

feeling which is the best security for the harmonious working of every machinery of government, whether in a ship, or in the larger vessel of the state.

There was on board the *Bounty*, acting in the capacity of Master's mate, one Fletcher Christian, a young man who came of a respectable family in the north of England, endowed with excellent talents, but of a hot and revengeful temper. The smouldering exasperation in which the commander kept his crew was first made manifest by overt acts in the person of young Christian, who gave way to a settled spirit of resentment, and a determination to be revenged on Bligh for the slights and insults heaped upon himself and others. He conspired with some of the crew to seize the vessel. The conspiracy rapidly fomented to a head, and at last broke out into open mutiny.

The night of the 27th of April, 1789, was notable, even in the latitude of the Marquesas, for its wondrous lustre and repose. But, as if in designed contrast to the calm of nature, and while the stars looked down from their azure depths with a mystic brightness, revenge and lawlessness were preparing the first act of the coming tragedy! As morning approached, Mr. Christian, who was the officer of the watch, entered, with three other persons, the cabin of the Commander, and seized him while asleep. He was then bound, and threatened with instant death should he give the slightest alarm. Finally, an open boat being lowered, he was placed in it, along with nineteen of the crew who had not participated in the mutiny. When he thus became aware of the calamity that had come upon him, and ere the boat was cut adrift, without map, ephemeris, or sextant—he made a last appeal to Christian. The reply of that unhappy young man reveals the storm of fiery remorse that had already commenced the work of eternal retribution—"I am in hell—I am in hell—Captain Bligh!"

We need not here pursue the adventures of this boat's crew, long since published in the graphic narrative, "The Mutiny of the *Bounty*." The boat was loaded almost to the water's edge. Before leaving, however, the men were permitted to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, and a 28 gallon cask of water; and also to take a small store of rum and wine, with a quadrant and compass. They were near the Tonga Islands (Tofa, 19 degrees S.

lat., 184 E. long.) when thus abandoned. After forty-one days of extreme suffering, they reached the Island of Timor (9 degrees S. lat., 125 degrees E. long.), lying between Java and Victoria—a distance of 3,618 nautical miles. Bligh reached England in 1790, and in 1806 was appointed Governor of New South Wales, where, uncured by affliction, his conduct became so unbearable that the civil and military officers of the Colony summarily terminated his government by arresting him.

III. EXILE.

The second act of the drama now opens upon us. Unchecked power and harsh self-will have generated their bitter fruit, resistance and revenge,—and these in turn are working out their issues.

From the deck of the stately ship, Christian observes the departure of its banished tyrant—left, with his companions, in an open boat, to the wild mercies of the winds and waves. Even he anticipates, and almost regrets, the tortures they are destined to endure, and the perils to which they must be exposed. But action is demanded—the boat gradually disappears beyond the line of sight, and now it is gone. A new life commences—of pleasure and licentiousness for all—of command and of danger also for Christian,—since they must no more be found where Britannia's ubiquitous navy rides the deep. If the boat is cut away from the *Bounty*, so are they from old England.

The *Bounty* is now speeding back to the enchanting shores of Otaheite, the sensual ease and licentious pleasures of which the mutineers already taste by anticipation! In those times—far more so than now—seamen (not of England merely, but of Europe and America generally) were only missionaries of evil, who, with the name of Christians, inculcated the comparatively innocent savages with a more subtle and destructive virus than was known to their paganism. But a dilemma presents itself! How shall they account to the natives for their unlooked-for return?—for the absence of the commander and so many of his men? The first departure from rectitude generates a second, as one crime breeds another. A lie must be devised to deceive the simple-minded children of nature. It is soon told. "They had met with Captain Cook, the Islanders' old friend, and Lieutenant Bligh, who had been with Cook in his former expedition, had rejoined him with some of their comrades." The false-

hood is credited, and, for a season, the mutineers revel in the sensual pleasures of the place.

Pleasure palls, however,—for duty yields the only abiding satisfaction, being the bread-of-life to the moral nature. Dread forebodings now arise. Pictures of that abandoned crew, their countrymen and their companions, come before them in the visions of the night—the boat is drifting with its ghastly and famished load, too feeble to row and steer, or sinking in the storm beneath the waves! If the crew of that frail boat are not lost—if some distant haven has indeed been reached—then is the story of the mutiny bruited abroad—it has become known to English captains—it will by-and-by excite the indignation of the Government, whose arms are long, and whose navy circles the globe. Soon, no one can tell how soon, the avenger will be upon their track.

They consult and flight is determined on. The mutineers, at least such as dare not brave the risk of staying, will seek a more secure retreat. Leaving, then, a number of the crew behind them, they again set sail, taking with them six Tahitian men and twelve Tahitian women. Of the latter, nine were wives of the sailors—three, wives of the Tahitians whom they carried away with them.

Passion and lust being alike satiated, the crew began to taste the bitter dregs of disappointment. They had sown, but will not contentedly reap. They blame each other; all the more that each man's conscience blames himself. Mutual recriminations ensue. Fletcher Christian grows moody, fitful and impatient. They cruise about. At Toobouai, to divert their thoughts into healthier channels, Christian orders a fort to be erected; but the work does not progress. Once more the anchor is heaved, and the *Bounty* spreading its guilty wings, takes flight where no man pursueth. And now, at last, standing right across their path, are the peaks of Pitcairn—which shall be to them the Patmos of Expiation.

It is examined. All things point it out as the Isle of Refuge; its rock-bound coast, which can be safely approached only in certain states of the weather, so dangerous is the surf; its isolation and insignificance; and, not least, its vast distance from other land, save a few islets like itself, and they hundreds of miles away.

Council is held, and the die is