

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

Joseph Farish Burton was born in the township of Yarmouth, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, April 9, 1838. He was the fifth son and seventh child of the Rev. William Burton; a worthy minister of the Baptist denomination, who married Miss Sophia Cutten, of Onslow, Nova Scotia. Twelve children were given them.

He acquitted himself creditably at school; he seemed to go right along, without being much puzzled about anything, much less about figures; they were what one might call his hobby, so that at the time of his leaving school, in the early part of his fourteenth year, he had gone as high as he could in the academy.

Many changes had taken place in his father's family since the death of his mother, and the coming of the new mother with her two little daughters. His two grown up sisters, Hannah and Mary, were now married; his brother William was clerking in Boston; David was teaching school; and John was apprenticed to a blacksmith. The family were about to move to Saint John, New Brunswick. He did not wish to remain longer under the parental roof, and made known to his father that he wished to follow the sea, and to enter at once upon that life. His father consented, and obtained a berth for him as cabin boy, with his brother James. I find this entry in one of his books: "I left Saint Johns October 9, 1852, in the bark *Argyle*, Captain James Burton. My first voyage."

This voyage was to Glasgow, Scotland. On his return to Saint John where the family then lived, he entreated his father to permit him to leave the *Argyle* and seek a berth elsewhere. But since he could not give any reasons for wanting to leave, other than that he did not want to go in her any more, his father deemed it not wise to consent to the change; first, he would feel better to know his son was with his brother; and again, he did not wish to encourage shiftlessness. So the lad went on board, and sailed for Glasgow again; but inwardly resolved that he would leave the vessel before she left port again. And he was true to his resolve. He had purposely omitted to bring his washing on board until they were nearly ready to leave, then went on shore with the pretense of getting it.

The kind hearted old lady who did his washing had taken a motherly interest in the boy, and when he told her he wanted to hide till the vessel had sailed, she locked him in the room of her house till there was no danger of his being sought for. But he need not have feared; the officers of a ship are too busy on the day of leaving port to see if all

are on board; that is their own lookout. The captain is never on board till the last minute, having to clear his vessel, and pay bills, seek a pilot, or tug boat, as the case may demand. It was never known what the captain thought or said when he learned that the "boy" was not on board.

The bark was chartered for Boston, where she arrived in due time, and from thence sailed for Saint John, but never reached that port. William Burton had fallen sick in Boston, and took passage with his uncle to Saint John, where his father's family then lived, but never reached home. The bark encountered a heavy gale when almost in sight of home, and foundered; all on board perished.

Some time subsequent to the foundering of the bark, her hull drifted ashore, and the remains of one man were found lying in a berth, but too far decomposed to be recognized. It was supposed at once to be that of the sick man, which supposition was confirmed by the initials on his shirt.

Mr. Burton had not received any word from his brother informing him that his son Joseph had not crossed the Atlantic with him, probably because the captain expected to be home in a short time, and would see him in person. Therefore, when the loss of the bark was known to him, and also that his eldest son William was on board, he was prostrated with grief, thinking that his two sons, as well as his brother, had perished with the ship. And his grief was rendered more poignant because he had insisted that Joseph should remain with his uncle.

The kind old Scotch woman who hid the runaway cabin boy, also permitted him to board with her till he found another berth; he wished to wait for a home owned vessel, and had not long to wait till one came that was owned and manned by men of Hantsport. Hantsport is situated on the Avon River, some thirty miles above Blomidon. It is, and ever has been, a sort of sailors' home. Shipbuilding has been carried on there right on the river, for many years; ships of all rigs are built, owned, and manned right at home. The rise and flow of tide is in the neighborhood of twenty feet; so that ships of all sizes can navigate the river at high water; and there is sufficient water in the channel, even at low water, for large steamers to lay at anchor. The river is altogether free from rocks, and has such a sloping, sandy beach, that the work of calking is done without the necessity of a dry dock. Vessels drop away from the wharf, and let the tide leave them broadside on the beach, high and dry. When one side is calked, she is winded around at the next tide, and has the other side calked.

Windsor is a much larger town, seven or eight miles farther up the river; and owns a never failing plaster quarry, at no very great distance away, that for more than a half a century has kept up a lively trade with New York, and other marine ports. The deep water sailors, as those are called who are not coasters, will take a load of plaster to New York, and charter for some foreign port across the Atlantic and bring something hack

to the States again; then, if there is not a paying charter in the market, the home owned vessels will take a run down home, get calked, cleaned, and fixed up for another voyage; go to Windsor and load with plaster, and back to New York again.

Such was the ship in which our cabin boy secured a berth; and under the command of Captain Abel Coalfleet. But not as cabin boy this time; he took an advance step to hand-before-the-mast. When he reached Hantsport, he learned that his father and family were living there. That the *Argyle*, and all on board were lost before reaching home, and his brother Will also, and that his father was mourning him as lost. He hastened home to disabuse his mind. It was a happy day to the griefstricken father when he saw his young "Skipper Joe," as he called him, standing before him alive and well. He did not reprove him for running away; he recognized the hand of Providence overruling for his preservation. And while shaking him most cordially by the hand, said, "Well, Skipper Joe, you may take your own head for it after this, and sail with whom you please, since by obeying your own impulse, you have saved your life."

From that time on, he continued to sail under ship masters who lived in Hantsport, yet visited many foreign ports, also the West Indies. This young seaman had climbed the ladder of promotion rapidly; from "before the mast," to able seaman, then second mate, and mate when nineteen years of age. In this year, 1857, he was mate under Captain Coalfleet.

This captain had left the bark in which he had been sailing, and with his crew went to Canning Cornwallis to superintend the rigging of a large new schooner, the *Forward*, that he was to take charge of. One afternoon, when work was slack, the crew went into a field where the grass was just springing up out of the moist earth, for it was early spring, and engaged in a game of ball. A young girl stood in the doorway of a dwelling house not far away, looking at the players, who played with more zest than skill, and seemed to be enjoying the recreation immensely until a young Gideon came in their midst and put an end to their game. With a hearty laugh the crew left the grounds. Years after, when Elder Burton and his wife were speaking of Canning, he said, "I was there once, helping to rig the *Forward*. One day we all went ashore to have a game of ball. We had only played a little while when a boy came and said his father would 'persecute' us if we did not get off of that soft ground; and how the sailors laughed because he said *persecute*, instead of *prosecute*."

"Were you among that crew? I was standing in the open door of a house watching that game, just for the fun of seeing sailors play ball, and saw Gid Bigelow go and say something that made them laugh heartily, and they left the grounds. But I little thought that one of them was to be my future husband."

We next find our hero sailing as mate with Captain J. W. Holmes in the brigantine *Alpha*. Those who sail up and down the Bay of Fundy, often have to "haul up," as it is

called, for the winter, because of the ice in the bay and river. And so it was this winter of 1859. The *Alpha* was hauled up, and the crew discharged with the understanding they were to be ready to join her at the captain's call.

During this sailors' vacation young Burton and his chum, John Fox, proposed that they take a trip off in the country with a view to hunting a wife for themselves. They concluded to visit an uncle of John Fox, who lived on a large farm in a vicinity where neither of the young men had ever been, and perhaps they would make the acquaintance of some of the fair sex of that vicinity, and find the object of their search. But their first trip was in vain, so far as those pleasant acquaintances were concerned. They had returned, and were planning a trip in another direction when Captain Holmes notified his mate and crew to be ready to join the *Alpha* again in a day or two; that he had accepted a charter to take a load of potatoes from lower Cornwallis, commonly called Pereaux, to New York. The weather had become more moderate, and the ice was running rapidly. This was a disappointment to those young men. "Well," they said, "we will leave that cruise till next winter." But to anticipate, we will say that by heeding the call of duty, and joining this vessel, young Burton did find the one that winter who was to be his wife.

Captain J. W. Holmes was half brother of Mrs. Gould N. Davison, who with her husband and family lived right in the vicinity where the vessel was to load. The next morning after their arrival, Captain Holmes went to call upon his sister, and invited his mate to accompany him. Since it was low water, and they could not get to their position till the tide came again, there was nothing to do on board. The mate therefore accepted the invitation, much to the surprise of the captain, since he had never accepted a similar invitation, being naturally very bashful. It was there he met Miss Emma Beatrice Witherspoon [Davison], and upon the first meeting said, "There is the girl that is to be my wife."

Captain Holmes had only time to get his vessel to the wharf, and well moored, ready for taking in cargo, when the weather turned severely cold, and seeing no prospect of any change, he again discharged the crew, all except the mate, who was left to keep ship. The captain went home, and the mate, Joseph Burton, boarded at the house of Captain Gould Davison. And ere he sailed again, the above named Miss "Davison had promised to be his wife. And they were married the 16th of the following November, 1860. Mr. Burton had to sail again in two weeks after their marriage, leaving his bride with her parents until his return, which was in January. He then took his wife to Hantsport, where they commenced housekeeping. The five weeks that he was permitted to dwell in that little piece of paradise, passed like a happy dream; the awakening of which came when they had to bid good-bye again, the young husband to go forth on the trackless deep, leaving his girl wife, scarcely seventeen, in the little home he had made for her. He had purposely taken rooms in a house of a relative of hers, so that when he was away she would not be all alone.

In the following June, a flying visit of one week was made at home; at which time Captain J. W. Holmes left the *Alpha*, and his mate, Mr. Burton, accepted the position as captain. Before accepting this position, he had made himself thoroughly competent for it. From the first, he had not spent his time and money ashore, as the majority of sailors did; he went to theaters sometimes, but more often to lectures, or such profitable entertainment; though his books were his chief companions, of which he always carried a good supply. But having chosen the sea as his vocation for life, he sought, as the time passed, to make himself proficient in all the duties of seafaring life. He studied the ship, and her needs, as well as navigation; so that he could tell at a glance at her spars or rigging if all was not right, and how to make it right. He was shrewd in judgment, accurate in calculations, and quick to act upon his decisions; to hesitate, and be in doubt, or undecided was altogether foreign to him in his line of business. And neither fear nor worry had place with him. With these natural qualifications, together with the study he had given all nautical matters, he was an accurate navigator, as well as a good seaman.

True, he used the "vile weed," but never was known to swear, or get in a quarrel with the sailors, or anyone else; and he regarded it as a shame to manifest anger. At the time of his marriage, and long before, he was a member of the temperance division, and an advocate of that cause. Nothing would induce him to leave his newly made home of an evening, except to go to the division. In this he had the full concurrence and encouragement of his wife. But he made no pretension to being religious. To the contrary, he had become dissatisfied with the claims of the Christian world, and was at that time trying to be an infidel; but that did not satisfy him either.

When Mr. Burton accepted the position as captain of the *Alpha*, he was without a mate; this need was supplied in the person of a retired sea captain, a coaster, yet he had sailed to and from the West Indies many times; and being a friend of Captain Burton he may have thought, since it was his first voyage as captain, he might need some advice from one of greater years of experience. If so, he came home a wiser man.

The *Alpha* only came as near home the trip Mr. Burton took charge of her as Saint John, and was to take in a cargo at a port not far distant for the West Indies. This port was not a desirable place to either enter or leave. The entrance was narrow and rockbound. Coasters invariably took daylight for navigating such places and made more use of their eyes than of their compass. But this young captain proposed to go when he was ready. It so happened that they were ready for sea just about dark. The captain had cleared his vessel at the custom-house, and when he came on board told the mate to give the order to get under way.

