



The masthead of the *Suomen kuvalehti* [The Finnish Pictorial], which published T. Ahllund's account of hiring on to work for the Russian-American Company in Sitka, his trip to Alaska and his life in the colony, and finally his return home.

# From the Memoirs of a Finnish Workman

T. Ahllund

Translated by Panu Hallamaa

Introduced by Richard Pierce

By modern standards, Russian departure from North America in 1867 was grossly under-reported. Only one or two newspaper reporters witnessed the transfer of the region to United States dominion, and stories of the event which appeared in Pacific Coast and eastern newspapers weeks later were superficial. Official reports and the recollections of eyewitnesses, some written years later, also left many gaps and discrepancies.

The account of a Finnish blacksmith, T. Ahllund, published in four issues of *Suomen kuvalehti* [The Finnish Pictorial] from August 1 to October 1, 1873, now translated by Panu Hallamaa, is therefore of particular value. Ahllund describes not only the transfer, but the recruitment of workers by the Russian-American Company, which Ahllund states took three months, though it probably took the usual eight to nine months; impressions of work in Sitka with its many church holidays; a walk to the only recreation area in town, "Kolosh-brook," the present Indian River; and the harvesting of timber from "a forest quite unlike the ones in Finland." Like most newcomers, Ahllund was intrigued by the appearance and customs of the Tlingit. He describes their dress, a funeral, their rigorous discipline to make their children hardy, a visit to the house of the "king" (as Ahllund calls him), their language, and the Russian prohibition of Native entry into the Russian settlement. He corroborates other accounts of the transfer ceremony, and the dismay felt by many of the Russians and creoles, jobless and in want, at the rowdy troops and gun-toting civilians who looked on Sitka as merely one more western frontier settlement.

Ahllund and nearly all of the remaining Russians soon decided to forego the offer of instant American citizenship, which many had already accepted, and leave for Russia, some taking along their creole wives and children. The American ship, *Winged Arrow*, purchased in San Francisco by Alaska's final Russian governor, Prince Maksutov, would transfer the last of the Russian citizens desiring to leave.<sup>1</sup> The *Sitka Times* of November 7, 1868 stated that the vessel would take 186 men, women, and children.<sup>2</sup> The over-crowded vessel, with crewmen who got roaring drunk at every port, must have made the voyage a memorable one. Ahllund

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mentions stops at the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands, Tahiti, Brazil, London, and finally Kronstadt, the port for St. Petersburg, where they arrived on August 28, 1869.

Richard Pierce

## Notes

1. Other Russians had gone home on the Russian ships *Tsaritsa* and *Cyane*. The former sailed for Kronstadt on December 14, 1868 with 168 passengers, including eighty families and most of the officials of the colony. The *Cyane* departed on January 22, 1869 with sixty-nine soldiers, the last of the former Russian garrison, for the Amur River.

2. Others place the number taking passage on the *Winged Arrow* at three hundred. See for example, Clarence L. Andrews, *The Story of Sitka* (Seattle: Lowman and Hanford, 1922), 78, which cites for its authority a *Seattle Intelligencer* article of January 11, 1869.

## Translator's Note

T. Ahllund does not provide any information on his passage to Russian America or the ship he travelled on. Neither do the St. Petersburg or Kronstadt newspapers contain listing of tall ships that arrived at or departed from Kronstadt at the time that Ahllund departed for America or arrived back in St. Petersburg. However, the *Kronshtadtskii vestnik* contains some additional information on Ahllund's departure. First, on Friday June 17th (29th), 1866, the newspaper stated that, "In the Nikolai wet dock there are parked: *Tsaritsa*, a vessel of the American company, and a floating gate."

Some days later, on Friday July 8th (20th), there appeared the following advertisement in the same newspaper, placed by the Russian-American Company:

### Announcement

The Board of Administrators of the Russian-American Company, which has a need to send during the present summer labor workers, especially those familiar with the seaman skills and various handicraft skills, for service in the Russian colonies in America, hereby calls those interested in this job to report around July 13<sup>th</sup> at the Company house, no. 70 at Moika [Embankment], near the Blue Bridge, daily except holidays, between 11 and 2 o'clock, for [agreeing on] the terms of the job.

The newspaper published the same advertisement on Sunday July 10th (22nd) and Wednesday July 13th (25th). It can safely be assumed that Ahllund entered the company's service soon after the publication of these advertisements and it can also be assumed that he travelled on the *Tsaritsa*, which was present in Kronstadt during that time and is listed by Pierce (*Alaskan Shipping, 1867-78. Arrivals and Departures at the Port of Sitka* (Kingston, Ontario: Limestone Press, 1972), 2) as having arrived in New Archangel (modern Sitka) on July 25th (August 6th), 1867.

The final question that remains open is the date when the *Tsaritsa* departed from Kronstadt to America. This must have taken place not too long after the advertisements were published in the *Kronshtadtskii vestnik*. It certainly took place before the ice conditions in the eastern part of the Gulf of Finland rendered sea travel impossible. All sea travel would then be at a halt until late in the spring of 1867. Since the travelling time from Kronstadt to New Archangel was between nine to twelve months, it must be assumed that the *Tsaritsa* left during the late summer or early autumn of 1866. The publisher of *Suomen kuvalehti* has clearly made an error in stating that Ahllund left for America in 1867.

## From the Memoirs of a Finnish Workman<sup>1</sup>

In 1867, when I was working in St. Petersburg, I heard it said in the evening at my living quarters, that at such and such place they were hiring colonists for the island of Sitka,<sup>2</sup> which was located in America, but which was still ruled over by our Emperor. The wages were high, it was said, and land there was among the best on earth. Therefore I went to this place, too, without saying a word to anyone, and let them hire me. It was not so much the wages that attracted me, but I thought to myself: "Why shouldn't I go and try that too, even if only once." When I returned to my quarters and proclaimed the matter, my acquaintances began to try to scare me, and told me to go and break the contract. But I answered to them in a most resolute way: "Whatever I have once decided upon, no one has ever been able to divert me from, and I have always been able to fulfill my plans!"

Thus I departed, after all, on the sea voyage around half of the world, during which we did not see much apart from water and sky. After 12 weeks, on July 30, the mate finally said: "If we continue to have this kind of wind, we shall see land at around noon tomorrow." And he was quite correct: at twelve noon we began to see land which appeared to shine in black and white. "There you have your land of Canaan that you have been looking for!" That is how those who had been there before made fun of us rookies. And we stood there silent, watching this distressful sight with our sad eyes, for the white spots were—snow—at this time in the middle of summer!

