

FIVE YEARS  
BEFORE THE MAST,

OR

*Life in the Forecastle*

ABOARD OF

A WHALER AND MAN-OF-WAR.

BY

Jacob A. Hazen.

~~~~~  
With Appropriate Illustrations.  
~~~~~

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
1854.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

WILLIS P. HAZARD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District  
of Pennsylvania.

TO THE  
HONORABLE JAMES POLLOCK,  
LATE JUDGE OF THE EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT  
OF THE  
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,  
JACOB A. HAZEN.

MUNCY, PA., OCTOBER 12th, 1853.

# Contents.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
In which the reader will discover that the best remedy for "hard times" is to go to sea,.....	13
CHAPTER II.	
Voyage to Sag Harbor, and Adventures on Long Island,	34
CHAPTER III.	
First appearance on the Atlantic ocean, and visit to Fayal,	58
CHAPTER IV.	
Containing something the writer never knew until he went to sea,.....	75
CHAPTER V.	
In which the writer makes further progress in his cruise, and discovers that fortunes are not more rapidly reali- zed at sea than on land,.....	92
CHAPTER VI.	
In which the writer, without being shipwrecked, finds himself unexpectedly cast away upon a foreign land,	108
1*	(v)

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII.	
The Jour. Shoemaker, having abandoned the sea, establishes himself in the capital of Brazil,.....	122
CHAPTER VIII.	
The Jour. Shoemaker, bidding good-bye to the bench, takes again to salt water, and is sent on board a ship against his own consent,.....	140
CHAPTER IX.	
The adventurer introduces himself on board an American man-of-war, and becomes a member of "Uncle Sam's Mess,".....	157
CHAPTER X.	
In which the Jour. Shoemaker finds himself overreached by a Commodore, and seeks his revenge in a diplomatic despatch to Uncle Sam,.....	177
CHAPTER XI.	
A very short chapter, in which the Jour's diplomacy begins to thicken,.....	197
CHAPTER XII.	
In which the adventurer becomes a heathen, and after being visited in vain by a Boston missionary, is introduced to the cat-o'-nine tails,.....	208

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIII.	
In which the Jour. Shoemaker is promoted to the rank of ship's pedagogue,.....	227
CHAPTER XIV.	
Wherein the reader will discover that a man-o'-war sailor is liable to <i>fall</i> in love as well as to fall in battle,.....	245
CHAPTER XV.	
In which the Jour. Shoemaker finds himself destined for a distant portion of the world,.....	264
CHAPTER XVI.	
Voyage to Gibraltar,.....	280
CHAPTER XVII.	
In which the adventurer, by interesting himself in a mutiny, meets with rather rough treatment,.....	305
CHAPTER XVIII.	
In which our mechanic sailor sees a good deal of stormy weather, and gets a peep at Mount Etna,.....	325
CHAPTER XIX.	
A Yankee mechanic on a sailor's beat, in Naples,.....	343
CHAPTER XX.	
Adventures at Port Mahon,.....	367
CHAPTER XXI.	
In which the adventurer abandons the mess-room of	



Uncle Sam, and takes up a brief residence on the Island	PAGE
of Minorca, .....	393

## CHAPTER XXII.

In which the adventures of our young mechanic draw	
towards a close, .....	414

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Containing the writer's final leave of the reader, as well	
as of his mistress, .....	439

## Preface.

THE original articles forming a portion of the material out of which this volume is compiled, were partly drawn up by the writer during the year 1842, shortly after obtaining his discharge from the navy. The idea of writing a book was then altogether foreign to his intention, as he possessed neither the time nor the inclination to attempt it. Subsequent events, however, as well as the repeated solicitations of friends, having concurred to stimulate him to the project, he was finally induced during the preceding summer, to take up his papers for reconsideration. Discovering in them some passages which he deemed sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of the general reader, he applied himself to the task of revising them, and after a few months of patient labor, has ventured to lay them before the public, in their present form.

It is proper to observe that the names which figure in the pages of this journal, are those of real persons. This circumstance may call forth the resentment of a

few of our naval officers, who may fancy themselves aggrieved in having a small portion of their conduct dragged before the public. They may wince at the animadversions which now and then touch severely upon them, and may even call it abuse. But let it be remembered, that as public officers, their acts are a species of public property which the writer or any other citizen, has at all times an indisputable right to examine and scrutinize. Beyond *official* conduct, the journalist has not presumed to venture. He holds the sanctuary of private life too sacred to be wantonly invaded, and would be among the last to assail the character of even the most profligate commander, or lieutenant, out of his official capacity.

It is a circumstance worthy of note, that literary productions from the pens of naval officers, annually find their way before the public, in the shape of books, some of which, not only reflect largely to the merits of the writers, but occupy a deservedly high position in the literature of our country. This is as it should be. But while these productions are emanating from *behind* the mast, with what are we greeted from *before* it? While the officer steals his way into public favor in a voice modulated to the richest tones of art, what do we hear from the less cultivated, though no less brave subordinate? We daily amuse ourselves with lengthened details of gorgeous cabin scenes—of epaulet adventures, and cocked hats—of the effervescent flow of rich Burgundy

and Champagnes; but what do we hear from the fore-castle—of poor Jack, his *rye whiskey*, and his bean soup? Not one word! Few generous writers venture to speak out for him. The poor fellow seems completely lost sight of behind the tinselled uniform of his more gaudy superior; and while we are ready to laugh ourselves into convulsions over the more graceful and voluble “d——n your eyes” of the officer, we cannot bring ourselves to hear the half indignant sigh escaping in smothered whispers from the bosom of the humble Tar on whom it is bestowed. The present volume purports to show up a few touches of the picture on the humbler side of the mast—to delineate the thoughts and feelings of one whose person stood in the back ground—of one of those whose duty it is never to *speak out*, but always to do, *feel*, fight, and suffer.

How far the author may have succeeded in producing an interesting work, is of course, not for him to decide. As a mechanic, and one of the toiling million who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, he is conscious that it must necessarily be defective—if not in subject matter, at least in thought, style, and composition; for it is scarcely to be supposed that literary perfection should emanate from the work-bench, or that a common *shoemaker* or *sailor*—whichever you will—should write with the propriety and grace of an Irving. Hence, it will become him to keep a bright lookout ahead for “breakers” in the “reviews;” and should critical

assailants *pen* him too closely, he will, doubtless, be compelled to meet them *mechanically*, or, in other words, withdraw from his desultory rambles in the flowery fields of literature, and betake himself once more to delving in the gloomy corners of his humble shop. However, the pungent arrows of criticism will not afflict him very mortally, as he is far from being a professional book maker, and seldom moves in that sphere of life where they would be likely to reach him.

## FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

### Chapter First.

In which the reader will discover that the best remedy for hard times is to go to sea.

I SHALL not enter into a history of my early life, as there is perhaps little in it that would prove interesting or instructive to the general reader. It will be sufficient to state, that like most poor boys of humble parentage, I was permitted to grow up pretty much after my own fashion, without the advantages of either advice or instruction. At the age of five years, I was placed out to earn my own living among strangers. Occasionally I resided at home, at which times I usually did much as I pleased, went where I pleased, and returned when I pleased. It had pleased my father, during my minority, to indent me as an apprentice, to an old cobbler, by whom I was, to a slight extent, initiated into the arts and mysteries of boot and shoe making; but like most apprentices, I soon fancied that I knew more of the trade than my old master, and as soon as the idea took possession of my mind, I very deliberately walked off, declaring

myself free and independent to all intents and purposes in law. Having learned to read a little, and having scratched pot hooks for eleven days at school, I believed myself sufficiently educated to push my own fortunes in the world, and accordingly at the early age of seventeen, I bid farewell to Muncy, Pa., the place of my nativity, and took my departure for parts unknown. For several years I continued rambling about various portions of the States, drifting hither and thither with the changing current of the times, until at the age of twenty-two I found myself unexpectedly lodged amid a regular drift pile of journeymen shoemakers, in the city of Philadelphia. Here I continued hammering away at my trade for some time, and would, perhaps, have made the city my permanent place of residence had events proved favorable. But unluckily, I always found my fortunes strangely influenced by circumstances. As they were never of a very stupendous character, a trifling circumstance was at all times enough to derange them; but when any unexpected event transpired, they were entirely scattered at once, after which I had usually to resort to my never failing resources, two hands and nine fingers, (one being cut off,) in order to renew them.

The spring of 1837 set in with a prospect to the Philadelphians at least, of an extensive business. The manufacturers and merchants had commenced the season with high hopes and extensive prepara-

tions, and it was not until the eastern banks had suspended specie payments that they felt their expectations likely to end in disappointment. The New York and Philadelphia Banks soon followed the example of their eastern neighbors, and the epidemic spreading towards Baltimore and Charleston, soon extended itself throughout the whole Union. Then followed a panic and distress, such as were never before paralleled in the history of our country. Shinplasters soon made their appearance, and with them came a general wreck and ruin of the mercantile and manufacturing business of the city.

Many people of the present day, and especially those remote from the cities, believe that the reports of the havoc of business, and the distress of citizens that followed in the train of the bank explosions of 1837, have been greatly exaggerated by interested parties, and that the distress was far less prevalent than represented; but to the inquiring reader, who chooses to examine the records of the past, a sufficient number of lamentable and painful examples will present themselves to verify their truth.

Amidst the general distress which prevailed, it could scarcely be expected that the shoe manufacturers should stand impregnable, and indeed they did not. On the contrary, many of them were among the first to wind up their affairs, close their shop doors, and label them with the significant motto, "Gone to Texas." My employer was

among the last to give up the ghost. He held out for awhile with the courage of a gladiator; but the monetary cholera at last siezed upon him, and notwithstanding his struggles, kept cramping him tighter and tighter, until at the ninth hour he collapsed with a terrible explosion, and away went boots, bootees, shoes and brogans, to the busy hammer of the auctioneer. Myself and the rest of the journeymen were dismissed, an assignment was made, the doors of the shop were shut up, and the establishment pronounced defunct.

Under these adverse circumstances, what was I to do? I to whom a loss of employment was a loss of fortune. Hunt work elsewhere, was the idea at first suggested; but where the number of workmen is great, and the quantity of work small, one's chance of success is about as uncertain as a prize in a lottery. Two weeks were spent in fruitless search of employment, and I then gave it up as a total failure. After a few days' intermission I once more ventured abroad, and called at about a dozen shops in the Northern Liberties, where I had not been before, asking if they had work to give, but the universal answer was "no!" I soon became tired of fishing about in this manner to no purpose, and determined to hunt round after some kind of amusement, with which to occupy my thoughts, but I could find nothing which I conceived agreeable. Discouraged, disheartened, and moneyless—a boarding bill accumulating from day

to day, with no prospect of ever being able to discharge it—was it possible for me to feel happy and cheerful? Far from it! I felt most wretchedly dejected; and as to amusements, I could think of none which I believed better fitted to harmonize with my present feelings than seeing some one hanged. Suiting the action to the thought, I sallied forth into Callowhill street, and directed my way to Bush Hill, where I arrived in time to witness the completion of a gallows, erected for the execution of an unfortunate young man named Moran. This was about the middle of May, 1837, not so memorable with me from the circumstance of a man going to be hanged for piracy, as from the fact that for once in my life I was unable to find employment.

The execution over, the multitude gradually dispersed. I, with feelings little improved by the exhibition I had witnessed, returned leisurely to the city. Every thing about me appeared to bear a sad and cheerless aspect. The day, however, was clear and delightful to those who could enjoy it; for the sun, in cloudless majesty, shone from the azure heavens, as if smiling with his most pleasant aspect on the beautiful, prolific, and teeming world below.

That night I retired to enjoy but a broken and painful rest. The events of the day haunted me in my slumbers, constantly conjuring up every species of wild and fantastical dreams. At last

the morning arrived; I arose with a feverish brow and a heated brain.

Disagreeable as the night had been to me, it was still attended with one important result. It was while lying in a "brown study," during the intervals between my dreams, that I first conceived the project of going to sea. What put this wild idea into my head, I am at present unable to say. I never before had any inclination for a sea-faring life, nor had I ever looked upon a crew getting a vessel under weigh, but that my thoughts immediately familiarized themselves with shipwrecks, hurricanes, and other disasters of the sea. But the truth is, a change seemed to have come over the spirit of my life. I wanted to hit upon some plan to make a fortune; and as the world had hitherto been unfavorable to my wishes, I thought I would try to get out of it by going to sea. Who could tell what a new element might not bring forth? In looking back on my land career, I perceived that five years had already expired since I first began to push my own fortunes in the world, and yet I had accumulated nothing. It is true that when I first started abroad, I had but two dollars and fifty cents in money, an indifferent suit of clothes, and one change of shirts; I had now two suits of clothing, a full half dozen of linen, and no money. In the former case, what I had was clearly my own; in the latter I was yet indebted to my tailor for a portion of my wardrobe, beside

owing my landlady for three weeks' boarding; so that it required a nice calculation to tell if I were advancing or receding in worldly prosperity. I had, perhaps, acquired something in point of worldly knowledge, and improved a little in penmanship and reading; but whether any of these added aught to my stock of wisdom, is very doubtful. In fact, wisdom was entirely out of the question with me. In all my actions and movements, there were seldom any pauses to consult either wisdom or prudence. I was the mere creature of whim. Whenever I made up my mind to go to a new place, I was up and off at once, without pausing to reason upon the advantages or disadvantages likely to result from the journey. I had now made up my mind to go to sea, and go to sea I would, Crusoe like, without any other object in view than the vague idea of hitting on some plan to make a fortune.

After adjusting my dress, and plunging my head into a basin of cold water, to allay its feverishness, I proceeded to the shop for the purpose of putting my new project into execution. I now sat down on my work-bench to study out what plan to pursue. There was a man named Wrighter, who kept a shipping office and rendezvous, in Water street, below Dock, and who was at that time hunting up men to go on whaling voyages from New Bedford. To this man I thought of resorting for a berth in a whale ship. But, then, in my journey to the east-

ward, I would have to pass through New York, and my organ of self-esteem was too predominant to permit me to go in a beggarly manner. What was to be done? I was anxious to pay up old scores in the city, before I left it, and this I could only do by selling my clothing; and I was desirous of cutting a respectable figure in my journey to New Bedford, and this I could only do by retaining my clothing. Here was certainly not a very happy combination of circumstances. If I parted with my clothing, my appearance was likely to partake but scantily of the aristocratical; and if I retained it somebody was sure to come out *minus* one half the value of it. I finally concluded to carry one half of my wardrobe to the pawn brokers, pay off my debts as far as the proceeds would go, and let community suffer for the balance. This I did immediately. I then paid my landlady's bill as well as my other trifling debts, and found myself still in possession of a surplus fund of five dollars. It must, however, be borne in mind, that my tailor was not yet paid. His bill was nine dollars, and my ingenuity was of too dull a character to manage this sum with a five dollar bill. I, however, thought it wrong to sink the poor fellow altogether, and fixed upon a plan by which he might be enabled to keep his head above water, if he felt disposed to do so. Among the articles which I had placed in pawn, at old uncle Mordecai's, was a very fine overcoat, for which I had

received nine dollars, but the real value of which was near twenty-five. The certificate of this deposit, I sent in a letter to my tailor, with instructions, that if he wanted what I owed him, to redeem the coat, and sell it for its full value, by which means he might obtain the principal of his demand, together with a handsome interest.

Having thus arranged my financial affairs, I adjusted my remaining property in a hand trunk; made a distribution of my tools among those of my shopmates who had yet employment; bid farewell to my landlady, who expressed deep regret at seeing me depart on my break-neck adventure, and took up my line of march for the rendezvous of Captain Wrighter. The day was far advanced by the time I reached the shipping office, and before I had completed my bargain with the captain, the shades of evening began to envelope the city. Wrighter had prepared beds for most of his salt-water votaries, but as I had slept ill the night before, I resolved for that night at least to seek my own lodgings elsewhere.

On the following morning, with buoyant spirits and exulting thoughts, such as are generally inspired by the prospect of wild adventure in a youthful and romantic mind, I repaired at an early hour to the shipping office. Wrighter was already marshalling his troops for their march eastward. In an hour afterwards our luggage was packed in a hand-cart, and hauled to the ferry. The roll was

then called, and all hands being found present, we got on the boat, in company with the shipping-master, and passed over to Camden. The locomotive was already letting off steam, the passengers were there, and the conductor was only awaiting the approach of the hour of departure to ring the bell.

At this time I took, as I then thought, my last look at Philadelphia. Those beautiful edifices, streets, and public walks, that have proved the admiration of thousands, lay spread like a chart before me, but I felt no regret in leaving them. They had already lost all charm to me, and a strange joy thrilled through my heart at the prospect of quitting a place whose pomp, wealth, and marble structures seemed like so many mockeries at my own poverty and insignificance. In truth, I was now going to make my fortune; all behind was cold, dark, and cheerless—all before me bright, clear, and auspicious.

While awaiting the departure of the cars, I must say that I felt considerably chagrined at my situation. My companions, consisting of about twenty men, were decidedly, to my mind, the roughest looking set of fellows that I had ever fallen in with. When I cast my eyes around on the respectable appearance of the rest of the passengers, and then on these, the contrast was absolutely awful; and I began to wonder if I must really go to sea in the same ship with these pirati-

cal looking fellows. Besides, one half of them were, to all appearance, toppers; for while I was taking a survey of their movements, and drawing a comparison between their dirty, tattered garments and my own best draft on the tailor, I saw three of them empty a pint bottle of apple jack, Jersey lightning, or some other equally nauseous distillation. "Must I," said I to myself, "ride in the same car with these scamps?" At that particular moment I thrust my hand into my silk vest pocket, and felt the five dollar bill, and for an instant I thought of paying an additional half dollar for a seat in one of the first class cars; but, upon second thought, I determined otherwise. "Five dollars," said I, "may some day have an end." To my companions, the most of whom looked as if they had seen nothing larger than a fip-penny-bit for the last six months, so large a sum might indeed have seemed a wonderful windfall, yet to me it appeared a sum which should be expended with caution. I felt that economy was becoming a necessary ingredient in the preservation of my remaining fortune. Even fortunes of five thousand dollars are often squandered away foolishly; and I was convinced that without a due regard to prudence and economy, I might again be brought to poverty and want.

At length the bell rang, and the passengers mounted the cars. I took good care to mount on the side opposite to where my companions entered.



A car had been provided expressly for Wrighter and his party, and in this we all took our seats. As there was an abundance of room, we were not in danger of being much crowded; and I was confident that our appearance was not of so attractive a character as to draw much of a crowd from the first class cars. For my own part, I congratulated myself on the dimensions of the car, as by its size I was enabled to occupy one corner of it in undisturbed tranquillity. Here I had sat for nearly half an hour, beating a tattoo with the toe of my boot on the bottom of the car, and listening to the train as it rumbled along the track, when my amusements were interrupted by the abrupt appearance of a bottle of whiskey, accompanied by a face which I had not noticed before. It occurred to me that my visitor must be an intruder from the first class cars; but when I saw him deposit his bottle in a valise, and take his seat opposite to me, I was satisfied that he, like the rest of our party, was a fish caught in Captain Wrighter's net. I soon managed to strike up a discourse with him, in which I learned that his name was Hatfield; that he was a carpenter by trade, and that he had been working in Philadelphia, where the bank explosions had blown him sky-high; and that, like myself, he was now going to sea, in a whale-ship, with the hope of bettering his fortunes. I soon conceived a fancy for my new acquaintance. His external appearance, together with a gentlemanly address

and ease of manners, rendered him so superior to those with whom we were both associated, that I spared no efforts in cultivating his friendship. By the time we reached Brunswick, we were sworn companions, and determined, if possible, to go to sea together, in the same ship.

About three o'clock, on the 18th of May, 1837, we were landed at New York, on the North river side, somewhere above Castle Garden. Here we found that our shipping master, Captain Wrighter, was but a sub-agent for the whaling companies, the real agent being a man in New York, named Taylor, who was on the wharf, ready to receive us. A transfer of credentials now took place, after which all Mr. Wrighter's live stock, baggage, goods, and chattels, were delivered over to Mr. Taylor. This change of masters completed, and the premium money paid on the number of heads sold and delivered, Captain Wrighter bid us good bye, and returned to Philadelphia in the evening train.

We were now drawn up in double file for a march through the city, to the East river, where Taylor had his office. Hatfield and I, being the most respectable in outward appearance, were placed in front, while our luggage, which was loaded on a truck, preceded us to our new rendezvous. I do not know the names of the several streets through which we paraded in our short journey, but I remember distinctly of passing Holt's

Hotel. I saw several gentlemen standing on the outer steps of this fashionable mansion, and as they kept eyeing us rather sharply, I felt a strong inclination to ask them what they thought of the Pennsylvania representation to New Bedford; but on looking behind, and seeing some of my rear companions too heavily charged to follow successfully in the footsteps of their "illustrious predecessors," I began to doubt the propriety of such a question, and thought that the honor of the Key-Stone state might, perhaps, be better sustained in Gotham, by absolute silence, than by a speech which might possibly meet with an unfavorable construction.

On our arrival at the office of Mr. Taylor, we were informed that no packet would sail for New Bedford short of three days, and that during that time we were at liberty to go where we pleased, save that we were to present ourselves at the office mornings and evenings for general muster. A boarding house was pointed out to us, to which we all repaired for dinner. The eatables were certainly as good as could be expected by persons of our grade; but there was an appearance of comfortless accommodation about the house, in other respects, that I disliked, and on expressing my dissatisfaction to Hatfield, I found him of the same mind. As night was approaching, my friend and I concluded to repair to the bed rooms, and see how matters stood there. We followed a servant up stairs, and were conducted into a large apartment,

along the walls of which, bunks were erected, one above the other, like shelves in a dry goods store. I had never before seen the like, except on canal and steamboats, and I confess, to meet with such things in a city boarding-house, was a new feature in my travels. I looked at Hatfield, and Hatfield looked at me.

"What do you think of it, Hatfield?" inquired I.

"Can't go it!" was the reply.

"Don't like to be drove to the wall, eh?"

"No; if I am broke up and turned out of employment, I don't like to be laid on the shelf, altogether!"

"Nor I either," said I, "but what will we do?"

Hatfield winked and nodded slyly towards the door, as much as to say, "There is some one listening!" The servant, no doubt, overheard our short colloquy; but I cared little for that, as I had already made up my mind to stay in the house no longer than that night at most. After selecting a lower bunk, and placing our effects under it as a mark of possession, we sallied forth into the street and took a turn round the city. At our return, we were met at the door by the landlady, who told us not to go to bed until our companions were provided for, and we would, perhaps, fare the better for it. We were highly pleased to find ourselves in favor with the landlady, and agreed to be guided by her advice. An hour elapsed before

the shelving of the other members of our party was completed, after which, we were led by the landlady, into the parlor, and treated to a glass of passable brandy. We were then informed that a bed was prepared for our reception, in an adjoining room, and a servant was sent to light us to it. We congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, and Hatfield remarked that our luck was due to our clothing, rather than to our persons. I was somewhat of the same opinion; for this was not the first time a good suit of clothes had been instrumental in procuring me the attention of strangers.

We went to bed with light hearts, anticipating pleasant dreams and a comfortable night's rest; but, alas! how often do the most sanguine hopes and proud expectations of the delighted enthusiast end in disappointment and vexation? Was the room haunted, or had the infernal spirits combined to drive us from our resting place? I felt that there was something wrong about us; and though not a believer in ghosts and hobgoblins, I was, nevertheless, satisfied that the bed was troubled with something more than human. To ascertain the cause of this unexpected disturbance, I passed my hand rapidly along the sheet, and felt my finger come suddenly in contact with a creeping body. A slight pressure sufficed to overcome the obstacle, and the smell which greeted my olfactories, satisfied me of a visit from an inferior genus

of the animal kingdom. Hatfield, I perceived, from his restlessness, was as busily occupied in fighting off his assailants as myself. He rolled, tossed, kicked, and swore, and in his rage, wished the whole city of Gotham, and all its inhabitants, to the dominions of Pluto. At last the morning dawned, and we were not slow in removing ourselves from the scene of strife. The bed was literally strewn with the dead and dying, while our shirts presented huge blotches of blood, where the unfortunate victims of the midnight battle had weltered in their dying gore.

"Well, Hatfield," said I, as we were dressing ourselves, "we can safely say, that for once in our lives, we have slept in a big-bug bed!"

"Yes!" replied he laughing, "and lodged in a big-bug house too. But if we are to lodge in this place two nights longer, I am decidedly in favor of having the big-bugs and ourselves placed in separate apartments."

"I shall certainly vote in favor of such a change, in this instance," said I; "although, in general, I am not in favor of dividing society into castes!"

"Nor I either," answered Hatfield, "where there exists a community of thoughts, tastes, and feelings, but these infernal parasites batten on the very best blood of the democracy!"

"True! I wonder how our new boss, Mr. Taylor, would have rested, in a similar predicament?"

"As comfortable as a pickled herring."

"Indeed," said I; "don't you think he'd have floundered a little?"

"Not he, indeed," replied Hatfield, laughing; "he's too lean. They could have made no more impression on his withered hide, than on the shell of a stuffed alligator!"

After breakfast, we repaired to Peck Slip, to attend muster at the shipping office, but found no one there. We lounged around the slip till near dinner time, when we were greeted with the appearance of Taylor, who arrived at his office with another party of men, from somewhere in Jersey. Hatfield immediately informed him of our desire to change our boarding-house, and asked permission to hunt one to suit ourselves.

"What is the matter with the one where you are?" asked Taylor.

"There are too many blood-suckers about it," answered Hatfield, with a smile.

"They must be of your own party, then," said Taylor; "I never heard of any one being sucked out of any thing there."

"He has reference to the bed-bugs," interposed I, perceiving that the shipping-master misunderstood my companion's meaning.

"Bed-bugs!" echoed Taylor. "Do the bed-bugs disturb you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Hatfield; "they are regular horse-leeches; they have leached me out of at least half a gallon of my best blood!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Taylor.

"A fact," continued Hatfield; "if you don't want to be put to the expense of burying two men before two days, you had better grant our request."

"Nonsense!" replied Taylor; "you are only joking!"

"Joking!" exclaimed Hatfield; "if you cannot believe my statement, let the evidence of your own eyes convince you!" and pulling off his coat, my friend exhibited his shirt sleeves, while a general laugh burst from the men who were gathered around.

The shipping-master regarded the bloody sleeves with an astonishment half comic, half serious, and as if at last satisfied that the stains were really caused by blood, leered very searchingly into the eyes of Hatfield.

"Young man," said he, "are you not sometimes in the habit of getting drunk?"

"Why do you ask that question?" inquired my friend.

"Merely because I think you've been a little tight, and fallen into a butcher's stall," said Taylor.

To sustain the veracity of my friend, I exhibited my sleeves, and when Taylor found the evidence in favor of bed bugs was irrefutable, he gave us leave to hunt a boarding-house wherever we pleased.

My friend and I now wandered forth into the

city, and were not long in finding lodgings more agreeable to our taste. On our return to Peck Slip, after our trunks, we were met by Taylor's clerk, who had been sent to request our presence at the shipping office. On arriving at the office, we were informed by Taylor, that he had just received a letter from Sag Harbor, requesting him to send six men to that place, to fill out a ship's company for a man named Mulford, and desired that Hatfield and I should go there. I objected to this arrangement on the grounds that I had agreed with Mr. Wrighter to go to New Bedford, and to that place I must accordingly go. Taylor, however, insisted on having us go to Sag Harbor. He said the men to whom he wished to send us, were particular friends of his, and he was desirous to send them respectable looking men, and for that reason had selected us. He doubted not but that we would be better suited there than at New Bedford. This bit of flattery bore but little weight with me. I believed this sudden change, on the part of Taylor, the result of some selfish view, or that he merely wished to shake us off, thus hastily, because we were dissatisfied with his boarding-house. Hatfield was content to go, provided the opportunity of going to sea was as favorable from Sag Harbor as from New Bedford. Taylor assured us that we need have no fears on that head, as there were some fifteen ships at that port, the most of which were there preparing for sea. At last I

told him, if he would pledge his honor that he was using no deception in urging us thither, I would consent to go. This he readily did, and in half an hour afterwards our traps and fixtures were deposited on board a schooner lying at Peck Slip wharf.

## Chapter Second.

Voyage to Sag Harbor, and Adventures on Long Island.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a beautiful May day, when our schooner cast loose from the wharf, and glided gracefully up the East river, in the direction of Blackwell's Island. For the space of an hour I found amusement in speculating on the appearance of the beautiful country-seats that adorned the banks of the river on either side. Hatfield had located himself on the heel of the bowsprit, and seemed lost in the solution of some absorbing mental difficulty. Our four companions, who partook equally of the land and of the water in their appearance, had spread their bodies, as well as their bedding, down the main hatch, and were in the full enjoyment of a comfortable snooze, while the crew of the schooner, in the meantime, were busily occupied in clearing up the decks of the vessel for sea. Hatfield, at last arousing himself from his reverie, proposed that we should go below, and see what was going on there.

On entering the cabin we found that the sum total of the passengers amounted to only four besides ourselves. They consisted of three gentle-

( 84 )

men and a young lady. The lady's father, an elderly farmer from some part of Long Island, sat on the larboard side of the cabin, listening attentively to a middle aged politician, an opponent of Jackson's administration, who was belaboring the old hero most soundly. Occasionally the old farmer endeavored to twist in a word in defence of the old general, but it was instantly swept away by the superior verbosity of his antagonist. Behind these disputants, with his head leaning against the bulk-head, sat a gentlemanly personage in black, whom I took to be a preacher. He was evidently paying grave attention to the political strife that was progressing near him, and the old Whig, as if desirous of drawing him into his own views, at each severe thrust he gave the old farmer, appealed to him with such a look as clearly expressed the three monosyllables, "Aint it so?" The gravity of the gentleman in black, at each appeal, relaxed into a smile, but there was no nod, no token of assent by which the politician might suppose himself favored with his approbation.

When Hatfield and I entered the cabin, there was a momentary pause; but this only gave the anti-Jackson orator time to recruit his wind for a fresh attack. There was now a larger auditory, and it of course became necessary to make a proportionate display. Whether my youth made him suppose me easily influenced by argument, or whether he disliked the sarcastic smile of the gen-

tleman in black, I am unable to decide, but shortly after I had seated myself, he dropped his appeals to him of the white cravat, and directed them to me. I at last ventured to observe that the preceding administration had been based upon *firm* principles; for however *moved* his opponents might have been, Jackson himself was immovable. This rap appeared to nettle him. He abandoned the old farmer at once, and turning in his seat, so as to present a full front towards me, he re-opened his batteries at a most alarming rate.

From the day that I was old enough to shout "Hurrah for Jackson," I had always sided with the Democratic party. At the time the United States Bank bill was vetoed, I joined in the hue and cry against it. Old Hickory was represented as the friend and guardian of the laboring poor. The Bank, it was said, was the poor man's most deadly enemy; and I believed that the downfall of the latter, and the elevation of the former, were the only means of securing to the toiling poor their liberties, rights, and privileges. I did not pause to consider if my views were right or wrong. I was told by the leading men of my party that such and such things were facts, and their words to me were gospel truth. Thus impressed, it appeared sacrilegious in me to hear the name of Jackson abused without resenting it. Up to the present time I had never yet cast a vote, but I had learned to talk, and this I deemed of far greater consequence

than a vote. In the present case, my "dander" was decidedly up at hearing the old political hyena jump so hard on the hickory idol of my party, and I felt like paying him back, with interest, the full wages of his labor. Yet I felt that I must be cautious in my attack, for fear of defeat myself, for I had been caught up by political tartars before; and as to the calibre of the old gentleman before me, I knew not what might be its exact dimensions. Hence I thought it best to act on the defensive, until such time as I should have an opportunity of sounding the full depth of his powers, and then by a regular *coup de main* carry off the whole argument. In this plan I succeeded admirably. The old fellow kept battering away with charge after charge, until the bulk of his ammunition was expended, after which I ventured to let fly a volley. So unexpected a resistance made the old joker desperate. He now redoubled his efforts, but his aim was less pointedly directed, and most of his shot fell short of the mark. I followed up my advantage with such success that I soon perceived the venerable gentleman becoming fearful of the termination of the conflict, and looking around for aid from other quarters. I saw, however, that no one was disposed to fly to his assistance, and bringing my whole battery to bear on the old champion's position, I soon silenced him entirely. The administration was sustained, the enemy's colors were abandoned, and the Jackson

democracy was that day triumphant on the East river.

Having thus succeeded in silencing our loquacious fellow passenger, I looked round to see what impression my triumph had made on the rest of the passengers. I perceived that all looked pleased except my discomfited antagonist. The farmer rubbed his hands in the greatest glee, and the gentleman in black looked as if he would congratulate me, but was doubtless restrained by the presence of third parties. Hatfield, who was also a member of what my opponent styled "the dirty shirt democracy," sat apart at one side of the cabin, with his eyes bent on a shinplaster likeness of old Hickory, and which he kept whirling round and round between his fingers with the velocity of a flutter-wheel. The young lady, who had been a silent spectator to our political squabble, rose to look up the companion-way, and in doing so she favored me with a look. A congratulatory smile played upon her lips, which threw such a quantity of gas into my brain that there was some danger of it exploding with vanity and self-conceit. I began to think that my eloquence, besides silencing the loquacity of our common pest, had also the effect of captivating her; and no sooner had this idea entered my mind, than I fancied myself over head and ears in love with her. Strange as it may seem, I had already forgotten that I was on a journey for a long voyage to sea, and thought of

following up a love adventure with this interesting nymph of the Sound.

About this time the captain made his appearance in the cabin, and announced that we were in the vicinity of Hellgate. At this intelligence we all went on deck to see how matters and things looked in the neighborhood of uncle Nicholas's dominions. I walked forward and took a seat on the windlass, where I was soon after joined by the gentleman in black. We entered into conversation and in a short time became quite familiar with each other. Instead of a preacher, I now discovered that he was a merchant of Sag Harbor, and that he had been to New York to lay in a stock of summer goods. He gave me a full detail of the shipping at Sag Harbor, the conditions on which landmen were generally received in whale-ships, the method of shipping them, and the articles necessary for an outfit. In short, he gave me all the information I could desire in relation to the object of my journey, and concluded by soliciting my patronage in buying of him my outfit, should I go to sea from that place.

Supper was now announced, on which we all repaired to the cabin, and soon afterwards returned to the deck, where we passed our time until dark. The vessel had by this time got out into the Sound, and the breeze freshening up, the water began to be a little rough. I now thought it time to look  
 and for my fair dulcinea, and indulge in a little



harmless chat. I found her leaning over the taffrail, with a countenance partaking of every look but that of love. The heaving motion of the vessel had caused a heaving motion at her stomach; and I had the good sense to leave her in the indulgence of an exercise quite the reverse of eating. I soon afterwards turned into my bunk and fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake until after daylight next morning. At breakfast I looked round for my fair vision of the previous day, but she had vanished during the night. For a while I felt quite lonely and dejected, and began to doubt the expediency of going to sea; but as we approached our place of destination my spirits revived, and at the close of the day I was as merry as ever. Before the light of another day had dawned upon my head, I was landed safely at Sag Harbor.

Although it was Sunday morning when I made my first appearance in Sag Harbor, yet this did not deter me from searching out the house of Mr. Mulford. I knocked at the door, and presently a slender, spare gentleman, whose appearance encroached a little on the borders of dandyism, presented himself. This, I was informed, was Mr. Mulford. I presented my credentials from Mr. Taylor, which were pronounced all right. As he had no particular boarding-house to recommend, we were at liberty to seek our own lodgings wherever we pleased. He should not attend to us that

day, he said, but at any other time, would be happy to see us at his office. Having said this much, he dismissed us by shutting the door very politely in our faces.

Hatfield and I were not long in procuring accommodations, which we found to our satisfaction, at the Suffolk House. Our four companions, not ambitious of locating themselves in so conspicuous a place, took up their residence at a private boarding-house near the wharf. Our landlord was a very agreeable and obliging personage, and in connection with his other nick-nacks, revelled in the title of Duke. Long Island is divided into three counties, called King's, Queen's, and Suffolk, and Mr. Fordham was generally known among his acquaintances as the Duke of Suffolk. Our traps were soon brought from the schooner to the hotel, where my friend and I found ourselves once more snugly housed on *terra firma*.

Early on Monday morning a message was brought from Mr. Mulford, requesting our immediate attendance at his office. We found him seated at his desk, with his shipping articles before him. He told us that he had then two ships ready for sea, which would sail in a few days, and we might choose a berth in either, and sign our names to the articles at once. I, however, thought there was no urgent necessity to sign so hastily, and begged a few days grace to make up my mind. He, nevertheless, insisted on our signing immediately. I then ob-

served that as I was entirely ignorant of the business in which I was about to engage, I was desirous of having time to make some inquiries respecting the usual rates of pay in whale ships. He said the rates of pay were limited to shares, and that the customary shares of landsmen were the hundred and eightieth share. I doubted the truth of this statement, for Mr. Scoy, the merchant who came with me in the schooner from New York, had represented the usual shares of raw hands as varying from the hundred and fiftieth to the hundred and seventy-fifth. Hence I began to suspect that this unnecessary haste on the part of Mr. Mulford, was the result of a fraudulent design; and as I was fully determined not to be cheated with my eyes open, by signing his articles precipitately, I told him plumply, that I would not ship under four days. This made him a little angry.

"You must go in one or the other of these ships," said he; "I might put you in whichever I pleased, but I give you your choice. You are in my employ, and are obliged to take just whatever lay I choose to give you. You, in effect, sold yourself into my service at New York the very moment you agreed with Taylor to go to sea."

"I sell myself to you?" retorted I, to this imperative language of Mr. Mulford. "I never knew there was such a man as you in existence. I agreed with Mr. Wrighter, in Philadelphia, to go to New Bedford. At New York Mr. Taylor per-

sued me to come to this place, and I consented to come only on condition that if I did not like it I might still proceed to New Bedford. I never bound myself with you, nor with any of your agents, nor shall I, in the present instance, suffer myself to be cheated by entering your ship at the hundred and eightieth lay. Whether you like it or not, sir, I shall choose my own time for shipping."

Mr. Mulford looked very black at this declaration of independence, while I, walking out of the office, took a turn on the wharf. Hatfield, in the meantime, returned to the Duke's, where he reported the conference to the mate and second mate of the ship Hudson, a vessel belonging to one of Mr. Mulford's rivals. These young men congratulated me on having defeated the designs of Mulford, who they said was in the habit of coming such tricks over strangers. They sought my company, and besides interesting themselves warmly in my behalf, introduced me to a large number of young people of both sexes around the village, as well as to Mr. Green, the captain, and to Mr. Cook, the owner of the ship Hudson. A new circle of friends soon made their appearance around me, whose smiling faces, meeting me on all sides, made the time steal away gaily and pleasantly. Two weeks passed by. Mr. Mulford's two ships had sailed—my four companions were already tossing on the briny deep, while my friend and I, almost

forgetful of the object of our journey, were still holding our soirees at the palace of the Duke.

It was during these two weeks that I formed an intimacy with a young sailor named Mark Leighton, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. His brothers were men of respectable standing at that place, one being a merchant and the other a ship owner. Mark had left home when a mere boy. The earlier portion of his life had been spent in the merchant service. He had made two sealing voyages to the South seas, and but four weeks previous to my introduction to him he had returned from a four years' cruise on the Pacific ocean, in the whale ship *Arabella*. He was frank, manly, generous, and benevolent, as strong as a young lion, and a sailor of the first water. We became much attached to each other, and agreed to make a campaign through the world together. I was to be the Talleyrand of our travels, he the Napoleon. I was to do the talking, and he the fighting. Most of our time was spent together, either in sporting and porgy fishing, or in sailing a boat load of young ladies up and down the bay. We had, also, frequent invitations to parties, and as I could execute a song to a considerable degree of perfection, and play on the flute, these accomplishments were frequently called into requisition, and had the effect of procuring me quite a popular notoriety among the villagers. The circumstance of going to sea as a common sailor, was no disgrace to me, for all

the brothers, lovers, husbands, sons, and fathers of the place were in some way connected with the sea. To be a sailor there, was to be one of them; and to be a sailor who could sing tastefully, and play the flute, was captivating in the extreme, and a passport to the heart of every young lady in the place. Besides, I boarded at a Duke's house, had been pronounced a clever young man by captain Green, of the "good ship *Hudson*," and what higher recommendation could be asked? None, certainly. My songs and music were gratifying to the ladies, their company and applause were gratifying to me, the parties and jollifications were gratifying to every body, and every body enjoyed them with happy and mirthful hearts. Who could be morbid, sad, dejected, ill-natured, and morose, in such society? I confess that I could not, but secretly blessed the schooner that had brought me safely to so merry a place as Sag Harbor.

While matters were proceeding thus gaily with me, a circumstance occurred at the Duke's which, while it added to my popularity, was at the same time extremely gratifying to my vanity. Hatfield, in his days of plenty, having more money than he could spend wisely, had bought, at an auction in Philadelphia, a few volumes of books, which on being opened, were found to be printed in the Latin language. Unable to dispose of them in the city, he had brought them to Sag Harbor, and laid them on the sill of our bed-room window. Dr.

Dayton, a newly married physician, who, together with his wife, boarded at the Duke's, had by accident alighted on these books, and being surprised to find such articles among the paraphernalia of a common sailor, asked my friend if he could understand them. Hatfield replied in the negative, but said his young friend was in the habit of reading them. This incident soon gave rise to the report that I was a Latin scholar, and among the ladies brought on the tapis the subject of my origin. Questions were asked of Hatfield, as to who I really was, and where I was from; but as I had sunk the shoemaker entirely on my departure from Philadelphia, even Hatfield was not aware of my vocation. The ladies, getting soon into the romantic mood, made it out as clear as day that I was some wealthy gentleman's son, who had doubtless run away from college, and was now, in a fanciful freak, going to try a voyage to sea. I knew nothing of these reports till told of them by Leighton, nor did I then take any pains to refute them. I thought if people felt disposed to amuse themselves at my expense, it was no business of mine. So long as they continued to treat me with the kindness they had done, I was abundantly satisfied; and as their reports were not of a character to forfeit their good opinion, I was far too vain to think of humbling the position they had assigned to me in society.

In the meanwhile the fourth of July was ap-

proaching, and preparations were making at the Duke's for celebrating it on a magnificent scale. The committee of arrangement, consisting mostly of my new acquaintances, waited on me for the purpose of procuring my vocal powers to aid in the musical department. I yielded my consent to the deputation, and the songs pitched upon for the occasion, were the "Sea," and the "Star-spangled Banner." That same evening, a committee from a rival house, opposite to Duke Fordham's, waited on me with a request to favor their celebration with these two identical songs. But I declined this second invitation on the grounds of having given my patronage to the duke. An argument was now entered into by the rival committee, with a view of overthrowing the Duke's negotiation. It was suggested, that the house where I had promised to attend would be patronized exclusively by captains, ship-owners, and merchants, who would only receive me as a necessary musical instrument, but who could have no possible sympathy or feelings in common with me—that they were aristocratical in sentiment and feeling, and cared not a cent for the thoughts or welfare of poor Jack; but over the way I would be greeted by a jolly party of whole-souled fellows, well met; by mates, second mates, boat-steerers, and common jack tars, who would receive me as a friend, and cheer me as a brother. In short, that I would there be among the democratic blue-jackets instead of a

shoal of aristocratical nabobs. These arguments, it must be confessed, operated so weightily upon me that I was almost inclined to renounce the Duke for ever; but at this critical period, Mr. Fordham's son, and heir apparent to the Dukedom of Suffolk, encountered me, and interposed to prevent so fatal a catastrophe to the interests of the house of "Suffolk." His views seemed to imply that as I boarded at the Duke's, I could scarcely be excusable in voting the bread out of my own mouth by abandoning his cause. Like an humble democrat in a despotic government, I saw at once that my fate was inseparably linked with the aristocracy, and accordingly placed a negative on the request of the deputation from the *lower* house.

At last the long desired day arrived. The sun shone clear and beautiful in the heavens above—the whole town was in holiday of finery; while Suffolk House presented an absolute fair of smiling faces and happy hearts. The dinner of "mine host," the Duke, was most excellent and did great honor to his lordship's taste. The gastronomic exercises passed off without any other accidents than the breaking a prong from a carving fork and the upsetting of the president's tumbler.

The dinner over, the wines were brought on, when the president rose and proposed that the company be favoured with a song. In anticipation of such an event, I had laid in a sufficient charge of wine, as I thought, to produce the proper

tone of voice. I rose and commenced, though not without some nervous twitching about the heart. The first verse was attended with a slight quiver of the voice, but as I proceeded, I acquired confidence in my own powers, and at the conclusion of that song of songs, the "Star-spangled Banner," more than an hundred voices joined in chorus. Three cheers followed—the stars and stripes were run aloft from the house-top—a national salute was fired from a cannon on the common—bumper after bumper was drank in rapid succession, and in a few minutes the whole party began to be most gloriously *patriotic*.

The events of the night proved as propitious as those of the day. The ball wound away in giddy delight to the young ladies; and at an early hour next morning the assemblage dispersed to their respective homes, intoxicated with the excellencies of the night, as well as with the excellency of the wines.

On the morning of the fifth, and in the culmination of my Sag Harborean popularity, I received a call from my most agreeable friend, Mr. Mulford. He had a third ship ready for sea, and was desirous of knowing if I had yet made up my mind to go to sea, or not. I told him I was going to sea, but not in his ship. I had come to the conclusion of going to sea with Captain Green, in the ship Hudson. Mr. Cook, the owner, had offered to ship me.

"Mr. Cook will not ship you!" said Mr. Mulford.

"But he will!" answered I.

"He *dare not* do it!" proceeded Mulford.

"Dare not?" exclaimed I, "Why he said he would!"

"He'll subject himself to a severe penalty if he does," observed Mulford.

"How so, sir?" inquired I, surprised at the vehemence of the ship-owner's language. "It's a free country—the man has a right to do as he pleases, has he not?"

"Under general circumstances he has, but under particular ones he has not," said Mulford. "We ship-owners are mutually bound under an obligation of one hundred dollars *not* to ship each other's men. You are my man, as I said before, and if he ships you, I'll exact the penalty to the very last cent."

Without exchanging another word I turned directly from Mr. Mulford, and proceeded to Mr. Cook's office. I found him engaged in writing. I related to him the language which had passed between Mr. Mulford and myself, and asked if his statement was correct. Mr. Cook admitted that such an arrangement existed between them, and that he could not ship me without a written discharge from Mr. Mulford.

I now found myself placed in rather an awkward situation, but I determined to extricate myself in some way forthwith. I returned to Mr. Mulford, and told him what Mr. Cook had said.

"You might have spared yourself the pains of asking him," observed Mr. Mulford. "But I presume you are now satisfied, and will enter my ship?"

"No, sir," answered I. "I repeat, that I never will go in a ship of your's."

"What are your objections?" inquired Mr. Mulford, with apparent vexation. "I offer you the same lay that Mr. Cook has offered, and in a four boat ship too, and what more can you ask?"

"It is not the lay nor the boats that make me object to going in your ship, Mr. Mulford," answered I, "but my dislike to yourself. You endeavored to practice deception upon me. You told me when I first came here, that the best lay given a landsman was the hundred and eightieth. Mr. Cook subsequently offered me the hundred and fiftieth, and told me that such was the usual lay. You then fly round in the face of your former declaration, and offer the same as Mr. Cook. Had I signed your articles when you first requested me to do so, I should have come out at least forty dollars less in my share of the ship's cargo than I would at your present offer. From this I infer, that your design, from the beginning, was to cheat me into a bad bargain; and a man who shows an inclination to cheat at the commencement of a cruise, will not hesitate to do the same at the end. To be plain in the matter, sir, I think you are dishonest, and hence I am firmly resolved never to enter into your employ."

"Insulting puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Mulford, jumping from his seat, and pacing his office in a great rage; "I will trifle with you no longer. Where are the seven dollars advance money which I paid on your passage to this place, and the three dollars bounty money paid to Mr. Taylor? Pay me those ten dollars, and quit my sight at once, or else sign these articles!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mulford," answered I. "The seven dollars advanced on my passage, you are certainly entitled to, and I shall endeavor to have it paid. But the three dollars paid to Taylor, as a bounty for sending me to you, I have received no value for, and I shall consequently not pay a cent of it. Now, sir, if you will please to give me a written dismissal from your service, I will go immediately over the way, to Mr. Cook's office, and enter my name on the Hudson's articles, and Mr. Cook will become responsible for the payment of the seven dollars!"

"I will do no such thing. You shall go in my ship, or starve in Sag Harbor!"

"But I have no predilection for the former alternative, Mr. Mulford," answered I; "and as to the latter, Duke Fordham's table would render it an utter impossibility. No, sir, I have another choice! There is a steamer going from this place to New London to-morrow morning. Now if you persist in refusing me a discharge, I will proceed to New Bedford in that boat, where I may perhaps not be

trammelled up as I am here. I have gained information enough at this place to avoid being taken in there. As to the seven dollars I owe you, when I get that sum I will remit it to you in a letter, and if it should so happen that you never get any letter, you will know on whom to put the blame."

Mr. Mulford was silent. My last remark had doubtless touched upon a tender chord. Self-interest was an ingredient too powerful in his composition to permit the loss of seven dollars foolishly. He accordingly proceeded to write out a discharge, and handed it to me without saying a word. I pocketed the discharge, and walking directly over to the office of Mr. Cook, was in ten minutes afterwards numbered among the crew of the ship Hudson.