The mate replied in much surprise, "Are you going out to-night?"
"Yes; there is a good, fair wind outside."

The mate knew that to advise the captain was not the proper thing to do, but he considered that an extreme case, and said, "Did you ever go out of this port before?"
"No."

"It is very dangerous this dark night, and I would advise you to wait till morning, so you can see the rocks."

The captain smiled, but simply said, "No danger at all, tell the men to work lively and get under way," and passed quickly to the cabin to consult his chart, and laid off the exact course through the channel. As the vessel swung around, and started on her course, the mate walked the deck in great anxiety, with his hands deep down in his trousers pockets till the good brig was safely out in the open sea.

It was also the custom of coasters, when making any of the West Indies, to run a little to windward of the island to which they were going, lest by any mistake in reckoning they might find themselves to leeward of the island and have a hard beat against the trade wind to get up to the island. So, as the *Alpha* neared her port of destination, and the mate saw by the way the young captain was laying off his course on the chart that he proposed to run square at the island, though it was not yet in sight, he felt uneasy, and asked if it would not be wise to lay his course to windward of the island.

"Why so?"

"Well, suppose you should be to leeward of the island; it would be a hard beat back."

"If my cronometer is correct, I am right here, (pointing to the dot made on the chart at the noon reckoning,) and if it is not correct, I do not know where I am; might as likely be to windward as to leeward; but the cronometer is correct, and you will see the light at 8 o'clock straight ahead."

The mate felt troubled, but had learned by the circumstance that took place when leaving the American shore, that the captain trusted to his own judgment. So he said nothing, but was very restless.

At 8 o'clock the captain said,, "Do you see that light?"

The mate fairly jumped to the rail, saying, "Where?"

"Look straight off the end of the jib boom."

"Well, well ! One might think it was a lantern hanging there." And after reaching home he often referred to the wonderful landfall made by the young captain.

It was October when the *Alpha* arrived at Saint John, New Brunswick. The captain left the mate in charge and made another one week visit home, not only to see his wife, and to get a new mate, but to see an infant son also. And since he was to make another trip to the West Indies, and would probably be away most of the winter, he secured a room and board for his wife at her father's house again, that she might not be alone in the winter time, and made arrangements for their removal before he left. They had named

their son Frank Wilfred.

It seems to be a light matter to write of those comings and goings; as though it were a matter of course, and all went off cheerfully. But words would fail to portray the anguish of these separations, and the loneliness of the days and weeks that followed. They were felt as keenly by the husband as by the wife; except he had much to engage his time and attention, while she sat lonely by the hearthstone. But now, while it was far better for her, it was doubly hard for the husband, who had to leave both wife and babe.

His voyage out was successful, and with a light cargo for New York he got as far north as Cape Hatteras where he encountered a severe gale, during which the *Alpha* was dismasted. She was hove to, with the hope of outriding the gale; but the vessel was old and leaked badly, and after making all effort for several days to bear up against the gale, he was obliged to turn back for a smoother sea if they would save their lives. They were driven before the wind across the Gulf Stream into fine weather. To be compelled to turn back after getting within twenty-four hours sail of New York, and in a disabled condition, was discouraging indeed, as will be seen by the following acrostic, which was written while drifting towards the West Indies:

Far from the loved ones I do roam,
Roaming still so far from home.
O, that I could with you be,
Merry would the happy hours flee.

Joy of my life, my soul's delight,
For thee I sigh both day and night.
But long and lonely the time will be,
Until your dear face, I again shall see.

Rich am I that were so blessed,
To secure the love of thee-the best
Of God's sweet creatures-though by his will,
Never was man so lonely, still.

Thou art ever near me, by me,
O how often I do see thee;

Even now, though far away,
Methinks I see thee every day.
Memory wafts me o'er the sea,
And once again I am with thee;
And sitting, singing, talking, laughing,

Never dreaming each hour's wafting
Dear loved ones, me back from your side,

Far o'er the boiling, foaming tide;
Rolling, tossing, pitching to and fro,
And back to a southern climate I must go.
Never despair, dear loved ones; there's one above
Keeps watch o'er ye who know His love.

How often, in this time of sorrow and loneliness, has the writer repeated the last two lines of the above, and gathered courage from them, as words of comfort spoken by his own lips.

Arriving at the West Indies, he put in to Saint Thomas for repairs, after which he ran across to the port of Arisebo for a cargo of sugar for New York, and was about ready for sea, when a gale of wind struck the island from the seaward. When the gale was making up, the English bark *Pandora* was seen dragging ashore, and had hoisted her signal of distress.

Captain Burton called for volunteers to man the boat and take him to the bark. It was with difficulty they reached the bark; and darkness was setting in. The captain gave his men orders to pull back to their own vessel as soon as he left the boat. All was confusion on board the *Pandora*. The sailors were so crazed with fear that they neither obeyed orders nor listened to counsel. Captain Burton bade them remain on the ship if they would save their lives, but they lowered the boat, and all except the captain of the *Pandora* got in; they had scarcely pulled away from the ship when the boat capsized and all were drowned. As the two captains heard the struggles and cries of the drowning men, Captain Burton feared that his men had shared the same fate. Because of the mist and darkness, the boat could not be seen; but they reached their destination in safety.

The *Pandora* soon dragged ashore and grounded, whether on rocks or shore, the writer does not know, but the sea was sweeping over her at regular intervals. All that terrible night those two captains were on the wrecked bark, lashed first to one place about the ship, and then to another, wherever it seemed the most safe. They had to lash themselves to keep from being washed overboard by the force of the sea. Sometimes they were in the rigging, expecting that the whole hull would break up any minute, but the arm of the mighty God of Jacob was about them, and they were preserved from death.

It was a joyful surprise to both captain and crew when the captain of the *Alpha* went on board his vessel the next morning, and the handshaking was as affectionate as between father and son; for neither expected to see the other's face again.

The captain of the *Pandora* reported the circumstance to the British consul, and he to the home Government; and the result was that in the following winter, while Captain Burton was at home, he received a very cordial and complimentary letter from Her Majesty's Government because of putting his own life in jeopardy that he might save some. This letter was quickly followed by a very fine telescope. In the make-up German silver was used instead of brass, with this inscription cut in the silver, "Presented by Her Majesty's Government to Captain Joseph F. Burton, of the brigantine *Alpha*, of Windsor, N. S., in acknowledgment of his humane exertions to save the lives of the crew of the bark *Pandora*, of Liverpool, wrecked on the 5th of April, 1862, off the port of Arisebo."

This telescope has been in use, more or less, for forty-eight years, but is still in good condition. Through it the moon looks as though it might be a huge mirror, in which one side of our earth is reflected, the dark and light portions corresponding quite well with our land and water.

(To be continued.)

The reader by now must be aware that the author of the original is Emma Davison Burton, wife of Capt. Joseph F. Burton. It appears to have been written after his death in 1910 based on his papers and journals. In the preface Emma says, "I may have been able to have done even better had I been blessed with my hearing while living with him in those years, so I could have heard the exercise of his mind as given to others in conversation."

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(Continued from page 400, volume 3.)

From New York, the *Alpha* was chartered for another outward bound voyage that occupied the months until September. Captain Burton learned that he had made a mistake in accepting a master's position in an old, worn-out vessel, that was constantly needing repairs, and resolved to leave her on his return trip, and wait for something better. This proposition was hailed with delight by his wife, who was still boarding with her parents; for thereby he would have a visit at home. His visit lasted part of the winter, in the which they went to housekeeping again. But their happy holiday soon came to an end. He sailed again on the first day of January, as mate of the barque *Wild*

Horse, for Matamoras, leaving a very lonely wife behind him. This berth he accepted because of the promise of having the vessel in charge the next voyage.

One instance of that voyage is worthy of note. It was a day while lying at anchor in Matamoras. The wind was blowing strongly, and the sea was too heavy on the "bar" for lighters to pass over, so there was no work being done on board. The captain, Edward Davison, not wishing to lose a day, thought it a good chance to get the water casks filled while the mate was not busy, so told him to lower the long-boat, and take two casks, and as many men as he wanted, and go ashore for water. Mr. Burton made answer that the "bar" was not safe to cross. But the captain did not countermand his order, and to refuse to obey would be mutiny; so he prepared to go, taking with him the best swimmers, though he accounted himself to be a poor one. They were being watched from the deck of many a vessel, as they neared the breakers, to see the success or non-success of their daring undertaking. While going over the first roller, a long, even, high sea, the long, heavy oar that is thrust out at the stern of the boat to serve as a rudder, and by which the mate was steering, bent beneath the heavy pressure of the sea, and broke like a pipestem, and the boat breached to, and capsized with the mate beneath her. He was wearing, at the time, a pair of long-topped rubber boots, and quickly became aware that they would soon take him to the bottom, and his first thought was to get rid of them. Then and there, under the boat, and under water, too, he nimbly performed a feat that perhaps was never done before, or since; which was to double up and pull off his boots without sinking, and in so doing got out from under the boat.

Not losing his presence of mind for one moment, nor forgetting that the men were in his care, he called for all hands to get hold of, and climb upon the boat, which was floating near them, but bottom upwards. And while they were busy obeying orders they were not so sensible of their danger. Fortunately all had gotten on the boat before another roller reached them; and thus astride of the keel, holding on for dear life, they went over it, or more properly speaking, the roller went over them.

When that had passed, the mate said, "Now, all hands drop into the water, and let's right the boat;" telling two to hold to the gunwales on one side, and two on the other, and he would hold to the stern and steer her over the next roller, after which he thought they would be in shallow water where they could walk her ashore.

The men were true to their officer, and with his help had accomplished the order and taken their places when the next breaker struck them. All held fast to the boat till it passed over. But they were still in deep water, and fortunately for them, they were being drawn out by the receding waters, faster than borne inward; and ere long were outside the "bar" again. They had not long to remain there though, for strong, willing hands impelled by kind hearts were bending to their oars "to the rescue" and all got safely on board of the stranger boat, after which they got their own boat alongside, and

bailed her out; for, though floating, she was full of water. She was taken in tow while they picked up their oars, that were floating about on the sea. Then they boarded their own boat again, and went in quest of, and picked up their empty water-casks, and returned to the *Wild Horse* with no further loss than that of the mate's rubber boots and the broken oar.

Upon Mr. Burton's return home, in the latter part of July, he found a tiny little three weeks' old daughter. When the cargo was discharged, he went across the bay to load with deals for Glasgow, intending to touch at Hantsport again before sailing for Glasgow. On his return to Hantsport, he found his little one smitten with diphtheria, and she only lasted a few days. Then they sadly laid the precious little form in her earthly resting place. Little two year old Frank and the captain's wife accompanied him on his voyage to Scotland. This was her first voyage at sea, but after the first twenty-four hours of rough weather, she experienced no further discomfort from the sea, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. She missed her cherished little babe, but with the companionship of her dear, loving husband, sorrow forgot its mission, and loneliness was not thought of. The *Wild Horse* plowed the waters of the broad Atlantic; sometimes in a gentle, even furrow; and at other's it was uphill, and down dale; but all was enjoyed.

While sailing up the River Clyde, the custom-house officer pointed out many interesting landmarks, the chief of which was Dunbarton Castle. Both the captain and wife promised themselves the pleasure of taking a run down to it while the ship was at Glasgow, to view the sword of William Wallace; and other interesting relics stored in the castle. But the time was so entirely occupied that there was no opportunity. The captain took one trip to Edinburgh and joined the Free Masons. He got his certificate as Master Mason, of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, on September 30, 1863. And one trip to Greenock, where he "passed the board" and was given a certificate of competency as shipmaster, by the Board of Trade of Scotland, on the 5th of October, 1863. He also "passed the board" in New York in 1866, and received an American certificate.

