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BOAT'S CREW KNEW THEIR WORK.

Rescue of Shipwrecked Sailors from a Waterlogged Brig Was Performed With Expedition by Men from the Cetacean of Provincetown—A Souvenir of the Event.



DANIEL W. ATWOOD
AND TELESCOPE PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH
GOVERNMENT TO NATHANIEL ATWOOD.

A LONG, silver-mounted, russia-leather-encircled ship's telescope in the possession of Myrick C. Atwood, deputy collector of customs at Provincetown, bears this inscription:

"Presented by the British government to Nathaniel Atwood, master of the American whaling schooner Cetacean of Provincetown, Mass. in a acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the master and crew of the brig Lone Star of Liverpool, N S, whom he rescued from the wreck of their vessel on the 30th of March, 1867."

Nathaniel Atwood was a brother of Myrick C. Daniel W., another brother, was of the rescuing boat's crew, and tells the story of the rescue as follows:

"I was boatsteerer that voyage. We sailed from Provincetown, March 20, ran into a howling southeast gale and were under small canvas for 10 consecutive days. After a day or two the gale turned northwest and blowed a screamer.

"March 20 found us still swinging the same canvas that we showed on the stun-mast trysail and double-reefed foresail—and scudding.

"Shortly before 10 a m we sighted a wreck ahead, with mainmast gone. On a stun-sail boom, stuck up through the forecap, was the British flag, union down. Except the high deckhouse aft, practically all the hull was under water. She was only kept afloat by her cargo of lumber.

"She was the full-rigged brig Lone Star, Day master, Liverpool for Demerara. She had started woodends and lost masts 35 days previously. Since the disaster the main deck had been constantly under water, while the floor of the raised cabin aft was flooded to the depth of a foot in bad weather.

"Her crew had loosed the torn forecourse in occasional moderate northerly winds and tried to push her further south into warmer weather.

"They had rigged life lines along the deck and by their aid had carried aft, piecemeal, the range from the galley, setting it up in the deckhouse, and there they cooked scanty and infrequent meals. Of food they had enough to prevent privation, but they were on short water allowance.

"Seven square riggers had passed the hulk close aboard. Six of these had been unable to render aid. One, a ship under double-reefed topsails, hove to and lay by for an hour, then filled away.

"An awful sea was running when we sighted the brig with her whole forward body hidden most of the time beneath tumbling waves. We came upon her with a rush. A brief exchange of hail was made by means of speaking trumpets as our schooner tore past the brig's quarter. Then we rounded to under her lee.

"With the exception of the sternboat, all our boats were in on deck, lashed bottom up in the waist. At the call all hands turned to with a will to get out one of the deck boats. At 10 o'clock we

had threshed the schooner back to within 500 feet of the brig's lee, hove her to, and were in readiness to drop a boat.

"First mate Obed P. Opins, a Nantucketer, tall and spare, but all grit and muscle, was in charge of the boat, with Frank Tarves, Norman Ghen, now of North Easton, and myself, all of Provincetown; a Boston lad, named Murphy, and Carl Alberte, now superintendent of Norumbega park, Auburndale, on the thwarts.

"Great caution and skill were required to avoid swamping or smashing alongside at the start, for the sea was so rough and mountainous that our schooner spanked her weather rail level at every windward surge.

"As we fell astern of the Cetacean, and took the whole weight of the wind, and of towering waves, hiding all but the rag of red bunting that fluttered in midair, marking our goal to windward, we fully realized the magnitude of our job.

"There was danger from the seas of being caught under the brig's quarter, or crushed alongside our own craft at the return; but greatest was the danger of a sudden rush of men from brig to boat when we should get alongside.

"Opins yelled to me, 'Let only three men come aboard—one at a time. Use the boathook on any who try to board us before we are ready for 'em.' I obeyed him.

"We went head on to the quarter of the hulk, thrown high above our heads one minute and dropped far beneath our level the next, with great columns of green water cascading across the main deck and torrents of spray constantly tearing over the after house, where her men were clinging.

"I shouted: 'One man at a time; three men at a trip,' and the castaways understood. Half-strangled by spray we held the boat stem on, a couple of fathoms away, while three men leaped, one by one, at favorable moments, into the sea beside our gunwale, and were hauled into the boat.

"Meanwhile the Cetacean had fallen to leeward, but she made a tack and hove to again near the wreck. We ran down and tried the trick of putting the three sailors over the schooner's weather rail, for our boat would have been crushed to leeward.

"As the Cetacean rolled toward us, laying her weather rail nearly flush with the sea, one of the rescued men leaped to the rail, to be grasped by eager hands and swiftly drawn inboard. And so all three got aboard. It was tough work, but Opins was a prime boat handler.

"Three trips we made, brother Nat handling his schooner like a pilot boat and bringing her up as closely to the hulk as safety would permit each time before heaving to; and we took off the nine men and a dog that comprised the full company of the brig. We were in that whaleboat four hours, from 10 to 2, but none of us got a cussed thing for it. Still we didn't envy brother Nat when he got the spyglass.