The following morning we arrived on the island of Sitka, at the New Archangel harbor. After we had fired a cannon, a pilot came to meet us in a skin boat, which had a fully covered top, except for three holes, [one] for the pilot and [two for his] paddlers. As we came to the shore, there were many people to meet us, among them also many Finns, who surprised us by telling us that it was already Sunday, whereas we had been still on Saturday on the boat.<sup>3</sup>

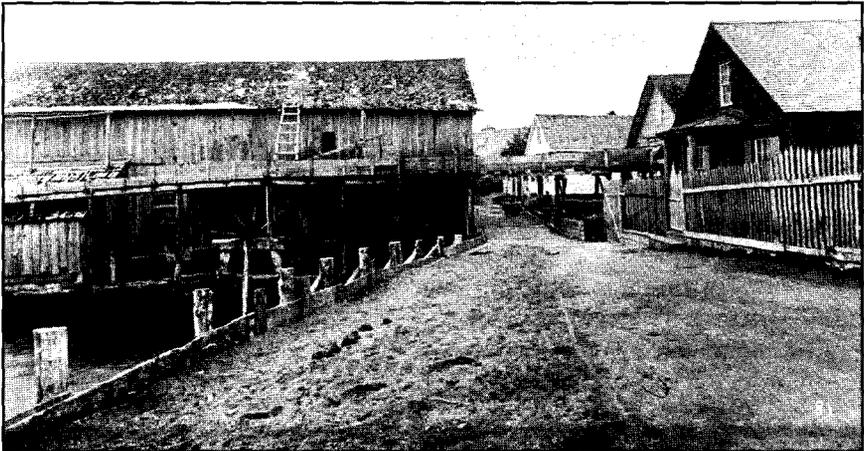
We, the new workers, 48 men in all, were now taken in front of the workmen's barracks, where the governor of the colony, Prince Maksutov called all of us by our names, according to the list, and asked each of us what kind of work we were able to do. Upstairs in the barracks there was a large hall of oval shape, with a hearth in each end, and on the floor in the middle there was a long barracks bed.

That evening we were allowed to be at leisure, but the following morning at 5 o'clock a sentry came in, walked along the long bed and kept knocking his staff against its side and sang in beautiful Russian: "Dobroe zdorov'e zhelaiu!" ("I wish you good health!"). Whoever was still alive naturally woke up upon hearing such sweet words of reveille. I was ordered to manufacture locks and hinges for chests, and for extra work at

night and for work on holidays I was promised a cup of spirits (of which there is five in a bottle) per hour. Not being keen on drinking, I sold my cups at 2 rubles apiece, so that all in all I earned quite good wages. And therefore I worked like a real man, I had decided to really show how a Finn works.

But my industriousness turned only to my misfortune; because the more I worked, the more was demanded from me, and often when I started on a job that would take the whole day, they came after a couple hours and asked if I was not finished yet. The other fellow Finns were also quite hard working in the beginning, but soon, as they had to work out in the rain almost every day, they began to suffer from all kinds of illnesses; one was complaining about his finger, and another one about his toe, when the guard came to wake us up. "What is the name?" asked a soldier of one man. "Thumb," answered the man who acted sick. "I did not ask for the name of the finger, but for your name," said the soldier, for everyone who claimed to be ill, had to present himself to a doctor in order to be inspected, naturally with the result that many men were sent to work against their will.

However, one cannot claim that there was an excess of work, because there were so many days off every once in a while. This was due to the fact that we were allowed to observe all the *prazdniks* [holidays] that were marked in the Russian almanac. Thus around Alexander's day we had no less than five days off in a row, and among those a very big day was the one on which our emperor had been saved from an assassin's hands in Paris. In the morning we first went to church, then as we came out of the church we were given a drink per man, and then Prince Maksutov



This photo from the late 1880s shows a sawmill that dates back to the time Ahllund was at Sitka. Photograph courtesy of the Alaska State Library, Sitka-Russian Buildings-04.

gave a solemn speech, to which we listened on our feet and with our hats off. In the end the prince proposed a toast to the emperor, to which we responded with a hooray, and then we too were given a good-sized drink.

That day was one of the most beautiful and brightest days I saw here, for usually it rains in Sitka almost continuously. Now there was only a bit of rain in the morning. Towards the evening I therefore left for a walk along the Kolosh-brook, which was located about a verst from the colony and was the only place of resort there. While on the way there I saw a sizable raft of timber on the ocean shore, which to my surprise contained incredibly long and thick logs. I asked the rafters how it was possible to get them from the forest to the ocean, to which they replied that they come down the mountain slope all the way to the shore all by themselves as long as one is able to cut them so that they fall down with the top towards the ocean. They have to be lopped and peeled right down to the layer where the tree grows; only a few branches must be left to hold it in place until work with it is finished. Then there are men in a boat in the ocean bay who receive them and collect them into rafts of timber. This work is not all without its dangers, because it has happened sometimes that a log comes down the slope of the mountain with great speed and goes all the way to the bottom of the sea and as it comes up it pokes a hole in the bottom of the boat. One cannot even think of using a horse to pull logs in the forest, as the woods there are quite unlike the ones in Finland. The local woods consist of ancient wilderness where trees have fallen down from time immemorial so that in some places it is not possible even for humans to go through them.

As I was going to the brook I saw at one spot in the ocean an incredibly large school of smelt, which appear there for a month in the autumn and for a month in the spring, when it is possible to catch them even without any kind of fishing gear. It is so, that as a wave retreats to the ocean there are always so many fish on the shore that it shines white in one's eyes. During these promenades I, too, collected as much of them as I needed for my supper.

During my times of leisure I also went to observe the life of the Kolosh—the local indigenes—at the market place, which was located in front of the colony behind a tall fence. To my surprise I noticed that all of their faces were painted in many different colors, some of them even painted completely black. As a decoration they all had a silver ring in their nose and the womenfolk also had a silver nail pierced through their lower lip, with its head on the inside so that it would not fall off. There was one girl who had been decorated in an exceptionally peculiar way. Her hair had all been cut off to the bare scalp and her face had been painted pitch black; in her nose she had a ring that had been made by twisting two threads of silver; her ears had been pierced all over with rings, to which red thread had been tied together with all kinds of fish teeth

hanging from the threads. Around her neck on all sides she had beads of all colors and sizes to which complete bird heads, coming in all possible colors, had been attached. Around her she wore a blanket which had neither sleeves nor openings for her hands. This cloak had been decorated with small white buttons of shells [dentalia?]. However, her head and her feet were completely bare.