Captain Burton never took any further degrees in Free Masonry, and soon let it drop, not taking interest enough in it to even attend lodge, except a few times, though he always affirmed that the principles taught were good so far as he knew.

The ship's business occupied the balance of the time in Glasgow, so the anticipated trip to Dunbarton Castle had to be given up. The return voyage was to Halifax, thence to Windsor, and New York, where he chartered again for Matamoras. This voyage, though much longer than was anticipated, was nevertheless a profitable one to both captain and owners. The assorted cargo sold at a fabulous price, on account of there being several man-of-war ships at anchor on the grounds.

On their arrival at Hantsport, the captain's wife, who had been sailing with him for a year, remained ashore and went to housekeeping in rented rooms; while the captain sailed again for Glasgow.

The outward bound voyage was successful, and with ordinary dispatch the barque left port on her homeward bound trip. It was then November; the winter set in early and was a very severe one, both on land and sea; and many a good ship went down beneath the waters of the Atlantic that winter of 1865. Gale succeeded gale, but almost always from an adverse point of the compass. Many times the ropes and rigging were so iced over as to render the ship almost unmanageable. Sometimes they would have to run before a gale of wind long distances out of the proper course, and ultimately the ship was disabled to some degree, so that sailing was much slower. They ran short of provisions, and some of the sailors scarcely had sufficient clothes to keep from freezing. Those who had, shared with the needy. It was during this terrible three month's voyage on the stormy Atlantic that Captain Burton first felt the need of a Savior and humbled himself in prayer to God. He felt a comforting influence that heretofore was unknown to him, though he scarcely expected to reach home again. The owners of the barque, as well as many friends and relatives had given up hope of ever hearing from her again, but she arrived at Yarmouth, where she was chartered for, in March, though in a disabled condition. What repairs were absolutely necessary were made while the cargo was being discharged, then she was taken home to Hantsport.

Upon the captain's arrival in Hantsport, he was interviewed by a ship building company relative to building him a new vessel, a brigantine in which he was to own a share. He accepted the proposition, and remained at home through the summer to superintend the rigging of the vessel.

Upon his arrival from Matamoras the previous summer, he had bought a building lot; and now he had a pretty little gothic cottage built on the lot, which gave himself and family of wife and two children a home of their own.

The brigantine was finished and launched in October of 1865. And named by the captain, *H. J. Burton*, in honor of his little daughter, Hannah Josephine.

When this new craft was loaded and ready for sea, the wife locked up her pretty home, and with her two children started with her husband on another sea voyage. The afternoon they sailed was not at all promising; the sky was gloomy and storm-threatening. The storm burst upon them the first night out; a real winter, northeast gale, accompanied with a thick snowstorm; and that while in the Bay of Fundy, where shoals, sand banks, and rocks abound. Here the swiftly running tide, when adverse to the wind, causes a high, short sea, in which a vessel rolls and knocks about heavily, altogether, making a most undesirable place for such a storm. The ship was heavily loaded with plaster. The wire rigging – that can never be properly adjusted at the first

setting up-became slack with the heavy rolling and plunging of the ship, and she carried away her fore and main topmasts, with which went the fore topsail, topgallant and royal yards. She had been rolling so deep, and staying so long before starting to roll the other way, that it seemed often as if she was on her beam ends, and would never right again. The spars came down with such a terrible crash, and shock to the ship that it struck terror to the heart. The wife, who was trying to comfort her little boy, and hold the other little one in the berth, felt sure the ship had struck a rock, or been driven on a shoal; but there was no screaming or fainting. She held more closely to the children and waited in an agony of suspense for some one to come below. The spars fell overboard, but were held by the wire rigging; and the bumping and grating against the side of the ship, together with the extra commotion on deck, and the captain's commanding voice ringing out distinctly above all other noises, confirmed for a time her uncomfortable apprehensions.

All was done that could be done to cut away the wreckage, yet much remained. The danger in the darkness and blinding storm, where the ropes, blocks, and other destructive missiles were swinging and beating about, was too great to risk.

After the spars were carried away the ship did not roll so badly; but the sea made a clean breach over her, sweeping the decks of every movable thing, and much that was considered immovable; such as the boat and cask of water, both of which were lashed firmly to ringbolts. Even the tarpaulin, that was fastened down with irons, was torn off from the main hatch, causing a heavy leakage, so that the pumps had to be kept going all night; and it was feared that even that would not keep her afloat.

As soon as the captain had opportunity, he went to the cabin to see how it fared with the wife and the little ones, let them know what the trouble was, and see if they wanted help. Indeed they did; the wife was crouched on the floor in front of the low berth, with her elbows pressed down into the bed on the inside of the front board as a grip to hold herself from being thrown, or sliding away from it. With her hands she held the sleeping babe in her place in the bed, while cheering and comforting three-year-old Frank, who was in the next room, and very much frightened. His mamma could not leave the little one long enough to get to him. When papa had fixed him securely in the berth where mamma was, he had no more fear, and was soon asleep. But the wife must still keep up her vigil. She was cheered from time to time during that dreadful night, by a few minutes' visit from the captain.

During one of those brief visits his brother Ebenezer, who was second mate, came in and said, "it is no use, Joe," speaking as brother would to brother, "the men are worn out at the pumps; the water in the hold is above the plaster; we can not expect to keep her afloat, and may as well let her go first as last." But the captain soon vetoed such a proposition as that, saying the water that was above the plaster was what leaked in through the main hatch. He gave orders to change hands often, give the men something to eat, if he could get at anything, and keep the pumps going. He soon

followed his brother to the deck. The captain spoke kindly and cheerfully to the men, expressed the belief that they would be *men* and do their duty; that it was only cowards who forsook their posts in time of need or danger; that they were working for the safety of their own lives, as well as that of the ship; to hold on till daylight, then there would be a change.

"Aye, aye, sir! We will do our duty," was the hearty response. About an hour afterward, as the captain was passing through the cabin he heard a faint call from the passenger room, where his brother John was, who was taking passage to New York. John was too seasick to lift his head, but pointed to the trunk where he had a dozen or more pairs of woolen socks and mittens that he was taking to New York as a speculation, and said in a feeble voice, "Take them, and give them to the men." The second mate had spoken of their feet and hands being wet and nearly frozen. "And here," said he, pointing to a basket well tucked down in the far corner of his berth, "take these, too." His good wife had provided this basket, generously supplied with substantials and dainties. The captain tried to get up a laugh with him, and offered him some of the food; but he did not feel like laughing, or eating either. That lunch dispelled the gloom in the cabin, for all there, as well as the men, were cold and hungry.

What a blessed thing it is that the longest and darkest nights only last a certain number of hours; then the day is sure to dawn. But oh, what a distressing sight that particular dawning revealed! Discouraging indeed to a young sea captain. But no oath or complaint, no word of fault-finding was heard. The weather was moderating, and the sea going down fast. As much of the spars and rigging as remained, and could be made serviceable, were hauled in, and the rest cut adrift. Some jury masts were rigged up, and all the sail put on that could be carried under the circumstances.

It was food for merriment for the two well brothers, - the captain and second mate - when John got over his seasickness enough to want something to eat, and found his lunch basket nearly empty. But he had his turn when a little later he got out on deck and saw the distressed appearance of the ship. He was not of a serious turn, and to him it was simply ludicrous; and his wit and humor kept the rest in a laughing mood.

The captain essayed to put in to Portland, Maine, but could not fetch, so drifted on to Boston. Disabled as he was, the plucky young captain would not accept any help to get there. When off Boston, though not in sight of it, one of the pilot boats that sail about outside, came alongside, evidently expecting a paying job, and after making some remarks about the disabled condition of the ship, called out, "Do you want a pilot?"

"No." With a look of surprise and incredulity they sailed away.

Presently a steam tug came puffing along, hunting for wrecks after the storm; when close enough, her captain hailing that of the *H. J. Burton*, said, "Well, you are in rather a bad fix."

"Rather."

"Just throw us a line and we will soon have you in port."

"Not at all."

"Are you not going to Boston?"

"Yes."

"How are you going to get there?"

"I am going to sail there."

"I wish you a good time of it."

"Thank you, sir."

So she puffed off again, with another disappointed captain.

When he was gone, Captain Burton's wife, who was standing by his side said, "Oh, Joseph, why did you not let him tow us in? What if we should be blown off again?"

"I may have missed it, but if the weather holds good we will get in all right. In our condition they would have charged an outrageous price, and I do not want to discourage the owners altogether."

In Boston he obtained sufficient repairs to go to New York, where all necessary repairs were made, the load of plaster discharged, and a load of timber taken in for Lisbon, Portugal.

Right here is an amusing instance as a sample of how Captain Burton got along without storming and swearing, as many captains would in the same place. The *Burton* had finished taking in her timber about 5 o'clock, and had dropped away from the pier far enough to let a schooner take the inside berth so as to be ready to commence loading early in the morning, while the *Burton* would lay next her, and take in the small stores over the schooner's deck.

The captain ordered a load of coal that day, and told the truckman to be sure and have it down and delivered on deck before 5 o'clock; and he promised to do so. The captain did not get on board till after dark.

He had not been in the cabin long till there came a savage rapping on the top of the house with the butt of a whipstock and a rough specimen of the Emerald Isles thrust his head over the companionway door and called out, "Hello, captain!"

"Hello!" answered the captain, at the same time opening the cabin door. "What's wanted?"

"I can't take these coals over that vessel after dark!" His tone was angry and imperative.

"Very well," said the captain, in his usual cheery tone. "You can take them under her, if you think you can do it easier."

And he shut the door, leaving the truckman to do the swearing; and he did. The oaths rolled forth in volleys till his voice was lost in the distance, while the captain stood

laughing.

"What does he want to do?" asked the wife.

"He wants me to let him dump the coal on the wharf, and I am not going to do it. I told him to have it here before 5 o'clock, for we were going to haul out."

"Will he do it?"

"He will have to, or he won't get his money." But he did not go outside to say anything more to him. Presently the coal came tumbling on deck, basket full after basket full, till all was done; then the irate truckman came to the door after his money.

The voyage to Lisbon was very successful, though made in the winter months; the *H. J. Burton* proved to be a fine sea boat, and fleet on the waters. The return charter was for Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a load of salt. Here the wife went to her home and remained through the summer months, while the captain pursued his lonely way to Amsterdam.

In the autumn, the month of October, the *H. J. Burton* was seen skimming the waters of the Bay of Fundy, on her homeward bound trip. And when loaded, and ready for sea again, the wife joined her husband for a two years' cruise. They went to New York, and from thence to the Mediterranean with petroleum; and were to call at Gibraltar for orders. In New York one can find more or less of his own countrymen, no matter what country he hails from, but especially if he comes from Nova Scotia.

Among the latter was one Captain Coffell, from the vicinity of Hantsport, who also had a new brigantine, *Ptosa*. He, too, took a cargo of petroleum to the Mediterranean, and was also to call at Gibraltar for orders. Each captain considered his was the fastest sailing vessel, and they had some little pleasantries with each other about who was going to be left behind while crossing the Atlantic. Both towed down the river at the same time. After leaving the tug boats, one took his course farther south than the other, and so they lost sight of each other during the night, and did not sight each other again on the voyage.