The next thing to be provided was an outfit. The Hudson was rapidly preparing for sea, and at most would not remain in port longer than eight days. I applied to Mr. Scoy who furnished me with all the things necessary for a year's voyage. My accounts were next footed up, when I found that by adding my board bill, and the seven dollars advanced by Mulford, to the cost of my outfit, I was in arrears ninety-nine dollars and fifty cents. As fractions appeared to disfigure the books, I added a bottle of brandy to the account, and made it an even hundred. As security for this sum I signed an order drawn in favor of Mr. Scoy for my share of the Hudson's cargo on her return, he to receive

the whole, and to pay me whatever surplus remained after deducting the principal and interest of my indebtedness.

Hatfield shipped in the Hudson the same day I did; but on the following morning he went in the steamer to New London, on a visit to some of his friends, and by some unaccountable absence of mind, forgot to return. Some unsuccessful inquiries were made in regard to him, but from that day to this, I have never gleaned any tidings of the old friend who had sworn to go to sea with me in the same ship.

At last the time arrived when I must actually make my debut on a new, and to me, an untried element. My broadcloth suit and fancy hat, were carefully laid aside for future use, and their place occupied by a tarpaulin hat and a red flannel shirt. It must be admitted that my new wardrobe made but little improvement in my personal appearance, yet there was a great consolation under this humiliating change, in knowing that my future operations were not to be witnessed by the ladies. While this change was being completed, my chest was conveyed on board the ship, which had hauled out into the bay, and was lying with her anchor apeak, awaiting the arrival of the captain and a portion of her crew. I perceived Captain Green approaching the wharf, and joined him. The second mate, who was waiting with a boat to convey us to the ship, inquired for Leighton. This reminded me

that my friend Mark had gone up town. I knew that he was paying his addresses to a young lady of the village, and supposed that he had gone to bid her farewell. But when there is a lady to be attended to, there is no knowing how long a man may be induced to stay, and I was dispatched by Captain Green, to hunt him up. On reaching the house, I found Mark and his lady-love alone. She looked as if she had been weeping, and I fancied that I saw a tear glistening in the eye of Mark. He asked if the boat was waiting for him, and I answered in the affirmative. He rose and took the young lady's hand, while I turned to look out at the window. A few sighs—a sob—a whisper—and the single word, "Remember," spoken in a tremulous voice by the young lady, were all I heard—and Mark and I, issuing into the street together, directed our way in silence towards the boat.

On reaching the ship, the captain looked doubtfully round the horizon, and as the wind was unfavorable for getting out of the harbor, he suggested to the mate that they would not move the anchor till next morning. The men appeared satisfied with the arrangement, and began to select their bunks and spread their bedding. In a few hours the crew began to present an appearance of organization.

The circumstance of Mark parting with his mistress, as well as the fact of my being on the eve



of a long voyage to sea, from which I might possibly never return, hung heavily on my mind, and at the approach of night, produced an oppressive feeling of melancholy. I now began to think of the friends of by-gone days, and among the many forms that rose up before me, was the image of a young lady whom I had left in Philadelphia, and who was, perhaps, at that very hour, dreaming of the faithlessness of men. I had not visited her on my departure from the city, as I had some qualms about trusting my feelings in her presence; but I now thought it no more than just to inform her of my whereabouts, and send her some slight token of remembrance. To this end I resolved to pass my last night in America, in writing a love-letter.

I shall not worry the patience of the reader in dragging him through a rehearsal of this letter. Like all letters of this description, it partook of some sense and a great deal of nonsense—of some emotions which I really felt at the time, and others that I never did feel—of unswerving fidelity, eternal constancy, and a whole catalogue of soft and flattering words, such as we feel conscious will please, although we know them to be false. All this, and a hundred other things, I wrote, and concluded by swearing that I would never marry any other woman without permission from her. This faithful epistle I transmitted to the post-office, through the agency of Mr. Scoy's clerk, who was

the last citizen that took his departure from the decks of the old ship Hudson.

On the following morning our captain was on board at an early hour; but as the wind was light and baffling, we did not commence heaving on the windlass till after breakfast. About eight o'clock, a steady breeze set in from the north-west. Our anchor was then weighed—the topsails were sheeted and hoisted home—the top-gallant sails were set, and the good ship Hudson, bowing gracefully to the breeze, glided gently from her moorings. In an hour the white and tasteful cottages of the little village of Sag Harbor began to sink in the distance. By twelve o'clock the chief head-lands that bounded the bay were passed—Block Island hove in view—Montauk point was rounded, and the blue waters of the broad Atlantic lay spread before us.

## Chapter Third.

First appearance on the Atlantic Ocean and visit to Fayal.

TO HIM who has been reared in wealth and nurtured in luxury, how many painful reflections arise at the prospect of quitting home for distant oceans and foreign climes. The kind father, the gentle mother, the affectionate sister, and the smiles and tender greetings of flattering friends, all crowd themselves upon the mind to swell the heart, and choke the utterance; but to the poor boy of the day laborer—to him who has been permitted to grow up like a wild sapling of the forest, rather than as a tender plant of the nursery, how few tender associations of this nature, link themselves. From my earliest childhood, my thoughts had been associated with the cold frown of the master, and the shrill scolding voice of the mistress; and when once grown to be my own master, and free, I felt as wild and joyous as a bird released from its cage, to soar aloft in the free and open atmosphere. Was it strange, then, that I should feel little or no regret at quitting my home and my country? But it will be said that I had friends. Yes; I had left friends behind in Philadelphia, and friends in Sag

(58)

Harbor; but they were friends of an hour—mere sunshine friends, who, on the approach of the first cloud of adversity, would withhold the light of their heart and reflect the radiance of their smiles on other faces and on other forms. It is true, that when I beheld the last dim outline of Montauk sinking in the horizon, I felt a species of melancholy stealing upon me; but there was no tremulous pulsation of the heart, no gentle tear-drops to pay their sad and parting tribute to the “land of the free, and the home of the brave,” and when that faint streak of land had finally disappeared in the far west, I felt myself launched as a lonely wanderer on the wide and trackless bosom of the ocean.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the shores of Long Island were last visible. The anchors had been secured, the chain cables stowed down in the lockers, and every thing about the ship made snug and taut for sea. The captain ordered all hands to be called aft on the quater deck, and proceeded to divide the ship's company into watches, I was cast in the starboard watch, and my friend Leighton in the larboard. The starboard division had the first dog watch but before it had been half an hour on deck, I began to feel the nausea of sea sickness. As the night approached the wind freshened up, and the sea getting rougher every minute increased my distress. At dark, the wind commenced blowing a regular gale; and the black and heavy looking clouds that were fast gathering up in

the west, gave evident tokens of an approaching storm. Presently a broad sheet of lightning cast its red glare across the sea, lighting up the white waves far and near. The captain, acting upon this timely hint, proceeded to furl the top gallant sails and double reef the top-sails. To effect this, the ship was luffed up into the wind, and begun to pitch and toss at a furious rate. This was too much for me, who had now reached the very acme of sea sickness. I staggered to the fore-castle, and crawled into my bunk, but to my most direful distress, found that this brought no relief to my troubles. The ship kept rolling, pitching and tossing more alarmingly than ever, with the increasing storm, and at last a heavy sea breaking over the bow of the vessel, sent a few hogsheads of salt water roaring down the fore-scuttle. This was a dreadful shock to my nerves. I fancied that the ship was now sinking, and began to lament the folly that had induced me to sacrifice the comfort of a shoe shop for such a miserable and untimely end. I thought it too terrible to die housed up in a narrow fore-castle, and made a desperate effort to get on deck; but as I got my head up the scuttle hole, another sea broke over the fore-castle, engulfing me, head and ears. Being weak and giddy with sea sickness, I found myself unable to maintain my footing, under such a hydraulic pressure, and sliding from the steps of the ladder, I was landed on my back, fluttering and blowing like a

porpoise, in the lee scuppers of the fore-castle. Alas! who can conceive the horror of that moment? Before I was swept from the companion ladder, I had heard the loud report of the thunder, the roar of the elements, the rattling and clatter of the sails and rigging, together with the shouts, curses, and yells of the captain and mates, and my distempered imagination, dwelling upon horrible images, conceived them to be the despairing cries of the drowning crew. At this distressing moment, a friendly guest appeared in the fore-castle, in the person of a herculean negro sailor, named Sam Malony. He saw my distress, and, attributing it all to sea sickness, kindly dragged me from my watery bed and laid me in my bunk.

"Is all lost, Sam?" inquired I, with a look of despair.

"No, not quite all," answered Sam, laughing to himself. "But part of my supper's lost, an I's come to lay in a fresh cargo;" and drawing a biscuit and a piece of old meat from the bread barge, he proceeded to dispatch them in quite a summary manner.

The cool indifference of this old salt of the ocean, made me suspect that my fears had exaggerated our danger, and I, at last ventured to ask him, who was at the helm.

"Mark Leighton," was the answer.

I had read the "Headsman," the "Red Rover," and other novels, in which the lives of a whole

ship's crew were represented as having been preserved by the power and skill of a single experienced arm, and I was vain enough to believe that no ship could possibly founder at sea with Mark Leighton at her helm. He was my friend, and I fondly persuaded myself that his own personal safety, as well as mine, would call into exertion his utmost skill. I fancied that the ship already moved easier, and asked Sam if he did not think so too. He said that the reason why she ran easier, was because she was now scudding before the wind; but I thought it was because my friend was at the helm, and consoling myself with the agreeable reflection that I was now safe, soon fell into a refreshing sleep.

On the following morning I felt greatly relieved from my fears, as well as of my sickness, and at eight bells made another effort to get on deck. This time I was more successful than I had been the night before, and although the storm and wind had subsided into comparative calmness, yet the waters remained in great agitation, and the vessel kept plunging at such a rate as soon reproduced the nausea of the previous night. I quickly crawled back into my bunk, from which I made but few more excursions for a period of four days.

The sixth day after our departure from Sag Harbor, the captain gave orders for the green hands to take their look-out at the mast head, with the rest of the ship's crew. I had never yet been

aloft higher than the futtock shrouds, and consequently this command sounded as dismal as a death warrant to me. There was, however, no remedy, but up I must go, and I mounted the fore shrouds with a palpitating heart. I reached with ease to the foretop, but here appeared an insurmountable obstacle. I paused, and began to wonder in my mind why it was that ship builders should be so heartless as not to leave a lubber's hole large enough for a poor cowardly landsman to thrust his head and shoulders through. The mate, perceiving that I had stopped, shouted to me to go on. I saw at once that there was no alternative, but round the top I must go, and shutting my eyes at the awful prospect, I clutched the futtock staves with a desperate grip, and worked my dangerous way out to the rim of the top. Here I ventured to open my eyes, for the purpose of taking an observation. I now run my left arm through the lanyards of the fore topmast rigging, and catching with my right hand on the shrouds above, with a great muscular effort drew myself into the top. A merry laugh from Mark Leighton proclaimed from the deck that I had gained the victory. I felt a good deal like shouting a loud "hurrah!" at my own success, but on casting my eyes upward, and perceiving the immense distance which I had yet to perform, my heart died within me, and I re-commenced my heavenward journey "in fear and trembling." In going up the fore topmast shrouds I met John An-

tonia, the person whom I was going to relieve. To pass him in so narrow a space, appeared to me another fearful difficulty. He might possibly play some trick upon me, and precipitate me into the sea. But John was a very civil man for a Portuguese, and guessing my fears, advised me in all cases to keep hold of the shrouds instead of the ratlines, in going aloft and aloft, as the seizings of the latter might at any time give way with my weight, and precipitate me overboard. I took the advice of John, and seizing hold of the shrouds mounted up to the top gallant cross-trees, where I took my seat in the crow's nest, and commenced scanning the sea for whale. The second trip aloft was attended with less difficulty, and after a few days I could ascend and descend with as much ease and alacrity as the most experienced seaman on board.

When I left Sag Harbor, I had the greatest confidence in the kindness and friendly disposition of the officers of the Hudson. The captain had been very pleasant and affable to me, and the first and second mates I had looked upon as my most particular friends. Yet before I was three weeks at sea, I had ample reason to suspect that the kindness and friendship they had formerly manifested for me, were altogether feigned. The captain now addressed himself very seldom to any member of the crew, and when he did his words were spoken with an imperative growl, such as while it wrought

obedience to his commands, stirred up a surly feeling in those to whom his orders were directed; and the mates, divesting themselves of their previous smiles and pleasantries, assumed a stern, authoritative look, and accompanied their commands with such curses and oaths as contrasted strangely with the civility and politeness they had displayed at the Duke's. This disagreeable change troubled me for some time, but by degrees it wore away, so that by the time I was six months at sea, I became well satisfied that an agreeable, gentlemanly officer on land may prove but an indifferent sort of person at sea.

About the middle of August we reached the Western Isles. It was the intention of Captain Green to touch at Fayal, and take in a supply of vegetables. As we reached the offing of the town a boat filled with men was seen approaching the ship. The mate called to the men on the fore-castle to keep a bright eye to windward, as the Algerines were about to board us. I did not comprehend the meaning of this order, but kept my eyes fixed on the motions of Leighton. All the clothing about the fore-castle was quickly gathered up and whipped into the chests, which were immediately locked and the keys put out of sight. In a few minutes the boat arrived alongside, and about ten or twelve roughly clad Islanders tumbled over the bulwarks on deck. The party ran about the ship, inquiring for tobacco, offering oranges, grapes, figs, and other fruit,

in exchange for it. A few rushed into the fore-castle. Mark Leighton and I followed. They had already seized the bread barge, and having emptied the contents on the floor, were fighting among themselves for the biscuits. One fellow had pulled up the bedding in Mark's bunk, where he had found some clothing, and was very coolly shoving a pair of drawers into his bosom. Mark took them from him, and for his pains gave the gentleman a very deliberate kick in his seat of honor, at which he bowed politely, and walked on deck. In the meantime old negro Sam found another visitor insinuating himself rather too familiarly into his dominions. Without exchanging a word with the covetous Islander, old Sam grasped him by the collar with one hand, and placing the other on the stern of his trowsers, sent him spinning up on deck as gracefully as if he had been particularly soaped for the occasion. The party, soon finding that nothing was to be acquired by pilfering from such an unceremonious ship's company, repaired again to their boat, and cursing the "*Filio do Pootos Americanos*," rowed off towards the shore.

As the harbor of Fayal is somewhat difficult of entrance, the captain gave orders to the mates, to keep the ship lying on and off, in the roadstead, until he could arrange his matters with the vegetables. He then proceeded on shore, where he purchased two hundred bushels of potatoes and onions, which were sent on board by shore boats. The price of

these vegetables varied from twelve to fourteen cents per bushel.

As the following day was to be spent in taking our vegetables on board, I obtained permission from the captain to go on shore, and have a look at the town. I was accompanied in my visit by old black Sam. On reaching the landing, we were accosted by the custom house officer, who examined us very closely, and thrust his hands, in an unceremonious manner, into our pockets, in search of contraband tobacco. If a whole plug was found, the owner was permitted to twist off what he deemed sufficient for the day, and the balance was retained in the hands of the officer, to be delivered over on his return to the ship.

But little can be said in praise of the general appearance of the town of Fayal. The houses, though mostly built of stone, seldom exceed two stories in height, and in the suburbs, are so low, contracted and inelegant, as to resemble rows of huts. The streets are crooked, and ill-paved. The whole business of the place is limited to the principal thoroughfare, the pavements of which are kept so crowded, and lumbered up with bales and boxes, that one is sometimes in danger of having his legs broken in walking along them. The costume of the female portion of the inhabitants presents rather a peculiar appearance to an American eye. The ladies of the city usually appear in the streets, either veiled, or covered with large black hoods,

contrasting strangely with those from the country, who appear to discard the cowl-like cloak of their town friends, and in lieu thereof, decorate their persons with short gowns, and broad brimmed straw hats. Priests, monks and friars, are very numerous. They are also held in remarkable reverence by the people, who kept bowing and scraping to them, whenever their dark robes, and shovel-shaped hats appeared. I was much surprised to find that so large a portion of the population consisted of beggars. Crowds of worthless individuals of both sexes, assail one at all points, and test the benevolence of every stranger they meet. I had not walked two squares through the street, before I was surrounded by as many dozens of these vagabonds, both male and female, who kept crying after me in piteous accents, "*Oh! Jack! por amar de Deo hum vinten!*" I got out my purse to give a distressed looking female a few coppers, when the rest shoved her quickly away, and commenced shouting, and jabbering, in such an angry mood that I again put my money in my pocket, and slipped hastily from the crowd for fear of being robbed. The usual method of transporting vegetables, and other commodities, from the country to the town, is on the heads of individuals. Carriages are strangers at Fayal. Horses and mules, I saw none. Asses are abundant, and appeared exclusively in the patronage of the gentry, and priesthood, who journeyed to and from town upon them

in such state, as frequently brought their feet in contact with the ground. The only kind of vehicle I saw, was a species of cart drawn promiscuously by oxen, bulls and cows. The wheels are made of plank, and in lieu of tires, broad-headed iron spikes were driven into the rims, to keep the wood from wearing off. The whole construction was rude and barbarous, and as they labored their rugged way, over the ill-paved streets, their axles gave forth such a chorus of groans, and *schreeches*, as told loudly against the luxury of grease. As Fayal is seldom troubled with travellers, the town, in consequence, is destitute of inns, but there are places where a stranger may, at times, find something to eat. Through the course of the day, I called for dinner at a house near the centre of the town, and about an hour after calling for it, a single dish, with a spoon in it, was placed on a small box in the middle of the room, and a mat thrown on the ground for a seat. The mess appeared to be a species of chowder, and on tasting it, I fancied it a compound of equal portions of vinegar, onions, fish, garlic, and cayenne pepper. Three spoonfuls raised a perspiration on me, and I then paid the landlady a pistareen to be excused from eating the balance.

At the close of the day, old Sam and I being perfectly satisfied with our adventures, concluded to return to the ship. On arriving at the landing, where a boat was waiting to convey us off, Sam began to inquire for his plug of tobacco; but neither

tobacco nor officer could be found, and Sam returned to the ship, cursing the officer, as well as Fayal and its customs.

On the third day after our appearance off Fayal, we completed our business at that place, and setting all sail, stood away, with a fair wind, for the Cape Verd Islands. At sunset we had made an offing of about twelve miles, when the captain ordered us to "bout ship." As the wind was fair for a southerly run, this order seemed inexplicable to a portion of the crew. But the vessel was directed back towards Fayal, and as night closed in on us, I perceived the mates, and boat-steerers, in the after part of the ship, busily occupied in some mysterious proceedings. At nine o'clock, a light was hung under the bow, and half an hour afterwards a boat full of men appeared looming through the darkness, within hailing distance of the ship. The captain ordered us to throw a line to the boat, which we did, and in a few minutes drew her alongside. The word was now passed for every man in the ship, who had any tobacco to dispose of, to bring it aft on the quarter-deck. In less than a quarter of an hour some dozen boxes and as many kegs and half-kegs made their appearance and were immediately passed into the boat. In the meantime the captain and the master of the boat, who was evidently a smuggler, proceeded to the cabin to make arrangements for the pay. A few casks of wine were then hoisted from the boat

on board our ship, after which the vessels soon separated, and we once more changing our course, stood away for the South.

Our course now lay for the South Atlantic ocean, and for a period of forty days before we arrived on what is technically called the "Whale ground," our time was chiefly spent in grinding harpoons and lances, manufacturing spun yarn, and in rigging up our boats, fish lines, and cutting-in gear. Early in October we got our first sight of a whale. This was in latitude  $23^{\circ}$  south, and longitude  $20^{\circ}$  west from Greenwich. One of the boat-steerers raised from the mast-head, the cry, "There she blows!" when the main-topsail was thrown aback, and the ship brought to nearly a stationary position. The whale being visible from the deck, all hands were at once called to the boats. The captain giving the mate precedence in the chase, the boats were rapidly lowered into the water, and one after another moved off to the attack.

In consequence of a ten inch block having fallen on my left great toe a few days before, and crippled me for the time being, I was not a party in this first chase, the cooper having taken my place in the third mate's boat; but I was, nevertheless, able to be about the decks and had an opportunity of witnessing the operations. The mate proceeded very deliberately to within about fifty yards of the fish, when he made a motion for the men to spring



to their oars, while the boat-steerer, cleeting his oar, stood up in the bow, poising in his hand the harpoon ready for a descent. The boat, impelled by the strength of the rowers, darted forward with almost incredible velocity until it came in apparent contact with the whale. "Give it to her!" shouted the mate in a voice that was distinctly audible at the ship, and almost simultaneously, the unerring iron descended. The huge flukes of the black monster were for an instant, visible in the air, and then disappeared in a cloud of spray. For a short interval nothing was to be seen from the ship but the boat and a sheet of white bubbles. The men had cleeted their oars and were sitting calmly in the boat. Presently the boat began to move to windward at a rapid rate, and the whale was discovered about a hundred yards ahead. The captain now made an effort to fasten, and sprang to windward with the utmost speed, but at each stroke of the oars it became more evident that he would not be successful. In less than an hour the mate's boat was barely discernable about six miles to windward of the ship. Every scheme that could be thought of, was resorted to for the purpose of bringing the unruly rascal to a halt, but all plans were alike useless. The fish still persevered in being refractory, and the boat's crew, for fear of losing sight of the ship, were eventually obliged to cut loose from their prey and return home. Thus ended our first attempt at a capture.



Lancing the Whale.

A few days after the preceding occurrences, another alarm was raised. From the appearance of things, it was plainly evident that we had fallen in with a school of spermaceti whale. These being more valuable than the common whale, there was of course a greater desire manifested for their capture. As the sea for a while appeared full of them at all points of the compass, there was no time lost in determining who should take the lead, each boat having the privilege of grasping where it best could. I being now well enough to row, took my seat at the tub oar in the third mate's boat. Before we had proceeded forty rods from the ship, the first and second mate's boats were each fast to a whale. In a few minutes our boat-steerer fastened to a third. We were towed along but a short distance when we discovered that our prize was little inclined to place his chances of life on leg bail. He rolled, snorted, and plunged, as if in a terrible rage; yet, notwithstanding his warlike manœuvres, the mate soon succeeded in lancing him, upon which the boat drew off at a short distance to await the death. The flurry had scarcely subsided when the fish was found to be sinking, and in this unlooked-for misfortune, reason as well as interest dictated that if possible, we should save our line. To this end, a turn was taken with it round the loggerhead, and all the strain the boat would permit, was suffered to rest upon it, with the hope of drawing the iron from

the body of the sinking fish. But here again our efforts were attended with another and more startling calamity. A whale which was, doubtless, unconscious of an enemy moving in its vicinity, was seen coming up directly under our boat. The alarm was instantly given and an attempt made to change the position of the boat; but the weight of the sinking whale defeated the movement, and in another instant the boat and her whole crew were raised high in the air. Every man jumped with his oar into the sea to save his life, while the unthinking whale, frightened at the havoc his carelessness had occasioned, darted away like lightning, leaving the trembling boat on the agitated water, with half her side staved in. Old black Sam swam to the boat and succeeded in getting it right side up, but it was too much shattered for the reception of her crew. The third mate did all in his power to encourage us in our dangerous situation, and aided such as could not swim well, in getting hold of the gunwale of the boat. The captain, who had witnessed our misfortune, soon arrived to our assistance. Ourselves and our broken boat were afterwards taken to the ship, and thus ended my first adventure in the whale fishery.

## Chapter Fourth.

Containing something the Writer never knew until he went to Sea.

THE reader should perhaps be apprised that in the undertaking of this work, the writer has been influenced as much with a view to his instruction and entertainment as to his personal amusement. Believing that a calling so enterprising, and at the same time so exciting and hazardous as that of whaling would arrest his most particular attention, the author has limited this chapter to the *modus operandi* of the whole business. Those of his readers who have no inclination to wade through so *oily* a chapter, are recommended to pass on to the next.

The whale, or rather *balena*, as it is called by naturalists, is indisputably the largest animal in the world. It doubtless herds most numerous in the regions of the polar seas, but abounds in all oceans, and may be caught wherever a sufficient quantity of food exists for its nourishment. There are several varieties which attain to a considerable size, but I shall only call to notice the three principal ones. First among the varieties, may be classed the *balena mysticatus*, usually called the common or "right" whale by sailors, as it is the most usual

object of their pursuit. Second, the *physalis* or finback, a large species, but never sought after. And third, the *cachalot* or spermaceti whale, which in the quality and fineness of its oil, exceeds all the rest.

The size of the common whale has furnished a subject for much speculation and exaggeration among some writers. A few have represented it of the enormous length of two hundred and fifty feet, while others, less inclined to the marvellous, have contented themselves with ending it at one hundred and fifty. I am sorry that my experience can sustain neither of these lengths, as I am truly fond of a good fish story; but the truth is the credulity of the age is growing so suspicious that a man must be careful what he writes. I aided in the capture of eleven of the animals, and the largest of them did not, at the most favorable estimate, exceed fifty-two feet in length. The same fish measured twelve feet in diameter at the thickest point of the body, and about fourteen feet across the "flukes" or tail. Eighty-nine barrels of oil were netted from the body, and eighteen hundred weight of *baleen* or bone. It is just to observe, however, that this was not one of the largest of the variety. Captain Green, in his former cruise, captured one from which two hundred and five barrels of oil were taken, but its estimated length reached only sixty-three feet. The male of the spermaceti variety grows to a much greater

length than the common. We took one on the coast of Patagonia, measuring sixty-eight feet in length, from which we procured one hundred and fifteen barrels of oil. We would have been able to get more, but while engaged in bailing the case, the wind rose and the sea became so rough that we were obliged to cut the ponderous bulk adrift. By this unlucky though necessary act, we lost about five or six barrels of the finest and most valuable oil. Hence, though my experience is inconclusive, in respect to the average length of whales, yet it is sufficient to limit it to a mark somewhat short of that allowed by the authors referred to.

The mouth of the common or "right" whale, is an organ of very peculiar structure. In large specimens of the race it will measure, when fully opened, from eight to ten feet high, and from six to nine feet wide. It contains no teeth, and huge as the animal is in bulk, the diameter of its gullet reaches scarcely the width of two inches. From the narrow formation of the throat, it may be inferred that its food is rather of a diminutive character; and, indeed, such is really the fact, for it derives its sustenance entirely from millions of the smaller inhabitants of the deep. To permit this, the mouth is provided with a singular apparatus, composed of the baleen or whalebone. This bone is arranged in two rows of thin plates, projecting from a line in the centre of the arch of the palate, and with a slight curve extending downward

on either side to the lower jaw. There are some three hundred of these plates or "slabs" on each side of the mouth, which are set so close together as not to admit the finger between them. When separated, these plates, in appearance, are not unlike a common cradling scythe. The outer sides, near a quarter of an inch in thickness, are smooth and square, while the inner sides taper gradually away into sharp edges, which are overgrown with long dark fringes, resembling the hair of a horse's tail.

The use of these "slabs," with their hairy edges, is very obvious. As already observed, the animal feeds on a species of sea shrimp, of extraordinary minuteness, which, congregating in masses of astonishing greatness, makes the surface of the sea present, in many places, a blood red hue for miles in extent. These little aquatic animals, in size and shape, bear a close resemblance to a common house cricket. They are, however, red, and lie in immense swarms or schools immediately beneath the surface of the water. Into these swarms the whale floats with open mouth, scooping up, at a single effort, whole hogsheads of its unsuspecting victims, upon which the mouth is closed, the water is ejected through the plates of baleen, and the hairy fringes, acting as a net-work, retain the minute particles for mastication.

The common method by which sailors distinguish the different varieties of whale at sea, is by the

spout or blow-hole. The rorquals or finback variety have but one blow-hole. The spout generally reaches to the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. It is perpendicular in ascent, and subsides in a vapor of a very smoky appearance. The finback is seldom attacked by fishers, it being difficult to capture, and never very fat. The common or "right" whale, has two blow-holes, one on each side of the centre of the head. The spouts diverge a little from each other in their ascent, in a forked manner, but rarely attain so great a height as that of the finback. A forked spout never fails of awakening from the mast-head of a whale ship the well known cry of "There she blows!" The spermaceti whale has but one blow-hole, which is situated in the fore-part of the head, immediately over the nose. The spout is thrown a little forward and upward from the head, describing, in its course a semi-circle on the water. It is white and vapory in appearance, and seldom attains an altitude of more than nine or ten feet at the highest point from the water.

The spermaceti varies considerably from the right whale, the principal difference being in the head. The mouth is destitute of the plates and fringes of the latter, and the lips, instead of being attached to the lower jaw, are appended to the upper. The head is huge and ponderous, comprising full one-third of the whole fish, and so clumsy that it seems a great effort to turn it round in the

water. The under jaw is comparatively small, of a bony structure, and appears like a grayish marble shaft or pillar appended to the under side of the head. The upper margins are furnished with two rows of ivory teeth, standing about six inches apart, which fit into corresponding sockets or indentations in the upper jaw. It becomes quite furious when enraged; and in fighting a boat, it approaches its enemy perpendicularly in the water, its bulky head high in the air, and its shaft-like under jaw thrown out horizontally on the surface of the water.

The spermaceti whale feeds on various animals of the mollusca tribe, all of which are, however, only known among sailors by the general appellation of "squid." They are usually seen floating on the surface of the sea in large flakes resembling a thick white jelly. Though inanimate to the eye, they are not entirely destitute of life; and some seamen are impressed with the belief that when separated in body, the parts possess the power of again uniting.

The blubber, or fat of the spermaceti whale, is similar to that of the common, the only difference being in the thickness. In the latter, it varies from ten to sixteen inches through, while in the fattest of the former, it seldom exceeds nine inches. In both the fatty substance lies immediately beneath the skin, from which it can only be separated with the knife; but it never is so separated, as

the skin and blubber are both peeled together from the body of the fish as bark is peeled from the trunk of a tree. The blubber is so thoroughly interwoven with small tough fibres that it will even resist the beating of an axe, but with a sharp edged tool it is as easily cut as a pumpkin. When sliced up the pieces slip from the hands like chunks of ice, in consequence of which, the handling of it is usually performed with sharp hooks.

A whale-ship would, perhaps, present an almost endless variety of interesting objects to the eyes of a landsman; and to such of my readers as wish to gratify a laudable curiosity, I shall notice a few of them. The first important object in the equipment of a whaleship for a successful cruise, is the casks, as on the quality of these, in a great measure, depends the safety of the cargo. These are, in consequence, always made of the best material, bound with iron, and of such dimensions as are best adapted to the hold of the vessel. They are always filled with fresh water when outward bound, and if oil be taken faster than the water is consumed, they are emptied of their contents and re-stowed full of oil.

The second important matter is the boats. It is necessary that these should be extremely light, sufficiently large, and of such form as to ride safely on the most tempestuous sea. Hence, they are built of the lightest cedar boards, not exceeding half an inch in thickness, and lined in the

bottom with still lighter material. The length rarely exceeds twenty-five feet. In the hind end is placed a post called a loggerhead, the object of which is to secure the line when capturing a whale; and at the bow a small notch is cut in the gunwale, through which the line is rove and fastened down with a small peg. This precaution is highly necessary, as in case the line were permitted to drag loosely round the edge of the boat it would become entangled with the oars, and even with the limbs of the men, to the great danger of their lives. There is no rudder, but in lieu of it, a rope becket is worked in the stern-port for the reception of an ash steering oar some twenty-two feet long, with which, a single stroke is mostly sufficient to turn the boat clear round in the water. A space is always left in the stern-sheets for the reception of the tub. Into this the line is carefully coiled, a strong cord made of the very best of tarred hemp, about as thick as a man's thumb, and measuring some fourteen hundred feet in length.

Next comes the harpoon. The head of this instrument is triangular, about four inches broad across the barbs, and a little over three-quarters of an inch thick, where it is joined to the shank. The edges are ground quite sharp, and care is taken to keep them clear of rust. The shank is generally near two feet in length and made of the most malleable iron, in order to avoid the danger of breaking. It is a quarter of an inch square and

terminates in a socket, into which a hand-pole near four feet long, is firmly fastened. The end of the line is spliced tightly round the socket of the harpoon and then tied at two or three points along the hand-pole. From thence it leads back between the oarsman, to the tub in the stern-sheets, the harpoon always having its place in the bow of the boat. When the iron is struck into a whale, the hand-pole is mostly in an upright position, but as the fish darts away and a strain is permitted to rest on the loggerhead, the pole is drawn over and the shank being the weakest part of the instrument bends down lengthwise with the whale. In this position it would be next to impossible for the iron to draw out, unless by the operation of sounding, in which case the shank would again be straightened up, and a heavy perpendicular pull might wrench it out.

The lance claims our attention next. This is a thin oval blade of steel, about two inches broad and three in length, ground as sharp as a razor at all edges down to the very shank. The shank is about a foot longer than that of the harpoon, and embraces in its socket a light ash pole near twelve feet in length. This is a deadly instrument to use on the body of a fish, and cuts its way both in and out. In approaching a whale, the boat-steerer always pulls the bow oar of the boat, until the captain or the mate, in whose boat he is, orders him to cleft his oar and get up. He then rises, picks

up his harpoon and examines the line to see that nothing is entangled in it. As soon as the word, "Strike," is given, the iron is thrown, and if it fastens he quickly runs aft to the stern of the boat, and takes the steering oar from the hands of the captain or mate, as the case may be. The latter going then immediately forward, poises on high the fatal lance, ready to do mortal combat with the great monarch of the ocean, the boat-steerer, in the meantime, guiding the boat according to his directions.

Another important feature on board a whaleship is the "*Caboose*," or "Try-works." This is a piece of brick-work erected between stanchions on the deck, a short distance abaft the fore hatch. Three kettles, holding a little over a barrel each, are placed in this, over as many furnaces, while close at hand is secured a large copper tank, into which the hot oil is thrown to cool before it is stowed away in the casks. The apparatus for taking the blubber from the body of the whale is somewhat complicated, and may perhaps be better understood in the process of "cutting-in."

When a whale is captured it is towed to the ship and floats alongside, parallel with the keel, the tail towards the bow, and the head near the main channels. A "*fluke*" chain with a hawser attached to the end of it, is then run out at the hawse-hole and fastened round the small of the fish's tail. A turn is then taken with the hawser round the bits

of the windlass. The fish thus secured is considered ready for cutting-in. A man with a rope round his waist, next ventures over the ship's side, on the body of the whale and passes a chain round the pectoral fin, close up to the body. At the head of the mainmast are two fourfold tackles, hung in slings, one of which is now overhauled down and hooked to the chain. The fall, composed generally of a six inch rope, is then led forward to the windlass. As soon as the men commence heaving on the windlass the head and shoulders of the fish rise gradually out of the water. When sufficiently high, the men are ordered to stop heaving, and the process of cutting off the head begins. This is accomplished with sharp instruments resembling small spades, with long handles, the mates using them, standing the while in the main channels of the ship. When the spades have worked their way in to the spinal bone, a man is again sent out on the whale with an axe, to separate it. A few strokes are generally sufficient to complete the operation, when the spades are again set to work until the job is finished. When the head is entirely off, it is drifted round to the ship's stern and secured by a line, to the taffrail, where it is left to tow until the rest of the body is disposed of.

The head out of the way, an incision is next made in the body, half way round the fin, when the heaving at the windlass is resumed, and the fin,



accompanied with a large portion of the blubber, slowly peels loose from the body of the whale. A belt of blubber, called the "blanket-piece," is now cut from the body, to which the fin becomes the handle, or starting point; and as the humid coating peels off with the heaving of the windlass, the body of the fish turns round and round in the water. Care is taken so as not to cut directly round the body, but a spiral course is pursued, so that the whole of the blubber, from the head to the tail, is taken from the body of the animal, like the thread of a screw, in one continued piece. When the first tackle becomes exhausted by the length of the blanket piece, and the blocks meet at the mast-head, a hole is cut through the blanket piece close down to the whale, and the second tackle hauled down and hooked on. As soon as a moderate strain is had on the second tackle, the piece of blubber is cut off level with the deck of the ship, and swung in to the mainmast. The covers of the main hatch being removed, the whole blanket piece, weighing some three or four tons, is permitted to run down into the blubber room. When the second tackle becomes block and block, the first is again overhauled and hooked on, and thus the process continues to be repeated until they arrive at the fish's tail, which is cut clear off, and the flukes, chain and all, are then hoisted on deck with the last blanket piece. The carcass of the

whale is then suffered to drift at large on the surface of the ocean, a prey to sharks and gonies.

The body being thus disposed of, the head is again brought round to the main channels, and the under jaw separated from the upper. The tongue is then extracted from the mouth and hoisted on deck, together with the lips, when the rest being considered worthless, is turned abroad upon the waters. The top part of the head is then hoisted in on deck and cut up; the plates of baleen are separated with axes, and after being cleansed with scrapers, at the gummy ends, are lashed up in bundles containing ten or twelve plates each, and stowed away in the vessel's hold.

As a sequel to the cutting in, the process of boiling or trying out the oil commences. The blubber, for necessary convenience, being all deposited in the blubber-room, is here cut up in pieces, from twelve to sixteen inches long, and thrown on deck. Thence it is carried to the mincing horse, where it is minced into thin slices, and thrown into a tub ready for the kettles. As it boils out, the scraps, which become brown and dry, are skimmed from the oil, and thrown by the furnaces for fuel. The scraps derived from the blubber of a whale, usually furnish sufficient fuel to boil out the whole of the oil. After the oil has been cooled, barrelled, and stowed away, the ashes are taken from the furnaces, and being placed in a hogshead, with a quantity of fresh water, an excellent lye is the result, a

commodity extremely useful in removing the grease and filth from the clothing of the ship's company. Thus does this truly valuable animal of the ocean, even to its very ashes, contribute to the happiness and comfort of the human race.

I have already detailed to the reader some particulars in respect to the capture of the whale; but as a full account of the whole process would doubtless prove interesting to the curious, I will endeavor to describe it, so far as my limited powers of description will permit.

When the cry, "There she blows," resounds from the mast-head, all hands are at once called on deck, and the main-topsail being thrown aback, the ship ceases her headway. The boats are now lowered into the water, and move off in the direction of their prey. It is ruleable that some one of the boats should precede the rest to the attack, as a general rush of all might alarm the fish before any of them would be within reach of it. The boat selected for the lead, then rows off quietly, till within about fifty yards of the animal, when the men spring to their oars with all their might, and rush on the unconscious whale with astonishing rapidity. When sufficiently near the whale, the boat-steerer darts his iron into it, and then in a loud voice cries, "Stern all!" but before the back-stroke can be given by the rowers, the boat is in absolute contact with the whale.

The huge animal, frightened at such an unex-

pected assault, hurls his broad flukes high in the air, and striking them suddenly down on the water, with a report louder than the discharge of a musket, disappears amid a sheet of bubbles and white foam. The whale now makes the best of its way under water, while the line whizzes through the notch at the bow of the boat at an amazing rate. Suddenly the whale is again seen at the surface of the water, about seventy or eighty yards ahead. The men are now ordered to peak their oars, while at the same time a turn is taken with the line round the loggerhead, when the boat begins to move onward after the whale. The mate and boatsteerer now change positions in the boat, the former going to the bow, and the latter to the stern; while the men at the same time pull in a little on the line, in order to get a closer position to the whale. The animal, by this time, finding its movements much retarded by dragging a boat-load of men after it, becomes uneasy, and by rolling and plunging endeavors to rid itself of the iron; but in its efforts it only becomes entangled in the line, and thus renders itself the more securely the prisoner of its enemies.

The remaining boats now arriving, prepare to fasten with another iron, which they frequently do, and the fish perceiving itself surrounded on all sides by greedy combatants, dives suddenly away towards the bottom of the ocean. This action of the whale is called "sounding." A steady strain

is kept on the line as the whale descends, though not so hard as to draw the iron, and as soon as the line becomes slack, the men immediately begin pulling it in, so that when the whale reappears at the surface of the water, they are as near to it as when it commenced its descent. If, as is often the case, the whale descends to such a depth as to run out a whole line, a second line is tied to the first, which two together will reach a depth of twenty-seven hundred feet, a line being usually two hundred and twenty-five fathoms long. A whale, however, does not sound often, as the density of the water in the bed of the ocean renders the act one of great exhaustion. When fresh and vigorous, it is absent nearly twenty minutes, and sometimes even half an hour, but when worried by previous running it always reappears at the surface in ten or fifteen minutes from the time of its descent. When it finds itself unable to get clear of its pursuers, either by running or sounding, it becomes in a manner passive, or endeavors to free itself by rolling, in either of which cases it is approached and dispatched with the lance.

The most effectual place to insert the lance, and which all experienced whalers endeavor to select, is in the side, a short distance behind the pectoral fin. The instrument is inserted four or five feet deep, and shoved quickly backward and forward, with a churning motion, taking care to vary the blade a little up and down. The boat is then



The Whale Sounding.

backed off to note the effect. In a moment or two he will blow, and if the wound has been a mortal one, a forked stream of warm blood will ascend from his nostrils, high into the air, and in its descent, bloody both the boat and her crew. The attack is then not renewed, as the animal is considered killed; but the boat hauls off, to a safe distance, to await the flurry, or dying struggle. This commonly takes place in about twenty minutes, when a frightful floundering ensues, during which the sea is lashed into a foam of boiling surf, and a cloud of spray arises from the agitated water, like the mists of a great water-fall. When these struggles finally subside, it turns over and expires, after which it is towed to the ship and secured, as already described, for cutting in.

NOTE.—“Case” is the technical name of a large cavity in the interior of the skull, filled with a fine oil or liquid, which is taken from the head in a warm state, and becoming concrete on cooling, furnishes the choice sperm of commerce.

## Chapter Fifth.

In which the writer makes further progress in his cruise, and discovers that fortunes are not more rapidly realized at sea than on land.

THE youthful mind, occupying itself in some shady nook with the details of a novel, may imagine to itself something pleasing and romantic in the routine of ocean life; and indeed it must be confessed, that before I went to sea, I had pictured in it to myself a vast round of unknown delights. Blue water, however told a different tale; and as time continued to progress, I found myself entirely cut off from so many of the comforts of life, that I was constrained to look upon a sailor's life as one of hardship and privation. Besides, I found my life in such continual danger that I never knew when I was safe; and at the time our boat was shattered, and I committed myself for safe keeping to the arms of old father Neptune, could I just then have got my foot on *terra firma*, I would have given any body leave to have sent me to the — "king of the Cannibal Islands," had they caught me at sea again. But unfortunately, we were more than a thousand miles from the nearest point of land; and not being sufficiently expert in the art

(92)

of swimming, to overcome so great a distance, there was a strong probability of my remaining in the ship for some time.

A few hours after reaching the ship with our shattered boat, the first and second mates arrived on board, each having succeeded in capturing a prize; and the ship was run down to where they lay. During the afternoon, the captain also succeeded in taking a large bull whale, and the three together, furnished us a day of hard labor to cut them in. Before the blubber of these was entirely disposed of, another captive was made, and yet another, upon which we began to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of a successful voyage.

But though all things appeared thus favorable for a profitable voyage, yet I began to be very much dissatisfied with my situation. I had left Philadelphia with a faint prospect of making a fortune; but I now began to question whether I had hit on the best plan. I was already enabled to perceive that fortunes were not to be more easily realized at sea, than on land, and that even the few dollars per month, which were earned was with far more severe labor. As a journeyman shoemaker, my labors in the shop were usually light; and though not very well contented with my occupation, yet I had always something palatable to eat, and was, besides, master of my own time, and actions. Such, however, was not the case here. I was kept to the most constant, and severe labor, both day and night.

With the appearance of the dawn came the well known cry, "There she blows," when I would be called to the boat, in which a row of some two or three hours, served but as a prelude to the labors of the day. If not successful in the chase, we were obliged to retrace our journey to the ship; during which another whale would perhaps be seen two or three miles off in another direction, upon which the course of the boat would be again changed, and a rapid row of two hours, would put us nine or ten miles from the ship. Hunger and thirst would soon follow in the track of such labor, and it often happened that there was nothing in the boat to satisfy the one, or to slake the other. A row of ten or twelve miles to the vessel, was then to be rewarded with a biscuit of brown bread filled to repletion with weevils, a chunk of cold beef resembling a piece of *lignumvitæ*, and a cup of water sending forth an effluvia strong enough to knock a poor exhausted fellow into a fit of hydrophobia. These dispatched for a supper, I had then to take my watch at the try-kettles till twelve o'clock at night, at which hour the relief would be called; at one I would get housed in bed, to be aroused again at four, when daylight would approach, and bring with it the old cry of, "there she blows." The boats would again be called away, and on taking my seat at the oar, I would find my hands in a blister from the previous day's pulling. No matter, "On, on! boys!" was shouted; and away we would

go, drag, drag, drag, for another day of sweat and toil. Such incessant labor, accompanied with loss of sleep, and indifferent food, was enough to wear down both the spirits and body of the most buoyant and muscular man; and when was added to these the constant hurrying shouts, threats and curses of the officers; the grease, filth, storms, upsetting and stoving of boats, as well as other daily casualties and disasters, was it strange that I should have regarded my situation as intolerable? Ah reader! there is but little poetry in such a life! If you can enjoy yourself and be happy, under such circumstances, you are altogether worthy of being ranked among whalers. But if you think you cannot, do not go to sea—take the advice of one who has been through the mill and stay where you are. As to a fortune, think nothing about it, for you will never make one by going to sea before the mast in a whaler; but if making a fortune be really your wish, go to selling clams, or peddle with a pack on your back, or with a classic hand-organ go to grinding music at half a dime a tune; by patient industry in any of these you may possibly succeed, but in a whaler you never can. Some wag of a writer has represented the world as an oyster, and that he that would thrive and grow fat must open the shell and eat at his leisure. To him who has a golden pick and a silver crowbar, the oyster is easily unquarried; but to the poor lean-pocketed devil who has nothing but a wooden pen-knife to com-

mence his labors with, it is quite questionable whether he will not starve before he can make an incision large enough to get even a peep at the contents within.

An uninterrupted success of a few weeks continued to crown our labors, during which all hands began to nourish the hope of filling the ship with a full cargo of oil in a very short season; but as time advanced, our luck diminished so unexpectedly, that on the approach of the following January we had barely a thousand barrels of oil. We were now well assured of having to weather out a twenty-two months' cruise. Whale were gradually becoming more scarce; and those few which yet remained in the vicinity of the "ground," were so shy that it was difficult to get within an hundred yards of them. The season was also near its close. The feed which was gathered in masses across the sea, began to assume a grayish cast; and losing its nourishing properties, with the departure of its red color, the whale abandoned it, and sought a subsistence in other regions of the sea. There was no use in cruising where nothing was to be gained, and accordingly, about the first of February, we closed our labors on the Southern Banks and bore away for the Falkland Isles.

It was during our journey to the last named island, and while lying to at night, that I became a witness to an amazing, and, to me, inexplicable phenomenon. It was usual on board the ship to

keep one or two men on the lookout during the night; my turn came at two bells in the mid-watch. I had not been on deck over half an hour, when the sea, at all points, began to assume a brilliant appearance. My first impression was, that some bright meteor might be trailing its tresses through the sky; but on casting my eye upwards, I saw the heavens were clear, and no sign of any shooting star or meteor was visible in the horizon. The wind, which at first moved so gently as scarcely to stir the sails, that flapped lazily above, freshened up into a stiff breeze, raising a thousand waves along the waters, the caps of which changed their sparkling whiteness to a bright vermilion. I stood in mute astonishment and wonder, watching the progress of the changing colors, until at last the whole scene, as far as the eye could penetrate along the horizon, presented an ocean of rolling and burning lava. The wind still increasing, the caps of the waves shot up into the air like flames of fire, while the myriads of particles of spray that darted from them, shone with a splendor equal to the sparks of a fiery furnace. The sails and rigging of the ship were lighted up alow and aloft, while the skies above, eclipsed by the glittering brilliancy of the nether element, appeared robed in a mantle of darkness. I could stand it no longer, but hurried into the cabin to call the captain; for I thought that, like the ancient Ulysses, we had sailed into the regions of hell, and was

anxious to ascertain if the captain was aware of our locality. The captain hastened on deck without dressing, and remained a few minutes enjoying the scene; and then laughing heartily at my frightened looks, returned below. I have often since beheld these phosphorescent appearances of the sea, but I do not recollect of ever having witnessed another of such extreme magnificence and grandeur, as that which I saw on our journey to the Falkland Isles.

Early in March we arrived in the vicinity of the Falklands. We made the coast of one of the middle isles; and one or two cases of scurvy having occurred on board, the captain thought it advisable to get something fresh from the land for the relief of the invalids. To this end the first and second mates, with four men and two muskets, were sent on shore to hunt some fresh game, and Mark Leighton and myself obtained permission to join this company. No one can imagine with what strange feelings of delight I once more trod on the face of mother earth. I had not even seen land since we left the Western Isles, a period of nearly seven months, so that the very touch of even a barren soil, rendered me as nimble as a grasshopper. I jumped, hopped, and skipped about, like a lost dog that has suddenly found his master, and kicked Mark Leighton two or three times in my paroxysms of joy, before he would cut up as many capers as I did.

