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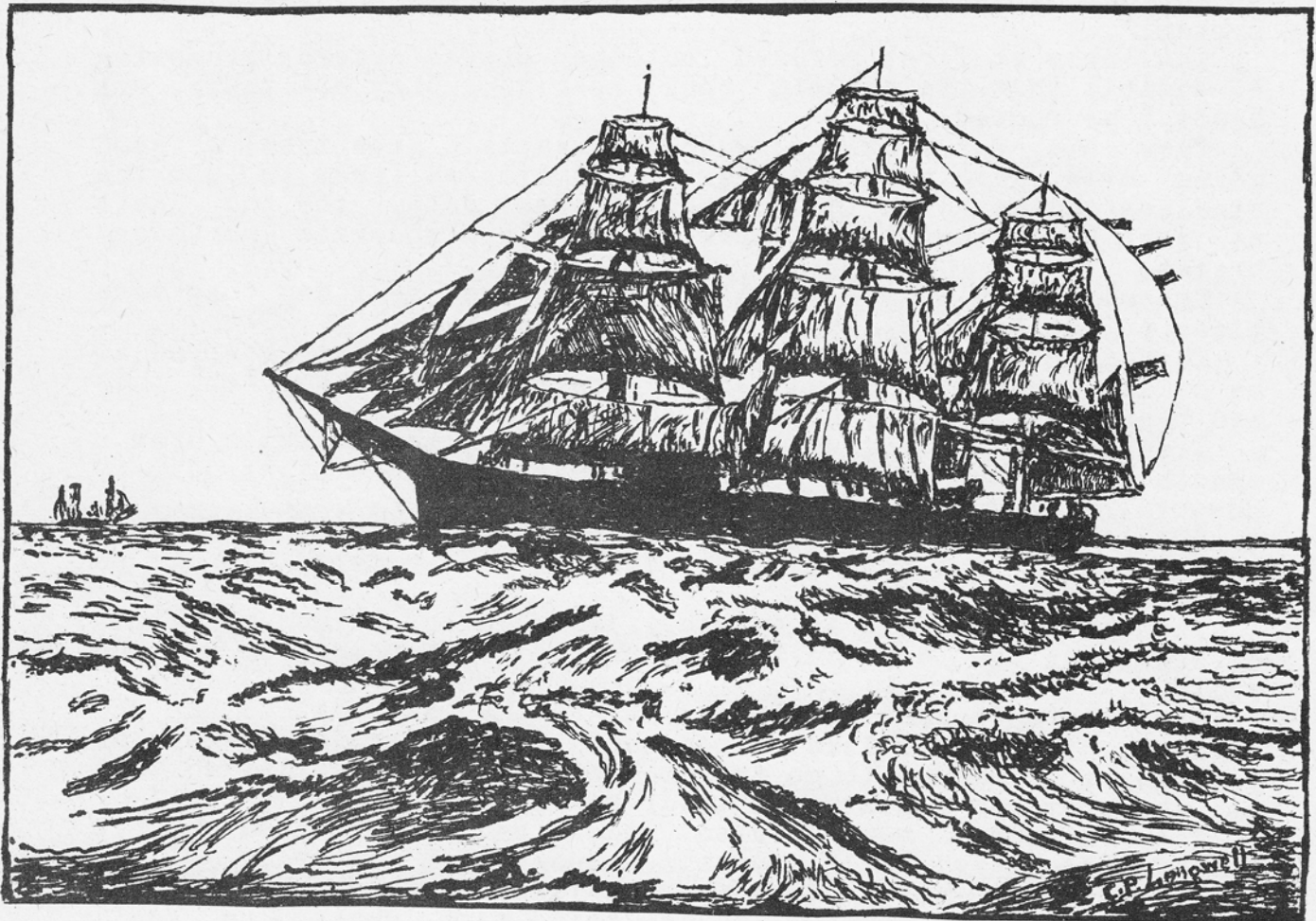
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## MUTINY ON THE "DREADNOUGHT"



One of the most famous of the American Clippers was the "Dreadnought." This ship was launched in October 1853 and sailed on her first trip from New York to Liverpool, December 15, 1853.