Once I had the opportunity to see a Kolosh funeral. One of the Russian-American Trading Company ships was at anchor near the Kolosh village, and the guard—a Finn I happened to know—asked me to come and visit him one day. As we were having tea, we noticed a pile of wood right in the middle of the village, around which there were a number of the Kolosh at work, with broad-brimmed hats on. Then another group of them brought there a naked human body, which was placed upright on that pile of wood, after which they set the wood on fire. The heat of the fire affected the body so that its sinews began to move; then the shaman or the sorcerer of the village jumped as close to the body as the fire allowed him, and then he began to explain what the deceased supposedly meant to say about the state of eternal bliss with his movements. Those gathered around the fire then began to shout with loud voices, then paused for a minute but then continued to sing their dragging tune. When nothing remained of the body save the bones, they were mixed with the ashes, which was followed by loud singing. Finally they took the larger bones and buried them in a suitable place. This kind of respect is not shown towards all bodies; we heard that this deceased had been a high-ranking member of the society or a *dayan* [toion].

Another time when I spent the night aboard a ship, terrible crying and moaning was heard from the shore. As I came to the deck I saw a large group of the Kolosh up to their necks in the ocean even though it was severely freezing weather. The shaman was rowing in a boat in their midst, crying in a loud voice. In this way they would make their small children hardy; now they would put them down in the freezing water, now they would give them whip lashes in order that their blood would warm up again; without this lashing these poor fellows would probably have frozen through.

One day I had again gone to the Kolosh village with an Estonian fellow, in order to buy seal skins, with which I intended to cover my travel chest. All the Kolosh houses were lined up along the shore in a row; the king's [i.e., the chief's] mansion was the first one that we entered. The door of this house was an ordinary one, and the walls were covered with boards; on the ceiling there was a large vent or a hole, from which the smoke escaped out. In the middle of the floor there was a fireplace on the bare ground. I did not notice any kind of cooking vessels, but instead there were poles between the fireplace and the ceiling, on



Sitka in the mid nineteenth century. Illustration from P. A Tikhmenev, *Istoricheskoe obozrenie obrazovaniia Rossiisko-amerikanoski kompanii i diestvii eia do nastoiashchago vremeni*, courtesy of the Alaska and Polar Regions Department, University of Alaska Fairbanks.

which they dried fish in the smoke. At the back of the room there was a small board hut, which was the private residence of his majesty. When he came out the king of the Kolosh acted as if he were some high and mighty lord, walking around in a Russian Navy uniform and a saber on his waist; however, he was of a rather short stature, and completely without a beard; for not a single Kolosh has as much as one hair on his chin.

We then entered another house, the owner of which, a high-ranking *dayan*, was lying mighty proud at the back of the room in a hut of conifer branches, which resembled a dog house. When I asked for seal skins, he yelled in a loud guttural voice something that I could not understand. When I tried a second time to begin trading with him, he yelled even more terribly, and the others asked us to leave, saying that the lord *dayan* would not tolerate any talking at this time. But when I then pulled a few leaves of Russian tobacco out of my pocket, the old man instantly got into good humor and promised to deliver us some skins for the following Sunday.

In another house the lady of the house was in the process of wrapping her child in swaddling clothes. She put the child down on a piece of board that was as long as the child was tall, and tied the child to it with a long, dirty rag. Then she placed the whole structure as such against the wall in one of the corners of the room. The poor toddler already had a few rings on its nose and its face was colorfully painted in red and black. The mother had a bone an inch wide in her lower lip, which is said to be exchanged for an even wider one after each childbirth. Once I saw an old hag with a bone on her lower lip as wide as her mouth, and it made it very difficult for her to speak intelligibly.

The language of the Kolosh is all just guttural sounds and resembles the cawing of the ravens. Indeed these two languages have some words in common. To cite an example, one day as I came back to work from the lunch break and went to my shop, there was a Kolosh sitting along the road, and a raven cawed from a nearby roof: "Akuh, akuh!" I said then to this Kolosh, "Listen," and waved with my hand, "go over there now, for your friend is calling you!" It so happens that "akuh" in their language means "Come over here!" The Kolosh only glared fiercely, but did not say anything. That is just what they are like, sulky fellows who can sit the whole day in one place, and they just about never laugh. And when you see a Kolosh sitting and staring at some direction, you can talk for a long while by his side until he turns his head a little toward you and says: "Da!"

The Russians never allowed the Kolosh to come inside their colony; the king alone could walk wherever he wanted. It was the Americans who finally abolished this rule, and now anyone could walk in the Kolosh village in the same manner, at his own risk, and trade with them, except that one wasn't allowed to sell them liquor. From now on the stores were full of this colorful flock all day. And even when they didn't buy anything, they wouldn't go out unless they were told to do so. They were too lazy to stand up, and they did not know how to sit down, they just squatted there, if they were not lying down. Usually they were chewing pitch almost continuously and spat all over the walls, so that one could always hear a kind of squeaking sound and they all had a large spitting board in front of them.

As I said, the Americans abolished the prohibitions concerning the Kolosh that the Russian administration had had. It happened to be the case, as we heard soon after we had arrived there, that our Emperor had sold his colonies in America to the United States of North America. We had not spent many weeks at Sitka when two large steam ships arrived there, bringing things that belonged to the American crown [*sic*], and a few days later the new governor also arrived in a ship together with his soldiers. The wooden two-story mansion of the Russian governor stood on a high hill, and in front of it in the yard at the end of a tall spar flew the Russian flag with the double-headed eagle in the middle of it. Of course, this flag now had to give way to the flag of the United States, which is full of stripes and stars. On a predetermined day in the afternoon a group of soldiers came from the American ships, led by one who carried the flag. Marching solemnly, but without accompaniment, they came to the governor's mansion, where the Russian troops were already lined up and waiting for the Americans. Now they started to pull the [Russian double-headed] eagle down, but—whatever had gone into its head—it only came down a little bit, and then entangled its claws around the spar so that it could not be pulled down any further. A Russian soldier was therefore ordered to climb up the spar and disentangle it, but it seems that the eagle



U.S. Army Headquarters in Sitka in about 1868. Photography courtesy of the Alaska State Library, Sitka-Russian Buildings-01.

cast a spell on his hands, too for he was not able to arrive at where the flag was, but instead slipped down without it. The next one to try was not able to do any better; only the third soldier was able to bring the unwilling eagle down to the ground. While the flag was brought down, music was played and cannons were fired off from the shore; and then while the other flag was hoisted the Americans fired off their cannons from the ships equally many times. After that American soldiers replaced the Russian ones at the gates of the fence surrounding the Kolosh village.

