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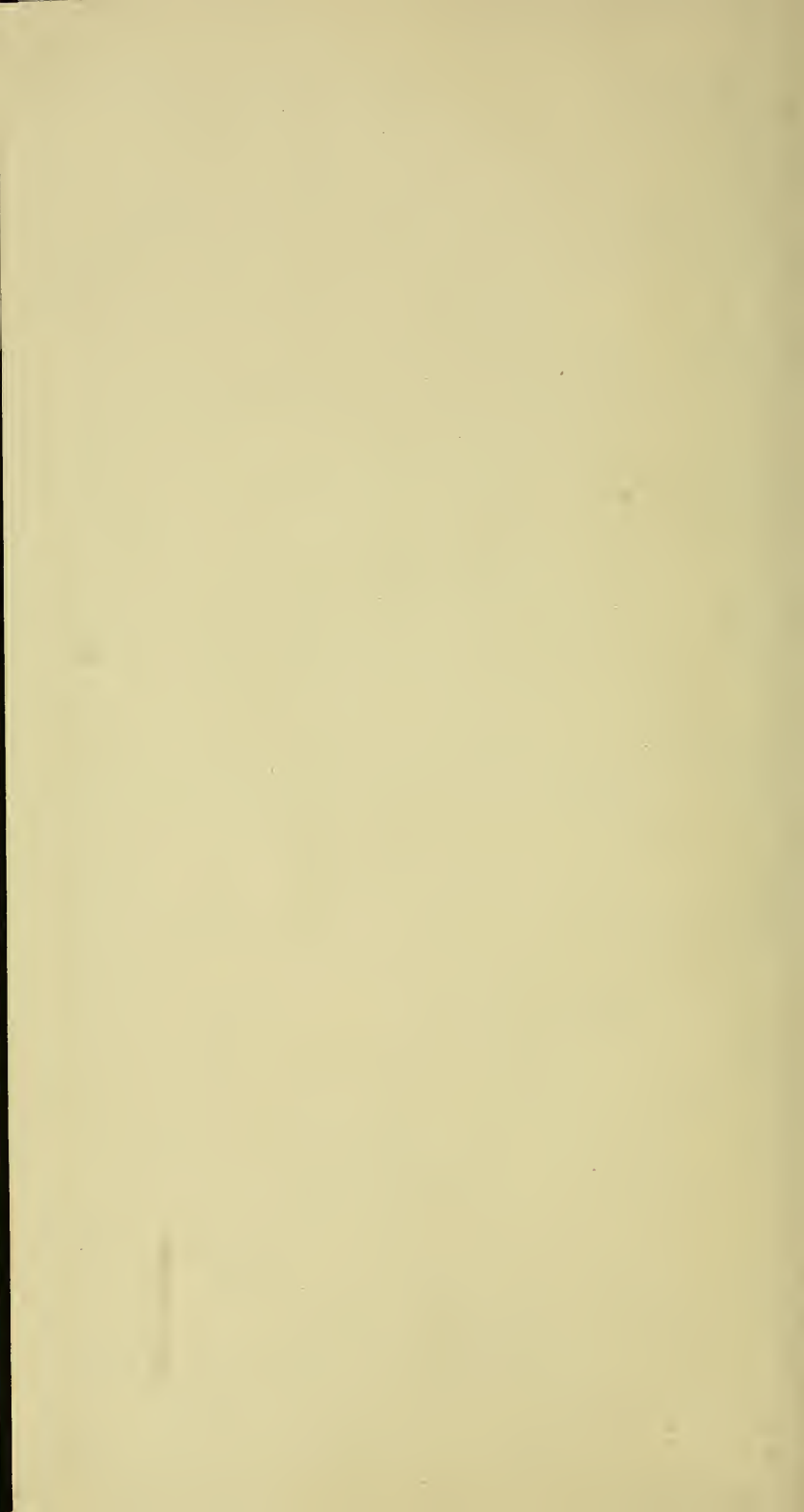
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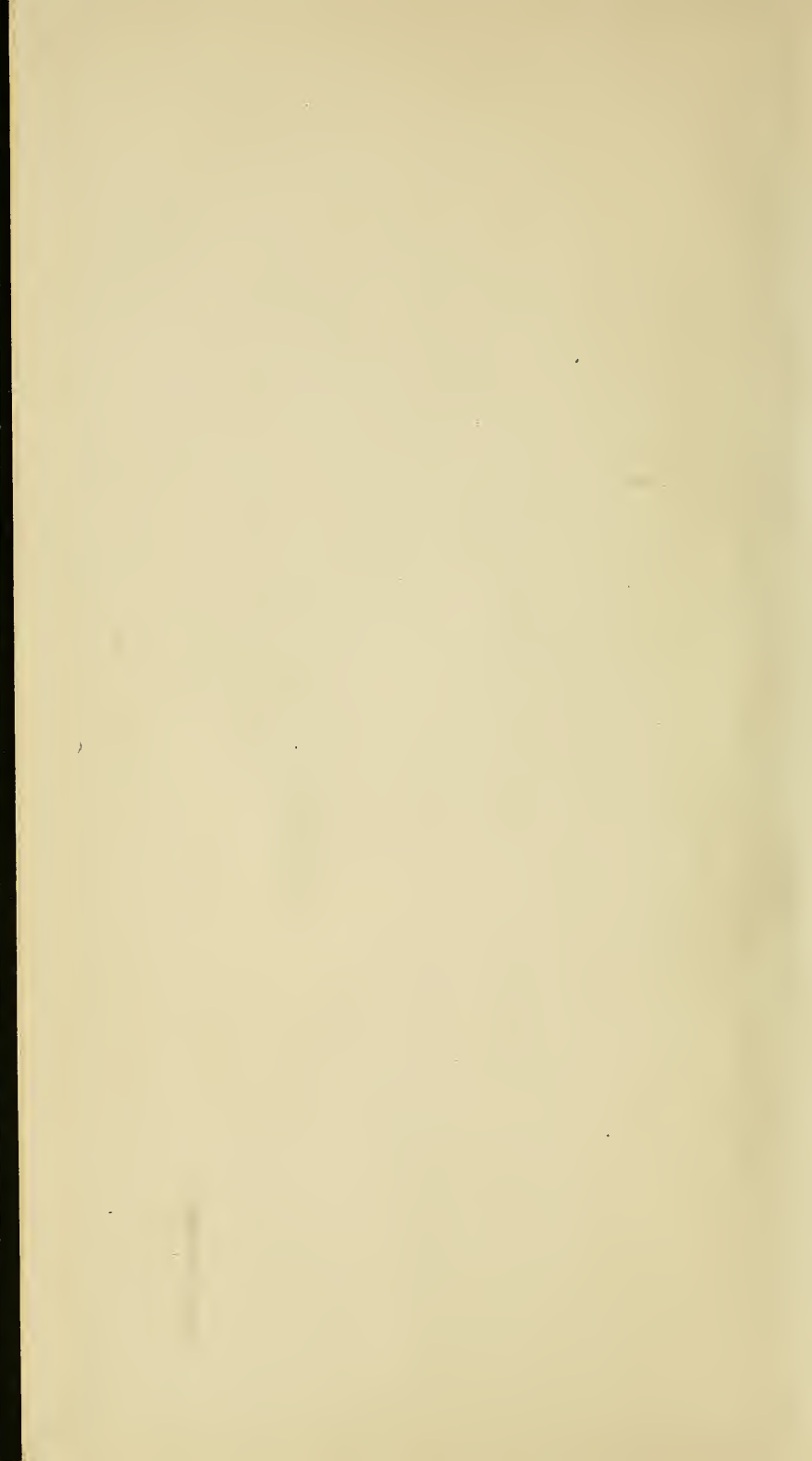
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1838









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JOHN W. GOULD'S

11
PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE FROM NEW-YORK TO RIO DE JANEIRO;

TOGETHER WITH

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

AND

HIS OCCASIONAL WRITINGS,

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labo

EDITED BY HIS BROTHERS.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

NEW-YORK :

1838.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHN W. GOULD, seventh son of the late JUDGE GOULD, of Litchfield, Connecticut, was born on Saturday, the 5th day of November, 1814. He was christened *John Gould*; but he took the initial W in 1835, while residing in New-York, to escape the inconvenience of being mistaken and addressed for other John Goulds of that city.

John's health, from childhood, was feeble; and, by reason of indisposition, he was prevented from giving ordinary attention to his duties at school. When he became old enough to understand the disadvantage of this inability to study, he determined, for the purpose of acquiring health, to undertake the labor, privations, and hardships of a farmer's boy; and with this view, at the age of fifteen, he left the ease and comforts of his father's house, and faithfully and industriously devoted two successive summers to the experiment. It partially succeeded, and he returned home somewhat benefited by the sacrifice and exertion he had made. In the early part of the year next following he became seriously impressed with the importance of religion; and in September of that year (1831), being then not quite seventeen, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ by uniting himself to the Episcopal Church in Litchfield, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Lucas.

John now became anxious to study for the ministry ; and, to select a mode of education best adapted to his precarious health, he went to the Oneida Institute, in the state of New-York, where manual labor formed a part of the scholars' regular duty. This experiment failed entirely : and, at length, discouraged by continued indisposition and repeated disappointment, he, with an energy and decision of character somewhat remarkable, resolved to attempt the trials and perils of a sea-voyage as a sailor-boy before-the-mast—that humble capacity being considered as, on the whole, best fitted to furnish a decisive remedy for his disease.

Great pains were taken by himself and his friends to select a suitable vessel, a proper voyage, and a competent and *kind* captain : and, the choice having been made, he embarked at New-York, May 22d, 1833, on board the ship *Commerce*, Capt. C. H. Christianson, bound to Canton, via Cape Horn and Valparaiso. On this voyage he was again destined to disappointment—but of a different character from what had previously befallen him. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, and the particular inquiry and investigation made as to the character and disposition of the captain—notwithstanding the captain's personal and reiterated assurances to John's friends that he should be used and dealt with as his situation required—notwithstanding, also, the fact that several of the passengers knew John's social position at home, and understood his motives in going to sea—notwithstanding all this, the captain and mates treated—and, in presence of these passengers, were *suffered* to treat—John with such personal indignity and cruelty, that, but for the encouragement and kindness of the carpenter of the ship, a hearty sailor by the name of *Rinedollar*, it is possible that he might never have returned alive. Note. We interrupt the narrative here, in order to state in the most appropriate connexion, that Capt. Christianson, on his return to New-York, was prosecuted and held to bail in the U. S. Court. While the suit was in progress, a friend of the captain remonstrated with John about pushing the matter *to extremes*, and

asked why he would not be satisfied with receiving a *very ample apology* from Christianson? John replied, "Because, sir, I wish sea-captains to learn, from the example of Christianson, that they cannot with impunity treat their people like dogs: and because I wish the poor, desolate sailor-boy, abroad and friendless on the ocean, to know from *my* example that the majesty of THE LAW will protect even his poor rights, and punish the scoundrel who tramples on them." The trial came on before the Judge of the Court (at our choice, without a jury); and although the case in a moral sense was fully made out, yet, from some technical disconnection of evidence, the Judge felt bound to award only nominal damages—one hundred dollars: from which decision, however, he himself anticipated an appeal. But as we found, on inquiry, that the captain was possessed of no property, and the various expenses of the trial had now involved him in a debt of more than *twelve hundred dollars*, we stayed further proceedings.

To return from this digression. When John arrived at Valparaiso, he determined, if possible, to quit the ship. As he had declined taking letters to merchants and others of high-standing abroad—being determined, from the commencement of his voyage, to be, for the time, *nothing but a sailor*—this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking: but, fortunately, he happened to have a line from George A. Wasson, Esq. to Robert H. O'Neal, boatswain of the U. S. ship Falmouth; and, through the intervention of that officer, he was enabled to obtain a discharge from Capt. Christianson, and also to ship as a "landsman" aboard the Falmouth. Here he was in every respect well provided for. He sailed from Valparaiso, on his return home, on the 5th October, 1833, touched at Rio de Janeiro, and arrived at New-York on the 1st February, 1834, *perfectly restored in health and spirits*.

Having now nearly attained the age of twenty, it seemed, on the whole, advisable that he should abandon his long cherished plans of study, and seek employment in some mercantile pursuit. With this view he chose New-York as his future

home. Here his health continued for some years tolerably good : but for various reasons beyond his control, his *changeable* destiny seemed to cling to him and his purposes ; and in every instance when he seemed to be well and advantageously and permanently established, some unforeseen occurrence destroyed his prospects, and compelled a change of situation. During these years he employed some of his leisure hours in composing miscellaneous sea-sketches and stories ; and the several pieces that he thus wrote and published, which all appear in the following pages, evince a remarkable talent for that kind of composition,—it being always borne in mind that he was deprived by illness of the advantages of a regular education, and that he wrote, what he did write, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two.

At length John's ill health began to return ; and in the latter part of 1837 and former part of 1838, he became so distressed with dyspepsia, that he was almost constantly under the physician's charge ; and it was found necessary that, temporarily at least, some radical change should be adopted in his occupation and mode of life. Various expedients were suggested : but his predilections for the sea were so strong, and the previous experiment had proved so eminently successful, that the sea was again decided on as his remedy.

An eligible berth (that of supercargo) was obtained accordingly, on board the barque *Ivanowna*, Captain Dyer, bound for Rio de Janeiro : in which capacity John was not only sure to escape his former ill-treatment, but to enjoy the pleasures of the voyage as a passenger ; while, at the same time, he combined with these the satisfaction and advantage of a regular and profitable vocation. He embarked, in high spirits, on the 25th June, 1838, with a moral *assurance* (in which all his friends participated) that he would return with renewed health.

It is proper here to state, that John's physician had mentioned to us, though not to John, that his lungs were somewhat affected ; but the disease was, as yet, inert ; and probably would for many years remain so, unless irritated and

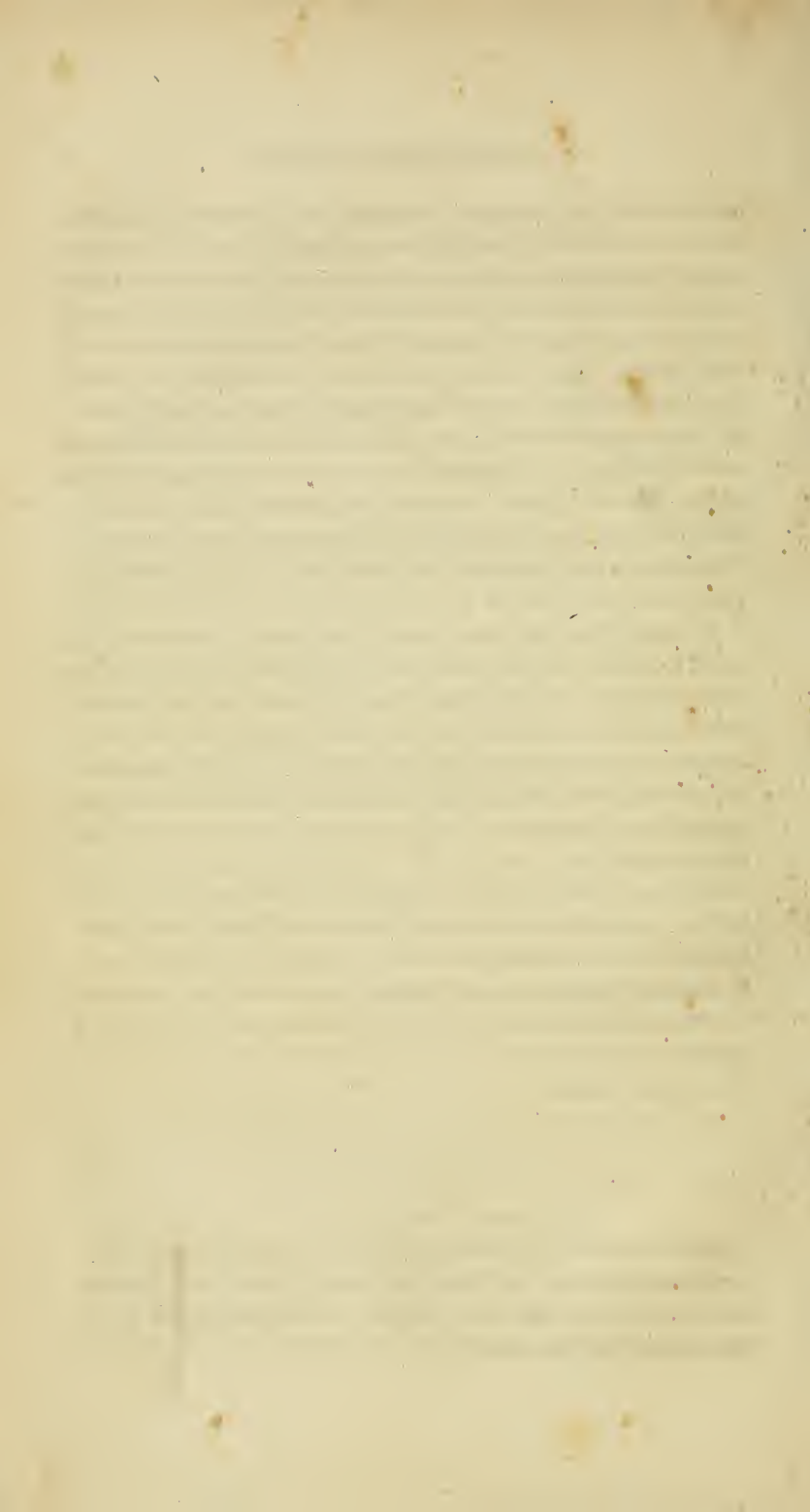
aggravated by improper treatment or exposure. So that, on the whole, as the voyage was regarded by all of us as a *specific* for his dyspepsia, the intimation of disease in the lungs did not at all shake our confidence that, with God's blessing, John would assuredly return to us in all respects improved by his journey. And we may add, that if a different result had been *imagined* by us, we should never have allowed him to go to sea without a full provision of medicine ; full directions as to their use ; and, above all, the personal attendance of some one of his relatives or friends. It pleased God, however, to disappoint our hopes ; and with broken spirits we are left to say, *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord !*

In concluding this brief sketch, we deem it incumbent on us to certify to the peculiar traits of John's character, for the introduction of which there seems to have been no appropriate place in the preceding narrative of events. He was from infancy uniformly and singularly obedient and affectionate to his parents ; his integrity was remarkable ; as were also his generosity and kindness of disposition, and his active and enterprising spirit.

The remainder of John's biography will be found in the following pages, and chiefly in his own words : and in the humble hope and confident belief that its perusal will interest, edify and instruct all who are called to mourn his loss, his diary is now placed before his surviving friends and relatives in a permanent form.

January, 1839.

Before commencing John's Journal, it is deemed best to present some extracts from letters written by him to his mother shortly before sailing ; that his own views with regard to the voyage may be preserved.



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS,

FROM JOHN TO HIS MOTHER.

* * * * * I am not competent, my dearest mother, to give you advice or consolation under your (and our) present grievous affliction : but I can and do pray to God—who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—that you may be enabled to bear it, and find that His rod, as well as His staff, comforts you. Though our dear father is taken from us, there are eight of us children remaining ; and I bless God that there are so many of us, because we all love you dearly, and *will* do all we can to lighten your affliction, that you may live long in the land to watch over us.

Dear mother, you have been every thing to me, all my life ; not only a parent, but a gentle, kind adviser and dear friend ; and while I know I can never repay you, I will endeavour all my life to show that I am not unmindful of my obligations ; and while I strive to honour you in all my ways, I will ever as now, pray God to bless you.

I have left my employers because my health, so long feeble, has now become such that active occupation is deemed unwise for the present.

I have, very unexpectedly, obtained the berth of supercargo to a barque bound to Rio de Janeiro, which vessel is to sail on

Sunday next, June 17th. I had intended to go home next week, for a few days, but we all think this opportunity is one not to be neglected : and as this is the last vessel for Rio this season, there is no time to be lost. A gentleman here, just from Rio, speaks very favourably of the cruise ; while the same God is over all, and will watch over us. * * * *

* * * * *

Sunday morning, June 17th.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I have, at last, a little leisure ; and I devote the first of it to my best and dearest employment—writing to you.

I wished much to see you all previous to sailing, but it is perfectly impossible, and we all thought that the opportunity was too good to be lost ; so go I must, but I hope you will not feel grieved at this, for we are all under the guiding hand of God. I hope that I have sought advice and assistance from the best of all sources : and, confident in His strength and support, I go *fearing and doubting nothing*.

I know that you were not willing I should go to sea before (in the *Commerce*) : but now that I go in a superior capacity (supercargo), I hope you will regard it differently. My vessel is new and staunch ; most ably commanded and manned ; and the God we serve will, I trust, hear your prayers and mine, that I may be safely restored to you in due time. The captain of the barque is most highly spoken of as a man of religious principle : while he is, also, a perfect master of his business, and a most agreeable and pleasant companion. Circumstances thus look favourable, and I think *we* need fear nothing.

I have letters from several of the first mercantile houses in New-York ; also a very *strong* and excellent one from the Hon. J. K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, to Commodore Nicholson, commanding our squadron on the coast of Brazil ; so that I shall be well cared for in Rio ; besides, there are two Protestant chapels there, so that I shall not be deprived of the

means of grace. Also, in Rio I shall have the good fortune to find several English and American physicians ; so that, if sick, I shall be well taken care of in that respect.

Through Edward's kindness—may God bless him for all he has done for me !—I am well provided with every thing I shall need for comfort and convenience ; so that, as far as we can see, every thing looks bright and promising for the expedition. I commence my voyage under auspices the most favourable ; and, with God's blessing, may reasonably hope for success.

And now, my dearest mother, I pray our God to have you in his most holy keeping, and that he will bless you and watch over you in all things ; and, whether I again see your face on earth or not, may we live forever in heaven ! Dearest mother, farewell ; and may God bless you !

Your very affectionate son,

JOHN W. GOULD.

My dear sister Julia, I would write you ; but, even on this day of rest, I have no time. God bless you, dear sister !

As the Sunday on the morning of which the foregoing letter was written, is ascertained to have been *the last day John ever attended church*, (being also just preceding his sailing,) it is interesting to know that the following were the Psalm and Hymn sung at the afternoon service of that day ; and opposite each he has written in his prayer-book, in pencil, " 17th June, 1838, Evening Prayer, Ascension,"—the church of the Ascension, in New-York, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, being the one of which he was a member. The Psalm was the 3d and the Hymn the 156th, and both being (very singularly) applicable to his situation, they are here quoted.

PSALM 3D.

THOU, gracious God, art my defence ;
On thee my hopes rely :
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

Since whensoever, in my distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill ;
Why should I now despair ?

Guarded by him, I lay me down,
My sweet repose to take ;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He, only, can defend ;
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

HYMN 156TH.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise ;

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
*Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end !*

Blessed be God, we have the *best evidence* that the prayer of this hymn, and especially of its last two lines, was most graciously, most fully answered ! John's Journal shows conclusively that God's "presence shone through his journey"—and the letters following his journal (that of *Lieut. Noland* in particular) abundantly testify that the same benign influence "crowned his journey's end."

John's Journal now follows ; and we state, in regard to it, that it was written up day by day, as it appears, and with pen and ink : yet, notwithstanding the occasional rolling and pitching of the vessel, which of course rendered it difficult to write at all ; notwithstanding, also, his extreme illness on board, which might well have rendered writing irksome, if not impossible—but one single and small blot of ink occurs throughout the whole, and but two or three words in the whole are changed or erased. The latter fact will be regarded as the most remarkable when we state, further, that the Journal is printed *exactly as it was written*, without the alteration or addition of a word : a few remarks, and a very few names, are *omitted*, but nothing is *altered* : and, that even the most experienced and polished writer of our language should be able, under such disadvantage, to compose, without premeditation or re-writing, a diary of such length, so faultless in style, so correct and elegant in expression, is *almost* incredible.

PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF

A VOYAGE TO RIO DE JANEIRO FROM NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23d., 1838.—Having been detained from Monday, the 18th inst. (at which time the bowsprit was knocked off by a blundering brig, named *Oceana*) we this morning began to think of putting the *BARQUE IWANOWNA*, *John Dyer* master, and John W. Gould supercargo, under way for *Rio de Janeiro*.

So, lying in the East River, off the foot of Old Slip, at high water, half past ten o'clock A. M., began to heave away at the anchor. It, however, stuck fast, and heaving away thereat in vain, the captain determined to send ashore for more beef. So I went ashore, and got six beefs and the morning papers; but by the time we got back to the barque, she was under way with wind at N. E., and stood down the East River.

Now came the romance of real life: for the cook's wife, having been on board for a week, wanted to go too; but this was impossible, as she was not upon the articles, and had no passport. So, in a storm of grief, her petticoats glanced over the gangway, and thus parted husband and wife.

Just, however, as I was taking a parting glance at the *Bat-*

tery, the wind died away, and we came to anchor among the shad-stakes off Bedloe's Island, to wit, at half past eleven A. M.

At a quarter before one o'clock, meridian, got under way again, with wind at E. and stood down the bay; but, it hauling to S. E. we again came to anchor at half past two P. M. a mile below Quarantine. Then captain, pilot and I went ashore at Quarantine, rambled about and smoked cigars. At six P. M. saw J—— S—— and A—— S—— just from town, with nephews and neices, for fresh air. Gave J—— a cigar. Grew cold, went aboard, ate supper with a great appetite, and bunked on the transom. Couldn't sleep in my berth, because of the "animals."

SUNDAY, JUNE 24th.—Still at anchor at Quarantine. Wind S. E. and rain. Went ashore with Capt. Dyer, and up to town per ferry: saw Bob just arrived from the South and West; went down at evening, in all the rain, to Quarantine.

MONDAY, JUNE 25th.—Cleared off in the night, so at three A. M. with wind at West we weighed, and stood down the bay. At seven o'clock A. M. the pilot left us to the Northward of the Black Buoy, much to my surprise and disappointment, as I had time to write only four lines to Bob. Passed the Hook at half past eight, and at half past nine fell calm, with here and there a puff. Fired off and cleaned pistols, and while so doing felt most deadly sea-sick. Put them up quicker. Took some lime-water, and felt better. Took old wrapper and lay down on lee quarter-deck, and had a fine nap. Rose and felt better: and, as Fanny dear, says, "wrote Journal."

Boxed about off the Hook in fine style until one P. M., when a breeze sprung up from W. S. W., which increased to a sneezer, and with fore and main top-mast and top-gallant studding-sails, we put off S. E. by E. course. No particular appetite for supper, though not regularly sea-sick. Only felt a little disagreeably.

At evening grew squally and rainy, so I bunked on cabin lockers, and heard the dash of the rain, and the thunder and

lightning, and the creaking of the ship, and the tramp of feet, and the quick, loud orders of the captain, without fearing the ship would fall overboard, and hugging myself with the consciousness that all that was none of my business. Let the old boat burn : I'm a passenger.

So, as aforesaid, I lay at my ease and listened, and thought about home and the family, and repeated poetry, and sung psalms, and finally went to sleep carelessly. Awoke at 12 P. M. Went on deck. Rain was over ; sky was clear ; and around lay old Ocean in majesty ; no land in sight. Seemed like old times, so having moralized and ruralized, went below and turned in. Couldn't sleep for the "animals," so I rose, put on trowsers, stockings, and shoes, and with a lump of camphor for bouquet at my nose, went to sleep.

Lat. 40° 27' N., Long. 74° W.*

TUESDAY, JUNE 26th.—Hang all nautical time : my log goes on civil time. Rose at half past seven, washed, brushed and combed, and felt better. Fair weather, dead calm, and the bark rolled like the mischiefs.

Breakfast set me right, and a cigar finished the business ; and having admired my unshaven face and flowing locks in my cracked mirror, I "wrote Journal." Didn't "work on night-cap," though, à la Fanny. Then I "*loafed*" on the quarter-deck, and learned the song "O'er the green sea." Bravo : *pas encore*.

Admired the blue sea, but felt queerly about the appearance of the Battery. Wonder if I am home-sick? cut off my whiskers if I thought so. Don't see the steam-ship *Great Western* yet, though we have kept a bright look-out for her.

After dinner broke out, and overhauled trunk and box. Got out the doctor's mixture, and took a pull. Very agreeable. Set the doctor at work in my berth, hunting "animals." He made slaying work of some of the biggest ones. At supper, our cat and our boy made their appearance, recovered from sea-sick-

* These observations of latitude and longitude are made at noon on each day.

ness. I smoked a cigar ; chatted with the skipper ; thought how Broadway would look by this moon ; sung songs ; grew sentimental ; thought about the girls ; and then bunked on the cabin transom, "afear'd of toads" if I entered the berth.

By the by, at two P. M. smart breeze sprung up from the West, and we have headed our course ever since at five or six knots.

Lat. $39^{\circ} 57'$ N. Long. $71^{\circ} 56'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27th.—Turned out at 7 o'clock. Performed my toilet greatly to my satisfaction. Breakfasted and smoked, ditto—ditto.—Fair weather ; bright sun, and wind at North ; on larboard tack, standing S. E. by E. course.

At ten A. M. fell nearly calm. At twelve a brig, which had been boxing about ahead of us all the morning, drifted near us, on the larboard beam, and hove to. He then chalked his longitude on his larboard quarter, thus $72^{\circ} 00'$, while we, in return, chalked ours 70° ; thus showing quite a difference : whereupon he rubbed out his 72 , and braced up : and now, three P. M., is under our stern, busy in reading our name. We have our boat on deck, or I would board him and send home a letter ; but so it is, and no "tisser."

NOTE. The letter here referred to was written, and no other opportunity occurring to send it, it was brought to the U. S. in the brig Tweed to Baltimore, and by mail to New-York ; the following is a copy :—

"27 June, Wednesday noon : Barque Iwanowna.

"DEAR BOB.—Brig ahead appears inclined speak us : if yea, shall send this letter by her. We have had charming weather since we sailed, and I flourish charmingly ; though we have had calms about half the time, which a'n't agreeable. As touching Lat. and Lon., I neither know nor care. Believe, however, lat. is 37° , lon. 69° . My love to all the family : Mother and Julia in especial. If the Pilot had not left us much too soon, I should have written you quite a letter by him. Old

Ocean looks well, and like old times. Every thing is very comfortable aboard, and goes on well.

"Your brother-in-sea,*

"JOHN W. G."

It is still dead calm (eight P. M.), and the sea is as smooth and tranquil as possible; but "the gathering clouds around I view," and looks like a breeze from the North'ard and East'ard.

Saw this afternoon several Portuguese men-of-war and some other small fry. But, oh! the sea, in silent grandeur, lies outspread in majesty before me, and I now have leisure to contemplate his beauties, and lay my hand on his —— tail! Got out sundry books and other "small stores" this P. M., and am now luxuriating in an old coat.

Wonder what "the folks" are doing, about now? However, I am here, and shall turn in on the transom again, for fear of those "animals." So, good night, dear girls. Though I can't see you, I shall dream about you.

Lat. 39° 12' N. Lon. 70° W.

All ashore that a'n't going!

THURSDAY, JUNE 28th.—(Ten A. M.) Turned out this A. M., at seven bells, half past seven o'clock, having had a glorious snooze, in which I dreamed of sundry women bright and fair: singular, that such critters should so fill up my innocent mind.

Fine, stiff breeze, though not quite fair, we have; it being S. S. E., and we head of course, close hauled, due East. The breeze, however, is hauling to the Westward, and will be fair before night. The air is cool, but delightful, while the sky is clouded, and so—

"O'er the blue sea

Our gallant barque glides merrily."

Have begun this morning to pull away at the French,

* This expression, jocosely used, proved prophetic: for before this letter reached its destination, poor John was too truly "*in the sea*," never to emerge until the trump of God calls him forth!

though I cannot yet decide whether to take Le Brethon's book, or go on with Manesca. Shall soon make up my mind what course to steer, and then stand by for squalls.

Broke out also sundry books, and have made a beginning in my Russia-bound friend, Townsend.* No place so fitting for the perusal of the word of God, as upon this noblest of his works, the sea. *For he alone spreads out the heavens and rules the raging of the sea, and has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end*; and, therefore, whether I again see my native land or not, may the language of my heart ever be, *Praise the Lord, oh my soul; and forget not all his benefits.*

Four P. M. Our wind has hauled more to the Westward, and is now fair. It is also increasing rapidly, and *we* shall have a gale; never mind, have seen such cattle before.

Lat. 39° 3' N. Long. 69° 17' W. Belay all!

SATURDAY, JUNE 30th.—Yesterday was a regular ban-yan day; for, with a fresh top-gallant breeze, we had a sea which would have done honor to double-reefed topsails. However, we were in the Gulf-Stream, and some allowance must be made for that. So I was considerably sea-sick, and could not eat, and could not get New-York and Litchfield out of my head, and was altogether very miserable. To-day, I feel somewhat better; and the terrible, dry, church-yard cough,† which has torn me to pieces all this week, having ceased entirely, I am better; though the unceasing agony in which I am night and day from those same bed-bugs' (beg pardon) bites, which cover me from top to toe, is enough to call for all the patience of Job. Upon my honor, I have suffered more this week from these two things alone, than I have from every cause in four years: and shall begin soon to protest.

To-day, the breeze has somewhat diminished, and the sea

* A Chronological Bible, edited by George Townsend.

† This is John's first reference to his cough, and the first intimation that his friends are aware of, of his *having* a serious cough.

also ; but the ship rolls so much that I cannot write with any comfort ; nor is remaining below very comfortable ; and if this is a sample of the next six weeks, why, I wish I was in New-York again, it being three P. M.

However, I'll take a pull at friend Townsend, and presume I shall feel better.

Lat. $37^{\circ} 20'$ N. Long. $62^{\circ} 10'$ W.

SUNDAY, JULY 1st.—Three P. M. So, then, this is the Sabbath ; it brings me no rest, however, for my *bites* kept me awake all night, save here and there a nap of fifteen minutes, covering hideous dreams ; from which I waked to find myself scratching away at those things which, like the horse leech, said continually, *give !*

I haven't got a Walker and Johnson at hand, but believe I now understand what the word *agony* means. Lucky for me I never swear ; for I should, in that case, have astonished the Devil and all his angels.*

Can it be that this situation, which we all looked upon as a good one, is to be the scene of such torments all the way to Rio ? If so, God be merciful to me a sinner ! For the idea of recovering health, in circumstances which would *kill* an Arab, is amusing.

Look at my little den, called, in mockery, a state-room. It is a state-room for fleas, bed-bugs, (pardon my plainness of speech,) and a most abominable stench. It was just so in

* There are two reasons for allowing this remark to be published:

1. It is best, as far as at all proper, to present John's Journal *exactly as he wrote it*. This plan will, of course, in some instances, develop his characteristic hastiness of expression : but the Journal, as a record of *himself*, will not be the less valuable on that account ; and it is certain that no *friend* can read the whole, and at all appreciate John's singularly trying and desolate situation, without making the just and proper allowance for what, in another person differently situated, would at least be extravagant. But, 2. This particular remark is deemed not only admissible, but *valuable* ; because it shows the impatience with which he *tasted* the cup of bitterness (afterwards drained to the very dregs)—while the mercy of God and the power of Grace are, by the force of contrast, more triumphantly illustrated than they otherwise could be, in the subsequent record of his child-like submission to his Father's will.

New-York; but I was told it would be clean and sweet as soon as we got to sea; and, like a fool, I believed it.

And is it in that space, "cabined, cribbed, confined," with no room to turn over without hitting the deck over-head with knees or back; with many multitudes for bed fellows; and with body and limbs scored with bites of every kind, which give me no rest day or night; amid most villainous perfumes,—is it there that my fifteen descents, six feet education, and gray hairs must sleep? Well, it might have been worse!

Well, at any rate, I brewed some great punch last night for "sweethearts and wives" according to usage; and as it was hot and strong, and I sat on one side of the cabin, and Capt. Dyer on the other, in a fine draught, smoking, I really forgot my miseries, and for a time felt happy. However, I paid for it as soon as I turned in. N. B. Gave the-man-at-the-wheel a real stiff one.

This morning being clear and warm, though dead calm, (which still remains,) I had a fine scrubbing match; but after long argument concluded that, as I had not shaved for a week, I would not for another. The way I appear is a caution: however, there are no ladies here to be shocked.

Took two of the Doctor's pills, No. 2, this morning, and now feel better; and now am about to try salt and vinegar for my bites.

Lat. $36^{\circ} 49'$ N. Long. $60^{\circ} 25'$ W.

MONDAY, JULY 2nd.—N. B. Last night I slept all night undisturbed by bites, for the salt and vinegar cured them almost entirely.

To day is mild and pleasantly cloudy, but the wind is dead ahead, to wit: E. S. E. So that, after standing N. E. by E. till we were tired, we tacked this morning; and are now, $3\frac{1}{2}$ P. M., standing South by West.