After rambling about a mile from the sea, we divided into parties of two and two; and as the mates appeared determined to monopolize the muskets, the rest of the party were obliged to content themselves with clubs. Leighton and I soon fell in with a flock of wild geese, and I expressed my regret at the absence of the muskets; when Mark, observing that there were other ways of catching geese, let fly his club among the flock, killing one outright and wounding another. I immediately pursued the wounded one, and soon succeeded in securing it. These geese appeared remarkably tame, and when assailed with clubs or guns, would rise on the wing a short distance into the air, and circling round a few times, would alight again upon the ground within shooting distance. In the course of a two hours' ramble, my friend and I killed as many geese as we could carry, upon which we made the best of our way back to the boat, where we were soon greeted with the appearance of the rest of our party, who also returned loaded with the same game. We then returned to the ship, where for a week it was goose pie, roast goose, goose stewed, goose boiled, and indeed the whole ship's company began to assimilate to the carnivarians on which they fed.

We now stood away to the eastward, along the coast of the Isles in search of whales, of which we saw several; but on our approach they invariably swam for the kelp which grows along the shores,



and in which pursuit was impossible. A few days of fruitless toil, satisfied the captain of the folly of fishing along those barren shores, upon which he directed his course towards South Georgia. Two days sailing, however, during which we encountered a cold storm from the south, convinced him that the season was too far advanced for whaling in so high a latitude, and once more changing the direction of the vessel towards the Falklands, we soon afterwards cast anchor in a small bay, near the mouth of Berkley Sound.

The second day after anchoring at the mouth of the sound, the captain concluded to pay a visit to the governor of the Islands, who was a British naval officer. We started immediately after breakfast, on a beautiful morning, and after rowing some ten miles up the sound, came in front of a low stone edifice, in which the governor held his court, and which was also the only habitation on the island. His household, comprising the whole population of the country, consisted of two Spanish women, an old negress, two male servants, and two Buenos Ayrean Spaniards, the latter being kept on the island for the purpose of catching wild cattle. The captain purchased of the governor two bullocks at a cent a pound, which, with the aid of the two Spaniards, we killed and dressed in the afternoon, and permitting the governor to retain the hides we conveyed the beef to our boat, and in the evening returned with it to the ship.

For a week, during which we watered our ship and repaired our sails, we continued at anchor in the bay. As the crew were not limited in their movements to a very strict discipline, I had frequent opportunities of exercising my legs by a walk on land. I made one or two exploring expeditions to different points of the island, but fell in with few objects of interest other than wild geese and penguins. The geese on the island were, however, shy, and it required something more than a club to capture them. The penguins, on the contrary, were so tame that in walking over their rookeries, I was obliged to kick them from under my feet. My friend Mark, who sometimes shared my rambles, often amused himself by kicking them down the rocky precipices some hundred feet into the sea. They tumbled from rock to rock in their descent, in such a manner that one would have imagined the flesh all knocked from their bones, and yet, when they finally bounced into the water, they would flutter their fin-like wings and jabber to each other as if highly delighted with the fun. On our return to the ship we usually filled our pockets with eggs, which when cooked, furnished us an agreeable feast. I saw a large number of horses grazing in herds on various parts of the island, but they were very wild, always snorting and running before I had approached within two hundred yards of them. The herbage here for horses and cattle, remains good throughout the

year; and I found growing in the grass in many places, a luscious looking strawberry as large as a common walnut. They were rich and juicy to the taste, but of a less delicious flavor than those of our own country. The general appearance of the islands, where I had an opportunity of seeing them, is not very inviting. The land is mostly broken and uneven, frequently running up into abrupt peaks and straggling ledges and ridges, the tops of which are rough, barren, and stony—no trees grow there to decorate the landscape, or to cast their welcome shade over the weary wanderer; but on the contrary, the whole islands are so utterly destitute of shrubbery, that in my various rambles, I never saw a bush or twig as large as a common dwarf elder.

About the latter end of March, we took our departure from the Falkland Isles and bent our course in the direction of Patagonia. It was the intention of the captain to proceed to some point on the coast of Brazil, where we might procure a new supply of wood and water for the next season. But the season being yet many months in advance, there was no necessity for hurrying thither, and in consequence, the vessel was kept bearing on and off along the coast of Patagonia and Monte Video, with the prospect of falling in with spermaceti whale. In this voyage nearly three months were consumed; but we were also enriched by the additional capture of three spermaceti whales, which

increased our cargo of oil to nearly twelve hundred barrels, the larger portion of which was now spermaceti. On the 25th of June, 1838, we cast anchor in a beautiful bay on the coast of Brazil.

*Ilha Grande*, or as it is styled by geographers, the Island of St. Sebastian, stretches some twenty-five or thirty miles along the coast of Brazil, about forty-five miles south-west from Rio Janeiro. It is a narrow island and quite mountainous. The shores on the side next the main land, are indented with small bays, the margins of which present a beautiful appearance, being thickly studded with small white cottages, orange groves, and cocoanut trees. The island is mostly in possession of coffee planters, who not enclosing their plantations with fences, but permitting them to lie together in common along the sides of the hills, give the whole landscape the outline of an extensive wood; while the beautiful dwellings, situated along the beach, lead the eye of the spectator to imagine them placed on the boundaries of a vast wilderness.

On landing in one of these sylvan bays, we were surprised to find the inhabitants fleeing from us in all directions, and so fearful that it was difficult to get into communication with them. The captain, unable to account for this species of conduct on any known principles, ventured to inquire the cause of it from some slaves whom we found at work in a coffee yard. We were told that two whaleships had landed there the previous year, the

crews of which behaved so rudely to the gentle *senhoras*, that they were all obliged to hide themselves to avoid being insulted by the nasty *Americanos*. On hearing this, the captain assured them that they need have no uneasiness in the present instance as his ship did not contain such a ruffian crew; and pointing out to the men the impropriety of such conduct, cautioned us strongly against committing like indecencies. The whole crew endeavored strictly to follow out the advice of the captain, and the result was that before a week had elapsed, many of us were on a footing of intimacy with several families of the island.

Mark Leighton and myself, determining to push our adventures to some important result among the coffee planters of *Ilha Grande*, were from the beginning, as affable and polite as our ignorance of the language, and other circumstances would permit. Mark, being able to speak a little Portuguese, possessed a trifling advantage over me; but then I could play the flute, and this accomplishment secured me a cheerful welcome wherever I went. As to discoursing, that as a general thing, was out of the question; for though my friend knew enough of the language to ask for an orange, a cup of coffee, water, or the like, yet he was unable to hold a conversation; and when at times he did attempt it, I mostly stood by like a deaf man at a political meeting, watching all the motions, but understanding nothing that was said.

Having succeeded in ingratiating ourselves into the good graces of a worthy family named Joaquim, we felt seriously the want of an interpreter, and to remedy this defect, we resolved to associate with us in our walks thither, our Portuguese shipmate, John Antonio. John was delighted to join in with us, and as he spoke the language fluently, we now considered ourselves a match for any adventure the island might present.

I could perhaps consume a whole chapter in recording the several incidents that took place during our stay at this island; but as it would be only wasting time and paper, to the exclusion of more important matter, I will dispatch the whole subject by briefly stating, that after three weeks of daily visits on shore, my bosom friend, Mark Leighton, acquired such a love for old Senhor Joaquim's coffee plantation, or for some object connected with it, that he resolved to run away from the ship; a resolution to be set down, perhaps, as one of the important results of our island adventures. I objected at first with all my might, but soon found that it was of no use. He swore he would go, and whenever he swore he would do a thing, he was very apt to perform it. Much as I regret to say it, his project was put in execution the evening before the ship sailed, for he suddenly disappeared and was nowhere to be found. On the following morning, and while the vessel was preparing to get under way, the captain sent for me, and interrogated me

in regard to his desertion. He was pleased to observe, that as I was doubtless acquainted with Mark's previous intentions, it was my duty to have informed my superiors of them, that they might have prevented him from leaving the ship. I replied, in substance, that such I could easily have done, but in that case I would have forfeited the esteem of Mark, who would also have become my most inveterate enemy, and might have exerted such an influence on board, as to render me obnoxious to the whole ship's company. The captain said that the approbation of my commander, was preferable to the good will of a shipmate. I answered, that duty and obedience at all times merited the approbation of a commander, and that in neither of these had I been negligent, but that no commander could justly despise a sailor for neglecting to betray the secrets of a friend, although his silence, as in the present case, might cause the ship the loss of an able hand. The captain ended the interview by going on deck, and I returned to the fore-castle. After breakfast a few sacks of oranges were taken on board, when the anchor was weighed, and the old Hudson, again spreading her bleached wings to the breeze, stood out to sea.

The night following our departure from *Ilha Grande*, I dreamed of poor Mark Leighton. It must be acknowledged that my feelings had become warmly attached to him, and I knew now of no one in the ship whom I could really call my friend

except old black Sam. I felt quite sorry to think that the various plans of adventure which had been formed between us, and which had been canvassed and re-canvassed over during a year's intimacy, should all be brought to naught by a brief visit to the coast of Brazil. My reflections also recurred back to Sag Harbor, and to the gentle maiden whose thoughts were, perhaps, at that very moment dwelling on the ship Hudson, and fondly singling Mark Leighton out from among all her crew; but she was yet to learn, poor girl, that that last tearful word, "*remember*," uttered with a tremulous voice and convulsed heart, had so soon been forgotten by him who had so lately treasured it up as a talisman to his heart. Alas! what a melancholy reward for two years of faithful love, to be told that he for whom the aching mind had sighed and wept, had made his home in a distant land! and yet so it was; and thus ended that intended campaign through the world, in which Mark Leighton was going to play so conspicuous a part.

## Chapter Sixth.

In which the Adventurer, without being Shipwrecked, finds himself unexpectedly cast away upon a foreign land.

ON the second day after our departure from Ilha Grande, the old Hudson breasted her way nobly up into the harbor of Rio Janeiro. I was surprised to find so large a quantity of shipping here, and more especially to perceive that the most imposing portion of it was composed of vessels of war. The harbor is large and commodious, extending near an hundred miles in circumference, and indented along the shores with beautiful miniature bays, the margins of which are ornamented with elegant villas, choice shrubbery, and creeping vines. The scenery around the bay is delightful and picturesque in the extreme. The hills and mountains shooting up into volcanic peaks, and rising, range behind range, in nearly all directions, form a landscape, which, in grandeur and magnificence, is scarcely surpassed in any portion of the world. The city stands on the south side of the bay; and as it extends over several hills and undulations, the eye of the stranger is not wearied with that uniformity of streets and houses, so frequently

(108)

complained of by travellers in the cities of our own country.

It was Saturday when we cast anchor at Rio; and on Sunday the captain, with a portion of the crew, attended divine service on board the United States ship Independence, that vessel being then the flag ship of the American Squadron on the coast of Brazil. I felt quite lost in traversing the decks of this noble frigate. Every thing about her appeared, to my eye, in the most perfect condition possible. The guns, mess-chests, boats and sailors, were all as neat and cleanly in appearance as the most rigid discipline could make them. I heard but little of what the chaplain said, as I was too busy staring, with open mouth and eyes, at the various objects I saw around me. Once or twice I undertook to count the number of the crew, but after reaching a little over three hundred I gave it up. On returning from the Independence, my eyes rested with displeasure on the Hudson, which now bore the appearance of an old launch, and everything about her seemed to partake of the same character. Throughout the remainder of the day I watched the boats passing and repassing in the vicinity of the vessels of war, and I could not refrain from drawing a line of comparison between the jolly easy kind of life these men-o'-war's-men were leading, and that which we whalemens were doomed to undergo.

The object of the captain in putting into this har-

bor was a two-fold one. We were nearly out of bread, and some of the crew were in need of necessary clothing to continue the cruise. It was resolved among the officers to dispose of a portion of the cargo in exchange for these commodities, and on Monday morning the captain proceeded on shore for this purpose; but the place being so hampered up with absurd harbor regulations, it became impossible for us to land our oil under four or five days. During this period an occurrence took place on board the ship which eventually had a remarkable influence on my fortunes.

A negro of our crew, named Bill Peterson, had, during the absence of the captain on shore, in some way offended the mate, who struck him with a stick of wood. This raised the resentment of Peterson, who, instead of obeying the further orders of the mate, stalked away into the fore-castle to brood over his wrongs. On the appearance of the captain on board, the mate gave his report of the proceedings, and the next morning Peterson was called aft on the quarter-deck to render an account of his conduct. Peterson's version of the story conflicting with that of the mate, the latter called him a "*liar*." Some of the men now attempted to interfere in behalf of Peterson, who certainly had made a correct report of the matter, but the captain ordered them to be silent; and after reprimanding them for presuming to contradict the report of an officer, ordered Peterson to stand up to the main rigging where he

inflicted thirteen blows on his back with a rope's end. When the punishment was over he turned to the crew and told them that such would be the reward of any man who dared to disobey the orders of an officer in his ship.

"Mr. Denison," said he, turning to the mate and handing him the rope's-end, "I give you this, and whenever you find one of the crew stubborn, or disobedient, use it as I have done just now!"

Denison took the rope and threw it by the binnacle, after which he, and the rest of the officers, proceeded to breakfast in the cabin.

Mutiny, and its consequences, were often themes of discourse among the men in the fore-castle, and it had often been a matter of query and speculation among them, how our captain would act in case a crew were to rebel against his authority. Some were of opinion that he was a man not to be trifled with; and others, among whom was the second mate, thought so highly of his firmness and decision of character, that they were firmly persuaded none but the most turbulent, and fool-hardy subordinate, would ever have the courage to disobey an order from Captain Green. His will, they said, was supreme, and absolute on board, and have it he would, regardless of consequences. With them there could then be no such thing, on the part of Captain Green, as the rescinding of an order, when once given.

Such in the fore-castle being the opinions of the

crew, in respect to the captain, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they should have remained silent when forbidden to speak. Yet though his boasted firmness was sufficient to prevent any immediate tumult, to the discerning eye, it was evident enough, that the lowering looks, and calm demeanor, of the larger portion of the crew, denoted the approach of a storm that was to end in the destruction of the rope's-end power entrusted to the mate, or in the destruction of a portion, at least, of the crew. The captain himself, doubtless perceiving that matters were tending to a somewhat serious crisis, and perhaps not desiring to have his firmness put to the test, commenced being very civil and pleasant, but the men, though silent and obedient, were not so dull as not to comprehend his meaning.

On the second day after Peterson was flogged, the captain obtained a "permit" from the Custom House to land his oil; and in the evening, when returning from the shore, gave us, in the boat, an order to hold ourselves in readiness, at three o'clock in the morning, to hoist an hundred barrels of oil into the lighter. On arriving on board the ship we found the men at supper in the fore-castle, and canvassing the subject of flogging, which had been the principal theme of their discourse ever since the mate had been clothed with rope's-end authority. Old black Sam was strenuous for overhauling the captain on the subject, but the chief difficulty appeared to be the adoption of a plan to make him

hear us. Sam proposed that we should all refuse duty at once, which would compel him to hear our complaints, or to procure aid from a vessel of war to put us in irons for mutiny. I then informed Sam of the captain's orders, in respect to hoisting the oil out at three o'clock in the morning, and observed, that if to strike was their intention, a more favorable opportunity would perhaps not present itself. The whole crew caught greedily at the idea; and at nine o'clock, when we went to our bunks, it was resolutely agreed among all hands, not to hoist out a single gallon of oil until the captain would promise to rescind the flogging instructions to the mate. The next question was, who should communicate our determination to the captain, at six bells in the morning. All had, however, heard so much said of his firmness, and decision of character, that they were afraid of incurring his displeasure, and consequently no one appeared desirous of volunteering his services as a diplomatist. Old Sam at last pitched upon me, but I declined, in consequence of being only a landsman in the ship. This excuse, would, however, not be hearkened to by the men, and after some urging, I finally consented. The fore-castle then became quiet, but it is questionable whether many eyes of the crew were that night closed in sleep.

The next morning at three o'clock, the mate struck the bell with his own hand, and though we all heard the loud call of his voice, yet no one

appeared disposed to obey it. We all lay quietly in our bunks, listening to the tread of the mate as he paced back and forth on deck. Presently another shout was raised in a more decisive tone, upon which Old Sam suggested that now was my time. I slid from my bunk, and dressing hastily, clambered up on deck.

"Well," said the mate, holding a lantern to my face to discover my features, "there's one made his appearance at last, and a d——d land lubber at that. What's the matter with you fellows down below, that you can't get on deck any more when you're called? Hello, here!" added he, stamping on the forecastle and shouting more furiously than ever. "Are you all dead or drunk down here, or what the devil is the matter with you?"

"Sir," said I, "the men have determined not to come on deck?"

"What's that?" said the mate, quickly, as if desirous to weigh the full meaning of my expression.

"The men refuse further duty," answered I, "until they have an interview with the captain."

"What the devil does that mean?" asked the mate.

"It means," replied I, "that as the captain has instructed you to flog any of the ship's company whenever you please, they will not hoist out the oil until he rescinds that order."

"Whew!" whistled the mate, with an exhalation that almost demolished the lantern. "Is that the

way the wind blows! Rescind? Yes, by thunder! I'd call it rescind! He'll *rescind* some of the backs of you infernal rascals for mutiny, that's what he'll do, and you'll soon find it out too."

At the conclusion of these invectives, Mr. Denison gathered up his lantern and with a string of oaths that reached to the mainmast, proceeded to the cabin to enlighten his superior on the condition of things forward, while I, in the meantime, returned to the forecastle, where I found all my companions, except Old Sam, in a paroxysm of the fidgets. In a few moments our suspense was terminated by the arrival of an order from the captain, to make our appearance at the mainmast. The crisis had now approached, and we all walked aft. A lantern stood on the fife-rail of the mainmast, one side of which was occupied by the captain, and the other by the mate. The latter looked daggers at us as we gathered on deck, and once he attempted to speak, but was restrained by the captain. The third mate, boatsteerers, and steward, stood around the capstan, quietly watching the proceedings. A tackle had been strapped to the mainstay by one of the boat steerers, and hooked to a cask of oil; and the fall being now led out on the quarter deck, the captain pointed to it, and addressed himself to the men.

"Now, my lads," said he, "I am in a hurry to get this oil into the lighter. There is the fall; clap into it cheerily, and hoist it out immediately!"



The captain spoke firmly, but not in anger, and the mate gritted his teeth, and clinched his fists, but no one moved.

"Will you do it, or will you not?" said the captain, perceiving that all hesitated.

"We will not do it, Captain Green!" said Old Sam Malony, stalking boldly forward from among the crowd.

The mate grasped a handspike and menaced the old negro, but on meeting a negative look from his commander, threw it down.

"There is no occasion for that, Mr. Denison. There are other ways of settling this business, than by handspikes," said the captain, addressing himself to the mate; and turning to the men added, "I now give you five minutes to put your hands to that tackle fall and hoist out this oil, or to go forward to the fore-castle."

At these words, one of the Portuguese, becoming alarmed, slipped round the main hatch and took hold of the tackle fall. The action, however, only elicited the indignation of all his shipmates, who, not waiting for the limited time to expire, wheeled away at once and marched forward to the fore-castle. On perceiving this, the Portuguese let go the fall and followed.

Whether it was that Captain Green was wholly unprepared to meet so strong an opposition on the part of his crew, or whether he hoped to learn

something more satisfactory respecting the origin of their disobedience, I am unable to say, but it is certain that he called a council of war among his officers, for the discussing of some plan to overcome the difficulty. What were the schemes proposed by the different members of this memorable junta, never transpired among the crew. All we can say is that after half an hour's interim, we were again ordered to make our appearance on the quarter deck. At the capstan we were met by our commander, who now dropped the imperative mood for the indicative and conjunctive, and desired us to relate all our grievances with all reasonable latitude, and without fear or favor to any one. Old Sam now became our spokesman, and gave a full detail of Mr. Denison's behavior from the time we first appeared off the Falkland isles, down to the flogging of Bill Peterson. His general conduct had indeed been such as rendered him an object of particular dislike to nearly every man in the ship; so that the transfer of absolute power in the unlimited exercise of the rope's end, was a direct insult to every man's feelings, of such magnitude as it was impossible to brook. Sam pointed all out in its most glowing colors, and finally declared that unless the order was rescinded, and some further restraint put upon the actions of Mr. Denison, he might get a crew from shore to hoist out his oil, as we was fully resolved never to do it on any other condition.

When the old black sailor had concluded, the captain paused for sometime, as if undecided what reply to make.

"Mr. Denison," observed he, at last, turning to the mate, "what is the meaning of all this? Can it be possible that I have been asleep for four months? Are these reports indeed to be credited?"

The mate made no reply, but stood, looking unconsciously down the ship's side into the lighter, which was awaiting the reception of the oil.

"Well, men," proceeded the Captain, again turning to us, "All that is past and gone cannot now be remedied; but I feel no hesitation in saying that hereafter I will endeavor to guard against like occurrences. Till this morning I have been entirely in the dark respecting the differences between you and Mr. Denison, and had I been apprised of them before I flogged Peterson, no rope's end should have crossed his back. As to the order you wish me to rescind, I will do it cheerfully, and I promise you, that hereafter, no man of you shall be flogged while you remain under my command. This is the first time in seventeen years that I have had a crew to refuse duty."

"That's 'cause you never had Mr. Denison for mate afore," observed Sam.

"It may be so, Malony," answered the captain; "but we must harbor no resentment for the past. To forget and forgive is a good motto to follow. I shall use you all as well as I can, at all times,

and more than that you can scarcely expect. And now let me see you turn to, my lads, and hoist out the oil."

As we had now received all the satisfaction that could be expected under the circumstances, we, with one accord, proceeded directly to our duty. The fall was manned, the song rose cheerily on the morning air, and everything began to drive on among the crew as if nothing had occurred. Not so, however, with the mate; he had sunk into a dogged silence, and sat by the mizzen mast, with his head leaning against the helm. What his feelings were, it is impossible to say, but the general one which inspired the men, was that of triumph. We felt that for once the roaring lion had been conquered.

After breakfast I went with the lighter on shore, where I remained during the day, and on my return to the ship at night, I was told that Mr. Denison accused me of being the chief instigator of the preceding disturbances, and that he had sworn, in the presence of one of the boatsteerers, to have his revenge as soon as he should once more get me on blue water. This intelligence, it must be owned, made me feel a little uneasy. It was evident that he had entirely forfeited the confidence of the captain; and smarting under vexation, there was no knowing to what act of desperation his revengeful feelings might not urge him. The more I reflected on it, the more I resolved to disap-

point his vengeance, and before the morning arrived I had secretly determined to leave the ship.

The oil having been disposed of, and our stores got on board, it was the intention of the captain to sail in two or three days. It was therefore necessary, that if I intended to do anything to effect my escape, I must do it quickly. Fully bent on making the attempt, I sought the captain, and endeavored to procure twenty dollars from him, to buy some clothing, which I represented myself as being much in need of. He refused the twenty, but offered me fifteen, provided that I would sign a receipt for twenty. I accepted the *proviso*, as well as the cash, and proceeded on shore the same day, in the second mate's boat. Old Sam also obtained leave of absence and went with me on shore. The day was partly spent in company with each other; and in the afternoon my black companion expressed some surprise that I had yet made no move towards the purchase of my clothing. I then revealed to him my intentions. He said that he could not blame me much for leaving, but at the same time regretted to part company with one he esteemed as a good shipmate. In the evening we parted, with many assurances of remembrance, and the hope of a future friendly meeting. But, ah me! how little know we of life. Fifteen years have never brought across my devious path one single glimpse of the jolly countenance of the sable old sailor.

The first night on shore, I passed in the city; but on the following day I became apprehensive that search would be made for me, and to avoid the chance of being discovered, I crossed over the bay, to *Prayah Grande*, in which little village I took up my residence at an English boarding house. Here I remained incognito for a period of four days, at the end of which I saw the old Hudson once more setting her shoulder to the breeze and standing seaward. Before she had made the offing beyond fort Santa Cruz, I was recrossing in the ferry boat to the great city of *San Sebastiano*.

## Chapter Seventh.

The jour. Shoemaker, having abandoned the sea, establishes himself in the capital of Brazil.

THE reader will perceive that I was now cast upon my own resources in a foreign land, destitute in a manner of money and clothing, unable to speak the language, without employment, and without friends of whose aid I could avail myself in my need. Under these circumstances, not the most flattering indeed, I was now to commence my career afresh. I had left home, as already observed, with the prospect of realizing some little wealth, and after little more than a year, spent in laborious adventure, I found myself now in possession of bare ten dollars. It is true that I had an interest in the Hudson to the amount of an hundred and forty-five dollars, but that was now forfeited. Yet it was no great loss either, for I was indebted one hundred dollars for my outfit, to which sum was to be added upwards of seven dollars interest, and the twenty dollars receipted for to Captain Green, making in all, one hundred and twenty-seven dollars. My real loss then, according to the estimate, was only eighteen dollars. It must, however be noted,

(122)

that my chest of goods on board the ship was sacrificed, as well as a good suit of clothing left at Sag Harbor. On the whole, I perceived that my financial affairs were evidently on the decline, and I began to doubt whether my sea adventures were likely to be attended with better success than those of the land. But the step, being taken, could not be retraced, and I was too much of a philosopher to fret about trifles.

The first question with me was, what should I do for a livelihood? I was as yet but an indifferent sailor; and besides there were but few American merchant vessels in port, and those few were none of them in want of hands. The shoemaking business appeared to offer some chances of employment to a journeyman, but I had no tools. I could however think of nothing else, in which I could hope to make a living, and, regardless of tools, began to search around for employment. Work was soon obtained from a firm, named Bridges & Payler, who kept a large shoe establishment in the *Rue de Ovidor*. These men kept in their employ some five or six journeymen, and from ten to twelve slaves. Mr. Bridges was originally a Bostonian, a relative of the Hon. Daniel Webster's, and had emigrated to Brazil about the year 1818. He had accumulated a handsome property. He was a liberal, kind-hearted, benevolent man, and during the five months spent in his employ treated me with every mark of kindness.

In a country possessing a delightful climate, a busy population, and an endless variety of delicate and delicious fruits, it might be deemed supposable that one could make himself quite comfortable; but it was invariably my misfortune to be afflicted with annoyances. If nature had blessed the land with an everlasting summer, it had also cursed it with interminable hordes of fleas, which rendered my night so uncomfortable as to be an absolute punishment to me. Mr. Bridges, commiserating my sufferings, at last offered me lodgings at his private residence, which was situated about a mile from the city, in a beautiful little place called *De Gloria*. Here I had a cot slung from the ceiling in the centre of my bedroom, and puzzled the fleas, when getting into it, by undressing on a chair. There was, working in the same shop with me, an Englishman named Wilson, who also, for a while, experienced much vexation from these troublesome vermin; but he eventually hit on a plan by which his nightly troubles were, in some measure, neutralized. Being of a convivial temperament, as well as a lover of the wine cup, he proposed that we should send out nightly for a couple of bottles of wine, over which we might drink success to the Empire of Fleas, with which title he had dubbed the territories of *Don Pedro Segundo*. To this arrangement I consented, and on the appearance of the wine we usually commenced singing songs, and continued without intermission until the whole

was consumed. He mostly indulged in English compositions, and I in American—it was John Bull against Brother Jonathan. When the wine was exhausted, two-thirds of which usually fell to his share, Wilson would retire to his bed about three sheets in the wind, when he slept, as he said, so soundly that the flees could not wake him up. Mr. Bridges, feeling himself agreeably amused at our singing, often passed the evening with us, and sometimes added a third bottle, by way of continuing the entertainment.

Wilson had formerly resided in Buenos Ayres, in which city he had a house of his own, and where he had also been married to a beautiful English woman, brought to that country by a British officer. After his marriage, he went to keeping a public house, and for a year or two did a respectable business, but his wife falling in love with a Scotch adventurer who boarded in the establishment, eloped with him, and came to Rio, to which place the runaway pair were soon afterwards followed by Wilson. A brief search around the city, placed the wife again in the power of her husband, who brought her to reside at Mr. Bridges' house until a vessel should depart for the "Rio de La Plata." Here she was closely watched by her husband. But in spite of his vigilance she managed to get out of the house at the end of two weeks, and again decamped with her paramour. For a full week after her disappearance Wilson was almost distracted at her

loss, and ran wildly about the city inquiring after her, searching every private nook with the vehemence of a madman. Disheartened and fatigued with his search, he at last became reconciled to his misfortune, and having exhausted his ready funds, in pursuit of his faithless better half, he was obliged to go to work on the bench for money to defray his expenses back to Buenos Ayres.

In my daily walks I had frequent opportunities of familiarizing myself with the different streets and buildings of the city, and of acquiring some little knowledge of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The city covers an extensive area of land, but in consequence of being interrupted by hills, it is irregularly built, and the houses lack that uniform and compact appearance which so frequently characterizes cities of the northern portion of the continent. In some parts the dwellings form a respectable appearance; but in general they are low and inelegant. Along a large proportion of the streets they compose but one story, the front sides decorated with double doors, usually opening one-half above the other. The streets are narrow, short, frequently crooked, and not very well paved. Along the most fashionable thoroughfares, the shops of the citizens make a tasteful display of their wares, many of the windows exhibiting a skill and taste in the mechanical and fine arts, that justly rivals any thing of a like kind in the cities of the North. The churches are numerous, and

many of them, from their architectural style, form a very imposing appearance. The wall and altars of the interior are gorgeously decorated; and the floors, painted in cement, or elegantly laid in rich mosaic, form almost a museum of fantastical figures to the eye of a Yankee mechanic. On the northern side of the city, and fronting the bay, is the palace of the emperors. It is a huge square pile, not very high, and displays remarkable talent in point of architecture. It is always surrounded with a body of armed police, which impresses the mind of a stranger with the idea of a military garrison rather than with that of a palace. In the southern portion of the city is a large public square or common, known as the Camp de St. Anna. The senate hall, a very magnificent structure, forms the chief feature of attraction in this portion of the metropolis. Public parades and public executions, also, at times, give an additional interest to this common. The aqueduct by which the city is watered, and which has been constructed at an immense amount of labor and expense, is doubtless the most extraordinary structure in the vicinity of Rio. It begins at a torrent, bursting from the side of a mountain near the sea, and after winding, for a distance of five miles, in a serpentine course, along the ridges of the hills, finally terminates in a vast reservoir, situated on a high eminence in the suburbs of the city. Between the site of the basin and the neighboring hills, it passes, for near half a

mile, over the tops of the houses on arches, an hundred feet high. The whole masonry is constructed of blue freestone, beautifully hewn, and forms an admirable appearance. At the lower end of the Rue de Miserecordia (street of Mercy) stands the public hospital, a noble edifice, the northern wing of which flanks boldly out into the waters of the bay. Circumscribed between this and the southern projection of Castle Hill, are the buildings and grounds of the foundling hospital, an institution deserving some particular attention in consequence of the part which it performs in the economy of Brazilian society.

In the main avenue of the city, a short distance west from the public hospital, stands an elegant looking stone building in a somewhat isolated position. There is nothing very remarkable in its external appearance, other than that the front is destitute of windows, with the exception of one, and in this is fixed a hollow cylinder, some two feet or more in diameter, so as to be easily turned with the hand. When an illegitimate child is born, the mother of which is desirous of hiding her shame from public scrutiny, the little creature is carried to this house by some friend or servant of the mother, and placed in the cylinder. In a short time the cries of the new and tender visitor will arrest the attention of the abbess, who is always in attendance, and who now takes it from its hollow residence and examines it very closely. If a name,

written instructions, or any valuable jewel, accompany the child, it is carefully noted down in a book, together with the date of its appearance, after which it is clothed, fed, and prepared for its future instruction.

The government now becomes the guardian of the infant. If a boy, he is placed at a military or naval school, as soon as his age will permit, and grows up a sailor or a soldier; and if a girl, she is sent to the female department of the hospital, a species of nunnery, in which she is instructed in household duties, and taught the most useful branches of learning, as well as the higher accomplishments of music, drawing, painting, &c.

When a female infant has once become an inmate of this institution, there is no prospect of her ever being released, except in being reclaimed by her parents, or in getting married. The former is, unfortunately, of very rare occurrence, and they are so entirely cut off from worldly intercourse, by lofty walls and grated windows, that the latter becomes a hope equally faint, and with many even more distant. They do, however, by talking through iron-barred windows, and by looks, songs, and other attractions, arrest the attention of young men from without, when an epistolary correspondence is originated, in which the billets of the lovers are exchanged by means of silken cords, let down from the loops and windows above. In this manner alliances of marriage are formed between these

unfortunate maidens of the inner, and sympathizing young men of the outer world. Four days in the year are set apart as nuptial days, on which all impatient lovers are permitted to claim their mistresses and release them from their secluded abode. But to marry a girl out of this institution, requires two necessary qualifications. The applicant must, in the first place, be a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as the government awards the founding a marriage portion of some five hundred mill-reis, he is compelled, in the second place, to give bonds in a like amount of money to guarantee the wife's protection and maintenance.

It appears to be the settled conviction of many persons that institutions of this kind are but little conducive to the morals of society. It is contended that the most stringent laws of even our own colder regions are found inefficient in restraining the evils of bastardy; and that in a country where both the climate and the temperament of the inhabitants induce to sexual commerce, an institution of this kind offers a premium to licentiousness. But with all due deference to these opinions, my experience leads me to differ from them. If the whole number of illegitimate children, born in any one of our own cities of like extent with Rio, could annually be estimated, it would perhaps be found to equal, if not to exceed that of the latter place; and when, moreover, is to be thrown in the balance the crime of infanticide, a thing of rare occurrence in Rio,

the question of morals will incline against our side of the isthmus. The argument that such institutions are a drain upon the treasury of the government, is no objection at all, as all treasuries are yearly replenished by taxation of the people; and who is not conscious of the large amount of money annually stripped from our communities in the shape of taxes for the support of illegitimate children in our alms-houses, and for the maintenance of convict mothers in our numerous state prisons, who have rendered themselves criminal in the destruction of their own offspring. But aside from the question of morality, I am still persuaded that this hospital system possesses some advantages over our own, inasmuch as it enables many a frail and erring mother to maintain her standing in the social circle, from which she is too often shamed into degradation and infamy among us; while, at the same time, it furnishes a safe asylum to the tender infant, and as it grows up instructs it in various branches of learning, and thus enables it to discharge the common duties of life when arrived at maturity, a thing fatally overlooked in our own country, in the rearing of children of similar origin.

It sometimes occurs that females confined in this unsocial residence, fall heirs to handsome fortunes. I was informed of an instance where a young mechanic married a girl out of the hospital, who received for her marriage portion a sum of fifteen



thousand millreis. About four years after her marriage, the lady took sick and died. The widower subsequently tried his luck by marrying again out of the same institution, and his second wife fell heir to an estate valued at twenty thousand millreis. At the time I was in Rio, he was considered a wealthy man, and lived like an eastern nabob.

The population of the city of Rio may be estimated at something over two hundred thousand inhabitants, the most important body of which is composed of Brazilians and Portuguese. There is a respectable sprinkling of Spanish and French, some Germans, and a few English and Americans. The latter, however, with the exception of a few mercantile houses, are mostly adventurers. The slaves compose by far the greater bulk of the population, outnumbering all the whites at a ratio of about three to two. The streets are literally alive with them; they are frequently seen trotting along the streets in droves, loaded with sacks of coffee, rice, salt, cotton, &c., which they invariably carry on their heads. They are meanly clad, the only covering of the males being a kind of coarse short trowsers, reaching from the waist to the thigh; and numbers may at any time be seen prowling about the wharves of the city, without any other covering than that afforded by a handkerchief pinned about the body, and hanging like an apron down before. The clothing of the female is, how-

ever, less exceptionable in the city, though in the country it is chiefly limited to the short hempen or cotton petticoat, extending from the hip to the knee. Some occasionally show a disposition to modesty, by hanging a cotton napkin about the neck, in such a manner as to conceal the bosom.

The treatment of slaves is, perhaps, in no country where the system of slavery exists, such as a philanthropic man could wish to see imposed; but it is more than probable that it is marked with a greater excess of inhumanity in Brazil than in any other country throughout Christendom. Kindness and liberality are virtues scarcely known in the vocabulary or feelings of a Portuguese slaveholder; while avarice, usurping in his heart the place of humanity, leads him to grind down his slave to the last extremity of life. Hence the treatment of the slave may be set down as no treatment at all. He is compelled to work the whole of the time for his master, and keep himself out of the *extra*. As to his food, it is perhaps of a sufficiently wholesome character, but too often deficient in quantity, and seldom well prepared; while, in addition to running *naked*, he is usually obliged to pass his nights, during the rainy as well as the dry season, under the dewy heavens, without a bed; or if in the city, he may avail himself of a shelter in his master's entry or shed, or may even find a more classic lodging under the portico of a gorgeous church. Alas! what a commentary on that gospel which

says, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

The services of slaves are, in this region, not confined alone to out-door employments or plantation labor, but every department of mechanical occupation may be found filled with black men; and it is also worthy of remark that a slave who is a mechanic, a master of his trade, will command in the market a price nearly double that of one who has been only accustomed to plantation labor. Many slaves are owned by men who have themselves no employment for them, but who hire them out, or even give them permission to be masters of their own time, on condition of paying a certain stipulated sum weekly. Instances are known where some, who had obtained the latter privilege, paid to their masters their weekly contributions, and by a continued course of perseverance and economy, were in a few years masters of a sufficient surplus fund to buy their own freedom. But, unfortunately for the great mass of the degraded race, few masters are to be found thus liberal, nor are there many slaves to be found capable of practising so unswerving a round of industry and self-denial. The disposition of men, who let out their slaves, appears to be to task them to the full extent of their abilities, and some even charge upon them a larger sum than they can raise, and then punish them at the end of the week for being unprepared to pay their required stipend. As an instance of the

meanness to which a slaveholder can bring himself to condescend, I will here notice a case that came to my own personal knowledge at Rio.

A master hired out his slave at five millreis per week. The fellow was frugal and industrious, and contrived to pay up his master regularly for some weeks. The master then demanded a weekly payment of six. The additional millrei the slave also paid regularly, without a murmur. At the end of two months the slave, finding himself in possession of a surplus sum of five millreis, ventured to lay it out in the purchase of a lottery ticket. In a few weeks the ticket, to his inexpressible joy, came up a prize of ten thousand millreis. In his moments of ecstasy, he ran to communicate his good fortune to his master, and desired to know what portion of it would purchase his freedom. The master, extremely pleased at the good fortune of the faithful Pedro, promised him his freedom on condition of dividing the spoils share and share alike. To this the slave consented, and the two proceeded to the bank to secure the money. The cash was counted down to the master, who received the whole, and sticking it coolly in his pocket, turned round upon the innocent Pedro and accused him of stealing the money with which the ticket was bought. In vain the poor slave denied the charge. His master was inexorable; he had him arrested and scourged to the number of three hundred lashes for theft. The poor negro, heart-broken and lacerated, was

then placed on board a vessel and sent to the province of Rio Grande, where his master sold him for four hundred millreis. The same slave, if the *generosity* of his master has not annihilated him, is now dragging out a miserable existence on a sugar plantation.

The slave trade is still carried on to some extent within the territories of Brazil; but the number of British cruisers constantly prowling about the coast, renders the traffic unprofitable, and somewhat hazardous to those engaged in it. Several slavers, with their cargoes on board, were captured and brought into the port of Rio Janeiro, while I resided there, and as I had read much in the English prints respecting the odiousness of slavery, the wickedness of enriching the pocket from the sale and purchase of human blood, and the humane conduct of the British government in endeavoring to suppress the traffic, I became desirous of learning something of the manner in which these disinterested charities on the part of Great Britain were managed. I perceived when these cargoes of slaves were brought into port, notices were immediately posted up along the streets of Rio, informing the citizens that any desirous of procuring "servants or apprentices," could do so by applying on board her Britannic Majesty's ship *Stag*, and entering into certain obligations with Com. Sullivan. All such as were in need of uninstructed negroes, fresh from the Gold coast, went to Com.

Sullivan and bargained somewhat after the following fashion :

1. They were to pay forty dollars for an able-bodied negro.
2. They were to have him for five years.
3. They were to learn him a *trade*, or instruct him in *service*.
4. They were to enter into recognizances for his restoration to the British authorities at the end of the five years.

These stipulations complied with, the purchaser was at liberty to choose one or more negroes from the cargo and depart with him at his pleasure. It may readily be supposed that on such liberal terms a cargo of slaves could soon be disposed of, and especially so, when the British Commodore was so excessively liberal as to be entirely indifferent concerning the character of the surety.

The restoration of these "apprentices, or servants," at the end of five years, was claimed by the British authorities, with a view to their colonization to Sierra Leone. Were the intentions followed out to the letter, it would, doubtless, be all well enough; but, unfortunately for the poor blacks, there are two defects in the system which invariably defeat them. First, as the absence of the "apprentice," after having become useful in his trade, would be a loss to the purchaser, the latter never thinks of restoring him to the British authorities; and, second, as the British authorities

cannot colonize the apprentice without incurring some expense, they never think of reclaiming him. His sale was profitable and brought forth prize money, but there is an outlay in sending him to Sierra Leone. *Pro* and *con*, on the purse, make a vast difference in British humanity. But should enquiries be made in reference to any one of these apprentices, at the end of five years, it would be found that his master had removed with him to parts unknown; and if search was put on foot for the surety, he too would be found gone with another of the *servants*, and the two blacks, at the very time, would more than probably be toiling and sweating on some plantation in a distant portion of the empire. But no matter. The *British authorities* received sixteen thousand dollars for the brig, and eight thousand dollars for the slaves; and twenty-four thousand dollars is a snug little sum of prize money, if it even be obtained by a seizure, which the same government, eighty years ago, would have designated as an act of piracy.

From the foregoing considerations, and a few others which might be adduced, I am constrained to say that whatever be the encomiums lavished upon the British method of suppressing the slave trade on the coast of Brazil, it brings but few blessings to those Africans who are once brought within the boundaries of that Empire. They become slaves as effectually and everlastingly, by the English apprentice system, as if sold into bondage

by the original kidnapper; while the British officers and the British government go snacks in the speculation, and pocketing the cash for the vessel, and the cash for the slaves, gain thereby a glorious reputation for *disinterested* benevolence, humanity, and philanthropy. Tell us, ye charitable abolitionists of Britain, who denounce a portion of the American people as bloodying their hands in human gore; and you, also, who regardless of the oppressed of your own country, throw your thousands of pounds in the lap of the benevolent-hearted Mrs. Stowe, to extirpate the system of slavery; would it not be as creditable to yourselves, and the cause you espouse, to wash the stain from your own fingers before you attempt to gouge out the eyes of those whom the by-gone policy of your own government has irretrievably cursed with the pernicious institution you so much despise?

## Chapter Eighth.

The Jour. Shoemaker, bidding good-bye to the Bench, takes again to Salt Water, and is sent on board a Ship against his own consent.

IN a somewhat obscure portion of the city of Rio Janeiro, adjoining to Castle Hill, stood an elegant public house, which was kept by a person of doubtful character. The name of the individual was Surfe. He was a German by birth, but spoke the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, with a fluency equal to that with which he iterated his own vernacular. He had formerly been employed as a spy by the Emperor, Don Pedro the First, during the turbulence of the latter portion of his reign. He was a gambler by profession, and in general bore the reputation of being a bad man, but by a polished exterior, and by the fluency with which he spoke the various languages, he always contrived to attract a large concourse of visitors to his house. His billiard rooms were superbly furnished, and almost constantly filled with strangers. He was supposed to have been concerned in two or three murders, which had been committed in the city, but as no

(140)

proof could be elicited in support of the accusation, it of course amounted to nothing.

Among the inmates of this establishment, was a pretty English girl, named Mary Mertle. This young woman had resided in Rio some months before my arrival there. She had been brought to Brazil by her father, who was a miner, and had been employed at the gold mines, but who, becoming dissatisfied with his employers, as well as the country, resolved to return to England. On his arrival at Rio, finding no vessel bound directly for England, he was induced to take up his lodgings at Surfe's until one should be ready to sail. The beauty of Mary attracted the attention of Surfe, who, though already in possession of two wives, determined if possible to possess himself of this girl's charms. Mary being persuaded that he was a single man, lent but too willing an ear to the flatteries of Surfe; and her unsuspecting mind, being captivated with the prospect of becoming the mistress of so fine a mansion, induced her, in an evil hour, to desert her parents. Surfe, to make sure of his prey, secreted her in one of his private dens of which he had a number in different parts of the city. When the ship was ready to sail, Mary was nowhere to be found, and the humane captain, sympathizing with the parents, delayed sailing for two days in order that the search might be continued for her. But all the efforts set on foot for her recovery were useless. Mary was still lost; and

the sorrowing parents, weary and disheartened, finally took their departure for England, in tears, for the loss of their only child.

On the departure of her parents, Mary reappeared, and became the principal feature of attraction at Surfe's house. But being a little vain, she loved to be flattered by the young men with whom she would converse; and the humorous pleasantries in which she indulged with them, soon aroused the jealousy of her paramour. For a while he smothered his passion; but becoming linked in with a Spanish desperado, named Trifarier, who did all he could to fan his jealousy into a flame, he soon gave way to fits of ill humor. The patient Mary was at first only greeted with curses, but by degrees his passion took a sterner shape; and at times his conduct was marked with such brutality that the object of his vengeance was compelled to flee his house, and shelter herself, until the storm had subsided with an acquaintance of hers, named Margaret Ferguson. It was at the house of the last named person that I first beheld Mary. I had never been at Surfe's house, but on being invited thither by Mary I resolved to visit its wonders. I went, and being delighted with the elegance of the billiard rooms, I at once lent them my patronage. No misunderstanding ever arose between the proprietor and myself, nor was I conscious that he ever nourished the least evil thought against me, until apprised to the contrary by the friend of Mary. I was one

night sitting quietly in the bar-room of Mrs. Ferguson, eating an orange, when the latter entered and whispered in my ear, that Surfe, and Trifarier, were in the kitchen plotting some evil against me. The thought for the first time struck me, that he might possibly suspect an intimacy between Mary and myself, and hence I believed it best to move for home. I started immediately, and in stepping from the door into the street, was confronted by Trifarier, who darted from an alley and flourished a knife. At the same instant, Surfe appeared at the corner of the house, and grasped at me to intercept my passage; but darting hastily by him, I hurried rapidly on towards the palace square. Both pursued after me for some distance; but finding me too expert in the athletic exercises for them to win the game, they finally abandoned the chase; while I, changing my course into the Rue do Ovidor, wended my way to the residence of Mr. Bridges.

Some three weeks following the preceding incident, a respectable Spanish gentleman suddenly disappeared from the world; and as he had been last seen at the house of Surfe, it was strongly suspected that he, or some one of his associates, had put him out of the way. The matter soon raised a considerable excitement, and the suspicion being daily strengthened against Surfe, by the concurrence of circumstances, soon led to his arrest. About a week after his imprisonment, the evidence against him was rendered still more conclusive, by

the discovery of the missing gentleman's remains in an excavation in Castle Hill, immediately in the rear of Surfe's house. Trifarier was also suspected of being implicated in the murder, and would have been arrested, but taking time by the forelock he managed to make his escape, and thus added another proof of the guilt of Surfe.

While Surfe was awaiting his trial in prison, his lawful wife concluded to let the public house at rent, and a female adventurer distinguished at Rio under the soubriquet of Scotch Liz, became the lessee. Mary still remained under the administration of Liz; and the coast being now clear of all enemies, my visits to the rooms were resumed with a greater frequency.

At this juncture of affairs, I found myself placed in a kind of dilemma. I loved to play billiards exceedingly well, and to play billiards required money, and there was not much money to be made in Rio by bottoming fine boots at one dollar a pair. What was to be done? I set my wits to work to see if I could not hit on a plan to make money a little faster, but I could suggest none that I thought would work. It appeared to me that I would either have to cut loose from the billiard rooms, or cut loose from the bench; and after revolving the subject in my mind for a few days, I determined to do both. I was a little influenced in coming to this decision, by a young man named Andrew M. Cisney, who had quitted a merchant ship at Rio, in

which he had come out as second mate. Cisney and I resolved to try our fortunes in the United States' Exploring Squadron, commanded by Lieut. Wilkes, which had then touched at Rio harbor on its way to the South Pacific. In pursuance of our enterprise, we went on board the Peacock, in which vessel Cisney succeeded in shipping as master's mate. I made an attempt to ship as purser's steward, but was told by the purser that his profits would not enable him to employ a steward. I then went on board the Vincennes, where I offered to ship before the mast. They were in need of a few able seamen, but as I was too inexperienced to pass for an able seaman, they declined shipping me. They finally offered to receive me on board the schooner Flying-fish, which was attached to the squadron, but I declined going in her, and fortunate I was, in objecting, as the schooner, and all her crew, were shortly afterward lost in the Straits of Magellan. The Peacock was also subsequently lost at the mouth of the Columbia river, but by extraordinary exertions her crew were saved.

Having missed a berth in the exploring squadron, I began to look in the direction of the Brazilian merchant service, and after searching two days among the shipping, finally entered my name on a small brig, bound up the coast for a cargo of coffee. My wages were settled at eighteen *milreis* per month, and small stores found. We sailed the day following that on which I had shipped, and though



we had a head wind for two days, we managed to beat up the coast as far as Ilha Grande. I now became anxious of getting some intelligence of Mark Leighton, and endeavored to persuade the captain to put into Palmas bay and anchor there until the wind should change; but he appeared little disposed to come to a halt, and I had consequently to give up the prospect of seeing my old friend that trip.

