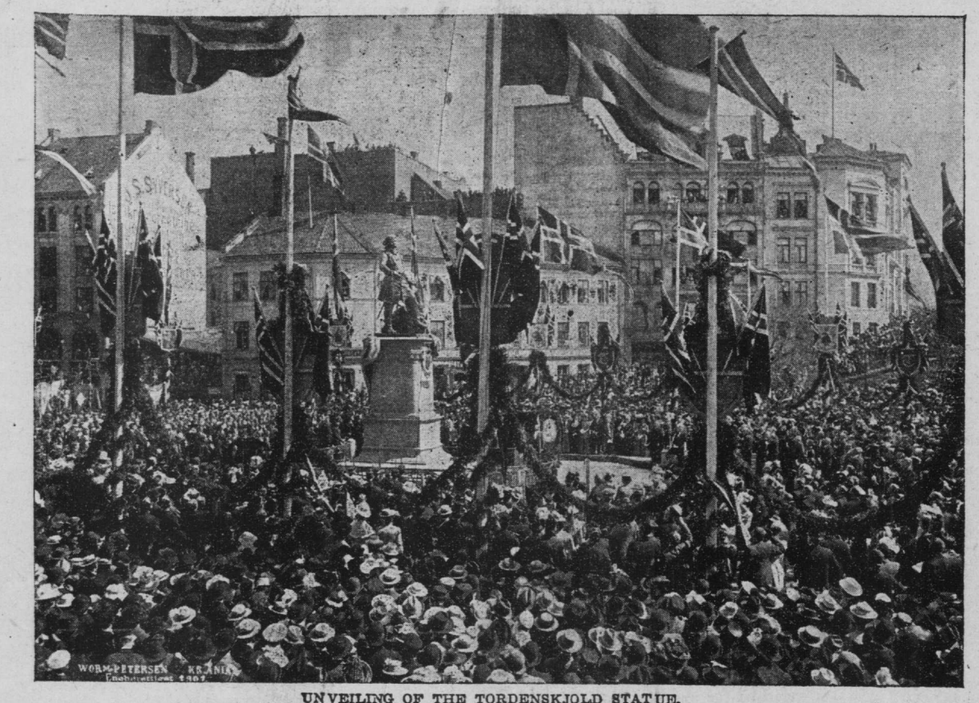
Fun for the Masses.

While the upper tendom of the capital discussed the elaborate menu and listened to the eloquence displayed at the dinner, the masses had their fun at the parade ground of the fortress, where dancing and other amusements went on till late in the night. At the National theater the spectacular drama, "Tordenskiold," presenting the most dramatic scenes from the life of the hero, was given to an overflowing house. The officers and men from the warships in the harbor had been invited and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Every place of amusement, all cafes and restaurants, were filled to overflowing, as were the principal streets, till long after midnight. Fireworks were sent up from the fort and from the warships, which latter also used their electric searchlights to illuminate the harbor and the harbor front. There was of course a good deal of rather boisterous merriment and a good deal of intoxication of various degrees, but on the whole it was not as bad as in former years. Even the rabble seemed to have caught something of the spirit of the day and tried to behave somewhat decently.

A new feature of the 17th of May celebration, introduced last year and continued this year, is the throwing of confetti, in the shape of little circular bits of colored paper thrown by the handful into people's faces. This custom, adopted from the carnivals of southern Europe, is hardly an unmixed pleasure. Fifteen tons of this stuff had been imported for the occasion, and it is estimated that $14,000 worth of this stuff covered the principal streets of the city before the celebration was over. The throwing of confetti lasted all day and evening, and even the crown prince had to submit to being pelted. It required 117 horses and 300 men the next morning to clean the streets.

If my plain account of the proceedings of the day may fail to convey any impression of the beauty and the enthusiasm of the children's parade and the ceremony of unveiling, it will at least, I hope, convince you that the people of Christiania did their very best to make the welkin ring on the eighty-seventh anniversary of the constitution of Norway.

—O. J. Breda.



UNVEILING OF THE TORDENSKJOLD STATUE.

A HAPPY DAY FOR THE CHIPPEWAS

The Celebrations and Memorial Services That Gather Around June 14, the Day They Arrived at White Earth.

Correspondence of The Journal.