The *H. J. Burton* had a splendid run across the Atlantic, yet all were delighted when she entered the sun-kissed waters of the straits of Gibraltar, and shortly dropped anchor in front of the town that nestles at the base, and even climbs up the side of that far famed "Rock of Gibraltar." How delightful to the sea satiated eyes is the sight of that picturesque little town, with its abundance of shade trees and vineyards; the latter terraced far up against the side of the huge rock. But, however much one desired to stay a while, and look about the notable place, business required quick dispatch. Besides, the captain learned from the consignees to whom he went to get his orders that the *Ptosa* had not yet arrived, and that both vessels were to take their cargo to Naples. So the captain made all haste to get on board, and under way again to win the race to Naples.

When nearing the port of destination, all on board were made aware that a severe

storm was at hand, and we rejoiced to see the bluff headlands at the mouth of the harbor, thinking that when once in the placid Bay of Naples, on safe anchoring ground, little inconvenience would be experienced from the storm. The entrance to the bay was comparatively narrow, and rendered more so by a heavy "breakwater" that extended two thirds across the inlet. But within a few hours after the anchor was dropped, all the shipping in the harbor became uncomfortably aware of the effects of the storm troubled waters outside. The wind and sea steadily increased, and the shipping at anchor in the bay began to roll and pitch about at a frightful rate. Many vessels were farther in towards the city than the *H. J. Burton*, and it was then thought, on safer anchoring ground; but it proved not to be so. Before morning a large barque and a schooner dragged ashore and all perished on the rocks that had been placed there by skillful engineering to keep the sea from dashing against the sea wall, and over the street. When the waters of the bay were placid, boats could wend their way to and from the shore, but in that storm no assistance could be rendered them. It was a night of terror to all; those who still held their grounds knowing not what moment they too would share the fate of the unfortunate ones.

With the coming of daylight the sea subsided, and all thought it had spent itself, though the clouds hung low and heavy and the waters were agitated. In the afternoon the *Ptosa* entered the harbor also; and shortly after the gale was at its height again and remained so all night, the second night being worse than the first, the sea higher. The *H. J. Burton* was not only lifted to the full length of her chain, but often the sea made a clean breach over her. She sustained some damage, but slight to what befell many others, though none were totally wrecked.

After this stormy introduction to serene Italy the waters of her bay became as blue and as placid as of yore; troubles were soon forgotten, and the visit to this far away place, the home of artists, and the picture gallery of the world, was much enjoyed by both Captain Burton and his wife. The smoke of Mount Vesuvius was seen by day, and the fire by night. The ruins of the ancient city, Pompeii, that she once buried in her burning ashes and melted lava, were visited and gazed upon with mingled feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration.

Messina, a pretty little town of Sicily, was the next port of destination, to take in a load of fruit for Baltimore. One day was spent in a long and pleasant drive across the mountain, as it was called, where one could look out on the sea at the other side of Messina and gaze upon Stromboli, another burning mountain that raised abruptly out of the sea, and whose fires were seen by day as well as by night.

The Atlantic was on his best behavior during the run across to Baltimore; no gales, no calms ; just a steady trade wind breeze all the way across; a most delightful sail; and intensely enjoyed by the wife, who could take her little ones and sit on deck and chat with the captain.

Upon his arrival in Baltimore, Captain Burton learned of the death of his father, which brought deep sorrow to him. Parents sometimes speak more effectually in their death than in their life. And so it was in his case. While sorrowing for his loss, he realized that he could no more hear the words of counsel and instruction from the lips that had so often uttered such; and how great that father's desire was that his children, as well as others, should become true followers of Christ, and take their stand in the church. He knew he had often grieved his father by holding aloof from the churches, and claiming to be infidel because the churches did not harmonize with what the Bible taught, as he viewed it. Yet he could never disbelieve in a God, and since his marriage he had ceased to study the infidel side of the question, and bought such books as he thought his wife, being a conscientious church member, would like. Among them were Keith's Evidences of the Prophecies, and Josephus' works. Together they spent many pleasant and profitable hours in the study of them.

Though he did not claim to be religious himself; he had great respect for her religion, and helped, rather than hindered her to sustain it. He enjoyed their hour of prayer when she first went to sea with him. But it was during that stormy trip across the Atlantic that he really humbled himself before God, called upon him in mighty prayer, and felt the comforting influence of the Spirit. But he did not make any outward profession of religion, and afterward had become careless in regard to religion. Truthfulness compels me to say that he did not always keep inviolate his "pledge"; not that he was given to drunkenness, but he indulged at times in the social glass with his "c1ique" of captains rather than to say no and be the odd one.

But now the time had come when he felt that he wanted to enter into the path that his father had so often pointed out, and lead a Christian life. For him to determine, was to act; so not waiting to get home, he was baptized the following Sunday evening by the Reverend Doctor Fuller in the font in his church, and united with the Fifth Baptist Church, of Baltimore. Now that he had publicly professed religion, he determined to live it also, and at once undertook the duty of asking a blessing at table, and having reading and prayer in the cabin at 8 o'clock in the evening, and as many of the men would gather into the cabin as could be spared from the deck.

This was a greater cross to him than simply having family worship at home, but the mate, Mr. Crowell, was a member of the Baptist Church also, which was a great help to him; and in foreign ports there were almost always some Nova Scotia captains who believed in living their religion at sea, as well as in port, and would not fail to drop in at prayer time; and some who were not church members would stay the rest of the evening. So they were kept from spending their evenings elsewhere and wasting their money. One young captain who was not a church member made this remark, "I do not know what has come over me, but I had rather come here and hear you folks read and pray, talk and sing, than to go to the theater, or spend my evenings ashore as I used to

do." But I am anticipating, for those remarks were made in Stettin, several months later.

There was no charter in Baltimore for foreign ports that the captain would accept, so he decided to start at once to Windsor for a load of plaster, and on the eighth day from the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, the *H. J. Burton* sailed up the Bay of Fundy and Avon River, and grounded on Hantsport beach at 5 o'clock in the evening of a lovely June day.

The vessel had been recognized while gliding up the river, and a number of friends and relatives were at the shore. Many of them lingered on hoard in pleasant converse until the receding tide produced an uncomfortable slant on the vessel's deck; then all adjourned. Mrs. Burton was in too great a hurry to see their little son, whom she had been separated from for six months, to remain in Hantsport all night, so Captain Burton hired a team, the same one that he had hired several times before to go over that same road when he used to pay a flying visit to his *fiancee*. But now that she was seated comfortably by his side, the drive was far more enjoyable, and the horse was not hurried so much. Indeed, words would fail to depict the enjoyment of that drive! The twilight lingered long, and though there was no moon, the night was clear and balmy, and the stars twinkled and glittered as if trying to do their best to compensate for the absence of the moon. Then the glee of going to the home roof to surprise the folks; and last, but not least, to see their firstborn.

It was 10 o'clock in the evening when they drove quietly into the backyard, hitched the horse, and both went to the front door to make the surprise more complete, for the lights in the front part of the house bespoke company. Indeed it was a surprise. Not a half hour before the captain and his wife had been the theme of conversation, and were spoken of as being in Baltimore. The visit of twenty-four hours at the dear old home was all too short, but very pleasant.

In one week from the arrival at Hantsport, they were again sailing down the Bay of Fundy, taking a load of plaster, sometimes called gypsum, to Philadelphia. From thence they sailed to Stettin, Prussia, with a cargo of petroleum. While in Philadelphia the mate fell overboard and was drowned before help could reach him. His body was recovered and embalmed and sent home to his lonely wife. This event cast a gloom over all.

Now I will copy some from a few pages written by the captain's wife at the time of their leaving Point Breeze, where the petroleum was taken in:

Good-bye, Point Breeze. Fortunately we have got a good breeze from the right point. Hope it will last till we get down the Delaware. I feel very gloomy, and a vague foreboding of evil; doubtless on account of losing our good mate; and my baby Dora has been sick ever since we left home. Poor little darling, I hope she will be better when

we get out to sea, where the air will be more pure and wholesome and the weather cooler.

And dear Frank is left behind again. Little three-year-old Josephine keeps well and fat. Bless her heart, how sweet she looks on the quarterdeck, standing there in the breeze, with her long, golden curls falling over her plump, dimpled shoulders. I hope she will keep well.

Our crew is not a very promising looking lot. The mate a Dane, and does not seem to know much. There is only one man of the crew that looks strong enough to pull ropes.

In the North Sea. Now for a few more sketches, since I have not been able to write since the first week out. The fair wind continued with us until we had gotten well across the Atlantic, and all went well the first week out. At the commencement of the second week I took sick; for the first three days I could not sit up, had a high fever, headache, an increasing pain in my left side, and great weakness. The only relief I had was when wrapped in a mustard poultice. The captain searched the medical works on board, but could find nothing that corresponded with my symptoms.

Indeed, the captain had his hands full. He scarcely got a minute to rest. The weather was foggy and the crew not to be depended upon. Two of them were sick most of the time. Baby sick and very troublesome, not yet weaned, and I could not lift her at all. Josie kept well, still required some waiting on. He had the care of all of these, and yet seemed to be doing something for me all the time.

At the end of those three days the captain said if I was any worse the next day he would put back for Halifax - we were then near the banks of Newfoundland. But the next day the pain abated some. There was certainly a change; but I did not know whether for better or worse. Being sufficiently free from pain to lie quiet and breathe easily, I was left to myself while the captain ate his dinner, with one little one on his lap and the other at his side.

Presently a clammy coldness began to creep over me, and increased until it felt like a death coldness. I thought of the worst and shuddered. I had never seen anyone with the ague, and did not know anything about it.

I looked at my finger nails. They had commenced to turn black, and my fingers were white and as cold and lifeless looking as in death. I was startled; for a moment a dizziness crept over me. The thought of dying there and being buried in the sea, leaving my husband and two little ones in that forlorn condition, was dreadful. But I soon grew calm in my mind, and felt that I had nothing to fear, though I shall not attempt to say all that passed through my mind during that half hour while dinner was being eaten. Having no doubt but those indications were that I was then struck with

death, I could not bear to make my condition known to my husband. So I waited till he came in, then put my cold hand in his, so that he could see the blood settled nails; for I felt so cold I thought the breath might leave me at any moment, and was almost hopelessly weak. Imagine my surprise to see something like a glad look come into his face when he looked at my hand, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know now what is the matter; you have got the ague." He had not more than said the words when a terrible shaking fit seized me. It was dreadful. In my weakened condition I thought seriously that I was being shaken to pieces. When the paroxysm would go off, as it did once or twice before leaving me for the day, I was more dead than alive, but was soon very much alive again in every nerve and fiber of my body.

The next day Dora had a chill. It was pitiful to see the poor little one, weak and frail as she was, in one of those relentless shakes. She continued to have them every day, and I every alternate day. Two of the sailors were affected in the same way, and the captain, too, had one heavy chill, and several narrow escapes. In the midst of all this the cook got sick. What a gloomy looking and feeling crowd we were, to be sure. No one presumed to laugh; no one felt like it.

Our fair wind lasted till August 30. On the 31st I got out on deck to see the land. We were near the Western or Lewis Islands. All on board were getting better.

Our course was north of the Orkneys - a group of islands at the extreme northern point of Scotland - across the North Sea, through the "Sleve," or "Skager Rock," to the "Skaw." Thence down the "Cattegat," out into the Baltic Sea.