After a voyage of four days we arrived at our place of destination, which was a small village some few leagues above the town of Angra, and immediately commenced taking on board our coffee. During the process of loading, the chief labor of which was performed by the slaves of the neighbouring plantation, the Captain gave us our boarding on shore, and permitted us to roam at our own pleasure. I had thus an opportunity of witnessing a little more of Brazilian manners. As the house at which we lodged was that of a wealthy planter, and owner of some sixty or seventy slaves, I anticipated a more luxurious appearance within than I had been accustomed to witness in the oven-like edifices of Rio, and the rural cottages of Ilha Grande, but in this I was somewhat disappointed. The house was divided into only two apartments, without any upstairs or chimney. There were holes for the windows, but no glass in them. The furniture consisted of a large table, made from a rough plank hewn out with an axe, a bench of like con-

struction, four or five stools manufactured in the same rude style, and a large rush mat, thrown for a carpet on a clay floor. In the adjoining room I noticed two or three bedsteads of very rude shape, and a large clothes-chest, somewhat resembling the arm-chest of a vessel of war. On being called to dinner, several dishes were placed before us, but knives and forks there were none on the table. All took their seats, the family as well as those from the brig. Two fine looking girls, daughters of the planter, sat at the upper end of the table, near their parents. There was no bread, but in lieu of it there was a delicate kind of cake, prepared from the common cassada of the country, which was very hard and dry, but which, on being saturated with coffee, became softer than the pulp of the ripest orange. There was also a species of coarse meal, manufactured from the same root, which, on receiving the addition of a little beef gravy, formed quite a delicious morsel to the taste. The natives rolled it up into little balls with their fingers, and giving them a quick toss into their mouths, snapped them up with the facility of pet spaniels. I watched the motions of the rest, with a desire to imitate them. As soon as I thought myself sufficiently instructed, I rolled up a ball and gave it a sling, but missing my mouth, the ball unfortunately struck me immediately under the nose, and tumbled back into my lap. Nothing daunted, I grasped my ball, and rallied for another attempt, at the same time



casting my eye round the table to see if any one had noticed the failure of my first experiment. I fancied I saw a smile crossing the features of the captain, but caring nothing for him, I threw back my head, and opening my mouth upward like the crater of a volcano, gave my ball another throw, when in it went, and disappeared downward as smoothly as an oiled bullet. When once in, I found this *farinhia* quite palatable, and between it and roast beef, baked yams, fish, oranges, sweet potatoes and bananas, I managed to fare about as well as I had done at the house of Mr. Bridges. In a few days, the slaves having completed the loading of our vessel, we bid farewell to our new acquaintances and returned to Rio.

During my absence from the city, which was a period of three weeks, the trial of Surfe had taken place. The evidence against him was not sufficiently strong to convict him of murder in the first degree, but he was nevertheless proven to have participated therein, and was consequently sentenced to seven years hard labor in the galleys. I had the satisfaction of seeing this hardened criminal led from his prison in chains, and conveyed to his future home on a fortified island opposite to the city.

As soon as my business in the brig would permit, I made a visit to the residence of Scotch Liz. I found poor Mary sick. She had then been reduced to her bed for a period of two weeks, and

according to her own statement, had been shamefully neglected by many who had formerly professed to be her friends. Those who had admired, courted and flattered her in her hours of health and beauty, abandoned her on the bed of sickness; and this unhappy reverse, falling with an icy chill on her wounded heart, made her regret deeply and feelingly that she had ever permitted herself to be led astray from the protection of her tender parents. She was anxious to set up in bed, but found herself unable to rise, and on being helped up by me, she commenced weeping, and asked me if she did not look wonderfully altered. I observed that she certainly was very sadly reduced, but hoped that a few days might bring a change for the better. Words of hope and encouragement, however, had no cheering effect on her mind, for she shook her head with a sigh, and answered that she had no hope of ever recovering.

"Yet," observed she, her tears starting afresh, "I believe I would feel better to-day if I had a little something warm to eat."

"Something to eat!" exclaimed I; "does not Liz furnish you with victuals?"

"I have not seen her in four days," articulated the weeping girl. "The last time she was here, she came in company with Mrs. Surfe, who was so kind as to bring me a few clean clothes."

On learning this, I repaired immediately to the kitchen, and ordered the cook to make a bowl of

mutton broth, which I carried up to the invalid. She ate about half of it, and setting the rest on a stand by the bedside, for future use, expressed herself as feeling much refreshed. I shortly afterwards took my leave, with a promise of calling to see her again in the course of two days. During the remainder of the week we were, however, too busy in taking on board a second cargo to spare any man from the brig, and I was consequently obliged to postpone my visit to the shore for a period of four days. As soon as I was able to procure leave of absence, I repaired once more to the residence of Liz, but found poor Mary's trouble had ceased for ever. She had died the second night after my former visit, and was inhumed by the city undertakers in the pauper vault in the rear of the public hospital.

There are some things in the world which, when once known, make the heart shudder to think of them; and the last resting-place of the unfortunate Mary was one of this kind. Let the reader imagine to himself an immense pit, winding its way deeply into the earth, its dark stone walls encircling bones of departed humanity, piled layer upon layer, until terminated at the surface with the bodies of those who have last made their unhappy transit from the world; let him behold the upturned faces of the dead, mingled confusedly together, without distinction of sex or color, many of them unclad, and their glassy eye-balls strained

as if grasping vainly for one faint gleam of heaven's pure light; let him with his hand remove the stone that guards the entrance to this gloomy eternity, and as the bright sun penetrates below, look down. Here he will behold, exemplified, the ravages of the fell destroyer in their most revolting form, not only in the ghastly visage of the sable African, and the pale cheek of the departed maiden; but youth, beauty, manhood, tender infancy and old age, are all smitten together in one common heap of mouldering death, the slime of their corruption oozing from the sewers of the vast reservoir, and mingling with the waters of the neighboring bay; let him, if he can, imagine such a place, and he will have some faint conception of the last resting-place of poor Mary Mertle.

I know not why it was, but on the very night after I had learned the fate of the unfortunate Mary, I found myself, at a late hour, sitting on the stone that covered the entrance to this gloomy charnel. At any former period, nothing would have induced me to go there, yet now I sat unconscious of surrounding objects, meditating on the past, present, and the future, and occasionally bending my eyes along the northern horizon in vain search of that polar star, whose faint though sparkling ray was at that moment shedding its dim lustre over the hills and valleys of my native land. Then the images of once beloved forms arose before my fancy, mingling their smiling faces with

the pallid features of the departed Mary; and when I called to reflection the immense distance I was from them, the thought arose in my mind how easily a slight chill or casual fever might suddenly cut short my career, and send me to sleep my last long sleep with Mary, in this solitary though densely peopled tomb. The thought was so horrible that I rose hastily to depart, but felt myself arrested by a rude grasp from behind. With hair standing erect, I turned quickly round and confronted three soldiers, two of whom had already pinioned my arms, while the third was flourishing a sabre over my head. I struggled to release myself, but it was of no use, for they were both stout men, and held me as firmly as if I had been fixed in a vice. I judged from the military character of their dress, that they were in the employ of government, and inquired, as well as I could, if they belonged to the police; but they only answered by telling me that I must go with them. I was presently convinced that they were attached to a press-gang, and finally told them that they had no business with me, as I was an American. By this time three or four more made their appearance, and one of them having heard my remark, asked me to show him my protection. This I did, and though he held it up to a lantern, he could not read it, but handing it to one of his comrades, observed that it was a sham protection, as the name of the American Consul was not

attached to it. I now begged them to go with me to the house of Scotch Liz, where I hoped to prove my citizenship, and have the protection interpreted. They accompanied me thither, and I had Liz called to the door, but on referring my situation to her, she denied knowing me, and told me I ought to be ashamed of refusing to serve my country. I replied that I was not ashamed to serve my country, but that I would see her and all the infernal tribe of Brazilians to their Patron Saint before I would serve any country that harbored her. The soldiers set up a loud laugh when this sally was interpreted to them, and two men, taking hold of me by each arm, gallanted me off *a la mode militaire* to a place called the "Banes," where I was locked up for the night, and left to select my own lodgings on the softest spot I could find on a stone paved floor.

On the following morning about sunrise, I was guarded to the wharf, in company with three or four more melancholy looking customers, who, doubtless, felt about as deep an interest in the proceedings as myself. Here a boat was in waiting for us, in which we were commanded to take our seats. Our guard was then dispensed with, and we were rowed off on board a frigate, called the "Prince Imperial." I now began to have some indistinct foreknowledge of what my destination was to be. I had before learned that the Prince Imperial was being equipped for an expedition

against the rebels, at Bahia; and I now suspected myself in a fair way of getting into a scrape, where there would be some breaking of heads, and slitting of noses, as well as a strong smell of gunpowder. With some disagreeable presentiments as to future results, I crawled away into a corner of the ship, to brood over my misfortunes. The brig in which I had been employed, would sail this day, and I felt certain that all my wages there, would be a clear loss. My clothing, which was also on the vessel, I felt desirous of having conveyed to the house of Mr. Bridges; but as I was prohibited from having any communication with the shore, I was compelled to give them up as lost too. I felt strongly inclined to hunt up the captain of the frigate, and make to him a full statement of my case; but as I could speak but little of the language, I finally concluded that it would be of no use. Every thing about the ship wore a disagreeable look; the men were black and sullen: the rations looked more like a mess prepared for a herd of swine, than for seamen; and even the commandant, with his black, hairy visage, and broad licentious grin, bore a nearer resemblance to an epauletted Ourang Outang, than to a naval officer. Altogether, I began to consider my situation here, as worse than it had been in the whaler; and I thought Mr. Denison, with all his faults, a much more agreeable officer than this cocked-hatted Brazilian. Each day I became more restless, and cursed Scotch Liz a thousand times

over; for I felt sure that she could have prevented my impressment, had she been disposed to do so. I would gladly have run away, could I have done so—aye, at the rate of forty miles per hour—but I was cooped up beyond the possibility of doing any thing for my personal liberty. Occasionally I measured the distance to the shore with my eye, to see if I could swim it, but it was a vain hope, next to desperation, and I did not yet look upon my case as so far beyond the possibility of redemption, as to justify suicide.

When I had been on board about ten days, a boat from the American ship *Independence*, came alongside the *Prince Imperial*, to invite the Brazilian officers to a ball, which was to be given on board the former vessel; and while the Yankee midshipman was communicating his message in the cabin, I glided down the ship's side, to the boat, and requested one of the men to transmit a few lines for me to the American Consul. He consented to do so, and writing a brief note in pencil on the back of my protection, directed it to the Consul. The boat rowed off, and my spirits immediately revived at the prospect of once more becoming my own master. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I was elated at the merest trifle that led to a hope of liberty. It was a thousand chances to one, whether my lines would ever find their way to the office of the Consul; but notwithstanding, I continued to hope. Each night I

repeated to myself, that to-morrow would be my last stay in the dismal service, but was as often doomed to disappointment.

Some eight days after the dispatch of my note with the Independence boat, a Brazilian officer came on board, and ordered me to be called up. After a number of questions relative to my impressment, the most of which I understood but imperfectly, he presented me my protection, and asked if that belonged to me. I answered in the affirmative, upon which he had a shore boat called alongside the ship, and ordered me to get into it. As I walked over the gangway, he told me I was now my own master, and might go wherever I pleased. I thanked him for his kindness in my own language; and observing to the boatman, that it was the only good news I had heard in three weeks, directed him to row me to the landing at the *Hotel Phareaux*.

## Chapter Ninth.

The adventurer introduces himself on board an American man-o'-war and becomes a member of Uncle Sam's Mess.

IN having escaped the clutches of the Brazilians, I considered myself very fortunate, notwithstanding I had lost nearly a month's wages in the brig, and more than three weeks' time in the Prince Imperial. But though I congratulated myself on being again free, I knew not how long that freedom might last. In a government, under which life is but too often a secondary consideration to property, and where affluence alone can command the protection of personal rights, a poor man seldom meets with a ready redress of grievances. The last four weeks had given me an ample sufficiency of Brazil; and I was well convinced that my personal rights and safety could be in no way better secured than by getting out of it. To return home became now my most ardent wish; but there appeared no way of accomplishing it than by working my passage home gratis; and I possessed too much pride to reappear among my former friends in a situation little short of downright beggary. Under these adverse circumstances, the most promising resource

that seemed to offer itself, was the United States Navy. The squadron had then been on the coast some eighteen months, and would certainly return home within two years. I had now, in some measure, become accustomed to a man-o'-war, and was satisfied that unless the treatment proved too outrageous, I would be able to endure the service. An enlistment also secured me a sure passage home, while my wages would enable me to make a moderately respectable appearance. All things running thus favorably into my new project, I went to the house of Mr. Bridges, to make immediate preparation for leaving Rio. In two days all was completed, upon which I went and gave Scotch Liz a broadside in the tongue line, as sailors say, and then took up my line of march for the landing. Here I found one of the Independence boats just quitting the wharf for the ship. I asked the officer of the boat, who was a passed midshipman, for a passage to the frigate, and on receiving his nod of assent, took my seat opposite to him, in the stern sheets. He kept a scrutinizing eye upon me for some time, and when finally clear of the crowd of boats that continually obstructed the landing, he commenced a series of questions in a strain of inquisitiveness that would have done credit to the most thorough-bred Yankee.

"Have you any acquaintances on board the ship you wish to see?" observed he.

I answered in the negative.

"Just going to see the ship, eh?"

"No, sir; I have some notion of shipping."

"Of shipping, eh?"

"Yes, sir—of shipping."

"What countryman are you? An Englishman?"

"No, sir, I am an American."

"How did you come to Rio?"

"I came in a whale ship."

"In a whale ship, eh? Did you run away from her?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What made you leave her?"

"I did not like the work, sir."

"The work, eh? Was it too hard for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Better stayed ashore then, for you'll never do for a man-o'-war."

"Why so, sir?" inquired I.

"Because we are obliged to work day and night in our ship."

"So they were in the whaler."

"But our work is very hard."

"So it was in the whaler."

"But they flog the men in our ship."

"So they did in the whaler."

"But sometimes they water the grog for us in our ship."

"In the whaler they gave us no grog at all."

"No grog, eh! Oh, d——n my eyes! then

the whaler was the worse vessel of the two. Ship, by all means, ship."

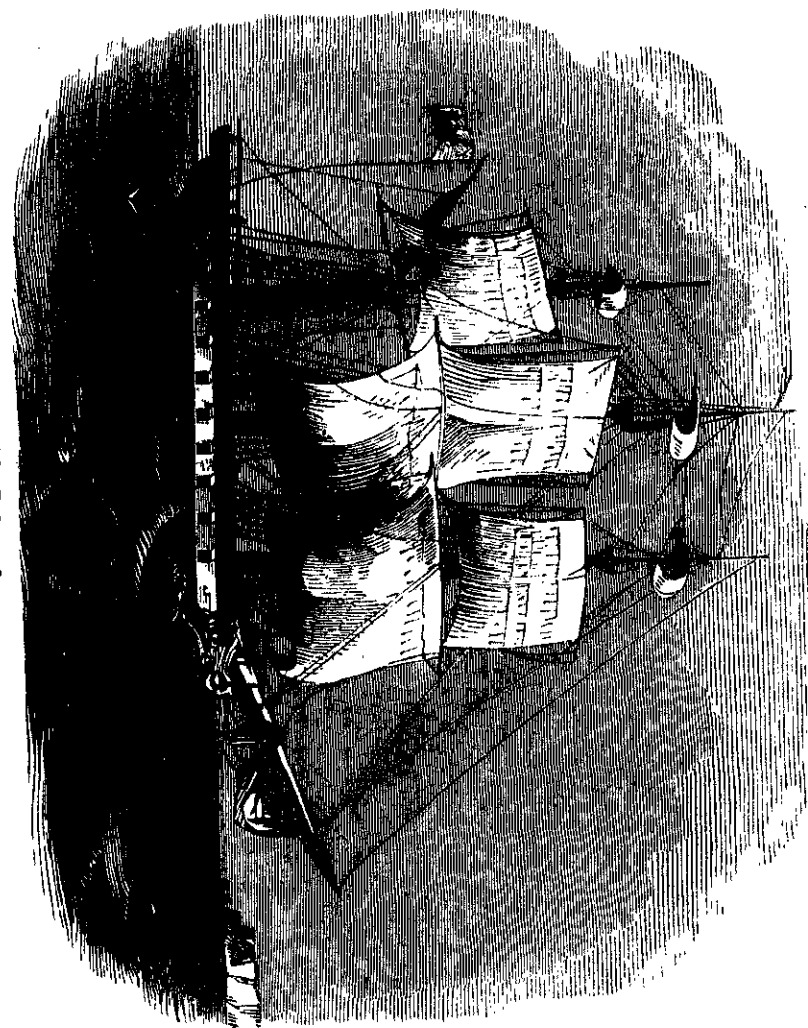
By this time we had arrived at the ship, and on passing over the side, the midshipman pointed out an officer walking on the quarter-deck, who he said was the first lieutenant, and did all the shipping. That officer, soon afterwards appearing in the larboard gangway, near where I was standing, I immediately addressed myself to him on the object of my visit. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and heard my request with such a gloomy look as almost made me regret having made it. After a pause, however, he told me that he would ship me. I said that I was particularly anxious to ship *only* for the cruise. But he replied by observing that there was no shorter period of service than for three years.

"In that case," said I, "should I ship I will most likely be held to general service, for the whole term, and be transferred to some other vessel at the termination of the cruise."

"Such a thing might *possibly* occur," replied Mr. Pope, "although in general it does not, as it is usually supposed that men shipping on foreign stations, ship under distress, and are commonly discharged with the rest of the ship's company."

"My object is to get home," observed I, "and if you think there is a fair prospect of being discharged on reaching the United States, I will enter the ship regardless of the three years."

The Independence.



"I think you need feel no uneasiness as to the result," answered the first lieutenant, "as I am quite certain that such will be the case."

At this last remark I expressed my willingness to ship, upon which I was ordered with the master-at-arms, to the cockpit, to be examined by the surgeon. This over, I was conducted to the room of the first lieutenant, where I subscribed my name to the shipping articles, and received my station. I was entered on the station bills, No. 307, larboard watch, mizzen top, gun No. 18, mess No. 22.

The reader will perceive that I had now got into a new theatre, in which all the scenes of action appeared so odd and strange to me that it took me sometime to become accustomed to the duties of my station. I spared no pains, however, in familiarizing myself with the ship and its rules, so that after a few days of careful observation in going through the routine of discipline, I became quite free and easy. But still, for a few weeks the time wore heavily away. Though in a flag ship, with a crew of some five hundred men, I felt quite lonely, as all around me were strangers; and it was not until I had selected some associates from among the great number of strange faces, that I became completely reconciled to my new mode of life.

About five days after my first appearance on board, all hands were called to witness punishment. This was a new feature to me, who had



never yet beheld a man flogged in regular ship-shape style. As soon as the call had sounded along the decks, the master-at-arms, proceeding to the forecastle where several men were in confinement, knocked off their irons, and led them to the mainmast. All the ship's company, in the meantime, had gathered into the gangways and on the booms, while the officers, armed with cutlasses and swords, occupied the starboard side of the quarter-deck. I procured a station as near as practicable to the mainmast, in order to hear and see all that passed. As soon as the commodore appeared, all the officers took off their caps. The commodore, having the offences of each man written on a piece of paper, commenced reading them over; and calling up the prisoners one by one, inquired of them if they were guilty or not guilty of the charges alleged against them.

"Guilty," answered prisoner number one.

"Well," proceeded the commodore, "it is not my desire to have you punished; but as the law authorizes its infliction, it becomes my duty to see it enforced. Do you not hear the articles of war read every month?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And do they not say that drunkenness shall be punished by twelve lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, at the discretion of the commanding officer?"

"Yes, sir, they do."

"And with a full knowledge of the law and its

penalty, why will you still persist in getting drunk?"

"I don't know, sir; its a bad habit I've got into, and can't help it."

"Strip! strip!" said the commodore, hastily, with a severe look.

The prisoner now bared his back and walking up to the bulwarks, took his stand on a grating, to which his feet were tied by the quarter-master. Two heavy shot boxes were then placed on the grating to keep it from being raised up by his struggles. His hands were next tied to the hammock nettings, as high as the arms would permit, after which the quarter-master withdrew. The commodore then nodded to the boatswain's mate, who stepped forward, and laying aside his hat, picked up the green handled cats. After drawing his fingers through the lashes so as to clear them of all kinks and tangles, and gauging his distance by reaching out his arm towards the prisoner, he suddenly threw his right foot back, and drew a stroke across the bare body of the prisoner, that left nine purple streaks reaching from shoulder to shoulder. This was followed up by eleven more, the master-at-arms counting aloud at each blow. At number twelve, the commodore cried, "stop," when the whipping was suspended, the prisoner's hands and feet released, and himself ordered forward to his duty. The next offender was then called up, who underwent a similar punishment;

and then the third, and so on to the end of the chapter; and what was most remarkable to me, they all seemed to plead guilty to the charges. As soon as the punishment was over, all hands were piped down.

I must confess that this scene awakened a series of impressions in my mind that it would be impossible for me to define. I felt deeply agitated during the whole proceedings; and it was not until after the lapse of a few hours, that my nerves regained their wonted calmness. A few repetitions of these naval exercises, however, cured me so effectually of these tremors, that after a few months' residence on board, I could witness a punishment with the stoicism of an American Indian.

The Independence had been lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, denuded of her sails, for sometime before I joined her, and she continued at her moorings for many weeks after, before any movement was made towards going to sea. During this period nothing worthy of remark occurred on board to mar the general good will and harmony that prevailed among the crew; and I became so well satisfied with my situation, that I would scarcely have exchanged it for any other mode of life.

Sometime in April, 1839, three months after my enlistment, we bent our sails, weighed our anchors, and put out to sea. Our place of destination was Montevideo, on the Rio La Plata, where we arrived

arrived after a voyage of ten days. The sloop Fairfield and brig Dolphin, had preceded us to the La Plata, and were then both at Buenos Ayres, while our anchor was cast at Montevideo. While at this place an amusing incident took place on board our ship, the particulars of which related to an English sailor, who had shipped in the Independence some months before.

It appeared that this man had previously been enlisted in an English sloop of war called the Electra, from which he had deserted on the coast of Brazil. As none, only such as claim to be citizens, are ever received into the American navy, he had as a matter of course represented himself as a real native to Commodore Nicholson. But things being, somehow, not altogether to his liking in the Yankee navy, he became dissatisfied, and grew so obstreperous that the commodore, to acquaint him a little with Yankee tricks, tickled him up with the cat-o'-nine-tails. This sat so ill on the back of the English recruit, that he swore he would leave the ship; and the Electra happening to be there in the port of Montevideo, he contrived to get to some of her officers a knowledge of his present locality. The commodore, being informed of his movements, gave him another dozen with the cats, to remember the Yankees by, and then sent him on board the British sloop of war, where he received a few dozens more in welcome of his return.

During our sojourn at Montevideo, the French

fleet formed a line of blockade on the Rio La Plata, in consequence of which none but vessels of war were permitted to pass up the river. The Fairfield and Dolphin had proceeded to the port of Buenos Ayres for the purpose of rendering protection to such American citizens as were suffering from the effects of the war. All commercial business had in a measure ceased, and the unsettled state of the Colonies rendered the situation of many of the inhabitants somewhat precarious. Many mechanics sought employment elsewhere, and such as conveniently could, had recourse to the sea. About a dozen or more of all nations, but who nevertheless represented themselves as American citizens, took refuge on board the Dolphin, and offered to ship in her. But that vessel, being destined for home at an early day, her captain, Mr. A. S. McKenzie, brought them down to Montevideo to try their luck in the Independence. They were immediately transferred to our ship, where they remained two days before an examination was held in respect to their citizenship. Some of them had never been in the United States, but still all were strenuous in declaring themselves full-blooded Yankees. One of them in particular, an Irishman fresh from the sod, was very anxious to learn how he should comport himself in order to pass for an American, and took a number of lessons on the subject from some of his countrymen in the ship, prior to being questioned by the first lieutenant.

At length the time came for them to ship. Mr. Pope had them called aft, one by one, and several were the laughable incidents and mistakes that occurred, until finally Mr. Patrick McShane was called up. Patrick made his *debut* on the quarter-deck with a quite well assumed dignity; but when the first lieutenant fixed his dark countenance keenly upon him, he began to tremble, and clutched his poor old hat so tightly, that the crown was in imminent danger of collapsing with the pressure.

"Well, my lad, what is your name?" said the first lieutenant, with a smile at the frightened looks of the would-be American.

"Patrick McShane, yer honor," answered Pat, giving his old hat a spasmodic twist.

"Patrick McShane? You must then be an Irishman, Patrick."

"Divil a dhrap of it, yer honor; I'm a hearts-blooded American."

"What part of America were you born in, Patrick?" proceeded the first lieutenant.

"In Philadelphia it was where I've a sisther living till this very day, and sorry I am for the hour I ever left it."

"Do you know what State Philadelphia is in?"

"Is it the State it's in, yer honor manes?" said Pat, scratching his head, and trembling from head to foot for his citizenship.

"That's just what I mean, Patrick. If you were born in Philadelphia, you cannot be ignorant of the

State it is situated in. How long did you live in Philadelphia?"

"Faith an' was'nt I born there, and lived in the same place from a wee boy up?"

"And cannot tell what State it is in?"

"Yis, yis, yer honor! its just afther popping into my mind. Isn't it what ye's call Pennsylvany?"

"That's it, Patrick!" exclaimed the first lieutenant, laughing. "You must be an American, I perceive; but I shall have to test your geography a little further. Is Philadelphia a large or a small city?"

"A large city it is, wid beautiful strates crossing each other, for all the world jest like the strakes of a chess-board."

"Very well answered, Patrick. Now tell us what rivers are near Philadelphia?"

"Sure an' isn't there a large river ye's call the Schuylkill?"

"Yes, but which side of the city is it on?"

"Isn't it on the north side, yer honor?"

"I ask *you* which side it is on? But I see you are a little out in your reckoning, Patrick. Are there any other rivers beside the Schuylkill?"

"Och, sure an' there must be. Isn't it another large river ye's afther spakin' of?"

"Very likely, Patrick; but what is the name of it?"

"Doesn't it run close by the town?" continued Pat, considerably perplexed.

"All very likely, Patrick; but what is the name of it?"

"Yer honor axes the name of it?"

"I do; what do you call the river?"

Patrick M'Shane scratched his head, and rolled his eyes sideways, like a rabbit, at his more successful companions in the larboard gangway. But no one appeared disposed to intercede for him, and the first lieutenant stood awaiting his answer. Finding his citizenship sinking rapidly in a nameless river, he thought it best, if possible, to capitulate on honorable terms.

"Och! could'nt your honor take me aboard, barrin' the name of the river?" exclaimed he, with a most strangely contorting countenance.

"I cannot, Patrick; the law excludes all but Americans."

"Och! murther and turf! that I should forget the name of that river—the very wather on which I was bred, and fished in more nor a thousand times! By the wars! yer honor, but that Spanish powther, tother day, must have driv my senses till the very divil, or ye's would'nt find me botherin' so. Isn't it the Jarsey river yer honor manes?"

"There's no such river in Pennsylvania," said the first lieutenant laughing. "The river I have reference too, is called the Delaware."

"Divil-maware! Och! divil take me, if that is'nt the very same name ye's have all the while been botherin' me to think of! Divil-maware!"

och, honey! but I shall be sure to keep it in my head now."

"It does not matter much, Patrick, whether you do or not," replied the first lieutenant. "I perceive you cannot pass for an American, and I shall, consequently, have to decline shipping you."

"Your honor wont ship me thin?"

"No, Patrick."

"Lord! Lord! an' may I ax the reason why?"

"Because, you are not an American."

"By the powers! but wont a man's own country receive him into its sarvice?"

"Your tongue, and appearance, both prove you a foreigner."

"By the wars, thin! my tongue, an' looks, both prove a lie, if they say I am not an American!"

The first lieutenant walked away, while a general laugh arose among the seamen in the gangway.

A boat was sent ashore in the evening, with Patrick and two of his fellow countrymen as passengers, who were landed at Montevideo, after which I never saw anything more of them. Those who were able to sustain their citizenship, were received on board, and became members of the crew.

These men were shipped under circumstances somewhat similar to my own. All expected to be discharged on the return of the ship to the United States, and some of them had, in fact, received direct promises to that effect from the commodore and other officers.

In a few weeks we left the harbor of Montevideo and returned to Rio, where we again lay for some length of time, and where an occurrence took place on board which may not be undeserving a passing notice.

The ship Independence, under the command of Commander John B. Nicholson, sailed from Boston harbor for Cronstadt, in May 1837, with Mr. George M. Dallas on board, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Russia. On her way thither, the vessel touched at the harbor of Portsmouth, in England. Now whether it was that the treatment on board was too severe, or whether it was that the crew partook of so large a sprinkling of British seamen as to cause desertion it is difficult to say, but from some cause or other, it is certain, that a large number of those men who were permitted to set their feet on English soil, suddenly took their departure for parts unknown. The ship, in consequence, became short of hands; and the commodore on reaching Copenhagen, either with, or without the consent of his own government, thought proper to replace the deficiency by shipping twelve Danish sailors. These men were promised their discharge at the end of two years, within which period the commodore doubtless supposed the cruise would be terminated. But such, however, happened not to be the case. Their term of service had now expired, and what was to be done? The commodore desired them to continue service until

the ship proceeded to the United States; but this they from day to day hesitated to do, and finally denied duty altogether. The commodore remonstrated with them, and endeavored to reason them into obedience, but they remained refractory and stubborn, and for a period of four days kept "backing and filling" about the decks like a drove of baulky mules. They would be cajoled by no Yankee commander, they said—they were the liege subjects of his Danish Majesty, who expected their return, and return they would. An expedient was at length resorted to, for the purpose of reconciling the misunderstanding. The commodore invited on board the Danish minister, to the court of Brazil, who, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, undertook to accommodate matters. The men were called aft on the quarter deck, when they were introduced to his Danish Majesty's representative, who at once opened to them the burden of his mission. He extolled their loyalty, praised their patriotism, flattered their vanity by frequent allusions to the ardent manner in which, he said, the American commodore had spoken in praise of their courage, obedience, promptness and bravery; and after spinning out a speech some twenty minutes in length, in which he advised them to continue faithful to the American service until the vessel returned to the United States, wound up by informing them, that he would assume the responsibility of their absence from their sovereign's dominions.

The harangue proved effective. The men returned to their duty; while the skilful diplomatist, dined with the Yankee Commodore, and cracked a bottle of old Madeira wine to the success of the negotiation. Is it not a little humiliating to an honest American mind, to witness a foreign ambassador thus called into the service, to aid the United States government in maintaining subordination in their own navy?

Another month passed away, during which the commodore lived in daily expectation of a recall, but, unfortunately, no such happy order arrived. Things also began to assume a gloomy aspect on the *La Plata*, which made it necessary for the squadron to return thither. Shortly after our reappearance at Montevideo, the term of service of several of the ship's company expired. These men requested to be sent home. But the commodore, perceiving that the request, if complied with, must inevitably render his crew inefficient, refused to discharge them. The men, on failure of being dismissed, began to murmur, and refused further duty. They were threatened the lash, but, like the Danes, they still remained refractory. They were next placed in confinement, but with little, or no avail; for each week kept adding so largely to the number, that it became plain, unless some other method was adopted of settling the difficulty, two-thirds of the ship's company would soon be in double irons. A court martial was next convened to try one of

the prisoners; but it could accomplish nothing aside from flogging; and it appeared too unjust, in the estimation of the court, to flog a man for refusing to serve the government for a period longer than that stipulated for in the agreement. Yet the reader will, perhaps, be scarce prepared to credit it, when I tell him that many of these men were actually flogged for this very offence. Ten dollars of their own wages, together with three days leave of absence, were given to such as chose to re-enter for the remainder of the ship's cruise, and such as refused to comply with those conditions, and refused to return to duty, were, at the discretion of the commodore, tied up and flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Now let us note the distinction in the treatment of these two classes of seamen, the Americans and the Danes. The Dane is talked, coaxed, and even treated with—all the eloquence of argument and suasion is resorted to, to induce subordination; while the American, who had equally served out the full period of his enlistment, is confronted with court martial, hand cuffs, and cat-o'-nine-tails. The Dane is treated as a civilized sentient human being; the American as a hardened ferocious savage; the reason of the former is appealed to, while the appeal is made, with the lash, to the back and skin of the latter, and that too by his own countrymen. Surely ours may justly boast of being a progressive government, and one, which, if it show any distinc-

tion to persons, will mostly be found casting it in favor of foreigners.\*

After a period of four months spent in adjusting some difficulties which had originated from the attempt of two American merchant brigs to pass the French line of blockade, we left the harbor of Montevideo, and returned once more to Rio Janeiro. Here the commodore found a dispatch from the home government, containing the long desired recall. This was agreeable news to most of the men in the ship, although, to me, it produced but few pleasant sensations. A rumor had crept out, that those men who had shipped in the squadron, during the last two years, were to be retained to general service until the expiration of their full term. This caused me some uneasiness. I disliked, exceedingly, the idea of being sent abroad, on a foreign station, after my arrival at home. A plan soon suggested itself, by the adoption of which, I thought this disagreeable event might be avoided. The sloop Marion had lately arrived on the coast, without her full compliment of men, and I thought of having myself transferred to this ship. I conceived it preferable to endure the evils of the Brazilian coast, than fly to others that I knew not of. With permission of the first lieutenant, I suggested the subject to the commodore.

\* Punishment by the lash is now discontinued in the American navy.

"What do you want to go in the Marion for?" inquired the commodore.

"Because," answered I, "I may be sent to some other station, on reaching home—perhaps to the coast of Africa; and I would much rather stay where I now am, than go to some less healthy region."

"How do you know you will be sent out at all?"

"I do not know that such will be the case," answered I, "But reports to that effect, are circulating through the ship."

"All nonsense," said the commodore, contemptuously, "Those men who have shipped on this station, shall every one of them be discharged. I have already promised most of them so, and they shall not be disappointed. If you are anxious to return to your friends, stay in the ship, don't think of entering the Marion."

"Well commodore," replied I, "If you think there is a reasonable prospect of my being discharged with the rest of the crew, I will be guided by your advice."

"Think!" exclaimed he, "I know it! I feel not the least hesitation in staking my pledge upon the result."

With such assurances what could I do, otherwise than remain in the ship? I at once abandoned all idea of joining the Marion, and, together with the rest of the men, began to make preparations for our return to the United States.

## Chapter Tenth.

In which the Jour. Shoemaker finds himself overreached by a Commodore, and seeks his revenge in a diplomatic dispatch to Uncle Sam.

It is perhaps needless to consume the time of the reader in detailing the uninteresting incidents of a long sea voyage. It will suffice to say, that we weighed anchor at Rio Janeiro, sometime in February, 1840, and arrived at New York on the first day of April following, without sustaining any serious accident, other, than the loss of a fore and main topsail yard, two top gallant masts, and some thousand yards of canvass. On entering the East River, the crew became unmanageable, and began to leave for the shore. The ship was surrounded on all sides by shore boats, which were filled as rapidly as the port-holes could disgorge the impatient throng from within. On arriving opposite to the Brooklyn navy yard, it was with extreme difficulty that a sufficient number of men could be collected together, to moor the ship. This was, however, accomplished by the severe toil of a few; and even then, only temporarily, as on the follow-



ing day she was again unmoored, and warped to the wharf at the navy yard. Here we lay until the tenth, when the purser and commodore, commenced paying off and discharging the men. The business continued in operation until the afternoon of the thirteenth, by which time all were dismissed, except those who had shipped on the coast of Brazil. The purser then suddenly closed his books, while the steward removed the tables, and a sentry was placed at the cabin door, to prevent the further ingress of applicants for discharges. Not a word was spoken by the men, but every one seemed to understand the movements intuitively. It was now indeed, evident, that those who had yet a long time to serve, were not to be discharged. The bare idea, while it failed not of convincing the most incredulous, at the same time carried dismay to the heart of every man. Some frowned, until their disappointment gathered in a purple hue about their noses, while others bit their lips; and those, more tender of heart, who had not beheld their homes nor friends, for many years, sat down and wept outright. For my own part, I took my seat on a shot box, with remarkable calmness, and, with my elbows resting on my knees, gave vent to my vexation in semi-monotonous strains, detached from the tune of "Hail Columbia." Presently the commodore appeared. He smiled pleasantly, and was very polite. He began talking to us in the form of a speech. He told us he knew not yet the

wishes of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy in respect to us. He had informed him of the promises which had been made to us in Brazil, and he doubted not, but that in a few days, an order would arrive for us to be discharged. In the meantime, it became necessary for us to repair to some other ship, until the result would be known, and he would recommend the North Carolina; Captain Gallagher, he said, was an excellent officer, and a gentleman; Captain Gallagher would treat us with every mark of kindness and liberality. Captain Gallagher, as well as Commodore Renshaw, was, in fact, adding his influence with the Hon. Secretary to have us discharged.

At this juncture of the commodore's speech, Captain Gallagher appeared at the cabin door, in company with Mr. John Pope, our first lieutenant. Captain Gallagher smiled, but it was a peculiar smile, and such a one as no other man but Captain Gallagher could make. Captain Gallagher had for forty years been an officer in the service, and his countenance had worn that same smile during that whole period of time—no matter whether attending a court-martial, poring over a punishment list, or in witnessing an execution, it was always the same; it had no benevolence in it, no sympathy, no candor; it was cold and meaningless—a mixture of irony and sarcasm; an expression that seemed to derive a peculiar zest from witnessing the dejection and misery of those under his command. But,

as I said before, Captain Gallagher smiled, and told the commodore that it afforded him extreme pleasure to become the commander of such a brave, noble, and manly looking set of men as we were; that he should consider himself very happy in having us on board his vessel, and would treat us just exactly as if we were his own brothers. At this Mr. Pope smiled too—indeed, why should he not? He doubtless understood it, and knew it was funny, and so his smile was a genuine one. He also became very bland and polite, and corroborated all that his superiors had stated in reference to our discharge, and added, for our particular edification, that he himself had seen the letter written to the Navy department by both Commodore Nicholson and Captain Gallagher, and that he hesitated not in expressing it as his sincere conviction, that in in less than ten days we would all be discharged.

What in general may have been the opinion of the men in regard to the statements of these officers, I was never able to inform myself, but answering for my individual self, I am constrained to say, that I believed them true, and determined to await the result. I could, however, have wished a more desirable commander than Captain Gallagher, and felt a little dread of the North Carolina; but as I felt myself likely of enduring only a short bondage on board of her, I looked forward to my *debut* there, with a tolerable share of composure. Such was, however, not the case with all the men. We

were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed on board the North Carolina at eight o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth; but when the hour arrived, but bare twenty-seven, out of a company of sixty-five, were found to answer to their names on the muster-roll, the remainder having deserted during the night.

It would, perhaps, be a subject worthy the attention of the general government, as well as of those worthy officers who were the authors of this wholesale "*French leave*," to note precisely the number of these thirty-eight deserters, that are likely to enter the navy a second time. The government often complain of the difficulties encountered in shipping seamen; and not unfrequently are they compelled to send their ships to sea short of hands. These inconveniences, which amount to evils of no slight magnitude in maintaining the efficiency of a navy, are, perhaps, more the result of their own carelessness and indifference, than of real scarcity of seamen. American sailors, as well as citizens, are peculiarly jealous of their personal rights; and if the government refuse or neglect to redress the wrongs and injuries, wilfully, and often maliciously, inflicted upon them by their captains and commandants, they have little cause to murmur at any apathy or reluctance shown on the part of humble sailors towards entering the service.

With those men who had returned home from Brazil in the sloop Fairfield, Captain Gallagher

had better luck. Every man in that ship, who had over six months to serve, was transferred on board the North Carolina.

After I had been about five days on board the North Carolina, though an ordinary seaman, I was made a quarter-master. I looked upon this as quite a rise in the service, and felt no slight tincture of pride as I strutted about the poop-deck with a spy-glass under my arm. To whom I was indebted for this distinction, I was at a loss to guess to a certainty, but supposed it a mark of Captain Gallagher's brotherly affection. As this notion impressed itself upon me, I formed the resolution of testing his favor a little further. The great city of "Gotham" lay before me; and feeling an inclination to behold some of the wonders it contained, I determined to ask the captain for two days' leave of absence in order to visit it. An opportunity presented itself on the following morning. The captain came on deck, and as he was, apparently, in a very good humor, I sallied down the poop-ladder, and touching the rim of my hat, with the most profound respect, stood in an attitude soliciting his attention.

"What do you want?" asked he, very gruffly.

"Two days leave of absence, sir," answered I.

"What for?"

"I wish to visit New York, sir."

"Have you any friends living there?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been in the ship?"

"Eleven days, sir," answered I.

"Only eleven days, and asking leave of absence! Why you infernal galley-ranger——"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Gallagher," said I, interrupting him. "I am one of those men who came from the Independence, and have been in the service fifteen months."

"Ha! that alters the case, indeed, but only to make it worse. Want to run two days among strangers—get drunk, and then cut the service altogether, like your thirty-eight shipmates, a'nt it so, you canvass-covered lubber?"

"No, sir. You do me injustice in thinking so harshly of me."

"Injustice, eh! D—n me! but I know you better than you can begin to know yourself. Away to your duty, and let me hear no more about leave of absence, or I'll have you to the gangway, and let the *cats* do you *justice*!"

Without replying a single word, I remounted the poop-ladder; and, though deeply mortified, and perplexed at my ill-success, endeavored to assume a look of the utmost unconcern. The captain resumed his walk on the quarter-deck, and smiled so pleasantly, that I thought my discomfiture afforded him the greatest possible delight.

About the time these events were transpiring in the vicinity of New York, a great discussion existed between the borderers of New Brunswick and of the State of Maine, in consequence of the unset-

tled state of the boundary line. The hostile feeling had communicated itself to the fishermen of both countries; and the port of Halifax, as well as the bay of Fundy, became the theatre of depredations that demanded redress. In order to prevent similar disturbances in future, our government deemed it advisable to place an armed vessel on the coast of Nova Scotia, and in the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and the sloop Preble, under the command of Captain Breese, was ordered to proceed thither. By order of the Navy Department, a crew was scraped together out of the Columbus at Boston, and the North Carolina at New York, and I became one of the chosen vassals for the expedition. Notwithstanding the admiration and brotherly love which Captain Gallagher expressed himself as feeling towards those noble fellows whom he had drawn from the Independence, he managed so to contrive it as to have them all drafted to the Preble. Early in May, and before we had been a month under his command, some sixty of us were shipped on board a small schooner, and sent down to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the Preble then lay. With our departure from the North Carolina, all hope of obtaining our discharge disappeared.

On reaching Portsmouth, we found those seamen who had proceeded from Boston already on board the Preble, and busily occupied in putting things to rights. The ship, though newly from the stocks,

had been very indifferently rigged, and two weeks were consequently spent in refitting her shrouds, stays, and other standing rigging, before she was considered ready for the sea. We then sailed to the harbor of Portland, where we remained sometime, awaiting orders from Washington. Near the middle of June, we moved in the direction of the British provinces, and after visiting St. John's, Halifax, and other places of minor importance, we ran down the coast to the straits of Belle Isle, and took a cruise among the ice-bergs. The immense masses of floating ice, which we almost hourly encountered, rendered night navigation an experiment so dangerous that our anchors were seldom at the bows for twenty-four hours in succession, the captain always making some secure landing place by nightfall. The fishermen, at almost every port, or rather bay, into which we steered, beheld us with alarm. Many of them thought that war had been declared between the United States and Great Britain, and at one place the citizens actually bundled together their effects and took to the hills, under the impression that we had been sent upon the coast to destroy the English fisheries. They were, however, soon apprised to the contrary, upon which they became very friendly, and brought their wives and families to see an American man-o'-war, which was regarded as a great novelty by all the inhabitants along the coast.

In the latter part of August, a circumstance

occurred which induced the captain to abandon this region of fogs, gales, and ice, and wend his way to a more southerly latitude. In attempting to pass out of a narrow estuary of the sea, in which we had anchored during a gale of wind, the ship grounded two or three times heavily on the bottom and finally came to a total stand. It was soon ascertained that we were fast on a reef of rocks, and as the tide was nearly at an ebb, there remained little prospect of getting off before the following day. All hands were at once put to work in hoisting out the boats. The launch was stowed full of the ship's provisions; the top and top-gallant masts were struck from aloft; booms and spars were thrown overboard into the bay, and being rafted together, were left to lie at anchor; the water was started from the tanks, and men were set to work in pumping it from the hold. In short, every method that could be thought of, to lighten the ship, was speedily resorted to. After four hours' labor, the vessel appeared to ride more freely, when two kedges and one of the sheet anchors were placed at proper distances from the ship, and a steady strain taken upon their cables at the capstan. In less than an hour after the heaving commenced, we were again afloat, and though night had already set in, yet before the dawn of the following morning, every thing was replaced except our water. On reaching the sea it was, however, soon discovered that the vessel's bottom

had been injured, as from one of the swiftest sailers in the navy, she had become as slow and cumbersome as a Dutch galiot.

As the foregoing accident had left us but a scanty supply of water on board, the captain shaped his course for Pictou, at which place we arrived after a voyage of a few days, and immediately commenced taking in our water. This duty was allotted to the first cutter, which was placed in charge of two midshipmen. The water was obtained about a mile from the ship, and had to be carried in buckets from the fountain to the boat, a distance of some ten rods. One of the midshipmen usually stationed himself at the boat, while the other attended the operations of the men at the fountain.

Now it so happened that three of these men from the Brazilian squadron, who had been so egregiously humbugged by Commodore Nicholson, took it into their heads to run away, and fixed upon a plan among the boat's crew to accomplish their enterprise. It was resolved that, on approaching the shore, the three malcontents should pull the bow oars, and before the boat touched the beach, they were to jump from their seats into the water, and run for the woods, while the rest of the men were to interlock their oars to prevent the boat from landing. Should either of the midshipmen attempt to follow, then were one half the remaining portion of the crew to spring from the boat, and

run rapidly in an opposite direction, and in case both followed, then were all the men to scamper in different directions, in order to confuse them in such a manner that they would be at fault what to do, or whom to follow.

On the morning after the scheme was concocted, the first cutter proceeded on shore, and it is perhaps needless to say that the project was immediately put in execution. The men took to their heels with a speed that set at defiance the legs of both the middies, who started in pursuit of them. As soon as the boat was landed, three of the other men, who desired to favor the escape of their companions, commenced a *ruse* down the beach. One of the midshipmen, on looking back and perceiving this movement, conceived that the whole boat's crew were about fleeing, and setting up a howl, and flourishing his sword, he returned hastily, shouting at the top of his voice for the remaining men to get into the boat; but without paying any regard to his orders, they proceeded quietly to filling the casks. Vexed and mortified at the idea of his command being dishonored by desertion, the worthy young gentleman seated himself on the gunwale of the boat and gave vent to his feelings in a copious flood of tears. In a quarter of an hour the men who had departed down the beach returned, and soon afterwards we were greeted with the re-appearance of the midshipman who had given chase to the deserters. On our return to the ship

the circumstance was reported to the captain, who offered a reward for the apprehension of the deserters, but up to the time of our departure from the port we heard nothing respecting them.

After a few weeks further cruising in the vicinity of Cape Breton, Halifax, and the Bay of Fundy, the captain conceiving his mission to have been accomplished, proceeded to Portland harbor, where we arrived early in October, and where we lay a few weeks awaiting further orders from government. During this period some notable occurrences took place on board the ship, respecting that portion of the crew which had formerly been under the command of Commodore Nicholson. The captain, at the commencement of the cruise, having been made acquainted with the treatment we had received from our former commander, promised to aid some of the men in procuring their discharges; upon which a few of the petty officers procured letters to be written to the Secretary of the Navy, and transmitted them to the cabin for him to approve and forward. Three months had now elapsed since these letters had been prepared, and yet, it was discovered, through the agency of the steward, that they had never been sent to Washington. Five more letters were immediately presented by the same applicants, but the captain rejected them peremptorily, with the declaration that he would not approve a letter for the discharge of any man in the ship. This

declaration produced quite an excitement among those from the Brazilian squadron, who composed by far, the larger and abler part of the ship's company. Murmurs broke forth on all sides, and were not even suppressed in the presence of the officers. Our vexation and discontent were still further augmented by the reception of a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, in reference to the case of one of our shipmates. A seaman of the crew, named Robert Long, had made an application for his discharge through the agency of his brother, a respectable citizen near Portsmouth. The Secretary of the Navy, however, declined discharging Robert, and as a reason for doing so, quoted Commodore Nicholson's dispatch from New York, wherein it was stated that all those men who had been transferred from the Brazilian squadron to the North Carolina, had shipped "*unqualifiedly*" for general service. This letter having been conveyed to the Preble by the correspondent, fell into the hands of Robert and the rest of us, who had now incontestable evidence that Commodore Nicholson had told us a wilful and black-hearted *lie*. He had advised me not to join the Marion at Rio, if I wished my discharge. He also asserted to us collectively, in his quarter-deck speech, at Brooklyn navy yard, that he was using his utmost exertions to procure our discharge; that he, in conjunction with Commodore Renshaw, had written to Washington for that purpose; and that Captain

Gallagher was also adding his influence in our behalf; all of which assertions were corroborated and sustained by Mr. John Pope, who added his assurance of the verity of these statements, and even told us that he had witnessed the letters alluded to. Now let the reader see how the declarations of these officers were sustained by facts. Five days after they were made, a gang of men, who were sent on board the sloop Fairfield for the purpose of clearing up her decks and rigging her, picked up from among the loose papers scattered over her cabin floor, the following significant note:

"Com. Renshaw's compliments to

"Captain Boerman:

Sir:—You will please send me a list of all the men's names who have over six months to serve, that they may be retained to general service.