Found myself very weak to-day; suppose 'twas because I had omitted the brandy for a couple of days; so I took some whiskey with dinner, because, for some reason, brandy has become nauseous to my taste. But the whiskey made me fe-

verish and parched, and made my head ache ; so I swallowed some of the Doctor's mixture and some soda-water, and lay down to sleep. This did no good, so I "rose up to play," and scampered up the main-rigging, and felt much better therefor ; whereupon, I wrote "Journal."

Was looking just now at our two young pigs, snoozing in a *horizontal* barrel, forward of the long-boat.

"Last v'yage," quoth Capt. Dyer, "I had three pigs. When they got so large that one barrel wouldn't hold them, I killed one ; when the two grew so that they were too big for the barrel, I killed another ; and when the last one lay head and shoulders out of the barrel, why, I killed him. There was the end of my three pigs, and I shall serve these fellows in the same way."

Alas ! poor pigs ! Haul in your snouts, and bite off you tails ; otherwise you'll soon get too big for the barrel, and then, my eyes ! how your throats will suffer.

Lat. 38° N. Long. 59° 26' W.

TUESDAY, JULY 3d.—Cool weather and head wind to-day ; but it makes very little difference, for I have been miserable all day.

Was kept awake great part of last night with my dry cough, which seems as if it would tear my lungs out, and have suffered from it all day. Was so weak at dinner-time, that I could scarcely move ; so I took a very little brandy, say one third of a wine-glass. This threw me into a high fever, with head-ache, and parched skin, and increased my cough greatly.

I am entirely at a loss what to do, but shall dismiss stimulants of all kinds, tea and coffee, miserable as they are here, and drink water, and try to keep soul and body together until I reach Rio — for there I can get advice.

It seems hard that I should have been sent away from *home* to suffer so, alone and comfortless at sea ; but I do not intend to murmur, and will put my trust in God.

This cough of mine, Doctor, is very painful to the chest, and

causes pain, also, lower down, and is accompanied with some expectoration of "lamb's wool."

Lat. $38^{\circ} 5' N$. Lon. $58^{\circ} 56' W$.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.—To-day is mild, cloudy, and pleasant; a fresh breeze, smooth sea, and we head our course.

In health I feel much to-day as yesterday; that is, I feel very weak, somewhat feverish, and my cough continues, especially when I lie down. However, I have some hopes from my new regimen.

The captain and mates treat me with great kindness, and have slung a cot for me in the cabin, which, as the cabin is small, is much in their way; but in reply to my apologies they say it's no kind of matter.

Lat. $37^{\circ} 40' N$. Lon. $57^{\circ} 28' W$.

THURSDAY, JULY 5th.

Lat. $37^{\circ} 18' N$. Lon. $54^{\circ} 36' W$.

FRIDAY, JULY 6th.—Was too unwell to write log yesterday, having been kept awake a large portion of the night before with my cough. I also felt most severely that awful pain in the heart of which I have made mention to the Doctor, and the possibility of its return made me fear coming to sea, because I could get here no advice.

Last night, however, I slept better, having found that by lying on my *right* side, I escaped the cough almost entirely.

To day I feel exceedingly weak and heavy. My state-room was scrubbed out yesterday, and the berth lowered, and to-night I take possession. Hope to escape, thereby, the cold, which makes me cough.

Lat. $36^{\circ} 34' N$. Lon. $52^{\circ} 04' W$.

SATURDAY, JULY 7th.—To-day I feel a little better than yesterday, though I am exceedingly troubled with acid, and have nothing but charcoal to check it. Three bottles of the Doctor's mixture fermented, one burst, and the rest were spoiled: while the one bottle which was good I have used up: and the apothecary in New-York, instead of putting up for me two quart-bottles of lime-water, as my order said,

put up one pint-bottle only, and that's all gone. I don't know what I shall do when my charcoal is used up.

We have had for three days past delightful weather, and a smacking, fair breeze, and are off on our course S. E. by S. at nine knots.

Found my state-room quite fair last night, and slept tolerably: and if I can succeed in my hourly endeavour of laying myself, cares and all, in the hands of God, the voyage, with all its trials, will prove a great blessing to me.

Lat. $35^{\circ} 09'$ N. Lon. $49^{\circ} 18'$ W.

SUNDAY, JULY 8th.—Another of the days of the Son of Man, but constant suffering gives me little opportunity to enjoy it. I had a most miserable night, last night; was awakened often by my tearing cough, and also by my bites: was insufferably hot and exceedingly cold at the different times at which I waked, and when asleep, dreamed most horribly. Oh! that God would grant me in my sleep forgetfulness!

I am still very weak to-day, my stomach is very acid; and when the little charcoal I have, is gone, I shall have no means to look to, and cannot expect God to work a miracle.* How happy a lump of unslacked lime, as big as my fist, would make me! But there is none on board, and no shells to make any of.

The breakfast-table this morning, having all the breakfast upon it, being imperfectly lashed, capsized with a tremendous crash, breaking almost every thing, and making fine lobscouse of all sorts of eatables; but I'm not in the vein.

The weather is delightful, the breeze fair and fresh, and we log nine and ten often. Made 200 miles by log in the last twenty-four hours.

Have distributed some tracts to-day, and read in my Bible much to my comfort. What should I do without it? I am also reading every day the "Visitation of the sick," and try to

* That John should have been so poorly provided with suitable medicine is equally sad and surprising; and nothing can account for it but the fact that we all looked on the voyage as a *specific in itself*, superseding the necessity of *all* medicine.

feel that my present affliction is direct from God. And may God sanctify all his dealings to me, that I may become more humble and meek ; I know that I deserve far more than this.

Lat. 33° 26' N. Lon. 46° W.

MONDAY, JULY 9th.—A change has come o'er the spirit of my dream, for which thanks be to God. An old-fashioned medicine from the ship's chest, yesterday P. M., did what the doctor's preparations failed in.

I slept soundly and sweetly, and *without a dream*, all night ; and to-day, save weakness and some cough, I feel *well*. *Praise the Lord, oh my soul !*

Prehaps I have not been lying for the last three hours (now five P. M.) on an old sail on the lee quarter-deck, with a beautiful draught out of the mainsail right in my face and open bosom ; and there, half asleep and half awake, dreaming away about my dear, dear mother and Julia, and all friends in the United States. Oh, it was delicious ! It was something like going to sea *passenger, idler, loafer*, what you please.

The day is fine, the breeze fresh and fair ; and though the sun is somewhat hot, that does not trouble *a passenger*, while the breeze tempers down the whole.

In short, now that I feel *well*, I enjoy every thing and feel comfortable : though the breeze is so fresh, and the sea so high, that the barks roll and pitches *beautiful*, and so mars my penmanship.

By the bye, speaking of fresh breezes, some years since Capt. ———, of the ship ——— of and for Boston, came out of Liverpool with a nor'east gale, drunk ; and drunk he remained all the way to Boston ; carried whole top-sails, scudding, when the main with four reefs would have been sail enough. Mates and passengers besought him to shorten sail, but 'twas no use. One day, on the Grand Banks, he came on deck after dinner—

"Fresh, Mr. So and So," quoth he to the mate ; "rig out fore and main-topmast stunsails."

"Can't set them in this gale, Sir," said the mate.

"Very good, Sir ; d—n the odds !" quoth the Captain, " give her the booms, Sir ; rig out the booms, Sir."

The booms were rigged out, and the ship reached Boston in fourteen days.

Then there was the Jacob Jones, Benson master, out of Boston, in the late war, privateering. Ship of 700 tons : eighteen guns : and ninety-five men. Went into the Indian Ocean, took two rich prizes, and fought with an East India Company's ship for four hours, off Cape of Good Hope. Orders were sent out to Canton in advance, and pilots, with the J. J's signal, had been cruising off Macao for two months before her arrival. From them Capt. B. learned there were two English frigates in Macao roads ; one of which came down every night, and, having cruised about, returned in the morning.

The pilots having informed him that the frigates usually came out the East side of the Island, he went up at night on the West, and, in the narrow channel, met the frigate, courses hauled up and decks lighted : whereupon he put about quicker, and the frigate gave chase. But at nine o'clock, being very dark, he (Benson) tacked and stood in, unperceived by the chaser, passed the other frigate in the roads, and came to anchor below Whampoa, where, with the English watching him, he lay six months.

Having accoutred himself in Chinese dress, cue, etc., Benson sounded all the waters of Macao, and found one place where he could get out with a foot water to spare, where no channel was known. So, one dark night, he slipped out, and reached Boston in safety.

And then to hear our second dickey (an old man) talk about the Nor'west coast, and the first ditto (not old) about the custom-house regulations in Russia !

Lots of Portuguese men-of-war* I've seen for some days past, and the bright moonlight at night sets me to singing, and thinking about the folks in the U. S. Shall be glad to get back again in due time, and kiss the dear little snakes.

* Sailors' name for a small sailing fish.

Lat. $31^{\circ} 53'$ N. Lon. $42^{\circ} 49'$ W.

TUESDAY, JULY 10th.—I continue to get rid of all my troubles, save my cough, and am getting strong rapidly, and feel now at home.

This is a fine, delightful day ; fair wind, though light, and every thing looks bright and pleasant. Moreover, I gave the cook to-day some brown-stout to make yeast of ; for his *soft* tack, thus far, has been rather ponderous. If I could but recollect some of my cooking, it would come into play ; however there's those receipts mother sent me when I was at 254 (Broadway) which, if any will suit this meridian, will bind on.

N. B. Our *boy* is picking over potatoes on deck : *remembers* me of the ship Commerce.

Lat. $30^{\circ} 59'$ N. Lon. $40^{\circ} 52'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11th.—Very warm, clear sky, and half a fair wind ; i. e. dead calm. What have you got to say about it ?

Am getting along well, save my awful cough. Don't know what to make of it.

Have mended my leather trunk, too : but it's too hot : so be-lay.

Lat. $30^{\circ} 59'$ N. Lon. $39^{\circ} 46'$ W.

THURSDAY, JULY 12th.—This P. M. we have a slight breeze, which sprung up about eleven A. M., until which time 'twas dead calm. Nothing, however, of moment has happened, except that I have overhauled my hair-trunk, and taken out all my unfiled letters to read and file. Melancholy satisfaction to read 'em over ! Boy, bring me a towel to wipe my eyes. Also, the cook has made soft-tack with my porter yeast, quite respectably, and makes some more this P. M.

The fleas *bit* me all up last night ; and as my cough and shortness of breath become more and more severe, I don't know what to do : and, what makes me feel *desolate*, is the fact that I must wait *six weeks* before I can get medical advice. Who would not sell a farm and go to sea ?

Lat. $30^{\circ} 53'$ N. Lon. $39^{\circ} 30'$ W.

FRIDAY, JULY 13th.—Fair weather; cloudy; not too warm, and fair breeze, and we head our course S. E. by S. at very good speed.

In health, I don't feel well. Had a coughing-match last night, which ended in a nose-bleeding: so I've knocked off brandy and coffee to-day; and therefore feel weak, etc.

Was hailed just now (four P. M.) by an English sloop-of-war, told them where from and where bound, etc. and did not take the trouble to ask her anything.* Her crowded poop, officers and several ladies, looked like old times. However, let her go; my head aches.

Lat. $29^{\circ} 39'$ N. Lon. $38^{\circ} 57'$ W.

SATURDAY, JULY 14th.—Fine, clear day, with occasional clouds to keep off the sun. Wind moderate from E., and we head our course, S. S. E. very comfortably. Nothing of moment has occurred, and we jog quietly along towards the Equator.

In health, I feel better. Think the omission of the brandy has diminished the cough, though it has also brought on the acid again. However, we'll see.

Lat. $28^{\circ} 14'$ N. Lon. $37^{\circ} 29'$ W.

SUNDAY, JULY 15th.—Fair, mild, shady, delightful weather, and with a fair breeze we are ploughing our way S. S. E., expecting soon to cross the Northern tropic.

To-day has been quiet and still; and going over the service for the day, I have endeavored to fancy myself in one of the earthly temples of our God.

No one can appreciate, save through experience, the amount of this deprivation of religious privilege; and I renewedly declare how prompt I will be to avail myself of those privileges, if God, in great mercy, will restore them to me.

If I could hear that old Brick-Church bell *now*, I believe it would set me crazy.

* Here was an opportunity to get both medicine and medical advice: but Jehn does not seem to have thought of it.

May God bless my dear mother, too. I hope she is better; And may *all* my friends be blessed, and may I return to them in peace *soon* !

Lat. $26^{\circ} 37'$ N. Lon. 36° W.

MONDAY, JULY 16th.—Fair, mild, “shady,” weather; and the wind, save occasional calms, has been the N. E. Trade. Now, two P. M., a squall of rain has come on, and the breeze, of course, freshens, and we plough along finely.

In health, I feel *not* very well. The cough continues, and to-day the acid has become so severe that I took a table-spoonful of brandy at dinner, since which I feel better.

Our potatoes are all gone, and our cook is a blockhead; and our provisions having been selected, and laid in with true *down-east* economy, we begin to suffer in the way of eatables. However, it's no matter.

Lat. $25^{\circ} 29'$ N. Lon. $35^{\circ} 22'$ W.

TUESDAY, JULY 17th.—Pleasant weather, but baffling winds, or calms in agreeable profusion, whereat the rest fret; and I take it easy, as I usually do.

Feel like a white man to-day, having *shaved*: the first time in a fortnight, and the second since leaving New-York.—There's laziness for you. My cough continues,—pain in the heart also: but the brandy (which aggravates the two former) has driven away the acid. So, there I have my choice.

A barque passed to windward (E.) of us this morning, and another is now in sight to windward.

Lat. $24^{\circ} 40'$ N. Lon. $35^{\circ} 11'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18th.—Clear, shady, mild weather, and a smacking breeze from East; so we head S. S. E., and are rolling and pitching towards the Line in fine style, as witness my penmanship.

N. B. Have worn woollen clothes entirely ever since we sailed, and even here a thin dress would be cool.

Had a terrible fit of acid last night; have become more strict in diet in consequence, and have knocked off cigars for

the experiment. My cough is terrible, and the pain in the heart also. Don't know which way to turn.

Lat. $23^{\circ} 5' N.$ Lon. $34^{\circ} 25' W.$

THURSDAY, JULY 19th.—Chilly; sky overcast; gloomy weather; and a fresh breeze, and a rough sea; and so we pitch and roll. We are now under the sun.

In health I am badly off. Cough continues, and I am trying a touch of the starving system; so I am quite weak. The acid does not trouble me to-day; can't write—so, belay.

Lat. $20^{\circ} 54' N.$ Lon. $33^{\circ} 20' W.$

FRIDAY, JULY 20th.—Weather same as yesterday. Health, etc. somewhat worse.

Lat. $19^{\circ} 25' N.$ Lon. $32^{\circ} 19' W.*$

SATURDAY, JULY 21st.—Weather pleasanter than yesterday, and the wind fairer, and we head our course, S. E.

In health, I feel somewhat better, as now, giving up all laziness and weakness, I walk decks nearly all day. It is hard, but will do me good. Cough continues: pain in the heart, ditto.

N. B. Killed pig yesterday, and had (mock) turtle soup with the aid of my brandy, and sea-pie for dinner, to-day. Can't write for the swell.

Lat. $18^{\circ} N.$ Lon. $31^{\circ} 11' W.$

SUNDAY, JULY 22d.—Another of the days our Lord calls his own; but, except being more quiet than other days, it is little sanctified in over seven-fathom water.

However, I have endeavored to be in the spirit on the Lord's Day, though I cannot be in his house, and hope I have to some extent succeeded. I think I never felt my own littleness, and the necessity of entire dependence on God, so thoroughly as now; and if I now learn to trust all to Him, and *remember* it in more prosperous days (should I see them), this voyage will be time well spent.

* These words terminate page 22 of John's Journal, after which he has not numbered the pages.

Had a bad night, last. Slept little ; coughed that dry, tearing cough, much ; and that awful pain in the heart once or twice made the current of life stand still.

The weather is delightfully cool, the wind fair, the sea rough ; and the sea at night blazes : (phosphorescent.)

Lat. $16^{\circ} 30'$ N. Lon. $29^{\circ} 15'$ W.

MONDAY, JULY 23d.—Clear, comfortable weather ; fair breeze, and we head S. S. E. The weather here is remarkable for the Tropics, being actually chilly at night and morning ; while in the day it is cool and comfortable.

Had fine lots of coughing last night ; and it keeps on to-day, being very troublesome : pain in the heart is missing to-day ; but the acid has driven me to brandy. Since I came to sea, brandy tastes horribly to me, and I put off its use as long as possible.

Sea is rough, and the barky rolls "just so."

Lat. $15^{\circ} 6'$ N. Lon. $27^{\circ} 47'$ W.

TUESDAY, JULY 24th.—Delightful weather, and a glorious breeze from N. N. E., and we, with all weather studding-sails, head S. E. ; but my cough and the pain in my heart are both terrible. So, belay.

Lat. $13^{\circ} 36'$ N. Lon. $26^{\circ} 10'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25th.—Weather pleasant, though somewhat warm ; yet far from hot. Wind this P. M. has hauled ahead again, and we head S. by W. Did six hours of delightful sleeping last night, and to-day feel much better ; the pain in the heart and the cough having nearly ceased for the day, though at night they will reign lord of the ascendant. Weather is *very* mild for the latitude, though the clear sun is pretty hot ; but we have clouds and a breeze from Africa to make it easy.

The wind, blowing so constantly from the Eastward, has covered our rigging and sails with the yellow sand of the Great Desert ! Think of that—SAHARA !

Lat. $12^{\circ} 13'$ N. Lon. 25° W.

THURSDAY, JULY 26th.—Dead calm—that's *flat*, upon ho-

nor. However, the sea is no *flat* ; but has a *cross* swell, which tosses *we* about in every direction. The friendly clouds keep off the most of the sun, but when he does get a pull at us, it is like the blaze of the tropics, *hot* : and yet not hotter than in New-York before we sailed.

N. B. Tell Alexander Twining that the shooting of the stars was seen, in great splendour, off Cape Horn, Nov. 14th, 1836, on board ship *Swan* ; and at Havana, Nov. 14th, 1833.

Turned in last night at 12, for I find it is of no avail to do so earlier, and slept gloriously till six, this A. M., and dreamed of home and dear mother.

The cough is not so bad to-day, but the heart is very painful. Acid not much ; though the beef here is so perfectly intolerable, gristle and shanks, that I can't eat it, and the seamen growl famously. I don't understand that kind of economy, but these sunrise down-easters make money that way.

Lat. $11^{\circ} 27'$ N. Lon. $24^{\circ} 33'$ W.*

FRIDAY, JULY 27th.—Calm all the morning, and *warm* : so I mounted a pair of nankins ; found great comfort therefrom. At noon a breeze sprung up from the Westward, and we head our course at S. E. Clouds keep us much in the shade, or the heat would be oppressive. Have had several fine showers this P. M., and the air feels fresh.

Have been trying Madeira for a few days, but found it did not suit ; so to-day I tried a little gin. This was all sour, and cascaded every thing. The cough is easy : the heart *uneasy*, very.

* On the first blank leaf of the book in which John's Journal is written, is the following note in pencil :

"Private Journal from New-York towards Rio ; which, should I *not* be spared to return home, I wish handed to my dear mother, and sister Julia. If they wish, they can peruse it.

At Sea, July 26th, 1838. }
 Lat. $11^{\circ} 27'$ N. }
 Lon. $24^{\circ} 33'$ W. }

JOHN W. GOULD."

Lat. $11^{\circ} 04'$ N. Lon. $23^{\circ} 58'$ W.

SATURDAY, JULY 28th.—Save an occasional cat's-paw, this day has been dead calm : and, save an occasional cloud, oh ! how hot ! This A. M., at ten o'clock, two of the crew caught a shark, eight feet long, in a bow-line. I saw the feat, and certainly John Shark looks beautifully in the water. However, he was caught and hauled aboard, his liver taken out, the "tail-steaks" and the end of the nose cut off, and the rest was thrown overboard.

This P. M. we were boarded by a boat from the ship Asia, Coles master, 28 days from Boston for Canton ; she having been lying becalmed all day about three miles off. They thought we might be from Cape de Verd Islands, and wished to get vegetables, but we were out long ago ; so Capt. Coles' lady will be disappointed. I asked if he had any lime or shells on board, but he had none ; so, after a civil chat, he withdrew.

My cough to-day is quite severe ; the pain in the heart constant, and also very severe ; insomuch that I took ten drops of laudanum this A. M. with no effect ; while the acid is overwhelming, and charcoal seems to do *no* good.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense."

Lat. $10^{\circ} 44'$ N. Lon. $23^{\circ} 16'$ W.

SUNDAY, JULY 29th.—Again the day returns, but where are the privileges of the gospel ?

Fine breeze last night : light ones to-day. Rained all night and most of to-day : very like the Line.

Pain in the heart, to-day, terrible : took fifteen drops of laudanum this morning. Did some good, and shut up the cough altogether.

Lat. $10^{\circ} 1'$ N. Lon. 22° W.

MONDAY, JULY 30th.—Fair, shady, pleasant weather ; fine breeze, though not quite fair, being from S. W. However, it is better than a calm, and we head S. S. E., and get along with the dusty travelling.

As to health ; the laudanum, five drops at nine this A. M.,

five at four P. M., and eighteen last night at nine, seems to have nearly quelled the cough, and mollified the pain in the heart greatly. The acid is in abeyance.

Nothing has occurred to-day, save that I have shaved myself, and feel better.

Lat. $9^{\circ} 15'$ N. Lon. $21^{\circ} 22'$ W.

TUESDAY, JULY 31st.—Fine, *cool*! shady, pleasant weather; but this S. W. trade-wind is not what we want, and with a strong Easterly current, lee-way, variation of the compass, &c. we are drifting bodily on to the coast of Africa; Senegambia being only four degrees further East than we.

Laudanum last night at eight, fifteen drops, and at nine this A. M. ten drops, keeps down the cough and eases the pain in the heart, save one spasm on rising this morning, in which I thought I should *die*. God have mercy upon me, and let me see *Home* before I die!

Lat. $8^{\circ} 7'$ N. Lon. $19^{\circ} 50'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st.—Fine, mild, shady weather; but this S. W. trade is inconvenient; and, it having hauled to S. S. W. at two this P. M., we tacked ship, and are now standing W. on the larboard tack.

Laudanum last night, fifteen drops, and ten drops this A. M. at nine, keeps down the cough, and eases the heart, so that I can just live, but that is all; for any exertion, even talking, starts the cough, and I have to puff ten minutes to prevent it, and occasional spasms in the heart double me up. Good Lord, deliver me!

Lat. $7^{\circ} 26'$ N. Lon. $18^{\circ} 20'$ W.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2d.—Fine weather, rather warm, but shady. This S. W. wind bothers us. Tacked at four this A. M., and stood S. and E.; and at noon were within two or three miles of where we were yesterday; so that's *slow*.

Laudanum last night at nine, twenty drops, and this A. M. at nine, ten drops, has kept me, save occasional spasms, comfortable.

Am supplied with charcoal from the galley, which, being pounded in a rag, keeps down the acid wonderfully.

Tacked to Westward this P. M. at four.

Lat. $7^{\circ} 28'$ N. Lon. $18^{\circ} 20'$ W.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3d.—Five years ago, Saturday, 3d August, 1833, I saw and doubled Cape Horn, in the ship Commerce.

Fine weather, shady and comfortable; and we are heading from W. by N. to W. S. W. on our variable S. W. trade; but, with variation and current, we find this leg much better than the other.

Laudanum at nine last evening, twenty drops, and this A. M. at ten, five drops, keeps me pretty comfortable, though I *feel* the laudanum in other ways, feverishness, drowsiness, etc. not pleasant.

Oh! for Rio! and then oh! for Home!—for I made a great mistake in coming to sea, and yet it seemed marked out by Providence.

Lat. $6^{\circ} 53'$ N. Lon. $19^{\circ} 34'$ W.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th.—Fine, shady, though rather hot. The nights are cool, however, and “that’s a blessing.” Our variable S. S. W. trade continues, and we head as yesterday, at about five knots.

Laudanum last night at nine, fifteen drops, and none to-day, has kept me so-so. I am trying to dispense with it in the day-time, but we shall see. I am very weak, and can scarcely crawl upon deck and down again, and have very little appetite. My only hope, now, is in the mercy of God, or I shall never see Rio.

Lat. $6^{\circ} 12'$ N. Lon. $21^{\circ} 1'$ W.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5th.—The holy Sabbath again, but these Sabbaths have made me think of those at home, and then I feel very sad. Will God ever restore me to those privileges again? I feel so sick and weak to-day, that I have no mental energy; and my mind wanders every where, and I cannot

control it. Home—home—is always in my thoughts ; but alas ! I am far away, and sickness has laid its hand upon me heavily. I try to put all my trust in God, and to leave my cares and troubles at His feet ; but the Devil is very busy with me.

Laudanum, last night, fifteen drops, this A. M. at ten, seven drops, has not been enough to keep me quiet. I have coughed that single dry hack more or less all day, while the pain in the heart, thus provoked, is very severe at times.

I am very weak, often very dizzy, have very little appetite, and am so *thin* that every one on board observes it. I cannot live so, long ; and, as the winds are contrary and our progress slow, I must begin seriously to prepare for death.

Oh, God ! must it be so ? here at sea ? far away from home and MOTHER ? *Thy will be done !*

Lat. 5° 51' N. Lon. 20° 31' W.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th.—Fine, comfortable weather, and quite cool at night ; while all to-day the sky has been overcast, and every thing looks dark, and my soul is dark, and my heart is heavy, and my spirits begin to fail, and the wind and current, and every thing is against us, and we go slow enough. Would to God I were now in Litchfield ! Last year I complained of being obliged to stay there,* surrounded with comforts ; and this Spring refused to go there again,† and now God has punished my ingratitude by making me suffer pain, weakness, and (in some respects) want, far away at sea. I *never will complain* of *any* situation in the United States again, if God will only spare my life that I may return thither.

Have been reading Doddridge's chapter (in "Rise and Progress,") addressed to those under affliction ; it has comforted me much.

Laudanum, last night twenty drops, has not kept me quiet. I ate some Bonito (fish, caught alongside) last night at tea, and it made me sick, and I cascaded all my supper and about a

* Because out of employment.

† His objection was, that going there seemed to be a *substitute* for going to sea, on which he was bent.

gallon of acid. I have coughed all day, and feel weak, and sore, and bad.

Lat. $5^{\circ} 6' N.$ Lon. $19^{\circ} 12' W.$

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7th.—Fine, cool, pleasant, shady weather, and (but) head wind. Tacked at four this A. M., and are now heading from W. to W. S. W.

Breeze very fresh, sea quite rough; ship rolls famously. Five sail (one ship—the Asia—two brigs and two schooners) in sight this morning, all beating, as we are, to the Southward. Misery loves company.

Laudanum last night twenty drops: slept deliciously: dreamed of home and mother.

Have coughed all day; and after dinner (at which I ate nothing—no appetite) “threw my bread upon the waters” à la Niagara. Terrible fit of acid, and yet I take a peck of charcoal per diem.

Lat. $4^{\circ} 21' N.$ Lon. $18^{\circ} 45' W.$

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8th.—

Lat. $3^{\circ} 30' N.$ Lon. $20^{\circ} W.$

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th.—Was too sick yesterday to write log. Cascaded all my breakfast about ten A. M., and also every medicine I took to keep things easy. Was very sick and weak all day. Ate a biscuit soaked in *unsweetened* tea for supper, and the same in coffee, sans sugar, with a small bit of lean ham this A. M. for breakfast.

I am convinced that the acid of my stomach is caused by some other disease. I am very weak, and so *thin*, really my cheek-bones almost pierce the skin.

Have coughed all day, which tears me to pieces. Head wind and light; we don't go at all. Laudanum twenty drops last night, as usual.

Lat. $3^{\circ} 8' N.$ Lon. $21^{\circ} 11' W.$

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10th.—Went on allowance of water—one gallon per man per diem, day before yesterday, and *such* water! It has been eighteen months in the hold, having been “reserve stock,” which they never happened to want, and was

not changed in port because it would have cost about six dollars ! Oh, this down-east economy ! And here, too, we are all alike. Equality is the order of the day ; and, from captain to cook, all have the same.

The water is opaque with *mud*, and has a perfume which knocks me down.

I began again yesterday the use of brandy as a tonic, in very small doses.

But these are past and passing. Now, this morning, thanks be to God, the wind hauled aft, and we have headed all day S. W. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Now that's nearly a fair wind, so clap your hands. The weather to-day is delightful, and the sea is smooth, and all so *pretty*.

Am continuing the brandy and laudanum. Had another acid fit, cast up, etc. before dinner. Have begun upon baked biscuit and weak brandy and water : think that can't sour. Oh, for home ! Just at this time (three o'clock P. M.) next year, if I am there, drink a tumbler of water from N. W. corner of *that well*, and then bless God for his mercy.

Lat. $2^{\circ} 44'$ N. Lon. $22^{\circ} 45'$ W.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th.—Fine, pleasant weather, cool and comfortable ; wind, first half of the day, fair : last half, not so much so. But, 'cos of a Westerly current, we get South slowly, and Rio seems as distant as Jerusalem. Smooth sea and fine sailing.

Laudanum last night twenty drops, did not have its usual effect. I have continued to-day the baked biscuit and brandy, with charcoal, and up to this time (four P. M.) have felt no acid. But I have coughed all day, and it tears me to pieces, and I feel very weak still. Took two doses of salts on account of brandy.

Read five or six chapters in Doddridge (" Rise and Progress"), and feel refreshed and restored thereby.

Lat. $1^{\circ} 58'$ N. Lon. $24^{\circ} 18'$ W.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12th.—Fine, delightful weather, cool and pleasant ; and a fine, *fair* breeze, for we head S. W. by S.

which, with the variation, is a S. S. W. course, due. The breeze is fresh and the sea well and handsomely "ruffled;" so that this is just the beau-ideal of sailing, if a body only had health to enjoy it.

However, the change of wind has raised my spirits, and I begin to *hope* once more. N. B. Thermometer on deck at this time (three P. M.) in the shade and wind, stands at 80°; yet it is fairly cool to the feelings, because of the perfect *draught*, which is nowhere so perfect as at sea. However, we are now "within one" of the Line.

Touching health. I found, two days ago, that the brandy and laudanum together were getting "very expensive;" so yesterday I took, at intervals, two doses of Epsom salts. So, I am sick and weak to-day. Some liquorice paste, which Capt. D. gave me to ease my cough, has turned sour regularly within ten minutes of swallowing, and *come up* again. Economical that, very. Have been trying for two days past to make lime out of beef-bones; but, for some reason, we fail. While the charcoal from the galley, which the boy pounds for me, is seldom clean, and tastes horribly. I diet upon coffee without sugar and baked biscuit soaked therein, with a small bit of lean fried ham for breakfast, with a quarter wine-glass of brandy afterwards. For dinner, cold water, and baked biscuit soaked, and brandy, ditto, afterwards; and ditto, ditto, for tea; for their Bohea, without sugar, is too much. How different this from the nice, fresh bread and butter my dear mother makes, and that noble water, too! Oh God! bring me there again in thine own good time!

My cough continues, and grows somewhat worse, as does the pain in the heart; for these retchings and stretchings make every thing sore.

The cough is that single, consumptive, dry hack, but which seems to increase with the increase of acid. Don't quite understand it for that reason.*

* In a pencil note referring to this remark, and dated the next day, August

I have had rest and quietness to-day, and some pleasant moments in, as I humbly hope, communion with God. But the great interruption to religious thought and prayer is the thought of *Home*, which rushes into the mind of the poor, weak, sick man far away at sea, like a thunderbolt, driving all thought of religion and prayer from the lips, unless it be to pray that God would restore me to the green pastures and still waters of my native land, soon and well.

Oh! those who live at home at ease don't know how desolate and forsaken I feel; for I am sick, and the medicines I have are not the right ones, and (save the liquids) are not good. And all this I suffer because I took advice. The doctor told me Sup. Carb Soda and Lime-Water were no use:* and yet, with either, I would be very comfortable.

Lat. $0^{\circ} 42'$ N. Lon. $25^{\circ} 44'$ W.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13th.—Fine, delightful, cool weather: the breeze we had yesterday has freshened very much; and, being still sharp-braced, we roll and pitch famously—hence my penmanship.

We crossed the Equator (by computation) at twelve o'clock midnight, last night, or this morning, which you please.

Laudanum last night, twenty-five drops, didn't keep the cough still—I believe nothing will. Brandy and charcoal (diet as before) keep back acid; and I am now waiting for Rio and for God.

How I live! How I sleep! I, that was a perfect old bachelor in the regularity of my toilet, now have to turn out at seven bells, and *dress* first (horrors!) go on deck, and wash and brush in the wind and sun. Stop, my tears!

Lat. $0^{\circ} 56'$ S. Lon. $26^{\circ} 57'$ W.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14th.—Fine, pleasant weather; cool and comfortable; rough sea, and we head, close hauled, from

13th, John says—"Begin to doubt whether this cough has any thing to do with the acid. Is it not consumptive entirely?"

* Of no use in reference to a cure, is what was meant.

S. W. to S. by W. and roll and plunge much—still, we go *ahead*.

Saw, last night, bright lights to leeward ; whalers trying out oil : very picturesque.

The pain in the heart became so severe yesterday, that I dropped brandy, and took at bed-time thirty drops of laudanum. This kept the pain and cough more down, though the former troubled me much on rising.

Lying down aggravates it, as it did in my dear father's case : for this is the same disease he had. I know it as well as any body.*

Have been thinking to-day what a fool I am. I believe I am really given over to work folly.

Now, the doctor at first evidently wanted me to try land exercise through the summer, when alone it is possible ; and then, if that failed, to go to sea in the winter. This was reason and wisdom.

But I, headlong as ever, knowing better than any body else, was bent and determined to go to sea.† And it must be done immediately, on the shirt-tearing principle. There was no place like Rio ; no salt water like that between Rio and New-York ; and this was the *last* vessel (N. B. *It is the very last*) ; and there was no time for chat, and the doctor was hurried, and Edward, my dear, good brother Edward, he was hurried, and I was hurried, and half ready, with a disease in the heart which might be fatal at any moment, and with, besides, another disease, either liver complaint or consumption, from which the doctor had expressed his opinion the acid sprung, and with no medicine for either of the first three above-named diseases, and a few alkalies, I came a sixty day voyage “for to cure”—what?—“*sour stomach!*”

Now, either I am a perfect *fool*, or else (and I pray it may

* John was mistaken in this opinion, of course.

† He had once been *perfectly cured* of what we all supposed to be the same complaint by going to sea, and there was nothing strange or unreasonable in his now preferring to repeat the experiment.

prove so) the whole has been ordained of God for wise reasons, for His glory and my own best good. At that, then, dearest mother, I'll leave it. I know I have your prayers, and that *is* consolation.

Lat. $2^{\circ} 46'$ S. Long. $27^{\circ} 10'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15th.—Clear, fine weather, cool and comfortable ; wind, same as yesterday, save less : course the same, sea smoother, and I shaved this A. M.

Find my burnt biscuit very costive : have taken three wines of salts to-day. Have stopped coffee, and find heart and cough much easier ; thirty drops of laudanum last night ; coughed all night ; had an awful time. Wheat-gruel for dinner to-day, all lumps, half cooked. Had my boots blacked, to “go ashore” in.

Lat. $4^{\circ} 9'$ S. Lon. $27^{\circ} 54'$ W.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16th.—Fine, pleasant weather, cool and comfortable ; wind fair, as usual, only too light, and the sea quite smooth. Think it grows somewhat warmer as we near the coast, parallel to which we are now sailing, at a distance of about four hundred miles.

Getting every thing ready for Rio, where we hope to be, with God's blessing, in ten days at the farthest. Hope our troubles and delays are now over, for we shall make a long passage of it, any how.

I find the wheat water-porridge, salted, nutmeg'd and “the least bit” sweetened, very good ; and I eat it solely, save a piece of lean ham at breakfast. Took, last night, thirty drops of laudanum, and though the heart was at first quiet, I coughed for an hour, expectorating much—as I do now whenever I cough. This tore me to pieces, but I slept comfortably the rest of the night. Can't bear lying down. I take my “home-made” charcoal, three teaspoonsful before *each* meal, and one midway between each two, except the evening dose, which is at eight o'clock ; and *yet*, in my coughing fits I expectorate acid. I fear the coal does no good—and fear to leave it off. Never mind, we'll trust in God's mercy *yet*.

Lat. $5^{\circ} 32'$ S. Long. $28^{\circ} 46'$ W.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th.—Fine, pleasant, shady weather, though rather warmer than it has been. The wind is, as usual, variable: but, by being close-hauled, we make good course, heading from S. W. to S. by W.

Laudanum last night, thirty drops, which kept the heart quiet, and having had a severe coughing and expectorating fit before I turned in, was very quiet after. Porridge and ham, as usual. Feel much better than I did five days ago, though still very weak, and all inside very *sore*.

Lat. $6^{\circ} 58'$ S. Lon. $29^{\circ} 38'$ W:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th.—Weather same as yesterday, save a little warmer; though the nights are really cold. The wind is also the same; very good what there is of it, and we trot along *towards* Rio.