LATER. - I do not think anyone ever found the North Sea placid; go whichever way you will, you are sure to have a head wind, and high sea. Our two weeks' beat across confirmed all that my fancy had pictured concerning it, and I am quite ready to believe it will be far worse on our returning voyage.

A "dead beat," as the sailors say, of two weeks took us to the coast of Norway. We were then in the Sleeve, wind still ahead. A forty-eight hour beat brought us to the "Skaw," the northern point of Denmark. Had a fair wind and pleasant run down the "Cattegat." It was full of little vessels, as it always is. Such short, wide looking little crafts I never saw. How I enjoyed leaving them behind almost as easily as if they were at anchor. After leaving the "Cattegat," we had another beat to Elsinore, where we anchored about Monday, waiting for a fair wind to go over the "Grounds," which fair wind came early the next morning.

Passed Copenhagen about noon, and a fine twenty-hour run took us across the Baltic to Swinemunde, where one leaves the ocean and sails a while among the land. After entering the narrow passage to the inland harbor, we had to stop while the captain

went ashore to "enter" the ship, and get two custom house officers on board before going on to Stettin.

In two hours we left the picturesque little town of Swinemunde, with its clean, green lawns, its profusion of house plants, its well kept hedges around the eaves of the house, instead of on the ground, and with a pilot we proceeded up the river to Stettin, a distance of thirty miles. In most places the river is not much wider than a canal. There were other vessels in the river, and it was a peculiar sight to see them sailing along as if through green fields. The water was lower than the land, and the grass high on either side, and though most of the hulls of the vessels were seen, the lands in the river hid the water almost altogether.

As we glided sometimes leisurely and sometimes briskly up the river, the scenery that greeted the eye was simply beautiful. Some places were uncultivated land, tall, waving grass, and bramble bushes. Then the level grain country, dotted both near and far with small towns, villages, and hamlets, all in picturesque Prussian style, mostly in thatched roof buildings and ornamental trees. Anon we round a bend, or merge from a small, wooded patch where little clumps of houses would burst to view near the water's edge, and right in the water's edge were the commodious wash houses, jotted at regular intervals through each of those miniature seaport towns. We glide along. The sun is getting low, and now shines upon one of the prettiest little hamlets that fancy could paint! Just far enough back in the green field to enhance its beauty, and obliterate defects. Four turf huts, and four or five low square frame buildings with their respective white barns, all having heavily thatched roofs as green as the fields about them, are scattered in the prettiest and still coziest manner possible. Most of the frame houses are white; the largest is laid off in broad, green bars, or plaids. How odd it looks. Another is a pinkish color and tiled roof with a foot or more of green hedge just below the eaves. These, together with ornamental trees large and small, and a jagged mountain that rose at a little distance beyond as a background completes this masterpiece among the succession of natural pictures that have delighted our sea-satiated eyes during the whole afternoon. Now the eye rests upon a large lake whose waters are shimmering in the sunlight like liquid silver. This lake is about three miles wide. We enter and drop anchor for the night.

With a strong breeze the next morning we entered Stettin before noon. When the cargo was discharged and ballast taken in, the captain proceeded by way of Swinemunde to Danzig, which is on the coast of Prussia. Danzig is the oldest city in Prussia, and answers well in construction to that of ancient Rome.

The return voyage to Liverpool, England, was as anticipated, little other than a succession of gales of wind, especially in the North Sea, where it was not broad daylight until 11 a. m., and commenced to get dark again at 3 p. m., it being then midwinter. Day after day the *H. J. Burton* remained hove to, and was driven round and

round the compass, so iced over that a rope could scarcely have been moved if necessary, but she was a worthy sea boat, and after what seemed like a never ending sea voyage, she arrived in Liverpool, on the 12th day of January, 1868.

From Liverpool he sailed to Cette, a small seaport town in France. Does the reader wish to see the billowy waves mountain high? If so, cross the mouth of the Bay of Biscay in the early spring. But oh, what a delightful change to sail in a single day from that water hill country to the coast of Portugal, where the air is balmy, and the sunshine delicious, and be borne gently along on the smooth sea towards the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, where the dangers of the stormy English channel, and the terrors of the Bay of Biscay are soon forgotten in the keen enjoyment of gliding gently over the sun-kissed waters, and in this instance in getting a view of the inhabited side of the Rock of Gibraltar, and away in the distance the snow-capped Alps. But there certainly was nothing of interest in Cette, and all were glad when sail was set again for Messina, a far more interesting place. From thence to Sicata, another port in Sicily, where a load of sulphur was taken in for Bremerhaven, a very hotbed of fever and ague! And it seized those who had been afflicted with it on the voyage out from Philadelphia. The captain, his wife, and their little daughter Dora, had their alternate days of the ague. But by the use of powerful medicine the chills were soon broken up. But the captain's wife paid the penalty by a sacrifice of her hearing. At that time she was almost entirely deaf.

The time in this part was spent quite pleasantly. There were three Nova Scotia captains in the same port at that time; and Captain Burton having his wife and two children on board, made their cabin quite homelike, so those three captains spent a part, at least, of every evening on board the *H. J. Burton*. They said one evening, "We hope you will not get tired of us coming here. This cabin is so homelike; the small rocking chair, the wife and the little ones, with their dolls and playthings. It does not seem like a ship's cabin at all, but like a home sitting room, and makes one forget, almost, that he is at sea."

The voyage across the Atlantic to Philadelphia was very pleasant. From there the captain's wife went with her children home to Hantsport. The captain accompanied them to New York and saw them on board the steamer *Old Colony*, which would take them to Providence, Rhode Island, by the way of Long Island Sound; but circumstances rendered it necessary that she return to New York; and the captain saw her on board a packet vessel in which she sailed to Hantsport, arriving the 29th of September, while the husband and father returned to the now lonely cabin. He had no thought how lonely it would be when all were gone. His little daughter, Josephine, was a constant companion to him. When he would stay on deck what she thought was too long, when the weather was too stormy for her to be with him, she would beg of her mamma to let her go and call him down. She became so accustomed to the motions of the ship, "My ship," she used to call it because it was named for her, that she knew

when to stand still and when to run; in that way she would work her way along, climb the three steps and cling to the low door, and call "Papa, mamma wants you." And if he was not really needed on deck he always came down.

He sailed to Rotterdam and was gone until the following May. During the winter his family had a serious sick time at home with first "rose rash," then measles and scarlet fever all at once, which lasted from January till March. On the evening of March 27 his little daughter Josephine took her flight from this world to that where sickness nor pain ever enters. On that same evening her father had a peculiar experience. He was at sea, on the eastern side of the Atlantic. The wind was blowing hard, driving the scud and heavy clouds rapidly across the sky. He was standing on the quarter-deck with his back against the forward end of the house, near the companion-way door – a position he often occupied in stormy weather - in deep thought as he gazed upwards where the moon peeped out occasionally, and was quickly veiled again by the driving clouds. He heard little Josie's voice as if at the door calling, "Papa, mamma wants you." He turned quickly and went to the door and was in the act of opening it before he realized that it was not a reality, that his little pet was not there clinging to the door, but that he was alone, and his loved ones were many, many miles away. Yet he could not disregard the call; he went to the cabin with an undefined expectation of finding the loved ones there. The room, with its associations of the past two years, had been desolate and lonely enough before, but at that moment it was ten fold more so. A deathlike silence reigned that was too oppressive to endure, and he went to the deck again, where the darkness and tempest were more in accord with his feelings, and remained until far in the night, pondering upon what he had seen, and felt sure that another of his little ones had been taken away. Was it a delusion? A hallucination? Or did the little one in her spirit's flight convey to him the message, she knowing the mother heart cried out for him at that time.

It was during that voyage that Captain Burton conceived the thought of abandoning the sea, and seeking for, something that would give him an opportunity to provide for his family without those long, painful separations, and had written to his wife to retire each evening at eight o'clock and bow in prayer to God to bring about this desire of the heart. He would reckon the time so that their prayers would ascend together to this end. This hour they both observed, fully expecting that some way would open so that he would not go to sea any more. He arrived in Boston early in May, the port of destination according to the charts. He had been driven before a gale of wind twenty-five hours before his arrival. The gale blew right on shore. When night came on he hove to, yet fully expected to be driven on the shore before morning. On account of the heaviness of the atmosphere he had not been able to get an observation for two days. When all was done that he could do, he went below, washed his body, and put on clean underclothes, believing he was preparing himself for his watery burial, and being much fatigued, after leaving word at what time to call him, he commended himself to God and laid down for a few hours' sleep. And by the mercy of God they were preserved

and. reached the harbor in safety the next morning, while another vessel was driven on shore during the night and all perished.

Their prayer had been that the way might be made clear for him to leave the *H. J. Burton* on his arrival in Boston. He was met in Boston by one of the principal owners, Mr. J. Fish, who informed him that they - the rest of the owners - had been talking of making a change, if he was agreed. That they had a man who wished to sail the *H. J. Burton* for a trip or two, and perhaps the change would be beneficial to both. Captain Burton recognized in this request the answer thus far to their prayers, and cheerfully acquiesced, settled up his business with the owners, and went home with the gladdening news that he had left the *H. J. Burton* and did not expect to go to sea any more - although he did not tell Mr. Fish that.

Captain Burton had been in his home in Hantsport but a few weeks when his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Davison, who also lived in Hantsport, commenced making preparations for moving to California, and were very anxious to have their brother Joseph go with them. His wife was sick in bed at the time, and had been for several weeks, so there did not seem to be any probability of his going, though he was very anxious to do so. Mr. Davison's business took a greater length of time to settle up and get in his money than he had anticipated, therefore their stay was prolonged. Meanwhile Captain Burton's wife got well, or able to be about again, and they talked much of California. It was very evident that he must make some such change, or else he must needs go to sea again. Nothing offered in that vicinity that would give a sufficient remuneration to live about as they had been living. So the only thing there seemed to be for him if he ceased following the sea, was to go to a new place among strangers and grow up with it. The captain's thought at that time was that he would go first and make a home, or get a place for his family and then send for them. One reason for this was, that the time would be so short to make the needful preparations and raise sufficient money to pay the fare of all. For a few days the wife agreed to that proposition, upon certain conditions. But before these conditions could be determined upon, a reaction set in, and she told him that she could not think of being left behind. That if one went all must go. California was a long way off in those days, and not often heard from.

There were then only two weeks remaining of the time that Mr. and Mrs. Davison had set to leave Hantsport. Then they decided to make the effort for all to go and gave out word that they were going to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Davison, and wished to dispose of their household furniture and place, and commenced at once to sell their furniture as one and another came in and bought. What was needed in the house was left till they should go. And Mrs. Burton did not have many idle moments in getting herself and three children ready for such a journey in so short a time. However, they were delayed a little while in waiting for a vessel on which to take passage for New York. When Captain Burton went to J. B. North, a shipbuilder, to see if he would take the

place, he said, "I don't want the place, but I think that any young man who has moral courage enough to take his family and go to California and expect to make a living for them without any trade or money, or friends there to help him, ought to be encouraged. And if you can not dispose of your place elsewhere, I will take it if I can raise the money. But do what you can to sell."

He did so. But every effort was fruitless. Still they both worked with a view to going. One day when the household furniture was nearly all sold, his wife said, "Wouldn't we be in a queer fix if we can not sell the place? We could not go, nor stay either very well, without any furniture." To this he replied, "There is no if about it; we are going." Truly they worked by faith then, just as much as when they became Latter Day Saints. There seemed to be a "light in the distance," a something impelling them to go. They all were regarded as heroes, and were cheered though lamented. Some said, "I would like to be you, but *I* could not think of making such a venture."