"Respectfully,

"RENSHAW.

"*Brooklyn Navy Yard, April 4th, 1840.*"

There it is—the note explains itself. Such an one had, doubtless, been sent to Commodore Nicholson, who was Renshaw's inferior in rank, and who must thus have known that we were to be retained before he made his speech, but who, nevertheless, told us that he was doing all he could to have us discharged, while at the same time he was writing all he could to the department

to prevent it; and, moreover, he persuaded us that Commodore Renshaw was adding his efforts in our favor at the very moment when he was sending abroad his orders commanding our detention. Could it be possible for men, susceptible of passions and feelings, to remain content under the consciousness of such treatment? I think not. Its grossness would have kindled up the resentment of men accustomed to the most abject servility. As already stated, the men began to murmur, and the gloomy scowl that gathered on the countenances of many, together with the reluctant and sullen manner in which they obeyed the orders of the officers, made it evident that things were assuming a somewhat serious shape. At this stage of our troubles a plan suggested itself to me by which I thought the spirit of mutiny which was apparently laboring with the crew, might for a while be smothered. This was nothing else than to write a joint letter to the Secretary of the Navy and send it to the department without the knowledge of the captain. In pursuance of this project a meeting was called on the berth deck, at which all hands expressed their approbation of the plan, and unanimously appointed me as the person to carry it into effect. I immediately proceeded to the task, and two hours afterwards, re-assembling the men under the top gallant forecastle, read to them the following letter:

U. S. Ship Preble,

Portland Harbor, October 21st, 1840.

To the Hon. J. K. Paulding, Sec. U. S. Navy:

Sir:—We, who were in April last, transferred from the United States ships Independence and Fairfield, to the United State's ship Preble, are well aware that the regulations of the service demand that all persons wishing their discharge from the service shall address themselves to the department, by letter, through the approval of the commanders on board whose vessels the applicants may chance to be shipped; but as we consider our case a peculiar one, and as we are well convinced that the circumstances attending our enlistment have never been fully laid before the department, we have in the present instances, deviated from a strict adherence to the established rule, for the purpose of explaining our real condition, and of exculpating ourselves from a charge of falsehood which has recently been alleged against us.

Commodore J. B. Nicholson, if we understand it rightly, has inadvertently stated that "all those men who entered his squadron under promise of a discharge, were so disposed of." We say he has *inadvertently* stated this, because we would not *willingly* believe a man of his respectability and standing in society, capable of asserting a wilful falsehood, for falsehood there must be somewhere, either in the report of Commodore J. B. Nicholson,



or in the numberless letters with which the Department has been troubled during the last six months. How the commodore's statement can be reconciled with the principles of truth and honor, may seem somewhat difficult, if we examine a little into the real nature of our enlistment.

Being all strangers in a foreign land, we desired to return to our own country, and became applicants to the respective commanders in the squadron for permission to join their vessels until their return to the United States. They told us it was out of their power to enter any man for a shorter period than three years. But finding that we would rather undergo the dangers that beset us in a foreign land, than voluntarily subscribe our names to a three years' enlistment, they saw fit to compromise the matter by asserting that it was *customary* to discharge all seamen shipping in naval vessels on foreign stations, and that if we would subscribe our names to the articles, they would insure us on their word and honor, as officers and gentlemen, that every man of us should receive his discharge on the return of the vessel to the United States. These, sir, are the real circumstances attending our entrance into that squadron. Most of us had never been in the service before, and were consequently unacquainted with its regulations; we trusted with confidence in the promises of Commodore Nicholson and his commanders, and subscribed our names to the articles, returned to

America, and were deceived. Now, sir, is this treatment just, or is it honorable? We were led by the promises of these men, to believe that the power of discharging us rested with them. If it did not, they must have known it, and should not have made them; if it did, it was a serious wrong to violate their word for the mere purpose of deceiving us.

On our arrival at New York, last April, and after the majority of the ship's company was discharged, Commodore Nicholson declared to us that he was perfectly aware of the promises he had made us, but that it was the desire of your honorable self to have us detained. He also stated that he, in conjunction with Commodore Renshaw, had written to the Department, earnestly pressing our discharges, and that he would know what course to pursue in respect to us, as soon as he received an answer from Washington. We have since discovered that this was but another deceptive measure which he made use of under conviction of his promises, to keep us from murmuring until such time as another vessel should be prepared for our reception.

Since the foregoing events, we have been on the coast of Labrador; we have underwent the two extremes of heat and cold; we have been transferred from the warm climates of the sunny south to the icy regions of the north, and we now wish our discharges, that we may return to our respec-

tive homes, for some of us have been absent many years. Yet how are we to procure them? - If we address ourselves to the Department, our letters pass unnoticed, because they do not come properly attested; if we apply to our former commanders, our complaints are rejected as falsehoods; and if we send a letter to our captain, for his approval, it is treated as false, or suffered to lie in the cabin neglected, and never reaches its place of destination. This, sir, is our real condition, and this it is which has led us to the adoption of the present method of laying it before the Department; we know that the grand power of discharging us is invested there, and it now rests entirely with the Hon. Secretary, whether the earnest prayers and solicitations of our friends, relatives, sisters, brothers, and parents, shall be gratified or not.

Your humble servants, very respectfully,

"ONE AND ALL."

The foregoing letter was approved by every man in the ship who had belonged to the Brazilian squadron. There was not a single statement in it but could have been sustained by the testimony of every man present at the reading. It was immediately dispatched to the post-office, while the men, who had now some faint prospect of learning to a certainty their ultimate fate, calmly submitted themselves to the result.

## Chapter Eleventh.

A very short Chapter, in which the Jour's diplomacy begins to thicken.

ON a pleasant Sunday morning, ten days after the dispatch of our letter, a packet of papers was brought on board the ship from the Portland post-office. As it was about the time for an answer to our communication, all hands were on tip-toe of expectation for some extraordinary intelligence. Before the boatswain had piped to breakfast, the captain sent the steward to request my presence in the cabin. A dozen men immediately pressed around me, all of whom felt that the crisis had now arrived, and began to express regret at having, as they supposed, brought me into a difficulty which might draw upon me the vengeance of the captain. But vengeance or no vengeance, it was now too late for repentance. Without wasting time in useless regrets, I assumed a bold face, and marched directly into the cabin. The captain and first lieutenant were seated at a table, which was covered with letters and papers. Both shoved back their chairs at my appearance, and the captain, addressing himself to me, asked me if I were not a little erratic in my disposition.

"Not more so than most people, I believe," replied I, with a reverential bow.

"Are you the writer of that letter?" said he, handing me the identical letter which I had sent to Washington.

"I am," answered I, after glancing at the signature.

"Are you ready to endorse every charge contained in that letter?" continued he in a severe tone.

"Perhaps not *every* charge, Captain Breese," said I, not wishing to assume too great a responsibility. "Individually, I might be unable to sustain all; but, sir, you should recollect that this letter is the joint production of some seventy men, all of whom, if examined, will doubtless sustain every assertion contained in it."

"You are the author of it—the wording and assertions are yours, and if they are abusive, I hold you responsible for the consequences. I know that whatever you would write they would approve. Their illiterate minds would lead them to applaud your letter, although they could not comprehend it. Here are assertions that are absolutely false, and I ask you on what foundations you dared construct them?"

"Which are the objectionable passages?" inquired I.

"You have asserted, when speaking of this ship, that your captain treated your complaints as falsehoods, and 'suffered your letters to lie in the cabin

neglected, by which means they were never permitted to reach their place of destination.' Is it not so?" added he severely, pointing his finger to the disagreeable passage.

"It is so written," answered I, with some trepidation.

"So written!" exclaimed he, contemptuously; "but is it truly written? It is an easy task for men to write falsehoods when alone and in secret, but not so easy to maintain them openly. How dared you assert so bold a falsehood, and that too to the Secretary of the Navy?"

"Sir," replied I, a little nettled at the captain's cavalier-like manner of calling me a liar; "were it not that the delicacy of my situation here precludes me from adverting to the acts of either yourself or any other officer, I could say something in defence of these charges."

"If you have anything to offer in justification of your conduct, speak it boldly out," said the first lieutenant.

"Yes, speak out freely," added the captain. "We desire no undue advantage from difference of situation."

Encouraged by these words, I ventured to ask the captain whether he had not repeatedly told the men, that he could scarcely believe Commodore Nicholson guilty of having practised the deception which they alleged he had; and whether he had not permitted those letters to lie upwards of three

months in the cabin, while the men who had written them, supposed them at Washington, and were living the whole time in hourly expectation of being discharged; and also, whether he had *not* rejected letters from the master-at-arms, and the captain of the maintop. "If these things are not so," added I, "the men are in the ship, and can answer for themselves."

The captain, pausing for a while, seemed at a loss what to answer, while the first lieutenant, perceiving his confusion, sought to extricate him from his dilemma.

"But did Captain Breese ever reject a letter of yours?" said he.

"He never did, for I never brought him one. I knew if I did, he would reject it."

"How did you know I would reject it?" asked the captain.

"From your own words," replied I.

"What words?" inquired the first lieutenant.

"Why he stated to three of the petty officers, that it was useless for them to present letters for their discharge, as he was resolved not to approve a letter for the discharge of *any* man in the ship; and surely this declaration included me with the rest of the crew. It was this declaration, sir, which made us resort to the joint letter."

"Why did you not bring your joint letter to me for approval?" said the captain, dropping a little of his severity.

"Because, you had already declared you would not approve any."

"That declaration had reference to letters of individuals, but not to a joint letter, like this. I should readily have placed my signature, excepting those objectionable sentences already noticed."

"That, sir, we could not know," answered I.

"Well," said the captain, "the whole thing amounts to this." The secretary of the Navy has read your letter, and returned it to me for information. I shall assemble all of you at muster, and ascertain how many of the crew have heard this letter read, and what degree of confidence is to be attached to your statement. If I find that you have been skulking the matter, or that any one individual has been left in ignorance of the proceedings, I shall inform the Hon. Secretary of it, and make your back pay the penalty."

"I am content as to the result, Captain Breese," replied I, moving towards the door. "What has been preferred against Commodore Nicholson, I am well assured will be maintained to the letter by every man in the ship who came from his squadron; and as to what has been written in reference to yourself, your own convictions will tell you how far the language is consistent with the truth, and you can write to the secretary accordingly," and bowing respectfully, I hastened to the berth deck, where breakfast was awaiting me, and where I was instantly surrounded by an hundred shipmates,

eager to learn the result of my interview with the captain.

Breakfast over, and the ship put in order for the day, all hands began to prepare for muster. The captain, in the meantime, had some conversation with an old quarter master named Samuel Haman, who, though one of our party, denied having any knowledge of our communication. This was immediately communicated to me, and though I knew the man to be guilty of falsehood, I was uncertain what effect it might have on the captain. At nine o'clock all who had formerly belonged to the Brazilian squadron, were called to muster on the larboard side of the quarter deck. We were not long in presenting ourselves aft, as all were eager to know what action was going to be taken with us. The officers assembled round the capstan, while the captain appeared from the cabin with the letter open in his hand. Haman, whom we now all regarded as a traitor, took his stand at the head of the company nearest the officers. When the purser's clerk had finished calling the roll, I was ordered from the ranks to the opposite side of the quarter-deck. The captain, then holding the letter out in his hand that all might see it, addressed himself to the company.

"The Secretary of the Navy," said he, "has received a letter written by your shipmate there on the opposite side of the deck; was it with your

full knowledge, and at your request, that that letter was written and sent?"

"It was," responded every man in the company, except Haman.

"Did you all hear the letter read?" proceeded the captain.

"We did," was again the general response.

"Does this resemble the letter which was read to you?"

"It does."

"And do you all sustain the charges made in it against the conduct of Commodore Nicholson?"

"We do."

"Haman," said the captain, turning towards the quarter-master, whose looks betrayed a mixture of timidity and shame, "how comes it that your comrades, who appear so strenuous in this matter, should have neglected to make you a confidant?"

Haman was silent and confused, but the captain's question was answered by another of the petty officers, who, stepping from the crowd, said that Haman was aware of the whole proceedings; that when the letter was first suggested he had talked about it with Haman, who approved the plan, and who stood close at his elbow when the letter was read under the top-gallant fore-castle. Haman made no attempt to contradict the statement, and the withering looks of contempt which the officers cast upon him, overwhelmed him with such confusion that he sought to hide his shame by

dodging behind the persons of his shipmates. The captain appeared satisfied with the answers of the men, and after a few brief words, in an undertone, to the first lieutenant, ordered them to be dismissed.

Having received orders, in our dispatches from Washington, to repair to winter quarters at Charlestown navy yard, the captain gave orders for getting under weigh from Portland the day following the preceding occurrence. After a rapid run of some sixteen hours, with a north-easterly wind, we cast anchor in Boston bay on the evening of the fourth of November. As the ship was supposed to have sustained some considerable damage about her bottom, while on the rocks near Belle Isle, preparations were made for placing her in dry dock at the earliest practicable opportunity. Ten days were, however, consumed before this could be accomplished. On examination of her bottom, it was found that about twelve feet of her false keel had been torn away, as well as slight portions of her copper; and some two weeks were consumed in repairing her injuries before she was again ready for sea.

The reader must not suppose, however, that the feelings of the crew during this period of time, were of the most amiable character. After a lapse of ten days from our departure from Portland, a final answer in respect to our joint letter was anticipated, but much to our mortification and disap-

pointment no such answer arrived. The crew, infatuated with the belief that the captain had received a letter from government, but declined making its contents known to them, became uneasy and clamorous, and even talked of refusing duty. The captain, meanwhile, used all reasonable means to enforce obedience, and to a slight extent succeeded; but still it was plain to him, as well as to most others, that subordination had in a great measure departed from the ship. Under these circumstances, and perhaps not wishing to use coercive measures, he deemed it advisable to transfer the crew to the Columbus, seventy-four, then lying in the same harbor. The idea of going on board another ship, was particularly obnoxious to the men, as such an event appeared again to cut short the prospect of obtaining their discharge. Some openly objected to going, but the captain was decisive, and ordered them to prepare for immediate departure. This was bringing things to a sudden crisis. The men, hesitating no longer from expressing their disapprobation, broke forth into murmurs in all parts of the ship, and not a few even made open threats of violence in the presence of officers. Seeing a crowd gathered on the fore-castle, I walked forward to see what it portended, when three of the petty officers grasped me by the hand and shoulders, and presenting a cutlass, told me to lead the way, sword in hand, over the gang-

way, and they would all follow to a man. For a moment I was completely astounded.

"Can it be possible that you are in earnest?" exclaimed I, looking round on the party, whose calm determination and resolute looks indicated too plainly that they were brooding on some desperate project.

"Men, men," added I, "what in the name of God would you do?"

"We want our liberty," said they; "and we are determined to have it. We have tried all peaceable ways without success, and now we will try another plan."

"Yes," answered I; "and how will it end? In chains and shackles, and finally at the yard-arm for mutiny. See, here lies the Columbus, yonder is the Constellation, and there is the navy yard, containing the quarters of some fifty marines, all well armed and equipped. Try your plan, and how soon can five hundred men be dispatched to suppress and disarm you? What then will you have gained? or who will then intercede with the government in your behalf? Not Captain Breese nor Commodore Downes. No, not even myself. So long as you are for pacific measures, I am hand and hand with you, but to the devil with your cutlasses and boarding pikes. If you are bound to run your necks into a halter, with such instruments, you must go it lone-handed, for I am determined not to accompany you."

In short, by briefly detailing to them the consequences of mutiny, and pointing out the utter foolhardiness of their rash designs, I soon succeeded in restoring their minds to a sense of reason. I then told them that I, for one, had made up my mind to go on board the Columbus; that the prospect of being discharged looked as favorable there as on board the Preble; that an order for our discharge must necessarily be transmitted to Commodore Downes, as he was the oldest commandant about the place; and hence it mattered not to me what vessel I was placed in, so that I remained within his command.

This kind of argument had a favorable effect on those with whom I conversed, who at once became reconciled to the transfer. Others, as the suggestions were communicated to them, began to change their views so hastily, that in a few hours the whole company appeared as eager to go on board the Columbus, as they had previously been reluctant to do so.

## Chapter Twelfth.

In which the adventurer becomes a heathen, and after being visited in vain by a Boston missionary, is introduced to the cat-o'-nine-tails.

THE reader will by this time perceive, that though I had shipped in the Independence with the sole object of proceeding home, I had now undergone my third transfer since my entrance into that ship; and what likelihood there yet remained of obtaining my discharge, will be left for the sequel alone to disclose. Yet I cannot say that I was really unhappy in the service. I possessed the friendship and esteem of nearly all my shipmates, and if my conduct had not been exactly such as to square with the wishes of the officers, it had, at least, been marked with a sufficient manliness to command their respect; nor need I add, that I felt a secret pride in having been able, in my humble situation, to inflict a just wound on the pride and dignity of a few, who thought their elevation so great as to enable them to press down the poor worm with impunity. I well knew, that though Commodore Nicholson, Captain Breese, and Lieutenant Pope, might hate the letter which I had written, yet it was, in the main, the whole truth and nothing but the

truth, and placed them in a position from which it was a little difficult to make a very honorable retreat. This, to me, was a triumph which fully compensated for the disappointments and mortifications they had caused me to suffer. I knew not, nor cared not, what might be the final result; I felt conscious of having them in a fix, and that fact alone, furnished an ample supply of food to sustain my mind under all my present difficulties.

The Columbus was a school and receiving ship, under the command of Captain Smith, which bore at its mast head the broad pennant of Commodore Downes. About four hundred men, and some two hundred apprentice boys composed her crew. The Preble's men numbered near an hundred and fifty, which was something of an addition to the company on board; but they were kept in separate messes, and were retained under the command of their respective officers. They were also mustered apart from the crew of the Columbus, and required to repair to daily labor on board the Preble. Besides this working party, there was also a gang selected daily from the crew of the Columbus, which was sent on shore to work in the Navy Yard; and by some unaccountable means, my name had been inserted by the clerk, on the list of this gang. The workmen belonging to the Columbus were usually called away near half an hour before those of the Preble; and one morning while I was changing my clothes, the boatswain of the Columbus, whose name



was Edgar, came running down on the orlop deck, shouting my name.

"Hillo!" cried I, "what's wanted?"

Without deigning to make any answer, Edgar rushed up to me, and commenced pounding at me with a rattan.

"Not so fast, Mr. Edgar; you may have got hold of the wrong man," said I, endeavoring to wrench the rattan from his grasp.

"You rascal!" cried he, foaming with rage. "You are always hanging back when there is any work to be done."

"All a mistake, sir," replied I, holding on to the rattan; "don't you know that I belong to the Preble?"

"You're a liar!"

"You're a — gentleman, *almost*!"

"Go on deck, d—n your eyes! and none of your insolence!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" exclaimed I, darting away on deck, followed close at my heels by the little boatswain, who reported me to the officers of the deck. As I was mounting the gangway, the worthy lieutenant called me back, and demanded of me how I dared to disobey the orders of a superior officer. I endeavored to explain by telling him that I belonged to the Preble's crew.

"He don't," interrupted the boatswain; "you see, sir, a good many men have got in the habit of

hailing from the Preble, since her crew is aboard here, and by that means skulk clear of duty."

"Is the man one of that kind?" inquired the officer of the deck.

"He is," answered the boatswain.

"A lazy rascal, no doubt—his countenance betrays it; but the cats will bring him to his duty. What have you to say for yourself?" added he of the epaulets, turning towards me.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. "I perceive Mr. Edgar is determined to have it all his own way."

"Insolent!" exclaimed the officer of the deck. "Insolence to a superior officer, and right in my presence too! Call the master-at-arms, Mr. Edgar. Ho! master-at-arms," shouted he, seeing that officer walking in the gangway. "Here, master-at-arms, take this man forward and put him in double irons."

The master-at-arms gallanted me forward to the forecastle, where my wrists and ankles were encased in such weighty jewels as few delight to wear; and placing me under the care of the sentry, left me to my own reflections in durance vile.

There are but few unpleasant sensations connected with the idea of irons on board a man-of-war. There is scarcely a day passes but dozens are laid by the heels in them for crimes of the most trivial nature, and many even wear them day after day, for no offence whatever. Hence,

my confinement was not stamped with any indelible stain of disgrace in the estimation of naval men; and as to a further punishment, I deemed it out of the question, for I knew that my presence must necessarily be missed from the *Preble*, and that the approach of evening would bring with it an order for my release. So procuring myself a book from one of my shipmates, I stretched myself on the deck to indulge in its contents, my shoulders resting against a shot box, and my legs thrown carelessly over the chain cable.

As the day advanced, the ship was honored with visitors from the shore, and I observed among a group of ladies, a quite pretty young woman busying herself in distributing tracts and other religious publications, among those of the sailors with whom she accidentally came in contact. As she advanced towards the forward part of the ship, gazing right and left at the wonders with which she was surrounded, her eyes finally rested on me, and halting suddenly with a start, she paused as if doubting whether there might not be danger in a nearer approach. I pretended to keep my eyes fixed on the book, but was in reality watching her movements. Presently she turned to the officer who accompanied the party, and in an undertone asked for what heinous crime I was fastened to the chain cable.

"I presume his offence is not a very serious one," said the officer, smiling very graciously.

"Discipline often imposes such punishment for very trifling crimes."

"But I thought your discipline required whipping instead of chains?" answered the lady, eyeing me with a side glance.

"Irons are less barbarous than whipping," observed the officer; "and for that reason are often employed as a substitute."

"A more humane punishment, truly," sighed the lady, as if relieved from further fears of my ferociousness. "It is very considerate and Christian-like to be merciful, but don't you think that by religious training and moral efforts, sailors might be brought to be governed without any of those cruel modes of punishment?"

"Perhaps so," observed he of the epaulets, smiling; "but it will require a good schoolmaster to bring about so desirable an end."

The officer turned away to answer the question of another of the ladies, when the little missionary begged to know if it would be violating the rules of the ship for her to speak to the prisoner. The officer gave a negative sign, upon which the lady, after pressing a tract upon the sentry, who was walking to and fro a few paces in front of me, approached to where I was lying.

Now if there is any thing in this world irritating to a sensitive mind, smarting under a consciousness of injustice and degradation, it is that of being talked to by persons wholly unacquainted

with his condition, thoughts, and feelings, and consequently incapable of affording him either sympathy or relief in his sufferings. This lady, as a matter of course, could comprehend nothing of the object of my imprisonment, nor knew she aught of the causes which had led to it; and under this conviction I was conscious that she would only prove a Job's comforter at best. My fancy was, moreover, at that very time, haunted by the rum-colored visage of the little boatswain, whom in imagination, I was knocking into a perfect jelly, and battering down his fiery nose to a level with his upper lip. These passionate reflections had rendered me about as fit an object for the operations of a lady missionary as the most obdurate heathen. She, however, advanced near to me. Without looking off my book, I awaited her commands.

"Sir," began she.

"We don't *sir* any body in this ship but officers," interrupted I, without looking up.

"You must excuse me then, as I am unacquainted with your rules," said she, with some trepidation. "You appear to find a pleasure in reading books, and indeed I am sure that good books must afford you many edifying reflections in your unpleasant situation. May I know what book you are reading?"

"It's a novel," observed I.

"A novel!" echoed the fair missionary, with a

look of disappointment. "And do you suppose there is much instruction to be obtained from the reading of novels?" added she, tapping a volume of religious tracts across her fingers.

"I obtain amusement from them, and that is all I care about," replied I.

"Indeed. But you are conscious of having a soul; do you care nothing for the welfare of your immortal soul?"

"No, for I fear it has been damned long ago," said I, drawing my feet off the cable, with a clank of the irons that made the young lady recoil.

"You astonish me!" exclaimed she, trying to look as amazed as possible. "Surely you do not mean ——"

"I *do* mean just what I say, madam, and nothing else. I am cursed daily, up and down, aloft and aloft, from larboard to starboard and back again. I've been cursed half a dozen times since eight bells this morning; and three hours ago was cursed by that gentleman walking yonder with the ladies, and at his orders placed in these irons. Could damning have sent me to the devil, it would have been all up with me long ago, and I really question whether my situation there would be much more intolerable than it is in this ship."

"Oh! how sorry I am to hear you talk so," ejaculated my lady visitor, pressing the religious volume between both her hands. "Forget and forgive the wicked ways of the world, and turn

your thoughts towards heaven and your Saviour—there you will find happiness and peace. The abuse and wicked language of the ungodly will then lose their effect upon you, and you will gradually become a better and a happier man. Permit me to give you this tract—it is the story of the conversion of an humble sailor like yourself. It may perhaps arouse you to a sense of your dying condition, and point you the way to salvation.”

“I do not desire it,” said I, resuming my novel.

“Let me insist on your taking it,” continued the lady, with a perseverance that provoked me.

“I will not have it,” reiterated I, striking my shackled feet vehemently on the deck. “Give it to the officers, they need it a great sight worse than I do.”

“Oh! mercy, mercy! did I ever hear such profanity!” cried the little missionary, holding up both hands in astonishment.

“If you call that profanity, what term would you apply to the language of most of our lieutenants when getting a ship under weigh, or tacking and veering in a head wind. Their oaths are rendered doubly horrible by being ejected through a speaking trumpet in such unearthly tones as terrify both God and man. If you were once to hear them, madam, your hair would rise on end, and you would dread that both yourself and the vessel would be sent to the bottom of the ocean as a just punishment for such presumption. Profanity! why like

everything else, it is a science, and they alone are proficient in it.”

“Indeed, you terrify me. I will talk with you no longer. I can scarce credit your account of the officers; I have seen many of them, and they have always appeared to me as being very polite and agreeable.”

“No doubt they *appear* so, madam, and if you were to encounter Satan himself, you would most likely meet him with a smile on his face and an epaulet on his shoulder.”

My lady visiter had scarcely rejoined her companions when a bustle on the forward part of the upper gun-deck, announced the master-at-arms with another prisoner, in whom I recognized Walter Summers, one of the men who had deserted from the first cutter of the *Preble*, at *Pictou*. Poor Walter had been apprehended at *Portsmouth*, by some one of the outrunners of the *Columbus*, and was brought to *Charleston* by the kidnapper with the hope of obtaining the reward. He was immediately placed in double irons, and like me, left under the surveillance of the sentry. There was some consolation in having company in my imprisonment, and a good deal more in the thought that mine was a far less aggravated case than his. As night approached, we were greeted with the appearance of two more offenders, one for theft, and the other for drunkenness; and our party now numbering four persons, Summers and I thought of

having a jolly night of it; but one being too sullen to talk, and the other too drunk to say anything, we were obliged to limit our fun to ourselves.

I had supposed, that at the assembling of the Preble's crew for evening muster, my absence would be discovered, and inquiries started, leading to my release; but by some unaccountable oversight, my absence escaped the notice of the officers at muster, and I was, in consequence, left in confinement. Nor did the following morning bring with it any relief. The hour of nine arrived, when the Preble's crew again departed to their labors at the dry-dock, without making the least inquiries concerning me, and I began to grow suspicious of having been transferred, in a clandestine manner, to the command of the officers of the Columbus.

At ten o'clock the captain, accompanied by the surgeon, appeared on the gun-deck, taking his inspectional round; and observing at a side glance us four prisoners, properly equipped and *jewelled* for an introduction to that figurative animal, the boatswain's cat, was far too gallant both in taste and inclination to suffer our disappointment in so gratifying an event. To render the ceremony as imposing as possible, he moved with a dignified step towards the mainmast, and encountering the boatswain in his way thither, spoke a few words with a significant nod to that little officer, who darted hastily away, first to larboard, and then to starboard, in search of his mates; and kicking up

his heels, as if having got a very pleasant idea into them, pitched into the main-hatch, where in his eagerness, he twice bumped his head against the sheet-cable, and finally managed to disappear below. An instant afterwards the master-at-arms stood at the elbow of captain Smith, in hatless obsequency, but to avoid the imputation of listening with disrespect to the orders of his commander, he, at each affirmative nod, kept pulling and twitching at a small tuft of hair which stuck out like a peg from his cranium, as if by continued perseverance he hoped to find a hat there. The words of the captain appeared to have a spirited effect on the hatless petty officer, for he began to dodge and fuss about as if some mission of vast importance had been committed to his charge.

Now all the prisoners understood the movements of the captain, boatswain, and master-at-arms, as well as if they had heard every word that passed between them, for they had often before witnessed the same proceedings, and invariably found them followed by the cry of "All hands witness punishment."

In a few minutes the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates, were heard resounding through the ship, followed by the hoarse dull cry of words that more than a thousand times before had reverberated along the decks, beams, and timbers of the old Columbus, carrying dismay and terror to the heart of many a poor culprit, whose only crime

had been spitting upon the deck, or by casual accident spilling a small bit of grease from his soup pan, while eating his scanty and scarcely palatable meal. But such was the penalty which discipline imposed, and we who were now in confinement, were about to taste the reward of our iniquity. The men and boys soon gathered in crowds up the hatchways, and by degrees a small group of officers collected together in the vicinity of the capstan. The marines were also called up, and took their stations on the quarter-deck, the warlike appearance of their heavy arms rendered more imposing by charged bayonets. In the meantime the master-at-arms hurried off to the store room, from whence he soon returned with a wrench and hammer, and hastily knocking off the irons from our hands and feet, led us aft to the main-mast.

Summers being a deserter, the heinousness of his crime required a more severe and decisive chastisement than trivial offences, and hence he, as a matter of course, became number one in the order of the day. The captain, after questioning him in respect to the necessary particulars of his case, gave him his choice to take either such discretionary punishment as he would inflict on him, or submit himself to the examination and sentence of a court martial. The young man chose the former alternative, rightly judging that no leniency was to be expected from the parade and award of a court

martial. He was then ordered to strip off his clothes, which he modestly and somewhat diffidently accomplished, after which he was given in custody of the quarter-masters, who with thongs in their hands, led him to the bulwarks, and tying him hand and foot, left him to the operation of the boatswain's mates, those sturdy executioners of republican laws.

The day was cold and piercing; and the air, while it hardened the skin, at the same time rendered it more brittle and easier cut. It caused one's flesh to creep, and the blood to tingle in his veins, even to think of the cats; and when they were elevated over the shoulder of poor Summers, I could scarcely repress a tear in commiseration of the torment he was about to suffer. Perhaps my own situation at that particular period may have rendered me more susceptible to compassionate feelings, or it may have been the patient and resigned demeanor of the young prisoner that affected me; but no matter what it was. Every man-of-war sailor knows that a tear cannot arrest the arm of boatswain's-mate, or a beating heart save a man's back from an extensive thrashing. The blow descended, and the skin flew, while the excoriated marks of the cords that stretched from shoulder to shoulder, were immediately suffused with gore. The poor fellow braved it nobly, and with the exceptions of a gathering paleness on his cheek, and an unconquerable shiver that ran like a

fearful ague through his whole frame, stood as passive and immovable as a pillar of granite. No cry, no word, no sound escaped his lips; and as blow succeeded blow in lacerating his quivering flesh, he appeared to gather new firmness, and knit himself more resolutely to the brutal punishment. By the time three dozen lashes were administered, the blood had oozed its way down, filling the waistbands of the young man's trowsers, and a few drops trickling into the gangway at the feet of the boatswain's-mate, the captain, in consideration of the deck rather than of the mangled back of the sufferer, ordered the punishment to be stopped.

Summers having been released, I was next called up. I made two attempts to justify my conduct, but was both times silenced by the captain. Seeing that I was in for an infamous punishment, which I knew I did not deserve, I proceeded rather reluctantly to undress myself. I must confess that the scene I had just beheld operated so strongly on my senses as to render me feeble and nervous. When naked, I looked appealingly around, with the hope of meeting the eye of some one who might be disposed to favor me with an intercession; but all were apparently influenced with a desire of witnessing a repetition of the cruel scene. Turning towards the gangway, with feelings which it would be impossible for me to describe, I presented my hand to the proper officers to be bound. The quarter-masters finished their task, and stepped

aside. I looked over my left shoulder, and saw the boatswain hand his mate the cats; they were those which on the previous evening had been soaked in salt water to whip the thief with. I turned my face away, and for a minute became unconscious of what was passing around me. I heard only a confused murmur, and a rushing sound, while a heavy blow descended on my back, suspending my breath, and penetrating every fibre of my body with a pain more excruciating than if molten metal had been poured upon me, seething and scorching my flesh to the very marrow. Could I at that instant have recovered my breath, I would perhaps have yelled out for mercy, but I was unable to do so. I braced myself for the second blow, but before it descended a voice from the quarter-deck called out "stop." It was Mr. Newman, first lieutenant of the Preble. Having heard of my unjust incarceration on board the Columbus, he had come to procure my release. A few words of explanation from Mr. Newman gave a new turn to the proceedings. Captain Smith ordered me to be released at once, and hastily drawing on my clothes I made my way out of the ship as quickly as possible.

During the third week of our residence on board the Columbus the sloop Preble was again committed to the waters of Massachusetts bay, and near the same time an order was received from government to equip her immediately for the Mediterranean sta-

tion. This arrangement made it necessary to man her with a new set of hands, as many members of the old company had but a few months longer to serve. A sufficient crew was soon collected together from the receiving ship, while those men who were dismissed from the Preble, found themselves consigned over in exchange, to the command of Captain Smith. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this arrangement brought myself, and all those interested in the joint letter to the Navy department, to a fixed and permanent residence on board the Columbus.

While this final transfer was being completed, I fell into a misunderstanding with the purser in respect to grog-money. The government, with the praiseworthy design of encouraging temperance in the navy, authorized the payment of six cents per day to every seaman who would forego the luxury of his half pint of liquor; while many men, with the equally laudable design of adding that much daily pay to their scanty wages, embraced the offer. By this happy concurrence of circumstances, the excellent design of each was properly accomplished, and the sailor trebly remunerated, inasmuch as he became the gainer, not only pecuniarily, but also morally and physically. It was, however, made rutable in the service that the money should be paid quarterly to every anti-grog drinker. Myself, having been a total abstinent during the whole period of my service in the Preble, received regu-

larly my quarterly stipend of five dollars and forty-four cents; and I now supposed that when the Preble's books would be footed up, and the balance stricken, there would be some show of my last quarter's grog-money, which was near falling due, and which I desired to draw on board of the Columbus.

Had the purser credited me with four dollars and twenty cents, and charged the government, he would have but carried out the principle of the regulation, and I should not have been wronged out of a single cent; but this he positively refused to do, and declared that there was no grog-money due me until the final expiration of the quarter. He, however, did not deem it an unworthy act to charge the government four dollars and twenty cents, although he placed nothing to my credit; but for what purpose he did it I know not. All I can conscientiously say, is that between the public purse, the purser's purse, the purser, and the perseverance of the purser's steward, I was fleeced out of the sum of four dollars and twenty cents; and what made the thing still more aggravating, was that they prohibited me from drawing my grog ration on board the Columbus until the termination of the quarter, so that by the whole process of this act of speculation, I was actually defrauded of a full quarter's grog-money. It is, however, a very *consoling* reflection to know that, by this species of worldly prudence, purser Wilson



prospered so amazingly that in the course of a few years he became possessed of wealth to the amount of an hundred thousand dollars; and that at his death he was enabled to secure the reputation of an honest man by granting munificent bequests to the support of institutions which, in the remotest degree, could never benefit one single individual of the hundreds of humble seamen from whose sweat and toil those sums of money were originally wrung.

NOTE.—The barbarous system of punishment by cat-o'-nine-tails has recently been abolished in the navy.

## Chapter Thirteenth.

In which the Jour. Shoemaker is promoted to the rank of Ship's Pedagogue.

I HAVE already hinted that the Columbus was a school-ship. That is, if a den where some two hundred boys are collected together, exposed to every kind of sinful vice—where swearing, gambling, cheating, lying, and stealing, are the continual order of the day; where drunkenness, obscenity, and self-pollution, stalk unrestrained; and where crimes abound of even so deep and black a dye that it fires the cheek with shame to name them, and which yet escape the just punishment their heinousness deserves; if, I say, such a place constitutes a school-ship, then was the Columbus, like the North Carolina, emphatically a school-ship.

O ye moralists! talk not of the temptations of a city, the corrupting tendency of brothels, the demoralizing influence of theatres and public exhibitions, for city life with all its evil accompaniments, is a career of godliness in comparison to that which is endured on board a man-of-war. Temptation supposes an occasional wandering of the youthful traveller from the pathway of virtue,

and if he find his soul languishing in sickness from the evil he has plucked, he may again be healed by drinking copiously from the healthful springs that beset his onward journey; but here, alas! the poor boy is suddenly dropped into a wilderness of sin, amid which he plucks and eats of every vice until he becomes sick and blind, and can never more hope to stumble on virtue except by accident. He finds too late that his moral health has been prematurely poisoned. He is drilled into vice from morning to night and from night to morning, as regularly and methodically as a soldier is drilled in the discipline of his corps. His heart becomes hardened, his moral sensibilities are blunted, and when he attains to what in common parlance is called maturity of years, the moral man is lost in the drunken and swaggering profligate. Example is every thing in the training up of the young, and what hope a parent could have in surrounding his or her child, with such examples, God only knows! As well might we expect to reap wheat from tares, or seek for diamonds in filthy sewers, as look for virtue amid corruption, drunkenness, and unbridled licentiousness.

But then it was the naval apprentice system, and the naval apprentice system was then in its full tide of popularity. Every body believed it was a grand scheme, and tried to persuade everybody else to believe so too. It was the general impression that the world was about beginning its regeneration, and

that contrary to the usual origin of reformatations, the first movement had started up at sea. It was wonderful to hear what talking there was—to see the running and visiting of ships—to witness the bowing, scraping, cutting, shuffling and smiling of citizens in their congratulations of lieutenants and captains, on the supposed approach of the happy millennium. An entirely new order of men were to be ushered into existence; the character of the navy was to be elevated to an unprecedented standard of respectability; the old order of discipline was all to be knocked into a cocked hat, while superannuated old salts were to be turned over to a life pension in the hospital of oblivion, and their places occupied by the hopeful progeny of the apprentice system. In short, it was hailed as a glorious epoch in the history of naval tactics, and loud hosannas were, in all quarters, sung in its praise; while the government, catching a part of the general enthusiasm, thought they were playing high pranks, and no doubt they were.

The result of all this talk and clatter was, that many a poor woman who groaned over the wash-tub in earning a scanty subsistence for her faithful offspring, sought to lighten her toil by binding her son into the navy. Here, she believed he would be provided for. The thought, too, that he would here be instructed in the rudiments of an education which her poverty denied her the means of imparting to him, made his incarceration seem like an act

of benevolence to her child. The idea that a certain number of midshipmen were to be annually selected from among the apprentice boys, was, also, an intoxicating thought to many vain mothers, each of whom, believing her own son to be the smartest child in the world, supposed him likely, at the close of the year, to be honored with the first star and anchor, and gold-laced cap. Little knew these weak mortals of the corrupting influence attending the kind of life to which they were consigning their children. They had doubtless formed their estimate of the navy from the general appearance of its officers, and come to the unwise, though not unusual conclusion, that what was elegant and gracious in external demeanor could harbor but few imperfections within. Their general deportment, as well as the positions they occupied, inspired confidence, and led weak-minded parents fondly to imagine that children entrusted to the guardianship of such men, could never want for kind and benevolent masters.

But what landsman has ever yet learned to estimate the extent of that barrier which discipline has interposed between naval officers and their subordinates? The two are as far asunder as heaven and earth. Heaven can only be attained by severing the link that binds us to life, and it is only by breaking the chain of discipline that a naval seaman can ever arrive at intercourse with an officer. The practiced coachman turns not aside his vehicle

to spare the little worm that trails across his path, nor pauses he to sympathize with the dying victim as the quivering limbs whirl round with the iron bands of the onward wheels; so neither cares the officer for the crushed and mangled hearts of men and boys, that lie, broken, bleeding and dying, beneath the onward wheels of discipline. True, the accidents of the wealthy, or the misfortunes of the great, may elicit from him a passing exclamation of pity, or he may even sympathize to tears over the calamities of some abused and ill-treated young lady of whom he reads in the public prints; for the romance of such things renders them interesting, and they are therefore not to be passed by lightly, or with indifference. But what cares he for the washerwoman's son, or the orphan child of poverty? What claims can the poor illegitimate boy have on his charity and protection—he whose mother has withered away into an untimely grave, and whose father, becoming an enemy to his own flesh and blood, after having stamped upon his child the incredible stain of bastardy, casts him forth to wallow and fester in premature corruption? He could not for a moment suffer his thoughts to dwell on such lowly objects, except by way of discipline, which always carries with it a strong presumption in favor of the cat-o'-nine-tails. No, no, it would be too humiliating a condescension to inquire into the thoughts, tastes, inclinations, wants, and sorrows of so plebeian a race of mortals; it would be

too mighty a breach of discipline to stand by the hammock of a sick boy, and when his yet innocent and untainted heart was breaking with the recollections of a once happy home, now rendered desolate by the death of her whom his lips were taught to call mother, wipe the tears from his pale cheek, and breathe into his little ear one soothing word of kindness and comfort. What happy impulses might not so tender a shoot receive from one kind word of hope and encouragement. But no, he may weep, wither and die, neglected, in the purlieus of his prison house, his malady uncared for, and his sorrows and sufferings unknown.

Well, as has been twice remarked, the Columbus was a school-ship, and whether for better or for worse the reader will have perceived that I was permanently fixed in it, for a time at least, and being so fixed in it, it became me to make the best of it I could. Before I had been a week on board as one of her crew, I was appointed a ship's corporal, which though not a very dignified office, had nevertheless some privileges connected with it which I had no particular objections towards enjoying; and it was also rendered the more desirable to me, as it placed my duties out of the jurisdiction of the boatswain. I had completed two days in the exercise of my new office when a letter arrived from Washington, in reference to our Portland correspondence. The hopes of all my companions were revived at this pleasing intelligence. Every man

was now sanguine in his expectations of being discharged, and I myself had but little doubt of such a result. Our suspense was, however, soon over. On being called on the quarter-deck, a letter from the navy department was read to us, couched in such ambiguous terms that it required a better linguist than any one we had in our party to make out head or tail of its meaning. To me, the wording of the letter appeared to refer the subject of our discharge entirely to the discretion of Commodore Downes; but the first lieutenant of the Columbus, who pretended to be clearly booked up in the decyphering of such official bulletins, gave it a very different turn, and stated it as the desire of the department to have us remain its loyal, and faithful subjects, "now and evermore, even unto the end." Painfully mortifying as was this construction to our feelings, we were obliged to succumb to it, and bow submissively to the mandate of our superiors. Thus terminated our project of endeavoring to over-reach Commodore Nicholson, and Captain Breese.

A few days after the above finale, I was honored with a visit from Mr. John Pope, formerly first lieutenant of the Independence, but now lieutenant of Charlestown Navy Yard. This gentleman appeared to be troubled with qualms in regard to the Portland letter. His name had never been mentioned in the correspondence, but still he, somehow or other, supposed himself implicated.

This uneasiness appeared to me presumptive evidence of his having aided and abetted in our unjust detention; and when in conjunction with this, was considered the manner in which he had backed up Commodore Nicholson's speech at New York, the evidence was almost conclusive against him. Fully impressed with the sense of the injustice I had suffered at his hands, as well as at those of his former commander, I proceeded to meet him at the mainmast. He opened immediately by referring to the Portland letter. He regretted that it had ever been written, inasmuch as none of the parties interested in it had been benefitted by it. It had only placed me in an awkward position, he said, and created a good deal of dissatisfaction on the part of Captain Breese. He said, also, that the Secretary of the Navy, in consequence of it, had been misled to make some unpleasant reflections on the conduct of Commodore Nicholson; that the latter gentleman had written a sharp letter to him, in which he more than hinted some disagreeable and offensive imputations, of which, however, he thanked God that he could clear himself; that the men who were retained had, in fact, never been promised their discharges, and finally wound up by declaring the whole letter from beginning to end, a tissue of lies, fabricated from motives of malice, and sent to Washington in direct violation of discipline and subordination.

Upon this, I ventured to observe, that an humble

seaman, whose personal rights were too often overlooked by officers in the pursuit of more weighty interests, and whose moral character was always squared by the cat-o'-nine-tails, could scarcely be expected to understand all the crooks and turns of naval etiquette, and hence I might stand in some measure excusable. "But," added I, "Is it not true, sir, that both yourself and Commodore Nicholson, as well as Captain Gallagher, held out to us, at New York, the strongest impression that we would be discharged?"

"I believe that such was the general impression of most of the men," observed Mr. Pope, evasively.

"Oh! certainly the man believed so, of course," said I, not a little amused at Mr. Pope's dexterity in dodging my question. "But were Commodore Nicholson and yourself sincere in your belief that we would be discharged?"

"We were," replied Mr. Pope.

"Very well, sir," proceeded I, "You will then perceive by your own admission, that all the statements contained in the letter are *not* lies."

Mr. Pope looked very black at these words, and the second lieutenant of the Columbus, who was walking near us, and who overheard every word that was uttered, shoved up alongside of Mr. Pope and joined in the discourse.

"Mr. Pope," said he, "I am surprised that you waste time in talking with this scoundrel. It is just such men as he that disgrace the service.

They go abroad in merchant ships to foreign ports, where they are kicked ashore for laziness and rascality, and after becoming ragged, dirty, half starved and lousy, then they beg to be taken into our ships; and when we take them in, and give them plenty to eat and drink, and good usage—a d——d sight too good, for if I had my way, I would flog every rascal of them three times a day—then they come home to their own country, and turn around and abuse us officers.”

This pithy interlude of Lieutenant Johnson, had the effect of abridging the interview to some extent on my part, at least; for I felt my situation growing a little critical, and hinted as much to Mr. Pope. I took occasion, however, to reply indirectly to a portion of Mr. Johnson's speech, by observing, that as Mr. Pope had doubtless some recollection of shipping me at Rio Janeiro, he also knew whether I was laboring under any of those bodily infirmities referred to by his brother officer.

Mr. Pope remarked as he was not connected with the ship, but had only come to talk the matter over with me, I should proceed with the same freedom as if talking with a shipmate.

“O yes!” interposed Mr. Johnson, “let him talk till he's tired. It wont do us any hurt; and if he gets too saucy or obstreperous, the cats will settle him. O yes! let him talk away.”

“Well, then,” resumed I, “as you encourage me to proceed, I shall call to notice a few circum-

stances in justification of my conduct. You are perhaps aware, Mr. Pope, that while at Rio Janeiro, I expressed some doubts of being discharged, at which Commodore Nicholson hooted, and spoke in quite a confident manner of a far different result. On the passage to the United States, it was also a thing well understood among the officers, and frequently talked of among them, that those men who had shipped in South America were all to be discharged; and you are further aware that this belief was still kept alive, and cherished in the minds of the men, after our return home, and up to the very hour when orders were given for our transfer to the North Carolina. Then it was, that the first doubts arose of our dismissal; and you are well aware that the following night was attended with the desertion of thirty-seven men, all of whom would unquestionably have run away sooner, but for the prospect held out of obtaining a discharge.”

“Your statement may be correct,” observed Mr. Pope.

“Well then, after these men had been kept so long in the hope of being discharged, was it right that they should be disappointed?”

“The result was unavoidable,” said Mr. Pope.

“Well, sir, admitting that it was unavoidable at the time, was it wrong for us to make any *subsequent* effort for our release?”

“After what Commodore Nicholson had done for you, all further efforts on your part were useless.”

"And what all did Commodore Nicholson do for us?" inquired I.

"He interceded for you in three different letters, Commodore Renshaw and Captain Gallagher both aided him; but unfortunately their efforts were not successful."

"Mr. Pope," answered I, with all the decorum I could master, "It may appear like insolence in me to contradict an officer, but I have positive proof that not the least scratch of any such letter was ever transmitted to the department."

"Call him a liar at once! Call him a liar at once!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson, bridleing up, and flourishing his fists before my face.

"From what quarter do you derive your *positive proof*, as you call it," inquired Mr. Pope, nodding to the enraged Mr. Johnson to desist.

"From the Secretary of the Navy," replied I.

The countenance of Mr. Pope at once fell, and his looks became gloomy. Seeing that I had him in a kind of a dilemma, I proceeded to explain the manner in which this testimony had been obtained from the Secretary. On adverting to the fact of a letter having been transmitted from the Department to Mr. Long, and from the latter gentleman to the Preble, he became desirous of dropping the subject, and though I offered to procure the letter for his particular inspection, he said it was unnecessary to do so, as he had not time to peruse it.

"I have only one more remark to make on the

subject," said Mr. Pope. "Had you never written that letter, but kept quiet and exemplary in your conduct, and come peaceably to me and requested your discharge, I would have used every exertion to obtain it for you; but since you have chosen otherwise, and raised silly charges to blacken the reputation of myself, as well as that of Commodore Nicholson—I say, under the circumstances, I'll be d—d if I do," and Mr. Pope emphasized his determination by smacking his fist on the fiferail with such force, that an iron belaying pin jumped out of its station, and tumbled down on the toe of Lieutenant Johnson, who went hopping across the quarter-deck with one foot in his hand, and making as many grimaces as a monkey at a concert.

