

**THE ADVENTURES OF  
JOSHUA HAWSEPIPE,  
MASTER MARINER. A TALE  
OF THE SEA AND LAND**

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The Adventures of Joshua Hawsepipe, Master Mariner. A Tale of the Sea and Land by C. R. Low

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**C. R. LOW**

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"The whole of the warriors of the tribe were in full cry after me."

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OF  
JOSHUA HAWSEPIPE,

MASTER MARINER.

*A TALE OF THE SEA AND LAND.*

BY

LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (LATE) I.N.

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THE ADVENTURES OF  
JOSHUA HAWSEPIPE.

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CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN HAWSEPIPE was, in many respects, a character. He was a tall, athletic, raw-boned man, with a face the contour of which was angular and as hard as nails.

One would think that he could undergo any amount of "punishment," as the pugilists call it, with all the *sang-froid* of Tom Sayers himself. The eyes were small and deep-set, the nose long and high, and the general aspect of his features would be characterized as singular, and the

more so, as they were tattooed all over with representations of birds and wild animals.

This gave a most grotesque expression to the countenance, which would doubtless have been thought by some sinister, if not repulsive, but for the good humour which beamed (like a broad expanse of sunshine on a bleak and rugged landscape) over the whole physiognomy of the man.

This geniality of temper twinkled in the little, quickly-moving, restless eyes, in the corners of the large though somewhat coarse mouth, and found vent in the loud peals of laughter in which he would indulge at any joke that tickled his fancy; and which explosions of mirth were of so boisterous and stentorian a character, that you would think you were in the presence



of the dreaded Ogre of nursery rhymes, or the Titan of school-boy days.

He was a good old man was the "skipper" of the *Ramchundra* East Indiaman, and all hands, from the chief mate to the ship's cook's mate or the loblolly boy, would obey his orders with alacrity, or do any suit or service he might require, with as much anxiety to please as if he were the "Cham" of Tartary himself, and with a great deal more hearty good-will than that mighty though mysterious potentate could command.

I was once engaged in a pirate affair with him, where we had rather a narrow escape from three proas, crammed full of those miscreants, who chased us some five miles down the river from Canton, keeping up a hot fusillade the whole of the way;

and it was only by dint of almost super-human exertions on the part of the Chinese boatmen who pulled our "Sampan," and also, in a great measure, to the heavy and continuous fire we three Englishmen kept up from a good stock of rifles, which we had brought with us to guard against the possibility of such an attack, that we escaped with our lives, after killing and wounding a large number of our assailants, who, crowded together in dense masses in their row-boats, offered a splendid mark to our rifles.

On that occasion the gentleman who made up the trio with Captain Hawsepip and myself (not reckoning one of the *Ramchundra's* seamen, who had seized the steering-oar), was an unerring shot, and did great execution with his "Westley

Richards," but just before the pirates desisted from their chase, he received a musket-ball in the wrist, which put an end to his shooting for many a day afterwards.

"All's well that ends well," is a trite though true saying, but had you on that memorable occasion seen our jolly old friend, even in that most critical period of the chase, when our assailants were gradually gaining upon us, explode into roars of laughter as he knocked over a "John Chinaman," you would never have forgotten it. I know, for my part, I wondered at his utter indifference to danger, for I was counting the minutes that would probably elapse before the blood-thirsty wretches howling in our rear would overhaul us, and cut all our throats.