White Earth Reservation, Minn., June 13.—This is the jubilee week of the whole year for the Chippewa nation, and White Earth reservation, on the line of the Northern Pacific railway, is the gathering place for the tribes or their representatives, either spiritual or legal. What is the reason for this turning of trails toward White Earth? To ask this question betrays ignorance of what the 14th of June means to the man, woman or child in whose veins may be the trace of Chippewa ancestry even to the thirty-second degree. For, whether the skin is of leathery brown, or palest blonde; whether the hair is raven black, straight and long, or stiff, stubby and red, or, as on the head of this child standing near me as I write, the curls hang in a golden fleece about the faces of their little ones and like the babes across the border line of the White Earth reservation they seem like dainty bisque dolls; still each and all claim their right to the name of Chippewa Indian and the inheritance which may be theirs from the treaties with the government at Washington.

The annual celebration on June 14 is in honor of the day they arrived at White Earth, and this year brings the thirty-third anniversary of that event.

In one generation what changes have been made! Here stand the school buildings built by the government at a cost of $30,000. There is the hospital with its airy rooms and neat beds. On the hill near by is the handsome stone church built by the aid of the Episcopalians in Baltimore, New York and other eastern cities; and whose sweet-toned bell as it rings out the call to service tells of the patient labors of the women of White Earth who with united efforts at sewing, mat weaving, bead work and by suppers, dinners and concerts, earned the $300 necessary for the purchase of this bell and its belongings. Close by the church is the graveyard and here, on Memorial day of 1901, near the graves of her two sons who fell in the war of 1863, sat the aged, childless, widowed mother, while the reverent hands of patriotic Chippewas scattered the flowers of remembrance over the two graves and with due honor left the two American flags to mark where these heroes lay. Other soldiers of Chippewa blood have fought for their country's honor and are buried both here and in the Catholic cemetery farther away, but these two boys are held in special honor. No war has ever been fought, from the time of the revolution till the last one in American history without the aid of Chippewa strength and bravery. They have a fervid love for everything that is American, but alas, there is always an undercurrent of bitter memories of the treacherous dealings of the servants of the Great Father at Washington.

Some Bitter Memories.

Some remember and have told me of the sale of the bit of paper called land scrip giving them the right to choose their land and with it a deed to show their ownership; this they sold for the log house, wagon and plow which was the other half of Uncle Sam's gift to them, but which they did not know until years later when their birthright was gone and the white man flaunted his deed to their freehold in their faces. "White brother?" they ask. "No, white devil," they answer.

But the white man has shown his brotherhood in a very real way, and the convocation of Episcopal Chippewa ministers and deacons from all parts of this northern diocese of Minnesota was presided over on June 12 by Bishop J. D. Morrison, of Duluth.

A Lunch for the Bishop.

A social gathering which they called a lunch was given to Bishop Morrison at 4 p. m. on June 10. It was on the hospital grounds and fully 100 Indians, many of them full-bloods, were present. Bishop Morrison sat at the head of a table with the Rev. John Johnson, the dearly beloved and aged full-blood Indian apostle, at his right, and the Rev. Charles T. Wright (Nashotah) chief of the Chippewas, at his left, while around the board on either side, were places filled by the dignified, reverent-faced, dark-skinned ministers of the various Indian churches of Cass Lake, Rice River, and other points where the Chippewas hold their services. A noble-looking Sioux, with a face in profile like our own William M. Evarts, sat with them as their guest from the Sisseton agency. A more noble-looking body of men it would be hard to find, and all but the bishop and one minister full-blooded Indians. Think of the influence of each of these and what this noble En-e-ma-ga-bou (John Johnson) has accomplished. Although over 70, he is yet a splendid specimen of manhood; over six feet tall, still straight, defiant of the rheumatism, which has attempted to cripple him; a magnificent head, showing in the face the benevolent heart and strong brain of a leader of men,—only the pen of his beloved Bishop Whipple can do him justice.

After the lunch, the meeting preparatory for the convocation services was held. Eight ministers and Episcopal deacons assisted Bishop Morrison in the Chippewa services. The organ led the trained voices of many men and women, and while we sang in English the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Chippewa, Sioux, Oneida and Ottawa,—for they were all present,—sang the same hymn in their own tongues.

People From Far Away.

A pause, and the bishop, followed by two assistant ministers in their robes, marched down the aisle to the baptismal font, where two children of the reservation physician were baptized. Their father, Dr. Smith, son of a consul to Russia, received his education in Paris, and their mother, a Russian lady of distinguished family, chose as a godmother to their little son the descendant of a Chippewa, but who in education and courtesy is the equal of any woman. This incident is mentioned to show how even here, in this supposedly far-away corner, devoted to Indian interests, are gathered, as in other towns in America, people from the four corners of the earth. This godmother has shown me a miniature upon ivory of one of her husband's Holland ancestors,—a picture which is more than 100 years old. It shows the face of a member of the royal family of Holland. Would he part with it? O, no, not for many a thousand guilder.