"Mr. Pope," answered I, while replacing the belaying pin, "I have now been two years in the service, and can easily weather out a third. Up to the present time, I have met with some good treatment, and a great deal that I considered harsh. I have asked but few favors from officers, and those few have seldom been granted; but as to my discharge, I have never yet solicited you, or any other officer to procure it for me, and, come good or ill of my words, I boldly assert that I never will!" and bowing respectfully to my official visiter, who turned towards the cabin, I glided down the hatchway, and returned to my duty on the lower gun-deck.

Having now abandoned all prospect of obtaining

a dismissal, I deemed it best to make myself as agreeable and useful in the ship as my position would allow. I had opportunities of going occasionally on shore; but as these jaunts were always attended with unnecessary expense, I seldom indulged in them. As time wore on, and I became better accustomed to the ship and her officers, I was so well contented with my situation that I would scarcely have exchanged my place in the Columbus for a berth in any sea-going ship.

During my second month in the ship, I was unexpectedly called on to take charge of a class of some eighteen boys in the schoolroom. To this I objected with all my might, and adhered to my resolution quite perseveringly, until the captain began to talk about gangways and cat-o'-nine-tails so pathetically that I was moved to yield the point, and accept the office of a schoolmaster. Everybody knows that bad usage and bad example will make bad children, and I had been wide enough awake to discover, without the aid of a spy-glass, that this rule held good at sea as well as on land. The class of which I was requested to take charge was composed of the most bulky boys in the ship, who also bore the reputation of being the most ungovernable. Two schoolmasters had already been compelled to yield to them the unwilling palm of victory, and a third would have shared a similar fate, had he not baffled his juvenile enemies by a timely desertion of both the schoolroom and the

Columbus. I entered as the fourth incumbent in the administration of affairs; and having made an inaugural address, in which I laid down a brief exposition of the principles and measures by which I hoped my official career to be characterized, proceeded to the discharge of my arduous labors with such success, that for two whole weeks the class remained as quiet and passive under my superintendence as if no revolution had ever taken place in their government.

But time soon developed the fact, that my administration was too monarchical for the democratic tastes of my youthful subjects; and, like Louis Philippe, I was fated to see my power tottering to decay at the very hour I thought it most triumphantly established. But like Louis, I did not run—the thought of deserting my throne was infamy to my courage. I resolved to stand my ground, and brave whatever adverse fortune might “buckle on my back.”

One day, about the commencement of my third week of mastership, I had seated myself between two guns to do a sum in arithmetic, when I happened to overhear the boys whispering; and glancing my eye under the gun, I could see all that was passing at the table round which they were sitting without being seen by them.

“Jones,” whispered one of the larger boys to his companion across the table, “how would you like to shoot the master?”



"First-rate, if I only knew how to get hold of a pistol," observed Jones.

"Just creep under the table, to this side, and get one out of my pea-jacket pocket," continued Greggs.

Jones proceeded under the table according to directions, and drawing a bottle from the pocket of his companion, took a deliberate sup of whiskey. I rose instantly from my seat between the guns, while Jones hastily regained his.

"Greggs," said I, leaning over the table, "give me your pistol till I take the priming out, or you may do some mischief with it."

Greggs demurred, and placed his hand on his pocket to hold it shut.

"You refuse, do you?" said I, and reaching over the table, I grasped master Greggs by the collar, and dragged him from between the guns.

This appeared to be a signal for a general rebellion, as the whole class were instantly on their feet, and surrounding me with the dexterity of a swarm of bees. Master Greggs had grasped me with both arms round my left leg, and was doing his prettiest to dance me about the deck on my right toe, while the pistol shooter, Jones, was using his utmost exertions to divest me of my ratan. Two boys had caught hold of my arms, but finding their strength insufficient to pinion them, gave them up for a more successful assault upon my hair; and soon succeeding in drawing my head

within the reach of the smaller boys, a third, and fourth, lent me a deliberate box on the ear. At this stage of the squabble, master Greggs had become so far victorious as to dance me up against one of the guns, when Jones, who had relieved me of the ratan, and handed it over to one of the smaller boys, who kept favoring me with an occasional cut from it, caught me by the other leg, and the two together gave me such a hoist as pitched me clear over the gun, and landed me on the opposite side with my shoulder wedged between two shot boxes, and my heels extended upward in the air where my head ought to have been. The peculiarity of my situation raised a general laugh throughout the schoolroom, at which Greggs, Jones and company took fresh courage, and recommenced the battle. The number of killed and wounded in this engagement might perhaps have been more numerous, had it not been unexpectedly terminated by the first lieutenant. That gentleman, having been alarmed by the uproarious turmoil below deck, hastened to the scene of action and sounded a parley. At the sound of his voice, the assailants fell back in dismay, while he set on foot speedy measures for investigating the object of the belligerent powers. In the meantime, I was enabled to gain a more favorable position than the one last occupied, and proceeded to a diplomatic arrangement of the quarrel.

In all great municipal conflicts, the supremacy

of the law requires that the principal offenders shall expiate their crimes. Greggs and Jones were the principal offenders—they had subverted the legitimate authority—they had taken up arms against the administration—they had shot the master; and the public peace, as well as the preservation of discipline, demanded that their crimes be visited on their heads—backs. The young culprits were consequently sent to the forward part of the ship, to gun number 45, where a dozen lashes were inflicted on the bare person of each, *a la mode aposteriori*.

Nor was the day wholly unpropitious to me. A new idea had opened upon me. I resolved never more to flog another boy in the ship, but whenever any one committed an offence deserving of correction, to write a statement of it on a slip of paper, and send it by the offender to the first lieutenant, who never permitted him to depart unrewarded. From the adoption of this rule, my empire in the schoolroom became complete. Before two weeks more had elapsed, there was not a boy in the class but would have sooner suffered any punishment I would have inflicted on him, than have carried a *pass* to the first lieutenant.

NOTE.—The government becoming sensible of the defects of the "Apprentice" system, have abolished it.

## Chapter Fourteenth.

### An Unexpected Journey.

ALTHOUGH my duties in the school-room cut me off from the daily companionship of my old associates of the Preble, they did not lead me to neglect them. Night usually brought with it a momentary respite from labor, when there would be a re-union of warm and generous hearts. At such times we crept silently away to some quiet nook in the vessel, and there in happy forgetfulness of over-watchful discipline, recounted to each other the many hardships and gales we had encountered through life.

From February until May, a few remarkable incidents took place on board the Columbus, but as I was not immediately interested in them, I shall consume neither time nor space in recording them.

About the first of May, an order from government was received at Boston, instructing Commodore Downes to forward as many seamen to the sloop of war Fairfield, then lying at New York, as could be spared from his command. As the frigate Constellation, and the sloop Preble, had both drawn

the chief bulk of their crews from the same quarter during the preceding winter, there was, in consequence, at that time, but a scanty surplus of men on board the Columbus. It was also a well known fact, that those men who had formerly belonged to the Preble, had most of them but a few months longer to serve, and that the usages of the service, would scarcely warrant the government in again sending them abroad on a foreign station. But notwithstanding these facts, the commodore conceived it necessary to have the Fairfield manned at all hazards; and ordering twenty-one able seamen to be selected from the crew of the Columbus, without regard to the duration of their term of service, it fell to my lot to be numbered among this draft.

On the third day after the draft was mustered out, myself and companions were ordered upon our journey to New York. We took a hasty leave of the old Columbus; not, however, without regret, and amid a warm shaking of hands, and a general expression of the good wishes of our old shipmates for our continued health and happiness.

It is a rule of discipline in the American navy, that a sailor shall never be trusted one rod from the ship, unless accompanied by an officer, as it is the general impression that such a mark of confidence must otherwise inevitably end, either in absolute desertion, or downright drunkenness. On the other hand, it is also a rule firmly established among sailors, as discipline itself, always to try to

outwit their superiors, and over-reach their vigilance. In virtue of the first of these rules, Lieutenant Johnson of the Columbus, and two midshipmen, had been dispatched with us to New York, to guard our movements and keep us from getting drunk; and in virtue of the second, it was the intention of two-thirds of my companions to get as drunk as Bacchus, and have a most jolly time of it. The natural result of these two opposing rules of discipline was, that a very sharp lookout was kept up on both sides. But, though, the vigilance of three pairs of government eyes were kept constantly playing upon our movements, four junk bottles of good whiskey, nevertheless, found their way into our car in less than one hour after our departure from Boston, all of which, were emptied of their contents before we had reached Rhode Island. In crossing the ferry at Providence, some of the men, finding themselves, as yet, only "half seas over," inquired for liquor at the bar of the boat, but were told by the bar-keeper, that the vessel was a temperance boat; and yet, notwithstanding this information, Jack Brown, one of the most ingenious members of our party, contrived to play around this same temperance bar-keeper so effectually, that he got two of his empty junk bottles filled with brandy. Jack slipped the bottles into the pocket of his pea-jacket, and took his stand on the guard of the steamer, a few paces forward of the wheel-house; while the two midshipmen kept walking

about on the bow deck, in order to be ready for gathering up their troops as soon as the boat should touch the landing.

Now, whether it was that my good-natured shipmate, Jack Brown, was really laboring under the influence of the two junk bottles in his pocket, or whether the motion of the temperance boat deranged his equilibrium, I am at present unable to determine, but certain it is, that Jack unexpectedly reeled from his stand on the guards, and though he struck out his hand to grasp at, what he supposed to be a stanchion of the boat, yet there was no stanchion there, and in consequence of this fatal mistake on the part of the boat-builder, he was precipitated headlong into the waters of Providence bay.

"A man overboard!" shouted the pilot.

Lieutenant Johnson ran to the rail and looked over the side.

"It is Brown," cried he. "Bear a hand this way, my lads, and throw him the bite of a line. Quick!"

But, unfortunately for Brown, there was no line just at hand, and the poor fellow would certainly have become food for the fishes had not Nelson Burce, another whole-souled fellow of my own mess, become excessively alarmed for the safety of the two junk bottles of brandy, which he knew were in Brown's pockets. To prevent so fatal a loss, he instantly threw off his jacket, and plung-

ing fearlessly into the bay, swam to the assistance of his friend, whose head he succeeded in keeping above water until both were finally relieved from their perilous situation by the timely assistance of a shore boat.

Having succeeded in getting our amphibious shipmates once more on land, and our baggage and hammocks stowed safely away in the baggage-car, we all resumed our seats in the train, and pitched ahead on the western portion of the track, as fast as steam locomotion could carry us. It was dark when we arrived at Stonington, where we were instantly hurried on board a New York steamer; and after eating a good supper, which Lieutenant Johnson had the liberality to procure for us on board the boat, we were left to amuse ourselves as best we could, our official watchman well knowing that there could be no such thing as running away from the middle of Long Island Sound.

Leaving my companions to the discussing of their two bottles of brandy on the bow deck, I walked aft into the vicinity of the cabin, and leaned thoughtfully over the rail to enjoy for a brief period the quiet of the evening, which was beautifully serene. The waters of the Sound were as smooth and silvery as the glassy surface of a river, while the moon, which had not yet filled the horns of her crescent, cast a pale and mellow light over the vast expanse, blending together the heavens and the

nether element in one magnificent scene of azure. As I continued to gaze attentively on the splendor of the skies and the white foam that boiled up from behind the wheel-house, my thoughts unconsciously wandered homeward, and the once loved form of mother and sisters flitting through my fancy, drew from my breast an involuntary sigh.

"A beautiful evening," said a lady's voice close behind me.

The sudden appearance of a ghost could not have startled me more than did these words, and turning hastily around, my eyes rested on the fair face of the speaker, who was leaning on the arm of a gentleman.

"You must excuse our abruptness," said the gentleman, apologizing pleasantly for the shock they had occasioned me. "It was not our intention to alarm you."

"It was a — the voice of the lady," answered I, scarcely knowing what to say. "It is not often we sailors are spoken to by ladies, and besides my thoughts were at the moment fixed on the recollections of home."

"A moving theme for the reflections of those who have been long absent from their friends," observed the gentleman; "and long absence is a misfortune peculiar to a sailor's calling. How long have you been from home?"

"Near seven years," answered I.

"Seven years! A long while, indeed. I scarcely wonder that your thoughts recur homeward."

My new and unexpected acquaintance continued to press the conversation until he drew from me all the particulars in regard to our present journey to New York, and a brief history of my personal experience in the "Mess-Room" of Uncle Sam. As question followed question, other passengers from the cabin were collected to the spot, until, in a short time, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, all of whom appeared to find a peculiar pleasure in hearing a live sailor talk with a fluency of language equal to that of a rational landsman.

"Strange!" observed a lady among the crowd, to her companion. "This man has certainly been accustomed to good society."

"His language, at least, would seem to imply as much," responded a gentleman.

"Just so," observed a third voice; "and I would venture the assertion that his friends spared no efforts in his early instruction."

"I beg your pardon, gentleman," said I, my vanity receiving a sudden inflation from their observations; "but it has been my constant misfortune, from infancy to manhood, to have to contend with ignorance and poverty. My friends were too poor to do any thing for my early instruction. The decks of the whale-ship and of the man-o'-war,

together with my own observation, have been my only schoolmaster."

"What are you doing here, you rascal?" exclaimed Lieutenant Johnson in a harsh voice, shouldering his way among the passengers. "Away with you to the forward part of the boat where you belong."

I marched forward in double quick time, while a murmur of disapprobation arose among the passengers in respect to the imperative behavior of Lieutenant Johnson.

On the following morning by sunrise, the steamer had made her way to the East river. Many of the passengers were up at an early hour, and preparing their toilet for a respectable entrance into the great metropolis of the western world. I was leisurely pacing the deck a short distance abaft the wheel-shaft, and casting an occasional look along the placid waters of the river, when I was again pleasantly greeted with the appearance of the lady and gentleman who had caused my alarm on the preceding night. A conversation was immediately commenced, in which the young lady, as well as her male protector participated.

"I assure you," said my new acquaintance, referring in his discourse to the peremptory language of Lieutenant Johnson; "I and Clara both felt indignant at the abrupt and vulgar manner in which you were dismissed. Is such rudeness to subordinates common among naval officers?"

"Rudeness!" echoed I, looking the gentleman in the face, with a smile. "Did you consider that rudeness? why I regarded it as being moderately polite. Had it not been for the presence of the ladies, the language of Mr. Johnson would most probably have been embellished with at least half a dozen of the most nautical oaths and curses imaginable."

My new friend seemed to regret deeply that official dignity should condescend to profanity and absolute vulgarity; and while yet giving expression to a full sense of his feelings on the subject, he was interrupted by the compliments of the morning offered to him, by a gentleman of a fine benevolent countenance, from the opposite side of the boat. Clara and her protector both bowed their compliments in return to their fellow traveller, who, with a gracious smile, passed onward towards the cabin.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said Clara to me, her face still gleaming with the satisfaction his smile of recognition had awakened.

"I have no recollection of ever having seen him before," replied I.

"It is Mr. Choat," remarked the gentleman.

"Senator Choat, of Massachusetts?" inquired I.

"The same," replied the lady. "I thought, as you came from Boston, you might perhaps have seen him there."

"You must be aware," said I, laughing, "that

I did not move in the same society with Mr. Choat."

"Perhaps not," responded the lady, with a smile; "and yet there are doubtless those associating in the same circle who are less qualified for the distinction than yourself."

"Thank you for your favorable opinion," said I, with a bow; "but I am not ambitious of desiring such a distinction, without the corresponding means of sustaining it, and until that time arrives, which may never be, I shall have to content myself with that kind of company," interrupted I, nodding towards one of my drunken shipmates, who at that instant fell over the wheel-shaft, immersing his head in a bucket of water.

"Hallo here, John Brown the Baptist, right out of Providence bay and into it agin," shouted one of our party, raising Brown up, and putting his hat on his head. "I'll be hanged, Burce, if he doesn't take to salt water jist as nateral as a herrin'."

"He always did, and can't be broke of it," said Brown.

"He's eternally capsizing," observed an old quarter-gunner, named Sam Frost. "Blast your eyes, Brown," added he, shaking the fallen man by the shoulder, "you ort to take ballast aboard to steady you."

"D—n em' bugger you an' your ballast," re-

torted Brown, hiccupping. "Havn't I been takin' it aboard all night?"

"Ay, ay, to be sure you have, you lubber!" proceeded Frost. "But you take it in at top, instead of bottom. You'll never be able to carry a steady boom that way."

As I had no desire to listen to the nautical discourse of my shipmates, or to hear such casual remarks as the citizen passengers might feel disposed to make on their conduct, I walked behind the wheelhouse, and found a momentary amusement in watching the receding points of land that bounded the extent of the waters, as the boat glided rapidly by them. My new acquaintance, as if determined to monopolize my company while he remained on the boat, soon reappeared at my side. We were then in the neighborhood of Hellgate, and he entertained me with a description of the surrounding country, the several channels of the river in the celebrated pass, as well as the currents of the water at different stages of the tide. In the midst of our discourse, we were interrupted by the sound of the breakfast bell.

As my fellow-traveller departed to the cabin, one of the midshipmen came to me and told me that Lieutenant Johnson was willing that the men should eat their meals on board the boat, provided they paid for it themselves. Believing Uncle Sam in duty bound to furnish me my rations at all times while wearing the livery of his "mess-room," I

had no inclination to sustain Mr. Johnson's proviso, by the payment of half a dollar out of my own pocket, and hence declined taking breakfast. Some of the party, who were less tenacious on the score of cash, or who anticipated some strange sort of satisfaction from rendering their awkwardness conspicuous to the gentry at the cabin table, accepted the conditions; and though Lieutenant Johnson paid the bill, yet the fifty cents were subsequently footed up to each man's account, after his arrival on board the *Fairfield*.

By the time breakfast was over, Blackwell's Island had been passed, and the noble steamer was bearing rapidly down into the vicinity of New York. The passengers began to crowd the deck on all sides. Much congratulation and shaking of hands, in anticipation of their approaching separation, was every where perceptible among them. Directing my looks to seaward, my eyes caught a glimpse of the sloop *Fairfield*. She was moored in the East river, near half a mile south of the Battery; her graceful hull and web-like shrouds, together with her lofty and symmetrical spars, forming across the horizon a picture of such grace and beauty as could not fail of arousing in the bosom of a sailor a feeling of admiration.

"You appear to be inspecting your new home," said my gentleman acquaintance, once more approaching me in company with his charge, and speaking as if divining my thoughts.

"Yes, sir," replied I, smiling, and still looking in the direction of the vessel; "in less than half an hour from the present time, that ship will have become my home for the space of ten months at least."

"Are you then going to part with us immediately?" said the lady. "I was telling uncle that you might perhaps go on shore in the city, and how pleasant it would be to have your company at our home."

"I can feel grateful for your intended kindness, even without enjoying it," answered I, strangely moved at such generous condescension towards an humble sailor, whose very uniform made him scouted by the mass of society. "But no, no; I shall not get on shore. I see there are boats now coming from the *Fairfield*. They are apprized of our arrival, and will be at the landing to receive us."

"May you not, however, be in the city before the ship goes to sea?" inquired the gentleman.

"Perhaps I might get leave of absence," answered I.

"Then you must call at our house," interposed Clara. "Uncle," added she, drawing a card from a small pocket-case, "what is the number where you have ordered our rooms?"

"The address is in my trunk," answered the gentleman; "but he can ascertain the place from our friends in Broadway."

"True," observed the lady, writing with a pen-



cil on the card, and handing it to me. "Inquire there, whenever you visit the city, and you will find us."

The steamer touched the wharf at that instant, and there was a general rush of the passengers for the shore. My new acquaintances both extended their hands to bid me farewell, but were simultaneously separated from me by the crowd. The midshipmen were running fore and aft, calling out the names of the men, and hurrying all hands, drunk and sober, together with their bags and hammocks, into the Fairfield's boats; while Lieutenant Johnson, in the meantime, had taken up his station on the wharf, to prevent the egress of such of our little party as might be disposed to take *French* leave. Amid the general confusion of the moment, I did not pause to read the superscription on the card of Clara, but placed it hastily in my pocket-book, which I slipped loosely into my jacket-pocket. As soon as the boat had shoved clear of the steamer, I began to search for my card, when—lo and behold! my pocket-book, together with the card, and one dollar and seventy-five cents in money had, no doubt, found its way into the slippery fingers of some slippery pick-pocket.

"Burge, by thunder, I've been robbed!" exclaimed I, to that worthy, who shared a seat with me in the stern sheets of the boat.

"So have I," observed Burce, coolly.

"What have you lost?" inquired I.

"Brown stole my bottle!"

"No matter, so you got the liquor," said I.

"That's the devil of it! He drunk the liquor, and smashed the bottle," answered Burce.

"Well, its a bad wind that blows nobody any good. What's your loss is his gain. He only stole what he could drink, but I've lost my money, and the thief can't drink that, you know?"

"May be not," said Burce, "but he can take the money you saved on your breakfast this morning, and buy a quart of brandy with it."

"Very consoling, Burce! You're as deep in philosophy as I am, and so we'll square yards with each other."

In ten minutes more we were alongside the Fairfield. I was the first to mount by the manropes, and as I gained the hammock nettings, I made a pause, and glanced my eye to the forecastle, where the boatswain was engaged in squaring the yards. It was Mr. Edgar. "Can it be possible," exclaimed I, mentally, "that I am to come again within reach of that rascal!" Still staring at the boatswain, I did not notice that the gangway ladder had been removed for the purpose of being holystoned, and making one step, down went myself, bag, hammock and all, sprawling and spluttering, on the unswabbed decks of the Fairfield.

"Avast there, shipmate! you'd better clew up your sails, or you'll be boardin' us here by the run,"

exclaimed an old sailor, picking up my hammock. On looking up, I recognized in the face of the speaker an old quarter-master, who had formerly served with me in the Independence. In an instant I had regained my feet.

"Are you hurt?" inquired he, twisting his eyes about my person, as if trying to identify me.

"Why Hull! blast your old eyes, how do you do? Are you alive yet? I thought you had gone to 'kingdom come' long ago! Give me your flipper, you old sea elephant, till I shake the kinks out of your knuckles. Hurt, did you say? No. "Sound enough at bottom, but a little out of trim here," added I, pointing with my finger to my head.

"Nater! nater!" cried my old friend, shaking me warmly by the hand; "I never tack three times into a grogshop myself, but what I git the same feelin'; and then I turn keel up, and drag out, with guards under, in the lee scuppers."

"No, no, 'tis'nt that I mean, Hull," said I; "for I don't like the 'critter' well enough to cruise after it. But I had just got a sight at your boatswain, when I upshot. It took me all aback in my mind. I thought when he left Boston, we should always sail clear of each other, but I find that I have overhauled him again."

"You mean Mr. Edgar? Yes, yes, I did hear he war'nt so well liked in the Columbus; but it's

best to keep a bright eye to windward, for he carries a high press of sail here."

"Does he? Oh! then I shall be as polite as a dancing master, and take my first lesson in dissembling now; for I perceive he is coming this way, to see, perhaps, how many of his old *friends* are among our party."

The side ladder having been replaced, our whole party descended to the deck; and having deposited their bags and bedding on the booms, stood grouped together in the larboard gangway; while the men of the Fairfield, in the meantime, busied themselves in swabbing up the decks. As Edgar approached the mainmast, he paused an instant, directly in front of us, and after surveying each man deliberately greeted us in his own peculiar way.

"Good mornin, boys—pleasant time in the steamer, I reckon—eight bells—jist in time for grog, boys," said Edgar, in whose mind drinking grog was at all times an object of paramount consideration to any other duty.

"Good morning, Mr. Edgar," said I, extending my hand.

"How dy do!" exclaimed he, shaking it emphatically. "Blast my eyes, if this an't clever—always like to shake hands with an old friend—stirs up one's bilge water, don't it?"

"Hypocrite!" thought I, as he spoke. "How I would like to have you on shore, and subscribe my mark of friendship on your nose;" but smoth-

ering my feelings, I asked him how he got on in his new station. "Jam up—would'nt give the little craft for two old Columbus'," and putting his call to his mouth, the little boatswain waddled off, piping all hands to the double duty of grog and breakfast.

On descending with my clothes-bag to the berth-deck, my looks wandered fore and aft, scanning the spaciousness of the vessel's hull, as is usual with seamen who comprehend the usefulness and convenience of a roomy ship. Before I had completed my survey, my eyes rested on the master's mate, who was figuring away at a small desk, on the larboard side of the main hold, and directing an occasional sentence to the master-at-arms, who occupied a campstool about one fathom on his right hand. I had certainly beheld the countenance of the master's-mate before, but where, or when, had entirely slipped my memory. I looked, and looked, but with no better recollection.

"Hull," said I, to the old quarter-master, who hung near me, as if fearful of losing my company to breakfast; "who the devil is master's-mate here? If it was'nt for the Buffalo-robe whiskers yon chap wears, I should swear it was Jerry Tripp?"

"You may, if you choose, swear it any how; whiskers or no whiskers," said Hull. "Only you must kick the *Jerry* overboard, and call him *Mr. Tripp*; for the captain has put a handle to his name."

"Oh! very well, then, overboard it goes; and so, good by to Jerry Tripp, and welcome Mr. Tripp. How are you Mr. Tripp?" added I, approaching the desk, and addressing the newly made officer.

"Good mornin'," said Mr. Tripp, rolling up his eyes, and staring me vacantly in the face. "I believe you—a—have the advantage of me?—a—yes no—yes—no you hav'nt nether, I guess I've seen you afore, hav'nt I?"

"Quite likely," said I; "for I sailed with you in the Independence."

"In the Independence! Oh! a—yes, under Commodore Nicholson—yes, I *was* in the Independence! Well, what do you want?"

"O! nothing of importance, but my discharge," answered I. "And you can do nothing towards procuring me that. Nothing from nothing and how much remains, Hull?" said I, to the old quarter-master, as I turned, with a wink, from Mr. Tripp.

"Five naval buttons with a swallow-tailed coat!" said Hull, chuckling at the manner in which my compliments had been met by the inflated Mr. Jeremiah B. Tripp.

With a hearty laugh at the mingled pride and ignorance of the puny officer, who now sought sedulously to hold himself aloof from the companionship of his former associates, Hull and I repaired to our breakfast, which the cook of the mess had that morning spread for us under the top-gallant fore-castle.

## Chapter Fifteenth.

In which the Jour. Shoemaker finds himself destined for a distant portion of the world.

THE first two weeks following our arrival on board the *Fairfield*, were mostly spent in organizing the crew, making out the watch, quarter and station bills, exercising occasionally at making and taking in sail, and at small arms. My station was on the forecastle, and in the larboard watch. Captain Tattnall, impressed with the belief that I had not followed the sea long enough to perform able seaman's duty, had me placed on the station bills as an ordinary seaman, notwithstanding I had drawn seaman's pay and done seaman's duty, both in the *Preble* and the *Columbus*. I might have started objections at thus being disgraced without just cause, but refrained from doing so, from fear of thrusting my head into hot water. I had sufficient sagacity to discover that our captain was not possessed of the most amiable temper in the world; and the first lieutenant, Mr. Whittle, a tall, lean man, with dark hair, dark eyes, and skin of the same hue, had managed, during my first five days of service, to single me out as an object of his most particular dislike. Under these circumstances, it became me

(284)

to toe the mark of discipline with such scrupulous exactness as could leave no room for cats, or caterwauling.

About the 18th of May we hove up our anchors, and sailed out of New York harbor. But very few, if any, of the foremast hands knew anything definite concerning the place of our destination. Some expressed themselves as being quite certain that we were out for the coast of Africa, while others maintained with equal confidence that we were bound for the West Indies; and a few were impressed with the belief that we were destined for the coast of Brazil, to relieve the ship *Marion*, which vessel had been reported in a sinking condition, and was then hove down at Rio Janeiro to undergo repairs. Contrary, however, to the predictions of all these sea prophets, the vessel, in a few days breasted her way into the mouth of Chesapeake bay, doubled Cape Henry, and soon afterwards, we dropped our anchor at Hampton Roads, in Virginia. Here we found the Delaware ship of the line, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Morris, and destined as the flag ship of the Brazilian squadron.

It was now becoming pretty evident to all hands, that the coast of Brazil was ultimately to become our place of destination. This result, to which events seemed rapidly concurring, certainly afforded me some very peculiar reflections. It was in Brazil that I had shipped in the American navy,

with no other object in view, than that of returning to the United States; and now, after having traversed the Atlantic ocean on both sides of the equator, from the Rio La Plata, to Labrador, I was likely, at the end of three years, to come out—like Col. Crocket, in his congress speech—at the same hole I went in at. I had, however, two ideas with which to console my feelings, and which doubtless restrained me from committing any act of extravagance. One was, that there was no use in grumbling, and the other was, that all the grumbling I could possibly do, would not change the destination of the vessel. But circumstances of an unforeseen character, delayed the sailing of the squadron, and eventually worked a change in the intended movements of the *Fairfield*.

About this time certain sharp-eyed New Yorkers fixed their clutches on a somewhat notorious personage, named McLeod, who had led the depredations on the steamer *Caroline*, during the late insurrection in Canada. He was no sooner imprisoned than the British authorities demanded his release; but this the Yorkers refused to grant, grounding their objections on the plea, that the depredations had been committed within the jurisdiction of their state. The British government began immediately, on this refusal, to talk of war; and Brother Jonathan, to show his spunk, began to talk of war also. As a natural consequence of the quarrel, an angry correspondence was soon originated, between

foreign diplomatists and native diplomatists, accompanied with such a hostile scatterment of ink, as seemed to darken the political atmosphere of both countries. Under this gloomy aspect of affairs, Captain Tattnall determined to show to the world in general, and to little Hampton in particular, what he could do; and ordering up on deck, all the old hogsheads, and empty barrels that could be found about the ship's hold, he had them anchored out in the stream, and casting loose the big guns, set the sailors to work in shooting the heads out of them. Then commenced such a cannonading as never before shook the timbers of the old *Fairfield*. The Virginia negro fishermen stood aghast in their boats—the blackbirds fled, screaming from the shores of the bay, and buried themselves in the hidden recesses of the forests; while the lobsters and bottle-fish, alarmed at the terrible commotion, dove violently away to the sandy beds of the ocean, fearful and trembling, as if heaven and earth were being torn asunder. Oh! it was an awful time to everybody in the ship, and particularly so to me, who had always found it hard enough work to exercise uncharged guns, without the additional accompaniment of shot, catridges, wads, hemp, pitch, tar, grease, sweat, dirt, powder, grape and all the complex *et cetera* of death, havoc, toil, filth and destruction. But, notwithstanding, it was a foretaste of war, and we must go it, and go it we did, with a perfect rush.

"Boarders, away, on the larboard bow!" shouted the captain through the speaking trumpet.

And away ran every man, armed with a cutlass, boarding pike, or pistol, presenting himself at the point of attack in such warlike array, that it is questionable whether a line of forty sail of the enemy, would have been entirely safe from an assault, had they been there.

"Here, he's boarding us on the starboard quarter!" again roared the captain.

To prevent the consummation of this threatening manœuvre, the marines, in a solid phalanx, flew to the rescue, darting their bayonets over the starboard quarter gallery, in such threatening attitude, as held the enemy at momentary bay. Meanwhile, the sailors tumbled down from the top gallant forecastle, heels over head, and thundering aft along the gangways in the most delightful confusion, arrived at the designated point, before the unyielding marines had been repelled one inch from their feeble, though resolute position. After a desperate hand to hand conflict of ten seconds, during which the ghosts of twice that number of McLeods, had ceased forever to haunt the shores of Virginia, the brave Fairfielders succeeded in driving the enemy beyond their reach, and falling quickly back on the quarter-deck, each man stood apart, puffing and blowing with the noise of an half exhausted bellows. By this time the enemy, who persisted in being invisible to all eyes except

those of the commander, was compelled to resort once more to his guns; and the captain, believing that a well directed broadside would now finish him, ordered it to be poured into him with a will. The panting but unflinching crew rushed once more to the guns; for an instant the heavy shot were heard rumbling down their iron throats, and then a roar louder than the dread artillery of heaven burst from stem to stern of the brave Fairfield, enveloping her masts and rigging in a cloud of smoke. Victory danced on the banners of the Yankees. It was all up with the old hogsheads. They raised their venerable bottoms towards the heavens in dying despair, and then sank slowly beneath the silent waters, never to rise again.

The battle over, we were all called aft on the quarter-deck, where the captain addressed us in a glowing speech, burning with the most sparkling fires of patriotism. He alluded, with touching emphasis, to the sturdy bravery of our revolutionary fathers, the bright and unexampled career of Washington, the energetic calmness of Hull, and the indomitable courage of Decatur. Nor did he, in his review of American *braves*, pass unnoticed the bright names that cast their light over the histories of other nations. The achievements of Rodney, the conquests of Howe, the exploits of Duncan, and the world-renowned victories of Nelson, were all in turn dwelt upon with moving eloquence, and finally the whole catalogue of glori-

ous names, was happily trumped home with that of the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp. The speech told with wonderful effect on the sailors, who from time to time evinced their approbation, by repeated "hurrahs," and when the captain finally concluded the best part of it, which consisted of an order for five gallons of whiskey to be divided among the crew, under the technical name of "splicing the main brace," all hands threw up their hats in a perfect blaze of enthusiasm, and gave three such deafening cheers, that a landsman would have supposed them flushed with a victory of having thrashed a fleet of forty English frigates.

With amusements of this description, we continued to entertain ourselves while we remained at Hampton Roads. To the officers, they were perhaps, capital fun, and the captain seemed to enjoy them with peculiar satisfaction; but in general they were most heartily detested by the majority of the men, who looked upon them as so much labor and exertion thrown away on a profitless issue. There was not a sailor among them but would rather have grappled hand to hand with the most daring enemy, than toil and sweat amid the labors of a phantom conflict. They were also conscious that these exercises were of but little benefit to the government as well as to themselves. Powder and shot could not be procured by the government without money, and to waste them uselessly was like throwing cash out of the port-

holes into the sea. The McLeod *war* on the Fairfield alone, must have cost the government a snug little sum of money, as the quantity of ammunition consumed by us during the two months we lay at Hampton Roads, amounted to near three thousand pounds of powder, and some eight thousand pounds of round shot, all of which was sent to "Davy Jones' Locker," in the waters of the Roadstead.

While these occurrences were transpiring in Virginia, a scene of a different nature, but equally singular in character, was being enacted in another portion of the world. It happened that a rumor of the anticipated war with England had found its way to the Mediterranean sea. There were several British steamers just then cruising on those waters, and the idea of having a brush with Brother Jonathan, putting mischief into the head of one of them, caused her to look with a hungry eye at the gridiron banner of the American frigate Brandywine. Now, whether it was that the British steamer *actually* fired at the Brandywine, or whether she only *intended* to fire, or whether Commodore Bolton only *thought* she was *going* to fire, are questions which circumstances have rendered so mysterious that I will not try to decipher them. It is sufficient for the reader to know that something was done to the alarm of the American vessel, for she secretly slipped from her moorings, and snuffing the western gale, put out of the gut of Gibraltar with all her might, as if the old boy had

kicked her ashore, and kept pitching and tossing across the Atlantic ocean with such unconquerable velocity that Commodore Bolton, with his whole crew, found himself entirely unable to bring her to a halt until she had run almost totally aground in the harbor of New York.

It is impossible for me to describe the consternation of the general government, on hearing of their Mediterranean commander having been run away with by the frigate Brandywine, and that, too, at a time when the interests of the country particularly required his presence on that station. A general surprise also arose in New York city, where the occurrence was freely commented on and discussed among the people. Some presumed to question whether the Brandywine was as blamable for having deserted her post, as her commander, while others, with much more boldness and effrontery, even ventured to speak in terms of derision of the commodore's valor, as smacking too much of the Falstaff kind to stand the test of emergency. For my own part, however, I do not wish to be understood as endorsing any of these popular notions in respect to the worthy officer in question, for as Commodore Morgan subsequently observed, "It is hardly fair to hold an officer responsible to the populace, in errors of conduct, for which he is at all times amenable alone to the judgment and censure of the general government."

However, as a consequential result of this unex-

pected nature of the Brandywine, Commodore Bolton was suspended from the command in the Mediterranean, until a court of inquiry could be convened to examine into the merits of his conduct. In the meanwhile it was necessary that the Brandywine should return to her former station, and orders were accordingly issued for her to proceed immediately thither, in charge of Captain Guy-singer. The command of the squadron was soon after tendered to Commodore Morgan, who accepted the appointment, and the sloop of war *Fairfield*, was detached from the Brazilian squadron to carry him to his field of operations.

Pending the time of Commodore Morgan's appearance at Norfolk, our vessel was transmoored near to that place, and in close proximity to the ship of the line, *Pennsylvania*. We had frequent intercourse with the men of the *Pennsylvania*, many of whom expressed a strong desire to quit their stationary mammoth residence for an active sea-going ship. As many of these men had three years to serve, and myself but eight months, I thought an exchange might be made to the advantage of some one else, as well as to myself, for I conceived it an act of folly, on the part of the government, to send me abroad on a foreign mission for so short a period. With permission of the first lieutenant, I ventured to break the subject to the captain, who showed but little inclination, however, to assent to the arrangement. I per-



sisted in my claims, until he began to betray symptoms of impatience.

"Where did you ship?" demanded he, when I had related my story.

"On the coast of Brazil, in the Independence," answered I.

"Is there any one else in this ship who served in the Independence?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "there's Hull, the quartermaster, was in the same ship with me."

"Hull," proceeded the captain; "what kind of a character did this man sustain in the Independence?"

"Very good, sir," answered Hull, touching his hat. "He had but one serious fault, and that is he wouldn't drink grog with the rest of the ship's company."

"That's an offence that can be overlooked," said the captain, smiling. "I never flog a man for refusing to get drunk. Mr. Edgar, this way if you please," added he, calling to the boatswain, who was backing and filling on the top-gallant fore-castle. Mr. Edgar walked aft.

"You are from the Columbus, I believe," said the captain, addressing him.

"Yes sir."

"What sort of a character did this man bear in the Columbus?" asked the captain, nodding towards me.

"Jam up," replied the boatswain, looking first

at Captain Tattnall, and then at me. "He was considered one of the best men in the ship."

"That will do," said the captain, dismissing the boatswain; and turning to me he added: "You see now how it is. I have gone to the pains of drilling this ship's company, until nearly every man can knock the head out of a hog'shead at a long shot, and now you would have me exchange my best men for some raw recruits, who know nothing of handling a rammer or sighting a gun. No, no. I hope I shall be more careful of the interests of the service than that. I would not part company with you for two raw hands; the Mediterranean squadron would be altogether imperfect without you."

"Well, Captain Tattnall," said I, not a little provoked at this tantalizing speech, "I give you fair warning that as soon as my remaining seven months service expire, I will quit the navy, let me be in what portion of the world I will."

"There is a law," observed Captain Tattnall, "empowering commanders of vessels to retain the services of those men whose times have expired, as long as they may deem such service essential to the public good, and by that law I can detain you at my discretion."

"True, sir," you may perhaps detain me, but you cannot compel me to labor. I shall refuse duty as soon as my time expires."

"See there; do you see that?" said the captain,

pointing to the stars and stripes that floated at the mizzen peak.

"Yes, -sir," replied I, touching my hat.

"Well, so long as you are under that, you will have to submit to the laws and regulations that govern the service; and if you do not, or dare to turn even a finger in opposition to them, there is a summary way of fetching you up with a round turn of the cat-o'-nine tails; do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly well," replied I.

"Well, then, go forward to your duty; govern yourself accordingly, and let me hear no more of exchanges."

With a bosom palpitating with vexation and disappointment, I repaired to the berth deck to brood over my ill success, and to console my thoughts with the first mischief that presented itself. Here a letter was handed to me from an old associate in the Columbus, to whom I had written shortly after our arrival at Hampton Roads. I opened it, and for a while forgot the defeat of my project of exchange in the perusal of its contents.

U. S. Ship Columbus,

Boston Harbor, July 5th, 1841.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter of the 30th of May, after it had lain in the post-office nearly a month. I am very glad to hear that you are in the enjoyment of good health, and I am at a loss

to know why you was disgraced to ordinary seaman. However, I suppose they thought to intimidate you sufficiently to answer their purpose, and if possible, cause you to re-enter for the Fairfield's cruise; but if you comply with their wishes, you will lose a great deal in the opinion of myself and a host of friends, who expect far better things of you. I know that it will take more than a boisterous bully to frighten you, but recollect I do not say that your captain is such a man, although I have been almost led to think so from the reports of some of my old shipmates now on board the Fairfield.

I think you a singularly unfortunate fellow in being transferred from ship to ship, incessantly, during your unjust detention. If the department think to obtain men for the navy, in this way, they will find themselves very much mistaken, for the treatment is too harsh altogether, and the commanders of ships are licensed with arbitrary power, which they exercise in the highest degree—in fact they *assume*, and *use*, and *abuse* more power than the president of this great republic dare think of exercising, or presume to hold, or expect; they break their word every hour in the day and seem to think they are doing it for the good of the service, whereas they are only driving men away from the navy. Had I been treated as some good men have, I think I should have made holes in some blue coats, for my temper is so easily

up, that I should dread the consequences of any thing like severe tyranny or injustice.

Captain Smith opened his heart a short time ago, and actually had the *kindness* to rate me ordinary seamen, after my having lost chances in several sea-going ships from this port, in which I would have been well paid. However, my time is growing short in the service, and when I am discharged, should I live nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and all that time fed upon bread and water, I will never enter the navy again. Whatever I may think of the treatment I have received, it shall rest in my own breast until I see a fitting opportunity for an explosion, and then I will spare no one that has had a share in any villainous actions that have come under my notice.

Please give my kindest regards to Brown, Swain, Frost, Burce, and all the rest, and tell them I shall be glad to hear from them at any time. Davis, Wheeler, Clark, and a host of others, send you their best wishes.

Pray let me hear from you on the first opportunity, as I shall be glad to learn if you go in the *Fairfield* or not. I trust you will remain at Norfolk, and when you are discharged, I am convinced you will have the good sense not only to take care of your money, but to make the best use of your time. I assure you, I have been so much vexed of late, that I care not how things go. When once free, the service may go to the — you know where.

Trusting that you may continue to enjoy good health, and that you will not re-enter,

I remain, dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

W. STUART.

It is an old saying, that misery loves company, and though, in general, I never felt any particular satisfaction in seeing others distressed when I was, yet in brooding over the contents of this letter, I must confess that I drew more than one consoling thought from the reflection that I was not the only man in the service, who was heartily sick of it. I folded up the letter, and laying it aside for future perusal, returned to my duty with the resignation of a philosopher. For a subsequent week, my time was actively spent in boats plying to and from the Gosport navy yard. During this period, water, provisions, and whiskey, were conveyed on board the ship, as well as the commodore's stores. By the 26th of July, every arrangement was completed for the commencement of our voyage, and we only awaited the presence of the commodore, to weigh anchor. On the 28th, we were greeted with the appearance of the commander-in-chief, and immediately setting all sail, we passed down Hampton Roads with a salute to the Delaware, and in four hours after, were tossing and heaving on the broad bosom of the blue Atlantic.

## Chapter Sixteenth.

Voyage to Gibraltar.

IN general there is little to cheer the heart in a long sea voyage. There are no passing objects aside from an occasional storm, or strange sail, to arrest the attention of the ocean traveller. From day to day the restless eye wanders its accustomed round over the trackless waters, to be only relieved at times from the monotonous scene, by a wandering albicore or breaching porpoise. The duties of to-day are the duties of to-morrow, and when the bright sun, at each declining day, shields his glittering face behind the western ocean, there is no golden landscape on which the weary wanderer may mark the extent of his last day's journey. But merrily onward bounds the ship day and night, over the silent waste, carrying its load of beating hearts far from home, from friends and native land—never, perhaps, to meet again.

"Aye! never, perhaps, to meet again;" so thought I, the fourth night after our departure from Hampton Roads. It was in the first hour of the mid-watch. I had stretched myself to rest between two of the forward guns, while the ship was scudding along under an easy western breeze.

(280)

FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. 281

The moon was abroad in the heavens, and cast a glimmering light across the sea, and over as much of the ship's deck as was not sheltered from his rays by the press of canvass above. Some twenty men were strewed around, their noses keeping time in strange harmony with the music of their dreams. I could not sleep. The truth is, I had fallen into one of my melancholy fits, and whenever one of these was upon me, I became strangely moved with gloomy thoughts and mysterious forebodings. The prospect of war was, in the present instance, before me, together with all its turmoil of battles, captures, and prisoners; and as my fancy pursued its unhappy train of images, the motionless faces of the men around me began to assume the pallid hue of death. I was at length startled at my own conceits, and sought to soften down my thoughts by recalling to memory more pleasing associations. Then recurred the recollections of home—of my mother—of a thousand other things connected with my earlier life, upon which my heart became melted, and I indulged a while in tears. My weeping affording me some relief, I counted up my speculations of sorrow in a grand sum total, and in looking over the items, I came to the sort of double conclusion, that in one way I was a *darned* fool, and in the other, that I must certainly be the only miserable wretch in the ship.

At this junction my ear was saluted with what I conceived to be the blowing of a porpoise under

24 \*

the larboard bow, and on thrusting my head through one of the bow-ports, to ascertain whether it were within reach of a gig, my cheek came suddenly in contact with that of Mr. J. M. Turner, who was sitting quietly in the fore channels. His face was bathed in tears, and his eyes were fixed on the distant moon, as if in contemplation of some loved image in her silvery orb.

Now the reader may perhaps be desirous of knowing who Mr. J. M. Turner was, and why he was weeping. I will endeavor to set his mind at rest in respect to the first question, by stating that Mr. Turner was a youth of some sixteen years of age, who held the rank of midshipman on board the *Fairfield*. But before I can satisfactorily dispose of the second question, it will be necessary first to note who midshipmen are, what they are, and how they are made.

In respect to the first of these inquiries I may observe, that midshipmen are usually the progeny of naval captains and members of naval bureaus—of United States senators—of members and ex-members of congress—and of other great men holding high seats in the synagogue of government. Indeed the patronage of the navy has been limited with such scrupulous care to the children of the great men of our land, that precedent alone, if no other usage, would exclude from the official list the son of a commoner. The consequence of this is, that midshipmen commonly look upon them-

selves as being somebody. Much regard is paid among them to birth, and their characters and abilities are too often weighed, by even their superiors, in proportion to the positions occupied by their fathers in government and society. Hence their very messes become seasoned with a strong smell of aristocracy, and a boy of humble parentage shoved suddenly in the steerage of a ship among them, would meet with about the same favor at their hands as a toad thrown into a den of vipers.

As to what midshipmen are, it may be noted, that though nothing in common can exist between them and the sailors as a class, yet they form a sort of connecting link between the official and subordinate portion of a ship's company. Their duty is to muster the watches, to run errands, to carry orders and messages, to command the boats when absent on duty, and to keep a general watch and supervision over the movements of the men. They are at sea something near what constables are on land—the summoners, reporters and informers, while their superiors may be styled the executioners, of the law. Though in general they are looked upon with contempt by the men, yet the laws protect them from insult. They may abuse, if they please, any man of the ship's company with impunity, as the object of their dislike can obtain redress in no other way than by an appeal to the captain, and the captain never punishes a gentle-

man further than by a gentle reprimand. If a sailor resist the assault of a young gentleman, he does it at the risk of his life; for one of the articles of war reads: "If any man shall strike, or offer to strike, his superior officer, he shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall inflict." When the reader takes into careful consideration the scope which such laws must necessarily give to the genius of a young aristocrat, seventeen years of age; and when he, moreover, reflects that such boys are usually the worst spoiled children in the world, from the over-indulgence of parents, he will have no great difficulty in arriving at a proper estimate of *what* midshipmen are.

As to the question of how midshipmen are made, the query may perhaps be best illustrated to the reader by an individual character, and having one just now in my eye, I will proceed with it in detail.

A gentleman senator from V—— has a promising son to dispose of—a bright ingenious youth, who, by becoming ungovernable at home, has shown the very qualifications necessary to govern a ship's company. The senator determines at once to fix the destiny of his boy in the navy. He suggests his wishes to the President of the United States. The President, appreciating the weight of the honorable senator's influence in the political scales, hints the name of the boy to the honorable Secre-

tary of the Navy. The honorable secretary, desirous of "killing two birds with one stone," by gratifying the wishes of both the President and the senator, places a midshipman's warrant in the pocket of the boy, and sends him off to New York, or Boston, where the lad steps on board a national ship, an independent midshipman.

Though only fifteen years of age at his entrance into the service, the young gentleman now begins to take what is technically called "a great swell." He begins, too, to taste the benefits of office. He had before to content himself with the few crumbs of cash that fell occasionally from his father's purse, but now he finds himself in the clear possession of four hundred dollars per annum. Whatever he had previously learned by way of education he has now in a measure to unlearn; and like a newly caught monkey, fresh from the coast of Africa, he soon begins to mimic the motions of his master, the captain. Occasionally he looks into "Bowditch's Navigator," keeps a kind of off-hand journal, which he mostly copies from the log-book of the ship, and when the weather will permit, takes a squint at the sun through the glass of a quadrant. These pursuits constitute the severest portion of his probationary studies. At the end of five years the government discovers that it has sacrificed two thousand dollars, and realized a—midshipman.