Now Americans were the lords of this land, and thus we were obliged to obey their orders and follow their customs in all respects. For this reason we celebrated two Sundays that week, first our usual one, and then the Americans' Sunday, which happened to coincide with our Monday as they came from the east and were one day behind us. We were also told to take all the money we had been paid by the Russian American Company for furs to the office, where we were given an equal sum in American gold and silver dollars.

Then a continuous stream of ships began to arrive from California, bringing with them new merchants and other settlers, who opened stores, bars and billiard halls, and thus life was beginning to be rather busy there.

In the summer, on the 4th of July [1868] the Americans had a great feast to celebrate their liberation from British rule. In the morning they arranged a canoeing contest for the Kolosh, who were promised clothes and other things as prizes. Quite a number of their boats entered the race, each carved from a single tree trunk, even though some of them were rather large; in order to make them light, the wood had been carved out so carefully that the sides were no thicker than half an inch. The paddlers were almost completely naked, wearing only a pair of worn out under-

pants, and their hair had all been combed up to the top of their heads, where it was tied together into a bundle with a piece of red string so that the ends of their hair were pointing in all directions. When a red flag was raised on the pier to signal the beginning of the race, the Kolosh started to paddle each according to their strength. First they all proceeded side by side and were approaching the pier with a terrible hum, but soon most of them began to fall behind. A small boat with four paddlers was the first to arrive; its paddlers stood up, clapped their paddles against the side of the boat and shouted hoorays. But in an instant two other boats arrived at the same spot, and their crews attacked that of the first boat in an apparent attempt to kill the latter. Fortunately there was help readily available to intervene, but it was deemed wiser not to give the prize to these poor men, as the other Kolosh were crying that they had no right to enter the contest as they supposedly had come from another island.

After dinner the same day we white folks also had a big celebration. The whole colony marched in a parade to the above mentioned recreational grounds by the Kolosh-brook. First rode the seven-year old son of a colonel, on a small Öland horse, dressed in beautiful clothes. Then came four drummers, who indeed were taking their drummers' job rather seriously. After them came the big shots and the officers, then the ordinary soldiers, pulling a fire-engine carriage, on which there was a hut made out of evergreen sprigs and decorated in all possible ways, and in the hut sat the 13-year old daughter of a Finnish man, with a small crown on her head. On the crown right above the girl's forehead there was a copper plate, on which was written *REPUBLIKA*, in Latin letters. Then came the cannons, and behind them marched the rest of the troops. They had pitched a beautiful tent by the Kolosh-brook, in which people enthusiastically gave speeches; and between them there was singing. Facing the tent there was the seat on which *REPUBLIKA* was sitting. A little further there were long tables loaded with food, and anyone could go there and eat; and they even gave half a pint of beer per man. As a final number, they started to fire the cannons. There was a separate table laid for the Kolosh, who took all the leftovers when they left the table, and even the eating utensils, so that nothing was left on the tables. In this fashion they left for home, without saying as much as a word of thanks.

Almost all our Finns had now become American citizens, as had almost all the Russians and others who had served the [Russian American] trading company, and now made a show of proudly calling themselves Americans and were enjoying their lives as long as their wages they had been paid [by the Russian American Company] lasted. But then they began to starve, because they had no work. Besides, lots of people belonging to the scum of the society had arrived together with the new colonists, and they were walking around unemployed, with revolver pistols in their pockets. If there was any argument between them and other people, or if

they knew that someone had some money on them, one, two, three, they went—and bang! This happened in broad daylight, in the middle of the street to a man who had resigned from the trading company. He got into an argument with such a crook, who soon pulled out his revolver from his side and fired a shot. However, the bullet did not hit the man it was intended for, but instead another man, who happened to be walking by, totally unaware of the argument. The bullet went through his thigh, wounding him and causing him permanent damage, but no punishment was given to the aggressor.

One Finn named Wikström had likewise resigned [from the Company] and had started a bar. And indeed, for a few weeks his enterprise was a rather successful one. He had his own house with several rooms, and therefore he had rented one room out to a sailor, a room through which there was passage to other rooms. Then one night, when a certain Estonian man was going through the room, the sailor took his gun and fired it at the man, thinking it was Wikström. But the bullet did not hit the man, instead it hit the door frame. The Estonian naturally was frightened and hollered for help, and a group of men came to arrest the offender. The first one who had the courage to open the door received a bullet in his arm, and the same thing happened to the next two men, but no one was hit in a place that would have caused a mortal wound. Naturally there was a great commotion and a lot of noise; a policeman was fetched and the shooter was taken to the jail. But at the same time Wikström's whole inventory was taken, and only a small part of it was later returned to him. And what do you think was done to the would-be assassin? For four days he spent sawing wood for the crown, and after that the matter had been settled.

At first I, too, had intended to remain there, as the new colonists were providing more than enough work for me and as they paid for the jobs rather generously. But due to these villainous acts by the rabble, I had soon had enough of this kind of life and decided to try to get back to my native country. At that time a large Russian frigate arrived at the harbor, and they offered room in her for all those subjects of the Russian Emperor who wished to leave America. The captain came to my shop, in which I was working as a smith, in order to have all kinds of things made of which his ship was in need, and at the same time he also asked me if I wanted to come along with him. I replied that I would come, but on the condition that I could take my blacksmith's tools with me and perform only tasks that would conform with my own trade; and no demands should be made that I participate in the chores of the sailors. And indeed, the captain agreed to this condition in all respects. After that I still went to take a look at the ship, and found it magnificent, although rather old, so it seemed a suitable means of sailing to Kruunstatt [Kronstadt]. For I remembered then the words of an old sailor: "The sailor of a large ship and the captain of a mussel shell are equal in worth."

It took several more weeks, however, before we finally left there. Many things aboard the ship had to be repaired and provisions had to be obtained for such a long voyage, and in addition, the cargo had to be loaded. The ship's cargo consisted of a large number of expensive furs from all kinds of beasts living on land and in the sea, many tens of thousands of them, all stored in barrels and salted like fish, which is how they would keep for long periods of time even untanned. At long last everything was ready and the men still remaining on the shore were hastily ordered aboard. I, however, remained a little while longer ashore, preparing the iron implements that I had been asked to make; only in the evening did I take my things and looked for a suitable place for them and for myself on the middle deck.

On the first night, when I was resting, free from sorrows like a righteous man rests in Abraham's bosom, the boatswain suddenly came and woke me up and ordered me to do guard duty [on the deck]. "How dare you disturb me with such a matter," I yelled at him, annoyed. "I have come here to perform tasks that belong to my own profession, not to work as a guard."

"So you are going to act as if you were above the captain himself, who also has to wake up whenever he is called for!" he said. Having said this he nevertheless went his way, and I stayed in my cabin sleeping.