A few days before leaving, Captain Burton went to Mr. North again, and told him it was useless to think of selling elsewhere; and the vessel on which they were going to New York was lying out in the stream and trunks on board before he got the money for the place. Yet their faith did not waver.

They had quite a serious experience on the way to New York. Perhaps Neptune did not like to part with old friends and plotted against them. The wind was blowing fresh as they neared Nantucket shoals, and kept freshening as the afternoon wore on. It appeared that Captain M. of the *Kildare*, the vessel on which they took passage, was not accustomed to crossing the shoals on his way to New York, but frequently crossed them coming home. The shoals are much the same as a miniature subterranean archipelago. There is a channel, quite a broad one between them, and a light on each one to show the channel, yet they are so winding that unless one is acquainted he would be likely to fetch up on one, especially if it were night so the difference in the shade of the water could not be discovered. But it is quite a short cut to New York.

Captain M. had let his vessel get quite near the entrance for going over the shoals, and yet was undecided about going over, and had let much of the fair wind, and daylight too, go to waste, while he talked the matter pro and con with Captain Burton. The wind was increasing so rapidly that Captain Burton became uneasy about the safety of all on board in such a place, and on such a night as that one threatened to be, and asked Captain M. why he did not square away and get over the worst of them before dark. Whereupon the captain replied that he did not know just what to do. Captain Burton said: "There is only one thing for you to do now. You are too far inshore to fetch out around the fishing rips. You could not save yourself from getting on them." "But," said Captain M., "I thought I might beat about here till morning." "Quite impossible," replied Captain Burton. "There might be a gale of wind before morning. There is now every appearance of such, and you would be driven on shore before midnight."

Captain Burton pointed out the entrance - for he had gone in over them several times - and Captain M. gave the order to square away for the shoals, while both captains came down in the cabin to consult the chart, and hastened on deck again, leaving the chart spread out on the table. Captain Burton's wife had been accustomed to studying the charts as closely as the captain when at sea with him, and feeling some anxiety because she had less confidence in Captain M.'s skill and judgment than that of her husband, she kept looking first at the chart, then out of the window at the lights, for though it was not dark, the lights over the shoals were all lit. She remarked to Mrs. Davison, who was delightfully unconscious of danger, that she wished she did not know so much, or else knew a little more, so she would not feel so uncomfortable. "Why," said Mrs. Davison, "is there anything to be uneasy about?"

"I don't suppose there really is, but with my knowledge there seems to be. I should judge we were almost on this shoal," pointing it out.

"Oh, I thought to go over the shoals - meant to have shoal water, where the sea would not be so high."

"So it does; but in some places it is a little too shoal."

As she finished speaking there came a terrible crash that threw them across the cabin. Mrs. Davison was too terrified to speak, but her eyes said, "What has happened?"

"It is the shoal; we have struck it."

The ship raised up with the sea, and bang down she went again with force enough apparently to beat her all to pieces, but fortunately it did not. When she struck the first time all as confusion on deck. The captain just jumped up and down and swore. He had so many oaths mixed with his orders that the men scarcely knew what he did say, and did their best in swearing also. When Captain Burton heard or saw that the helm was being put up to "wear around," he knew that if she wore around the vessel would never get off that shoal; there was no time for words, besides Captain M. was so excited that he scarcely knew what he was doing. All this was comprehended in a flash, and he, Captain Burton, sprang to the wheel, and at the same time his voice of command rang out above the crashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, and the fearful cursings of the captain the words, "Hard alee!" and instead of putting the helm up, he made it spin the other way, putting it down with all his might, which swung her low off of the shoal. When the command "Hard alee" is given, mates and men know just what to do to make ready for tacking ship; and these men worked lively, the captain himself bearing a hand with them. When the vessel was in the channel again heading for the opposite light, Captain M. came aft and Captain Burton apologized for what he had done, saying that their lives depended upon it and there was no time for words. Captain M. accepted the apology rather awkwardly. In his heart he was glad, but it was not in keeping with his dignity to say so.

It was a fearful night! There was nothing better for the ship than to beat about in that narrow channel till daylight, and that, too, at the risk of smashing into some other vessel. The two women heard a good deal of pounding and hammering going on on deck, and asked Captain Burton, when he came to the cabin, what they were doing, to which he carelessly answered that he supposed they were making things secure. Had the women known that they were making preparations to send them up in the rigging and lash them there should the vessel strike again or go ashore before morning, they would have felt more uneasy than they did. But those improvised chairs were not used; the Lord was leading them .. However much Captain Burton's wife and sister liked to have him in the cabin, they felt so much safer when he was on deck, that whenever he would go below they would beg him to go back on deck. At midnight he came to the cabin, bearing on his lips the most soothing of all "salt-water phraseology," namely, "The wind is moderating."

PASSENGEES' LIST. District of New-York Port of New-York.

I, *Thos Macumber* Master of the *Brig Brig Kildare* do solemnly, sincerely and truly *swear* that the following List or Manifest, subscribed by me, and now delivered by me to the Collector of the Customs of the Collection District of New-York, is a full and perfect list of all the passengers taken on board of the said *Brig* at *Newtown N. S.* from which port said *Brig* has now arrived; and that on said list is truly designated the age, the sex, and the occupation of each of said passengers, the part of the vessel occupied by each during the passage, the country to which each belongs, and also the country of which it is intended by each to become an inhabitant; and that said List or Manifest truly sets forth the number of said passengers who have died on said voyage, and the names and ages of those who died.

Sworn to this *25th October 1869* before me *Thos Macumber* *Thos Macumber* So help me God.

List or Manifest of ALL THE PASSENGERS taken on board the *Brig Kildare* whereof *Thos Macumber* is Master, from *Newtown N. S.* burthen *210* tons

NAME	AGE		SEX	OCCUPATION	The country to which they severally belong	The country to which they intend to become inhabitants	Died on the voyage	Part of the vessel occupied by each passenger during the voyage
	Years	Months						
<i>Glenda Dawson & wife</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>Wash</i>	<i>Nova Scotia</i>	<i>California Cal</i>		<i>Cabin</i>
<i>Joseph & Charles</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Wash</i>				
<i>Wife Emma Burton</i>	<i>25</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>Female</i>					
<i>Frank Burton</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>Male</i>					
<i>Anna Jane Burton</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>Female</i>					
<i>Adeline Burton</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>				<i>3-4</i>		

With no further trouble the passengers arrived at New York, and from there started on an emigrant train for California. This trip was made in the early days of railroad traveling across the plains, October, 1869, two weeks after the through track was completed, consequently they were looked upon as adventurers. There were a number of emigrants on the same train, but only going to the Middle and Western States; but a through ticket was looked upon with curiosity. There were no commodious tourist cars, and those cars that were occupied most of the way were void of either springs or cushions, with no place to sleep except to catch naps in the sitting posture. Shakedown were made on the floor or unoccupied seats for the children, Captain Burton's wife sat the entire thirteen nights and held her fifteen-months' babe, while the captain looked after the other two children and slept what he could. It was

deemed necessary at that time to carry soldiers across the portions of the plains where the Indians were bad, for protection at the stopping places. But no trouble was experienced nor accident .happened to any of the trains they were on.

Upon reaching Sacramento the train was detained all day Sunday while the track was being cleared of a passenger train, wrecked between Sacramento and San Francisco. Arriving in San Francisco was something of a disappointment. Nobody knew of any opportunity of getting work of any kind. And it took too much money to live without work.

Captain Burton knew the post-office address of just one man in the State, a Mr. Newton Best. He had never met the man, but had seen his wife when she was a child, and she was a cousin of Mrs. Burton. His post-office address was Gilroy. After being in San Francisco two days he made some inquiries about distance and fare to Gilroy, and concluded to run down and see what the prospects were for settling there, expecting to be back to the hotel again by evening. On arriving in Gilroy he went to the post-office directory, but there was no Mr. Best on the list. He made inquiry of several, but no one knew of such a person; there was certainly no such person in town. He returned to the post-office just as the mail was being made up for Hollister and San Benito. He there learned from the mail carrier that Mr. Best lived in San Benito, a distance of fifty-two miles, and that the stage was then going to Hollister, sixteen miles of that distance, and the balance had to be made on horseback. This piece of information was rather depressing for a sea captain. But nothing daunted he took stage for Hollister, then hired a broncho and mounted a Spanish saddle, and undertook the journey that wound around, between, and over the hills of San Benito, crossing the creek again and again. It was ten o'clock at night when he arrived, about as much fatigued as he ever was. Fortunately for him, and the horse, too, he was very much lighter in those days than a few years after.

It so happened that there were three fine claims, that is, quarter sections of government land, just above Mr. Best's claim. The next morning he and Mr. Best went to look at them, and Mr. Burton (since he is now about to settle on a farm we will drop the title of Captain and substitute Mr.) took the one adjoining Mr. Best's, and staked it off to hold it till he returned. The following morning he mounted the "broncho" and started back to Hollister. The knowledge that he was then recognized as the owner of a fine, large farm, all ready for the plow, stimulated him on that long to be remembered journey, and made him more forgetful of that hard saddle.

When he reached Hollister the stage for Gilroy had gone. The hire of his horse had taken about all the money he had with him, except enough for his car fare to the city, and he had arranged with Mr. Best - now Brother Best - to meet him and family at Gilroy next day noon with his team to convey them to San Benito. So after his thirty-six mile ride on horseback, he had to walk the remaining sixteen miles, and then lay his

weary body down on the ground under the railroad platform for the balance of the night, and catch short naps between the howling of dogs and the carousing of half drunken Spaniards. Had he been a Californian he would have hunted a hay stack. Towards morning he became so cold and numb he had to get up and walk about till daylight.

It was then the third day since he left the hotel in San Francisco, and the reader may well imagine the anxiety of his wife and others of his company who were awaiting him there, their money daily running out; and the great relief it was to see him about noon slowly ascending the big flight of stairs that led to their room, like a man bent with years, and many infirmities. As his wife watched him ascending the stairs, she had several minutes in which to draw imaginary pictures of what had befallen him, but never once thought of him taking a ride on horseback. And notwithstanding the misery he was in, all joined in a hearty laugh as he in glowing terms portrayed his experience of the past three days. He dwelt enthusiastically upon the beautiful claim he had taken up. First because he really thought it beautiful, and second as an incentive to stimulate his wife and sister for their long, hard journey. All were glad to know that they could go somewhere. Hasty preparations were made, (and since those "easterners" were about to leave the hotel, it seemed as if everyone in connection with it put in a plea of some kind to get the last cent,) and according to promise they were met that next afternoon at the station by Bro. Newton Best, and they rode in his large spring wagon, on top of a load of trunks, boxes, valises, and bedding, to Hollister. There was only room for the two women and three children on the wagon, so Mr. Burton and Mr. Davison had to walk from Gilroy to Hollister. Hollister was at that time but the embryo of a town. There was one redwood house, not bearing the trace of either paint or whitewash brush. That was dignified by the title of "hotel." It was after dark when the wagon drove into the feed yard, hard by this hotel, and the lamplight, shining through the broad cracks between the boards, looked cheery; and the savory odor of beefsteak that issued forth was appetizing to the cold and hungry travelers, who had only lunched from a basket at noon. Brother Best turned up some boxes for the women to sit on, and busied himself about putting out his team.