For ten years she was commanded by Captain Samuel Samuels. Her fastest trip was made in 1859, Sandy Hook to Liverpool, 3018 miles in 13 days 8 hours.

This famous ship was wrecked in 1869 off Cape Horn and her crew was rescued after spending 14 days adrift in her small boats.

## MUTINY ON THE DREADNOUGHT.

by  
E.M.Graf

The clipper ship Dreadnought left Waterloo Docks, Liverpool, July 22, 1859 and was towed into the Mersey and anchored well down by the Rock Light, where she took in 277 emigrants.

The crew was mustered and examined by a government officer. The crew was far from being a good one. The emigrant agent told Captain Samuels that he had never seen such a set of pirates in his life and advised the captain not to sail with them. The captain smiled, "I'll draw their teeth," he said turning to the crew "Men", he shouted, "you know the rules of the ship." Pass up to the carpenters shop and have the points of your knives broken."

The crew at first refused but then obeyed orders, grumbling so audible that the captain could hear it, "Lay aft there, all hands," he roared.

They came aft growling, when the captain gave them a good going over, gave them some "grog" and ordered them to man the windlass and heave up the anchor. It was done, the tug left at Port Lynas and the clipper sailed in a moderate northwest breeze.

Crossing over to the Irish coast and the next day they were close to St. David's Head.

The captain gave his orders but the crew did not respond so he called them all aft and sharply reprimanded them, for they had been slow in letting go the sheet.

Trouble was brewing when off Queenstown, the helmsman drew a sheath knife, but before he could use it the captain struck a powerful blow under the left ear.

"Wallace", the captain's dog sprang upon him with his forepaw on his chest. The captain took his knife and ordered him to be handcuffed.

When the crew found it out they demanded the helmsman let out of irons but the captain refused and called for them to man the sails.

The emigrants huddled aft, as far as the mainmast to see the outcome. It looked like bloodshed. The crew rushed after the captain as he turned to go to his cabin. He was satisfied that all the crew had resharpened their knives.

The emigrants were ordered below and accompanied by his faithful dog, "Wallace," Captain Samuels went forward.

His officers were not there, the first mate was an old man, the second mate a coward, and the third mate, Whiteborne, small in stature, but brave as a lion had taken the wheel, for the helmsman had left to join the rest of the crew.

Reaching the galley door, the crew rushed the captain, with drawn knives, but he drew two pistols and pointed them at the heads of those nearest to him, and with a cutlass at his side, he stood as immovable as a statue.

The screaming of the children below blended with the noise above. The men hesitated for they knew the captain to be a dead shot. There was a momentary lull, "Men," said the captain "you have found your master."

The passengers wanted the captain to turn in to Queenstown but he replied that the ship was bound for New York and not

for Queenstown. He tried to reason with the men but they only called him names. The captain again went aft, the mutiny had lasted thirty-six hours, with no sleep aft and no food forward.

The third mate and Boatswin assured the captain they were with him and were the only men to answer.

That night the captain armed seventeen German emigrants, with iron bars. At midnight a low growl from the dog "Wallace" drew their attention to the forward gangway. Two men were crawling aft close to the railing, with knives in their hands. The captain and Whiteborne watched them and waited until they got about twenty feet from the captain, when he shouted, "Move no further. Stand and throw up your hands, or I'll put a bullet through you."

They instantly obeyed, and wanted the captain to forgive them. He ordered them to throw their knives overboard which they did.

At a quarter of four the captain, Whiteborne and the dog "Wallace" started forward on the starboard side. When abreast of the galley the captain ordered "Wallace" ahead. The dog reached the corner of the house, and began to growl. Casey and Sweeney, ring leaders were hidden there, they were to head the attack.

The captain advanced, pistol in hand. They jumped from cover and confronted him with uplifted knives. He leveled his pistol at Casey, and "Wallace" sprang at Sweeney's throat.

Casey ran back, crying, "Jump up boys; we've got him, lets finish him."