The next day when I was trying to arrange my tools so that the heavy seas would not cause any mishaps with them, the mate came again to order me to carry out another chore, but I refused to go. He then went and squealed on me about it to Junior Captain Kashevarov, who had me called to see him. I explained to him the agreement that I had made with Captain [Nikolai Khristianovich] Benzeman.<sup>4</sup>

"How dare you speak like that?" he shouted; "you are given a sailor's pay, therefore you naturally have to participate in the work of the sailors!"

I replied to him with equal intensity, although in rather broken Russian: "I have had the courage to come here all the way from Europe, why should I not have the courage to tell you the truth!" Right at this moment in came also the man who had awakened me at night, and he, too reported on my high-minded replies, and they all seemed to be genuinely angry at me. When Captain Benzeman, who at that time had been away, came aboard the ship, he was also soon given a complaint on my behavior, but he only burst out in laughter, and nothing more happened that day.

The following day, towards the evening, the boatswain blew a whistle that made a piercing sound and then he shouted: "All workers are to gather on the deck in order to be divided into two

groups that will take turns in doing guard duty!" As I had no intention to participate in such service, I did not pay any attention to this command. Therefore when they called the roll, and everyone's name was called, I was not present. They now came to fetch me and brought me before the captain, who was very angry with me. I would have had many a good reason to defend myself, but I realized that good words would not help me at all in this situation, and therefore I remained completely silent. The captain now ordered me sent to confinement, where I went without uttering a single word, and spent the night completely in peace. In the morning Captain Benzeman released me from my confinement and came himself to my cabin on the middle deck and spoke to me with the following words: "I like you, smith, and considered you to be my best man here—why did you not come up immediately when I required it? Don't you know that my word is to be obeyed by everyone here?"

"I know it full well," I answered him, "but I do not know the meaning of the whistle. I am no soldier!"

"Don't you worry," he said, "everything shall be as we first agreed."

To this I replied that it would suit me well, and indeed it was good that I did not allow anyone to frighten me so that I would have given up my intentions, since every time we were ashore, the men got completely drunk and then I, being a sober one, would have been tossed from one job to another.

On the 27th of November, 1868, we finally lifted anchor and fired off a cannon as a farewell, while a tail wind was blowing softly. There were about 250 of us standing on the deck, mostly soldiers; among us there were even some wives and children who had been born in Sitka and who with tears in their eyes watched their native land grow more and more distant on the horizon. Hardly had we made it clear from the narrow straits between the islands when the wind changed its direction and was now blowing against us, and soon it turned into a severe storm with snow and sleet. However, by December 21st, we reached the Sandwich [Hawaiian] islands where we had decided to make a stop. The flag was raised in the foremast as a sign that a pilot was wanted, and soon a small boat hurried to meet us, with the red stripes of the pilot on her sails. From the boat two men with wide faces, and tall black hair and skin as red as copper boarded our ship; they tried to speak English with voices that were terribly brawling. Then as soon as we had cast off our anchor at the entrance of Honolulu's port, a great number of Kanakas, i.e. local inhabitants, came to greet us, bringing with them oranges and other fruits to sell us. Their boats appeared to be rather fast; they had been carved from a single tree trunk and they were hardly wider than half an ell and about 12 feet long. They were completely round on the bottom, so that they would not have been able to remain upright for a moment if it hadn't been for two pieces of wood that had been



Ahllund did not name the church he visited in Honolulu. However, Our Lady of Peace Catholic Church pictured above matches his brief description. Library of Congress, Prints & Photographs Division, HABS, HI2-HONLU,21-9.

tied across them on their sides so that the other end of those pieces reached a couple of ells out from the side of the boat. At the end of those pieces of wood was tied another piece of wood, a rather thick one and with a curved end and as long as the boat itself, following the boat everywhere as a foal follows its mother and keeping it upright. The following day a tiny steamer took us inside the harbor, where we met a good forty other commercial ships and a couple of United States battleships.

Since we celebrated Christmas in Honolulu, we had several holidays in a row, and thus there was the possibility for each of us to take turns and go to town and take a look at it. Walking down the streets I noticed that people there led very orderly and quiet lives, which perhaps was rendered all the more quiet by the fact that their king was recently deceased. The town mostly had wooden buildings, but there were also some mansions that had been built of stone. One of the latter was a tall building with large windows, and I decided to enter it surmising that it must be a church, and indeed that is what it turned out to be. The church was extremely tidy and solemn. The sanctuary was somewhat like the ones in our churches, and there was a white man sitting on a chair there, wearing a white gown, and saying something in a low voice, of which I could not understand a word. Along the other wall there was a group of small boys sitting on the floor, and sometimes they sang together in response to the words of the minister.

On the floor there were some noticeably clean carpets, on which the Kanakas sat, with their hands crossed. By the door there was a china vessel, into which the people who entered the church dipped two fingers and then pressed them against their foreheads.

After I left from the church I saw a little ways further down the street a tall man with pale cheeks, carrying a rather large bag. Having noticed that I was a stranger he started to speak to me something in the English language, and after a long while I understood that he wanted to know where I was from. I therefore replied to him in my own mother tongue: "Olen suomalainen" ['I am a Finn']. But he only shook his head thus letting me know that he could not understand me. After that I said in Swedish that I was: "Finne." This, too, was a word equally unknown to him. As my third attempt I then said: "Ryss-Finne" [in broken Swedish "Russian Finn"], after which he looked satisfied and nodded his head and took from his bag a small book in the Russian language dealing with God and religion and gave it to me.

The weather at the time was extremely hot, and for us who had only just come from a place where it had been freezing cold it was all the more exhausting, so that day and night sweat was running down all over our bodies. Therefore I decided to go swimming in a river that was a little ways from the town. On the river bank I met a white man who was sitting on a rock and just putting his clothes back on. He started to speak to me in the English language and asked me if I was American. "Ryssman" [*sic*], I bravely replied to him in the same language. This he indeed understood perfectly, and pointed at another rock on which I could sit down. He probably had the intention of engaging himself in a longer conversation with me, and so did I too. But then I remembered that I only knew six words of English, and that would not have gotten us very far. That's why I told him that I had no time to spare, and went to another place a bit further away to swim, and thus was able to refresh my body to some extent.