On account of Mrs. Burton's deafness she had not learned the disagreeable fact that their money was all expended, or that they did not have enough to pay hotel expenses, and wondered why they did not go in at once; but supposed they were waiting for the two men who had not arrived. By the time Brother Best had a camp fire blazing, the weary men came into the yard, but said nothing about being tired. Mr. Burton was as jolly as if he were out on a picnic. When his wife asked why he did not take them in the house, he made answer in a tone and gesture of great dignity, that he could not think of taking his family into a house like that to spend the night. "But," replied she, "it is better than nothing, and I am so tired, do let's go in." She had scarcely had the babe out of her arms during the entire day.

"Oh," said he, "we can't; they won't have us there." She felt a little indignant, and wanted to know why they would not.

"Well," he said, "the truth is, we have no money to pay them."

This was a new feature in traveling; and not a bright one either. But notwithstanding that, there was much merriment over getting and eating the supper by a camp fire. Brother Best was the cook and initiator into this new phase of life; for we had been in California a year or two. People in Nova Scotia never went camping, so the rest of the party had never eaten by a camp fire or slept out of doors; and the thoughts of being compelled to sleep in a hay stack because better could not be afforded, seemed to be degrading. But despite the degradation, the supper tasted good, and the spacious bed was comfortable. It was novel, though, to look up through the broad openings in the improvised roof and see the stars shining, and to hear the horses stepping about just below, with an occasional low whinny. But the night was preferable to the long, hard journey of the next day, and until 10 o'clock in the evening, before they got to Brother Best's in San Benito, the two men walking the entire distance of thirty-six miles. Cousin Annie and her husband welcomed them to their little home and treated them very kindly.

In two weeks Mr. Burton had a little cabin of his own on his new farm, which his wife had helped him to build of "shakes." He got the shakes from a neighbor, and was to pay for them in work of building brush fence, the only work that offered while they waited for the rainy 'season.

By sacrificing some of their wardrobe in Hollister, Mr. Burton had procured some of the most necessary things for starting in life, "backwoods" style; and they felt very happy in going to housekeeping again. They were told that in a month or six weeks the rains would come, then there would be plenty of work with good wages, which bespoke plenty of everything needful. But the two succeeding years were almost entirely void of rain, and hard times followed, such as California had not before witnessed. During those two years there were no dainties on the table, such as batter cakes, pies, potatoes, or vegetables, sweetening, milk or cream. Wild game was their meat, but love made the feast and all enjoyed what they had. Mr. Burton got a job of work occasionally, such as digging wells or building brush fence, just enough to keep the wolf from the door.

During the first year it was all novel, so much like a playday life that no one worried, and all had good health. The only trouble was when the work that Mr. Burton would get to do would take him so far away from home that he could not possibly walk home after work and back in the morning, and would have to leave his wife and three children alone in that strange place with no neighboring house in sight, and at first only a curtain door to their little shack. The road below the house was a thoroughfare for Greasers and Spaniards, while there were said to be grizzly bears in the hills back of them.

So the wife suffered all that could be suffered from fear until she got used to it, and ceased to be afraid, and lent her energies to raising chickens and turkeys that could hunt their own feed.

Though Mr. Burton had not been accustomed to manual labor, he spared not himself, but accepted whatever work would bring even the least remuneration. Sometimes he would feel as if he could not see his family so destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, and suggest going to a seaport and seeking a berth. But his wife would not hear to that for a moment, saying she would rather only have a crust and have him with them. So they endeavored to keep up their courage, with the promise and hope of better days when the rains came. No one supposed though that they were going to stay away for two years. Meantime the eastern strangers were becoming acquainted with their western neighbors, even though they lived miles apart. There were some children in the neighborhood, too, and Mr. Burton and his sister suggested the feasibility of getting up a Sunday school. Brother and Sister Best favored the thought. And since Mr. Best had a fair understanding of the rules of music, and was a leading bass singer, and his wife soprano, it was further agreed that while the children were together he should devote a portion of the time to teaching them to sing. All were very enthusiastic in the matter, and soon there was a small but interesting school. Collections were taken up and reward cards and prizes were procured to induce the children to come. The little redwood schoolhouse in which the Sunday school was held sat on a knoll two miles below Mr. Best's, and three below Burton's. But the whole family attended. They would sometimes walk to Mr. Best's and go with them in their big spring wagon; and sometimes all would walk. Mr. Burton and his wife took turns carrying their baby. With what eager anticipations those Sundays were looked forward to! It was the point in life; the only outing, or change, or opportunity to meet with one's neighbors, and seemed to carry with it great importance. This school continued and increased as more people gathered into the place. And after a year or so, it was no uncommon thing to see three children on one horse going to Sunday school.

At first the movement was opposed by some of the old settlers who had never known any such thing, and were afraid the easterners were bringing new fangled notions in the place that would not prove wholesome, and that very fear brought some of the parents to the school who otherwise would not have attended, to see what was being taught to their children, and what the order of it was. As the second year began to wane, Mr. Burton, who had never been accustomed to any work except that of pulling ropes, and handling cargo occasionally, and had done very little of that since he was nineteen years of age, found that his strength was giving way. Not so much from work, though it was the hardest, either handling heavy logs, or digging deep wells, or grubbing willows for a change - but from so much walking and carrying heavy burdens, and having insufficient food; and while the hot sun bronzed the faces of his neighbors, it only bleached his; and he grew whiter and thinner, having very little appetite.

In the month of July of that year, 1870, he took out his papers of "Declaration of Intentions," to become an American citizen. For though born on the continent of America, he was a British subject. The writer has not found his certificate of citizenship, so can not give the date. In December of 1871 the rainy season set in in good earnest, bringing with it a renewal of strength and energy. Mr. Burton's claim gave evidence of being a very fertile piece of land, and promised an abundant harvest if only the seed were sown. So with the coming harvest for security, he acted upon the advice of his farmer neighbors, and got seed, a team, and implements for farming, also six month's provisions, since he would not be able to go away to work. It was a happy and healthy change to be able to work at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison remained in the neighborhood for over two years, though he did not take up any government land. He was a good carpenter, and could get work elsewhere.

The crop of wheat that Mr. Burton's claim produced, exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The grain was some of the best in the country. So large and plump, and free from rust, and mustard and other seeds. And the second year gave a volunteer crop of choice wheat hay. With the sale of both those crops, together with the live stock and poultry that was raised on the place, he and his family began to live again.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Burton age 32 and family can be found in the 1870 US Census for the district of San Benito, Monterey, California. (family #42). His sister and brother-in-law, Elizabeth and Leander Davison are enumerated as family #44.

1870 United States Federal Census																							
California > Monterey > San Benito																							
9	Dwell	Famil	Name	Age	Sex	Race	Occupation	Real	Personal	Birthplace	Father Fo	Mother Fo	Birth	Marri	Attended	Cannot R	Cannot W	Condition	Male Over	Denied	9		
10	No.	No.						Estate	Estate				Mont	Mont	Cannot R	Cannot W			18	Voting	10		
11	42	42	Best N. W	31	M	W	Farmer	1000	150	Nova Scotia	1	1								1		11	
12			Anna	23	F	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											12
13			William	5	M	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											13
14			Frank	3	M	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											14
15			Fredrick	4	M	W				California	1	1											15
16	42	42	Prison Joseph	31	M	W	Farmer	1000	750	Nova Scotia	1	1								1		16	
17			Emma	26	F	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											17
18			Frank	9	M	W				Nova Scotia	1	1			1								18
19			Lora	3	F	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											19
20			Adiana	1	F	W				England	1	1											20
21	43	43	Riley William	52	M	W	Farmer	500	100	New York											1		21
22	44	44	Davidson Leander	39	M	W	Carpenter	500		Nova Scotia	1	1											22
23			Elizabeth	20	F	W				Nova Scotia	1	1											23

On December 7, 1873 the Burtons were baptized into the RLDS Church (Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) and shortly thereafter sold their farm. Joseph became a church Elder and preacher in California. Together with his wife Emma they travelled as missionaries to Tahiti.

Here is a copy of a passenger manifest, probably their final return to San Francisco from Papeete, Tahiti dated 31 Jul 1908 aboard the *Mariposa*. Joseph Burton was then age 70.

DISTRICT AND PORT OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

LIST OF PASSENGERS

J. D. SPECKELS & BROS. CO.
Shipping and Commission Merchants

I, *H. M. Hayward* Master of the *S.S. Mariposa* do solemnly, sincerely and truly swear that the following List or Manifest, subscribed by me and now delivered by me to the Collector of the Customs of the Collection District of San Francisco, is a full and perfect List of all the passengers taken on board the said vessel at *Papeete, Tahiti* from which port said vessel has now arrived, and that on said List is truly designated the age, the sex, and the calling of each of the said passengers, the location of the compartment or space occupied by each during the passage, the country of citizenship of each, and also the destination or location intended by each; and that said List of Manifest truly sets forth the number of said passengers who have died on said voyage, and the dates and causes of death and the names and ages of those who died, also of the pieces of baggage of each; also a true statement, so far as it can be ascertained, with reference to the intention of each alien passenger, as to a protracted sojourn in this country. So help me God.

Sworn to this *31* 190*8* before me. *H. M. Hayward* Master, from *Papeete* burthen *1939* tons.

List of Manifest of All the passengers taken on board the *S.S. Mariposa* whereof *H. M. Hayward* Master, from *Papeete* burthen *1939* tons.

94	NAME	AGE		SEX	CALLING	Country which they are Severally Citizens	BAGGAGE Number of Pieces	Native Country of Emigrants	Intended Destination or Location	Location of Compartment or Space	Died on Voyage, and Cause of Death
		Years	Months								
SALOON.											
1	<i>Wm Lorman</i>	<i>64</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>M Contractor</i>	<i>U.S.</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>U.S.</i>	<i>San Francisco</i>	<i>Saloon</i>	
2	<i>Herman Kohn</i>	<i>41</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Secretary</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	
3	<i>H. A. Walsh</i>	<i>30</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Real Estate</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	
4	<i>E. D. Mc Intyre</i>	<i>29</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Salesman</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	
5	<i>J. D. Archer</i>	<i>61</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>U.S. Consul</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Washington D.C.</i>	<i>"</i>	
6	<i>Emilie Archer</i>	<i>50</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>F None</i>	<i>"</i>		<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	
7	<i>J. F. Burton</i>	<i>70</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>M Missionary</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>Nova Scotia</i>	<i>San Francisco</i>	<i>"</i>	
8	<i>Emma Burton</i>	<i>66</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>F None</i>	<i>"</i>		<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	
9	<i>Rene Holstein</i>	<i>19</i>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>M TAX</i>	<i>France</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>India</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>"</i>	

Joseph and Emma Burton made one return visit to Nova Scotia and we will end with an excerpt from her account of that trip.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 300.)

Elder Burton had been speaking of the growing desire with both himself and wife to go to Nova Scotia and acquaint their kinfolk with the glad news of the restored gospel. They were to start in time to attend General Conference, which was to be held that year, 1882, in Independence. The way opened up almost daily, and they began to lay aside money that came to hand, for their intended mission.