The probationary term over, our youthful ad-

venturer is next called before a committee appointed by government to test his mathematical abilities, and to examine his qualifications in seamanship. Here he has a vast and difficult series of questions propounded to him. Such as, "How much oakum will it take to caulk a ship? How would you ease a ship in case she griped? How would you tack a ship without a wind? How many anchors will it take to hold a ship in a hurricane?" If these questions be satisfactorily answered by the young gentleman, some of the more knowing members of the board will suggest the more puzzling query of "How much headway, per hour, will a ship make against a ten knot current with a ten knot breeze, provided she have all her sails set?" And if the midshipman overcome this knotty difficulty, the board become satisfied of his professional skill, and unanimously agree to shove him up one step on the ladder of promotion, while the government, in recompense of the valuable services rendered the nation in solving these questions, place an additional two hundred dollars at his annual disposal. This, gentle reader, is a brief history of the process by which all naval officers are usually manufactured.

Well, it may be asked, was Mr. Turner one of this aristocratic class of young gentlemen? I answer no. I have already stated in a former chapter that one midshipman was to be annually selected from among the most exemplary boys on

each school ship. Mr. Turner, or rather master Turner, was one of those boys whose surpassing scholarship and behavior had secured him this mark of distinction from the general government. He had been a bound boy in the North Carolina, at New York; and what rendered him an object of additional interest to a benevolent mind, was the circumstance of being an orphan child. Every man doubtless feels a certain degree of satisfaction in gaining the object of his ambition, and young Turner had a double reason for being satisfied with himself, inasmuch as he owed his advancement to his own merits, instead of the kindness and intercession of influential friends and demagogues. He entered upon the discharge of the duties of his appointment with a pride peculiar to his age, and might have proceeded happily in his new career, had not the devil, who always seems busying himself most with the virtuous, contrived it otherwise.

I am scarce philosopher enough to analyze the elements of aristocracy, and tell the exact essences of which it is composed. It may be a principle inherent in wealth, pride, and their attendant properties, or it may be a contagion, which like other vile diseases, finds its way to the fountains of honor and trust, poisoning the hearts of the few against the friendly communion of those many who bask less favorably than themselves in the smiles of fortune. But whether a disease or not, it has

certainly the character of being infectious, for the congressman who to-day is all friendship and kindness, will to-morrow turn up his nose at his humble constituent, should he meet him at Washington. Such being the case, it becomes each good citizen to use every nostrum to prevent its spread, for it is not only an enemy to the laboring portion of society, but to the body politic of our republican structure. If not happily arrested, it will eventually insinuate its virulent poison into the constitution itself, and sapping every fibre of its pristine strength, send it withered and consumed to an untimely grave.

That it was an enemy to at least one American heart, the youthful Turner was already prepared to testify. What business had the plebeian midshipman to thrust his nose into companionship with those of the sons of members of Congress? It was an insult to the uniform, a disgrace to the service. The New York washerwoman's son, he who was unable to buy his own outfit, but obtained it from the charity of a friend, a common beggar, a 'prentice, a bound boy, to stick himself up among patrician midshipmen for a gentleman! "Oh! it's horrible!" cried they. "It's a scandal! Let's enter into a conspiracy; let's kick him out of the steerage!" And kick him out they did; and the poor orphan boy, having no one in the ship with whom to share his sorrows, crept silently away into the fore channels, and poured out the

feelings of his heart in bitter tears to the distant moon.

The young fellow was very much startled at the unexpected appearance of my head through the port-hole, but on meeting with a word of encouragement from me, kept his seat. Jumping on a gun, I clambered over the hammock-nettings, and slid down by his side. He soon forgot his tears in listening to my conversation. We remained together till the close of the watch. He then returned to the steerage, where he hoped to enjoy a brief rest while his patrician enemies were asleep.

From the discourse of Turner, I was led to infer that his present position was one of the most painful and trying that a boy could possibly occupy. His midshipman's warrant, which had at first awakened such pleasing anticipations in his fancy, was now in reality become a source of torment to him. It had given him an additional importance in the estimation of the officers, while at the same time it cut him off from the society of his former associates. Discipline had interposed a bar between him and the other boys of the ship's company, beyond which it became him not to pass. His only chance, then, for social converse, was among his own messmates of the steerage; and these, as we have already seen, were in open hostility against him. He was, therefore, a lone boy among a ship's crew of over two hundred souls. When I reflected on



his situation, and compared it with my own, I thought the world had not yet treated me with all the harshness of which it was capable. I pitied him, and determined while I remained in the ship, to do all I could to lighten the burden of his sorrows.

The day following these events, a messenger-boy brought me word that I was wanted in the ward-room. What proceedings could require my presence in such a forbidden part of the ship, was to me a deep mystery. Thinks I to myself, I will solve it at all events, and proceeding thither, I found Mr. Lannier, the sailing master, sitting at the table with the ship's log before him.

"What sort of a hand do you write?" said he, addressing me as I entered.

"Not a very extra one," answered I.

"Give me an example," continued he, shoving a piece of paper towards me.

Picking up the pen, I wrote the name of the ship, and handed it to him. He looked at it, and said it would do. I was then told that after that day it would be my duty to write the log-book, for which service I should receive extra pay, and that he would have me excused from my daily trick at the helm, that I might be enabled to do it without interruption.

I should, perhaps, observe that the writing of the log-book was properly a portion of the duties belonging to the master's mate. But Mr. Tripp

was, unfortunately, as deficient in penmanship and mathematics, as he was in the recollection of his former shipmates. For instance, if twenty-one thousand gallons of water were taken on board the *Fairfield* on Monday, and on Tuesday three hundred and sixty-two gallons of this quantity were expended, to tell what quantity still remained on hand, was a problem entirely too deep for Mr. Tripp's powers of solution.

In fact it was an unfathomable mystery to me, all the time I remained in the *Fairfield*, how Mr. Tripp ever became master's-mate at all. He had been in the *Independence* very little over a year after her departure from Boston, in 1837, when he ran away from her at Buenos Ayres. After a residence of some two months in the Spanish colonies, he was apprehended by some of the natives and brought back to the ship. Commodore Nicholson paid the money for his arrest out of Tripp's own wages, and added thirty-six lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails to his account, as an offset for having taken French leave. He was discharged at New York, with the rest of his shipmates, without any award of honor; and I was the more surprised to find him in the situation of master's mate, from the fact that he owed the distinction to neither his abilities nor his merits.

Early in August we drew into the vicinity of the Western Isles, and passed within view of Fayal and Pico. We there bent our course in a south-

easterly direction, and after about a week's run, anchored in front of the castle of Funchal, at the Island of Madeira.

I am unable to say why the Commodore stopped at this place, unless it was for the purpose of letting the apprentice boys have a run on shore; and this had better not have been done, for they all got drunk before they were on shore six hours, and nine days afterwards, seven of the ten, were placed under the hands of the surgeon to be cured of venereal diseases. But then we had grapes and oranges of an excellent quality, and at prices so low that all hands were enabled to buy; and this more than compensated for the inconvenience we experienced from drunken and diseased boys.

Madeira is an island of considerable note in the wine trade. It belongs to the Portuguese government, and lies about six hundred miles southeast from that country. The general features of the island are of a volcanic cast. The surface of the country is broken and uneven, shooting up, in places, into irregular ridges, and abrupt peaks, and terminating along the shores in rocky ledges and precipices of frightful height. Funchal, the capital, is situated at the foot of a mountain near the sea, and contains a population of near twenty thousand inhabitants. The harbor is a very poor one, and ships anchoring in it, are never secure from being cast away during stormy weather.

During the few days that we remained here, we

had an opportunity of seeing some of the ladies of Funchal, who did us the honor of visiting the ship, but much as I regret to say it, it would perhaps have been as creditable to womankind and mankind too, had some of them stayed on shore. It would be very unfair to form an estimate of the society of any town or country, from the manners of a few individuals selected from among its inhabitants, and therefore I will be charitable in my censures of the citizens of Madeira. There are doubtless many worthy and benevolent families of the Island, the numbers of which, both male and female, might be upheld to the world as examples of purity and excellence.

The commodore, having gratified his curiosity in respect to the Island by a short sojourn among its inhabitants, reappeared on board the ship at the end of four days, upon which we again bent our course to seaward, and bore away in the direction of Gibraltar.

It was on the second night after our departure from Madeira, that Mr. Turner and I had seated ourselves to a mental discourse under the topgallant forecastle. There was something so pleasing to the heart of the young midshipman in having one associate to whom he could unbosom himself, and in whose friendship he could find a consolation for his sorrows, that he hailed these stolen interviews as the only bright hours of his official life. Our intimacy had already been noticed by some of his

steerage companions, who had more than likely hinted the circumstance to the first lieutenant. But whether they had or not, Mr. Whittle in the present instance, appeared very unexpectedly on the forecastle, and in a peremptory tone ordered Mr. Turner to, what he was pleased to designate, a more appropriate part of the ship for young gentlemen. Mr. Turner immediately rose and departed, while the first lieutenant favored me with a look of such exquisite blackness, as betokened, if not a clouded mind, one at least burning with angry and malignant thoughts. But conscious of no wrong, I remained seated, and met his gaze with a quiet, though unshrinking look.

On the morning following this incident an order was passed through the ship for all the men to scrub their hammocks. It happened that the painters in painting the hammock-nettings the day before we anchored at Funchal, had accidentally daubed a little black paint on my hammock and finding that salt water would not remove the spot, I was obliged to hang it on the lines with the stain still visible. In the afternoon, when the lines were lowered down, and the men ordered to pass round the capstan with their hammocks for inspection, the first lieutenant fixed his eye upon mine with an indignant look, and pointing to the spot, asked me how I dared venture to pass such a hammock. I endeavored to explain, but without hearing my excuse, he ordered me to stand aside until the rest

had passed. I observed several other hammocks in the crowd which were in a predicament similar to my own, but which were all permitted to pass unchallenged.

As soon as the inspection was over, Mr. Boyle, the second lieutenant, approached Mr. Whittle and inquired his objections for refusing to pass my hammock; but the first lieutenant, without making any reply, ordered a boatswain's mate to be sent aft. The humble petty officer soon made his appearance at the mainmast, when the first lieutenant, addressing himself to me, pointed to one of the waist guns.

"Stand up there, you paint-dealing rascal!" said he. "I will learn you how to present a dirty hammock at muster."

I took my stand at the breech of the gun without a murmur, at which he nodded to the boatswain's mate, who immediately drew his colt from his hat, and coiling one end of it round his hand, commenced laying over my back so soundly that I almost fainted with the pain. At the twelfth blow he was ordered to stop, when I instantly took up my bed and walked. Mr. Boyle stood leaning against the capstan, where he had watched the whole proceedings with a look half laughing, half indignant.

"What is the misunderstanding between you and the first lieutenant?" said Mr. Boyle, encoun-

tering me one hour after the foregoing occurrence.

"I am not conscious of any difficulty existing between us," answered I.

"You certainly must have offended him in some way, else he would hardly have flogged you as he did."

"I know not how I can have done it, then," returned I, "unless Mr. Turner's partiality for my company have incurred his displeasure."

"Well, displeasure or no displeasure," observed Mr. Boyle, "I should have to be put most wretchedly to my shifts before I would spit out my spite on a foremast hand," and with a good natured smile, the fat old lieutenant rolled aft to the quarter deck.

It is remarkable what an effect one sympathizing word will often produce on a mind smarting under a sense of injustice or ill treatment. There was nothing in common existing between Mr. Boyle and myself; he had never before spoken to me except in the routine of duty, and even then, in a tone of voice wholly destitute of partiality or favor. To hear him, then, thus openly expressing himself in disapprobation of the conduct of his brother officer, was both pleasing and unexpected, and awakened in my bosom feelings of a most grateful character. I now persuaded myself that I had a friend of influence in a part of the ship where I least expected to find one, but where it was, never-

theless, extremely desirable to have one; for though he might not have the power to openly counteract the flogging orders of the first lieutenant, yet his position in the ship was such as might go far towards restraining him within certain bounds of moderation. My bosom immediately warmed towards him with friendly sensations, which from day to day strengthened themselves to such an extent, that by the time we arrived at Gibraltar there was no possible privation or danger I would not have cheerfully encountered for the preservation and safety of Junius J. Boyle.

Early in September we bore up into the harbor of Gibraltar, and dropped our anchor in the midst of a fleet of English line of battle-ships. There appeared to be something peculiarly daring in running thus boldly into the very teeth of so imposing an array of British batteries; and that, too, at a time when the question of war was still agitating both governments; and when the guns of the little Fairfield finally opened their throats to the salute of the British flag, there was a still wilder feeling of animation in listening to the thunder of American cannon rolling along the neighboring shores of Spain, and reverberating from crag to crag of the world-renowned fortress before us.

Gibraltar is situated at the north-eastern extremity of the strait forming the entrance to the Mediterranean. It is a bold, craggy rock, rising abruptly from the water to an elevation of near

fifteen hundred feet. It is near three miles in length, and about half that distance in breadth. The whole forms a peninsula of the Spanish coast, washed on one side by the waters of the Mediterranean, and on the other by a beautiful bay, some fifteen miles in circumference, and large enough to give anchorage to a thousand ships. The whole extent of the eastern side is rendered unassailable by its perpendicular shape, but the western declivity terminates near the water in a gently sloping plain, along which is situated the town, as well as the most important portion of the fortifications. The northern projection, which forms an abrupt ledge overhanging a low flat strip of land, is penetrated in various directions by stupendous excavations, the loop-holes of each chamber presenting guns of immense calibre, and overlooking the adjoining Spanish territories with most threatening aspect. The narrow strip of ground, stretching like an isthmus between the rock and the main land, is occupied at fixed points by lines of English and Spanish sentries. The two posts are near half a mile asunder, and the intervening space is designated the neutral ground. The scenery of the surrounding country is delightful and picturesque, being romantically diversified with every variety of hill, dale, mountain, rock and sea.

The fortifications contain but one public entrance, which opens through a massive gate in the walls, guarding the north-eastern extremity of the rock.

It is daily thrown wide to the market people of the neighboring villages, but strangers are prohibited from passing the sentries, without an order legally signed by a proper officer. The town, containing some eighteen thousand inhabitants, is built with some display of taste and elegance along a spacious street, running parallel with the narrow plain along the western acclivity of the rock. It is a place of considerable commercial importance, and being destitute of duties, custom-houses and port charges, serves as a general mart for the traders and speculators of the Mediterranean. The low price of goods renders it also a favorite resort for smugglers, who here load themselves with the linen and woollen fabrics of Britain, as well as the more fanciful productions of Paris and Lyons, and play a profitable game to themselves in defrauding the revenues of the various ports of both the adjacent continents. Here the eye of the traveller may see, parading the avenues of trade, men dressed in the costume of every nation, stretching along both shores of the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. The place is also frequently resorted to by American ships of war, the officers of which are here able to supply their necessary wants at a less outlay than elsewhere; and American Purser, too often actuated with the desire of accumulating unjust gains, here fill their chests with English fabrics at a reduced cost, and pocket a golden harvest in forcing them upon the

humble seamen of the squadron at extortionate prices.

During our stay at Gibraltar, none of the men were permitted to have leave of absence, and consequently we could have no further intercourse with the shore, than such as necessarily resulted from passing to and from the landing, in the boats. Most of the officers, however, in turn visited the fortress, while the commodore and captain, divided their hours between the British officers and the American consul.

My own adventures embraced only a two hour's jaunt on board an English ship of the line, called the Rodney, where much to my surprise, I encountered fourteen of my old shipmates of the Independence, and one of those men who had deserted from the Preble at Pictou. These sailors were all Englishmen by birth, who had returned home on being discharged from the American navy. They had exhausted their wages in extravagant carousals, and being unable, from scarcity of employment, to obtain berths in the merchant service, determined to try a three year's enlistment in the royal navy. On asking one of them which service he liked best, the American or English, he expressed a preference for that of Britain.

"For here," said he, "we meet with better usage, have as good rations, as much grog, a less amount of cat-o'-nine-tails, and can save as much money."

"How can you save as much money," inquired I, "when, as I am informed, you only get at the rate of eight-and-a-half dollars per month of our money, and in the Independence you received twelve?"

"But we have here thirteen months in the year," observed he, somewhat exultingly.

"True, but that will only be an item on your side of the balance," replied I.

"Well, but there are several other items to be added," continued the British sailor. "You pay the monthly sum of one dollar and forty cents for your tea and sugar, and have besides twenty cents per month deducted from your wages for hospital money, making in all, a yearly aggregate of twenty dollars, the payment of which we are exempted from; for though we do not drink tea, as you do, we have, notwithstanding, our cocoa and sugar, and that is furnished us by government, as a portion of our rations."

"But still," persevered I, determined to sustain the honor of the stripes and stars to the last, "even your twenty dollars, and your extra month's pay, will scarcely square the difference."

"You think so because you overlook another important item," said my opponent, with a smile.

"What is that?" asked I.

"The item of clothing," replied he. "Clothing, at all times, is thirty per cent cheaper here than in the American navy. We save near fifteen dol-

lars a year on woolen goods alone. Besides, here we are permitted to wear government slops at muster, as well as on duty, and this your officers would never allow. In the Independence nothing was ever considered good enough for a sailor to muster in, but superfine jackets and fancy cloth trousers. When up the Baltic and at England, Lieutenant McKenzie would never permit a boat's crew to approach the shore unless they were dressed in fine blue cloth clothes and white stockings. You may think such fineries were entirely useless, and so thought we. Some of the men openly objected to buying them, and had their backs fleeced for their pains, and when they afterwards submitted to the purchase, they had their pockets fleeced by the purser. What then is the use of your big pay, if the men are again to be plundered out of it? We know that you Americans brag a great deal about grand wages, grand ships, grand clothes and all that sort o' thing, but it's all humbug after all. Three years in the Independence has satisfied me that the pride of Yankee officers, and the avarice of Yankee pursers, renders your service one of no great shakes to the pockets of poor Jack, notwithstanding its big wages."

However much I might have felt disposed to controvert such a sling from a foreigner unacquainted with the usages of our naval service, I found my lips unexpectedly sealed against any reply to this statement of one whose experimental knowledge

of both navies, was more extensive than my own. Humiliating as was the picture he had presented, to an American mind, it was, doubtless, in some respects, a true one, and had in more than one instance been sustained by my own experience. I soon discovered that his views were sustained by all my former shipmates, then on board the Rodney; and what was still more strange, two native Americans who had deserted from the Independence on her visit to Portsmouth, England, and who were also in the Rodney, expressed opinions adverse to the service of Uncle Sam. Under such an amount of evidence, I ought, perhaps, to have assented to the superiority of John Bull, but still I did not. I felt too much native American pride to have submitted to the *ipse dixit* of twenty honest Englishmen, much less to the assertion of a few mercenary individuals who would the next day have entered some Mahometan service, could they have got on shore at Egypt or Constantinople.

I observed, however, that the discourse of these men was making a remarkable impression on two Englishmen belonging to our boat. They spoke to each other in a low tone, accompanied with nods and winks; and the mention of Commodore Nicholson and the Preble, told very plainly, that the treatment they had received in the Yankee service was not such as to prejudice them strongly in its favor. The truth is, the idea of desertion had taken sudden possession of their minds, and could

they just then have secreted themselves in the Rodney, or placed their feet on the neighboring beach, it is questionable whether the Fairfield would not have lost their services for ever. But as it was they were obliged to resume their seats in the boat and return home, though not without casting an occasional "longing, lingering look behind."

The commander-in-chief, being desirous of joining the squadron at the earliest possible date, reappeared on board at the end of five days, and the purser having completed the purchase of his stores, we hove up our anchor and stood out of the bay. Our next place of destination was the island of Minorca, lying near the middle of the Mediterranean, about five hundred miles in a north-easterly direction from Gibraltar. In consequence of a strong head wind blowing from the direction of the Levant, more than a week was consumed in this voyage. All obstacles of winds and storms being, however, eventually conquered, we entered the harbor of Port Mahon, near the latter part of September. Here we found the Brandywine and Preble, lying snugly at anchor. As soon as our ship was moored, the Commodore with his suite, took his departure for the Brandywine, which was henceforth to be regarded as the flag-ship of the squadron.

## Chapter Seventeenth.

In which the Adventurer, by interesting himself in a Mutiny, meets with rather rough treatment.

PORT MAHON is situated about four miles from the sea coast, on the Island of Minorca, or lesser of the Balearic Isles. The town, containing some twenty thousand inhabitants, has a neat and respectable appearance, and is beautifully located on the southwest side of a very fine bay. The entrance to the harbor, though narrow, is unobstructed by either rocks or shoals, and when once in, the bay is so perfectly land-locked on all sides that vessels are never in danger of being wrecked, even from the most destructive tempests. This place was formerly occupied as a British naval station, but since the acquisition of Malta it has been abandoned by the English, and in turn become the rendezvous of the American naval forces. There is a small island in the middle of the bay, opposite to the town, on which are erected the naval buildings, all of which are under the control of the Americans, and occupied as store-houses, rigging-lofts, carpenter-shops, &c.

The former presence of the English, and the



continued intercourse of the Americans, have familiarized many of the citizens with the English language; but the common mass of the population, though most of them pique themselves on *speaking de Inglese*, utter nothing but a mongrel gibberish, which, to an ear unaccustomed to the sound, is for the most part unintelligible. The curse of the population, like that of Madeira, is extreme poverty; and they are still rendered the more distressed by having constantly quartered on their slender means, from four to five thousand Spanish soldiers. The place is in a manner destitute of commerce and shipping of almost every kind, and hence but few resort to maritime life. Some do, however, find an uncertain employment in plying to and from Carthagená, and other Spanish ports on the shores of the Mediterranean. Mechanical employments yield so scant a return that those engaged in them are little better off than beggars, while agriculture is in so rude a state as scarcely to be known. Gardening comes in for a full share of attention, so far at least as the markets of the town are concerned, and on the vegetables thus raised, most of the inhabitants depend for a subsistence. The high price of meat renders it a luxury beyond the reach of the common mass, who, on the least failure of the fisheries, or from a scanty supply of wheat from the mother country, are often in a state of hopeless starvation. It is a custom among the officers of the American squad-

rons, to send all the surplus rations of the men ashore, on soup days, in a barrel, to be served out to the poor. It is a laughable, and at the same time a melancholy sight to see the old and infirm, and the youthful poor, rivalling each other, sex against sex, in endeavoring to procure the largest ladle full; while the rosiest cheeked maiden, she of the most winning eye, is sure always to have her pannikin filled to overflowing by the liberal hearted midshipman superintending the distribution.

The natives of Minorca, like those of most other Catholic countries, are passionately fond of religious parades, shows, masquerades, and fandangoes. One third of that time, which in intelligent communities would be passed in the study of books, or in some kind of intellectual recreation, is here devoted to dancing and feasting. Idleness and ostentation seem as inseparably connected as ignorance and vice. Nor are the softer sex an exception to the rule, for the women, in all their festivals, and public assemblies, appear to rival their male friends in endeavoring to out-herod Herod; whether the same passion predominates among the higher class of the female population, I know not. I only speak of those among whom it was my lot to fall. I know that no movement within my knowledge was ever put on foot among them, but that a greater or less number of females participated in it; and many, out of pure wantonness, often clothed them-

selves in male attire, that they might carry out their schemes to the more complete gratification of their tastes.

The summer was already drawing to a close when we arrived at Port Mahon, and the commander-in-chief, deeming it important to make a visit up the Levant before cold weather set in, issued his orders for the squadron to prepare immediately for sea. Captain Tattnall, however, begged time to re-fit the rigging of the *Fairfield*, which had become so loose as to leave her masts and spars in rather a shackling condition. To favor the wishes of our captain, the commodore delayed the sailing of the squadron for a period of ten days, and all the men of our crew were put to work with the utmost dispatch in stripping and re-rigging the vessel.

We completed our labors in due time, and at nine o'clock on the night of the tenth day, hoisted on board our last boat-load of provisions. While eating our supper at this unusually late hour, our ears were saluted with the cry of "All hands scrub hammocks." The men were completely astounded at so unexpected a call at that late hour of the night, and broke immediately forth into murmurs, mingled with shouts and curses. The order was regarded as the more intolerable, from the fact that we had as yet received but one set of hammocks, and if these were wet and hung on the lines, and the decks wet with scrubbing them, there would be

no place to spread our bedding, and we would necessarily be compelled to pass a sleepless night on our feet, or in leaning against the guns. This was certainly not a very pleasing prospect to a company of men, yet panting and nervous from the effects of ten days severe toil, and who, on the morrow, were again to put the anchors to the vessel's bow, and buffet afresh with the waves and storms of the sea. It appeared to be the settled determination of the crew not to obey the order; and those few who, amidst the general confusion, commenced unslinging their bedding for the task, were frightened from it by the threatening menaces of the majority.

While the storm of excitement was raging on the berth-deck, the marines in the neighborhood of the steerage, had meantime carried their hammocks on the quarter-deck, and commenced pouring water on them. Some of the sailors, exasperated beyond the bounds of reason, cursed their cowardice, and assailing them with iron belaying pins, and other missiles, soon drove them from the deck. The captain, aroused by the clatter of belaying pins and grape shot thundering against his cabin door, suddenly appeared on deck, and becoming alarmed at the tumultuous uproar his own command had occasioned, passed a hasty order for all hands to be called to muster abaft the mainmast. In ten minutes the crew were all gathered on the quarter-deck,

while the officers ranged themselves round the capstan and helm, armed with cutlasses and swords.

Finding myself unable to procure a stand as near the centre of attraction as was desirable, I slipped hastily on to the main channels, and clambering from thence on to the larboard quarter-netting, obtained a position from which I could see and hear everything that passed, both among the men and the officers. Midshipman Turner, and the teacher of mathematics, had taken their stand between two of the quarter guns directly beneath where I was sitting.

The captain made his appearance before the men with a countenance flushed with anger, and throwing his sword and scabbard on the capstan, demanded in a peremptory tone, to know the cause of the disturbance. But nobody spoke; and after a reasonable pause he broke loose upon them in a shower of curses that bespoke a thorough acquaintanceship with those harsher tropes and figures of language that all except gentlemen know so well how to utter. Having thus partially delivered himself of his passion, he directed the petty officers to step forth in a body from the crowd, and state their grievances. But no one moved, and after a second pause he again broke forth.

"You're an admirable set of men, a'nt you," exclaimed he, "to set at defiance the orders of your commander, and then be ashamed to give him a single reason for doing so?" Is there one man

in the crowd, who can enlighten me in respect to the cause of this disturbance? If there is, let him speak out?"

The appeal of the captain seemed reasonable, and as no one of the petty officers appeared to show any disposition to enter into an explanation, I ventured to raise my voice from the hammock-netting.

"Captain Tattnell"—articulated I, when a general murmur cut short my sentence.

"Silence!" exclaimed the captain. "Mr. Whittle, see that those men are kept silent. Who is that speaking?"

"It is me, sir," answered I. "I was about to offer an explanation of the present difficulty."

"Well, say on, that's what we want to hear!" cried the captain.

"The whole trouble arises from the circumstance of having only one set of hammocks," proceeded I. "If these are wet, and the decks wet, the men will have nowhere to spread their bedding, and consequently nowhere to sleep."

"Why, what is this I hear, Mr. Whittle?" exclaimed the captain, turning to the first lieutenant. "Is this statement correct? Have the men really but one set of hammocks?"

Mr. Whittle admitted that such was the case, and observed that the sail-maker had hitherto been too busily occupied in other employments to prepare a second set.

"An unlucky oversight, indeed," ejaculated the

captain. "Had I known it sooner, I would have suppressed the order for scrubbing; but since it has been given, it cannot be countermanded. You must, therefore, all go forward, my lads, and scrub your hammocks with a will!"

The confusion was instantly renewed at these words. The men crowded into either gangway with cries of "No! no!—we won't do it—it's a shame—the order may go to the devil!"

The captain seized his sword, as if his whole soul was fired with a sudden stream of electricity, and slinging the scabbard half way across the deck, to the great danger of a midshipman's head that hovered in its line of transit, struck the naked steel over the capstan with a clang that threatened to knock everything into flinders.

"Who is this hardy villain that dares to lift his voice against my authority?" cried he, jumping up and down in his fury. "Let me see the face of the rascal that dares tell me he won't scrub his hammock. Show him to me—point him out, that I may carve my way through his mutinous heart! Come back here you worthless galley-slaves, till I cut the head from every lubber who dares to tell my order to go to the devil. Mr. Whittle, let the battle lanterns be lighted, and send a midshipman with orders to the drummer to beat to quarters. Mr. Boyle, have the marines filed up on the quarter-deck, with ball cartridge, and charged bayonets, and send word to the gunner to remove the pistols and

cutlasses from the forward ports. I'm determined to quell this mutiny, if I must do it in the blood of every man in the ship!"

These orders of the captain were obeyed to the letter, and in five minutes after they were issued, the beat of the drum was heard rolling through the ship. All hands repaired immediately to quarters wondering among themselves what could be the meaning of this new movement.

When the ship had become quiet and the officers had reported the divisions all present and in order, the captain ordered the lieutenants to lead their respective commands in companies to the quarter-deck. The order was executed with very slight confusion, and on the re-appearance of the men abaft the mainmast, the purser's steward presented himself with the ship's roll and proceeded to calling the names.

"Number one," read the purser's steward.

"Here, sir," answered the captain of the fore-castle.

"Walk round the capstan," said the first lieutenant.

The petty officer moved towards the capstan.

"Stop!" exclaimed the captain, presenting the point of his sword at his breast. "I am going to cut down the first villain that tells me to my face he will not scrub his hammock. Do you obey my order, or do you not?"

"I will obey it, sir."

"Go on, then, and see that you do."

"Number two."

"Here, sir."

"Walk round."

"Do you obey my order, or do you not?"

"I will obey it, sir."

"Go on."

"Number three."

"Here, sir."

"Do you obey my order, or do you not?"

"I obey it, sir."

"Oh, yes! I'll warrant—all getting mighty willing at once. Call number four."

"Here, sir," said number four, stepping up.

"Do you obey my order, or do you not?"

"I will obey it, sir."

"You're a brave set of men, truly," exclaimed the captain, indignantly, at the servile behavior of the men, which individual safety alone drove them to assume. "In a crowd you think you can face the whole world, but taken singly, you're nothing but a set of rascally cowards after all. Go forward, one and all of you, and scrub your hammocks forthwith, and he that has his not clean at muster on to-morrow morning, goes to the gangway for a dozen lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. You now understand the alternative, and may choose accordingly."

The men seeing the utter folly of acting in further opposition to the commands of the captain,

now returned forward with some restoration of order. In a few minutes, brushes were heard at work in all parts of the ship; and as the excitement of the night had been such as to deprive every body of any disposition to slumber, there was no more wrangling as to how, or where we should sleep. The officers uncertain as to what further occurrences might take place, kept their stand in a group on the quarter-deck, and talked over the proceedings among themselves.

Perceiving at last that the ship had once more become quiet, I slipped forward out of the main channels, and repaired to the berth deck to unsling my hammock. I had scarce loosed half a dozen netlines, when the boatswain's call sounded through the ship, with the cry of "All hands witness punishment." Who could it be that was going to be whipped at that hour of the night, was a question that flew from mouth to mouth, but which no one could answer, until the name of John Place, captain of the forecastle, was echoed through the ship, in the stentorian voice of the boatswain's mate. All hands crowded up on deck as soon as possible, and gathered about the mainmast.

On reaching the gangway and seeing Place standing there in a quiet manner, awaiting the movements of the officers, I conceived it the intention of the captain to begin his punishment with number one and proceeding round the whole ship's company, make each individual a victim of a por-

tion of his vengeance. But in this I was soon undeceived, by hearing him speak of Place as one of the ring-leaders of the mutiny. I was surprised at the idea of Place being a ring-leader, as I was not before aware that the events of the night had any ring-leader at all. If there was any ring-leader in the case, the captain himself was the man, for every thing that took place was the natural result of his own order—an order which he himself admitted was given in consequence of an oversight. A very small portion of common sense might have taught him that men who had labored hard for ten days, would desire a comfortable night's rest; and that then to stick them in by-places and on wet decks, without beds, was not the best method of winning their confidence or securing subordination. Had the order been for the performance of some necessary duty, it would have been obeyed with the most cheerful alacrity; but to be required to make a sacrifice of their own personal comforts, for the mere purpose of enabling the captain to look upon a clean set of hammocks on Wednesday instead of Thursday morning, appeared to the men a downright insult to their worn and exhausted condition. It required no leaders, under such circumstances, to produce a row; and it would have better become the dignity of Captain Tatt-nall, who withal, was a very excellent officer, to have smoothed the matter over without resorting to the cat-o'-nine-tails, and giving the proceedings

the pomp and parade of a mutiny. But he thought otherwise; and notwithstanding what had taken place, was nothing more than the effects of his own blunder, he proceeded to the infliction of a dozen lashes on the back of John Place, for what he was pleased to term mutiny; which act was also in open violation of law, for the articles of war do not empower commanders of vessels to flog for mutiny, *except* in pursuance of the sentence of a court martial.

On the dismissal of Place, the crew again repaired to their respective employments. I had scarcely regained my hammock when my own name resounded through the ship, and I was compelled once more to hasten to the spar-deck. On clambering up the fore-hatch, I encountered the first lieutenant, who flourished his sword about my head, and in every respect seemed moved with unaccountable passion.

"You accomplished villain, have I fastened on you at last?" ejaculated he, with clenched teeth, and at the same instant a blow from the flat side of his sword descended on my cheek, sending sparks of fire in a thousand directions from my eyes. For a moment I felt faint, though I did not fall; and on putting my hand to my face, I discovered that one of my teeth was partially displaced, while the blood began to ooze gently from both extremities of my lips. I drew my handkerchief from my neck and held it to my mouth, to prevent the blood from

trickling down on deck, which, had it occurred, would more than likely have cost me an additional punishment with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"Away with you to the quarter-deck, you mutinous scoundrel!" continued Mr. Whittle, treading close upon my heels as I took my way aft, and at each step showering upon me every species of vile and unbecoming imprecation.

On reaching the quarter-deck I found the sailing master, the teacher of mathematics, and midshipman Turner, gathered round the capstan, in company with the commander. The latter demanded of me, if I were the man who had previously spoken from the hammock-netting.

"Yes, sir, I am," answered I.

"And are you also one of those who shouted *no*, when I ordered you forward to scrub your hammocks?"

"No, sir; I am not."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the captain, with a penetrating look.

"Captain Tattnell," answered I, "whoever identified me as the person who spoke from the netting, will be able to answer that question more to your satisfaction than myself; for he must be conscious whether I cried *no*, or not, while on the netting, and I never quitted my seat until after the men had dispersed forward."

Upon this reply, the captain turned to the teacher of mathematics, who had stood close by me

at the time referred to, and who, I had not the least doubt, was the very man who had reported me to the captain.

"Did you hear this man shout *no*, in disobedience of my order?"

"No, sir, I did not," responded the teacher.

"Had you not a disposition, in the beginning, to disobey my order in concert with your shipmates?" proceeded the captain, again addressing me.

"I had not, sir," replied I.

"Then why did you not scrub your hammock?"

"Because, sir, the dissatisfaction of the men was so general, that had I attempted it, I should have been beaten from the task, as some of the marines were."

"Then you were only restrained from your duty by the opposition of the rest?" continued the captain.

"That is all, sir," replied I.

"What induced you to speak from the hammock-netting?"

"Your appeals, sir. You had several times called on the petty officers for a statement of their grievance, but all remained silent. I thought an explanation was necessary, and spoke accordingly."

"But did you not aid in stimulating others to a resistance of my order?"

"I did not, sir. I trust I have been in the

service long enough, and served in ships enough, to know the consequences of acting in open opposition to the orders of a commander, and I should feel very reluctant to drag other men into difficulties that I hesitated to encounter myself."

Here Mr. Turner touched the arm of the captain, who immediately retreated a few paces on the quarter-deck to speak with Mr. Boyle. He presently returned, and after remarking that appearances were scarcely strong enough against me to implicate me seriously in the disturbance, dismissed me with the hope that my future conduct might prove such as would show that his confidence in my innocence and integrity had not been misplaced.

On turning to quit the quarter-deck, my eyes glanced at the first lieutenant, who stood a few steps aside, his anger still lowering like a thunder-gust in his looks. I felt a momentary triumph in the thought, that though he had taken summary vengeance on me himself, his hate was not, in the present instance, to meet with the further gratification of witnessing my sufferings under the infliction of the cat-o'-nine-tails. His looks were at the moment bent in the direction of Mr. Boyle, who stood on the opposite side of the capstan, and towards whom, as I walked forward, I felt my bosom bounding with renewed feelings of gratitude, for I saw plainly, in my unexpected dismissal, the further workings of his unsought benevolence. The

youthful Turner, who, in the meantime, had been dispatched with an order to the quarter-gunnery to put out the lights in the battle lanterns, soon followed me to where I was scrubbing my hammock, and taking his seat on a shot-box close by, enlivened the operation with such remarks as the events of the night had a tendency to call forth.

It is one of the evils of the naval service, that a sailor must submit to every species of insult and abuse that officers may feel disposed to heap upon him, without the power of resenting it, and without the hope of redress. If an officer strike a man, and the matter be reported to the commander, a reprimand may follow, or it may not, but happen the worst punishment that can to the offender, it will never *exceed* a reprimand. But the reprimand is often avoided by the offender pleading passion in extenuation of his offence. If Mr. Whittle knocks me down, and I report his violence to the captain, Mr. Whittle tells the captain he did it in a passion, and the plea of passion covers the whole difficulty. But put the ship on the other tack, and see how she will sail then: Suppose, when I recover from Mr. Whittle's knock-down, I jump up and give him a good knock over the nose, what follows then? Will the plea of passion excuse me? According to municipal law, he is guilty of an assault and battery on *me*, and I am only acting in self-defence; but the naval regulations that



screen him under plea of passion, designate my proper punishment for resisting him to be that of *hanging*. A court-martial will immediately be convened on my offence for striking a superior officer, at which Mr. Whittle will himself sit as judge, and sentence me, if not to hanging, to a punishment at least equally as intolerable.

A man in the *Independence*, named Burns, was collared by a midshipman whom he threw down for his presumption; and though the young gentleman was not the least hurt in the fall, yet Burns was subjected to a court-martial, and sentenced to three hundred lashes, and to be kept in chains the remainder of the cruise. It is proper to observe, however, that Commodore Nicholson, conscious of the inhumanity of the sentence, remitted one third of the lashes; but the other two hundred were inflicted on him, as well as the irons. In these rigorous proceedings against Burns, not a word was permitted to transpire in reference to the assault made upon *him* by the redoubtable midshipman Orlando.

The tenor of these harsh usages would seem to imply, that officers being at *all times* liable to act from the impulse of passion, are, *therefore*, excusable in their violations of discipline; but that sailors, being at *all times* governed by consideration and reflection, commit their breaches of discipline from calm, premeditated design, and are, *therefore* to be punished to the utmost extent of the law. The



The Mediterranean Squadron.

veriest blockhead in existence would at once perceive the absurdity of such a deduction, and yet it is one to which the premises inevitably tend.

While yet smarting from the effects of Mr. Whittle's blow, I did think at times of trying for redress, if it should not even amount to a reprimand. But there appeared a difficulty even in the way of this. The regulations prohibited my approach to the captain, except through permission of the first lieutenant; and any one will readily understand the awkwardness of my undertaking so delicate a mission, through the approval of one whose most friendly wish would have been, to see myself and mission both knocked into a cocked hat. The thing appeared utterly out of the question, and after a few hours' consideration I gave it up.

As to the law, though it entered my mind, I saw at once that it was too remote to bring me any relief. National municipal law never extends to the Mediterranean, and had I been disposed to take advantage of it on my arrival at home, its delay would have outlived the lean pockets of poor Jack, whose necessities would have driven him to abandon his suit, and return to the sea, while his successful opponent would have been receiving as big a salary in dancing attendance at a court, as in following up his calling in the Mediterranean.

With the first appearance of dawn on the following morning, the loud report of the Brandywine's

gun, rolled along the waters, conveying in its harsh tones the order for the squadron to be moving. The shrill fife, and the merry drum, soon aroused the men from their lairs, and in a few minutes the events of the foregoing night were forgotten in the noise and bustle of unmooring ship. Early as was the hour, many of the females had already found their way from the town to the ship; and when the anchors were finally brought to the bows, and the vessel began to move off under her spreading canvass, the sad and dejected looks with which they took their leave, betrayed plainly enough, the loss they were sustaining in our absence. The sight of three noble vessels of war gliding gracefully down the harbor, had something in it so attractive that many of the citizens were drawn abroad from their homes to look upon the scene; and on passing the village of Georgetown, situated near the mouth of the harbor, the soldiers, mounting to the top of the garrison, greeted us with a merry cheer, and, with hat in hand, waved their adieus until distance had shut them from our sight. The Brandywine was the first to obtain the offing; and the commodore, soon after, designating by signal the order of sailing, the two subordinate vessels took up their respective positions, when all three stood boldly away for the coast of Africa.

## Chapter Eighteenth.

In which our mechanic sailor sees a good deal of stormy weather, and gets a peep at Mount Etna.

As we are now out at sea, in rather squally weather, and as it will be several days before the commander-in-chief will bring us again to anchor, I will avail myself of the interim to draw aside the curtain of the ward-room, and show the reader some of the scenes enacting in the purser's department.

I have in a former chapter more than hinted, that American pursers often visited Gibraltar for the purpose of supplying themselves with commodities for speculation. Our purser who had never before been up the Mediterranean, either understood the process of money-making in this region by intuition, or had been led into the mystery of it, by some of the officers of the *Fairfield*; for he commenced operations during our first two weeks at Port Mahon, with an earnestness that threatened to sweep everything of a money kind entirely out of the ship.

My respect for Captain Tattnall would fain exonerate him from all participation in this inexcusable system of speculation and plunder, but circumstances in so many instances concurred to implicate

him, that I fear were the crew called to sit as a jury upon his conduct, it would require a lawyer of masterly eloquence to obtain him a verdict of acquittal. The government, on every national ship makes ample provision of clothing for its sailors; and instructions are given for the distribution of these stores to the pursers of the respective ships, who receive a certain percentage for their trouble, in addition to their annual salary. But the pride of commanders, superceding that of the government, discards the clothing of old Uncle Sam, and adopts a uniform more compatible with its own taste. Captain Tattnall, conceiving the humble garb provided by the nation too inelegant in cut for the dandified appearance of the men under his command, no sooner landed at Port Mahon, than he ordered some four or five tailors on board with their yardsticks and straps, and set them to measuring the men for new suits of clothing. These suits were to be made of cloths of a superfine texture, which the purser had the admirable foresight to provide while lying at Gibraltar. The price was fixed at seventeen dollars per suit, while those of the government were retailing in the same ship at nine. The difference, then, between a government suit, and one provided by Purser, Tailor & Co., was just eight dollars, which multiplied among an hundred and fifty men, would make the sum of twelve hundred dollars to be brushed into the coffers of the purser at a single sweep. Not a slow speculation, Sam

Slick would *kalkalate*, for a man to make in the first four weeks of a Mediterranean cruise.

In connection with the foregoing commendable act of financiering, I must also call attention to some speculations of minor note, but which betrayed an equal dexterity in turning a penny. The purser had the precaution, while providing his cloths, to lay out a round sum of government moneys in the purchase of blue flannel and linen sheeting, for men's frocks. These articles he was now retailing to the sailors at a profit of one hundred per cent. The captain may not have had an interest in seeing them sold at so high a price, though he recommended the men to the purchase of them, and carefully instructed the officers of the respective divisions to see that each individual at muster was properly provided with linen and with flannels, both white and blue. The demand for these articles would naturally have ceased, after the first supply, for a few months at least, in any common ship; but the Fairfield, being an uncommon ship, and her purser an uncommon man, it was extremely desirable that it never should cease. To this end it soon grew a custom to set the men at some kind of dirty employment whenever they were cleanly clad, by which means their linen became soiled with pitch, tar, and paint. They were then prohibited from appearing at quarters, unless in frocks of the most spotless white. By this happy provision, the sailors were compelled to lay their

soiled frocks aside before they were half worn out, and a continual run for new ones was kept upon the purser.

The men, poor fellows, were under the impression that when once more out at sea, they would for a time be relieved from these oppressive purchases, but in this they were widely mistaken. No sooner had we reached abroad on the wide waters of the Mediterranean, than the captain made it rutable on every calm day to have the sailors rigged out in their holiday finery, and as soon as muster was over, to pipe all hands to exercise sail. Away would go all the men aloft, hopping and skipping from rope to rope with the alacrity of squirrels, the respective topmen vieing with each other to see who could reef and unreef, or take in a topsail the quickest. The result of these proceedings commonly was that one man would lose the sleeve of his jacket, another a cuff or a collar, and a third would be split open like a locust on the back, while not a few made a melancholy descent to the deck with a *particular* portion of their superfine trousers torn and mutilated, and the fragments fluttering like a ruptured spanker in the breeze. These exercises were doubtless extremely gratifying to the purser, who saw in prospective, through the rents of the tattered garments before him, new requisitions for seventeen dollar suits. As soon as the vessel again reached Port Mahon, the tailor and the yard-stick were once more in demand; and the

poor sailors, perceiving in the movements something like a collusion against their interests, gave up in despair, and talked among themselves of making an assignment at once to the purser of all their wages, both due and in expectancy.

Those who are unacquainted with the machinations practised among officers, will perhaps wonder why sailors permit themselves to be thus humbugged, and may also ask why it was that the men did not refuse the purchase of these articles; and were the question propounded to an officer, he would most probably answer that those purchases were entirely at the option of the men; that they were at liberty to take the articles or let them alone. And I, myself, must admit that they did buy them voluntarily, though with the thorough conviction that if they refused, or objected to receive them, a thousand schemes would be resorted to for the purpose of annoying them into submission. A captain might not openly flog a man for refusing to buy of the purser a seventeen dollar suit, but he would flog him for appearing at muster in a nine dollar one, which in effect would be the same thing; and the sailor, seeing his personal safety compromised between the two, chooses the least painful alternative. There was not a man in the *Fairfield* who would not rather have saved his money than waste it in extravagance of dress, had he not been conscious that his refusal to comply with the wishes of the officers, would have subjected him

to every species of cruel and unjust persecution. On board the Brandywine, where a similar game was carried on, the men did openly object to buying the flannel, on the ground that it was damaged; but Captain Guysinger insisted on their taking it, and when they still persisted in their objection, he put them in double irons, and actually flogged them into submission. Hundreds of yards were thus forced upon the ship's company in the most inhuman manner; and to what extent the captain might not have carried his barbarous persecution of these honest sailors for refusing to be swindled out of their hard earnings, could not have been foreseen had not Commodore Morgan accidentally become apprised of the proceedings, and justified the men by putting a stop to them.

It was the intention of the commodore, at the time of leaving Port Mahon, to make a brief visit up the Levant as far as Smyrna, touching at Tunis, in Africa, and such other intermediate ports as lay in the track of his route; but on arriving opposite to the bay of Tunis, he found himself headed off by such a strong south-easterly wind, that he abandoned his intended visit to that place, and shifting his course stood away for the island of Malta. On the following day we passed in sight of Malta, but the commander-in-chief showed no disposition to enter the harbor. The gales from the eastward still prevailing, we kept beating about for two or three days, to very little purpose, and

finally bearing up to the south-eastern coast of Sicily, soon afterwards came to anchor in the harbor of Syracuse.

On mooring our vessels in the bay, the health officers of the town approached the flag-ship, and ascertaining that we had sailed up the African coast, prohibited the citizens from visiting the squadron, and denied us pratique until we had undergone a quarantine of twenty days. The commodore objected to this unnecessary quarantine, on the grounds that there were not the slightest symptoms of any contagious diseases on board the squadron; but finding his remonstrances all in vain, he resolved to make his stay in the port no longer than until a favorable change of wind should take place. So fearful were the officers of contracting some horrible malady from us, that when it became necessary to inspect some of the commodore's papers, they received them from the side of the ship with tongs some twelve feet in length, and held them over a fire, fixed for the purpose in the bow of their boat, to smoke out the contaminating effluvia before venturing to touch them. A like precaution was also observed by the citizens, who undertook to furnish provisions for the squadron. The beef being laid on the sea shore, the natives stood afar off until it had been deposited in the boats by our men, upon which they would approach near the spot where the money had been left lying, and seizing the cash with their pole-like tongs, stick

it into the fires of a portable furnace before pocketing it.

Sicily, the garden of Europe, and the most fertile country in the world, presents but few attractive features along its south-eastern coast and in the immediate neighborhood of Syracuse, though to the northward the country swells gradually into pleasing undulations and hills, from amid which, like a gigantic pyramid piercing the very clouds, rises the murky outline of the great Mount Etna. This celebrated mountain is said, by some writers, to be two miles in perpendicular height, one hundred miles in circumference at its base, and to have been adorned along its sides, at one time, with no fewer than seventy-seven cities and villages. Its appearance from Syracuse, though over thirty miles distant, is certainly beautiful and picturesque, and when viewed through a glass, the woodland scenery along its sloping sides, displays almost every hue of the seasons, from the deep verdure of midsummer to the last expiring tints of autumn, the latter betraying their faint glimmer in the scanty vegetation barely perceptible amid the surrounding scoria, which in its turn becomes lost beneath massive accumulations of ice and snow. Along its eastern base it is washed by the waters of the Mediterranean, from whose sunny bosom its dark and craggy form rises into the heavens with magnificence and grandeur, inspiring the mind

of the passing mariner with feelings of admiration and awe.