When I was returning from the river to town I passed by a wooden dwelling, which had been build on some rather tall stones. Underneath the house I noticed a white tablecloth spread on the ground, on which there were six china plates or *talriks* [Swedish for 'plate'], but no dining implements on them. A little ways further, between two stones there was a woman engaged in work. When I approached her I saw hot coals there and on them a bird and a piece of pork with miserable little fat in it which the woman turned over the fire. After a while the cook carried her roasted dishes to the space underneath the house and then entered the room, from which then came out six men, who, judged by the clothes they wore and their behavior, probably were of a noble birth. They sat down around the piece of cloth set down on the ground. An old woman, who looked quite dignified, took a plate and lifted onto it a piece of pork as well as a piece of the bird, and motioned the others to follow her example. The maid then brought another course of food, too, namely something resembling a gruel

with a white base and blue and red spots on it, which the guests also ate with their fingers. After they had finished eating they licked their fingers clean and returned to the room; but the maid took the used plates to a nearby brook to be washed there. Seeing this, I thought to myself that in this country it is much easier to wait on the finer folks, since one never has to wash knives or forks, and not even spoons, and since they cleaned their soiled five forked instrument themselves without needing any help from the maid!

Now I went behind the room, from which I heard a loud thumping noise, as if someone had been beating tallow. I saw there a fat, black-skinned, naked man, who had a longish, round stone in his hand and was using it to pound as hard as he could something that was in a wooden trough. In the trough there was some kind of tough substance that looked just like tallow, full of blue and red stripes, which he would continuously pick up and throw away. I suppose he was preparing the kind of gruel that I had seen being eaten. A little while later another man came there, and he too was naked, save for an apron covering him in the front, and his legs were muddy all over; he was carrying ugly looking tubers, which he threw down next to the trough. When he left, I followed him in order to see what kind of cultivation they had. It was not far away, on the slope of a hill; there was a level strip of ploughed land there of the shape of a square, with raised banks. Running along them there was a small constructed duct, so that the fields where they grew the beets they had been eating were completely under water. The man was walking in the field with his legs in the mud up to his thighs, digging those beets. Having lifted a tuber, he would always break a part of the top and put it back in the same place; and in all likelihood a new tuber would grow there, not needing any taking care of or efforts on the part of the farmer.

Another time when I was again taking a walk along the town, there were around ten drunken soldiers on the street, making a terrible noise. When a police man came to meet them, one of them, a man who had a very loud voice, walked right before his face and yelled: "We are Russian subjects, just go ahead and try to restrain our merry making!" This scene would certainly have developed into an open fight, if the policeman had begun to resist them, but this man was a wise and experienced fellow and he only tapped the Russian on his shoulder and said with a smile on his face: "RYSS MAN, GOOD MAN." Hearing this praise they had not deserved, they became completely ashamed and went their way quietly and behaving themselves.

On the 21st of January we finally departed from Honolulu and started sailing toward the Society Islands, aided by a favorable tail-wind. On the 2nd of February we reached the Equator, where after dinner the usual play started that accompanied its crossing. Two large bathtubs were filled with ocean water, and those who had crossed the Equator before appeared as guardian spirits of the ocean, having painted their faces and dressed

themselves in strange clothes. The boatswain took the role of Neptune, the god of the sea. He was pulled in a cannon wagon from the bow of the ship towards the rear. There was one very strange man accompanying him, namely a barber, and also a bookkeeper, with a large book under his arm. The latter now ordered all those who were first-timers, into whom the majority belonged, not excluding any of the officers in this group, to march before Neptune. He then asked who they were and on what business they had come to his kingdom, and having received an answer, he motioned to the barber, who now shaved the newcomers with a wooden knife using plenty of soap. After this trick had been performed water was poured on each of the first-timers, who were thus baptized as real sailors. This then turned into a quite amusing water battle, because there were a few persons, who did not want to agree to be baptized like this and resisted as much as they possibly could. But all their efforts were to no avail! These poor people had no chance; they were caught and forced into the bath tubs in which they were immersed, as a punishment for having been disobedient.

The heat in those parts was very oppressive, for which reason staying on the middle deck became unbearable, and therefore I mostly lay down on the upper deck, out in the fresh air. Every once in a while I looked with amazement at the familiar star constellations, which there seemed to form altogether different patterns than at home in the north. The Big Dipper and the North Star had completely disappeared from sight; the Pleiades were so far apart from each other that they would have been beyond recognition had I not constantly kept an eye on them along the way. Even the shape of the moon looked different there, the part which is on the bottom in our country, appears to have risen to the top in those parts.

On the 11th of February we caught sight of the island of Tahiti, full of mountain peaks, some higher, some lower, providing us a scenery as beautiful as one can only imagine. One could hardly believe that all its wonders had been created by Nature; it would have been easier to think one was looking at a colossal city with all its towers. When we had reached the harbor, our Captain soon got into a boat and left for the shore. The first thing that those who remained behind on the ship asked from the oarsmen of the Captain's boat was—the price of liquor, and to their delight it happened to be there no less than four times as cheap as in Honolulu. It was, in principle, forbidden to bring liquor aboard the ship, but in practice it was impossible to prevent that from happening. Besides, those who were sent ashore to run errands always got drunk and then did not feel like returning, and neither were they in shape to return. When others were sent after them, things did not go any better with them either, so that it was quite difficult to get anything accomplished. The Captain now got the idea of giving them no more than just a tiny amount money, but the sailors then yelled at him saying that they would not do any work until they were given their wages, and when they did receive their wages they neverthe-

less didn't get their work done. Indeed there was plenty of liquor in the colony in Tahiti. I saw a great big building in town, among the best looking ones there, and I thought it looked like a church, but when I went inside to have a look at it, it turned out to be an enormously big distillery. Indeed liquor is held up mighty high in all corners of the world, I thought to myself, since even there such a magnificent castle has been erected for its production!

I always took my walks there alone. Almost all the other men of my social class, as I said, were passing their time in the bars, whereas I was more interested in observing the local circumstances of the land and the customs of its people, than the life in the bars, which was more or less the same wherever we went.

The dwellings of the local natives were there made of bamboo placed upright; neither windows nor a door could be found in them, but only an opening serving as the entrance. Leaves of palm trees were all that there was in the way of a roof; the bare ground was their floor. However, they had spread some leaves on the floor along the walls to serve in the function of beds at night. I saw people come out from such a dwelling, four persons in all, and subsequently they engaged themselves in some activities which they pursued rather keenly in the yard. Some of them dug a hole in the ground, while the others brought a number of round stones and dry pieces of wood next to it. When the hole was about an ell deep, the wood was placed there and put on fire, and when it was burning in full flames, they threw the stones in the fire. Then they went to their pigs, which they kept nearby, tied to trees with ropes, slaughtered one of them and slit its belly open and placed the intestines on the hot stones together with breadfruit. The pork, however, was placed separately on some palm tree leaves. When the food had thus been prepared, they invited the people of the neighboring house, too, to join them and enjoy the meal, and they even waved at me to join them and share it with them, as I was sitting close by. But my courage did not measure up to the task, since the intestines roasting on the hot stones were turning pitch black from the smoke and looked horrible. When they could not get me to taste their greatest delicacies, the intestines, which to me appeared utterly repulsive, they offered me some of the breadfruit to eat. These I did indeed have a little taste of, but I am reluctant to praise even their taste very much, because they resembled rye bread that is slightly burnt. Indeed, I suppose the breadfruit were not quite ripe at this time of the year.