The crew started to help but were dumbfounded by the appearance of the Germans who felled the leaders with their iron bars. Defeated in their attempt they retreated. The captain yelled for them to throw their knives overboard, and after considerable argument they consented to throw them over.

The captain named Finnegan as ring leader and then requested to "ask my pardon at once," refused. The captain struck him a blow between the eyes that raised him off his feet.

The captain after having the men searched and giving them a good talking to, ordered them to go about their work among the sails.

All the emigrants were ordered on deck and between decks was thoroughly cleaned and fumigated.

The Highland Lights hove too sight on a bright morning in August. The news of the mutiny spread in New York and hundreds of rowboats ready to pick up the men who might try to desert by jumping overboard.

The ship was berthed on the north side of Canal Street pier, August 24, 1859.

The captain paid of the men one by one in his cabin and gave a kind word to each. "With a God Bless You," the men left the Dreadnought.

There was a comotion at the pier, Superintendent Kennedy had arrived with a platoon of police, he had heard that the crew had attacked the captain.

"There has been a mistake, Kennedy," the captain said, "as you see the crew is going ashore peaceably."

"But what about the mutiny, shall we arrest the men."

"No," replied the captain and so ended the mutiny.

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The story of this mutiny would have no interest to Passaic County were it not for the captain's dog "Wallace".

This dog was owned by Stephen Wiseman a well known tailor of Paterson, who had purchased the dog when it was six weeks old and kept him until he was over two years old.

Mr. Wiseman believed the dogs conduct on the Dreadnought was principally due to the excellant bringing up he received in Paterson. "Wallace," was a full bred Newfoundland dog, of large symmetrical build, with a raven black coat, which did not have a single white hair in it.

Captain Samuels, of the Dreadnought, came to Paterson and had dinner with Mr. Wiseman. The captain insisted in obtaining possession of the dog and take the animal with him on his voyages.

Although Mr. Wiseman did not want to let the dog go because he had thoroughly trained him, he finally surrendered to the desires of Captain Samuels and the dog changed hands.

The dog was always fond of water and on his trip to sea on the Dreadnought he saved the life of a sailor. The latter was on a yard arm fixing a sail when he dropped to sea. "Wallace", hearing the splash at once sprang into the ocean and seizing the drowning sailor held him above water until a boat was lowered and the sailors life saved.

It was on the second or third trip of the Dreadnought after Captain Samuels had obtained possession of "Wallace" that the mutiny occurred.

The story of the mutiny was silent as to what became of "Wallace."

As stated the animal was fond of the water and whenever there was a calm at sea he was in the habit of jumping overboard and enjoying himself in the salt water.

On one occasion "Wallace" was indulging in his usual amusement when near Liverpool. While in the water he was taken with cramps and before he could be taken aboard the ship he was dead.

The work of stuffing had been bunglingly done or else the dog had been dead too long before stuffing.

As a result on the next trip a strong odor came from the animal. This became worse and it was with great sorrow that the captain saw himself compelled to throw what was left of his true friend into the ocean, so that "Wallace" was buried in the element which he had loved so well and on which he had made himself so useful during his short career.

Stephen Wiseman came to this country, a native of Ireland, at the age of 18 and settled in Paterson. He learned the tailors trade and his first position was with Robert Hamilton on lower Main street.

About 1849 he began business for himself on Market street near Cross street. He was thrifty and accumulated sufficient to build a row of brick buildings on Market street near Prospect street. He retired about 1890 and died July 13, 1894 at the home of his son-in-law William L. Berdan.

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Too readers living in all parts of the county interested in history:- we wish to receive any news clippings of your section. Any pamphlets or papers issued by political, social or religious organizations. These to be filed so that they may be used for future articles on the particular subject for our county or local section of the county that may best fit the events.

Bible and family records; church records; are wanted for our genealogical file. Your correspondence on any of these subjects would be welcome, for we find it almost impossible to know what occurs in all parts of the county, time does not permit. Address the Publication Committee, P.O.Box 1432, Paterson, N. J.