Had my coughing fit last night before turning in. Took thirty drops laudanum, but was disturbed by the cough several times. Miserable night of it. However, feel tolerably to-day. Diet as usual, and I use a little liquorice 'cos the benefit is greater than the evil.

Oh, that I could fix my thoughts more on God!—but home is ever uppermost. Is it wrong to think of home—abroad—sick—weak?

Lat. $8^{\circ} 34'$ S. Long. $30^{\circ} 35'$ W.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th.—Weather, same as yesterday. Wind, S. E. trade, and fresh, and the sea is very rough, and our "deep" barkly rolls and pitches so I can hardly keep my seat. N. B. What d'ye think of my *dropping laudanum*, in such a swell, by a dim lamp?

Laudanum, thirty drops last night: the heart was quiet, and the cough, (having had its previous frolic, which has become regular!) behaved pretty well.

I have not much enjoyed the day, for I am very weak, and for the above cause feel feverish, and sick, and my head aches, and all trains of religious thought are broken in upon by the

thoughts of mother, Julia, and home. God bless them, and all the rest on this holy day!

Lat. $10^{\circ} 38'$ S. Lon. $31^{\circ} 39'$ W.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20th.—Wind very fresh: weather, sea, &c. the same as yesterday.

Laudanum, twenty-five drops last night, did very well. Cough moderate. Night, "all standing," comfortable.

Have marked a dozen shirt collars J. W. G. with indelible ink. Feel some better to-day, though weak. Diet as usual.

Lat. $12^{\circ} 38'$ S. Lon. $32^{\circ} 12'$ W.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21st.—Weather cool, and warm again, wind light, and we don't head our course, and the sea *rolls*.

Laudanum last night, twenty-five drops. Heart was easy; cough was *uneasy* last night; and to-day—oh, it tears my life out: the heart seems drawn up into a bunch with every cough, and then expands with a *snap*.

I pray God we may soon get to Rio, for the clock of my life seems worn out, and just ticks along through His sustaining mercy. I am tired—weak—sick—and almost desponding.

Lat. $14^{\circ} 10'$ S. Lon. $33^{\circ} 8'$ W.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22d.—Weather to-day very chilly, with S. E. wind, no wonder. Put on my *only* pair of drawers, (how *could* I come to sea without flannel-shirts and drawers? and yet I did so; and, among *secondary* causes, what may I not attribute to this want?) and felt more comfortable. The ship heads her course, and "*goes it*" merrily.

Laudanum and diet as usual. Feel much more weak on account of a little salts. Have to use them each alternate day. So I feel weak, sick, and sad; and think about home and mother. Hope to be in Rio in four or five days.

Lat. $15^{\circ} 21'$ S. Lon. $33^{\circ} 47'$ W. Course, S. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

Rio lies in Lat. $22^{\circ} 52'$ S. Lon. $43^{\circ} 18'$ W.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23d.—Weather, wind, sea, etc., same as yesterday. Laudanum and diet as usual. Heart to-day very painful; something appears to be running *down on it*, if

I may say so. Cough very quiet, which is a great mercy. Stomach easy, but I feel *very* weak. Have been trying to lay my cares at the foot of the Cross.

Capt. Dyer has been very kind to me all the passage, and should I not live to return, I hope this fact will be remembered.

Lat. $17^{\circ} 20'$ S. Lon. $35^{\circ} 9'$ W.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24th.—Weather, warmer than yesterday. Breeze fairer, though lighter; sea smoother.

Laudanum and diet as usual, save a cup of coffee at breakfast to strengthen me a little, which did harm instead of good. Feel very weak and somewhat feverish. Heart, uneasy all day; new and strange sensations: drawing, expanding, and a running from it, as of some liquid. Pain in chest and left arm also, severe. Cough more quiet, which I desire to be thankful for.

Oh, how much *more* do I deserve than God has put upon me!

Lat. $19^{\circ} 17'$ S. Lon. $36^{\circ} 5'$ W.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th.—Weather mild; wind N., moderate; sea smooth, sky clear, and all that.

Laudanum and diet as usual. Cast up a small account just now, half past two P. M.; but that's becoming a regular thing.

This day I have *salted*: accordingly I feel weak and miserable. When shall I get home?

Lat. $20^{\circ} 18'$ S. Lon. $37^{\circ} 3'$ W.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26th.—Every thing as usual.

Had a "*coup de soleil*," (stroke of the sun,) this noon, which has prostrated me.

Oh, God, have mercy upon me!

Lat. $21^{\circ} 56'$ S. Lon. $38^{\circ} 33'$ W.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27th.—Weather, wind, etc. as usual.

As to health, I have three regular vomiting bouts a day, and how *can* I be well?—If we don't arrive at Rio soon, I *shall*!

These bouts are at 10½ A. M., at 3 P. M., and 7½ P. M. Oh, God ! my punishment, just as it is, bears hard upon me.

Oh, for that shady hill, South of our house, and a roll upon that grass ! Shall I ever see it again ?

Lat. 22° 39' S. Lon. 40° 13' W.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28th.—Wind, variable ; weather, pretty warm ; we have doubled Cape Frio, and are now standing N. W. for Sugar Loaf. But, though sailing parallel to the Cape Frio shore, we cannot see it, (but can hear the surf break very plainly) on account of the thick haze.

Laudanum, diet, cascading as usual ; which latter almost tears me to pieces : accordingly, I am very weak. I have, however, packed two trunks, cleaned go-ashore clothes, and done a world of work ; and am now debating about shaving.

By Lat. made Cape Frio at 7 A. M.

Sixty-four days from New-York !

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY JOHN W. GOULD

AFTER HIS ARRIVAL.

Rio, August 29th, 1838. Wednesday, P. M.

Pr. Louisiana.

DEAR EDWARD,

I have just time to say that we arrived here this afternoon, after sixty-five days' passage.

My health is, I think, no better ;* but I have no time to specify. I will write more at large by a ship which sails on Sunday.

I am received here with much kindness by every body, and am now at the counting-house of Mr. Brown, to whom I had a letter.

Give my love to dear mother and Julia ; your wife, and all the family.

Your aff't. brother.

(Signature omitted.)

Rio de Janeiro, 1st Sept. 1838.

DEAR EDWARD,

I came to sea for health, I believe ; and for the last six weeks at sea (of a *nine* weeks' passage) I suffered more pain and agony than in all my life besides. A constant cough, which for that time ceased not day or night, roused the disease in the heart, and the spasms were terrible and the

* As, at the time this letter was received, we knew nothing of John's fate or his Journal, this expression *to us* was a mere comparison between the time of his *sailing* and *arriving*.

pain constant: for six weeks and no medicine! The cough was caught and refreshed nightly, because the draught down the companion-way blew right into my berth. I tried curtains; they were suffocating. For all this, I had no medicine. Three bottles of the Doctor's mixture burst, the first week out; and for the last five or six weeks, all the alkali I had was the charcoal of the galley pounded by the cabin-boy in a rag; and consequently, my stomach was floating acid all the time. For the last fourteen or twenty days, soon or immediately after each meal, I would vomit half of it right up, and all this time was so weak, that I went on all-fours up and down the companion-way. On account of the cough and pain in my heart, I have been able for two months to lie only on my right side.

This is a rough sketch; I do not consider it accidental, but the just punishment for my sins, inflicted by my God and my Father; and I endeavor to kiss the rod, and hope the affliction will be blest to me.

On landing here, I was received with great kindness; was shown to Johnson's Hotel, the best in Rio, where I have fine accommodations; and a landlord and lady and waiters, who are all attention.

I have consulted Dr. Coates, the best physician here, and he has prescribed for me, and I think I feel some benefit already. He says my diseases are complicated, but not serious; and he hopes to have me ready for sea in a month.

Don't think I shall go home in the Iwanowna. I have offers of advances of cash to any amount, if I wish; so you need not send me any: and I shall come crawling along home some of these days.

Give my love to all the family: dear Mother in especial. My eyes, affected by my disease, are very weak. Shall write again soon.

Your brother,

Truly and affectionately,

JOHN W. GOULD.

The next communication from John, was a letter of advice of a draft on E. S. G. for one hundred and fifty dollars : written in the customary business form, in a strange (i. e. a third person's) hand, dated Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 13th, 1838, and *signed*, merely, by John.

On that day he embarked (as appears by subsequent communications) on board the Brig Tweed, Capt. Robinson, in company with (as fellow-passengers) Isaac Mayo, Esq., Com. U. S. Navy, Wm. Henry Noland, Esq., Lieut. U. S. Navy, and Clement W. Bennet, Midshipman U. S. Navy.

The Brig sailed on the day following, viz : Sept. 14th, 1838.

John's Journal is now resumed and *finished*, as follows :

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1838.—I embarked on board the Brig Tweed, Capt. Robinson, on the 13th, and we left Rio the next morning, and now I am *bound home*, to my beloved mother's and sister's embraces. But oh, my mother, I fear I shall never see HOME again. Perhaps this may be the last I shall ever write. I have every comfort on board this vessel, and Capt. R. is so kind to me ! and Lieut. Noland of the Navy, who is a passenger, is very kind indeed. I am quite weak : my cough is terrible ; and the pain in the heart at times severe.

SEPTEMBER 24th.—Farewell dear mother, and sisters, and brothers. My end is approaching ; I can scarcely write. My head is dizzy. Bring me a light, George :* let me seal this. Oh, if God would only spare me to get home, I would always bless his name.

(Signed)

JOHN W. GOULD.

* The Steward.

The leaf on which this was written, was doubled and sealed; and on the other side, was directed, "Mrs. Sally McC. Gould, Litchfield, Conn."

On the 28th of September, John was informed by the passengers (which it is manifest he *already knew*) that he could not long survive. He then indited the following, from the tencour of which it is obvious that his mind was fast failing:—

"The American Brig Tweed, of Baltimore—at sea, Rowland Robinson, master. Latitude, by observation, 12° 18' South. Longitude, by chronometer, 33° 20' West. SEPT. 28th, 1838.

In the name of God, amen !

I, John W. Gould, born Nov. 5th, 1814, Litchfield, Connecticut, do ordain and make this my last will and testament, thereby revoking all others.

Item 1st.—I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved sister in the Lord, Julia Gould, the sum of five thousand dollars, on deposit in the Merchants' Bank, New-York, or in such other banks as I may have funds.

Item 2nd.—I give and bequeath to the American Bible Society, Tract Society, and Foreign Mission Society, each, the sum of fifty dollars.

Item 3rd.—To Sally McCurdy Gould, my beloved mother, I give and bequeath a nation's blessing, and my best love and affection.*

Item 4th.—To Edward S. Gould and Roger M. Sherman, I give in trust to them any or all amounts that I may have inherited, recently, up to my demise."

* This sentence from John, dying, and partially unconscious what he was saying, is very affecting.

"When the above was noted down, Mr. G. became exhausted, and said he would finish it when he recovered a little ; but he rapidly grew worse ; and there was no connexion of words from that time, though he frequently called for his mother ; and 'tis my belief, as well as that of the undersigned gentlemen, that the property to be left in trust to Messrs. E. S. Gould and Roger M. Sherman was for the benefit of his mother.

(Signed) I. MAYO, Commander, U. S. Navy.
WM. HENRY NOLAND, Lieut. Do.
CLEMENT W. BENNET, Mid. Do.
R. ROBINSON, Master, Brig Tweed."

As John was an entire stranger to these gentlemen previously to their meeting on board the Tweed, or at Rio de Janeiro, they could not, of course, know that the sum of money specified in the Will was not possessed by him—and they were not therefore aware, it would seem, that the whole of that document was indited while his mind was unsettled and his senses wandering.

Perhaps it is needless to say, that to each of these gentlemen (excepting midshipman Bennet, whose residence we are unable to ascertain) we have addressed letters expressive of our thanks and our gratitude. And, in doing so, we found—as all who read this will readily see—the total inadequacy of language to convey our feelings ; the total inadequacy of *any thing* to repay our obligation.

The letters and remarks that now follow comprise all that can be added to John's brief memoirs.

" American Brig Tweed, at sea :

Lat. 4° 41' S. Lon. 35° 50' W.

OCTOBER 1st, 1838.

DEAR MADAM,

Your son, John W. Gould, embarked in the Tweed at Rio, on the 13th Sept. : the next day she sailed for the United States. He was then very feeble ; and at the time he came on board, his recovery was despaired of by Dr. Coates, the most eminent physician at Rio.

Mr. Gould gradually sunk till Sept. 28th, when it became evident that he could not survive many days. His fellow-passengers thought it proper that he should be made acquainted with his situation, when he dictated the enclosed document, (the *Will*, on page 50.)

He said he was "a member of the Episcopal Church, and, he hoped, a good one." He kept his bible and prayer-book in his berth with him, and frequently read them. He received every attention and kindness from all in the cabin.

He continued to sink till October 1st, when he expired at eight o'clock A. M. respected and regretted by all on board.

The weather being extremely hot, his body was committed to the deep—and our American flag half-masted—at one P. M. of the same day. I read the Episcopal (sea-burial) service.

It will afford me much pleasure to answer any inquiries directed to me at my residence, *Gresham, near Annapolis, Maryland.*

I am, dear Madam, with sincere respect,

Your obedient servant,

I. MAYO,

Commander U. S. Navy,

To Mrs. S. M. C. Gould.

Washington (City), Dec. 2d, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your very kind letter when on the eve of departure from my sister's residence in Va. for this place, and hasten to answer it.

You say that your late brother made mention, in his Journal, of my kindness to him. I can only say that I was not as attentive as I could have wished, for my own very indifferent health rendered me at times indolent and careless.

While your brother was in Rio, he staid at Mr. Johnson's hotel, and there he had every kindness and attention shown him that could have been rendered to an invalid. The Gardners were constantly with him, and many of our officers called to see him.

Our Commodore* was also very kind to him, and it was through him that I first learned that he was to be a passenger home in the Brig Tweed. The Commodore had a cot made for him, and sent his barge, with Passed Midshipman Hunter, to bring him and his baggage on board.

I learned daily of his health through my friends, the Hunters; and Mr. Hunter told me, previous to my seeing your brother, that Dr. Coates, his physician, had given it as his opinion that your brother could not possibly live to reach home, as his lungs were entirely gone: but I was agreeably surprised to find him looking so much better than I had been led to suppose; and his chance of reaching home was, I thought, at least equal to my own.

We left Rio on the morning of the 14th of September, when your dear brother and myself were first made acquainted; an acquaintance which I enjoyed as much as any I had ever made previously: and would to God, it could have continued! His amiable temper and kind manners rendered him dear to all in the vessel; and I really believe that there was not an individual on board who would not willingly have sacrificed all he had for your brother's recovery.

* Commodore J. B. Nicolson, U. S. Navy.

For a few days previous to his death, he became at times very delirious ; and he died under the belief that his mother was dead, and near him. In his intervals of reason he would say to me, " Oh, Noland ! I cannot live long : but I hope God will spare me to reach home, that I may die in my dear mother's arms." He talked incessantly of his dear mother, and of each of his family, calling them by name ; and the words " dear Edward,"—" dear Julia,"—were constantly on his lips ; and you may have the consolation of knowing that he died happy, for I believe he was a true Christian. He would frequently get me to read to him portions of Scripture, and he was often in prayer ; and he seemed to take great delight in trying to sing from his prayer-book (which was constantly at his side) even when his voice became too weak to be heard.

I attended to laying him out after death, and we had him buried with the honors of war.

The steward was a most faithful, kind and efficient nurse : indeed, I never witnessed anything like it before ; for, after attending to his day's duty, he would sit and watch by your brother all night, and could not be persuaded to take any rest.

I have endeavored, my dear Sir, to give you a faithful recital of all that transpired previous to your brother's demise : but, could I see you, other things would probably occur to my mind that I in vain endeavor to summon up at this time ; and should I again be permitted to visit your city, I will with pleasure avail myself of your very polite invitation to visit you.

In the mean time accept, dear Sir, my kind regards for yourself and family, and believe me to be,

Very respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. NOLAND.

To Edward S. Gould, Esq. N. Y.

Since the foregoing letter from Lieut. Noland was received, the *Iwanowna* has returned to New-York. Captain Dyer informs us that John was not in any instance known to have raised or expectorated blood. He fully corroborates all that has been said about the very great attention and kindness that John received at Rio: Commodore Nicolson, in particular, and many other gentlemen there, of wealth and distinction, visited him daily. John walked out two or three times; but, by the advice of Dr. Coates, took very little exercise: he therefore confined himself principally to the Hotel where he lodged; but was about the house most of the time, and appeared to be in good spirits, and gradually improving in health. Capt. Dyer accompanied him to the Brig when he embarked; and as they came alongside, John, without assistance, seized the ladder-ropes, and mounted over the rail as if he were well. He little thought that when he *next* crossed that rail he would be swathed in his winding-sheet! for his manner was so free, and his whole deportment so cheerful, that Capt. D. says it was evident, so far as sickness was concerned, John had *no doubt* about reaching home. Of course, Dr. Coates, with the best intentions, but with, nevertheless, mistaken kindness, deceived him entirely as to his actual situation. It was, however, perfectly natural for the Doctor to pursue that course: he could know little of John's character, and probably supposed that *the truth* would have a prejudicial effect even on his health, bad as it was. This misapprehension of the true state of the case, on John's part, is plainly the reason of our having nothing *from him* relative to his short residence at Rio; and nothing further from him in regard to his last wishes and feelings, than is found in the few sad lines written on the 20th and 24th of September. Had he been earlier aware of his danger, he would not have left his thoughts at the approach of death, and his confident hope in the Redeemer's mercy, to be conjectured by his friends, or recorded by the hand of strangers. Those records are, indeed, most gratifying—those strangers were most kind: may God bless them for it!—but

how different *to us* would be John's own words, penned on the threshold of eternity, and reaching us, at this distance of time and space, as from the courts of Heaven ; telling us not to mourn his sufferings or his fate, but to rejoice, rather, in his exceeding joy ! reminding us that his conflict is over—his victory won ! pointing out to us the loved ones who have gone before him, and, in the two-fold capacity of a dying brother and an ascending spirit, conjuring us *not to neglect so great salvation !*

OCCASIONAL WRITINGS.



THE HAUNTED BRIG,

PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, MAY 17TH, 1834.

It was on a beautiful moonlight night, when we were in the tropics, as I was hard and fast in the lee of the launch, very busy sleeping, that my person was saluted, and my nap cut short by a kick from old Harry Wilson, one of our quartermasters. "Haul your wind out of this," said he, "you've watched the cable about long enough ; heave and weigh. I don't care if I come to an anchor ;" and so saying, he took possession of my moorings ; but as he carried too many guns for *me*, there was nothing to be said, and I quietly submitted, and prevailed on him to spin a yarn.

The scene was in complete keeping with the subject : the full, beautiful, tropical moon, shone in unclouded splendour, and old Ocean lay outstretched, basking in her effulgence, lulling himself to sleep with his own eternal anthem, "the moonlight music of the waves."

Our ship, as beautiful a sloop-of-war as ever carried the stars and stripes to be worshipped and feared by distant lands, was quietly ploughing her way through the almost unruffled surface of the deep. The wind was fair, though light, and our immense folds of spotless canvass were spread before it, glistening in the moon-beams, and ever and anon crimsoned with the phosphoretic illumination of the ocean, so common in the tropics.

Our decks were nearly silent ; the sailors lay around in

groups, dreaming, either sleeping or waking, of that happy home and all its endearments, to which we were rapidly hastening; for, delightful truth, the sloop-of-war was "homeward bound." Those "who live at home at ease," can form no estimate of the delicious sensations caused by those two words, in the bosom of the poor sailor, far away on the deep. In cold or heat, in storm and tempest, "homeward bound" is the soother of all afflictions, the watchword of joy. The man at the wheel, when relieved, would say, "her course is North, Jack; homeward bound." Such was the state of things on our decks, when old Wilson, having taken a fresh quid, and worked up his reckoning, began his yarn.

"It's now going on thirty odd years since I one day drifted along down to Pine-street wharf, in New-York, and saw there a Baltimore-built brig, called the 'Rising Sun.' She was as neat and pretty a craft as an old tar would wish to clap eyes on—clinker built, black hull and painted ports, with long, heavy, raking masts and black yards—she looked like a real clipper: thinks I, that's the stuff for trowsers, so I shipped aboard of her, and the next day we were at sea.

"For the first week we had fair winds, and every thing went on regular, but after that there began to be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. One night, when we were sailing along with just wind enough to give her steerage-way, *crash* went something aloft, and a man in the top hailed the first-mate; 'main-yard's carried away in the slings, sir.' 'Main-yard carried away?' growled the mate, 'why, damn it, there is not a cap-full of wind aloft.' 'Main-yard carried away?' said the old man, sticking his head up the companion-way; 'why, the devil's in the brig!' He was right! the devil *was* in the brig, as we found to our sorrow.

"We turned-to and slung the yard again, and got every thing snug, and went on our course, but we didn't feel easy; and one fellow begun to tell how he had heard in Philadelphia of a brig called the Rising Sun, which was *haunted*; but he didn't think, in New-York, that this was the one, and

so had said nothing. Well, we were talking and guessing about it, when this same fellow, Starboard Tom, sung out so sudden, that we all jumped up as if the brig was a-fire. 'I say, shipmates,' says he, 'I'll tell you how we'll know if this is the same craft. That Philadelphia brig had a red spot on the deck of her fo'castle, as big as a man's head, close by the stanchion, amidships.' We all run down into the fo'castle, and there, sure enough, at the foot of the amidships-stanchion, was a dark-red spot—a spot of *blood*! 'Tom,' says we, 'how came that there?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was told in Philadelphia, that the crew mutinized at sea, two or three years ago, and when the captain came down into the fo'castle to see a sick man, one of the ringleaders killed him with an axe, and that spot is where his head struck when he fell. The crew robbed the brig and left her, and she was picked up by a States man-of-war and taken into Philadelphia, and lay a long time at the wharf, and nobody would ship in her. And I 'spose, when the owners found they couldn't get any hands for her there, they sent her round to New-York, to man her, and so we're all sucked in!' I shall never forget how I felt that night. I a'n't afraid of any thing as long as I can *see* it; but to be aboard a vessel that's *haunted*! I can't stand that.

"We went on for two or three days, expecting that something more would happen, when one day, about dusk, Carpenter went down into the fo'castle, to get something out of his chest. He was a big, brave fellow, who didn't care for anything; and had said all along, that *he* did not believe the brig was haunted at all. He had been down there but about five minutes, when we heard a little noise, as if a man was strangling and trying to call for help; and the next thing, we heard a yell of agony, and Carpenter burst up the hatch; his face all black, his throat black-and-blue, his mouth wide open, and his eyes starting out of his head; and looking back, as if something was chasing him, he screamed out—'Oh, God! he's choking me,' and fell senseless on deck. Well, some run for one thing, and some for another; and after

working at him a long time, he came-to. When he was a little better, we asked him what was the matter. 'Why,' says he, trembling all over, 'when I had got what I wanted out of my chest, I turned into my berth, and, as I rolled over, I thought I heard something moving in the fo'castle, so I turned round to see who it was, when I was knocked back into my bunk, and I *felt* two hands choking me, though I could not *see* anything, and I tried to get away, but I could not stir; but, just as I begun to give up, I felt something on my cheek, like a man's cold breath, and then the hands let go, and I sung out, and run on deck.' That was enough for us; we all felt as if we were in hell. That night no one went into the fo'castle, but we all lay on deck, in the lee of the long boat. Starboard Tom had the first wheel, in the mid-watch, and all the rest of us lay asleep, forra'd. The second-mate had the deck, and was leaning over the weather-rail asleep, and the captain was below in the cabin. About three bells, Tom thought he saw something moving on the weather-gangway, walking fore and aft, like a man on watch; but as it was dark, he could not make out what it was; so he stood watching it, and as it grew plainer, it looked like a man dressed in white, and he was so scared, that when it was four bells, he did not dare to call his relief, but stood looking to see what would happen. About five bells, it disappeared, and Tom was getting ready to hail for his relief, when up came a man out of the cabin, dressed in white flannel-drawers and shirt, and a white nightcap, and Tom thought it was the skipper. It went to the weather-rail, and looked into the face of the second-mate, who was leaning there asleep, and stood so for five minutes.

"'Now,' thought Tom, 'stand by for squalls; the old man is going to blow up the second-dickey, for being asleep on watch.'

"Just as he thought so, the figure turned round, and walked forra'd, and Tom stood looking after it, when suddenly the

real captain stuck his head up the companionway, and sung out,

“ ‘ Tom, how do you head, there ?’ ”

“ ‘ Oh ! the ghost !’ cried Tom, and fell down in a fit ; and we had to work at him a long time to bring him to. But things got quiet again, and the night passed off without any more disturbance.

“ The next day, about four bells in the forenoon watch, the captain called for Carpenter to bring a small chisel into the cabin, and ordered him to make two little holes in the panels over the head of his berth. Now, I believe he had spoken to the ghost, and he had told him there was money hid there, and that was what he haunted the brig for. At any rate we had no more trouble with the ghost ; and as the captain was a wide-awake devil for carrying sail, he cracked away on her, so that we made the river Plate in a fortnight. We discharged our cargo in Monte Video, and loaded again with hides and horns, and the fore-hold was stowed with horns.

“ We had been at Monte about six weeks, and were to sail in a day or two, when one day, towards dusk, I was down in the fo’castle, and as I lay in my bunk, I heard the horns in the hold rattle as if some one was tossing them about at a great rate. Now we had stowed them as tight as they would wedge, and I thought the devil himself could not make them fetch away ; so I determined to see what the matter was. The next morning, when the hatches were taken off, I looked into the fore-hold, and there the horns were wedged just as we left them !

“ That was enough for me, and I run away that day, and went a board a ship bound for New-York. Two days after, the *Rising Sun* sailed, and in a week we followed her. We had been out to sea about three weeks, and were just north of the line, when, one morning, a lookout aloft sung out, ‘ Sail ho !’ We bore down on the craft, and about noon we got within speaking distance. She was a brig, standing the same way

we were, with all sail set, stun'sails on both sides, yet she did not make much way.

“We hailed her, but she said nothing; we hailed again, but still she said not a word; and we then saw that there were no men on her decks. So our captain spoke; says he, ‘They are all fast, keeping watch below; we’ll turn them out, before the brig falls overboard.’ And he sent a boat to board her, and I was one of her crew. As soon as I got on her deck, I knew her. She was the *Rising Sun*! Every thing on deck looked right, and she was going regular enough before the wind, but there was no living thing to be seen. Jackets and shoes lay knocking about decks, as they always do. The people’s chests were all in the fo’castle; and the captain’s dunnage was in the cabin, as if he had just been writing. Nothing was taken away, nor any thing left adrift; every rope was belayed right, and coiled up regular, and the decks were clear. The log-book lay open in the first-mate’s state-room, and a pen, with ink in it, lay athwart it, and at the end of the last day’s work (about a week before) was this—‘A strange man seen on the forecastle’—and then a mark, as if he had begun to write something else.

“That was enough for us. We hauled off as quick as we could, and got aboard our own ship, and made sail to get away; when suddenly, a tall, black man appeared on the fo’castle of the *Rising Sun*, walked slowly aft, and then went down into the cabin. The brig gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head-fo’most: and so ended the voyages of the Haunted Brig. What became of her men, nobody knew; they were never heard of to this day.”

OFF CAPE-HORN.

PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, JUNE 7TH, 1834.

IT was about six bells in the first watch, one night, when we were off the pitch of the Horn, in the Pacific ocean, bound home, that the first-luff came on deck to look at the weather; and, having taken his squint, he thought it was getting thick to windward. He consulted with the skipper, and between the pair of them they thought best to shorten sail.

Nothing above to'gallant sails were standing, as we had sent down our royal-masts, to come round the Horn; so they were clewed up, and the order given—"Lay aloft, fore-and-maintopmen of the watch, reef the foretopsail." As it was nearly a dead calm, and the ship had scarcely steerageway on her, I thought this was *one* way to do business; but, as I knew very well that I had no business to *think*, because Captain Frank was paid for doing the thinking for all hands of us, I clewed up my thinking-tacks, and stood at my station, the lee-wheel, to see that the ship did not fall overboard. Fore-and-maintopmen went aloft, and reefed the fore-topsail accordingly, and were *laying* down when Sam Stanley, in fleeting on the futtock-shroud, took hold of a ratlin, like a lubber; it parted, and he came down by the run; and as James Wilson, one of the fo'castlemen, was standing on the hammock-netting, he knocked him down upon deck, and himself fell overboard. I *heard*, as being aft I could *see* nothing, a heavy fall on deck, and a plash in the water; and the next

instant came the startling cry, "man overboard!" The first-lieutenant was luckily on deck, and instantly taking command, his coolness did the necessary, handsomely.

"Life-buoy, there!" said he; and before the words were out of his mouth, both the buoys, and fifty pounds of ward-room beef, which hung at the same davit, were in the water; and so Sam Stanley had board and washing, and lodging into the bargain. "Lower away the larboard-quarter-boat!" he continued, as calmly as if he had been setting a studding-sail. "Man weather-main and maintopsail braces! Lower away third cutter!"

The maintopsail was backed instantly, and the two boats manned and lowered; but before they reached the water, a new trouble presented itself—the plugs could not be found, and without them the boats, of course, could not leave the ship, as they would fill and sink; so there was an agonizing delay to search for them, which at this moment seemed an age. They were found in two or three minutes, and the boats at last left the ship, each having a midshipman and a lantern—the former *for a bother*, the latter *for use*—and as it was dark, so that nothing could be *seen*, we waited anxiously to *hear*.

In a minute or two we heard the officer of one of the boats sing out, "There he is, men; pull away!" In an instant after, he added, "D—— it, it's only a buoy!" And so it worked for more than an hour. At one moment, the mid would sing out that he had found him, and the next contradict himself; and on board, every thing was in an uproar; for a "man overboard," and that *alone*, will bring the watch below on deck without orders; and we stood about in anxious suspense, our hopes being dashed as often as raised. At length, the search proving entirely fruitless, the boats were reluctantly recalled, and all the comfort they could give us was, that they had found one buoy.

Wilson had, in the meantime, been picked up and placed under the surgeon's care, who now made report to the captain that his head was seriously injured by striking on a ring-bolt

when he fell on deck, but that he was doing well. As it was nearly a calm, we lay with our maintopsail aback all night, hoping, that as *one* buoy was missing, Stanley *might* be on it, and that when daylight came we might see something of him or it, to change this dreadful uncertainty to a certainty of some kind ; and, in order that he, if alive, might be aware of it, signal-lanterns were sent up to the mast-heads, and guns were fired every few minutes. Daylight at length began to appear, and it was hailed by us with an intensity of joy which, homeward-bound as we were, the sight of the highlands of Neversink would not have equalled. Look-outs were sent aloft by the dozen, to see if they could make out any thing. After a long and anxious survey of the ocean in every direction, the look-outs answered the oft-repeated hail of the first-lieutenant with the chilling declaration that nothing was in sight ! He turned away with an emotion which he did not attempt to conceal, and which did him honor ; and for an instant there was a dead silence fore-and-aft. The order was then reluctantly given—"Lay down from aloft ; man the lee-braces"—and we braced up again and went on our course, giving Stanley up for lost.

Just as the sun rose, the look-out on the foretopsail-yard hailed the officer of the deck, saying that he could see the other life-buoy in the sun's wake, and he believed there was something on it ! This news spread new life, and two boats were instantly lowered, to pull in that direction. Long and anxiously we watched them, and when they reached the buoy, anxiety amounted almost to agony, for Stanley was a first-rate sailor, and universally liked. When the boats came near enough for us to see their motions, the crews rose and waved their hats, as if giving three cheers ; and in spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, the cheers were repeated by all hands, so heartily that the sloop-of-war trembled to her centre. They came alongside, and Stanley was brought over the gangway, evidently exhausted, but still alive ! As soon as he had been

overhauled by the surgeon, and had freshened the nip with a stiff glass of grog, he came on deck to tell us about it.

He said he got on the life-buoy the instant it struck the water, but being stunned by the fall, he could not hail the boats to show where he was, although they were sometimes so near as almost to touch the buoy with their oars. He said he heard every thing that was said and done, saw the lights we sent up, and knew that we were lying-to for him—*that* gave him *some* comfort; and the wind being right aft, he had drifted the same way we had, and was a little ahead of us, “because,” said he, “while you were hove-to I was under way.”

Now, Sam was, like most tars, given to making mistakes on the subject of property, and had “fisted” a good lot of other fellows’ dunnage. So one of the luffs asked him—“Well, Stanley, what was you thinking about while you was on the buoy last night, expecting to be used up by John Whale?”

“Why, sir,” says Sam, giving the tafferel of his trowsers a hoist, “I was thinking who would pin the frocks and trowsers I had stowed away aboard.”

It was now a dead calm, and the ocean exhibited a singular phenomenon. There had been no gale recently, nor anything else to cause a swell, and yet there was a tremendous sea on, and the ship rolled as if she would pitch the sticks out of her. The explanation of this circumstance is, that we were not above forty miles from Cape-Horn, and all this commotion was caused by the meeting of the Atlantic and Pacific; the contrary currents of these two mighty oceans were at war, and *therefore* “the deep lifted his hands on high.”

About four bells in the forenoon watch, the wind began to blow again from the north-west, and we made sail for the Horn; and at seven bells the surgeon reported to the captain, that in consequence of some internal bruise, Wilson was much worse, and could not live the day out. This intelligence took very little hold of us, for it was a common thing, and no trick at all for men to die on board; and accordingly it was little minded, and the conversation which followed this announce-

ment in the mess-room of the forward officers, may be taken as a fair sample of sailors' feeling on the subject.

"There, Sails," said the boatswain to the sail-maker, pointing to the sick-bay, "there will be a job for you, something to take the turns out of your fingers. Get your palm and needle, and stand-by to sew that man up in his hammock, and tell the gunner you want a couple of round shot for the use of the dispensary, to ballast one of the doctor's chickens, and send him to Davy's locker, feet-foremost."

"What's to pay, Pipes?" answered the sail-maker, coolly, "has the doctor hulled one of the poor fellows at last? or have his life-halliards parted at the tie? Send him some ratlinstuff, so that he can set up brace-backstays abaft, and cross his royal yards, and call all hands up anchor."

"We sha'n't have to man the capstan for him," interposed the gunner, as he mixed a pannikin of grog, stiff enough to float grape-shot; "we shall man the lee-gangway, and Old Pipes will call 'all hands to bury the dead.'"

"I say, Mac," said the master's-mate to the purser's-steward, "how does Wilson's name stand on the books? You'll have to foot up his account shortly, and give him his discharge from the State's service; he's going to ship under Commodore David Jones, aboard the ship Pacific, ten thousand guns, besides stern and bow-chasers. His time is about out—he's done with rations and grog."

"Well, I'll be d——," says Dandy-Jack the carpenter, "if you don't take it easy. Here's a man dying, and you make no more of it than I would of plugging a shot hole in the ship's upper works."

"After action's over, Chips means," said the boatswain, "he'd take the best of d—— good care not to sling himself in a bowline over the ship's side to plug a shot-hole in time of action, for fear his own upperworks would get knocked in with a round shot; for that would spoil the looks of his figure-head, and perhaps carry away his cutwater."

"There, Chips," says the purser's steward, "you'd better

haul off, and repair damages. Old Pipes carries too many guns for you."

"You be d ——," said the carpenter, as he kicked over his camp-stool, and made a straight wake for the deck.

And while these thoughtless men laughed, and made a mock of death and all its horrors, the poor object of their *mirth* lay in his cot, surrounded by the noise and confusion of a man-of-war; silent and sad, knowing that he was beyond mortal aid; reflecting that now the last scene of life was to be acted; that nothing remained but to *die*. Come, when it may, the hour of death is one of awful trial, of deep, overwhelming solemnity; and nowhere is it more awful, more agonizing, than on board ship at sea, far away from home and friends, destitute of the arm of support, the word of consolation, and the voice of prayer: where the only mention of the name of God is in oaths and blasphemies.

Would any one, accustomed to the quiet of the apartment of the sick on shore, have thought, from the scenes presented to his view on the berth-deck of our ship, that a fellow-creature lay there at the point of death, and that every one was aware of it?

Although there was, in the immediate vicinity of the sick-bay, some little attention paid by the sailors to the feelings of their sick shipmate, by lowering the voice and avoiding to touch his cot; yet, in the crowded limits of the ship, none were so far distant that the sensitive ear of sickness could avoid hearing their loud, thoughtless discourse. In one place two men were fighting, and their fearful curses and violent blows grated harshly on *his* ear, who was so soon to stand in the presence of that God whose name they profaned and whose wrath they invoked; while he, with his fast-failing breath, besought His mercy. Others were laughing, and telling stories, and enlarging upon the delights of *home*. That word had, but yesterday, been the theme of *his* joyful meditations. In health his joy, in sickness his consolation; but both were now about to fail him; and here, ten thousand miles

from home, his life was to end. Three years before, in the ardour of youth, he left his happy home and dear friends, to enter the service of the United States; and having now nearly circumnavigated the world, he was returning on the wings of hope, to taste the sweets of a mother's and sister's love. But that bliss was not in store for him; he was fast falling into the cold embrace of death, and was soon to be committed to the deep, and find his place of repose in the vast Pacific.