Yet notwithstanding the great desire to once more visit the dear old home of their childhood, parents, brothers, and sisters, these preparations were not consummated without many a heartache. They must needs sell their three horses, the wagon, the one remaining cow. To sell their driving team made the tears come in Mrs. Burton's eyes. The horses had been their daily companions in all their travels, and the light, handy little wagon had been their home for the past year or more. But that was much easier borne than the thought of leaving the children so long. They anticipated staying one year, which was more of a trial to the mother than she had anticipated. However, the girls seemed quite content. The youngest daughter, Addie, was very pleasantly situated in Los Angeles, where she had the best of school advantages, such as could not be had in their own neighborhood, and where she could be with Dora more or less every day. Her ambition was to fit herself for a teacher and her school advantages compensated in some degree for the absence of parents, but not so with Frank. There was little indeed of brightness or pleasure held out for him, except that found in faithfully serving his employer, and turning his earnings into a place for himself, but before their return a new star had risen on his horizon which brightened his life then and ever after.

They left home the latter part of March, 1882. Mr. Burton had been actively engaged in the ministry, though not giving all his time to the work, since September, 1875, making six years and six months; in which time he had preached the gospel in nearly all parts of southern California.

After remaining in Independence [Missouri] during the conference they spent a few days in Boston, and arrived in Kentville, Nova Scotia, on May 4. They had not notified their people of the exact time of their intended arrival, and in reaching the railway terminus found it was ten miles short of their destination and although it was in May, there was snow lurking in nooks and corners, the ground was frozen and did not thaw that day in spite of the bright sun in the middle of the day. Fortunately there was a young man in town going through Delhaven, and who for two dollars took them the

rest of their journey. They were kindly received by parents, brothers, and sisters, and made their home at first under the parental roof.

Sunday, June 4, just one month from the time of arrival in Delhaven. Brother Holmes J. Davison and wife and Robert Newcomb and wife were the first fruits. A few days before the baptism, the rumor of it seemed to fly in the air, and every effort was made by the church members to persuade them not to leave the Baptist Church.

A short call at Yarmouth convinced Elder Burton that none of his relatives or former friends in that place were disposed to receive the gospel. Some would not even receive him. One niece, Mrs. Sophia Reid, was the noble exception – God bless her! Later a cordial visit was had with Elder Burton's brother, James, and family.

Elder Burton remained in Delhaven and vicinity, preaching Sundays either at the hall or in the houses of the brethren, and also holding prayer meeting on regular evenings till November 1, then made another start, expecting to go to Cape Breton. Up to that time the weather had been mild and open, and the years of California life had caused a forgetfulness of the kind of winter that would soon set in.

The first day's drive to Hantsport was all right, but before the close of the second day there was a decided change; the weather turned bitterly cold, the ground was frozen, and by the time they reached Ashdale a fine, frosty snow was pelting them in the face, driven by a fierce wind. On the morrow the sleigh was bought, and the missionaries were again in a position to travel. There were few days that winter that they were not on the road some portion of the day, holding meetings in Rawdon, South Rawdon, Hillsdale, Ardoise, and Ashdale.

As Christmas time drew near, Elder Burton and wife returned to Delhaven and there was a family gathering at Brother Robert Newcomb's to spend Christmas.

On Friday, February 16, notices were posted in South Rawdon as follows: "The Reverend W. J. Ancient will deliver a lecture in the parish church on Tuesday, the 20th, at 7 p. m. Subject Mormonism, or the (so-called) Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All seats free." The Reverend Ancient was a clergyman of the Church of England. His church was crowded on Tuesday evening. Elder Burton was present and took notes. At the close he asked the privilege of replying on Friday evening in the same house, but was refused. He was prepared for that and gave notice that he would review the lecture in the hall on Friday evening and extended a special invitation to Mr. Ancient. He was present, and among the very early arrivals, taking a seat close to the stand. Besides refuting the errors presented by Mr. Ancient, he improved an opportunity he would not otherwise have had of presenting the gospel of Christ in its fullness to that large audience.

He put up at a Mr. Joseph Fielding's, whose family were residents of the "Bluffs" near Hantsport, and acquainted with both Mr. and Mrs. Burton's parents and family.

On July 20, while passing through Hantsport, Elder Burton and wife stopped to see his stepmother, who was very low with consumption. After making their call, and when about to resume their journey, the sick woman said "Oh, Emma, stay with me just one week." So while her husband continued his journey, the wife took up her position at the side of the sick one, taking all the care of her during the daytime and until late in the evening, then others would take her place for the night. This was a restful change for the three tired daughters who were taking all care of her, except when a neighbor would come in, her son and her daughter's husband being at sea. Elder Burton returned in a few days and just one week from the day of their call, death released the sufferer, but not until her son Fred had returned from sea. They remained until she was laid to rest in the city of the dead, where also lay Elder Burton's father and two little daughters, Jennie and Josie. Leaving this silent city on the hill with feelings of sadness because of those two little graves being so far from them, they entered again their missionary work.

They reached the Straits of Canso in six days and found that their three days' stay in Amherst was providential. They arrived the very day the large steam ferry crossed on which they could take their horse and buggy. Had they been a day or two sooner, they would have had to wait there until it came, at an expense that they could not have met. Elder Burton had learned that the town of Margaree to which he was going, was at the western end of the island, There was but one road around the island, so when he drove up from the wharf he turned to the left and he knew that he was on the road to his destination. The day had been cold, windy, and cloudy, but as the sun set the sky became dear and starlight; so as he drove along the road he could see the shacks that those French peasants lived in were not large enough to accommodate strangers, and presently there were none at all. They drove on aimlessly, their position seemed so ridiculously forlorn that both the missionary and his wife laughed outright. Elder Burton had sent a message on ahead and the people were looking for him; but since he did not know the house, he stopped at the first light, and was told that his aunt lived in the next house, just a little way farther. His relatives were very comfortably situated, and when once in the light of the large, warm room, the terrors of the last three hours vanished like a dream.

His arrival was in good time, for the morning revealed an abundance of snow in the mountains, and on some of the lowlands, which reminded them that their stay must of necessity be short, for winter came early on that island. So while Elder Burton made every exertion to impart the gospel light, his wife worked energetically to earn means to defray their expenses back to Rawdon, and the Lord blessed her efforts, and blessed the gospel efforts too; at least blessed the speaker in presenting the gospel. The writer always regarded those sermons preached in Cape Breton as being the most powerful of

Elder Burton's preaching.

Being a great lover of his father, Elder Burton took much pleasure in visiting the scenes of his boyhood, and his birthplace; The home was not there, but the cellar was, and the farm also. Elder Burton's grandfather, William Burton, was, I understand, among the first settlers on that island.

While Elder Burton visited and talked with his relatives, his wife made a thorough canvass of the town with her dress cutting systems, and so successfully, too, that by October 19 they were able to take the steamer at Port Hood, off Cape Breton, for Pictou, of Nova Scotia, which, though it cost six dollars, shortened the distance of wagon travel by three days.

Now that all the places mapped out in their minds before leaving California had been visited, and the people preached to, and many other places besides, Elder Burton felt that the burden of his work in that mission was accomplished. Some of the seed sown had fallen on good ground and resulted in building two branches of the church, one in South Rawdon and one in Delhaven. The latter consisted entirely of members of Mrs. Burton's father's family: one brother, three brothers-in-law, and one niece; others having believed and been baptized since, it seemed indeed that it was to her kinsfolk that they were sent.

Elder Burton's mind was made up to return to California in the following spring, and to start in time to attend the General Conference en route. That was to be held in Stewartsville, Missouri, that year. Yet he put in a busy winter, opened up one new place, viz, Mount Uniack, where he preached a number of times and made many warm friends.

In all those places, during these two years, with the exception of Delhaven, Mrs. Burton led the singing and was often the sole singer. This was because Elder Burton considered the singing a part of the work. They made use of the Saints' Harp, in which many of the hymns were given by inspiration, and are peculiar to the latter day work; the tunes of which were beautiful, many of them altogether new to the people, and both pleasing and interesting. The elder and his wife made it a practice to sing several hymns before it was time to go into the stand to open the meeting, and in that way the gathering congregation was kept from becoming restless or disorderly, even though they were only boys and young men.

Yes; there are rewards in store for all the Saints and many friends of Nova Scotia, for their liberal hospitality in giving the best of what they had, and making the missionaries welcome during their stay, and the work among them pleasant, notwithstanding the spirit of persecution.

Nor have I given space for any of the pleasant or amusing instances that are ever recurring in everyday life of even an itinerant minister. I might be pardoned for citing this one. It was in Rawdon, A man who had declared himself convinced of the truth of the restored gospel, as taught by Elder Burton, and that said he intended to be baptized, had for some reason unknown to anyone delayed for a week or two.. His wife had also requested baptism as soon as her husband was ready. They both were converts from the Methodist persuasion, and it seems that he was afraid of the "much water," though he said nothing about it at the time. One day Elder Burton was at the brother's house. He and his son went into the cellar by way of a trapdoor through the floor, and getting an empty flour barrel, filled it two thirds full of potatoes and turnips. They pushed the barrel ahead of them, two or three steps upward, so that the chimes of the barrel were nearly level with the floor, then said: "Brother Burton, will you give me a lift with this barrel?"

"I will," he said, and quickly laid his book aside and going to the cellarway stooped down and clinched the barrel by the chimes, lifted it up, set it on the floor, and went back to his book. When the brother gained the floor his face was radiant with smiles. He was a man of small stature and thin flesh.

He said: "Do you know, Brother Burton, why I asked you to lift that barrel up?"

"I suppose because you wanted help."

"No; that was not it. I could have brought the turnips up in the basket, as I always do, but I wanted to know how strong you were in the arms, and I find you are a strong man. Now I am ready to be baptized."

The thought was so absurd that Elder Burton could not refrain from a merry peal of laughter. The wife, who had heard him, carried into the room and simply said: "Why, Alfred, is that all the faith you've got?" Her countenance expressed far more than her words.

"Well," he said, "I did not want to be drowned."

Birthplace of Joseph F. Burton.

On March 25 Elder Burton and wife left Cornwallis for Digby, on their homeward journey, but would be several days yet in Nova Scotia, where he had preached in twenty-one different localities, and had made and baptized twenty-three converts.

He also found a small Book of Mormon, one of the first edition, in his father's library, bearing the almost obliterated name of "Edward Perry, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia." From Digby they left their straight line of travel and took a run down to Yarmouth for a short good-bye visit with his brother James, and Sister Mary Stubbart, who had insisted on his coming once more. This he was pleased to do, for he wished to see their faces once more, and also to take a farewell look at the romantic little spot of his birth. How beautiful it looked then! A mound of purity, white as a fleecy cloud, and glistening as

with a sprinkling of diamonds. All Yarmouth wore the same beautiful white mantle from the heavy fall of snow two nights previous.

He, with his brother James, visited "Old Zion," as the church was called, where his father preached so many years, and the city of the dead where lay his mother and brother David, and some others of the family. He also visited some of the business men, who had been schoolboys with him, and renewed old acquaintances. Those who resented him at his first coming now received him cordially. But this pleasant visit was limited to three days; then they returned to Digby and took steamer for Saint Johns; thence to Boston, where they spent a most pleasant week with the Boston Branch.

After leaving Boston, they made a twenty-four-hour call in Elizabeth, New Jersey, at the home of Mrs. Burton's brother; M. H. Davison. Her father and mother were staying there also. When they got settled down for their long trip in the cars, they enjoyed many a long talk on mission work and missions, including that of Australia. They recalled what Elder Carmichael had said: "First Nova Scotia, then Australia."

Said Elder Burton, "There has been no one sent to Australia yet; so perhaps we had better see if we can make up our minds to accept if we have the opportunity." She had been thinking of home, children, and rest.



Emma Davison Burton

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