After the baptism, the bishop preached in ringing words, translated by the Indian interpreter into sonorous Chippewa, and both white and Indian worshipers felt that it was good to have been within the sound of the voice of the gospel. The service over, white-robed ministers and bishop left and we went our way to find rest before the day of convocation. That is but a solemn prelude for the parade of Sioux and Chippewa braves,—Hiawatha tableaux, sun dances, war dances and other representations of early times with which these red American brothers and sisters of ours entertained each other and the public on June 14,—a day greater to them than June 17, "Bunker Hill Day," to the people of Boston. But that is another story, and the description of the events of June 14 and June 12 must be told.

—Mary Catherine Judd.

GLOBE-CIRCLING COCKLE SHELL

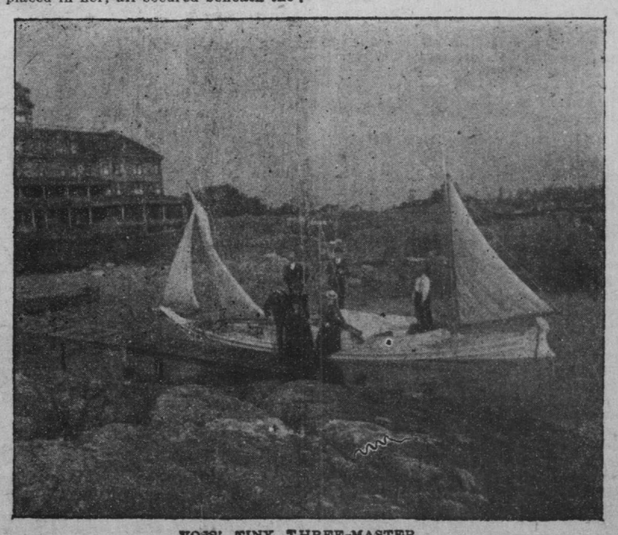
The Four-Ton Schooner in Which Captain Voss and Young Luxton Will Circumnavigate the Earth.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Victoria, B. C., June 11.—One of the most daring voyages projected in this age of adventure is that of the little four-ton schooner yacht Tilikum, which means "Friend" in the Chinook jargon of the Pacific coast. The schooner yacht Tilikum, or more properly speaking the Indian war canoe transformed into a schooner yacht, sailed from Victoria early on the morning of May 21 to voyage to London via Tahiti and the groups of the southern seas and thence to Sydney and around the Australian coast and across to Cape Colony and from there via St. Helena to London, truly a voyage of no short distance for a craft which is but forty feet over all on the water line and which is registered at but four tons, and carries but two men. The two daring voyagers who will make this trip are Captain J. C. Voss, a former hotel man of Victoria, and a one-time sailor, who two years ago made a voyage as far as Callao in a small sloop accompanied by two others and Norman K. Luxton, a newspaper man of Victoria, and brother of Harry Luxton of Minneapolis. Mr. Luxton takes with him several cameras and a complete outfit of plates and photographic equipment, it being his intention to write a series of magazine articles on the incidents of the trip in the little craft.

The boat itself is a remarkably small affair. In the first place it was one of those familiar war canoes of the Indian tribes on the west coast of the Vancouver island, being purchased at Clayoquot. It was brought to Victoria and for six weeks the two voyagers labored to fit it for their globe-circling trip. They fitted the vessel with three small masts, and completely decked her over with a house after the manner of a yacht. She was fitted with a keel eight inches in width, and attached to this bolted securely was four hundred pounds of lead. A keelson was made and she was fitted throughout with oak ribs, and braced together from end to end with iron. Over two tons of ballast was placed in her, all secured beneath the floor. Two water-tight compartments were made and it was claimed by the voyagers that she could not founder, nor turn turtle, and was so secured that the seas would not break her. With her water-tight compartments and ballasting, they claim that she will right in any sea. Her water tanks built in her carry from two to three months' water supply, and are so arranged that the rainfall can be diverted to them. The provision chests were filled with from six to eight months' supply of canned meats, etc., and in all, the travelers say they were well outfitted for the adventurous viking trip to the southern seas. They have cleared from the Victoria custom house for Tahiti, a voyage of 4,460 miles to be taken by a vessel forty feet long, six feet beam and four feet deep, looking, with her three short masts, like a toy three-masted schooner.

—Gordon Smith.



VOSS' TINY THREE-MASTER.