Although amidst a multitude, he felt that he was alone, and recalling his thoughts from home, and all external objects, and commending himself, and all who were dear, to the care of Him who made the sea, and prepared the dry land, he waited patiently for death. Its coming was not long delayed; and at noon, in the heartless formalities of a man-of-war, the surgeon made his report to the captain, that "at twelve o'clock, meridian, died, in consequence of an internal contusion, caused by falling from the hammock-nettings upon the deck, James Wilson, seaman." The captain's reply was, as it always is, to all messages—"Very good, sir;" and then the sailmaker, in presence of the assistant-surgeon and the master-at-arms, proceeded to sew him up in his hammock, and putting in two round shot at the feet to sink him, report was made that "the dead was ready for burial."

It is not customary, however, to bury the dead at noon; and therefore the body was brought on deck, laid on the lee-gangway-board, and covered with a jack, (a blue flag, with white stars,) there to lie, until the rules of naval etiquette would allow of its interment. Cape Horn was now in sight, and as we rapidly neared it, the wind, North-west, increased so much, that at seven bells, in the afternoon watch, all hands were called to reef the topsails; and, immediately after, the legal time, eight bells, having arrived, came the solemn call, "all hands to bury the dead." Every soul on board appeared on the lee-gangway, according to rule, and all standing uncovered, the lieutenant, acting as chaplain, commenced reading the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church, appointed to be used

at sea ; and the gangway-board being placed on the rail, and the lashings cast off, and the jack withdrawn, it was ready to be cast into the sea. The wind had increased to such a degree that it drowned the voice of the reader, so that only here and there a word was audible, and the first-lieutenant waved his hand at the proper place in the service, and the corpse was launched overboard, and the sullen splash fell impressively on every ear, announcing that *another* was gone to his long home.

We were now abreast of the Horn, about a mile distant ; and although the wind was North-west, the waves dashed against those eternal rocks, in defiance of it, throwing the foam mountains high ; and the loud roar of those conflicting oceans was a fitting requiem for the soul of him who slept beneath their troubled waters. The sun went down in the pride of his strength, and the full effulgence of his glory, and his departing rays illumined three of the noblest of the works of God : —the Atlantic ocean in front, the Pacific ocean on the right, and on the left, the bold promontory, Cape Horn, the “last of the Andes.”

A PORTUGUE BREAKFAST.

PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,
JULY 5TH, 1834.



A PORTUGUE breakfast ! it is an awful thing ! it is a terrible trial ! in short, it is a foretaste of starvation.

Breakfast ! there is something magical in the very word. It arouses our imaginations : it sends our fancy abroad to feast on buckwheat-cakes and molasses. With that word we associate all that is most dear in the fair (edible) creation ? Ham and eggs ; beefsteak, toast and butter, slapjacks and ——, but stop ; my lips grow moist at the thought, (*vulgice*, my mouth waters,) so I rein up and use the napkin. Breakfast, then, in the abstract, is sweet ; in theory, delicious ; in the reality, transcendant ; but a Portugu  breakfast—Oh ! that is *the devil*.

In a Yankee breakfast, there is a certain wherewithal—a something tangible—a *quid pro quo* ; but in a Portugu  breakfast, there is neither “*quid*” nor any thing else.

A Yankee breakfast is a solace to the soul, refreshing to the mind, invigorating to the physical frame ; in short, ’tis *something* ; but a Portugu  breakfast is teasing to the imagination, wounding to the heart, inconvenient to the inner man, troublesome to ourselves, bothersome to our neighbors ; briefly, ’tis *nothing*, or rather ’tis worse than nothing ; ’tis “all talk and no cider :” a “—— of a fuss, and nothing to eat.”

Calmly sunk old Ocean to rest, one sweet evening in Octo-

ber, 18—, when we were in latitude 50° South, longitude 84° West, in the Pacific ocean. “Sweet,” saith the preacher, “is the sleep of the labourer;” *argal*, old Ocean took his comfort that night, anyhow. And ’twas fair he should, for, apart from former labours, he was to witness new troubles with the coming day. I say nothing of the gale that was to-blow, for that’s a trifle—nor of the sea that rolled, for that’s nothing (it did not break over the fore-to’-gallan’ yard); but in storm and tempest, he was to produce a  Portugué breakfast —to melt our hearts within us—to raise our hopes only to dash them down; to make us (*vulgice*) lick our chops, all for nothing.

And yet, although such was the fearful future, no portents announced its coming. Sweetly did the vast Pacific glide into slumber—faintly came its evening hymn of praise upon my delighted ear, as I lay at length on deck, gazing in mute admiration upon its placid bosom; the fountains of the deep rested from their labour; the sea for once was caught napping. What a field was here offered for the imagination to range free and unconstrained—that vast sub-aqueous world lay open and inviting: here’s at you, thinks I, and made a dive, (not literally, but figuratively,) and lying, as aforesaid, my thoughts instinctively recurred to former times,—to “years beyond the flood.”

In that beautiful mirror of the Naiads, imagination traced the outlines of scenes and forms most dear; the forms and faces of the loved ones upon earth—and as the illusion became stronger and more vivid, the heavy swell of the ocean imparted motion and life to those dear objects, and in the spirit, I was once more in my own land—the vast Pacific changed to a sweet lake of New-England, and those creations of fancy, to the reality—the wooded vales and delicious girls of old Connecticut.

How blissful these dreams, and how agonizing to awake from such slumbers; but, alas! for the frailty of things human. While I was capering away to old Connecticut in imagination, I was suddenly taken all-aback, and my air-castles

demolished from "turret to foundation-stone," by the hoarse summons of the boatswain, calling, "All the starboard watch, 'hoy." There! the bubble was burst, and I was once more lying on the forecastle of the sloop-of-war in the Pacific ocean, latitude and longitude as aforesaid.

The Pacific! what a volume of thought is comprised in that word! *the* Pacific! it covers one third of the globe, and embosoms thousands of islands; it washes the coast of Japan, gently kisses the spicy shores of the eastern Archipelago, murmurs along the snowy beach of Panama, and breaks in thunder against the iron-bound coast of Patagonia.

Bearing upon its bosom every variety of vessel, from the frail canoe of the savage to the line-of-battle-ship of the "queen of the seas;" rippled by the light trade-winds of the tropics, and lashed into fury by the wild hurricanes of the polar circles; it is an ocean—ay, every *inch* of it.

Blessed, also, are they who traverse its vast surface; for, with the exception of now and then a norther, it is *pacific*; else why this delightful calm in 50° South latitude? It is a lovely ocean, it is the "calm summer's sea" of young ladies' albums, to a **T**; it is a genuine personification of aqueous perfection; so tame is it, that old women could sail a ship upon it, with the help of a few marines; in short, the Pacific is pleasanter with "all hands ahoy," than the Atlantic, with two watches in and duff for dinner.

I say, shipmate, hast ever doubled the Horn? if not, bring not thy petty experience of the pleasures of the indigo-blue of the Atlantic, into contest with the delights of the light blue Pacific. No matter how oft thou hast been nearly "chawed up" in the chops of the Channel; no matter what may have been thy voyages up the Straits, or on the coast of Africa; unless thou hast been round the Horn, lo! and behold, again I write thee down an ass. Heave, and weigh. Top your booms, and be off.

Losing my way in these imaginings, I turn my thoughts towards the land I have just left, I hope for ever; for grant,

oh, ye salt-water deities, that I may never again double the Horn, and tread the soil of the republic of Chili !

Oh ! Valparaiso, thou art the "Vale of Paradise"—to those who like thee, but not to me. Thy "Tops" I abhor ; thy "Pullaperees" I despise. True, thy damsels are beauteous, but then they are shy as partridges. The Andes, covered with eternal snow and glistening in the morning sun, are splendid, but that is all I can say for Valpa ; so, as Peter Peebles would say, "Macer, call another cause." Rolling over at this juncture, my head came somewhat violently in contact with the fluke of the starboard anchor, my dreams were dispelled, and, as I gathered myself up, the quartermaster of the watch struck two bells.

"Ah !" thought I, "'tis time to turn in ; or, as ladies ashore would say, time to retire." So with a long look to windward, a yawn, and a stretch, this idle idler went below, and rolled into his hammock, stowing jacket in the after clue, hat and shoes in the forward one, and was fast, in the tossing of a marlin-spike. "Sweet," as aforesaid, "is the sleep of the laborer." I had been very busy, (sitting down ;) *argal*, I was a laborer ; *argal*, my sleep was sweet. Q. E. D.

My dreams were, as all sailors' dreams are, about "sweet-hearts and wives." True it is that grog and soft tack came in too, but they were only accompaniments, or side-dishes in the feast. But, alas for the instability of dreams ; they universally stop in the wrong place. And so it was in this instance ; for, as I had almost reached the kissing part, my bliss was prevented by the call of the master-at-arms ; it being four bells in the morning watch.

"On deck, on deck, all you idlers, turn out ; d'ye hear."

"Oh !" says I, "I wish you were in five hundred fathom blue water, for your pains. Why couldn't you wait five minutes, till I had finished the kissing, and then I would have turned out, satisfied." But all this grumbling was of no avail ; the mischief was done ; and, hoping "better times," I awoke to my present situation.

When my eyes were thoroughly rubbed, and my senses collected, I perceived, by the roll of the ship and the noise on deck, that we had a gale of wind to comfort us withal; and, rolling carelessly out of my hammock, I soused into something less than a fathom of water, with which moist fluid I found the berth-deck was all afloat; ('twas about time to find it out when I was half drowned!) so I jumped upon a mess-chest, to finish my toilet; for we sea-dogs have, after all, no especial desire for the personal acquaintance of salt water, and are as careful about a ducking as any lady in the States. This job was worse than slushing a royal-mast in a topsail-breeze, for I had to hold my clothes with one hand, myself with another, and put on my traps with the third; so I had to work all sorts of traverses, from Tom Cox's down to Jemmy Duck's; and, when the ship rolled heavily, it was no fool of a trick to avoid fetching away to leeward, let alone dressing; so I puffed and blew like a grampus in the North Sea, and after knocking about a long time, succeeded in arraying my lovely person. Now, the next move was to get on deck; and that, too, required all my skill in navigation. First, I was to avoid getting my pretty feet wet. Secondly, I was to mind the "weather-roll," lest I should fetch away to leeward, and break all my bones, and get well soused into the bargain. Thirdly, and especially, I was to avoid running afoul of any fellow's hammock, and awaking him; for one sleeping Jack roused, is worse to deal with than half a dozen lions rampant. "You son of a gun," he would say, suiting the gesture to the word, and forthwith I should be among the "killed, wounded, and missing."

So I took an observation, and made sail according to Gunter, and after lots of trouble and a dozen hair-breadth escapes, I finally reached the deck. Here the prospect was quite charming. Close-reefed fore and maintopsails, foresail, and storm and middle staysails, and fore-and-main-spencers, were all the sail we could show, and the water walked over decks fore and

aft, and the wind blew—whew—w—w—w ! how it blew ; 'twould take two men to hold the officer of the deck's jacket on. " This is rare sport," thinks I, as I hove to under the lee of the launch, to consider the probabilities of a ducking.

" Come, you bloody soger," says an old maintop-man, " you bone-polisher, you dog's enemy, slue yourself, take a round turn and belay. Be off with yourself ! What are you doing on deck here ? Show leg, or I'll capsize you down the hatch by the run."

As nothing makes old tars so angry as to see an idler on deck in a gale, I concluded to haul my wind while the play was good ; so I prudently made my descent by the walk, instead of the run.

Alas ! what a scene the berth-deck then presented to view. In the lee-scuppers the water was about two feet deep, and the " master-at arms," and his gang, with trowsers rolled up, shoes and jackets off, were baling it up in buckets, and passing them up the main-hatch. A number of fellows had turned in, on deck, the night before, it being so pleasant that they did not expect any bother ; now, their beds were floating jollily about, well soaked, while they lay on their mess chests, watching the " winding-way" of their " sleeping-bags ;" wet and shivering, and swearing to keep themselves warm.

How they must have felt, on awakening, to find themselves sailing about the berth-deck at ten knots an hour ! 'Twould have made a saint laugh to take one look at them. At any rate I laughed till I cried, and came near getting my top-lights stove-in for my ill-timed merriment.

But I laughed out of the other corner when I came to see the state of the mess-room, in which I was steward's deputy. It was all afloat, books and instruments knocking about the deck, camp-stools adrift : hats, shoes, jackets, candlesticks and candles lying about in " most admired disorder," and all well moistened. The first sound I heard from those depths profound, as I rolled aft, was a good fat expletive from the lips of

my master Tom, the steward, as he surveyed the state of the nation ; and next, by way of accompaniment obligato, came a grunt from the steerage.

Now, Shuttty, our dandy carpenter, had managed to be on the "list," ever since leaving Valparaiso, rightly judging, that as he was good for nothing aboard, (only live lumber,) he might be sick as well as not, and so he had hung himself up in his cot in the steerage, for all the world like an "entire swine ;" therefore a grunt especially beseeemed *him*, and as his cot brought up every moment in mid-volley against the mess-room bulkhead, he gave utterance to a direful one.

He got but little pity from us, however, for we all knew he was not burdened with understanding ; the only thing in his favour being his personal appearance, which, with the extra care he took of it and his whiskers, obtained for him the significant appellation of "dandy Jack."

Tom and I turned to, to clear up the mess, picked up the dunnage and baled out the water, and then overhauled the lockers to get some grub for breakfast ; and while we were thus engaged, it came into Shuttty's little head that he wanted a little attendance ; so he hailed—"Tom!"—no answer. "Tom!!"—no answer ; we were too busy to mind him. "Jack!" in strain da-capo. I was deaf all of a sudden. "Tom! Jack!!" he roared, out of all patience ; we made a great clatter, and gave no reply. "D——n the pair of you," he added with emphasis, "I'll report you to the officer of the deck if you don't answer. Tom, here!"

"Speak to me, Mr. S.?" said Tom, lifting up his head, as if he had just awakened.

"Yes, d——n you," he gasped in reply, "come here."

"Ay, ay, sir," says Tom ; but took the best of good care not to go near him.

After a while, when I got ready, I went to him, and asked very innocently—"Want me, Mr. S.?"

"Yes, you scoundrel, why didn't you come half an hour ago?"

"Did you call, sir? I'm a little deaf in my starboard ear."

"Yes, you know I did," he said, sinking back exhausted; "are all Yankees such d——d fools as you are?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "every man of them just such fellows as I am. We don't keep any Staten Islanders, (Chips was from Staten Island,) in old Connecticut, they don't know enough," and leaving him thunderstruck at my impudence, I went whistling off "for lack of thought."

At seven bells, having cleared decks for action, I proceeded to place the "equipage" on the table for the breakfast. As nothing could stand in safety on the table, it was, of course, no place for crockery, so our "service" consisted of five tin cups, and an equal number of knives; forks being entirely out of the question in a gale of wind. We then opened the provision-locker, made the door fast, and brought down the coffee, with which, and soft tack, they might make their breakfast as best they could; and, being errand-boy, I made report to the caterer, "breakfast ready, sir."

One by one the mess rolled along in, and came to anchor, some on the lockers and some on camp-stools. "What's allowance?" hailed the sailmaker, as he stood outside, debating whether to venture in.

"Ratlines fried in tar," answered the boatswain, "stewed cat-harpen legs, and iron-bound biscuit."

"That isn't solid enough," replied Sails, "I want some salt-pork, to put next my kelson, so that I can carry sail."

"Make a strait wake for the harness-cask, then," says old Pipes, "and take a couple of fathom of salt-junk for ballast, and batten it down with hard tack."

"Here, Jack," said the gunner, holding out his tin pot, "capsize some of that coffee in here."

I took up the tea-kettle containing the boiling hot coffee, and bracing myself with one foot against the bulkhead, and the other against the lockers, I began to pour; and after spilling less than a quart, I succeeded in getting the spout into the cup, and was going on well, when the ship pitched bows un-

der, and the gunner, campstool and cup rolled down to leeward, the boiling coffee making a clear breach over him.

"There," sung out Shuttty, "you might have known that d——d Yankee would catch a crab. Try Tom, he knows a little something."

"He's got the weather-gage of *you*, then," thinks I.

"Pretty well done, gunner," said the boatswain, "for you to be rolling about decks before grog-time; you'd better work that traverse over again."

"Well," said the gunner, as he gathered himself up, "I was hove keel-out that time, anyhow."

"Here's luck to all of us," said the purser's steward, as he raised his cup of coffee to his mouth: the ship pitched heavily, and the hot fluid dashed over his face and bosom.

"There," says the gunner, delighted, "you've got some luck, anyhow. Hope you'll grow fat on it; that comes of laughing at other people when they are taken aback."

"The gunner can't get his back out of his head, since his capsized," said the master's mate; "I guess it chafed a little, when he followed the plank."

"If he once got it stowed there," said the boatswain, "I should think it would be hard to break bulk, without breaking back; I don't wonder it fetches him up with a round turn. I say, gunner, call all hands, clear launch, and shift yourself end for end."

"Look here, Pipes," said the gunner, "didn't you swallow a marlinspike this morning? you are getting as sharp as a down-east fore-and-after. Which way does the ship head in an Irishman's hurricane, with the helm hard amidships, and jib-sheet's the tiller?"

"Why," says the boatswain, "if the wind's abeam, she'll head between the night-heads; and if it's right aft, South-West by North, a little Easterly."

As all hands of us were now pretty jolly, Tom thought he'd play Chips a pliskie, so he carried him a cup of coffee, and giving it, he held the cot up to windward, till the ship was

nearly on her beam-ends, then suddenly letting go, it swung down, and brought up against the bulkhead with such *vim*, that the carpenter, coffee and all, underwent a regular capsize.

"D——n !" said Chips, throwing the empty cup at his head, amid the laughter of the whole mess ; for they thought, as we did, that all Shutty was good for, was to do the grunting, and "keep bread from spoiling ;" so he was fair game.

But why enlarge upon this breakfast, which broke *bones* also ? Let it suffice, thee, shipmate, it was a regular-built, Portuguese breakfast : "a —— of a fuss, and nothing to eat !"

THE CAPTURE OF THE FRIGATE PRESIDENT.

PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,
AUGUST 9TH, 1834.

THE jawing-bell of the mid-watch was out, the lieutenant of the deck was half asleep, and the reefers of the watch altogether so, stowed away snugly. The wind was on the star-board quarter, blowing six knots ; fore and maintopmast stu'n'-sails on her, the last inch of the weather-braces hauled in and belayed, and every thing snug:

For lack of better employment, I was cruising about decks on a wind, when I fell in with a knot of old tars on the to'-gallan'fo'-castle. "Yo, hoy, fo'-castlemen," says I, as I came to anchor on the heel of the bowsprit ; "how do you fight your guns? Bob O'Neal, you are boatswain's-mate-of-the-watch, slue yourself, and spin a yarn."

Bob wanted no better fun, so, without wasting breath in lubberly parley, he began :

"On the 15th of January, 1815, at four bells in the forenoon-watch the boatswain called, 'All hands, up anchor,' on board the President frigate, Commodore Decatur, then lying in New-York harbor, off the Battery.

"We walked it up in the turning of an hour-glass, and dropped down the bay, the wind at Nor'-west, and came to an anchor in the Horse-shoe.

"Now, it was high water on the bar, at a quarter past nine that evening; but Decatur, for some reason which nobody ever knew, called all hands, up anchor, at four bells, in the first dog-watch. As soon as the pilot heard the order, he went to Decatur; 'Commodore,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over the bar till high-water.'

" 'She must go, Sir,' says Decatur.

" 'It's impossible, Sir,' says the pilot.

" 'Drive her over,' says the commodore.

"That settled the business, and we weighed anchor; but it blew such a gale o' wind, that the only sail we set was a double-reefed foretopsail, and so stood out for the Hook.

"When the ship was about twice her length from the bar, the pilot went to Decatur again. 'Commodore Decatur,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over the bar; it's an impossibility. She'll strike, and thump to pieces.'

" 'Well, Sir,' says Decatur, 'if that's the case, let go the anchor.'

"So we let go the larboard-bower, and veered away cable enough to bring her to. The ship swung round by the anchor, and her stern struck on the bar.

" 'Cut away the cable!' says Decatur.

"We had hemp-cables in those days, and a few blows with an axe cut it away, and we swung round, and struck broadside on the bar, and there she thumped.

"Then it was 'Down topgallant and royal yards!' and, as I was captain of the maintop, I was expected to show a lead.

"So we lay aloft, but could not get any higher than the tops; for when the ship struck, which she did every minute, it was all we could do to hold on, let alone sending down yards; and, for the same reason, the foretopsail had not been furled, and so it was flapping as if it would carry away the yard. So we lay and thumped on the bar till high water, and then she floated.

" 'Now, Sir,' says Decatur to the pilot, 'take me back to New-York.'

“‘It is impossible, Sir,’ says the pilot, ‘it is blowing a gale o’ wind from the North-West, and no ship that ever floated could beat up against it.’

“So there was nothing to be done but to go to sea; and, as the wind had moderated a little, we made sail on her and stood out, and as we knew the English fleet was watching for us, we doused every light, except the binnacle-lamps, and kept very still; for, as it was very dark, we did not know how near we might be to them, and so, with every thing she could stagger under, we were off, South-East-by-East.

“About seven bells, in the mid-watch, a blue light was burnt by the English admiral’s ship, and was repeated by all the ships of his squadron, to show him where they were.

“They were all around us, and, to avoid them, we hauled close on the wind, boarded our larboard-tacks, and stood in for the Long-Island shore.

“When daylight came, we found the English fleet still all around us. The Tenedos, frigate, was on our starboard-bow; the Pomone, frigate, on the larboard-bow; the Endymion, frigate, right ahead; the Despatch, brig, clear out to sea, ahead, and the Majestic, seventy-four, astern.

“We could not stand all that; so we up helm, and bore away to the South’ard and East’ard, and, setting a foretopmast stu’n’-sail, although it blew a gale of wind, we left Johnny Bull to take care of himself; and, in two hours, the Endymion was the only ship within ten miles of us.

“But then the wind began to ease off, and, though we crowded all sail, the Endymion began to gain upon us. She was the fastest sailer in the English fleet, and was kept light and in complete sailing trim. She drew her provisions from the other ships, and was, of course, only in ballast; while we had on board six months and thirteen days’ provision, beside stores of all kinds, and were very heavy with shot, and to add to all this weight, we had knocked our false-keel to pieces on the bar; some of it was gone, and the rest stood athwart-ships, and hindered our sailing very much.

“Well, the *Endymion* kept on, gaining on us, and came on hand-over-fist; so, the Commodore gave orders to lighten the ship. First and foremost we threw over all the provision, except ten days’ allowance, but the wind still easing off, the *Endymion* still gained on us; so we threw over the boats, spare rigging and spars, then the anchors, and cutting the cables into lengths of five or six fathoms, so that they would be of no use to any one, we sent them overboard too, and every thing else, except our fighting-traps. In spite of all we could do, the *Endymion* still gained on us, and it was very plain she would overtake us. So, at six bells, in the afternoon watch, when she was about four miles astern, Commodore Decatur called all-hands aft.

“‘Now, my lads,’ says he, ‘the *Endymion* will overtake us, and we can’t help it; but when she comes alongside, I want you to give her *one* broadside, double-shotted, and then every man and boy in the ship must board her; and we will take her, and go off in her, (for she is the fastest ship in the English squadron,) and leave the *President* where she is. No man must leave the ship till you see me mount the hammock-nettings, and then will you follow me?’

“‘Ay, ay, Sir, we will do that,’ says we, and gave him three cheers.

“By this time the *Endymion* was within three miles of us, and, training one of her bow-chasers on us, she let drive; but the shot fell short, about twice the ship’s length; so we tried her with our stern-chasers, to do her some hurt, if possible, and help us along; but our shot fell short, too.

“At two bells, in the first dog-watch, the *Endymion*’s shot overreached us, (she was within a mile of us,) and shot told well on both sides; but the *Tenedos* and *Pomone* came up so fast, that we saw we could not get away.

“‘Now, my boys,’ said Decatur, ‘we must surrender; but I want you to unrig the *Endymion*, for me, first. Will you do it?’

“‘Ay, ay, Sir,’ says we, and cheered him again.

“Just at this minute a shot from the *Endymion* carried away our wheel, and killed the quartermaster-at-the-cun and three men. The ship broached-to, and then the drums beat to quarters, we manned our starboard-battery, and in *seventeen minutes* the *Endymion* was a wreck ; the only spar standing was about eighteen feet of her foremast.

“All this time, Decatur stood on the spar-deck with his speaking-trumpet, singing out, ‘Don’t overshoot your guns, my brave boys ; don’t overshoot your guns.’

“He was afraid the guns would burst, as they grew hot, if we overshotted them ; but his advice did no good. We put three round shot into each gun, and as the *Endymion* was only about fifty feet from us, you may know how the shot told. The *Endymion*, of course, would not strike to us when the rest of their squadron was so near, and so we continued the battle ; but as it was now too dark to fight by the flag, we sent up a light, and they did the same. About this time our sailing-master went to Commodore Decatur, and told him he was wounded, and must go below.

“‘Where’s your wound, Sir ?’ says Decatur.

“So he showed him the middle finger of his left hand, which was a little cut.

“‘For heaven’s sake, Sir,’ says Decatur, ‘don’t mind that. Look at that deck, Sir,’ (the first, fourth, and fifth lieutenants were dead, or mortally wounded, and thirty men lay on deck in the same condition ;) ‘don’t *think* of going below now, Sir.’

“‘Well, Sir,’ says he, ‘I’ll go below and get it dressed, and come on deck again ; but, when he got below, he somehow forgot to come back.

“So Decatur sung out for Lieutenant Gallagher, (the third lieutenant,) to take the trumpet ; but Robinson, a volunteer, who is now in the Havre line, hearing his hail, came up from the gun-deck. ‘Commodore Decatur,’ says he, ‘I am only a volunteer, but if I can be of any use to you, you may command my services.’

“ ‘Much obliged to you, Sir,’ says Decatur ; ‘take the trumpet, Sir.’

“ ‘So Robinson took the deck. By this time the *Endymion* had dropped astern, but the *Tenedos* was on our larboard-bow, and the *Pomone* on our starboard-quarter.

“ ‘Now, Commodore Decatur,’ says Robinson, ‘I wish you would sink that *Tenedos*, and then the *Majestic* will sink us, and we’ll all go down together ; for our larboard-guns are shotted, and *one* broadside will send her straight to the bottom.’

“ ‘No, Sir,’ says Decatur, ‘I will not throw away the lives of my brave fellows so. Now, go below, my lads, we must surrender ; and you want refreshment ; so, go below.’

“ ‘We turned-to, and threw all our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-spikes, and every thing overboard ; and cutting loose both batteries, we went down to the berth-deck to get something to eat and drink, for we had touched nothing since we left the *Hook*, and had not slept a minute, either. I was going along forrard on the berth-deck, when I stumbled over a dead marine, and as I was getting up, I found two bottles of devilish fine wine ; for the Commodore had ordered his stores to be given to the sailors, and that was the reason I found this wine knocking about the deck. Just as I got upon my feet, one of the topmen, named Harry Brown, came along, whose scalp had been torn up by a musket ball, and hung over his face, so that he could not see. So I gave him one bottle of the wine, and it did him a great deal of good ; but he was down-hearted, and thought he should die ; so he told me to take a large gold chain, which he wore, and give it to his wife, when I got home ; and I did so, and kept it in spite of the English thieves, and gave it to her according to orders. When we went below, Decatur took his trumpet, and went forward on the fo’castle, and standing on the larboard cathead, he hailed the *Tenedos*.

“ ‘I have surrendered, Sir ;’ they pretended not to hear him, and let drive a whole broadside into us.

“ ‘I have surrendered, Sir ;’ says Decatur, again.

“ ‘To whom ?’ says the Tenedos.

“ ‘To the squadron, Sir,’ says Decatur ; for he was too proud to say he had surrendered to any one ship.

“ Bang ! came another broadside from the Tenedos. Now, when they fired this second broadside, the first-lieutenant, with other officers and a boat’s crew, had just boarded us from the Pomone, which lay on our starboard-quarter, close aboard of us ; and the shot from the Tenedos killed two officers and five men on board the Pomone. So the first-lieutenant of the Pomone run forrard, and hailed the Tenedos :

“ ‘Cease firing, Sir !’ says he ; ‘his Britannic majesty’s officers are aboard, Sir.’

“ Then the Tenedos stopped firing, and the Englishmen boarded us by the hundred, and in five minutes there were four hundred of them aboard, in spite of the tremendous sea and the gale of wind. Then they had their hands full, for all our guns were cruising about decks, rolling with the roll of the ship in every direction. It was as much as a man’s life was worth to be on our main-gundeck then ; for if a long thirty-two pounder had rolled over a fellow, he would be about used-up ; and so the Englishmen danced and swore a good deal, when they came to secure the batteries again, and wanted us to lend them a hand, but devil a bit would we do ; so they had the fun all to themselves. After they had got every thing snug again, they took half of us, and sent us aboard the Tenedos ; and as it was now near four bells, in the first watch, they stowed us away in the fore-hold, in double irons, to keep us safe till morning.

“ Then it was, ‘down all boats, and search for the Endymion ;’ for she had dropped so far a-stern that they did not know where she was ; but at last they found her, and towed her up as the wind lulled, and when we were taken out of the hold in the morning, she was alongside.

“ Well, they took us on deck, and stowed us away on the

booms, amidships, in double-irons ; and the whole guard of marines under arms, standing sentry over us.

“ Now, we had had but little to eat or drink for nearly two days, and were almost dead with hunger and thirst, and I determined to ask for something, come what would ; so I spoke to the sergeant of the guard.

“ ‘ Sergeant,’ says I, ‘ will you allow a prisoner to speak to you ?’

“ ‘ It is contrary to orders,’ says he, ‘ but say on.’

“ So I told him how it was with us, and begged him to ask the officer of the deck for something for us. He went to the lieutenant, and told him that the prisoners wanted some water.

“ ‘ Who asked you ?’ says the lieutenant.

“ ‘ One of the men, Sir,’ says the sergeant.

“ ‘ Send him to me,’ says the lieutenant.

“ The sergeant came forrard : ‘ Where’s the man who spoke to me for water ?’

“ ‘ I’m the man,’ says I.

“ So he knocked off my feet-irons, and I went aft to the lieutenant. He was the only officer aboard, all the rest being aboard the President, and a devilish smart fellow he was, too. So I told him how it was, that we were suffering for water, and begged him to give us a little.

“ ‘ What’s your name ?’ says he.

“ ‘ Robert O’Neal, Sir,’ says I.

“ ‘ An Irishman !’ says he, ‘ by heaven, I’ll hang you !’

“ ‘ Well, Sir,’ says I, ‘ will you please to give us a little water ?’

“ So he sung out for the master’s-mate of the hold, and told him to give me four ten-gallon casks of water, and a couple of bags of bread. I took it, and served it out to our men, but they jumped at it as if they were mad ; and acted more like wild beasts than men ; and drank all the water, and took all the bread so quick, that I could not get any myself. Then the lieutenant sent for me.

“ ‘ Well,’ says he, ‘ how did you make out ?’

“ ‘But poorly myself, Sir,’ says I, ‘the men took it all, and I had none left.’

“ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘sit down on that carronade-slide, my man, and I’ll see what I can do for you.’

“ It was now about his dinner-time, three-bells in the afternoon watch, and he went down to his dinner, and sent up to me a piece of fresh beef and potatoes, and every thing I wanted, and I made a devilish good dinner. Pretty soon he came up from below.

“ ‘Well, my lad,’ says he, ‘how did you make out?’

“ ‘Very well, Sir, and much obliged to you, Sir,’ says I; ‘there’s only one thing wanting.’

“ ‘What’s that?’ says he.

“ ‘A little grog, if you please, Sir,’ says I.

“ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘I’ll be d— if you are not a whole-souled fellow. You shall have some grog, anyhow.’

“ So he wrote an order on the purser’s steward for half-a-pint of grog, and gave it to me, and told me to go and get it; and I went below and got it, and *then* I was all right. When I came on deck, he made me come aft to him, and talked to me a long while.

“ Well, that afternoon they sent all hands of us aboard of the *Endymion*; and stowed half of us in the fore-hold and the rest on the main-gundeck, amidships, in irons; and, as she had jury-masts rigged, they all bore away for Bermuda.

“ Now the *Endymion* was still the fastest ship in the squadron, and not being very full manned, we agreed to rise and take her, and bear away for some port in the States; and we had it all arranged, and in *three minutes* more the ship would have been our own, when the main-jurymast went by the board and dished all our plans. In a couple of days we made Bermuda, and there we were landed and marched through the town; and a set of such looking fellows no man ever saw. We had not been shaved for so long a time that we looked like bears; water was no shipmate of ours; and, as the English thieves had stolen every thing we had, the clothes that

we wore were both few and small ; for example, my thumb-nail is as well clothed as we were ; and, as we went along with our hands behind our backs, two and two, the boys pelted us with mud, eggs, dead cats, and such-like. Then they put us aboard the *Ardent*, sixty-four, commanded by a mean old hunk, Sir William Barnaby, or ‘ Captain Bill,’ as we used to call him ; and we lay in port, aboard of her, till the peace. The ladies of Bermuda gave us clothing and nick-nacks, and tried to make us comfortable ; but, under ‘ Captain Bill,’ that was an impossibility. So, when the peace came, they shipped us to New-York, and we arrived there in June, safe and sound, and now I hail hereabouts. Now hand over the grog. I say, Jack, you mouldy-headed rascality, pay the fiddler ; you spoke for him.”

“ Ay, ay, Bob,” says I, “ so I will ; half in fair words and the rest in promises.”

CAPTURE OF THE CYANE AND LEVANT.

PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,
SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1834.

"I SAY, Jack Dennison," I continued, addressing an old weather-beaten tar as broad as he was long, and so heavily sparred, that he looked, for all the world, like a line-o'-battle cut down: "now's your turn; come, answer to your muster, and relieve the wheel. Bob has spun us a yarn as long as the fore-to'-bowline, spliced onto the jib-downhaul, so, now, try your hand at the bellows. Tip us a real, regular-built bloody one; none of your seven-water-grog, and give it to us hand-over-fist, right off the reel; and be alive about it, so that Bob won't be obliged to pipe 'All hands open toplights, ahoy,' before you get it half reeled."

"Who made you commodore, and be d——d to you, you long-splice of a land-lubber?" says Jack, as he hauled up his courses, and cleared decks for action. "I can spin yarns, without asking any odds of you, you bone-polisher, so clap a stopper on the running part of that long tongue of yours, or I'll get Bob to seize you up in the weather-rigging, and heave a dozen into you, to make you clew up your jawing-tacks."

"Jack," says I, discreetly rolling out of striking distance, "your chat is like a reefer's orders; big words on a weak stomach: come, bear a hand, and pay out the slack, and, mind

you don't choke us : small-helm, my boy, keep her full-and-by, if she'll go it."

"You are a pretty fellow," says Jack, "to talk about small-helm. I don't believe you ever spoke the truth but once in your life, and that was when you said you *did* like duff-and-molasses, and *didn't* like a flogging."

"Avast Jack," says I, "I'll haul-off, and repair damages."

So Jack stowed away the old-soger in the North-East corner of his tarpaulin, took a fresh bite of purser's-plug, and tying an over-haul-knot with his fists, athwart his bread-bag, and mooring himself snugly, he began his yarn, as he did every thing, butt-end-foremost.

"Sail, ho !" sung out the look-out on the fore-topsail-yard of the Constitution frigate, Commodore Stewart, about four bells in the forenoon watch, of the twentieth of February, 1815, Madeira bearing South-East by East, distant two hundred miles.

"'Where-away?' hailed the officer of the deck.

"'Right-ahead, Sir,' replied the look-out.

"'Gentleman-of-the-watch!' hailed the lieutenant, 'report to the Commodore, Sir, a strange sail right-ahead.'

"The middy made his report, and came up again, with orders to make all sail in chase.

"'Aha!' thought we, as we set stu'n'-sails alow and aloft, though the breeze was rather too stiff for them, 'now for some fun.'

"Old Ironsides took the hint, and gathering way, we were off in no time at all, South-and-by-East, at ten knots an hour.

"The look-out hailed again in five minutes, 'Another sail, right ahead, Sir; close aboard the first one.'

"This was reported to the Commodore, and he repeated the order to pull a heel after them; and after them we went, at a great rate, right before the wind, which was so strong that the stu'n'-sail-booms bent like nothing; but the old man did not care for that. 'What she can't carry, let her drag,' was his rule, and he stuck to it well.