Another time I was walking along a small brook looking for a place where I could go swimming, I also saw a different kind of fruit, which grew in small bushes and were very beautiful in their appearance. I took one of them and was almost about to sink my teeth in it; but then I decided to be a little more patient about it, and cut it open with my knife, with the result that some ugly black ashes belched on my eyes. Later I saw these same deceptive fruits being given to the pigs they had as fatlings.



Prince Dmitrii Maksutov, Russia's last governor of Alaska, purchased the *Winged Arrow* to transport Russian colonists back to Russia. Photograph courtesy of the Alaska State Library, Early Prints of Alaska (PCA 01-3397).

The inhabitants of Tahiti looked in all respects much the same as those of the Sandwich Islands. They were distinguished from the latter, however, in that they had decorated their bodies and especially their faces with some paint that had a dark blue color. The common people walked about naked, except for a rather wide apron on their waist; indeed it would have been a pity if they had wanted to keep hidden such a gorgeous hue. Many of them had very beautiful roses drawn on their cheeks. They did not have any more of beards than the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. Their hair, however, was very thick and black in color.

As far as I was able to observe their life, they did not strive towards any earthly goals; on the contrary, they seemed to live as if in a paradise. I saw neither pots nor pans on stoves, and they did not need to give any thoughts to tending fields; bread was available to them all year round, growing in the trees. They spent their time in laying around and eating, after which they aginate and lay down.

On the 25th of February towards the evening, we again departed. After nightfall, when it was dark the watchmen suddenly heard a noise, as if something had plunged into the water. They looked down in the ocean and saw something dark in the water but heard no sounds coming from there. At first these men got scared, thinking that one of Prince Maksutov's dogs had fallen into the ocean. But when they checked the dogs and they all seemed to be in their doghouses, the men did not bother themselves any longer with this incident. "It doesn't matter what it was!" they said, and did not report the incident to anyone at all. But the following day the Captain ordered a cooper named Ivanov to see him, but he could not be found in his cabin. "Look in the hospital," came the order, "he has been ill and was still included in the fel'dsher's [medical attendant's] report this morning!" But neither was he found there. In all likelihood it was this poor man, having sometimes been a little feeble-minded, who had become

dizzy due to excessive drinking and the oppressive weather and thrown himself down in the water.

When we had departed from Tahiti, we had tail wind, which was, however, of a rather severe kind. The ocean was full of huge waves like highways are full of high hills. But our ship *Wintaari* [the *Winged Arrow*<sup>5</sup>] was built so strongly and unyielding, that although it had to face those hills week after week and work its way up and down them, it did not seem to proceed any slower when going uphill than when it was going downhill.

The weather was now getting colder and colder the further down south we proceeded. At Cape Horn, the southernmost point of America there was even a fall of sleet and snow. We had been on our way for four months, and we were not even halfway home yet, but nevertheless our hearts already rejoiced on the 31st of March, since on that day we saw the bow of our ship finally being turned toward Europe. On the 19th of April we sighted the Falkland Islands and on the 24th the mainland of Brazil.

A shortage of water forced us to make a stop and land there, and thus on the 28th of April we cast our anchor off a place called St. Catherine, near the city of São Paulo. This was another extremely fertile land we visited: coffee was growing there, as well as pineapples, bananas, oranges and other tasty fruits. But our men were even more delighted at a discovery they made ashore, from where they fetched water. It was a large bar where all kinds of drinks were being sold. Pleasures were again to be experienced and the chance for this was exploited to full capacity. The men who were sent for water and wood got themselves completely drunk every time and they even brought goodies from the city for those who had been left behind. This then caused an endless row and fight with the officers.

I remember especially one instance when our men were returning to the ship from the shore. There was, among the other drunkards climbing the rope ladder up to the deck, a man whose one side was paralyzed. He had been trying to medicate the paralyzed half of his body with as much Brazilian wine as he had been able to consume, but this resulted in no other aid to him than that his healthy side had now become just as limp as the paralyzed side. This poor disabled man's attempt to climb up thus failed completely, so that instead of making it aboard he fell down to the water with a great splash, and others then had to drag him up to the deck where he finally was high and dry.

Another man then appeared at the top of the ladders, looking utterly horrible. He had a number of cuts apparently from knives, and large segments of his scalp were missing. He had lost so much blood that he probably would have died instantly, had he been less stout. As if to increase his misfortune, our feldsher also happened to be drunk, so he could not be of any avail to this poor man. Half drunk and completely untrained men thus had to wipe the blood off his wounds.

There was yet a third one, who had gotten his clothes so completely soiled, and had torn them in such a funny way, that it would not even be proper to describe it. "Don't by any means go and break Maksimov's [Maksutov's?] mirror!", cried the captain who just happened to come by. "It would be a great pity if he were not to see his himself how he looks! It's just too bad we don't happen to have a photographer aboard!"

On the 10th of May we finally were able to leave this place, although no work was undertaken in a swift manner due to the lifestyle of the workmen. And we had not been on our way for too many days, when we were delayed by yet another, new type of problem. What happened is that the weather became so absolutely calm that we could neither move here nor there, and we had to stand still in the extreme heat for no less than two and a half weeks. When the wind finally started to blow, we then had more than our fair share of that extravagance, too. It so happened one morning that we were confronted by such a rapid gust of wind that we had no time to fix all the sails, and the wind, to our surprise, snapped our Klüver beam, that is, the jib boom, and threw the whole thing, including the sail, down into the water where it was dragged along. Now this caused such anxiety and commotion that we got busy beyond all imagination! But the storm did not last longer than an hour, and after it we had some fair weather again, so we had plenty of time to do the needed repairs in perfect peace.

But in a short while again, that is, on the 16th of June, we were met by dead calm weather again. Now things started to look quite terrible because our water supply was getting very low so that the amount of water we were allowed per day had to be cut into half of the usual amount per day. Even the daily amount of drinking water we were given was reduced to half a pint per person. Indeed we were beginning to feel dizzy in this blazing heat when all we could get to relieve our plight was barely a sip of water. And this time the dead calm lasted continuously for almost two weeks.