"After we had been spanking along about an hour, the officer-of-the-deck hailed :

"'Fore-topsail-yard, there ! What do you make them out to be ?'

"'Men-o'-war, sir, going large, stu'n'-sails set,' says the lookout.

"This report, 'two men-o'-war ahead,' spread through the ship in less than no time, and all the idlers, watch-below, and every body came on deck to have a squint at them ; and the Commodore took a devil of a shot at them, through his long spy-glass, to make out where they hailed from. They were so far ahead that *we* couldn't make out anything, so we watched old Stewart, to see what *he* thought.

"He stood on the starboard-cathead, squinting, and squinting, till we thought he never would knock-off. After a long spell at it, he shut up the glass, and went along aft, talking to himself, as if he was working up his dead-reckoning, and came-to, at the horse-block, all in a bight. All of a sudden he brightened up, went down into the cabin, and was on deck again in no time at all, in full uniform.

"'There,' says we, 'the old man has got his fighting-traps rigged, swabs and all. Now, then, look out for hard knocks and prize-money.'

"The officers took the hint, and in ten minutes all hands of them were in fighting-togs, and things began to look a little man-o'-war fashion.

"Well, we cracked on her, ring-tail, sky-scraper, jibbe-jib, and the d—l knows what not, and went spanking off at twelve knots an hour ; but the fellows ahead did their prettiest, too ; so that it was three bells, in the first dog-watch, before we got near enough to make out much.

"We could then see, very plainly, that one of them was a cravatte and t'other a sloop-of-war, and they looked like Johnny Bull's craft ; so the old man ordered a bow-chaser to be fired, just to make them look at us, for they were a long way out of shot ; and when he had waked them so, he sent up the

old gridiron at the fore-skysail-mast-head, so that they could see it plain. They answered a minute after, each a gun, and sent up British colours !

“ ‘Now, boys,’ says we, ‘for a brush ;’ but Johnny Bull did not think so, but pulled heel all the harder ; but we gained on him, and ’twas very plain we should overhaul him ; so the word was passed,

“ ‘Fore-and-aft, both sides, and amid-ships, all hands ! Turn-to and clean yourselves, white frocks and trowsers, to muster.’ ”

“ Avast, Jack Dennison,” says I, “ what did you put on your muster-clothes to fight in, for ? Get them spoiled and dirty, and some ugly holes drilled in them, *prehaps*.”

“ Short yarns, youngster,” growled Jack, “ we were going to *meeting*, as you Yankees say ; and so we rigged ourselves to put Johnny Bull’s eyes out, if he looked our way.

“ Well, we cleared up decks, and got every thing in fighting-trim ; arm-chests on deck, cutlass-racks at the capstan, and forrard, put on the gratings, rove preventer-sheets and braces, slung the yards in chains, lashed the topsails, sanded down decks, and got every thing ready in regular-built style. When we were within about four miles of the Englishmen, we trained one of our bow-chasers on them, and let drive, just by way of opening the conversation, as my sweetheart used to say ; but that did not do much ; but Johnny Bull, as if he had just thought what we wanted of him, began to shorten sail, as if he was coming-to for us.

“ We were glad enough to see that motion, and began to think he might be a clever fellow after all, and so shortened sail ourselves. But Johnny was playing us a trick ; for, when we got under fighting canvass, and had lost some headway, he threw his men aloft, and his sails being only stopped-up, and not half stowed, he was under all sail again in a minute. But old Stewart saw what they were at, and they found that Yankees could loose sail too, upon a pinch, for we were under all sail almost as soon as they were, and after them we went.

"The cravatte (we afterwards found she was the Cyane, and t'other the Levant, and I'll call them so 'cause it's shorter) began to blaze away at us with her stern-chasers, but we told her nothing, for firing bow-chasers deadens a ship's way, and we determined to put off that part of the business till we got them alongside. So we went on, gaining on them at every plunge, when, all of a sudden, they began to shorten sail again.

"We began to take in sail too, for stu'n'-sails are no things to go into action with, keeping an eye on them, for fear they would trick us again. And, sure enough, so it was; for, when we had got under topsails, topgallan'-sails, and courses, they both came up into the wind, gave us each a broadside, and then made all sail to get away.

"That did not please us much, and we swore some pretty tough ones at them, and then gave chase. This time we gained on them the same as before, and coming nearer and nearer, they saw they could not get away, and then they shortened sail; and like true English bull-dogs, got ready for whatever we chose to give them, and to do their best to be Scotch prizes to us, after all.

"We shortened sail, stowing every thing snug, for we saw they meant to fight it out this time, and then sent up ensigns at the fore, main, and mizen, at the peak, and on the bowsprit; so that if soine were shot away, we should have something to fight under still. But Commodore Stewart, knowing the spunk of us fellows, gave particular orders *not to nail them to the mast*; for he knew, as any one with brains would, that that way of doing business was all folly. It was, he knew, an impossibility for Johnny Bull to beat us in fair fighting, yard arm to yard-arm; but then some accident might happen, and we should be in a bight, if the signal-halyards would not render.

"The order was obeyed by all except Pat Flanagan, an Irish fore-topman, who was sent aloft to set the ensign at the fore. He took up some nails, and a marlin-spike for a hammer, and nailed the ensign to the flag-pole in three places.

“ ‘There,’ says Pat, as he came down into the fore-top, ‘I’ll be d—d if that flag shall be struck, unless the mast goes by the board.’

“Then the drums beat to quarters, and as soon as they had done, the saucy Englishmen repeated the call with a full band, and rolled off with ‘Rule Britannia;’ and, both luffing suddenly in the last strain, the music was drowned with the thunder of two broadsides fired all together, plump at us. I never heard such music before, and I hope I never shall again, especially in a moonlight night.

“Then came the orders for bringing ship to action. Both batteries were cast loose, tompions out, aprons off, and loaded with each a round shot, a stand of grape and cannister.

“ ‘Man both batteries!’ sung out the first-luff; they were manned.

“ ‘Depress your guns for a close fire; wait for the word of command; silence, fore-and-aft!’

“He stopped, and we hardly breathed; our decks were as still as death; and as I was only about eighteen years old, and had never been in action, I began to feel a little streaked. I was stationed at one of the quarter-deck guns, and of course could see every thing; and standing still alongside my gun, I had nothing to think of, but the question whether the flat-fish wouldn’t be dubbing their ugly noses into my carcase, at the bottom of the sea, before long; and, I can tell you, I felt a little queer as the shot from the Englishmen flew around us: I didn’t like standing still to be shot at.

“Right ahead, about a mile off, were the Cyane and Levant, under easy sail. The Levant was a little ahead of the Cyane, and as it was bright moonlight, we could see every thing as plain as day, and they blazed away at us with stern-chasers and quarter-deck guns all the time, but we took no notice of it.

“ ‘Wait for the word of command,’ says the first-luff, again; ‘not a shot must be thrown away.’

“As we neared them, their fire grew hotter and hotter, till,

when we were on the Cyane's larboard quarter, the sea was all in a blaze.

"Port!" hailed the first-luff, in a voice so loud, that we heard it plain in spite of the Englishmen's broadsides. Their game was to keep both on our larboard-side, so that we should be obliged to divide our larboard-battery between them; but Commodore Stewart knew better than that.

"We passed the starboard side of the Cyane, and luffed-up between her and the Levant; they luffed too, so that we should not rake them, and then the first lieutenant hailed again,

"Mind the weather-roll—fire!"

"Every gun aboard was fired the minute the word passed his lips; the larboard-battery into the Cyane; and the starboard, into the Levant; and as the kick of one battery met the kick of the other, the ship didn't heel an inch, but trembled like a leaf from the keelson to the trucks. I never shall forget how I felt then: the noise of our batteries was enough to split a man's head open; but the most awful sound to me was the crashing our shot made aboard the Englishmen; it was as if every mast had gone by the board; every shot *told*; and the yells of the wounded! it makes my blood run cold to think of it!

"They gave us as good as we sent, and tried to rake us, but they found we could fight both batteries and work ship too; so at it we went, hammer and tongs; and shot and splinters flew well, fore-and-aft.

"I was first-loader of my gun, and as it was in the larboard battery, my mark was the Cyane. After we had been at it a little while, a round-shot took the man next me in the head, and dashed his blood and brains all over me; but all my skittishness was gone after the first broadside, and I did not mind this trifle at all.

"The next minute, as I had finished loading her, and was stepping back, my left arm dropped numb by my side. I felt of it, but there was no skin broken, nor so much as the sleeve of my frock singed, but still I could not lift it; and I 'spose 'twas the wind of a shot passing close to it.

"The lieutenant of my division, seeing something was foul, told me to go below to the doctor.

"'If I do, I'm d—d,' says I, touching my hat, so that he needn't call it insolence; but I took my station at the train-tackle, for I could haul-in and run-out the gun with one hand as well as a dozen; and the man I relieved took my post as loader, and a minute after a round shot cut him in two; so, there was my luck.

"Well, after a while the enemy's fire began to slack a little, and that made us work away all the harder, and pretty soon the Cyane hauled down her ensign, (guess 'twasn't nailed to the mast!) but the Levant made sail to get away; so old Ironsides fell off from the wind, to bring her larboard-broadside to bear on her, and gave it to her so solidly, that she, too, hauled down her flag.

"We gave them three cheers, and then, boats being lowered, the Commodore sent a lieutenant and a prize crew aboard each of them, to take possession of them and receive their surrender; for neither of them had a boat that would float to send their captains aboard of us.

"Well, we bore away towards Madeira, sailing along easy, repairing damages; and, when that was done, we spliced the main-brace, and if grog *ever* tasted well, it did then.

"About six bells, in the first watch, the lieutenant in charge of the Cyane hailed, to say that he wanted the carpenter and his gang, for the ship was sinking.

"Commodore Stewart answered the hail himself: 'Tack ship, Sir, and crowd all sail.'

"This was just the thing. She had fought her starboard battery, and that was the side cut up with our shot; tacking, and crowding all sail, threw it clear out of water, so that the carpenter had a fair chance at it, and old Nipton no chance at all. In an hour, the lieutenant made report that every thing was snug again, and we sailed along quietly till morning; and then took out half of their men, and brought them aboard the Constitution, and manned them with our own. We didn't

steal their dunnage, though, nor abuse them, as Bob says they did in the *Endymion*, but let each man have his bag and hammock, the same as in his own ship.

“We made *Madeira* in a couple of days, and came to an anchor in *Porto Prava* and began to refit, and manned the *Cyane* and *Levant* as well as we could, and still have men enough for old *Ironsides*. In a week, we were ready for sea, and were lying quietly at anchor, when, one foggy morning, a small craft arrived, and reported an English fleet outside, coming in. We knew, well enough, that the English would not care a straw for the Spanish neutrality, so we cut our cables; and, as the English prisoners would be in the way in a fight, we sent them all ashore, and then stood out. Now, there was an old Spanish battery ashore, which commanded the whole bay; and as soon as we had landed the prisoners, the d—d rascals ran to that battery, manned it, and opened upon us in fine style. That didn't please old *Stewart* over well, and he swore some pretty tough ones, that if he got clear of the English fleet outside, he would come back and blow those fellows into the air.

“Now, the harbor of *Porto Prava* has a small, but high island at its mouth, so that there are two channels of entrance; and, as the fog was very thick, the English fleet came in at one, as we walked out at the other; but they soon found their mistake, and came out again, before we could get any kind of start, and gave chase. They were five sail; two seventy-fours, one *razee*, and two fifty-gun frigates. We could not stand all that; they carried too many guns for us, and we crowded all sail to get away. We soon found that if our prizes could keep up with us, we could run the English squadron hull-down in two hours; but there was the pinch; they were both heavy sailers, especially the *Levant*, and no match for old *Ironsides*, or the English fleet either; so we had to shorten sail, to allow them to keep in company, and going so, *Johnny Bull* gained on us. Now, the *Commodore* showed them a Yankee trick. He ordered the *Cyane* and *Levant* to carry on every thing they could show, and then coolly drop-

ped astern of them, and backed his main-topsail, to make the Englishmen think he intended to fight the whole bunch of them, so that they would shorten sail, and the Cyane and Levant could get away ; and then he would brace up again, and walk right away from them ; for he knew that none of their ships could begin to sail with the Constitution.

“That was a pretty saucy trick, I’m thinking ; one frigate heave-to, for two seventy-fours, a razee, and two frigates as big as herself ! whew—w ! But, after all, this trick didn’t do much good, for the English followed on, crowding all sail ; so the Commodore braced up again, and then hove out a signal to the Levant, which was falling astern of the Cyane every minute, to tack ship and stand back for Porto Prava, to take shelter under the Spanish neutrality, while we and the Cyane went on. She tacked accordingly, and the English admiral detached *two* frigates, (the Newcastle and Acasta, forty-fours,) to give her chase, while he and the rest of the squadron bore down after us.

“Now, Commodore Stewart knew well enough, that if the Newcastle and Acasta kept on after the Levant, they would probably catch her ; so he shortened sail again, backed his maintopsail, and fired a gun to windward, hoping that the English admiral would then recall his frigates to take the Constitution, and so the Levant would escape ; but there he was mistaken. The admiral knew that his seventy-fours and razee were enough to take us ; so he let the Acasta and Newcastle go on, while he crowded on after us. When Commodore Stewart saw that the trick had failed, he hove a signal to the Cyane to shift for herself, and then bracing up again, he made all sail, and in an hour the English hauled off, finding they could not catch us.

“When we came into New-York, in April, the Cyane was at anchor off the Battery ; but the Levant took refuge in Porto Prava, and the English broke the Spanish neutrality, as we knew they would, and managed, with two fifty-gun frigates, to take a sloop-of-war, of twenty-two guns, with thirty men to man her.”

THE MUTINY.

PUBLISHED IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,
OCTOBER, 1834.

THE anchor was weighed, catted, and fished ; top-sails sheeted home, top-gallant-sails loosed, and courses hauled aboard ; and the stout whaler, Amazon, of and from N—— B——, David Jones, Master, was under way once more in the harbor of Valparaiso, on a fine day in November, 183—, bound for the light blue sea, and the home of John Whale.

We had lain at anchor in Valparaiso just long enough. We had enjoyed ourselves to the full extent of physical felicity : spent all our money ; broken our full allowance of heads and hearts ; and now with light heads and heels, we were ‘outward bound.’

But, although we were leaving Valparaiso, it was not in our hearts as men, (much less as sailors,) to quit it without some emotions of regret. Certain it is, that when I looked at this most picturesque of the abodes of man, ‘distance lending enchantment,’ and hiding its blemishes,—as it lay before me, in all the splendor of the noon-day sun, terrace above terrace of white walls and red roofs, the lofty spires of cathedrals standing forth in bold relief from the cloudless sky, pointing the faithful to heaven,—the delicious sensations caused by its surpassing beauty, were mixed with sadness at the thought that I was leaving it all for a long time, and, perhaps, forever.

It was now past sunset, and daylight and the Chilian coast were leaving us together. Point Angels,—the Western cape of the Bay of Valparaiso, more angelic in name than appearance, (being a rocky, dangerous promontory,) was astern; and the matchless green of the coast, and the majestic blue and white of the Andes, grew more and more indistinct, until at length no part of them was visible, save one high peak, which proudly threw its cloud-capped crest into the heavens, as if to show the sea-worn mariner that it watched over his weal, though all earth beside left him to perish. That peak, though the mighty Pacific lashed its shores in wrath, and rolled its angry waves mountains high—far above the war of wind and wave, calmly reared its hoary head, undisturbed by the commotion of the elements,—a majestic land-mark from the creation to the end of time. At length that, also, faded from our view. The bell struck eight; the watch was set, and it being my watch below, I went down into the fore-castle to do the rest of my dreaming asleep.

Sleep!—how delicious it is, people on shore never know. The sailor, who sleeps by the minute, liable to be roused at any time, on a second's warning—he *sleeps*. Land-lubbers only doze.

At this time, I was a foremast-hand aboard the Amazon, having joined her in Valparaiso, for the romance of the thing—to learn how to catch whales and eat blubber; and my curiosity was in a fair way of being satisfied, for we were bound for the Pacific South Cruising-ground, where whales can be had for the catching, 'provided always,' as the statutes have it, you can find them.

For the benefit of the 'untravelled,' I would remark, that the South Cruising-ground is that part of the Pacific ocean off the coast of Chili and Patagonia, between 40° and 50° South latitude, which, for some reason, is a favorite resort of whales, and, of course, of whale-ships; for 'where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' It is one of the loveliest spots in the whole South Sea: and I ask any tar,

who has served there, if he ever was happier in his life than when standing off-and-on for whales, on the South Cruising-ground.

Life aboard a whaler, *is* life. There can be no harder service than catching whale, and, probably, none more dangerous. But, with all its dangers and hardships, there is a fascination in it, which only those who have felt it, can conceive. There is something noble and inspiring in capturing this monster of the deep. This taming of Leviathan is a grand exemplification of the universality of the dominion of man. And when the toils of the chase are over, and John Whale is fairly "tried" into oil ; then, in the depths profound of the fore-castle, we sailor-men take our ease, smoke cigars, drink grog, and fight our battles over again, and sometimes fight new ones among ourselves.

In the Amazon, we had a good share of the comforts of nautical life. She was a stout ship of five hundred tons burthen, and carried thirty men: enough "beef," one would think, to work ship and fight her too, if need should be. Captain Jones was a good sailor, and an honest, kind-hearted man ; but nature never meant him for the commander of a ship. He was too easy with his men ; and nothing but the fear of a flogging will keep old sailors in order. The second mate, named Field, was a wide-awake Yankee ; but the first mate, Brown, was a devil incarnate.

He was a large, powerful man—much more so than either the Captain or Field ; and although he had been aboard but a week, (he joined us in Valparaiso,) he had begun to show that he intended to rule the ship himself, and I did not like the cut of his jib at all.

There were some rumors in Valparaiso that he had been a pirate, and his every look and action bore testimony to their truth ; and before we had been out two days, he began to alter his conduct towards the Captain, and seemed waiting for some pretext to quarrel with him openly. He went on, growing

shorter and shorter with him, 'till one day, when we were four days out, he fairly showed his colors.

There were eight fellows aboard, all suspicious looking craft, who shipped aboard of us at the same time that Brown did, and all the morning of this day he had been whispering with one and another of them. I could not help thinking that there would be the devil to pay before long; but as he was very sly about it, his conduct was not generally observed.

About two bells in the first dog-watch that afternoon, Brown having the deck, Captain Jones stepped to the binnacle, and stooped to look at the compass. I was standing near at the time, and happening to look at Brown, was taken all-aback by the expression of his face. He looked at the Captain just as if he was about to kill him. So satanic a look I never saw on the face of mortal man.

When the Captain had satisfied himself that the ship was heading her course, he spoke to the first mate;—

“How many is she going, Mr. Brown?”

“I know,” said Brown, “and that’s enough.”

“Mr. Brown,” replied the Captain, “what do you mean, Sir? I command this ship.”

“I’m d——d if you do!” said Brown; and snatching up a heaver, that lay near, he struck him on the head with all his strength. Being bare-headed, and having nothing to break the force of the blow, the Captain fell upon the deck, and never moved a finger. He was dead!

“Come aft here, Antonio,” said Brown to one of his men, “and toss this thing overboard.” Having turned his pockets inside out, Antonio very coolly did as he was commanded.

“Now then,” continued Brown, “call all hands.”

All hands came on deck, and Brown, having his loaded pistols lying by him on the capstan, very deliberately told them that Captain Jones had been insolent to him, and he had thrown him overboard; that he was now master of the ship, and would kill any man who dared to say a word.

“Do you hear that, Mr. Field?” said he to the second mate.

"Mind that you behave well, or I will serve *you* in the same manner."

Field was as brave as most men, and looked, for a minute, as if he would show fight; but as he did not know who he could depend upon, he merely answered, "Yes, Sir," and went about his business. As he submitted, all hands did the same, and things went on as if nothing was the matter. But after dusk, in the second dog-watch, Field having the deck, I thought there was some unusual stir among five or six fellows, whom I knew were friends and "townies" of his. I watched them closer, and thought they were busy with a boat which hung on the lee-quarter. One would toss something in, and then another—and I wondered what they were driving at: but in a few minutes all was quiet again, and, soon after, the bell struck eight, and the first mate came on deck to stand his watch as usual.

He looked pretty hard at Field as he made his report of courses, wind, etc., but he was so very respectful, that Brown's suspicions were effectually lulled.

"Mr. Field," said he, "we shall have fine times now that that old fool is out of the way; and when we get more Southing, I mean to keep her away for the Cuachos Island, and there we'll take our comfort."

"That's a fact, Mr. Brown," said Field, "there will be some fun in that;" and he went below, as if he and the first mate were the best friends in the world.

The first watch passed off quietly enough; but I was too busy thinking to sleep, and was wide-awake when we were called at eight bells. As soon as the wheel was relieved, and Brown had gone below, Field spoke to us:

"My lads, she goes well. There won't be any thing to do, this watch; and you may cork on the fore-castle, if you like."

This was a common custom with the second mate, in fair weather, and all the watch went forward accordingly, leaving only himself and the man-at-the-wheel, aft. Still, I thought

it meant something this time, and I lay down under the weather-bulwarks, amid-ships, to see what was coming.

In about ten minutes, six fellows came along aft, one by one. They went first to the wheel and lashed it amid-ships. Putting some things into the lee-quarter boat, they slushed the tackles and lowered it, and then all getting in, they let her drop astern ; and, as it was very dark, I saw no more of them, and quietly moored myself under the lee of the long-boat.

I knew that the second mate and his men were safe enough now, for we were not far from the coast of Chili, and a whale-boat will live in almost any breeze. With their sail and six oars, they could run away from us at any time ; and it now occurred to me what they had been about in the evening : namely, putting provision and water aboard ; and so they were right enough.

But the next question was,—What would Brown do when he found it out ? That remained to be seen, and I lay in very uneasy expectancy.

About six bells, he came on deck :—

“ How do you head there ? ” said he to the man who was (*not*) at the wheel. Receiving no reply, he damned the fellow as asleep ; but on going aft to wake him, he found that he and the second mate were among the missing, and the wheel lashed.

Nothing ever took him by surprise, and he hailed instantly :—

“ For’ard there ! ”

“ Sir ? ” sung out one fellow from the forecastle, who happened to be awake.

“ Come aft here, you d——d rascal,” said Brown : “ where’s all the watch ? ”

“ Mr. Field told us to cork on the forecastle, Sir,” said the trembling sailor.

“ The devil he did ! ” said Brown ; “ and where is *he* ? ”

“ I don’t know, Sir,” said the man.

"Well, who *does* know?" continued Brown. "Come aft here all of you."

We went aft, but no one could tell him where the second mate was, and, on mustering the watch, he found that six men were missing. He jumped to leeward, and sung out that the quarter-boat was gone. A moment after, the man at the wheel reported that one compass was gone from the binnacle.

"He is off in a boat," said Brown, "but I'll catch him before morning. Call all hands—'bout ship—ready, ready!"

We were standing at this time, South-East-by-South, on a South-West wind, and the most natural conjecture was, that Field had made for the land; but, for that very reason, Brown thought it was *not* the fact; and tacking the ship, he put her head due West, and crowded all sail.

There was so much promptness in Brown's manner, that I was afraid he was right in his supposition; and as he swore he would run them down if he caught them, I waited anxiously for day.

Satan always favors his children; and so he did this time, —for when day-light came, the boat *was* in sight, about four miles distant, on our weather-bow!

I thought, now, that we should see some murder done; —for Brown loaded his musket and pistols, and ordered to clear away a twelve-pounder, which was forward, and loaded it with grape-shot, nails, glass, etc. But my fears were groundless; for, as soon as Field saw us, he struck his mast, and taking to the oars, pulled dead to windward, at ten knots an hour.

That manœuvre was his salvation; for he had too much start to be chased by a boat, and the ship could not *conveniently* sail in the wind's eye. So Brown, after swearing 'till he was black in the face, tacked ship again, and giving up all hope of catching Field, stood South-East for Cuachos.

But he was too regularly mad, to go off so; and since Field had escaped him, he vented his rage against the men of our watch. He shot one with his musket, and two more with his

pistols ; and, being somewhat appeased by the sight of blood, he then grew more good-natured : ordered them overboard with a jest, and called all hands to splice the main-brace.

But his good-nature soon evaporated, and he became as snappish as a hungry oyster. The three days we were making Cuachos, he was abusing all whom he thought unfriendly to him, and threatening to kill them if they did not behave ; and, what with all this abuse and uncertainty, I never spent three days so miserably in my life, and never was more rejoiced at the sight of land, than when Cuachos hove in sight.

Cuachos is a small uninhabited island, lying about five hundred miles West-North-West from Chiloe. It has a very fine soil, producing fruit and vegetables in profusion, and droves of wild-hogs are running about, to be had for the killing. We came to anchor in the harbor, and Brown gave all hands a run ashore, to take the turns out of their legs, *he* said ; but in reality, it was that he could search the ship.

When we had been there about a week, Brown began to take the spare spars and plank from the ship, to build a house ashore ; and said he intended to strip her, and take her to pieces, and that we would all live there, and he would be governor.

There was one thing about his plan of operations which I couldn't get along with ; namely, his population were all MEN, and I very soon determined not to stay, and be governed by that old devil on such terms. I found one other fellow, Bill Stevens by name, who had come to the same conclusion. But the question was, how could we get away ?—for all hands were with Brown, and we alone could do nothing. But after knocking our heads together a while, we formed our plan. A pretty stiff one it was, too ; but it was our only hope—and we stood by for an opportunity to put it in execution.

It was now summer, (December,) and as the wind in those seas blows steadily from the Southward in the summer months, we concluded we could sail the ship into Valparaiso, alone, if we could once get her to sea ; and as the harbor opened to-

wards the North-East, we thought we could accomplish that too, if luck favored us.

One morning, a few days after this, Brown ordered all the sails to be loosed to dry, and then went ashore with all hands, leaving Bill Stevens and myself aboard, as ship-keepers ; remarking, as he went over the side into his boat, that he should run the ship ashore the next day, high and dry, and then knock her to pieces.

"Now, Bill Stevens," said I, "it's our last chance. We must go to sea to-day, or never."

"Ay, ay," said Bill, coolly ; "we'll *do* that thing."

We lay at this time about half a mile from the shore, moored head and stern, with her head towards the sea ; and as the yards were square, the wind filled the sails that hung loose ; and by some unaccountable piece of good fortune, they had all been hoisted, after they were loosed to dry. Bill and I turned to, and, after belaying the braces, very quietly sheeted home the royals ; and as these filled, we found that the ship moved a little, and was getting over her anchor.

That discovery made our hearts beat thick, but we had too much to do, to give way to any emotion. The anchor out ahead had a chain-cable, but the kedge astern was fast to a hawser that was belayed round the capstan ; which, as the ship forged ahead, was gradually tightening. We unshackled the chain-cable, and putting mats in the iron hause-holes to prevent any noise, let it run out, slowly and carefully ; and then cutting the hawser astern—we were FREE !

We lashed the helm amid-ships ; sheeted home to'gallan' sails ; *then*, topsails, one sheet at a time. That was the decisive move ; and the wind freshening at the moment, the ship gathered way, and began rapidly to leave the land.

We were not yet observed from the shore, and went on, sheeting home one sail after another as well as we could ; and, belaying the fore-tack and sheet, left the mainsail alone, in order that the foresail might draw.

When we were about a mile from the shore, and under so

much way that we thought it was impossible for them to overtake us, we trained the twelve-pounder on the place where they were at work, and, having hoisted the national ensign at the peak, we fired the gun, and sent the grape-shot, which Brown had intended for Field, whistling about his own ears; and thus, in cavalier fashion, bade them "Good-bye."

This made some dancing and swearing among them, but they immediately put off in boats and gave chase.

"Now then, Bill," says I, "mind your eye, for here comes a tussle."

"Ay, ay," said he very coolly, as he swabbed out the old twelve; "lend a hand here, and we'll sweeten them high."

We loaded her again with grape, nails, slugs, glass, and every thing we could lay our hands on, filling her to the muzzle; and then loaded all the muskets aboard, of which, by good luck, there were more than a dozen. We went on making sail as well as we could, for we knew that if we were overtaken, "death, or worse punishment," as the laws of war have it, was the best we had to expect.

They came on after us very fast, and as the wind had most unfortunately lulled considerably, they made two feet to our one, and it was very plain that unless we could increase our speed, they would certainly overtake us. We hauled the twelve-pounder aft, and running its muzzle over the taffrail, "depressed it for a close fire," and getting our muskets aft also, we took our stand; determined to beat them off, or die in the attempt.

There were now four boats hotly pursuing us; but the foremost one, which Brown commanded, was the only one that seemed likely to overtake us; and it did seem impossible for us to escape him, for he gained on us every minute. But when he was just within musket-shot of us, the wind freshened suddenly, and for a moment we were slipping right away from him. It was but momentary, however, for the wind lulled again, and he came on faster than ever.

Brown was standing in the bow of his boat, his musket in

his hand, and as he was to windward of us, we could plainly hear him, as he swore roundly that he would "kill every d——d mother's son of us."

"Perhaps you will, friend Brown," thought I—"but that's a game that *two* can play at;" and, asking pardon for the murder, I coolly took aim at him with a musket, and let drive. I never missed my aim before, but he was under the especial protection of the devil. My ball did not touch him, while his, in return, grazed my cheek,—just drawing blood.

As he was loading, I fired at him again, and, although I never had a fairer shot, again missed him. But the ball was not wasted *this* time. It passed through the head of his bow-oars-man; and as Brown rose to fire at me again, his stroke-oars-man fell dead from the same cause, while Brown's ball passed through my hat—doing no mischief whatever.

I had now found the way to gain upon him, and that was, to kill his men; and I put my knowledge in practice so effectually, that in five minutes he had only two oars-men left.

At this juncture the wind freshened very much, for we were clear of the harbor, and in the open sea, and there could be no question of our final escape. So we gave him the pepper-and-salt mixture from the twelve-pounder, which disabled the rest of his oars. We then cheered him, and left him to found as many empires in the South Seas as he felt inclined.

But *our* work was only begun. We were standing out to sea, under a press of canvass, in a ship of five hundred tons, to work which properly, at least *eighteen men* were requisite. We were nearly a thousand miles from Valparaiso, and four hundred from the nearest port, Valdivia; and "we two fellows" were to work and navigate this ship into port, as we best could.

That we were safe from Brown, was an undeniable and most joyous fact; but I must confess that we felt rather sad

when we looked around at sunset, and saw nothing but sky and water. We felt that we were indeed *alone*.

However, we plucked up courage, determined to do all that men might, before we gave it up.

The wind was, fortunately, perfectly fair. We had plenty of provisions and water: the ship's quadrants, chronometers, charts, and compasses were all aboard, and we both understood navigation. We knew we could get on well enough as long as it was fair weather; but a gale of wind would send us straight to the bottom.

However, these anticipations were all out of place. We knew too much to borrow trouble; and determining to enjoy the present, and let the future take care of itself, the devastations that we made among the cabin-stores that evening, at supper, were neither few nor small. We ate fruit, and drank wine, and were as jolly as if we were snug in port.

"For who knows, Bill," said I, "whether you or I shall ever be skipper of a big ship again? Let's make the most of this one."

And we *did* make the most of it, with a vengeance. We got so gloriously fuddled, that when we awoke the next day, it took us half an hour to bring ourselves to our bearings.

After we had "freshened the nip," and stowed away our breakfast, we called a council of war, to form "Rules and Regulations, for the better government of the ship under our command." As we had no constituents to speechify for, our code of laws was formed in the tossing of a marlin-spike; and the amount of it was, that "while both were sober, we should be equal in authority; but in the event of drunkenness or disagreement, the right of the stronger should prevail;" or, in other words, he who carried the most guns, should be the best fellow.

Our code had one merit;—it was a short splice of a thing. It fitted our necessities exactly, and worked charmingly into the bargain.

At seven bells, I shot the sun with the skipper's quadrant, and

reported noon, and latitude 42° South, to Bill, with all becoming gravity.

"Very good, Sir," said Bill, touching his tarpaulin in true man-o'-war-skipper's style, "make it so, and pipe to dinner and grog, Sir."

"Do it yourself, old man," said I, "for the Boatswain is sick, and my thumb is sore."

"I'll court-martial you, you insolent fellow," quoth Bill, putting his hands in his pockets, and puffing up like the frog in the fable.

"Do, if you please, Commodore," said I. "Court me, indeed! I'll have a handsomer man than you, or none at all."

"None at all," echoed Bill, as he began to devour the dinner most valorously.

"ALL!" I responded, taking the lion's share.

"Leave a little," ejaculated Bill, with his mouth full, poking out his flipper.

"A little," I echoed, giving him a tithe; and so we duetted through the dinner.

"Now, then," said Bill, when we were discussing our dessert on deck, "this is what I call making a straight wake. Look at the old craft! She's like Poll Dover; spreads a — of a clew, and goes like the devil."

"Hope she won't go like Poll, *to* the devil," said I, joyously looking aloft.

"No danger of that while you are aboard," quoth Bill, with a knowing squint.

"Scull that bottle this way, you land-lubber," said I, "and none of your insinuations."

"What kind of a craft is that?" said Bill. "Splinter my mizen, but I never heard his name before."

"You be ———" was my kind response.

"Gentleman of the watch!" roared Bill, "report to the Captain, Sir, a *long word* cruising about decks,—strange sail,—no particular nation,—nobody knows him,—flying Dutchman,—better heave a round shot at him."

On that we joined battle ; but, both being well in the wind, we rolled together down the companion-way, brought up against the cabin-bulk-head, and snored away most lovingly 'till morning.

After spending six days more in this most intellectual and corporeal manner, we made the port of Valparaiso, and walked into it, with the national ensign at the fore, union-down ; and there being a Johnny War there, we were taken care of, "according to the statute in such case made and provided."

MY FIRST AND LAST FLOGGING.

PUBLISHED IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,
DECEMBER, 1834.

THOMAS WHITE, the First Lieutenant of the frigate Java, was what is, on shore, called a sailor. That is, he could talk boom-tackle, swear, drink grog like a fish, box the compass, and tell which way the wind blew. Add to these various accomplishments, the fact that his father was a subordinate in the Navy Department, and his mother the handsomest woman in Washington, and you have the reasons which made him the 'Executive' of the Java.*

Like most of the younger officers of the navy of this peaceful republic, he had never been so fortunate as to see any actual service; so, as is usual among the "sea lieutenants," he was wont,—lest his valor should rust in the scabbard, and stick fast,—to show his bravery in flogging the poor devils under his command, every morning, before the Captain was up; in order, as he humanely expressed it, "to get an appetite for breakfast."

* The precise detail of this paragraph *may* induce the supposition that real, living characters are referred to; but such is not the fact. There is no such officer in the navy as "Thomas White;" that name, as well as the name of the "Java," being a mere random selection. Indeed, as it will be obvious to all who are likely to read this book, these sketches are chiefly *fictions*.

It was about three bells in the morning watch of the tenth of June, 18—, when the Java was standing North-by-East, in the Pacific Ocean, bound for Callao,—San Lorenzo distant about forty-five miles,—that I, being properly “stripped,” was seized up to the Jacob’s-ladder, by order of Lieutenant White, solely that he might have an appetite,—no offence having been either committed or alleged. The dozen was “hove into me” with the cat, in the most approved manner ; and at the conclusion of the ceremony, the Lieutenant, taking off his hat, and bowing low,—as was his custom—said,

“My respects to you, Sir. Do you feel warm about the shoulders?”

Whatever I *felt*, I had wit enough to *say* nothing, and with the humble demeanor proper for a kicked cur, I picked up my dunnage, and diving below, went to the cook of our mess for some *slush* to anoint my lacerated back withal.

Reader, were you ever flogged with the cat-o’-nine-tails? If you have been, you know what it is ; but if not, you can form no conception of its severity. Nothing, save the Russian *knout*, can be compared with it. When you are told that each one of the nine-tails takes from the back a strip of skin of its own length at every blow, you may guess how a fellow feels after “a dozen.”

Being somewhat relieved by the cook’s application, I went upon deck to continue my duty. Lieutenant White, vexed at my taking the punishment so coolly, came up, and striking a blow over my shoulders with a bit of ratlin, which made me wince grievously, said,—

“So, you are well again, are you? You are used to the cat ; you shall have more next time. Stop, I am a bit of a surgeon, let me examine your back : it ought to be attended to.”

There was nothing for me but obedience,—so I hauled off, and the Lieutenant began his inspection.

“Garnet,” said he in a mock-compassionate tone, “you are in a bad way ; this must be plastered immediately. Here, doctor,” addressing a boatswain’s mate, “apply your *line-i-ment*

to this man's shoulders. It is the best salve in the world, Jack : it's the hair of the dog that bit you."

A dozen with the cat was now tucked on, and although the pain was so intense that I could scarcely avoid screaming at every blow, I contrived, by biting my tongue until my mouth was full of blood, to keep perfectly still.

His appetite being now sufficient, White ordered my release, and promising the same dose "very often," he sent me below.

I lay down between a couple of guns on the main deck, forward, groaning in most exquisite agony ; for I had never been flogged before, and of course suffered more than an old hand ; while, in the intervals of comparative ease, I swore more oaths than I care to repeat, that if he ever fell in my power, I would have his heart's blood, if I was hanged for it the next day.

I was one of the crew of the First Lieutenant's gig ; and when we came to anchor in Callao, at noon, and it was called away to take him ashore,—although the Surgeon had, of his own accord, put me on the sick list,—White sent the man who had taken my oar, below, and ordered the boatswain's mate to pass the word for me.

"Here comes the bloody man," said he, as I came on deck : "oblige me, Sir, by taking your oar. I'll have no skulking for trifles."

I took my place in silence, and pulled as usual, though every stroke made my back bleed afresh, causing most bitter pain ; and when we reached the landing, I was wrought almost to madness, and was ready for any thing. Accordingly, I resolved, at all hazards, that I would land when he did, and follow him, unperceived, until, in some of the dirty lanes of Callao, I should overtake him alone ; and having taken ample vengeance, I would escape, if possible, and if not, would meet whatever came to pass, satisfied. But, as if knowing my plan, as soon as he had landed, he ordered the officer of the boat to shove off a small distance from the pier, not allowing any man to go

ashore upon any pretence whatever, and lie there until his return.

"Very well," thought I, grinding my teeth, "your time will come yet!" and renewing my vow, I sat still in my place.

While we lay on our oars, near the pier, a merchantman's boat shoved in next us, and as the mid. was looking the other way, I took the opportunity to ask one of her crew when they would sail.

"We shall up-anchor at sun-down," said he.

"Are you short of hands aboard the Jupiter?" I whispered.

"Yes," he replied eagerly, in the same tone, understanding me at once,—"*do* come, Jack."

Telling him what I wished him to do, every thing was arranged in a minute; and Lieutenant White coming down, we pulled for the ship. As soon as we came on board, I went below, and hauling my bag out of the range, I proceeded to sell, as I best could, the miscellaneous assortment usually constituting a poor sailor's all;—a small canvass bag, not always full, being the sum total of his treasures.

I said nothing of my plan to any one, but my messmates knew, by my offering my clothes and nick-nacks for sale at such a time, that I was preparing to run away; and so, generous hearted fellows that they were, though they could ill spare the money, they gave me more than I asked for every thing, and frequently more than the article was worth; and when I had sold all excepting one suit, and a gold ring which *she* had given me in the United States, they each shook my hand, saying, significantly, "Good luck to you, Jack!"—and the warm pressure showed that they *meant* so.

Securing the money thus obtained, in a small bag, which I wore round my neck, I sat down to complete my arrangements, and waited patiently for evening. My only fear was, that I should be sent ashore again, in the First Lieutenant's gig, and so be unable to get aboard the Jupiter: and, as if on purpose to bother me, just before sunset, it *was* called away. I went upon deck with a heavy heart, and was passing over the gang-

way, when Lieutenant White, who was standing near, hailed me :—

“Garnet, stay aboard, you, Sir : *I* am not going in that boat. Some of you take his oar. Go forward, Sir.”

I went forward accordingly, and taking my stand upon the forecastle, counted the moments which were between me and freedom.

Just after sunset, they began to purchase their anchor aboard the Jupiter,—and sweeter music seldom, if ever, met my ear, than the rattling of the pauls of her windlass. As is common in merchant ships, they were long in getting their anchor ; and when the vessel was finally under weigh, and coming towards us,—(we lay farther from the shore than they, as is usual for men-of-war,)—it was quite dark. She slowly neared us, the wind being light, under her three topsails, and when she was about abreast of us, I stepped slowly to the side, and jumping overboard, swam for her, with might and main.

Lieutenant White, who was standing at the gangway at this moment, heard the splash, caught a glimpse of, and knew me.

“Come back, you rascal !” said he. “Sentry, shoot him ! Away, third cutters, away ! Main-deck, there, quarter-gunners ! clear away Number seven, and train it across the bows of that ship. That ship ahoy ! Heave to ! Number seven, fire !”

The Jupiter, in obedience to the emphatic roar of the Java’s long thirty-two, instantly laid her main-topsail to the mast ; and White, jumping into the third-cutter, boarded her ; while I, untouched by the sentry’s ball, now swam along with the utmost unconcern.

White did not gain much aboard the Jupiter ; for although he searched all over her, he found nothing ; and as her captain (Anderson) gave him his word that I was not aboard, he went off with a flea in his ear ; exclaiming, to hide his vexation, as he jumped into his boat :—

"The d—d rascal is drowned, and that is some comfort,"—and so returned to the Java.

I had been quietly towing astern all this time, by a rope left there for that purpose, and was now hauled aboard. We then filled away, and crowding all sail, were soon past San Lorenzo, and in the open sea.

I now thought that my troubles were over,—but I found very soon, that, as the go-ashore proverb runs, I had "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire;" for Captain Anderson, presuming upon my forlorn situation, hazed me about at a devil of a rate. He did not *flog* me, it is true, but it was only because he *dared* not, having a good will that way. Accordingly when, seven-and-twenty days after we left Callao, we sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, I entered it with the determination to run away from the Jupiter on the first opportunity. Ned Williams, the man who aided me in escaping from the Java, was of the same opinion; and putting our heads together, we very soon formed our plan of operations. Running away from a merchantman is a matter of every-day occurrence, and it is not an uncommon thing for half of a ship's company to walk off with the slack of themselves in one night,—for recapture brings with it no punishment. But, although so many had preceded us in this thing, our plan was, to say the least, original; and it was executed accordingly.

We came to anchor in Valparaiso harbor about noon; and having given the ship cable, Captain Anderson ordered the gig to be lowered and manned. Ned and I manned it, two oars being the allowance,—and taking him aboard, pulled away for the shore. There being no rudder shipped, we steered the boat ourselves, and, instead of coming-to at the pier, we run her head-on towards the beach, paying no regard to the Captain's orders; and a heavy roller taking us under the stern when very near the shore, threw us high and dry on the sand.

Bringing-up so suddenly pitched Ned and me plump ashore, and tossed Captain Anderson about in a very disrespectful

manner; but we soon found our legs, and leaving him to navigate his own boat, we made all sail, and were hull-down very shortly. In five minutes we came to anchor at Johnson's, on "the Maintop."

"Captain Johnson," said I, as we burst into his bar-room, puffing like grampuses in a gale of wind, "give us a glass of grog first, and then stow us away in the cable-tier, or shot-locker, for we've just run away from our ship: come, bear a hand."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Johnson,—deliberately mixing a North-Wester for each of us, stiff enough to float grape-shot,— "you're safe enough;" and giving us our grog, he began to enquire the news in Callao, as coolly as if there had been no such thing as a "Choler" in Valparaiso.

When his curiosity was satisfied,—we, sitting upon thorns, thought it never would be,—he stowed us away in a kind of closet, behind his bar, the entrance to which was not visible to any eye.

"There," said he, closing the slide which had admitted us, "you can hear and see every thing which is done or said in this room. Mind you don't laugh when the Cholers come to search for you. You can smell the grog, too, and much good may it do you, for not a drop more will you get."

Shortly after he went to the door, and returning, said,—

"Just saved your distance, my lads; here come the Guardos."

An instant after, four stout Chilians, (called by sailors, *Cholers*,) entered the room, and began to enquire for us, giving an exact description of each. Johnson, however, had suddenly forgotten his Spanish, and replied to them in English:

"Gin did you say, gentlemen? There," placing a decanter of Hollands upon the counter, "help yourselves; 'tis real stingo; just fit for Hidalgos like you."

Not understanding him, and having no kind of objection to the gin, they each took a horn, and then repeated their demand for us.

"The price, did you ask, gentlemen?" continued Johnson, with immovable gravity; "only two rials;—that's nothing for you to pay."

"*No intende, Señor,*" shouted the spokesman, out of all patience.

"*No pennies*, say you?" answered Johnson; "you should have thought of that before. Be off, you good-for-nothing rascals—*vamos*"—and rushing at them, he fairly put all hands of them to flight.

Shortly afterwards, an English sailor came in, and told Johnson that two Americans had just run away from their ship,—adding, that two ounces were offered for their capture.

"Two ounces, did you say?" interrupted Johnson, eagerly. "I wish I could catch the rascals, for I am short of cash just now, and thirty-four dollars is not to be sneezed at;" and every few minutes he would sing out, *for our especial benefit*,—"Thirty-four dollars! Whew!—think of that!" But we had no fear of him; for, as every one does, he despised the Chilians so thoroughly, that he would not have delivered us to their rascally police on any terms; so we remained quiet, enjoying the fun.

At night he stowed us in a small room in an out-of-the-way part of his house, where we lay snugly for two days; and if we had kept close, should have escaped easily. But one evening, about nine o'clock, when we had ventured into the bar-room for a drop of the comforter, and were comfortably discussing the same, an English sailor burst into the room, with his clothes torn, and figure-head knocked to pieces, and sung out that a party of Choler-soldiers had kicked up a row on the Fore-top, (a tavern not far from the Main,) and were mauling the sailors at a deuce of a rate. There were about thirty of us present at this moment; and without stopping for chat, we turned out, and made all sail for the Fore-top, dashing down one side of the steep ravine, which separates the two tops, and up the other, regardless of danger, and in five minutes were on the spot. We rushed in, flooring the Cholers right and left, and fought

so determinedly, that, in the tossing of a marlin-spike, they were all rolling down the hill. We then gave three cheers, and "freshening the nip," the business of the evening,—dancing, etc.,—was resumed; while Ned and I hauled off, and bore away for Johnson's, to get under hatches again as quick as possible.

We reached the bottom of the ravine in safety, and were about half way up the ascent, when we were attacked by six Chilian soldiers, who had recognized us in the room, and were awaiting us for that purpose. The rocks rose precipitously on one side of the zig-zag road, and descended in the same manner on the other,—gradually sloping away to the bottom. The Chilers had taken the inner side, and now rushed upon us, as if to roll us down the hill; but before they mastered us, which, of course, with such odds, was done in a moment, we had the satisfaction of tossing two of them down the steep side of the hill, and hearing them bound along, from rock to rock, till they brought up in the brook at the bottom.

We were then lashed hand and foot, and carried to the *Calibosa*, or common jail,—compared with which the Black-Hole of Calcutta would sink into insignificance,—and were pitched into the room usually occupied by men about to be hung. We landed on our backs, about six feet from the entrance,—and it was lucky for us that we did so; for the soft mud was about a foot in depth, and had we plumped into it on our faces, bound as we were, we should have been smothered, to a surety. Here we lay till morning, and were then taken aboard the ship.

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Anderson, sneeringly, "what do you say now?"

"We say," said I, "that we will run away again the very first opportunity we get."

"If you do," said he, "I will have you both again, if it costs me a hundred dollars."

"You will spend some money, then," I replied; "for we will run away as often as we are caught."

Ordering our lashings to be cut, he set us at work, and gave especial command to the mates not to allow us to go into any boat whatever. When night came, he had both the quarter-boats hoisted up, and then thought he was sure of us. But about midnight, the guard-boat, which pulls about the harbor night and day to prevent smuggling, came under the bows of the ship, in compliance with our whispered hail,—and we, sliding down the cable, got aboard, and in five minutes were landed on the pier.

Having shelled out the dollars,—for and in consideration of which these Señors had laid aside their dignity to assist us to escape, hoping to get the reward for our re-capture also,—we bore away for the Almendral. Passing this square, we turned into a narrow, crooked lane, which, after numberless bends, opened into a small square, surrounded by the vilest looking huts ever inhabited by human beings. The moon shining brightly, enabled us to find the right one easily, which we slowly and carefully entered. Being hailed by the old woman who was mistress of the palace, we gave the proper reply, viz: that we were runaway sailors, wanting to be hid, *and able to pay for it*,—and then came to anchor.

The latter part of our story awakened all the good woman's sympathies, for she knew as well as any one could tell her, that eight rials make a pêsô; and accordingly she made a move, struck a light, and produced some grog in less than no time. When we had taken a "stiff one," and told our story, she stowed us away in a *little* the most regular-built corner I ever saw. It was really a magnificent place,—large, airy, and comfortable: but I will not describe it farther, for fear that some master-at-arms will fall in with this article, and then he would know, what now he does not, where to find the oldest, best-regulated, and safest place of concealment for fellows under the weather, on the West coast of South America.

The next day our old woman,—who, old and lame as she was, knew every thing which was done in the city,—informed us that two ounces were again offered for our capture; "but,"

she continued, smiling, and shaking her head at us, "you need not be afraid; it would ruin my business if either of you was taken from here, and you are, of course, safe enough."

We remained here ten days, and at the end of that time, she told us that the *Jupiter* had that morning sailed for Coquimbo. We felt safe enough now; so we left our hiding-place, and giving the old lady a handsome lot of pēso's, made sail for the Port. Cruising quietly along, we finally backed our main-topsail at a pullaperee opposite the custom-house, and were busy splicing the main-brace, when a dozen Chilian soldiers entered the shop, with fixed bayonets; and as the forward fellows brought their guns to the charge, those astern took aim at us, politely assuring us, that if we moved an inch they would shoot us. As they evidently were in earnest, and there was no way of escape open, we instantly surrendered; thanking them for their high opinion of our bravery, evinced by turning out the whole guard to capture us.

For three days we again lay in the *Calibosa*, and on the fourth were put aboard a schooner bound for Coquimbo,—Captain Anderson having been cunning enough to leave his reward behind him, with orders that, if taken, we should be shipped to him there. This time, however, we were *gentlemen passengers*, and the weather being fair, and our allowance good, the two days' passage down was very pleasantly spent. As soon as we came to anchor, we were sent aboard the *Jupiter*, and Anderson, grinning with delight, desired to know what we thought now?

"We'll run away again in forty-eight hours," said I,—"*that's* what we think."

"If I catch you at that again," he replied, "I'll shoot you."

"Perhaps you will," was my answer, "but you'll have to CATCH us first."

After swearing at us, he went about his business, and things came along as usual. This night the boats were secured, and the guard-boat bribed, so that Anderson thought he had us fast: but he was again mistaken—for about eleven o'clock, as

the ship lay about half a mile from the land, Ned and I slipped over the side, and swam ashore. On the pier we found a couple of fellows, who, like ourselves, were runaways, and knowing there was no safety for us in Coquimbo, we left the port, and avoiding the town, which lies five or six miles inland, we struck at once into the mule path, that is dignified by the name of the "High-road to Valparaiso." One of our party had made this overland journey before, and under his pilotage, we crowded sail so effectually, that when daylight came we had passed the first range of hills. Coquimbo was hull-down astern, and on our left, in full view, and mantled in eternal snow, rose, peak above peak, the lofty Cordilleras.

As the first rays of the rising sun glanced from the icy crests of the Andes, our pilot knocked at the door of a mud hut near the road-side, and asked, in tolerable Spanish, "for the love of God, some breakfast, for poor shipwrecked sailors."

"Are you Christians?" (that is, Catholics,) demanded the brawny Chilean, who, knife in hand, answered our summons.

"Yes," replied Wilson, our spokesman.

"Come in, brothers," said he kindly, putting his knife in his pocket; and welcoming us heartily, he set before us the best his house contained; and when we had finished eating, he fairly compelled us to put what remained into our knapsacks. While he supposed us to be poor, our "faith" was our passport, and nothing was too much for us; yet this same man, had we offered to pay him for our breakfast, would have killed us all, without an instant's hesitation, in order to rob us. Our apparent poverty was our best safeguard, while in reality we had in all about sixty dollars, which, as we loved life, we took good care to hide.

Being well ballasted by our breakfast, we carried sail stoutly again, and as we joyously cruised along, we awakened the slumbering echoes of those everlasting hills, singing, in full chorus, the songs of the ocean—the national airs of England, and "the States." The grave Chileans were astounded by our

merriment; and the country girls we fell in with looked over their shoulders more than once at the "happy Englishmen."

At eight bells, we came to, at a small hut near the road, and procured our dinner, by telling the same *bouncer* to which we owed our breakfast—that is, professing to be Catholics. Leaving the right and wrong of this for the chaplain to settle, I would only observe, that it was worth a glorious dinner to us, at any rate, and we braced up again much the better for it.

At about four bells in the afternoon watch, the wind hauled to the North'ard and East'ard, and the scuds beginning to fly, we were soon aware that a storm of rain was coming. We therefore crowded all sail in order to pass over a mountain which lay ahead of us, before it should begin; and as the wind was right aft, we made fine headway. The sun set in clouds as we reached the summit of the mountain, and the next instant the storm which had been brewing, burst upon us in its fury. Our situation was decidedly uncomfortable, for, in addition to the sleet and rain, it was now quite dark; and as Wilson informed us that the nearest house was ten miles distant, we called a council of war, and determined to heave to under the lee of the first large rock. Cruising along in search of one, we fell in with an old hut, the up-hill half of which was standing. As this would keep off all the wind, and most of the rain, we were overjoyed at our good luck; and instantly coming-to, we collected a lot of dry sticks, struck a light, and were shortly chuckling over a fine fire.

Having thawed ourselves, and partially dried our wet clothes, we opened our knapsacks, and piped to supper; and as our stores were by no means contemptible, we were perfectly happy. Our grub being properly stowed away, and our pipes smoked, we stirred up our fire, wrapped our pea-jackets about us, and bunking around it, were soon sound asleep, regardless of the storm, which now roared through the caverns, and around the cliffs of the Andes.

It was about noon on the fourteenth day after we left Coquimbo,—the overland route being about four hundred miles

—that from the hills, twenty miles distant, we first saw Valparaiso. The sight was a cheering one, and without pausing to admire the beauties of the view—one of the finest in the world—we hurried on, to reach that “Vale of Paradise” as soon as possible. When about six miles from the city, we were met by a Chilian officer and his servant, both on horseback, and both armed. Thinking that we were deserters, he brought his rifle to bear, and ordered us to heave-to, and say where we were from, and where bound, and how we came so.

Wilson stepped forward at once, and spun a long yarn right off the reel, the amount of which was, that we were part of the crew of a whaler, recently wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez,—that we were taken from that island to Coquimbo by a Chilian coaster, and were now on our way to Valparaiso to get on board a ship. As Wilson’s yarn hung together remarkably well, and as a whaler *had* been lately wrecked on Juan Fernandez, the Chilian officer, instead of shooting, pitied us; and praising us for our long walk, gave us a dollar a-piece to drink to our health and his, and then went on. As we passed the palace of the Governor, at the eastern end of the city, I observed, among the shipping in port, an American frigate; and examining her more closely, I knew at once that she was the Java! The sight of that vessel recalled, what in my more recent perils and troubles I had temporarily forgotten, the outrageous abuse I had sustained at the hand of her first-lieutenant, and my determination, at any rate, and at all hazards, to revenge it. But I was also reminded that, as a deserter, my safety was especially endangered by being in the neighborhood of that frigate. I therefore had to lay at once a plan embracing my present security, my revenge, and my escape. It is true, I was supposed by the officers and crew to be drowned,—yet I might be recognized if seen, and it was necessary to avoid discovery, as the punishment for running away from the United States’ service is a severe one. Accordingly, as the rest of the party were going to the Port, I left them at

the Almendral, and took refuge with the old woman who had hidden me before. She gave me supper, and told me the news, some parts of which rendered it necessary for me to see Johnson, the keeper of the Main-top.

The western part of the city of Valparaiso is built upon a narrow strip of land, behind which the hills rise abruptly eight or nine hundred feet. In some places the rise is precipitous; while in others it is more gradual, admitting of zig-zag mule paths, on either side of the numerous ravines. Just before sunset, I left my quarters, and taking the path leading over the hills,—because, being less frequented, I should be less liable to meet in it any one belonging to the Java,—I made all sail for the Main-top. On one part of this high bluff stands the house of the English Consul, and a short distance beyond, separated from it by a deep ravine, down which runs a brook and a path, upon still higher ground stand the ruins of a castle, thrown down some years since by an earthquake. As I was passing along the terrace in front of the house of the English Consul, I saw, coming out of the ruins towards me, three persons in the uniform of the United States' Navy. It was too late to retreat, and putting on a bold face, I went on as though I did not see them. As we came nearer, I recognized them all. Two of them were young midshipmen belonging to the Java, and the third was the first-lieutenant of that frigate! They were without side-arms, and as the midshipmen were nothing, and White much smaller than I, I exulted in the certainty that my time, as well as his, was come. They were in earnest conversation, and did not observe me till we met face to face, in the bottom of the ravine.

The path here was very narrow, and White, without looking up, said haughtily :

“Get out of the way, you, Sir !”

Without a word of reply, I stepped forward, and grasping his collar firmly with my left hand, looked him steadily in the face. Returning my gaze, he at first attempted to extricate himself; but as he began to recognize me, his efforts abated,

and when the discovery was complete, he stood still, trembling in every limb,—sensible that he was in the power of one who had good cause to be his mortal enemy. He read his fate in the expression of my countenance, which every instant grew black with deadly hate.

“Lieutenant White,” said I, at length, slowly and sternly, “I am that John Garnet, whom, two months ago, you shamefully, and without cause, abused. It is now *my* time, and before we part I will teach you a lesson which you shall remember to the day of your death. Gentlemen,” I continued, turning to the midshipmen, “with you I have no quarrel, and it will be well for you not to meddle in this matter. Now then, Lieutenant,” I added, planting my right fist heavily in his face, “take that, and *that*, and *THAT* !”

He struggled violently, but it was in vain,—for, nerved with passion, I had the strength of twenty men,—and continuing my merciless battery, I returned the taunting remarks he had formerly made to me :

“Is your appetite better now ? My respects to you, Sir,—does your face feel warm ?”—and I showered my blows upon his visage until it was bruised out of the form of humanity, and he, entirely senseless, was only upheld by my arm.

All this while the middies stood near,—too proud to run, yet not daring to meddle in the fight. Having thus given him “an appetite,” and satisfied my own, I touched my hat to the reefers, and dashed down the ravine ; for Valparaiso was now no place for me.

A whaler was standing off-and-on at the mouth of the harbor, and as I reached the pier, her boat was shoving off. Without a word of explanation, I jumped into it, and in an hour was safe aboard the ship, standing out to sea.

CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN.

PART I.

PUBLISHED IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,
JANUARY, 1835.

"JACK GARNET," quoth Tom Seymour, as we stood upon Pier No 1. North River, one afternoon in July 18—, "do you see my brig, yonder? She is a sweet craft; carries twenty long-eighteens, and a long forty-two, besides two twenty-four pound carronades on the poop, and two on the forecastle;—two hundred men, who are stationed and quartered as in men-of-war; three officers, whom I call, for fun's sake, second, and third lieutenants, and master; and half-a-dozen boys for reefers. Now I want a First Lieutenant, and you are the very fellow. Ship with me, and we'll run down to the Trades in ten days, and then,—whew! Go away salt water! She is a Baltimore clipper, sails like the devil, and will put the wind's eye out on a bowline. Give her one point free, and she's off like a shot. Will you go?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I am somewhat ticklish about the neck. I would rather be hung *round the waist*. You are too strong to be honest; and when you are on blue-water, you will make some mistake on the subject of property; and then the first man-of-war you fall in with, will string you all up at her yard-arm, and that's an elevation for which I am in no wise ambitious. I would rather die in my bed when the time comes."

"Well," replied Tom, "I am sorry you are so particular about your cravats: but will you go on board, and take a look at her? I hove-short this morning, and shall trip my anchor in half an hour, and go to sea. Come, I'll leave you at Quarantine.

We jumped into his boat, (a twelve-oared cutter,) and pulled for the brig. As we neared it, a Boatswain's call "piped the side;" four side-boys manned the gangway as we passed over, and we were received upon deck in true man-o'-war fashion.

"Why, Captain Seymour", said I, "you have a regular man-of-war brig here."

"Yes," he replied, leading the way to his cabin, "she's a Johnny War. Mr. Carline," (second lieutenant,) "hoist in boats, and get ready for weighing anchor, Sir."

"Now, Garnet," he continued, as we were drinking wine in the cabin, "you had better re-consider, and go with me. You can make your fortune in one cruise on the coast of Africa, where we are bound."

"Save your breath to cool your porridge, friend Seymour," said I, "for I tell you flatly, I will *not* go; and you may as well set your mind at ease on that point, for I have no more dodge about me than the main-mast."

At this instant, a reefer reported all ready for weighing anchor.

"Call all hands up anchor, then," said he. "Garnet, will you take the trumpet, just to oblige me? I have some writing to do before we leave the port."

I took the deck, accordingly. The capstan was manned, the anchor run up, and sail made; and with a smacking breeze from the North-West, we dropped down the bay. Just before we reached the Quarantine, Seymour came on deck:—

"Captain Seymour," said I, "you will please take command: I wish to be set on shore here. Port, Quarter-master. Boatswain's-mate, call away Third-cutters."

"Belay all!" interrupted Seymour. "Lieutenant Garnet, you are in for it, and shall go with me, any how."

"Perhaps I shall," said I, despatching the trumpet at his head, as I walked forward to the starboard-gangway to look out for a shore-boat. There was none near, and looking aft, I saw Seymour clear away the end of the main-royal-halyard, and tie in it a running-bowline. That manœuvre showed me there was no time to be lost, and as we were now in the Narrows, and within a hundred yards of the Staten-Island shore, I buttoned my round-about, and hailing Seymour, "Here goes for the coast of Africa!" jumped overboard, and struck out for the land.

Seymour, however, was as wide-awake as I, and as I rose to strike out the second time, his running-bowline came over my head, caught me round the body, and I was hauled on board before I knew what was the matter.

"There," said he, laughing, as he met me at the gangway, "you see I am a bit of a Guacho, and can throw a *lasso* on a pinch. You are hung *round the waist*, now, just as you wished not long since."

My reply to his wit, was a blow with my fist, which tumbled him across the deck in fine style; but before I could repeat it, I was overpowered, and being taken upon the poop, was lashed head and foot to a carronade.

"Now then, Lieutenant Garnet," said Seymour, "when we get out of sight of land, I'll loose you; but if I were to do it sooner, I'm afraid you would be overboard again."

As I could not do battle, I quietly submitted to my fate, because swearing would do no good. So now behold me, *bound* for foreign parts,—First Lieutenant of a brig-of-war,—anchored *head* and *stern* athwart-ships of a carronade. As we passed the forts, the first object which met our view was the frigate Constellation, at anchor in the lower bay!

"The devil!" said Seymour, clapping a spy-glass to his eye,—“she dropped down yesterday, and had, I supposed, gone to sea. I remember they looked at me pretty hard as

they passed me at anchor, and now they are waiting to catch me. I'll weather them yet."

As we neared the frigate, I observed some motion aboard of her; and in an instant after, all the ports of her main-gun-deck, on the starboard side, (the side towards us, as she rode at anchor,) were taken out, and the tompions of all that battery followed.

"Do you see that, Captain Seymour?" said I, smiling.

"I do, Lieutenant Garnet," was his reply. "Port, Quarter-master."

"Port, Sir."

"Mr. Carline," he continued, take the deck, Sir, while I uniform. Keep her head for the stern of that frigate."

He went into the cabin, and in a moment re-appeared, in the full uniform of the United States' Navy, cocked hat, sword, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a cigar in his mouth. As he came upon the poop, a sheet of red flame glanced from one of the Constellation's ports, which was followed by the emphatic report of a thirty-two-pounder. The ball, by *accident* of course, struck our cutwater, and made us *minus* a figure-head.

"The English of that," said Seymour, "is 'Come-to, you rascal.' Since my friend, the Commodore, wishes it, I'll do that thing. Port, Quarter-master. Keep her for the bows of the Constellation. Loose royals and to'-gallan' sails, for we've a stiff breeze, and I have no idea of being afraid of them. Send up our black ensign, Signal-Quarter-master, at the peak, fore and main, and *under it* the American flag! There!" smacking his lips, as that dread banner floated gaily on the breeze, over the stars and stripes, that will do better. "Lieutenant Garnet, what say you?"

"Go to the devil!" I replied, for I was not in the best of humor.

"If I do, Lieutenant John Garnet," said he complacently, "I have the satisfaction of knowing that you will sail in company."

"Cast loose both batteries," he continued, "and load each a round shot, a stand of grape and cannister, and fill the long forty-two to the muzzle."

When we were about two hundred yards from the frigate, dashing ahead at ten knots, he ordered the drums to beat to quarters, took his stand upon the starboard-quarter rail to cun the brig, and sung out,—

"Slack the lee-braces,—Round-in the weather ones,—Starboard the helm, hard-a-starboard !"

We fell off before the wind, and passed abreast the Constellation, as she rode head to the wind, so closely, that the muzzles of her long main-deckers almost touched our bulwarks. The captain of the Constellation stood abaft upon the signal-locker ; and Seymour, coolly tossing his cigar upon her deck, hailed him :

"Brother Commodore, if you are short of hands, I'll lend you a hundred, and take payment in round shot and cannister."

"Commodore Montague," *I* hailed, "I am detained here by force. Compel my release, Sir."

"Heave-to, you Sir," said Montague to Seymour, "and send that man aboard of me, instantly."

"I'll see you —— first," was Seymour's resolute reply.

"Heave-to, instantly," repeated Montague, "or I'll sink you !"

"Do it, and be —— to you," replied Seymour, drawing his cutlass in defence. "Man the starboard-battery ! Port, hard-a-port,—Stand-by,—Mind the weather roll,—Fire !"

We passed under the Constellation's stern, raking her, as each gun came to bear, dismounting her stern-chasers, and clearing her main-gun deck, entirely, for the moment.

"Starboard the helm !" hailed Seymour, firing a pistol at Montague.

We fell off before the wind, and keeping the Constellation's three masts in one, made all sail for the bar, there being no time for chat, as she of course would instantly slip her cable,

and bring her broadside to bear. Our fears were groundless, though Seymour's matchless effrontery was all that saved him. While the Constellation's guns actually bore upon us, they were restrained from firing, by their amazement at the impudence of the "little fellow;" and, at this moment, they could not fire if they would. Their capstan-bars were shipped, and every thing was in readiness for weighing anchor, when we hove in sight; but our strange conduct perplexed Captain Montague, and our raking broadside completely non-plussed him. Our shot unshipped his capstan-bars, cut up his messenger, and totally demolished the bitts where the cable was belayed; in consequence of which, the cable ran out until it was brought up by getting foul in the hause-hole, and there it was jammed perfectly fast.

The combination of so many unusual events produced an unwonted result; and for the first time since tar and oakum came into fashion, an United States' ship was in confusion; and before order was restored, we were across the bar, and nearly out of shot, without the loss of a man. Perceiving that I might as well make the best of a bad bargain, I hailed Seymour:—

"Cut these lashings, Tom; I will do as you wish, since I can't avoid it."

"You are a clever fellow, Garnet," said he, complying with my request; "I like your spunk. You are just the man to be my First Lieutenant: will you take that command?"

"I will," said I, "and I'll be obeyed and respected accordingly."

"It is a bargain," he replied, grasping my hand; and turning to his crew, he informed them of my elevation, and commanded their obedience.

"The Constellation has slipped her cable, Sir," reported the Signal-Quarter-master, "and is making all sail in chase."

"Very good," answered Seymour, "she cannot catch us."

"You are wrong there," said I, "she brings the breeze with

her, and as it will soon blow a gale, she will have the advantage."

"Night is coming on," said Seymour, "and we'll dodge them. That we can do at any rate."

"You will please to remember, Captain Seymour," said I, "that you have a Yankee to deal with; and moreover, the fellows whose skins you chafed with grape and cannister will feel rather touchy, and keep a bright look-out."

"Ay," he replied, smiling, "and the Commodore too, will like an opportunity to return my pistol-shot. Take the deck, Garnet, while I work up my reckoning, and make my will."

It was now growing dark, and the array of clouds in the North-West, and the increasing swell of the sea, plainly showed that a gale was coming. It was therefore necessary to get all the start we could before it came on to blow; for in a gale, the Constellation, being larger and heavier, could carry sail longer than we, and of course would overtake us. I accordingly gave orders to set fore and main-royals, and fore and main-topmast-studdin'-sails, and as she bore that well, I added to'-gallan'-studdin'-sails, boarded the starboard-tacks, and putting her head South by East, we were off at twelve knots an hour.

It was now nearly dark, but with our night-glasses we could see the Constellation under sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-sails, steering directly for us, with the speed and the fury of an avalanche.

"Well," said Seymour, watching her with his spy-glass, "unless Montague takes in his sky-sails and royal-studdin'-s'ls pretty soon, he will have the royal-masts over the side, for the breeze is much fresher with him than with us."

At this moment a heavy squall struck the Constellation, and as soon as it cleared up, the Signal-Quarter-master reported that her sky-sails and royal-studdin'-s'ls were blown away.

"That's good news," said Seymour, chuckling: "Garnet, we'll distance them yet."

"She has bent new sky-sails, Sir," reported the Quarter-master, a moment after.

"The devil she has!" said Tom, stopping short in his walk,—“why, she's in earnest. Set *our* royal-studdin'-s'ls, and sky-sails, Mr. Garnet,—we'll pull foot.”

I obeyed the order, and away we went, with our studdin'-sail tacks, and royal, and sky-sail back-stays, as taut as bars of iron.

For a while, nothing material happened, and each about held her own; but at two bells in the evening-watch, the Constellation's sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-s'ls blew away, and the sky-sail masts went overboard.

"That is a fair hint," observed Seymour: "Mr. Garnet, we'll save our sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-s'ls. Take them in, Sir."

The order was obeyed, and for a moment the brig was easier,—but the wind freshening very much, we were obliged soon after to furl the royals; and, shortening sail as it became necessary, at four bells in the evening-watch we were under main-to'-gallant-s'l, while the frigate had all three to'-gallant-sails, and main-royal standing, coming on "hand over fist." At six bells she was within range of our long forty-two,—a heavier gun than any she carried. It being run out at a stern-port, Seymour pointed it himself, and, watching the send-forward, fired. The ball struck the frigate's figure-head, scattering it about in fine style.

"There," said Seymour, laughing, "we are even now. She knocked my figure-head to pieces in the bay, and now I've given her as good."

After we had fired a few times, the frigate's bow-chasers began to give tongue; and, each hoping to disable the other, shots were exchanged with great gusto, although it was too dark to see the effect. But, in spite of every thing, she continued to gain upon us, and at two bells in the mid-watch was within two miles of us, the wind blowing a gale, under whole top-sails and courses, while we had a reef in each.

As a last refuge, we bore off before the wind, continuing to blaze away with our long forty-two, while she, as we kept her three masts in one, could not fire a shot ; but, although our shot evidently *told*, they did not do much mischief.

At four bells in the mid-watch, she was within half-a-mile, and was preparing to give us a broadside, which would have paid off all scores, when a tremendous squall suddenly came over, and it became entirely dark.

We hauled our wind instantly, boarded our larboard-tacks, put out every light, and kept silence fore-and-aft. The frigate, not aware of that manœuvre, continued her course, and in five minutes dashed past us, and we were *safe*, being dead to windward. It continued very dark for half an hour, and when it finally cleared up a little, the Constellation was nearly hull-down in the South-East. So we escaped her that time, and when we had stood North-East long enough, we squared away, and as the gale moderated, made all sail for the South'ard and East'ard.

A few days after these occurrences, the look-out aloft, one morning, reported a sail ahead, crossing our course.

"Keep her away for that vessel, Sir," said Seymour, to the officer of the deck, "and call all hands to make sail."

Taking the deck, as, according to man-of-war rules, it was my duty to do when all hands were called, I made all sail a trifle quicker than lightning, and then surrendered the trumpet to the officer of the watch.

The stranger, perceiving that we were chasing him, made all sail to avoid us ; but it was not so easy to escape, when it put the wind out of breath to keep up with us ; and accordingly we were very soon so near, that they, in obedience to our signal-gun, hove-to. We hove-to also, and a boat being lowered and manned, Seymour said to me :

"When I wave my handkerchief, Garnet, send up our black ensign at the main, and fire a gun across that fellow's bows ;" and jumping into the boat, he boarded the stranger, whom we

now perceived was an outward-bound English West-Indiaman. We were so near, that I distinctly saw all his motions. Leaving the crew in the boat, he boarded the Englishman alone, and meeting her captain at the gangway, he saluted him very politely, and took a turn or two with him upon deck, as if inquiring the news. Shortly after, however, he apparently made some disagreeable remark, for they both stopped, and began to gesticulate violently, as if their discourse was becoming interesting; and Seymour, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, carelessly waved it, by way of accenting his discourse. Instantly the sable banner of piracy floated at the mast-head, and an eighteen-pound-shot, travelling across the Englishman's fore-foot, put an end to his opposition, and he began to execute Seymour's mandates. A lot of kegs was shortly after passed into our boat, in a manner which showed that, at the least, they were heavy, and Seymour, courteously bidding Captain Bull adieu, pulled aboard.

"Hoist those up carefully, my lads," said he.

"What have you there, Captain Seymour?" I inquired.