During all this time the captain's mother-in-law was ill. Then one day she called her son-in-law to see her and said to him: "It looks like you won't be getting anywhere until I die, and it seems like I won't be keeping you much longer. Just be sure to get the kind of coffin that will keep the fish from feeding on my body!"

Soon afterwards that old woman indeed did die; it happened late in the evening one day, and at dawn we could feel a little bit of a breeze out in the ocean. During the early morning a coffin was made for the deceased according to her instructions; on the insides it was lined with thick iron plates, and they even put iron pigs at the end where her feet lay, so that the coffin would sink faster toward the bottom. And then a strange and miraculous thing happened: No sooner had the coffin been lowered to the ocean and the customary cannon had been fired than the wind immediately started to blow with quite a force, and it gave our ship the speed of 9 knots.

On the Atlantic Ocean the amount of maritime traffic was altogether different from that of the open waters of the Pacific Ocean. During our entire voyage there we had not seen more than one other ship, that is, apart from the ones in the harbors, of course; here on the contrary, we could see them almost every day on the horizon, sometimes on this side, sometimes on that side. One morning a large English ship came from the side so close to us that we could engage in a conversation. When they heard that we were going to London, they said that they, too, were on their way there and quickly passed us exhibiting great pride in themselves, raising and lowering their flag, as if to signal: "This is it, you are going to be left behind, and I am going to get there and say greetings from you!" But then the following happened: While they were busy preparing themselves to take off, the rope of the flag slipped from the hands of the man who had been pulling it up and down, so that they were not able to pull their flag down any more. This indeed was an omen, and its meaning was that they were not to part from us as swiftly as they had thought. Our captain ordered men up to the masts to raise more sails, and so our old *Wintaari* [*Winged Arrow*] started to sail at quite a speed behind the Englishmen. It would not have taken us long to get next to them again, but the Englishmen were embarrassed to see this and took a course to the side and soon disappeared beyond the horizon.

Enjoying a fair tail wind we then arrived at the Calais Strait [English Channel] as early as the 14th of July. There were countless ships there, but none that could match our speed and race us. Seen from our ship, they all seemed to be moving backwards.

On the 16th of July we arrived in London, and we had to travel through many locks and bridges and between innumerable ships until we arrived at our destination, the London Docks. This place was completely surrounded by tall storehouses, so that there was only one gate through which one could go out to town, and at night the gate was kept locked. We now began to unload our cargo, because all those barrels full of fur seal skins were to be left there.

During my leisure time I again went to see the city and observe its life, as was always my custom, but as soon as I set my foot outside the London Docks' gate, I was surrounded by a flock of street urchins equipped for shining boots. I set my foot on the board of one of those boys, asking him what he would charge me. The boy showed one finger and said: "Won pens!" ["One penny"]. But after no more than a couple of strokes he raised two fingers and said: "Duu pens!" ["Two pence"], from which I understood that he had raised the price to two pence (about 17 Finnish pennies). I therefore lifted my foot from his board and started walking, but he just kept following me, and showing me one finger yelled: "Won pens!" I then allowed him to go on with his work, but after a couple of strokes he again showed me a finger and a half, demanding as many pennies. Now I took



The *Suomen kuvalehti*, which published Ahllund's account in the fall of 1873 published this image of London in its June 16, 1874 issue.

off again, and he again kept following me, with one finger up, yelling: "Won pens!" Then I spat in the eyes of this rascal and with that he finally gave up on me, having had enough.

Then I walked a long way through the narrow and winding streets, some so narrow that one could not have driven along them with a horse and a cart. A stranger has to be very careful walking there so as not to lose one's way in this complex labyrinth. That happened to one of our men, whom his friends had sent off to fetch liquor. The old man was on this errand for five days and nights and probably would have remained there for the rest of his life, had not one of our soldiers accidentally spotted him crying at a street corner a very long way from our ship. He was then so starved and exhausted that indeed it was difficult even to recognize him.

He had been forced to spend all those days and nights outdoors in the rainy weather, since no one would offer him lodgings or even a piece of food as he had no money with which to pay for it.

There were enormous numbers of people on the streets there so that they had to travel on three different levels. You see, some were walking beneath the streets, some on the streets, and on top of this there was a railroad system above the roofs.

Of all the strange buildings that I saw there I remember particularly a church of immense size, which otherwise would have made quite a solemn sight to see, had it not, like all buildings in London, been so soiled from smoke from the continuous burning of coal; even its windowpanes were all covered by a thick layer of soot.

In the evening, when I had walked around enough, I returned to our ship, and met there one of our Finns, who had also arrived from town and was in a very happy mood, making a show of the new clothes he had purchased, bragging about getting them for a bargain price, too. In all likelihood he had gotten a fair amount of drink for a good measure from the salesman before he decided upon this excellent business transaction, for he soon crashed in his bunk, not even bothering to take his gaudy new clothes off. Towards the morning I then heard him cursing bitterly and swearing to himself. We went to see him, and the poor man was covered from head to heels in butter like a shepherd's sandwich. It had happened that he had not remembered that he had placed 5 pounds of butter on his bed when he left for town, and in this warm weather the butter had of course become quite soft.

But he hardly would have enjoyed his new clothes for too long anyway, because although clothes there looked new and fine when they were purchased, they had in reality been patched together from pieces of old rags and after being worn for a day or two, they turned into a rather horrible sight.

On the 7th of August we left London and already on the 15th we came to the vicinity of Copenhagen. However, we decided not to make a call there, since we had quite a good wind behind us, but instead we decided to continue right on, and on the 28th of the same month we arrived safely at the harbor of Kruunstatt where we dropped our anchor.

I would have a number of funny stories to tell from this place, too, but I had better restrain myself and end my story here. For if those tenderfeet should get angry at me and decide to sue me, it would be somewhat difficult to defend myself in a court such a long way from home.

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**Notes**

1. The smith T. Ahlund from Jyväskylä has kindly allowed the staff of our magazine to use his notes for this story. [A note added by the editor/publisher of *Suomen Kivalehti*.]
2. It was the Russian-American Community [i.e. Company] that was hiring men, and they always were glad to hire Finns.
3. As one travels around the world toward the rising sun, one always gains a day during the voyage.
4. Captain Nikolai Khristianovich Benzeman (b. 1816), son of the Prussian skipper Khristofor Martynovich Benzeman. (Translator's note.)
5. The ship *Winged Arrow* was purchased by the last Russian governor in America, Prince Maksutov, at San Francisco in 1868 for the express purpose of transporting to Russia those subjects of the Tsar who wished to return to their homeland. (Translator's note.)