"Only a few thousand guineas, Lieutenant Garnet," he replied, "which I *borrowed* from that ship."

"He'll be lucky," said I, "if he ever gets his pay."

One morning, about forty-five days after we left New-York, we made land in the Gulf of Guinea. Crowding all sail, we rapidly approached it, and were within five or six miles, when a long, low, black, suspicious-looking schooner, shot out from behind a small island, a short distance ahead, and, without asking any questions, bore down for us.

"Ready about, ready, ready!" hailed Seymour, with startling quickness, seizing the trumpet. The helm was put down, and in an instant we were on the other tack, standing out to sea.

"I know her!" ejaculated Seymour,—*"she is an English man-of-war, and is commanded by one of the sharpest rascals that ever drew pay and rations. He calls his schooner the 'Dare-devil,' and no name was ever so appropriate, for both*

master and vessel. He attacks every thing, large and small ; laughs at steel and gunpowder, and I do not believe he knows what fear is. The world is not wide enough to hold both of us, and come what may, there will be one rascal less on the seas at sunset. I have sworn vengeance against him, and I will take it so amply, that none shall live to report to the Lords of the Admiralty in what manner one of his Majesty's cruisers went to the devil."

When we were twelve or fifteen miles from the land, we tacked again, and although the breeze was a stiff one, set every inch of canvass and stood in for the shore. The schooner continued her course, and standing on opposite tacks, we rapidly neared each other. Our ports were closed, and as we made no use of our guns, the English evidently supposed that what appeared to be long-eighteens, were actually quaker-guns, made of the best of wood,—for show, not use,—and that our plan was to cross their hawse, and run in-shore.

As soon as we were within range, they opened upon us with a long twenty-four; and, to do them justice, they tossed their iron with most terrible exactness and considerable effect; but as her shot hulled us, they did not interfere with Seymour's plan.

Ordering the men to lie down upon deck, to avoid the Englishman's fire, he continued to walk upon the poop as composedly as if he were ball-proof; although, as her battery, (long-twelves,) began to take effect, the shot flew thick as hail, tearing open our bulwarks, and knocking the white splinters about in every direction. As we approached still nearer, her musketry opened upon us in full volley; yet although he was the target for every shot, he seemed totally unconscious of danger. With a flushed cheek, and an eye flashing fire, he stood proudly erect, and delivered his orders to the men-at-the-wheel, as composedly as if he were setting a studdin'-sail.

When our flying-jib-boom was nearly locking with hers, he suddenly shouted, with a voice like a trumpet-call,—"**STARBOARD THE HELM !**" We fell off from the wind, and, rising

upon a wave, our heavy bows struck the fated vessel amidships, with a tremendous crash. We passed clean over, cutting her completely in two : an unearthly yell arose from an hundred and fifty brave fellows, as they sunk quick to the bottom ; and when we flew aft to catch a glimpse of the wreck, nothing was visible, save the pennant at the main-to'-gallan'-mast-head, which for an instant floated upon the surface of the deep, and was then drawn down after the hapless wretches, who had so often shed their blood in its defence !

Having passed the vortex caused by her going down, the brig was hove-to,—as I supposed, for the purpose of picking up the survivors, if there were any. But such was not Seymour's plan,—and one poor fellow, who, stunned and strangling, rose to the surface, clinging to a spar for dear life, was not even allowed the miserable privilege of floating upon it, until the sharks, or the burning sun of the Equator, should put a period to his agony, but was deliberately shot by Seymour himself, acting upon the stern maxim that “dead men tell no tales.” A deed of so dark a hue was never before perpetrated under the azure sky, nor on the deep sea, since the unborn surges slumbered in chaos, and darkness lay upon the face of the deep.

“Mr. Garnet,” said Seymour, recovering his rifle as coolly as if he had been shooting a duck, “fill the main-top-sail, and stand in-shore.”

Three times I raised the trumpet to my lips, to give the necessary orders, and as often withdrew it,—and finally, being totally unable to command either my voice or my feelings, I dashed it down upon deck, and walked away without a word.

Seymour looked up at me in surprise, and then, deliberately picking up the trumpet, gave the requisite commands with his usual composure. When we were under-way, standing for the shore, he ordered the boatswain to call “all hands to splice the main-brace,” remarking, that the toast should be, “Here's wishing the Dare-devils a pleasant passage to —— !”

"Garnet," said Seymour, when we were about three miles from the shore, "do you see that head-land yonder, in the South-East? It is the Northern cape of the bay which we shall enter, and is now sixteen miles distant. I wish you to observe the course we take to fetch it, and then say if this coast was not cut out for the express benefit of the slave-trade."

We continued our course, steering head-on, until within half a mile of the shore, and then hauled our wind, and put her head due South, keeping parallel to the beach. About ten minutes afterwards, the look-out, on the fore-topsail-yard, sung out:—

"Breakers, ahead!"

Seymour was standing upon the poop, looking astern: he turned short round at this announcement, and hailed:—

"Fore-topsail-yard, there! Two points on the starboard bow, you lubber, distant two miles."

"Captain Seymour," said I, in surprise, "your eye-sight is better than mine. Those breakers are not visible from the deck."

"I know it," he replied, "but I am as well acquainted with every inch of this coast as you are with the pavements of Broadway. I could sail a line-of-battle-ship through this channel, in perfect safety, the darkest night old ocean ever saw, by the lead alone. Straight as you go, Quarter-master."

"Dise, no higher," repeated he at the cun.

"These breakers," continued Seymour, "are caused by a reef of rocks, running across the mouth of that bay, and stretching ten miles each way, parallel to the beach, and distant from it, on the average, half a mile. Inside the reef we have a clear, safe channel, carrying ten fathom water, to within a ship's-length of the beach, and at both ends a safe entrance. Now all this is for our particular benefit; for, in order to enter that bay, a vessel must go all this distance around; and while a man-of-war comes in at one end, we can slip out at the other. If this does not prove that Jemmy Flatfoot had a hand in laying out the coast of Africa, you may call me a marine."

"Pretty good reasoning, friend Seymour," said I: "you've made it very plain that the Devil is chief cook and bottle-washer for the slave-trade. I don't wonder it prospers so well, since he is at the wheel."

We were now inside the reef,—and, sailing along rapidly, were within a mile of the entrance to the bay, when a small canoe shoved off from the shore, and we were boarded by one of the most hideous-looking black rascals that ever walked on two feet. Running up the side like a monkey, he tumbled over the gangway, and accosted Seymour, who met him there, as an old friend; and after jabbering away a few minutes in some barbarous lingo, he took a bottle of rum, which Seymour had ordered for him, rolled into his canoe, and run it high and dry on the beach. He brought himself to anchor in the sand, and began to discuss the contents of the said bottle with an earnestness which plainly showed that they two would not part company until one or t'other knocked under.

"Mr. Garnet," said Seymour, walking aft, "my good friend there has informed me, that there are now two English frigates at anchor in the bay. I must send them both to sea in twenty minutes after I enter. Do you speak Portuguese?"

"*Si Senhor*," said I, "and every other language; excepting, always, the gibberish of that black friend of yours."

"Very good," he replied, "I shall report myself to the English as Don So-and-so, (with a string of titles as long as the main-to'-bowline,) commander of the Brazilian brig-of-war, *Achillé*, 24, on a cruise; and will spin them a yarn, which will clear the bay of them as soon as they can up anchor. I have Brazilian uniforms for all the officers and myself, which we will bend now, and walk into the bay under Brazilian colors."

We rigged ourselves accordingly, and mustering upon the poop, sailed into harbor, with the Brazilian ensign at the peak. It was quite small, and the English frigates were at anchor, near the centre of it, some distance asunder. Gradually shortening sail, we backed our main-topsail abreast the Commo-

dore's ship, within about two hundred yards; and when we had lost head-way, I roared out in Portuguese,—(for their edification :)

“Let go the starboard anchor!”—twisting the *n*'s and the *o*'s and the *r*'s about in every direction. We then furled sails, squared the yards by the lifts and braces, hooked the yard-tackles, hoisted our boats, and manning the Captain's barge with Portuguese, Seymour pulled aboard the English flag-ship. He was received with the usual honors, and had been on board but a few minutes, when three small flags were run up at the mizen, and a gun fired to awake the other frigate. Not being conversant with the English code of signals, I did not know what to make of this, when an old Quarter-master, who had served under Nelson, perceiving my ignorance, informed me that it was, “Hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh.”

The English ships were now all alive. Boat after boat was dropped alongside from the guess-warp, and hoisted in, two at a time, (one each side,) decks cleared up, and capstans manned. At this moment Seymour came over the gangway of the flag-ship, and as he shoved off, the Brazilian flag was sent up at the fore, and saluted with eleven guns. We returned the salute,—British ensign at the fore, with the same number,—and as they, having weighed anchor, swept past us, making sail, we gave them three cheers, which were duly returned.

“Seymour,” said I, when the bustle was over, “what *did* you tell that fellow?”

“Oh!” said he, recovering breath after a severe fit of laughter, “it was not any of your land-yarns, slack-twisted stuff; it was an out-and-outer. When I first boarded her, I began by asking, very coolly, in Portuguese, what were the names of the frigates, where they were from, and where bound, and whom I had the honor of addressing, etc. The crusty old Commodore, having answered my questions in as few words as possible, in Spanish, desired to know the same of me, and asked if I could speak English. But devil the bit of English

could I speak : ‘ *No intendez Englise, Senhor,*’ said I, with a face as long as the jib-downhaul, and then proceeded to tell him that my name was ‘Don So-and-so,’ that my brig was the Brazilian brig-of-war Achillé, on a cruise ; that we fell in, this morning, with a suspicious looking schooner, mounting eighteen guns, under English colors, and gave her chase ; but as she stood out to sea, and sailed very fast, we had given over the chase, because we had been on short allowance of water for ten days, and had only one day’s allowance left, and dared not stand out until we had filled : that I came in here for a supply, and intended to sail the next day, and catch the slaver if possible, and sling up the rascals at my yard-arm ; and added, by way of clincher, that I wished they would not trouble themselves about her, but leave her for me, as I had set my heart on sending her to the bottom.

“ ‘That will do for marines,’ said the Commodore to his First Lieutenant, in English ; ‘ on short allowance of water, indeed ! If he had said short allowance of *courage*, he would have come nearer the truth. He was afraid the slaver would be a Scotch prize to him, if he meddled with her. He will take the best of good care not to chase her again. *He* set his heart on sending them to the bottom, indeed !—ha, ha, ha !’ And the old knight laughed loud and long at my bravado. Then, turning to me, he asked in Spanish all about the schooner, when I saw her, the course she was steering, when I lost sight of her, etc., and ended by ordering his First Lieutenant to hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh, making signal to the other frigate to do the same. He then talked about matters and things ; asked, and told the news ; and when I took leave, waited on me to the gangway very politely, expressing his sorrow that he had not time to visit me, but hoped that, as I should sail to-morrow, we should meet on the sea, and perhaps have the pleasure of capturing the pirate together ; adding, with a wink to his First Lieutenant, which nearly capsized my gravity, that nothing would gratify him more than to fight in such valiant company. So much for so much,” continued Sey-

mour, bursting into a roar of laughter, in which all hands heartily joined,—“Hurrah for John Bull!”

But perhaps I am getting a little prosy,—so I'll belay for awhile, and spin the remainder of my yarn in another number.

CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN.

PART II.

PUBLISHED IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,
FEBRUARY, 1835.

By the time our mirth had subsided, the English frigates were out of sight, having doubled the Northern point of the bay. Seymour having satisfied himself of this fact, said to me :

"All hands up anchor! Mr. Garnet, this bay is no place for us."

After giving the requisite orders in preparation, I desired to know for what purpose he weighed, and whither we were bound.

"We are going up the river, to be sure," he replied, "in order to get our live lumber aboard."

"I see no river," said I, looking carefully around the bay.

"I will show it to you in fifteen minutes," answered Seymour: "so now up anchor, for the wind is fair, and we've no time to lose."

The anchor was soon at the bows, and sail being made, we stood for the head of the bay, which, as I have already said, was quite small,—about three miles in length, and one in width at the mouth,—narrowing, of course, towards the head. The land around it was considerably elevated, and densely

covered with tall mangroves,—and no where could I see the least indication of a river,—the coast of the bay being of an uniform elevation. We went on, however, with all sail set,—and as we neared the head of the bay, I observed that the water did not shoal so much as usual, but still I saw nothing of the river. When about a cable's length from the beach, Seymour sung out :

“Man the starboard braces,—slack the larboard ones,—square away !”

We continued our course an instant longer, and then putting up the helm, doubled a point, and entered an inlet, which stretched inland towards the North-East, while our course from the mouth of the bay had been due East. It was exceedingly narrow,—so much so, indeed, that it seemed impossible for two large ships to lie abreast in any part of it, and especially at the entrance. The tide was now coming in, and the wind being fair, we sailed quietly along, and were about half way through the channel, when the leadsman in the chains, who had been lazily reporting five, and four and a half fathom, suddenly came out with “A quarter-less-three,” and an instant after, “A half-two.”

“Well, Mr. Garnet,” said Seymour, smiling at my sudden start, caused by this announcement, “do you think we are aground? This channel above us carries fifteen feet water to the bank on both sides, and is perfectly clear. There you see Jimmy Flatfoot again,—for a line-of-battle ship could come into it easy enough, but the next thing they knew they would be fast in the mud, while we, drawing less than fifteen feet, slip along unhurt. You had better have your eyes about you now, for we may be obliged to fight our way out of here, yet.”

For half a mile, the narrow channel was perfectly straight, but at the end of that distance, it formed an angle of forty-five degrees, and on doubling the point, we found ourselves in a fine, wide river, which stretched away to the Eastward as far as the eye could reach.

"Now, John Garnet," said Seymour, "here is a river for you, which would not suffer much alongside of the Hudson, and moreover,—Main chains there! What water have you?"

The leadsman hove, and sung out: "By the mark, five."

"Do you hear that?" continued Seymour: "you see there is no want of water here."

"Yes," I replied, "and I am now convinced that your friend blocked out this place for our especial benefit."

Shortly after, we came to anchor near the North bank of the river, and about two miles from the last angle. On this bank was a collection of miserable mud huts, called a town; and firing a gun to awake them, we soon had the governor thereof on board, an unforgotten mortal, who, after confabulating awhile with Seymour, promised him that our freight should "have quick despatch," as he had half a cargo in store, and knew where to catch the rest. Then, being a large man in his way, he "punished" a quart of half-and-half, and, undisturbed by the trifling potation, took a ten-gallon keg,—jumped into his canoe, and went on his errand of love.

About noon of the fourth day after our arrival, as we lay quietly at anchor waiting our cargo, Seymour, who had been ashore, returned aboard in great haste, and ordered me to call all hands up anchor, which being done, we were towed down stream, and anchored again just above the angle in the river.

"Now then, Mr. Garnet," said Seymour, "get a spring on the cable, and slew us round, so that our starboard battery will command that entrance, for I have just been informed that three English men-of-war, (a ship-of-the-line, and two frigates,) are entering the bay."

"If it be so," said I, "they cannot get more than half way up the narrow channel, as you well know."

"Ay," he replied, "but their boats, my man,—their boats can come up."

The spring was accordingly applied to the cable, and our broadside brought to bear upon the entrance of the before-

mentioned channel. We lay about two hundred yards due East from it, so that any thing coming up could not see us until the point was doubled, for the intervening land was high, and thickly wooded. Our guns were then examined, an extra stand of cannister put into each, and the starboard battery depressed and pointed at the angle of the river. We had scarcely finished our preparations, when a six-oared cutter shot out from behind the point, steering up the stream.

"I give you fair warning," shouted Seymour: "'bout ship, or I'll blow you out of water."

"Ay, ay, my fine fellow," said the English lieutenant, coolly,—ordering his men to lie on their oars,—“of what nation are you,—where from,—where bound,—and what are you doing here?”

"There," said Seymour, pointing to our black flag, which was at this instant run up at the peak,—“there is my flag,—the rest of me you'll find out if you come so near again. Now I advise you to pull back to your ship, otherwise,—All ready, starboard battery!”

"Thank you for the hint, friend," said the English lieutenant, “and in return I'll inform you that an English seventy-four and two frigates are at anchor in the bay.”

"I knew all that before," replied Seymour, unconcernedly.

"Well," said the Englishman, putting his boat about, “it's my opinion you'll know it again,—so, good-bye, so long:” and his men slowly giving way, he quietly doubled the point, and pulled down the river.

"Now, Garnet," said Seymour, “we'll have some fighting shortly, for I can't afford to be blocked up here, and must and will be at sea, in eight-and-forty-hours, come what may.”

"That's easier said than done," I replied,—“for that liner's broadside would be no child's play.”

"Poh!" said he, contemptuously, “I see you don't understand all the tricks of the trade, yet. Take our third-cutter, and pull down that channel as far as is safe, keeping close in-shore, and then take to the bushes, and find out what those

Englishmen are doing, and return quickly. Meanwhile I will send ashore for my slaves."

I pulled down stream accordingly, but seeing nothing, I left the boat in care of the crew, and went on through the forest alone, down to the hill overlooking the bay. I then saw that the frigates were the same we had sent to sea after the pirate, and the liner was a heavy one, carrying an hundred guns. They had anchored at first in the centre of the bay, but now all had weighed again. The frigates stood down the bay, and anchored, one on each side of the mouth, athwart-ships of the channel outside, while the line-of-battle sailed up to the head of the bay, put her helm down, and bringing every thing flat aback, shoved herself into the narrow channel her own length, stern foremost, and then anchored head and stern in the middle of it.

"Pretty good *seamanship*, Mr. Bull," thought I, as I observed this plugging-up manœuvre,—for there seemed to be scarcely room for her boats to pull alongside of her, much less for a ship to pass,—“it will not be easy to run by a fellow as wide awake as you are.”

I had now ascertained all that was needful,—so I returned to my boat, which had lain snug under the bushes, about half way down the channel. As the Englishman's guns commanded the whole of it, we were obliged to unship our oars, and scull up stream, keeping well under the banks,—and it was well we did so, for just before we reached the angle in the river, we carelessly shot into the middle of the stream, when, quicker than thought, six thirty-two pound shot whistled over our heads, followed by a roar of genuine English thunder. We were not desirous of any more such, and took to our oars : giving way strongly, we doubled the point just as six more round shot kicked up the water astern of us.

"Pretty good *gunnery*, Mr. Bull," thought I, as I pulled alongside the brig, and made report to Seymour,—“I have no desire to play at short bowls with you.”

I had scarcely gained the vessel, when the Englishman be-

gan to fire his stern-chasers, one a minute, up the channel, and the thirty-two pound shot skipped along over the water, and dashed through the forest, knocking trees and earth about in every direction,—and, of course, completely commanding the whole length of the channel. We were at first at a loss for the reason of this firing, but when night came on, and a palpable darkness fell upon us, and the Englishman commenced a rapid fire of round shot, grape, and cannister, we knew at once that his object was to prevent our playing any “Yankee shine” upon him. He had obtained the proper range before dark, and as his shot swept the Eastern channel, we were glad to keep very clear of it.

About midnight, however, Seymour determined to try his hand at the game, and ordered me to take fifty men, armed with cutlasses, pistols and muskets, and go down through the woods as near to the Englishman as was prudent, and then sweep his decks with musketry. Being landed on the left bank of the river, we silently wound our way through the forest, and approached to within half musket shot of him unheard, and each taking a tree for a screen, according to old Kentuck principles, we opened upon him in fine style, directed by the flash of his stern chasers, with which he was still sweeping the channel. Although the Englishman was evidently surprised by our sudden attack, he took it very coolly, and without knocking off from his stern-chasers a moment, the marines and small-arm-men, were summoned to their stations, according to the regular routine of nautical war, and in five minutes his ship was one entire blaze of musketry, fore and aft. Here, however, we had all the advantage, being considerably elevated, and entirely protected by the trees; the flashes of our guns, (their only guide,) were of course small, but the broad sheets of flame from her stern-chasers completely illuminated her decks, affording us every facility for accurate shooting.

The Englishman soon found that this method of procedure would not *do*, but from our peculiar situation it was somewhat difficult to tell what *would* do. The banks of the channel

were quite bold, rising at an angle of sixty degrees, and the place we occupied was so much elevated, that the guns of her larboard battery could not be brought to bear upon us at all. While I was congratulating myself on the advantage we evidently had over them, their fire of musketry, which had been unintermitted, suddenly ceased,—and the next instant, a lot of thirty-two pound shot were tossed at us, informing us that John Bull had slewed round his starboard spar-deck battery. This, however, did not annoy me at all,—for carronades are clumsy things, and their shot never hit “once in a place,” and moreover, are thrown with so little force, that a fellow with stout ribs may laugh at them. Finding that this did not trouble us, they changed to grape, and cannister,—but we, still protected by our trees, kept up our fire, not being so easily scared.

When the failure of this experiment became apparent, the increased bustle on the Englishman’s decks, showed that now he was going about flogging us according to science,—and a few minutes after, his stern-chasers, which till now had been steadily sweeping the channel, suddenly ceased firing. Thinking that something new was coming, I gave orders to change ground; and the word being silently passed from one to another, we moved a couple of hundred yards to the Eastward,—and it was well we did so, for the next instant, fire-balls were thrown by the dozens into our former ground, followed by a shower of round, grape, and cannister, from the long thirty-two pound stern-chasers, which kicked up a row among the trees in fine style. An instant after, a few dozen Congreve rockets were thrown into the bushes in every direction, and some of them chancing to alight in our vicinity, dispelled my doubts as to the propriety of a retreat; so instantly tacking ship, we were off at ten knots an hour.

“Well, Mr. Garnet,” said Seymour, when I had reported progress on board, “it is very plain that this Englishman won’t budge tack nor sheet for all we can do: so, since he won’t go away, we must. I shall go to sea to-day, in spite of

every thing,—therefore make your will, and holy-stone your conscience,—for though I shall certainly succeed, who will live to tell of it, is another question. We must get the rest of our cargo elsewhere, for we are not more than two-thirds full.”

I admired Seymour’s resolution ; but although he had heretofore been astonishingly successful, I did not think that this plan was among the possibilities, and began to cudgel invention for a yarn to spin in case of a capture. Now, for the first time, I began to have some compunctious visitings as to the lawfulness of my present employment, and I began to debate with myself how far my forcible entry into the trade would excuse my remaining in it,—and finally came to the conclusion, as most men would, to stand by and see what would turn up.

When the day dawned, the English ceased firing, and were evidently waiting for some of their small craft to arrive, so that they could come up and attack us on terms of equality,—knowing full well that to attempt to carry us in boats would be madness. All the morning, business went on as usual, and, except receiving slaves on board, we made no apparent preparation for sea, lest the English should learn it from the natives, who we well knew always actually served the strongest party. But in reality, every preparation was made, and by four bells in the forenoon watch we were completely ready for sea.

At seven bells, (half past eleven,) Seymour, who had been ashore, deliberately returned aboard.

“Mr. Carline,” said he to the second lieutenant, “jump into that canoe alongside, with a couple of men, and pull to the turn in the river. Wave your handkerchief when the English liner pipes to dinner, and then pull for us. Mr. Garnet, hoist in all the boats, and stow the quarter-boats amid-ships in the launch, instead of running them up at the davits.”

As I proceeded to put his command in force, I rather wondered what all this should mean.

“Now, Sir,” said Seymour, “pipe down hammocks.”

“Down hammocks, indeed,” thought I, as I repeated the or-

der : "pretty well done for seven bells, A. M. Captain Seymour," said I, "it strikes me you are getting sleepy."

"You will find I am wide awake, I *guess*," replied Seymour. "Now then, John Garnet, unshackle the cable abaft the bits, and stand by to slip it. Loose all sail, and hoist away every thing. Brace up sharp on the larboard tack. Man sheets and tacks, and stand by to sheet home. Clear away both batteries, and run them in,"—(the guns were double-shot, with grape and cannister,) "and now, Mr. Garnet, we are ready to *run by them*."

"*The-e-e devil !*" said I, as I walked away, thunderstruck at the madness of his plan : "hark you, Captain Seymour, if that's your scheme, we are candidates for immortality, as true as I'm a sinner."

"Mr. Garnet," said Seymour angrily, "I beg you will remember that I command this vessel."

"Ay," said I, "and you will please to remember that I am a pressed man. But this is no time for quarrelling, so we'll be friends for the present. By and by, I promise myself the gratification of shooting you at ten paces."

"Do," he replied, coolly.

The wind was now blowing fresh from the North-East,—the tide was running down at four knots,—and we rode head to the wind by the larboard-bower, with a kedge astern. Seymour stood upon the poop, watch in hand.

"It keeps English time," said he, "for I set it by their bell this morning. It now wants one minute of twelve. Mr. Garnet, slip the chain-cable,—we'll ride by the kedge."

It was slipped accordingly, and the brig swinging round, was brought up by the kedge, though it seemed as if the hawser would part with the strain. A carpenter's mate stood by, axe in hand, ready to cut, and Seymour watched Carline for the signal. An instant after, he waved his handkerchief, and struck out for us.

"Sheet home !—cut away !" shouted Seymour.

It was done,—in an instant we were under way,—and Carline and his men jumped aboard, leaving the canoe adrift.

“Now,” said Seymour, “go below every man of you, except those at the wheel, and stay there ’till you are called. I will shoot the first man that puts his head above the combings of the hatches. Mr. Garnet, you had better go below too,—you can do nothing on deck.”

“I am greatly obliged to you, Sir,” said I, “but I’ll stay on deck and see the fun.”

We shortly doubled the point, and with wind and tide, shot rapidly down the stream. We were not observed, and approached nearer and nearer to the liner, undiscovered, until our flying jib-boom was nearly over her taffrail.

“Port!” whispered Seymour.

The helm was shifted accordingly, and we passed the starboard side of the seventy-four so closely, that her main-deck battery swept our larboard-hammock-netting off clear, while our starboard-bulwarks almost touched the bank of the river. Knocking the ashes from the cigar which was accidentally in my mouth, I fired the aftermost gun of the larboard-battery plump into the liner, just as her crew, aroused by the collision, dropped their cans,—(it being grog-time,) manned their starboard-battery, and let drive. They were a little behind time, however, for we had that instant shot past them, and all their guns threw their iron harmlessly astern of us, while we, doubling the point, were soon out of their reach.

“All hands make sail!” shouted Seymour,—“round in the larboard-braces. Stand by to set the starboard studdin’-sails.”

With such government, we were under all sail in less than no time, and with studdin’-sails, and sky-sails, the wind on the starboard-quarter, we dashed down the bay.

“Pretty well done, Captain Seymour,” said I: “but you are not safe yet. Do you hear that?”

The English frigates, awakened by the liner’s broadside, were beating to quarters, and as they lay across the channel, on each side of the mouth of the bay, I thought our final escape

was yet a question. Not so, Seymour,—for, rubbing his hands in irrepressible glee, he walked about the poop, giving his orders, almost beside himself with joy.

“Hillo, Signal quarter-master:” said he, — “we won’t mince matters! send up our black ensign at the main. We’ll give Johnny Bull a target for his shot.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a storm of iron rushed past us, and looking astern, we saw that the liner, having slipped her cables and fired a broadside, was coming after us, making all sail.

“Very good oysters,” said Seymour, with a grimace that a baboon might have envied: “Mr. Garnet, poke at him with our stern-chasers, and make him a ‘candidate for immortality,’ while I try my hand at *guessing* with these fellows ahead.”

We accordingly blazed away with our stern-chasers, to injure him if possible, and to cover ourselves with smoke. We soon reached the mouth of the bay, and just before we passed the points which would bring us within range of the frigates, Seymour sung out:

“Man both batteries! Straight as you go, Quarter-master.”

We passed the capes, steering right on for the reef, which, as I mentioned in the last chapter, ran across the mouth of the bay,—and as soon as our guns came to bear, we gave each frigate a broadside, and our aim being true, and the guns double shotted, they made a crashing. They reserved their fire, thinking that we should be obliged to pass near one or the other, and they would then give it to us solidly.

We continued our fire; and Seymour, standing upon the poop, began to cun the brig himself; and although the smoke was so dense that we could not see a fathom, he gave his orders as promptly as if it were clear day and plain channel.

“Blaze away, my lads,” said he, “we’ll *do* Johnny Bull, all we can.”

An instant after he sung out:

“Knock off firing! Hold on, every body!”

The order was obeyed, and the next moment we struck heavily on the reef.

"Very good," said Seymour,—“once more, you beauty.”

We struck again, and then slipped over the reef into deep water.

“All hands cheer ship!” he shouted. We sent up the English ensign at the fore, gave it three cheers, and went on our course under all sail. The English could not follow us over the reef, as they drew too much water : but they slipped their cables, fired their broadsides at us in spite, and then stood through the channel,—but before they were clear of it, we were hull-down in the South-West.

Take it as a whole, our escape was really a master-piece of daring and nautical skill. It required the mind of a *man* to conceive the plan of running past a line-of-battle-ship in broad daylight and in such a channel, and indomitable resolution to put that plan into effect ; for had we been discovered *two minutes* sooner, one broadside would have totally annihilated us. The attempt was made when the English piped to dinner and grog, because they would naturally be remiss in their look-out at this time,—thinking more of the grog-tub than of us. Hammocks were piped down, because Seymour knew that the liner’s main deckers would just sweep the netting. Yards were braced sharp, because, if square, they would lock in the Englishman’s rigging. Boats were stowed amidships, because there was no room for them on the quarter. Guns were run in for the same reason ; and, after crossing the bay, he steered over the reef, knowing that there was one place where we should touch-and-go without injury. Such seamanship deserved success,—whatever were the cause,—and obtained it ; for at sunset we were clear of land, and the English fleet was out of sight astern.

“Mr. Garnet,” said Seymour, as soon as it was dark, “we’ll haul our wind, and stand South-East for the land, because I have no idea of going to Brazil half loaded.”

We altered our course accordingly, and stood for the shore.

The former part of the night was quite dark, but about four bells in the mid-watch it cleared up a little. I was accidentally on deck at the time, and, sweeping the horizon with my night-glass, I discovered a strange sail on the starboard-bow, distant about three miles. Reporting it to Seymour, I received orders to give chase, and putting up the helm, and crowding all sail, we were after her as fast as a six-knot breeze would carry us. The stranger perceiving us, made all sail to escape, but it was in vain,—for at daylight we were within half a mile. She was evidently a Guinea-man, being a long, low, suspicious-looking schooner, and we ranged up within pistol-shot, without firing a gun,—so that we should not break any of her *crockery*, and ordered her captain to come on board. He came accordingly, and Seymour receiving him on the quarter-deck, being moved by virtuous indignation no doubt, began to read him a furious lecture on the enormities of the slave-trade.

“Why,” said he in astonishment, pointing to the woolly pates lying about our decks, “you are a slaver too.”

But Seymour only lectured the harder, and wound up as regular-built a preachment as any chaplain ever spun, by ordering him, at his peril, to send all his slaves on board of us instantly. He did not dare to disobey,—and when the transfer was completed, Seymour quietly said to him :

“Now, Sir, you may go back to Africa and get as many more as you like, for these just complete my cargo. There, Mr. Garnet,” he continued, as we filled and stood away to the Westward, “that’s what we slavers call *borrowing*.”

Having nothing now to detain us, we cracked away merrily for the South’ard and West’ard, and about noon of the eighteenth day after leaving the coast of Guinea, the look-out aloft reported a sail on the star-board-bow. The wind being the South-East trade, and blowing fresh, we instantly up-helm, made all sail, and gave chase, and by four bells in the afternoon watch, we could see with our glasses that she was a large ship on the larboard-tack, heading West, and sailing

lazily along under topsails and courses. One thing was very plain: the stranger was in no kind of haste, and being led by this fact to examine her more closely, I became convinced that she was a man-of-war, and accordingly remarked to Seymour, that perhaps she would be a Scotch prize.

But he replied, that having the weather-gage, we could sail as near as we liked with perfect safety, and therefore cracked away. As we sailed very fast, we were within four or five miles of her at seven bells in the afternoon watch, and then saw plainly that she was a frigate. She showed English colors, and fired a gun to attract our observation; but we took no notice of either.

"Mr. Garnet," said Seymour, "I believe that is one of the English frigates we choused so neatly a fortnight since, and we'll run down to them, so that we may know them, and they us."

We accordingly approached within two miles of her, keeping well to windward, and then fired our long forty-two *at* her, and sent up our black flag at the main. That rather provoked Mr. Bull,—the shot happening to hit him, and he let drive at us the whole of his larboard-battery, hauled close on the wind on the larboard-tack, and, as quick as thought, was under all sail. His shot did us no essential harm, and giving him our starboard-battery in return, we changed our course from West to South-West, crowded every thing, and ran across his fore-foot unhurt. He instantly up-helm and gave chase, and the breeze being a stiff one, we were both off at a fine rate. For two hours he lost considerably, but about sunset it began to breeze up, and threaten a gale.

"Now, Captain Seymour," said I, "you understand we shall catch a gale of wind shortly, and the English being the heaviest, will catch *us*."

"Don't chuckle too soon, Lieutenant Garnet," he replied, "we'll escape this fellow easy enough."

"That remains to be seen," was my brief rejoinder, as I squinted to windward.

The wind now increased rapidly,—so much so, indeed, that at eight bells in the second dog-watch we were obliged to take in all our studdin'-sails,—but the Englishman kept his fast, and, although eight or nine miles astern, evidently gained on us. Seymour, however, was not at all disturbed, but gave orders and cracked jokes as cheerfully as ever. With the gale, clouds came on, and it grew quite dark, not so much so, however, as to prevent our seeing each other, while we cracked on, shortening sail only when absolutely necessary, as the English gained upon us slowly but surely.

About midnight, Seymour, who had been coolly walking about the poop, suddenly stopped, and after thinking a moment, ordered a reefer to call the master.

“Mr. Quadrant,” said Seymour, as soon as he came upon deck, “work up your reckoning, and tell me where we are now, and bear a hand about it.”

Quadrant dived, and in an instant returning, said:

“By dead reckoning, Sir, we are now in Latitude $20^{\circ} 25' N.$ Longitude $28^{\circ} 12' W.$, standing West-by-South.”

“Bring me the chart,” said Seymour. It was brought, and after studying it a moment, he threw it by, and said to me:

“Mr. Garnet, we are not far from Martin Vas and Trinidad. Take your post, Sir, on the to'-gallan' forecastle, and keep a bright look-out ahead. If you see *any thing*, or *think* you see any thing, sing out to the wheel, and men whom I shall station along the gangway will pass the word.”

I took my place accordingly, and “gazed into dim futurity.” Martin Vas and Trinidad are two small islands in the South Atlantic, not far from the coast of Brazil, which rise precipitously from the sea to the height of three or four hundred feet, nearly or totally inaccessible. They are both quite small,—the larger not exceeding five hundred yards across,—and this fact, added to their abrupt sides, has entirely preserved them from the polluting tread of man. Here, in the solemn solitudes of the ocean, they silently sit, uninhabited and alone. Ages upon ages have rolled over them, and they are still the

same as on that day when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy in view of the fair handiwork of the Almighty. The ocean, lashed into fury by ten thousand tempests, has dashed against their rocky bulwarks in impotent wrath,—for they stand “steadfast and sure:” far removed from the noise and turmoil of man, clothed in quietness, they slumber on, lulled by the murmurs of the deep. Confident in their rocky foundations, they laugh at the roar of the storm. Though the waters of the troubled sea chafe their sides, their summits are visited only by the pure radiance of the luminaries of heaven.

The water does not shoal as you approach them, and being composed of dark rock, there is nothing about them to warn the careless mariner of his danger. Hence our unusual caution.

“How far astern are the English now?” I inquired, about four bells in the mid-watch. The man passed aft, and returning, said,—“About a mile, Sir.”

As the wind now blew a gale, this was as I expected,—and shrugging my shoulders at the prospect astern, I turned my attention to the prospect ahead. It had become quite dark; I could scarcely see at all, and was about to relinquish my look-out as useless, when I saw ahead the dim outline of an object resembling a large ship before the wind.

“Mr. Jones,” said I to a reefer near me, “go aft, Sir, and report to Captain Seymour a sail right ahead, and be quiet about it.”

Seymour came forward, and after examining the object a moment, said:

“Mr. Garnet, that is not a sail: it is the bluff which rises from the sea half way between Martin Vas and Trinidad. It is nearly two hundred feet in height, entirely precipitous on every side, not more than a hundred feet in diameter at the base, and slightly conical. That is what you suppose to be a ship, and in the dark it might readily be mistaken for one,—

and if we manœuvre rightly, it will ensure our escape, and put a stop to our pursuers."

He then proceeded to give me my orders, and returned to his station upon the poop.

"Starboard a little," was my first hail to the wheel. It was obeyed, and produced just enough alteration in our course to bring the bluff one point on our starboard-bow, which, wishing to screen it from the view of the English, was just what I wanted. When very near the island, distant, say, two hundred yards, just as I had repeated my order to the wheel, the English frigate being only a quarter of a mile astern, fell off a point or two from the wind, and a thirty-two pound shot, from her bow-chaser, carried away our main-top-mast. This accident, apparently so disastrous, was our salvation.

"Starboard a little," I repeated.

We were now about a ship's length from the island, and the English not more than three or four, astern. At this instant they fired at us again. The shot raked us fore-and-aft, but it was their destruction. Their vision was obscured by its smoke, and, mistaking the island for us, a loud voice from her fore-castle, which we knew to be her first-lieutenant, hailed :

"Port the helm ! We'll run her down !"

We slipped passed the pillar-island so closely, that our starboard-main-yard-arm grazed its precipitous side, and the next instant the Englishman's flying-jib-boom, jib-boom, and bowsprit, successively struck against the immoveable rock, and were driven in upon the hull by the violence of the collision. A moment more, and the hull itself dashed against the fatal barrier, crushing her bulwarks, and making a fearful breach for the entering waves. A frigate, however, is too substantial a craft to be destroyed by, perhaps, any one blow that she can receive ; and in this instance the strength of her bows sufficed to resist instantaneous destruction. She recoiled, accordingly, a few fathoms, and her first lieutenant, in terror, shouted :—

"Starboard-the-helm !—hard-a-starboard !"

It was too late ! Recovering from the recoil of the first

shock, the frigate struck again so violently, that her bow was totally demolished. Meanwhile we had hove-to, and now could hear the water rush into our antagonist with a roar, which plainly showed that her last hour was come. She rolled heavily to windward once, and then went down; and her crew heard, amid the roar of the tempest, the *cheers* which Seymour, with his usual cold-blooded ferocity, ordered our crew to give them, sounding in their ears like the laugh of the fiends of hell!

THE gale had now abated, and we, having repaired damages, and rigged new spars aloft, crowded all sail for the West'ard and South'ard, and at noon of the fourth day, with Spanish colors at the peak, we entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro.

As we neared the anchorage of men-of-war, I observed among them the United States' frigate *Constellation*, (the one with which we had a brush in leaving New-York,) and perceiving, as we approached, that her quarter-deck was crowded with officers, Seymour altered our course so as to pass across her stern,—as we were now in a neutral-port, and had nothing to fear from her. Commodore Montague was standing upon the signal-locker, and as we passed under her stern, Seymour, pointing to the slaves who were lying about our decks, hailed him with:

“Friend Montague, I'll pick out a dozen of the prettiest, and send them aboard of you, shortly, for your own peculiar.”

It was beneath the dignity of a Captain of the United States' Navy to bandy defiances, or deal in blackguardism, with a slaver,—and, accordingly, Montague pretended not to hear what Seymour said,—but the blood mounting in his face, showed plainly that the taunt *was* heard, and felt. To carry out his system of bravado, Seymour ordered to let go the anchor, about three hundred yards from the *Constellation*, and veering away cable, we lay precisely parallel to her, broadside to broadside. The weather now being awfully hot, we were of course desirous to land our slaves as quickly as possible, and

having made the necessary arrangements with the authorities of the port, we commenced discharging cargo at four p. m., and used such dispatch, that before seven that evening, not one remained aboard. This operation being completed, Seymour turned his attention to his small warfare with the *Constellation*, and mustering our band,—a strong one by the way,—upon the poop, he saluted Montague's ears with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle,"—and when eight-bells came, it was "made" in true man-o'-war style,—two eighteen-pounders, and a full band, announcing to all in port in general, and the *Constellation* in particular, that our watch was set.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, having performed my usual duties, I went down into the ward-room, and shortly re-appeared on deck in the same dress I wore the day we left New York:

"What now ! Mr Garnet," said Seymour in surprise, as I walked aft upon the poop.

"I come, Sir, to request a boat," I replied.

"As first-lieutenant of this vessel, Sir," answered Seymour, still more surprised, "you need not ask that as a favor. It is your right."

"I hold rank here no longer, Sir," said I. "I was kidnapped by you, and have participated in your infamous atrocities thus long, only because I have had no opportunity to leave you. While you were in danger and difficulty, I scorned to quit you : it would have seemed like fear, to which I am a stranger. But now, assuring you that a viler scoundrel than yourself never crossed my hause, I inform you that I am about to surrender myself to Commodore Montague aboard the *Constellation*."

"My respects, and a pleasant voyage, to you, Sir," said Seymour,—for he saw it was useless to remonstrate, and his pride was mortally piqued at my unexpected personal denunciation,—"boatswain's-mate, call away the first-cutter. I hope, Sir, you will do me the favor to take your pay, due for services rendered. Sam," (to his steward,) "bring me a bag of guineas."

Not being disposed to prolong the interview, or accept his insulting offer, I walked to the starboard-gangway without reply, and entering the first-cutter, pulled for the *Constellation*. The moment I reached her deck, I ordered the boat to shove off, and return to the brig, and then walked aft to meet the Commodore.

I proceeded at once to detail my adventures, so far as was necessary to explain my appearance in his vessel, and concluded by surrendering myself a prisoner. He heard me through, patiently and courteously, and then, pursuing his own investigation, inquired the particulars of Seymour's conduct and cruise. When I had finished a brief sketch of the same, he abruptly asked, if all her slaves were then ashore, and all hands, and Seymour, aboard. I told him they were.

"Mr. Roberts," said he to his fourth-lieutenant, "take ten men, and board the ship which has just anchored between us and the slaver: she has a long range of cable out: present my respects to her commander, and request him to heave-short: assist him with your men, and remain on board of her till recalled. Mr. Thompson," (first-lieutenant,) "clear away and man the starboard-battery,—load with round, grape and canister, and order the gunner to open the magazine, and stand by to pass up powder."

By the time these orders were obeyed, the merchantman had hove-short, and the brig lay exposed to view.

"Take good aim, my lads," said Montague, "*at the slaver*. All ready? Fire!"

At the word, the whole of the *Constellation's* starboard-broadside was poured into the brig, tearing open her bulwarks, and dismounting her guns. For five minutes the frigate continued a most terrible battery, and Montague then perceiving that the brig was totally a wreck, ceased firing, and ordered the boats to be manned to board her. As the men were jumping into the boats, I observed that the brig was evidently beginning to sink, and was communicating that fact to an officer near me, when an explosion, louder than thunder, rent the

heavens, and the slaver, blown into ten thousand fragments, flew into the air. For an instant there was a dead silence, which was followed by the falling of the shattered masts, spars and planks of the brig, mingled with the dead bodies of her men. And thus, *as it ought*, ends the "CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN."

THE PIRATE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

PUBLISHED IN THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,
SEPTEMBER, 1835.

ONE warm afternoon in January, 18—, I lay caulking away on the stowed fore-topmast-staysail of the sloop of war F—, then lying at anchor in the port of Valparaiso. The said stowed-staysail is a glorious place to “soger” at any time, for the netting keeps one from rolling overboard, and Number-three canvass is as soft as (some kinds of) down; and it is well out of the way, and free from those bothersome interruptions so common on the decks of men-of-war. I cannot, it is true, recommend said staysail as a caulking place at sea, for while a fellow is dreaming away about “sweethearts and wives,” the officer of the deck may rub his eyes suddenly, and the following dialogue ensue:

Lieut. Forecastle, there!

Master's Mate. Sir!

Lieut. Man the fo'-topmast staysail-halyards.

Master's Mate. All manned, for'ard, Sir.

Lieut. Hoist away the staysail!

And then up goes our downy couch, and overboard goes the dreamer; and a cold bath is not always pleasant, even in warm climates, especially when so applied.

These are pull-backs at sea,—but in port, there is nothing

of the kind to fear ; so I, Jack Garnet, snored away in most magnificent style.

Alas ! however, no man can safely count upon any thing in a man-of-war, save a flogging, which he is pretty sure to get from one cause or another. While dreaming about " Mary and Co." as above, my slumbers were dispelled by a *kick* from a *good-natured* fore-topman, who rode down the stay to inform me that the first-cutter was called away ; and turning-out, I heard the boatswain's mate " making my number," that is, roaring out " Jack Garnet ! Pass the word for Jack Garnet !" " Here you are," said I to the boatswain's mate, as I jumped from the fore-castle into the waist.

" Get in the boat, you Sir," said the lieutenant of the watch, who was standing at the gangway, " and look out for half-a-dozen when you return."

" Ay, ay, Sir," I promptly replied. I took my oar,—we shoved off, let fall, and gave way.

We had no officer on board save a mid., and I was at first at a loss to know where we could be going ; but after pulling half an hour, we boarded a merchantman which lay at anchor far out in the harbor, beyond Little Cape Horn, and nearer Point Angels than Valparaiso. She was in some trouble, having suddenly and by accident come to anchor, while sailing out of the harbor,—the cat and fish of the starboard-bower having parted,—and there she lay with seventy fathom of cable out ahead, and her sails whipping the masts in fine style, every thing having been let go by the run.

" You Garnet," said the mid., as he went up the ship's side, " stay in the boat, and have your nap out, for you remember Mr. Harrison promised you half-a-dozen ; so get ready for it."

" Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, and sitting down in the stern-sheets, the painter being made fast on board the ship, I proceeded to obey orders, while the rest of the boat's crew began to heave up our friend's anchor, and so forth.

It is one of my rules never to borrow trouble ; and so I napped away, my dream beginning where it had left off on board

the sloop-of-war: and I enjoyed myself and the rest of them in true man-of-war style.

How long my slumbers may have lasted, I know not,—but I was at length awakened by the rolling and pitching of the boat, she having shipped a heavy sea, which thoroughly ducked Jack Garnet, any how. I bolted up, and found myself in a peck of troubles.

Some one in the hurry of duty on board the merchantman, had accidentally cast off the painter of my boat, and the South wind having suddenly freshened into a snorter, I had quietly drifted out to sea, and now found myself outside Point Angels in a stiff breeze, rolling about on the mountain surges of the Pacific Ocean. The thing was done so quietly, that no one on board had observed it, (the aforesaid squall having taken them unawares,) and they did not perceive my departure until after I made that discovery. Here then I was, far enough from any possible aid, captain, cook and all hands of the first cutter of the F—— sloop-of-war,—all alone by myself, and nobody with me,—*outward bound*.

Taking the tiller, I endeavored to keep her head to the wind, to diminish her way out to sea; but finding that she broached to rather too often, I took an oar and pulled her round, stern to the wind. I then resumed the tiller, and began to make a straight wake before the wind, to Coquimbo, Callao, or Davy Jones'. I now made fine headway, so fine, indeed, that I had soon the satisfaction to see that all the shipping in Valparaiso was out of sight, and Point Angels drifting rapidly astern. To add to the uncomfortable romance of my situation, the sun was now setting, and never to my view did he sink so hurriedly to repose; and the Andes, which are wont to glitter in his effulgence long after he disappears from our firmament, were suddenly shrouded in gloom. With a long look at the dim outlines of those majestic watch-towers of creation, which seemed in darkness to mourn over my forlorn condition, and with a brief listening to the whistling of the wind, and the loud voice of many waters, as they broke in thunder on the distant shore,

I bade farewell to life, and in silent despair laid me down in the boat, forgetting that though "the waves of the sea are mighty, and rage terribly, HE who sitteth in Heaven is mightier."

My boat luckily needed not my guidance, for the swell was long and regular, and the wind blew steadily from the South, and she kept straight upon her course, mounting the waves gallantly, as if sensible that her voyages were not yet ended, and that she should again float under the stars and stripes of the Land of the Free.

The sun next day was high in heaven, when my slumbers were dispelled by the report of a musket, and a voice hailing:

"Boat 'hoy!"

I rose, and looked wildly around. I was in the open sea, now smooth and tranquil,—no land in sight,—while off a hundred yards, a large brig was lying-to. The hail was repeated:

"Boat 'hoy!"

"Fleet!" I replied, mechanically, for the captain of the F—— was the senior officer on the station, and I had not yet forgotten the usages of the first-cutter.

"Ha! ha!" roared the spokesman: "Fleet, indeed! Where are you bound, Mr. Commodore?"

By this time I had collected my scattered wits, and perceiving that they were lowering a boat, I made no reply.

I was speedily picked up, and taken on board the brig; and a glass of half-and-half being given me, I found both eyes and tongue; and while telling my story, I saw that the brig was large and heavy, mounting ten guns over her bulwarks, having no ports, and full of men. These were rather suspicious particulars, and I was glad to find that the person commanding was in the best of humor, being greatly amused by my narration.

"Well, well!" said he, after a long fit of laughter, "since you are Commodore of the American fleet, I must treat you

civilly : so, for'ard there ! Cook, give this man some breakfast."

While discussing said breakfast, and racking my brains to think whereaway I was, the truth suddenly flashed into my mind that I had heard something said in Valparaiso about a piratical vessel which had been seen off the coast of Peru. The story was, that many merchantmen had been plundered by her, but that no violence was ever offered to officers or crew by the pirates, unless they resisted, nor even then any thing more than was necessary to subdue them. Cargo never was touched ; all they wanted was gold and silver, and that being surrendered, they always went off peaceably. They were spoken of as a horrid looking set of fellows, commanded by a remarkably handsome young man,—all speaking a strange language, and unable to understand a word of English, Spanish, or French. It was also said that they were usually seen near evening, and that at night, though frequently in plain sight, they would always suddenly disappear,—and though frequently seen and chased by men-of-war, they always disappeared entirely at night,—while in the day, they sailed like the wind, laughing at pursuit. My informant also said, that the piratical vessel was a brig, with painted ports, carrying ten guns, and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot. All this was true of the brig I was now on board of. She was heavily sparred, her canvass white, and masts raking ; while her sharp bows, beautiful shear, and clean run, at once convinced me, that though manned by imps and commanded by Satan, she was as sweet a craft as ever ploughed the sea.

When I had finished my breakfast, and related my yarn to the hands forward, who, though hideous looking rascals, spoke English well enough, I was ordered aft again to meet the scrutiny of the Captain, whom I had not yet seen. He was a small man, below the middle size, slender form, delicate limbs, and a face so smooth and round that he did not seem to be over eighteen, while his voice was melody itself, being low and exquisitely modulated.

Having heard my story, and assured me of kind treatment, he demanded to know of me what ships were in Valparaiso Bay, inward or outward bound, and what men-of-war were there,—the state of things ashore,—what vessels were expected, and where from,—and lastly, whether I had heard any thing said about a pirate off the coast of Peru. I answered these manifold questions as fully as possible, and in reply to the latter, said what I had heard,—adding, truly, that the English sloop-of-war T—— was despatched a week before to protect the merchant service from him.

This last item afforded him much amusement.

“Well, my lad,” he said, “it will be a long time before they catch us,—for we are, as you see, that same pirate,—friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sail upon it. We are short of wood and water, and must go into Valparaiso to fill up,—not, however, till your sloop-of-war comes out; but since you say she is about to remain there, I will entice her out. You can now take care of yourself. I shall not ask of you any duty, and as soon as I can, will set you ashore.”

It was now about noon, and the brig,—which had been lying-to since I was picked up,—filled her maintop-sail, made all sail, and boarding her starboard-tacks, was off with the speed of light, South-by-East, to make Point Angels, leaving my boat adrift. The Andes were yet in sight, and Valparaiso not far distant; so that in an hour Point Angels was in plain view, and at four P. M. we entered the bay, steering straight for the F——.

All hands were now upon deck, and to do them justice, the brig was worked admirably. The long twenty-four was hauled aft, and pointed over the taffrail, while the rest of the guns were cleared away, and double-shotted. All this preparation for action rather puzzled me, for I could not think that the pirate-captain seriously intended to fight the F——, inasmuch as her battery of four and twenty twenty-four pounders would have blown us out of water in five minutes. However, I took my stand on the forecastle, determined to see the fun, whatever it might be.

When we were within about a mile of the F——, I began to perceive some motion on board of her, and the boat of the Captain of the Port, which chanced to be alongside of her, suddenly cast off and made sail towards us.

"What is the battery of the F——?" inquired the Captain, who was standing near me at this moment.

"Medium twenty-fours, Sir," said I.

"Very good," he replied, calmly, and then sung out, as he walked aft, "Man the starboard battery!—stand by! Hands by the weather-braces! Slack the lee ones! Hard up the helm!"

We were now not more than half a mile from the F——, (which as yet lay quiet, with her sails loosed to dry,) and, wearing round, each gun of the starboard battery, (long twelves,) was fired at her, as it came to bear, until we were round on the larboard tack, when, giving her the long twenty-four, we were off, two points free, standing out to sea.

Our first shot, which struck the hull of the F——, was followed, quick as thought, by the notes of her drum beating to quarters, while her jib run up as if by magic, and her cables slipped, topsails were hoisted and sheeted home. She fell off before the wind, and hauled up on the larboard-tack,—her larboard battery speaking in thunder as it came to bear; then crowding every thing, she gave chase.

Here, however, she was at disadvantage,—for we had the start of a mile,—and, moreover, were under fine headway. Her true game was to keep away a little, and if possible carry away some of our spars with round shot; but that part she determined to put off until it could be given with effect,—nothing doubting that she should speedily overtake us.

But in this the Commodore reckoned without his host, for we rapidly slipped away from him, working to windward of him in spite of his teeth. He carried on, however, with undaunted zeal, though we gradually increased our distance from one mile to six or seven, and darkness found him still

driving ahead, with every rag of canvass spread to the breeze, which was now a ten-knotter from West-North-West.

When day-light was fairly gone, our Captain had ordered signal-lanterns to be sent up to the main skysail-mast-head, and at each yard-arm, in order to challenge the F—— to continue her chase; and now, (eleven o'clock,) the F—— being at least ten miles astern, he ordered mast and yard-ropes to be rove, and all hand to "stand by to rig ship."

This order brought me up all standing, for I could not imagine what was to follow; but his crew understood the thing perfectly: Some large spars were brought aft, double-purchase-tackles were rigged on the main-mast, and on the taffrail, hatches were opened, and whips and top-burtons rigged on the stays. Some hogsheads, containing fireworks, were tossed overboard, but kept in tow, and numberless other preparations made in less time than I can write them.

"All ready?" hailed the Captain.

"All ready, Sir!" was the answer, from all parts of the vessel.

"Then fire!" he continued.

Every gun was discharged at once, and at the instant the hogsheads astern blew up with a tremendous report, and the ocean and the firmament were illuminated with a ghastly blue glare, and all the lights aloft were extinguished, so that the next moment we were in darkness. The main and fore-royal and sky-sail-masts and yards were then sent down,—the mizen-mast stepped—a topmast and top-gallant-mast rigged and yards crossed, while the guns were all lowered into the hold. Davits were then made fast at the sides, and whale boats run up at them, while others were placed keel-up on the booms, and in fifteen minutes we tacked, and stood towards the F——, as complete a whaling ship as ever doubled the Horn. The tackles, etc., were then unrove,—all hands but sixteen sent below,—the hatches put on, and away we bowled for the F——. The Captain then left the deck, the first-mate taking command; but shortly after returned from below, dressed as

a woman, and directed our motions, though all orders were given by the mate.

In half an hour we were near the F——, on her weather-bow, standing as if to cross her wake. When within three hundred yards, she sent up a light in her mizen-rigging, and fired a gun, which in nautical parlance means, "Heave-to, I wish to speak you."

We hove-to, accordingly, in true merchantman-style, while the F—— backed her main-to'-sail, as became a crack sloop-of-war.

"What ship is that?" hailed the first-lieutenant, in the short, peremptory manner proper for a man of his dignity.

"The Three-Sisters, of New-Bedford," replied our first-mate, taking the Yankee twang in a most admirable manner.

"Where are you from,—and where bound,—and what's your master's name?"—continued the first luff.

"I expect we'm from a cruise," drawled the mate again, "bound to Valparaiso for wood and water, and our old man's name is Andrew Maxwell, at your sarvice."

"Have you seen a strange sail hereaway?" interrupted the Commodore.

"Guess I see a clipper of a brig pretend to blow up, about half an hour ago, but she only made b'lieve, for I see her ag'in cuttin' away to the Nor'ard and East'ard, pretty considerable fast, I expect," drawled the mate; "howsomever, that was in the old man's watch, and he's turned in now, snorin' like a lobster, and I'll be darned if I want to call him, for he's cross as the divil if you break him of his sleep,—and his wife would n't like it neither, I guess; so I'd a leetle ruther not,—if it's all the same to you."

"Clap a stopper over all, you infernal Yankee," hailed her first luff; and then she braced up again, and was off like a shot in chase of said brig, while we up-stick, and bore away for Valparaiso. Here, then, was the secret of the pirate's constant escape from all pursuers,—this change of form, which,

of course, would deceive any one,—e. g. the Yankee commander of the F——.

The next day, with only thirty hands to be seen, and with our whaling appearance, we entered the port of Valparaiso,—not a brig, nor commanded by a handsome young man ; as our acting Captain had a face like a dead-eye, and our real commander played wife to him, for the time being, as young and handsome as ever. Some waggish persons, indeed, little thinking how truly they spoke, insisted that the said wife was, to all intents and purposes, commander of the ship,—since the Captain had a way of saying, “ *I’ll ask my wife,*” on all important occasions.

At the end of four days,—the said whaler having wooded and watered, etc.,—I was brought upon deck, (for I, too, had been kept under hatches since our arrival, that I need not be seen by any loafers,) and having been sworn to secrecy, (which said oath, N. B., I kept,) I was set ashore ; and then the Three-Sisters weighed anchor, and, under a cloud of canvass, stood out to sea, to re-commence her fair-trading operations.

What became of her thereafter, is none of my business, though I am told, her tricks were at last found out ; and a bright-sided brig, which she industriously chased for a whole day, and finally overtook, proved to be the F—— sloop-of-war, —her commander thus paying the devil in his own coin ; and in the interchange of “ warm expressions,” which followed, the F—— sent her so effectually to the bottom, that it was generally supposed she would stay there a time, unless Jimmy Flatfoot actually took her under his wing. However, friend Greenhorn, all this is none of our business.

THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

PUBLISHED IN THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AUGUST, 1836.

IT was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer-schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the North-West, and made all sail for the South'ard and East'ard.

She was of that class of vessels designated, in nautical parlance, "Baltimore clippers;" and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burthen, long, low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; while her beautifully tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but slewed fore and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant-vessel from Fells Point, bound to the Spanish main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder; while her

cutlass-racks, arm-chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close-quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of a hundred and eighty men, the greater part was now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common tarpaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first-mate:

"Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are, eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more Easting soon, or we shall lose the outward-bound West Indiamen, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Captain Benson," replied the first-mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwark; "but ——"

"Sail ho!" sung out the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" hailed Benson, while all hands sprang up at the announcement.

"Right ahead, Sir!" was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something *professional*, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out: "Mast-head, there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, Sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard-tacks boarded, standing South-West."

"Keep her more to the South'ard, Mr. Townsend," said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; "we'll cut her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, Sir," replied the mate as he obeyed the order; "she may be a man-of-war."

"Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after; for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind, and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvass crowded, seemed proof-positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manœuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

"A Scotch prize, Captain Benson!" observed the first-mate, as he handed him the glass.

"Perhaps so," replied Captain Benson, composedly; "clear away long Tom there, and double-shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is."

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

"The chase is now within range, Sir," reported Townsend.

"Very good, Sir. Let drive at him with long Tom, and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling a heel, and goes off before the wind, because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little, any how."

Meanwhile, on board the English West Indiaman, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that she was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hopes of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the South-East, hoping to leave his pursuers astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was of the largest class of English West Indiamen, about twelve hundred tons in burthen, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve-pounders and a crew of forty men.

"Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine," said the commander of the Indiaman, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; "I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees on better terms."

"I hope, Captain St. John," said a passenger, who at this

moment came up the companion-way, "I hope, Sir, you do not intend to fight the American."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John; "he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time, if I can prevent him."

"But, Sir," continued Tompkins, anxiously, "consider the lady-passengers. I beg you, Sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well: while, if you fight him, he will be enraged, and"—

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily—"Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless, will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you."

"I sha'n't touch it, Sir," said Mr. Tompkins, "it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away all our lives in this manner;" and so saying, he went hastily below.

"Good pluck, that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; "however, perhaps——"

Whiz-z-z came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main-royal; and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three topsails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction; while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

"Now, my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail."

Continuing his course for a moment, that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt farther escape while every shot raked him fore-and-aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizen top-gallant sails, and flying-jib ; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation of small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail; and perceiving that the Indiaman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shot solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, nor hit her between wind and water ; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indiaman with terrible precision, causing great fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner ; St. John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat, any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking ; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot was added to round, in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform its usual mission in its usual careful and scientific manner ; tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew ; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indiaman's crew was cut down

by one or the other of these destructives, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working ship with great speed and undaunted bravery ; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard-battery, they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly ; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting with such determined resistance where he had expected abject submission ; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately, and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake him thoroughly and then board him ; but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention ; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard-battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-halyards of her mainsail ; which last came thundering down by the run ; and then, despite the broadside of the schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind ; so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indiaman.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indiaman's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheel ; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape-shot, while the other, (who escaped unhurt,) in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was still a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard-up. The schooner still had

headway upon her ; and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that, she being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard-board bow, her jib-bcom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side, afoul.

"Boarders, away !" 'shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage ; and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English Captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered ; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarter being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indiaman's crew was sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages ; and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the North-West, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water ; so that neither sprung any alarming leaks, and what few took place were soon plugged ; and so, continuing the repairs of the masts, sails, etc., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched ; and Captain Benson having farther assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now, it so happened that an English sloop-of-war, of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak; rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States' coast. In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the North-East, and the privateer had just hauled upon it, in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail!—and sure enough, in plain sight to the South-East, was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three others were passed.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter-boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman, and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'tween-decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Farther orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise."

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid headway. Thus a hundred of the privateersmen were

on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal on the wind, (her course being North-North-West) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner as the ship's long-boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter-boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. "I hope they will have a pleasant cruise:—perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range,—here, haul that forty-two aft, some of you ; we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls."

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive ; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson, determining to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indiaman between himself and the sloop-of-war ; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign, under the stars and stripes ; and at her mast-heads her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen.

By thus placing the Indiaman between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful ; the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailer,) to rescue the Indiaman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine ; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in his Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bowline ; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

"Captain Benson," said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance."

"You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. "Do tell !—I don't do that 'are, Sir, by a ——— sight."

"Sail ho !" hailed the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" replied Benson quickly.

"To windward, Sir," answered the look-out ; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord!" shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britannic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There's nothing English about that craft, if I can read oakum."

"I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John, jeeringly: "but what is she, then?"

"She is neither American, English, or French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four-gunners, her crew would be coming in for a share of prize-money, and I don't want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quartermaster."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indiaman; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half a mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky-sail-mast-head of the frigate, disclosing, amid its rustling folds, the armorial bearings of the battle-ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove-to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

"The English of that, Captain St. John," said Benson,

smiling, is 'heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock-off firing, because I am between you ;' so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn around the hencoop."

He then made signal for the Indiaman to heave-to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right along-side of his prize, under her lee.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn-to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate.—How's this?" he continued, pausing at the gangway, "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to."

Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands ; "you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is a neutral, and has no business to interfere."

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen-masts.

That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate, chock-full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads !" said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also ; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way !"

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the

same gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale-boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good-will, that all the English oarsmen "caught crabs," while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

"Old England for ever ! Rule Britannia !" shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder ; "hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love-taps. What's your opinion, my lord ? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetner as that, my lord, d——n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about East, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are ; Oh ! no, my lord, it was all an accident done a-purpose. Come aboard, my lord ; after me is manners."

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath ; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone ; and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish Captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound ; thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L—— ; and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer ; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically

demanded the name of the vessel and of her commander who had dared to heave-to an English man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the Lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark.

"All this is very good, Sir," replied the Captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; "you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate *Dannebrog*, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to."

"D——d if I do, that's all," growled Captain Stanley.

"But you shall, Sir," replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice. "And moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence."

"Which course does your Lordship intend to steer?" asked Benson very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

"Towards the American coast, Sir," replied the Baron, understanding him at once.

"That's just my course, my lord," continued Benson demurely; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee."

"I'll be d——d if you shall, Sir," broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

"Don't know how you'll prevent me, Sir," replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye, and squinting horribly with the other.

"Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Dane gravely; "just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along."

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly ac-

cepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, "nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we will eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk;" and during dinner he talked over the news; the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R.; an improvement he had made in the log; and narrated some well-twisted yarns.

With all this delay Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indiaman's cargo; and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgement in the Dane's good opinion; while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then merely in monosyllables.

"Well, Gentlemen," said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, "we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to until Captain Benson has made this headway; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way."

"If you please, my Lord," said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, "thirty minutes' truce from the time I reach my vessel will suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indiaman's

crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running, or fighting, as it may happen."

"That is very fair, Sir," replied the Dane; "and with that Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled." So saying, he returned upon deck, followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now, it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indiaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, etc., which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indiaman.

"That, Sir," replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, "is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo:—you must help that as you can. And furthermore, Sir," he added sternly, "if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you."

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned first to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boats' crews showed

that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

"How's this, my lads," said he in a loud tone, that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope-haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Captain Stanley," he added, as the latter came down into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight out good-naturedly, eh?"

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed him no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indiaman's cargo, Sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

"Very good, Sir," replied Benson; "muster all hands aft here."

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indiaman, and the companion-way, sky-lights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stoppered and unrove; all her studding-sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to, and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and every thing being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indiaman was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships; and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indiaman then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was run up at the davits, and the schooner fill-

ing away, stood North-North-West ; thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course, that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time ; for, had the Indiaman yawed two points, she would have run him slap aboard ; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was *not* exactly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indiaman's deck ; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indiaman, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions ; and before his plan of operations was arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the South-West at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained good start to windward, and make sail in chase of the Indiaman ; for to leave her in her present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer, perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern-chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly as if he were running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails alow and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indiaman ; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew ; so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill ; to put your foot upon them, would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them into the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cachinnated greatly at Stanley's pickle ; and he, guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the condition of the scamps aforesaid on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this, too, was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly ; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indiaman, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away only the braces, the shrouds and stays followed ; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indiaman yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side, afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and directly down thundered the masts and yards of the Indiaman, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war ; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered ; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-two-pound-shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his taffrail.

MAN OVERBOARD.

THE MSS. OF THIS PIECE, IN ITS PRESENT UNFINISHED STATE, WAS FOUND AMONG JOHN'S PAPERS AFTER HIS DECEASE.

"MEET her, quartermaster !" hailed the officer of the deck ;
"hold on, every body !"

Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain-wave which swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee-bulwarks ; and a rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

"Man overboard !" rang along the decks. "Cut away the life-buoy !"

Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively struck out for the ship ; while, clear above the roar of the storm and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trumpet came full on my ear :

"Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces ; slack the lee ones ; round in ; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat !"

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely perceive in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most fortunately brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climbing upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash myself fast ; and, thus freed from the fear

of immediate drowning, I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was now hidden from my sight ; but, being to leeward, I could with considerable distinctness make out her whereabouts, and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lantern glanced at her peak ; and oh ! how brightly shone that solitary beam on my straining eye !—for, though rescued from immediate peril, what other succor could I look for, during that fearful swell, on which no boat could live a moment ? What could I expect save a lingering, horrid death ?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating home, where, ten minutes before, not a lighter heart than mine was enclosed by her frowning bulwarks ; and though so near that I could hear the rattling of her cordage and the rustling thunder of her canvass, I could also hear those orders from her trumpet which extinguished hope.

“ Belay all with that boat ! ” said a voice that I knew right well ; “ she can't live a minute ! ”

My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters, with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm ; while I could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was done to ascertain *who* was missing. Then came the hissing of a rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven ; and again falling, its momentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away : but see—that sheet of flame !—the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea. Now the blaze of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the tall spars and white canvass of the ship, *still* near me !

“ Maintop there ! ” came the hail again, “ do you see him to leeward ? ”

“ No, Sir ! ” was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary, with her light aloft ; but

I could perceive nothing more for some minutes : they have given me up for lost !

That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided I had gained the buoy : but their object was to discover me, and now several blue-lights were burnt at once on various parts of the rigging. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell !—at one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave, her bright masts and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this fearful illumination ; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the sea.

“ There he is, Sir ! right abeam !” shouted twenty voices, as I rose upon a wave.

“ Man the braces !” was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of the trumpet : while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rung out, “ *Boarders, away !*” and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, “ Haul taut and belay !” and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the wind.

A new danger now awaited me ; for the immense hull of the sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon me ; while her increased proximity enabled me to discern all the minutiae of the ship, and even to recognise the face of the first-lieutenant, as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the forecastle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the wave tossed me ; and now, the end of her flying-jib-boom is almost over my head !

“ Hard a-port !” hailed the trumpet at this critical moment ; “ round in weather main-braces : right the helm !”

The spray from the bows of the ship, as she came up, dashed over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a mountain-wave ; emerging from which, there lay my ship, hove-to, not her length to windward !

“ Garnet,” hailed the lieutenant from the lee-gangway, “ are you there, my lad ?”

"Ay, ay, Sir!" I shouted in reply; though I doubted whether, in the storm, the response could reach him: but the thunder-toned cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rung from the decks and rigging, put *that* fear at rest, and my heart bounded with rapture in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

"All ready?" hailed the lieutenant again; "heave!" and four ropes, with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and fell around me. None, however, actually touched me; and for this reason the experiment failed; for I could not move my unwidely grating, and dared not leave it; as by so doing, I might in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present position, and drown between the two chances of escape.

I was so near to the ship that I could recognise the faces of the crew on her illuminated deck, and hear the officers as they told me where the ropes lay; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned, caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the vessel, found myself fast drifting to leeward. I *then* resolved to make the attempt, but as I measured the distance of the nearest float with my eye, my resolution again faltered, and the precious and final opportunity was lost! Now, too, the storm, which, as if in compassion, had temporarily lulled, roared again in full fury; and the safety of the ship required that she should be put upon her course.

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AN ADDITIONAL LETTER.

THE following letter, (for some time unfortunately and unaccountably mislaid,) was received while these last sheets were going through the press. It is placed here, because it cannot be inserted in the order of its date without re-printing the book.

Barque Iwanowna, at sea.

Lat. $10^{\circ} 1'$ North.

Lon. $22^{\circ} 0'$ West.

Sunday morning, July 29th, 1838.

MY DEAREST MOTHER :

I have been thinking, for some time past, how emphatically I am and have been rebuked of God ; and I hope the fact has tended to humble me more to the dust.

When at home, I said always that the sea-air would cure me beyond a doubt ; but I did not add, "with God's blessing." Now mark the result. I have not been as well on any one

day since we sailed as I was before. My Journal is a mere record,—that this day I was in pain,—the next in agony, etc. etc. I have had the acid stomach nearly all the time, and far more severely than in New-York. I have had, and still have, an incessant dry cough, which tears me to pieces ; and, above all, I have a continual, steady, sharp pain *in* the heart, which, at times, is so severe and agonizing, that the fountain of life stands still, and *flutters*, as if in doubt whether to beat again. And, oh ! when I cough, the pain in the heart is agony, and the blood throbs through the carotid artery to the brain, and every thing looks *dark*, while the current, through the left-arm, is like an electric shock ; and that arm is now so perfectly disabled, that I cannot pick up a pin.

Now all this happens *at sea*, and I can obtain no advice, and know not what to do. The pain grows more and more severe, and I seriously believe that in some of my coughing fits my heart will *burst*,—and then, oh mother ! *where* shall I appear ?

It seems hard that I should be sent away from my comfortable home and friends, to suffer and die far away at sea : but our Lord knows what is best, and I make it my daily prayer that I may submit wholly to His will.

My accommodations in this vessel, are, in every respect, most miserable. My state-room, from which I succeeded in driving the bed-bugs after they had bitten me from head to foot, is now swarming with Sicilian fleas, which cannot be driven out : so I have not had an entire night's sleep since we left New-York.

Dear Mother, the only comfort I have had under all this, is what I have sought and obtained where, only, true comfort is promised and can be found—at the foot of the Cross. And considering that death may be so near, I have endeavored to prepare therefor. But it is a solemn thing to die, and my soul starts back at the thought.

I *have* a hope in Christ ; I have times of rejoicing in God ; I trust I have laid all at His feet ; but I *may* be mistaken ; and if I *am*, I again say, *where* shall I appear ?

Here, also, I have no religious friend to advise and direct me : Oh, Mother, I *cannot* die away from you ! If God will spare my life now, that, when I die, I may be *with you*, I will bless His name.

I have used all the remedies that I can think of, in vain. I have now taken the laudanum vial from the ship's chest, (for Captain Dyer pities my hard lot, and is *very* kind to me,) and intend to use it to stop the pain, until I can get advice in Rio.

Oh, how my thoughts dwell on *home* ! You and Julia are seldom out of my mind. So, God bless you, dear Mother.

Your affectionate Son,

JOHN W. GOULD.

THE END.

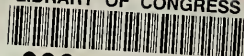
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