Of the city of Syracuse, but little can be said, and indeed but little need be said, for it is, doubtless, ashamed of its own existence, and seems crouching away from the world like a decrepid beggar, dying amid the ruins of departed manhood. This great wonder of the Mediterranean—this vast city that once covered an area of twenty-two miles in circumference, and whose genius baffled the combined skill of the Roman powers—this pride of Sicily, that could at one time boast her half a thousand ships of war, and her two hundred thousand soldiers, and who still boasts of retaining in her decaying bosom a church in which once resounded the eloquence of St. Paul—this great mart of nations—this home of Archimedes, has dwindled down to a mere hamlet, destitute of life, destitute of commerce, and in which assemble to nightly rest, a population of a few thousand paupers. The crumbling ruins that lie in scattered fragments along the shores of the bay, give here and there some faint traces of her former greatness; but even these serve to impress upon the place a deeper gloom, and to increase the general and the death-like desolation that every where abounds. The inhabitants themselves lack the cheerful appearance of a people accustomed to the full enjoyment of civil and religious rights. The hand of the oppressor has seized upon them with

an irrelinquishable grasp, and smothered within their bosoms, all aspirations for noble action and daring enterprise. There is no longer existing among them that activity and genius that once constructed temples, erected palaces, and filled the sea with ships; and the very harbor that once gave shelter to the fleets of Carthage and the navies of Rome, is now obstructed by piles of drift and accumulations of sand. Liberty and happiness have long since taken their departure from among this people for more genial climes, and rolling themselves westward beyond the Alps, and over the oppressed nations of France and Spain, have finally constructed their dwelling amid the homes of America—among a people of whose birth-place the utmost ken of Italian glory could never form the most remote conception, but the feet of whose sons and daughters, nevertheless, trace occasionally those groves and fields, which the poets and philosophers of a more lustrous age, have rendered forever memorable to the world. What prophetic dreamer in the days of the Dionysii, would have thought of a country emerging from amid the waters of the western seas—of a nation springing into existence far beyond the mystic coasts of the fabled Atlantis, whose ships would one day pass the pillars of the famed Hercules, and traverse the waters of the western seas? So wild an enthusiast would have been ridiculed for his madness; and yet, this seemingly impossible

dream, was most wonderfully realised. The ships of America were now at anchor in the same bay, where once had concentrated the naval forces of the world—the banner of the stripes and stars was waving joyously in view of that very Etna, whose snow-clad summit had overlooked the generations of five thousand years, and which still stood majestically before us, like a monument of the once existing glory of Sicily.

The Sicilians, still persisting in making us lay out our quarantine, the commodore, at the end of five days, made a signal for the squadron to get under way. The ships immediately unmoored, and spread their canvass to the breeze. The wind being southerly, the *Fairfield*, which lay furthest in-shore, was compelled to make a tack or two to windward, in order to gain the offing. In this manœuvre she ran a little too near the shore and stuck upon a sand bar. This disaster caused a good deal of confusion on board. All sail was immediately taken in, the boats were hoisted out loaded with the anchors, which were conveyed to moorings at some distance from the ship. Kedges, sheet and chain cables, and hawsers, were hastily brought into requisition, and every exertion made to relieve ourselves from our embarrassing difficulty. The commodore having witnessed our misfortune from the offing, sent the *Preble* back to our assistance; but that vessel, in approaching us, finding herself in danger of a similar fate, has-



tily about ship and proceeded to sea. After a few hour's faithful perseverance, we were, however, once more afloat; and standing directly out of the harbor, we bid farewell to Syracuse and made the best of our way in pursuit of the commodore.

The sea is often upbraided for its treachery, but it is questionable whether it is half so treacherous as the winds. Two-thirds of those dire calamities occurring at sea, are more directly due to the havoc of storms and hurricanes, than to the wantonness of the waters. There is no part of the Mediterranean that usually presents a more serene and delightful appearance than that around Sicily and the Lipari islands, nor at the same time, is there any place in the world more liable to sudden storms. It seems as if the atmosphere in these volcanic regions, was at all times charged with a superabundance of electricity, which the slightest vapor is sufficient to set in a roar. A single hour often suffices to change a scene of the most calm and placid beauty into that of a howling and bounding tempest.

Beautiful as was the evening of our departure from Syracuse, we had scarcely stowed away our sheet cable and cleaned up the decks for sea, when a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder breaking from a cloud wheeling up on our larboard quarter, admonished us that danger was stalking abroad on the waters. The officer of the deck paid at first, but little heed to this signal gun of the elements,

but soon observing the heavens in every direction, lowering upon us with the most threatening aspect, he proceeded to taking in the studding sails, and striking the top-gallant sails. In an hour from the appearance of the first cloud above the horizon, we found ourselves struggling and buffeting with a tremendous storm.

As before observed, the wind was southerly, and as we were bearing to the northward, along the eastern coast of Sicily, the ship was permitted to scud ahead under close reefed topsails. The storm kept pelting away with unabated fury, during the whole of the night; and the wind which at first blew in fits and squalls, became by degrees more steady, and appeared to be strengthening into a gale. About two o'clock at night, the lookout on the bow, becoming alarmed at the formidable appearance of the waves rolling in advance of the ship, raised a terrifying cry.

"Breakers ahead."

"Where away?" shouted the officer of the watch.

"Right ahead, sir."

"How far off?"

"About three lengths of the ship, sir."

"Port your helm, hard aport," cried the officer to the steersman.

The ship suddenly rounded to windward, and bounded into the eye of the tempest like a tightly reined courser.

"How do they bear now," shouted the officer.

"About two points, close under the lee bow, sir."

"Let go the larboard sheet anchor," continued he of the trumpet.

"There is no cable bent, sir," shouted the captain of the forecastle.

"No matter—let it go, and be hanged to you, when I tell you," responded the lieutenant.

"Let it go—let it go," cried two or three men, crowding round the captain of the forecastle, who had sprung to the cathead to prevent the loss of the anchor. "Let it go, man, the officer of the deck says so."

"I don't care a chaw-tobacker if he does," answered the sturdy petty officer, seating himself calmly on the strap of the anchor. "The anchor is worth more nor he is; and if it must go to Davy Jones', it shall go in company with the rest of us."

By this time the plunging of the vessel, together with the shouting, aroused the captain, who suddenly appearing on deck, seized a night glass and hastened to the forecastle. After scanning the sea in all directions, he was convinced that our movements were the result of a false alarm, and ordering the ship to be again put on the proper course, retired to the cabin.

On the approach of daylight we discovered the Brandywine and Preble, both hove too in the mouth

of the Straits of Messina. Both ships began to make sail on our approach; and as soon as we were near enough to distinguish the signal of the commodore, the latter bent his course swiftly down the Straits. The Preble and Fairfield followed with equal rapidity in the wake of the Brandywine, and in a few hours arrived in front of Messina, without having encountered the dangers of either Scylla or Charybdis. The commodore's ship having broached to in the direction of the city, the other two vessels came to a halt to watch the result of his manoeuvres.

On receiving a visit from the health officers, and finding them disposed to sustain the quarantine imposed upon him at Syracuse, the commodore again changed the course of his ship, and stood away in the direction of the Lipari Isles. It was now becoming pretty evident to the men, that the intended visit to the Levant had been abandoned, and that our present place of destination was the port of Naples. The discovery however, was productive of no dissension among the crew, as none had been delighted at the prospect of a cruise among the Archipelagos, and all anticipated a more agreeable treat at Naples, than at Smyrna.

The day was disagreeable in the extreme. The wind blew still in a heavy gale from the south, mingled with terrific thunder, and drenching showers of rain. The sea, lashed into anger by the warring tempest, reared her foam-crested waves in fury against our stern, tossing and pitching us vio-

lently ahead, amid clouds of mist and spray. The night closed in upon us with a double darkness, while the raving elements, received, if possible, an additional flash of horror from the fires of Mount Stromboli, the light of whose belching flames, glared across the waters with a crimson hue, rendering the pillow of their ocean bed visible even to the summit of the distant Appenines. For more than half the night we held our onward course beneath the bright glimmer of the mountain, and when the morning dawned, and we had passed far to the northward of it, the smoke and dust that had gathered about its northern summit, rushed darkly down upon the troubled waters, and pursued us, for leagues, amid the driving mists of the sea.

This day was little better than the former. Though less rain, the winds remained the same, both in course and volume. We still dashed ahead however, during the whole of the day, and when the darkness of night again shrouded our cruise, though yet many miles from port, there seemed so much recklessness in running directly upon the coast, during so rough a storm, that the commodore directed us to shorten sail, and ride at ease, until the approach of day. At the first appearance of the dawn, we renewed our rough journey, and about nine o'clock A. M. glided past the little isles, adorning the outer circuit of the most picturesque bay in all Europe. After a brief interval of another hour, the squadron dropped anchor in the bay of

Naples, and our ship rounded to windward, some hundred rods in front of the city.

The weather, on the day of our arrival, was so stormy that the health officers were unable to visit the squadron. It would have been utterly impossible for an open boat to have advanced three rods from the shore, without being swamped in the surf that was rolling and dashing its white spray into the very streets of the city. The wind still continued blowing from the south, sending the huge breakers thundering into the bay, with a howl that alarmed many old sailors, long accustomed to the dangers of the sea. One anchor being insufficient to hold the ship, a second was let go, and perceiving that she still receded from her moorings, a short anchor was dropped. The three finally brought her to a stand, upon which she commenced plunging, with a desperation that threatened to engulf her. Each tremendous billow, swept upon her bows with a force that sent the blue waters streaming over the top-gallant fore-castle, and along the gangways to the very helm. The captain, appreciating our danger, had the top-gallant yards sent down from aloft, and the top-gallant masts struck; while several of the bow guns, were in the meantime, removed to the afterpart of the ship, and secured on the quarter-deck. The beneficial effects of these arrangements were soon perceptible, and finding that the cables were much relieved, we began to consider ourselves comparatively safe. The Bran-

dywine appeared to ride out the gale with the majesty of a ship long accustomed to braving the terrors of the sea, while the Preble kept plunging and tossing more wildly, if possible, than ourselves. A French brig of war, which lay a short distance from us, had housed all her upper spars, and having nothing aloft to keep her head to windward, she sheared into the trough of the sea, and rolled from side to side, with a fury that more than once, buried her hammock-nettings beneath the boiling waters. One of her quarter-boats was dashed from the davits, and drifting in the direction of our ship, was rescued by some of the crew, and subsequently restored to the French commander. An English merchant brig, which was moored a short distance from our stern, suddenly parted her cables, and bounding, stem-foremost, on a reef of rocks, that intervened between her and the shore, turned over on her side, and plunged upon the beach, a total wreck, her bowsprit protruding across the front street of the city in contact with the houses. The crew were however fortunately saved by the timely assistance of a life-boat from the shore.

NOTE.—The naval practice of shaving ship's companies out of their wages has been obviated in part by the establishment of fixed salaries to pursers in lieu of the former percentage.

## Chapter Nineteenth.

A Yankee mechanic on a sailor's beat in Naples.

IF the day of our arrival at Naples was boisterous and unpropitious, it was more than compensated by the beauty of that which followed. The battling elements had ceased their strife during the preceding night, and the morning dawned upon the waters of a bay as smooth and silvery as the unruffled bosom of a lake. The ascending sun rose in cloudless majesty through the mellow atmosphere of an Italian sky, and cast his sparkling beams across the dim Vesuvius, shortening its dark shadow on the bay, and lighting up the rich autumnal foliage of its sides with a mingled livery of green and violet. The appearance of this mountain is far less imposing than that of Etna, though its contiguity to Naples, and the beautiful country around, give it an equal, if not a greater interest in the minds of travellers. The top seems to have been separated by some fearful convulsion, leaving a chasm extending nearly one-third of the way down its centre, portions of which are nearly half filled up with rocks, dust, and scoria. The crater is evidently in the portion of the summit next to the

sea; and though no flames issue from it, the volumes of smoke mantling in circling eddies over it, give ample evidence of those ceaseless fires that once sent their destructive lavas, with ocean power, over the ill-fated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The bay of Naples is semi-circular in form, the line of curve describing its circuit between two capes, one of which is adorned with the dark form of Vesuvius, and the other with a portion of the city of Naples. The southern side being open to the sea, readily accounts for the roughness of its waters during the prevalence of southerly winds. An artificial mole, for the better security of ships, is constructed in front of the city; but vessels of war, having always an abundance of hands to meet any emergency of danger, never think of taking shelter in it.

On complaint of the commodore, of the unjust quarantine imposed upon us at Syracuse, the authorities of Naples at once remitted the remaining ten days, and permitted the squadron to have immediate intercourse with the shore. Upon this some of the officers, as well as men, obtained leave of absence. Our captain had made it rutable, at the commencement of the cruise, to give the sailors leave of absence in the rotation of their messes, and all the messes preceding mine, in the order of their numbers, having been on shore at Port Mahon, it became my turn now. Leave and money,



for a thirty-six hour's ramble having been obtained, some twelve of us bounded into a boat, and were soon landed near the steps of a grim looking castle that overlooked the bay with a more formidable aspect than even the city-destroying Vesuvius, breathing forth her volumes of smoke some four miles in front.

If I had been surprised at the death-like dullness and inactivity of Syracuse, I was doubly astonished at the life, animation, and vivacity of Naples. Her vast population, of nearly four hundred thousand souls, seemed to have crowded itself into the streets. Here might be seen, in the immense crowds before me, the varied features of civilization in their brightest and darkest colors. Here, like a vision, flitted before my sight an endless panorama of beauty and deformity, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, wisdom and ignorance. Here stalked, side by side, the noble and the liveried menial, the foreign soldier and the native citizen, the mitred cardinal and the mountain robber, the cowed priest and the midnight pilferer, the jewelled lady and the beggared maiden, and even the nun and the courtesan, all intermingling in one vast crowd, and jostling each other amid the shouts, cries, whines, and curses of the half-clad beggars that thronged by hundreds in every thoroughfare. Every thing in this densely populated city seemed running into strange and disjointed extremes, from the titled prince, feasting on the most costly viands

in the vestibule of his palace, to the meanest and most woe-begone mendicant, brooding along the pavement over his solitary horse-chestnut. Alas! thought I, if this metropolis of the two Sicilies can boast her hundred princes, she can also boast her forty thousand vagabonds; if she can point the eye of the stranger to her palaces, her grotto, and her marble fountains, she can also point him to her dungeons, her prison ships, and foreign dogs of war. The tyrant that feels his soul thrill with pride, in gazing on his own statue, bestriding a marble steed within the colonnades of his royal chapel, may also tremble at the sigh of vengeance rising from the struggling bosoms of the dying patriots of Italy; and when he himself follows those whom his inhumanity has hastened to an untimely grave, let him draw a happy consolation from the thought that his tomb will be loaded with the curses of his subjects, and his memory followed by the maledictions of a people whose homes have been rendered desolate by his heartless rapacity.

On penetrating into the city, our foreign costume rendered us objects of particular attention to a certain class of citizens. We were instantly surrounded by about fifty people, who seemed all eager to serve us in some way, with the hope of obtaining a few pennies. But we waived them from us, and continued our way into the heart of the city. Our journey, however, was not unattended with interruptions. At one place we were seized

by a crowd, and dragged good-naturedly forward to a puppet show, the performances of which were progressing at the top of a screen, by the street side, in all the stateliness of Punch and Judy, with as much additional tact and humor as Italian ingenuity could invent. For this treat, not one word of which we understood, we were requested to pay two coppers each.

On leaving this establishment we were met by a gang of rival showmen, who had beheld with envy our patronage to the puppets. They instantly seized upon us, and forced us forward to a small tent, in which was exhibiting, at a penny apiece, the time-honored Virgin and the child Jesus. The back ground of the show was filled with miniature saints, who were grouped together in infantile innocence. The revenues of this dignified establishment were collected by a priest, who, from head to foot, was shrouded in a white robe, the only openings of which were too small holes beneath the forehead, through which peered a pair of piercing black eyes. After each of us had slipped two coppers into the box of this *holy* representative of the most holy see, we were permitted to take our departure in peace.

The first two hours of our shore adventures satisfied me that the citizens were every where disposed to take advantage of our ignorance of their language, and that every scheme was resorted to among them to swindle us out of our money.

These things made us feel the want of an interpreter, but there appeared some difficulty in obtaining one. Overhearing some Swiss soldiers talking together on the pavement, I ventured to address them in German, upon which they touched their hats very politely; and on finding that we were Americans, became quite friendly, and offered to aid us in procuring an English interpreter.

Following in the footsteps of our new friends, we were led a few squares down a narrow street, and conducted into a large drinking-saloon, where stood four or five tables, surrounded by about forty soldiers dressed in the same uniform as those of our escort. On being introduced to the party as American sailors, an additional half dozen bottles of wine were called for, and on being placed before us by the female servants in attendance, the whole party toasted us and our country with a cheer, such as we had been accustomed to use on board the *Fairfield*, as the shout of a sham victory.

A general conversation now sprung up among them, in respect to America. One had a brother living in New York, another a sister in St. Louis, a third two cousins in Baltimore; and, in truth, as the discourse flew from mouth to mouth, there was scarcely an individual among them but had friends or relatives distributed in some portion of the new world. All were determined, at one day, to tread the soil of America. Many had already prepared

ducat upon ducat for that purpose; and all hoped to pocket, from the fingers of Ferdinand and those of his powerless subjects, the golden crutch that was to sustain their journey to the distant prairies of the western world. An hundred questions, in respect to subjects connected with my own country, were propounded by the different speakers, all of which I answered as briefly and satisfactorily as possible. At last one of the company threw up his hat, and commenced singing an emigrant song, in which all the rest joined in chorus; and when it was finally concluded, with quite a touching pathos, they all clapped their hands, and seizing their glasses, drank success to America, with an appetite that threatened to engulf every idea of the continent they were toasting.

At this moment, the soldier who had volunteered to procure an interpreter entered the apartment, in company with an elderly man of slender frame, who, he thought, might answer my purpose—but whose honesty, he observed, would not be any the worse of a little watching.

After an interchange of a few words with the interpreter, I prepared to take my leave. The soldiers, finding me decided against passing the day with them, crowded round me on every side, shaking my hands, and eliciting from me a promise to visit them again on the following day, before my departure to the ship. My messmates, whom the discharges of the wine bottles had imbued with



quite a martial spirit, determined to sustain to the last the posts allotted to them by their Swiss allies; and blow high, blow low, swore they would never desert the cantonment, while there remained a shot in the locker or an unconquered wine bottle in the port. With this understanding, myself and two of my more orderly companions, left the assembly, and started in search of adventures more congenial to our tastes.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired the interpreter, in good English, as soon as we had gained the street.

"Wherever there is any thing to be seen," replied I.

"To be seen!" echoed he, laughing. "Are we not in Naples? Is not the fashionable toyshop of all Italy before you?"

"True," observed I, "we are in Naples, and a dark enough hole this portion of it is, too. Why do they make their streets so narrow? Does the sun ever shine in here?" added I, glancing upward. "How high are these houses? One, two, three, three and three are six, six and three—nine stories and a basement! We have nothing in America quite so *heavenly* as that!"

Before I had withdrawn my looks from aloft, my foot was tripped, and down I went among a pile of beggars who had stretched themselves on the pavement to solicit alms. Before I could regain my feet, my purse, which was suspended by a string

round my neck, slipped accidentally from the bosom of my frock. It was instantly clutched by one of the prostrate beggars, who, breaking the string, whipped it under his tattered clothes. As quick as lightning I grasped the villain by the throat, and slinging him into the street, held him there, demanding my money. His comrades set up a howl of distress, and attempted to aid him; but I kept them off by kicks and menaces, until two Swiss soldiers were attracted to the spot, who, on being informed of the robbery, proceeded to search the scoundrel. He fell on his knees, declaring his innocence of the theft; but the soldiers, without paying the least regard to his whining protestations, divested him of the filthy rags that served as his clothing, and soon found the purse concealed in a sack next his person. When the purse was restored, he became very penitent, and while re-clothing himself under the kicks of the soldiers, begged of me, in tears, for God's sake to let him have a little money to keep him from perishing of hunger. I offered the soldiers money, in recompense for their timely aid, but they refused all compensation; and taking their walk in the direction of the house we had just quitted, left us to the renewal of our adventures.

"You were lucky in getting your purse, again," said our guide, as we resumed our walk. "It is a wonder he did not slip it into the hands of one of his companions."

"I was too quick for him, or doubtless he would," replied I. "My eye was fixed on both his hands, all the time I had hold of him. I was determined it should not pass from him without my knowledge; but here's that bustling street again. Are there no places of amusement, we might visit, without encountering such an interminable crowd?"

"Yes; we might go to the grotto, or to the king's gardens."

"How far are they off?"

"The former about a mile, and the latter, near two miles."

"Rather too long a cruise, to go on foot," observed one of my companions.

"Yes, too far for me, at all events," said I; "for I feel half tired to death with fighting that old beggar."

"Let us take a coach, and ride out to Mount Vesuvius," said another of our party, whose name was Stephens.

"Agreed," said I. "Mr. — what name are we to know you by?" inquired I, turning to our interpreter.

"Anything you please," answered he, laughing.

"You may call me John Bull, for want of a better name, for I am an Englishman at any rate."

"Well then, Mr. John Bull," observed Stephens, "as you and Jonathan are to have a day's cruise together, top your boom, and hunt us a coach, in double-quick time, and let us take a beat to old

Vesuvius. And, harkee, sir, mind and bring one of the right stripe."

The guide instantly darted away in search of a coach, while myself, and companions, took our walk in the direction of the square, designated as the place to meet the coach.

While awaiting the return of the guide, our attention was arrested by a commotion up the street, and on mounting the steps of the houses, so as to overlook the heads of the multitude, we descried two of our shipmates, who had parted company with us early in the day, thundering down into the square, mounted on jackasses, and followed by some fifty of the lazzaroni, shouting and laughing, with the most exquisite delight. The people scampered in every direction from the street, as they approached; and the riders perceiving us watching their movements, commenced playing their whips with an activity that would have done credit to a boatswain's-mate, while the *high-mettled* animals darted ahead with a speed that outstripped the feet of the nimble mob following in their rear.

"Hurrah for Mount Vesuvius!" shouted the foremost sailor, waving his hand, and kicking his heels into the flanks of his animal, as he passed in front of us.

"Hurrah for old Parkhill, and his brother jack-ass!" answered Stephens, slinging his hat at the head of the beast.

The ass, frightened at the hat, shyed off with a

bound; and Parkhill, losing his equilibrium, shot from his saddle, and turned a summerset in the direction of an old woman, who was roasting horse-chestnuts over a hand-furnace, by the street side. The heels of the unassid sailor striking on the edge of her frying pan, sent it singing, like a tambourine, into the middle of the street, while the chestnuts rattled round, in every direction, like hailstones in a tempest.

"Are you hurt, Parkhill?" exclaimed Stephens, running to the assistance of his fallen shipmate, who clung with both hands to the curbstone.

"Hurt, the devil! Never mind me, but stop the headway of the jackass. Clew up his sails, and let go his anchor, or he'll be harder aground nor I am, in less than two minutes."

The ass was soon restored by a bystander, who pocketed a rich reward for his labor; while Parkhill's companion, who had witnessed the accident, in the meantime rounded too, and now riding up, aided his friend in re-mounting, upon which the two rode off more moderately, followed by the lamentations of the old woman, who raised a despairing cry over the loss of her chestnuts.

"Shut your mouth, you old catamount!" cried Stephens. "I wouldn't raise such a scream, for a cart load of chestnuts. How much are they worth? I kicked up the muss, and I can pay for them."

"Give her a few coppers," interposed an English gentleman, who had been attracted to the

spot by the novelty our presence created. "You can buy a bushel of these in the market for a mere trifle."

Stephens gave the old crone a sixpence, on which she instantly dried her tears, and clasping her hands in thankfulness, began pouring upon him her blessings, in a tone almost as shrill as her former cries of sorrow.

Our guide now appearing with a coach, the driver drew up at the side of the street, and cracking his whip, motioned for us to get into it, but Stephens who was out for a "*bust*," refused to mount one step of the "*Jacob's-ladder*," until furnished with a bottle of liquor. The desired luxury was soon procured from a neighboring house, upon which we all mounted into the coach, and rolled off in pursuit of our equestrian shipmates.

Though the road round the circuit of the bay, was as beautiful as fancy can conceive, our progress was not very rapid; for there were objects of interest, at many points, which it required pauses to inspect, and once John Bull and I dismounted, to examine the wreck of the English brig that had been cast upon the shore during the recent storms. More than an hour had elapsed by the time of our arrival at the foot of the mountain, and both my companions, had become so drunk from the contents of the bottle, that neither of them could have accomplished the ascent, had they undertaken it. At the suggestion of the guide, who thought the day

too far advanced for a journey to the summit, the project was abandoned, and our party joined in company with Parkhill and his friend, who had located themselves in front of a pretty cottage, occupied by a merry little Italian woman, and near which stood a wine press. The luscious liquid of the Vesuvian grape was ordered forth by the quart, and the whole party walked into it with an appetite that showed them no novices in the favorite devotions of the merry god; while the repeated praises bestowed on each mug by the amiable landlady, told loudly in favor of the high esteem in which she held the merits of her wine. After an hour of noise and revelry, during which the language of both our guide and coachman began to betray symptoms of the deleterious effects of our Vesuvian visit, it was finally proposed that we should return to Naples. The proposition meeting with the unanimous accord of the whole party, the asses and coach were again brought forth, and such as were too drunk to mount without help, being aided into the coach, the whole cavalcade retraced its way to the city, amid the shouts and hurrahs of its own members.

On the dismissal of the coach, the *movable* portion of our party had become reduced to the guide and myself, who after seeing our companions housed for the night, and partaking a lunch of macaroni and cheese, repaired to the theatre. The play was a comedy, and though the language was

wholly unintelligible to me, the groupings were at times so ludicrous that I laughed heartily with the rest. I saw nothing in the decorations of the house, or the stage, that excelled in taste or elegance, what I had been accustomed to witness in like establishments in our own country; and as to the arrangements for the accommodation of an audience, I deemed them less creditable than those of an American travelling circus, for no one could obtain a seat more comfortable than a solid plank without paying the additional value of a dime for a portable cushion.

The play over, I was provided with lodgings by the guide, who passed the night in the same chamber with me, the bills for both amounting to the moderate sum of twelve-and-a-half cents. In the morning I was astir at an early hour, and leaving my English friend still in the misty land of dreams, sought my way to the Swiss hotel, where I found most of my shipmates, and where I partook of a good breakfast of fish, ham, and sausages, together with some of the best cheese that ever emanated from the Alpine regions of Switzerland.

After a mutual interchange of toasts, and good wishes, with the jolly Switzers, I again sallied abroad into the city, accompanied by Stephens, who had recovered sufficiently from his previous day's carousal, to renew his rambles. At the first angle of the street we encountered our English guide, who again joined us, and we three

together, wended our way to the southern part of the city.

The area of Naples extends near a league along a pleasant hill, rising to an elevation of some two or three hundred feet. The most populous and active portion of the city stretches along its eastern acclivity. Towards the summit, the houses, though less crowded, are more elegant; and the whole hill, along its entire top, presents a noble view of beautiful villas, palaces, and public edifices, partially displaying their sumptuous architecture from amid shady groves and creeping vines. The western side declines gradually away into a delightful vale, which is washed along its southern margin by an estuary of the Mediterranean. Along the boundaries of this vale, are located the royal gardens, filling the air with their rich perfumes, and inviting the passing traveller to linger among groves and bowers, more beautiful than ever graced the homes of the fabled naiades. The city here has less pomp, less show, less glitter, than on the opposite side; but the comparative quiet and close proximity to the country, as well as the silvan scenery of a beach, along which is scarcely heard a ripple of the sea, makes it a happy and desirable retreat to persons of retiring and contemplative minds. The two portions of the city are connected by a tunnel through the hill. This excavation is, however, only known as the "grotto,"

and it was to this grotto that myself and companions now directed our way.

Early as was the hour, we found many stalls erected at the entrance of the grotto, teeming with fruits and refreshments of every description, and so crowded with beggars that it was impossible for a sailor to drink a glass of mulled wine without having it clutched from his lips by two or three miscreants who deemed it an act of ill-manners, to demand less than one-half of every thing he purchased. Finding the grotto filled at every point with these beggarly obstructions, we passed through to the opposite extremity, and soon came within view of the royal gardens. I felt desirous of entering the enclosures, but was told by the guide that it was first necessary to have a written pass from the captain of the police. I, however, approached the soldier who was guarding the entrance and inquired in German, what formalities were requisite to obtain admittance. He started in surprise, and asked what countryman I was. On being told that I was an American, he smiled, and motioning with his hand to the gate, told us to go in, but to be careful and not trespass on the statues or the grass. John Bull was more surprised at my success in gaining admittance, than the sentry had been at my knowledge of the German language, and swore that no Neapolitan could have met with a similar mark of confidence from a Swiss soldier.

On entering the gardens, my companions and myself separated, they going to the right hand and I to the left. It was yet too early in the day for city visitors, and I pursued my solitary ramble through one of the most delightful places in the world, uninterrupted by the presence of aught living save the feathered songsters that glided from tree to tree. After feasting my mind for two hours, on every fanciful idea that could be awakened by the most refined sculpture, the most sparkling fountains, and dreamy bowers, I thought of returning to the city, and began to look around for my company. Both had fallen asleep under the shade of a spreading vine, and rousing them up I began to upbraid them for their dullness in artistical taste. But Stephens thought that artistic *taste* had less of *nater* in it than a taste of good brandy, and swore that there was a *darned* sight more fun in "cuttin double shindies" with the Dutch girls at the Swiss hotel, than in "loafing" among a parcel of naked men and women, made of marble, and scattered through a "bush." As he was now up for an instant return to the cantonment, we all three left the gardens at once, and retraced our way through the grotto.

On our re-appearance in the city, Stephens, whose passion for the wine cup and the Swiss girls superseded all other amusements, directed his way to the hotel where he had passed the night, while my English friend and I proceeded into the neigh-

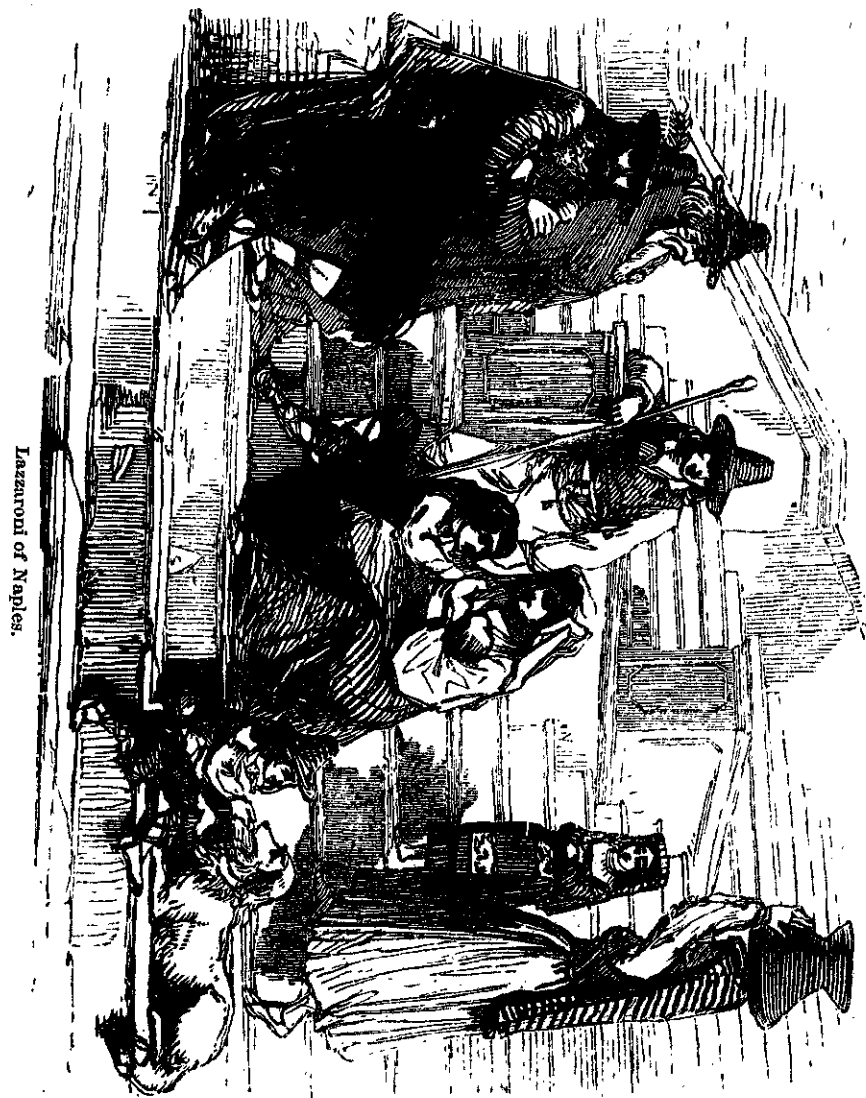
borhood of the palace, and took a turn in the semi-circular colonnades of the adjoining chapel. The palace of the king, though large, is a plain brick edifice, and not very attractive in its external appearance, but is set off with happy effect by the open square in its front. The colonnades of the chapel project forward in two arms, as if to embrace the palace, while the intermediate space between the arms is adorned with two equestrian statues of marble, mounted on pedestals some eight feet from the ground.

The palace of the prime minister of the two Sicilies, a short distance from that of the sovereign, is a beautiful edifice. It is built of white marble, on the hill side, and is partially divided by a long vestibule or arched court, which is ascended by flights of steps at intervals of nearly thirty feet. The niches along the sides of the court, are filled with sculptured designs of the most eminent artists, representing the famed heroes of ancient song, who with solemn look and thoughtful brow, seem contemplating the present oppression and gloom of, their once free and happy Italy.

Leaving this gorgeous structure, I was next led to a church said to have been visited occasionally by Bonaparte during his sojourn at Naples, and hence called the "Church of Napoleon." Much as I had before seen of Catholic ostentation in the extravagant decoration of churches, the greatest stretch of my imagination had never conceived a

parallel of the magnificence and profusion here displayed. The whole interior of the building, from the mouldings of the dome to the nethermost extremity of the walls, was literally in a blaze of gold. The altar, the images, and the organs, sparkled with precious gems, while the pillars vied with each other in the splendor of their decorations; and even the statues of the holy saints adorning the niches, and whose prototypes had passed their days in wealthless humility, were peeping out upon the golden scene before them, from beneath coronets of the most exquisite and costly workmanship.

Such sanctified magnificence is doubtless extremely gratifying to the taste of a true Catholic, who sees in it nothing more than man's munificent love to his Creator; and that such outward trappings of wealth and grandeur impress the ignorant multitude with a high sense of the sublime in Christianity, is altogether indisputable. But to the philanthropic mind, who would weigh the blessings of the Supreme will in scales of happiness to all his creatures, these things become objects of sincere regret. It is impossible for a man accustomed to a land of plenty, where beggary is almost unknown, to look upon the starving thousands of Naples, and not regret the sacrifice of so much wealth for mere external religious show—to witness the ignorance and degradation of the mass of her citizens, and not wish a portion of this wealth



Lazarous of Naples.

diverted into channels for their moral elevation. How much wretchedness and misery might not be obviated by a proper application of the sums of money expended in the decorations of this single church! How many darkened minds, that are now treading the downward way to crime and desolation, might not be enlightened to virtue and science, by a direction of one-half of the munificent funds of the church to the establishment of public schools! But monarchy and popery direct it otherwise; and while each might acquire an enviable renown in governing a nation of intelligent freemen, they sacrifice their own peace of mind and the happiness of their subjects, in endeavoring to sustain the empty trappings of a throne. But time and human progress will rectify their blunders. Their reigns, instead of yielding *men*, have produced cannibals, whose stomachs thirst for the blood of the oppressors—the steel of the tyrant is sharpening the teeth that will eventually rend him from his throne, and feast a long night of revelry on the untombed flesh of his ermined carcase.

On quitting the church I settled with my guide, to whom I paid a dollar for his services; and as it was drawing near the time of day at which my presence would be anticipated on board the ship, I thought it best to return home. My English friend accompanied me to the landing, where several of my messmates had already preceded me,



and where I soon took my seat in one of the Fairfield's boats, bidding farewell to my friend and to Naples. Thus ended my brief visit to that famous city, which the natives often designate as a "part of heaven fallen upon earth;" but which, notwithstanding the extravagant figure, has as much of the nether elements in its composition, as any known spot of like extent on the globe.

Our Neapolitan visit was not one of the most favorable kind to the Fairfield, inasmuch as she was compelled to leave the port with two hands less in the number of her crew than she had entered it. Those two Englishmen who had shown a hankering after the Rodney at Gibraltar, and who were both members of my mess, had forgotten to return to the ship; and though diligent search was made for them about the city, they managed to keep themselves invisible. Mr. Boyle, however, said he was glad they were gone—that the old Fairfield needed some purging of her rotten timbers—that he would not give a "tinker's compliment" for a sailor in the American service, who would barter the glorious banner of the "stripes and stars" for the royal cross of St. George.

Having gratified his own curiosity, and that of his subordinate officers, with a view of the wonders of Naples, the commodore ordered the squadron again to sea, and retraced his way to Port Mahon.

The only striking incident on board our ship,

during this voyage, was the imprisonment of the boatswain. Mr. Edgar, as the reader is already aware, was remarkably fond of grog. At Naples he had indulged his appetite to such excess, that he was, at times, incapable of attending to his duties; and on quitting the port, had furnished himself with a supply of liquor to last him some weeks. His intemperate behavior in the steerage had produced an altercation between himself and his messmates, during which he made an assault upon the gunner. His disorderly conduct was immediately reported to the captain, who ordered him to be placed under arrest, and kept in irons until our arrival in port. At the end of our voyage, his case was referred to the commander-in-chief, who suspended him from his office, and ordered him to be sent home at the earliest opportunity.

However settled my hate, for the ill-treatment I had suffered at the hands of this unfortunate wretch, I had now my revenge. Though in the receipt of forty dollars per month, his wages had been so methodically exhausted, that he was not in possession of sufficient money to defray his expenses home. To meet this deficiency, he threw himself on the charity of the ship's company; and now it was that he first discovered the exact estimation in which he was held by the men. Many openly derided his claims on their benevolence, and not a few met his solicitations with a hearty curse. Some few, however, did subscribe a dollar each, by which

he was saved from absolute destitution. On presenting his paper to me, he turned his face aside. After looking it over, I handed it back, asking if he remembered the flogging he got me in the old Columbus. He took back his paper with a bitter look, and walked away without making any reply.

## Chapter Twentieth.

### Adventures at Port Mahon.

ON our appearance at Port Mahon, there was a second jubilee among the ladies, who visited the squadron by scores, and met poor Jack with such happy greetings, as made all hands think themselves once more at home. The time was also a propitious one for the men. There was a prospect ahead for a few months of fun and amusement. The Brandywine, and Preble, were already warping into winter quarters, while the Fairfield, presented that neat and tidy appearance, which in every ship of war, betokens an opportunity of relaxation and ease to the hardy sailor.

A few days after our return, the captain gave leave of absence to a portion of the crew; and though some of my messmates had barely recovered from the effects of their Neapolitan spree, we had the luck of being numbered among this party. Stephens, who had become my most intimate associate, was in ecstasies at the prospect of another cruise on shore, while Parkhill, who was always out for equestrian exercises, began to talk of martingales, and bridles, as if his whole life had been

passed from under the bowsprit, or astride the flemish horse. To me, the circumstance of going on shore at Port Mahon, possessed a greater charm than at Naples, from the simple fact, that here I could make myself understood by the natives, which was far from being the case in the more superb metropolis of Italy.

On being landed on shore, the first object of our search, as a matter of course, was a grog-shop. This we found before we had penetrated a square into the town; and charging ourselves with a sufficient quantity of ardent spirits, to arouse the more refined *spirit* of adventure, questions were started among the company, as to what amusements were to constitute the order of the day. One thought the most delightful thing we could undertake, was, to kick up a row with the police, and fight the soldiers, while a second, suggested the idea of getting up a fandango. A third was in favor of a jackass expedition to Georgetown, getting drunk on the road, and returning home the best way we could. The last proposition appeared to meet the approbation of Parkhill and Stephens, the former of whom received the suggestion with a cheer. Indeed, the adventure seemed to embody so much of the ludicrous, that I was disposed to join in it, and after some persuasion on the part of Parkhill, finally consented to become one of the party. The expedition matured, about a dozen of us repaired to a livery stable, where, in less than an hour, we were mounted on as many animals,

and thundered off, down the streets of the town, with the fleetness of a company of cavalry in pursuit of a flying foe. Twice we dismounted to drench our throats before we had traversed the extent of the city, and even after we had passed beyond its limits, we hailed the country people, proceeding with their wines to the market, and levied contributions on their respective demijohns.

Arriving at Georgetown, we secured our beasts wherever a peg could be found large enough to hold one, and bounding into the first hotel, which was half filled with soldiers, called for half a dozen bottles of wine. The soldiers, soon retiring from the apartment, left our party to themselves, upon which most of them entered into the affections of the wine with a determination that threatened to sweep everything into oblivion. After half an hour of riotous drinking, Stephens drew me aside and told me that it was a settled scheme among the party to get me drunk; and that I must keep an eye to my glass, as the rest were adding spirits to my wine. I thanked him for the hint, and as I had already some queer sensations about the head I soon managed to give the company the slip, and retreating to a private nook in the rear of the house, stretched myself on a bench, with my head reclining against a wash-tub, containing some four or five gallons of water.

Now whether it was the liquor of which I had been drinking so liberally that produced drowsiness, or whether my nerves had been overcome from

the loss of sleep during the preceding night, I know not, but from some cause or other, I immediately sunk into a sound sleep, in which my fancy was troubled with wild visions of storms, and shipwrecks of the sea.

I fancied myself on a second voyage to Naples. The capes of the bay had already been weathered, when the wind, which for several days had been blowing from the south, commenced pouring down in a frightful hurricane, and driving us upon the coast, in dangerous proximity with the shore. All the sail that could possibly be spread on the vessel, was now set; the yards were braced sharp up to the wind; and the brave old *Fairfield*, turning her nose up into the eye of the tempest, staggered off, as if determined to extricate herself from her perilous situation. Headland after headland flew by with amazing rapidity, until the last point was weathered, and the crew began to congratulate each other on having obtained a secure offing, when the steersman suddenly put hard up his helm, and rounded off the ship in the direction of the shore. The yards flew round as if by magic; and the struggling vessel, bowing to the blast scudded away before it with fearful velocity.

"Luff her up again!" shouted I, to the helmsman, who moved the wheel one spoke, but without producing any visible change in the movement of the vessel.

I mounted the capstan to scan the coast we were

so rapidly nearing. About two miles to leeward, I beheld a large reef of rocks, extending far into the sea, and against which the angry breakers were rearing their huge heads, and hurling back their white caps in frosty spray, as if in defiance of the hurricane. Between this and the shore the sea was perfectly smooth; but I saw at a glance the utter impossibility of scaling such an immense barrier. But might there not be an opening in the ledge? I strained my sight in search of the desired passage, but all to no purpose.

Suddenly a dark and heavy looking cloud gathered directly over the reef—a mighty roar of wind was distinctly audible amid the howling of the ocean tempest, while a bright flash of lightning, bursting from the heavens, streamed along the horizon, lighting up both sea and land in a flame of fire. The ship, as if frightened by the terrific peal of thunder that followed, swept onward in the direction of the shore with a tenfold speed. My blood curdled in my veins as we neared the frightful reef, and turning again towards the helmsman, I exclaimed, in a voice of desperation:

"Luff! luff! for heaven's sake, luff!"

Again I looked towards the shore, but my head grew dizzy. The huge breakers rose directly under the jibboom, their white caps dancing for a moment in the air, and then hurling themselves to windward with a fury that sent the mist and spray showering into my face. I sprang from the cap-

stan to the wheel, but it was too late. A tremendous crash and a grating noise, that made the ship quake from stem to stern, decided our fate. The mainmast went by the board, and fell across the forecastle. I turned towards the cabin—a monstrous sea reared itself up astern, and came sweeping over the deck, bearing in its course both cabin and helm. To save myself, I grasped at the end of a brace that hung dangling from a belaying pin, but missing it, I was hurled violently to the deck, and buried beneath the crumbling fragments of the wreck.

"Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed I.

"Mercy it is," answered the familiar voice of Stephens.

"Where are you, Nat?"

"In Georgetown, blast your eyes; where are you?"

"Under the timbers, Nat; isn't this an awful wreck?"

"Yes—beats the devil! Every thing stoved to splinters."

"All hands lost, Nat?"

"No, nothing lost but the tub."

"I told him to luff, but he wouldn't," continued I.

"No, nor I never knowed a jackass as would luff by being hollered at," replied Stephens. "But come, come, you lubber; don't be rolling here like

a mud turtle. Get up, and come in the house—your shipmates are waiting for you."

"No use—can't get ashore at any rate."

"Can't get ashore? Why, bugger his top-lights, what does the fellow mean? He must be dreaming. Hillo here, bohoys, all hands unmoor ship! Do you hear that, you lubberly street swabber?"

The shout of Stephens, and the rough shake he gave me, aroused my blunted senses from the stupor into which they had fallen; and on opening my eyes, which I found strangely dripping with water, my looks were met by a grim visage, almost as frightful in appearance as the horrible dream from which I had just awakened.

"Why, heavens, Stephens, what's all this?" exclaimed I, staring wildly in the fearful face that was bending over me.

"Why, don't you know the features of your own jackass?" answered Stephens, laughing immoderately at my surprise.

"Ah, yes, I see now," said I, "but how in the world did he get here?"

"Why, Parkhill tied him to the bench leg, to stand guard over his defunct master, and to keep the soldiers from picking your pockets."

"And to upset me, I suppose, break the bench, and make shipwreck of the tub. Very considerate of him, indeed! I see through it all now," said I, endeavoring to laugh, but with little inclination to

enjoy the joke. "However, say nothing about it, Nat; my turn for retaliation may come some day, and if I don't meet him with an equal trick, it will be because he can't be made as drunk as he was at Naples, that's all."

Stephens and I, mounting into our saddles, trotted off to Port Mahon, leaving our shipmates still enjoying themselves in their noisy revel in Georgetown. The remainder of the day was passed in rambling about the streets, and visiting the markets. At night we repaired to a fandango in Castle street, where near thirty girls were assembled, in company with an equal number of sailors and young men of the city. The soldiers, attracted to the spot by the sound of music, collected by degrees in a crowd about the door. As the night advanced, an altercation arose in the street, in consequence of some of the soldiers attempting to rob a sailor. A dozen blue jackets flew to the rescue of their shipmate, and repulsed the soldiers. The latter, soon returning with increased numbers, and armed for a more formidable fray, made an attempt to drive the sailors from the street. The riot now became general. All the sailors fled from the ballroom into the street, where they met with a warm reception from the soldiers, who made a free use of their knives, as well as their muskets. Several shots were fired, one of which took effect in the arm of a seaman from the Brandywine, while a French sailor, who had joined in with the

Yankee party, had his cheek laid open from the cut of a sabre. The sailors, finding the fracas growing too hot for men destitute of arms, were compelled to yield the ground, and making a hasty retreat, were pursued by the soldiers in every direction.

After running near two squares along the street I was met by a party of three soldiers in front. Dreading the consequences of an attempt to pass them, I darted into a narrow alley, with the hope of concealing myself until they had gone by. But they had observed my movements, and rushed up the alley in pursuit. I hastened on in the darkness, blundering over endless obstructions, and at last discovered, to my increased alarm, that the place in which I had sought refuge was an enclosed court, destitute of any opening at the opposite extremity. Fully determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, I took my stand against a closed door opening into the court, and, though armed with nothing more deadly than a bayonet that I had wrenched from the musket of one of my former assailants, awaited with a desperate resolution the approach of my foes. They groped their way onward in the dark, muttering deadly imprecations on the insolent "Americanos," and finally discovering me in my retreat, rushed exultingly upon me with brickbats and stones. I had aimed my weapon for a deadly thrust at the breast of the nearest assailant, when the door against which I

had taken shelter suddenly opened, and a hand, seizing my arm, drew me inside. Quick as thought the door was again closed, while the soldiers without thundered against it with renewed vociferations. My thoughts were completely bewildered. I saw nothing—heard nothing. The hand that had rescued me from danger had let go my arm, and on looking around all was dark and silent. I attempted to speak, when the word “hist!” fell in a whisper on my ear, and then all became again quiet as the grave. Presently a step approached, and my arm being again grasped by an unseen hand, I was drawn along until I found myself in contact with a stairway.

“Up, up,” was again whispered in my ear, and following the direction of the wall I mounted quietly upward.

On gaining the upper floor, I soon stumbled against a bed, at which point I was left to myself, while the footsteps of my invisible guide receded in the direction of the stairs. The soldiers had, in the meantime, ceased their knocking at the door, though I still heard voices in the court below. With mingled feelings of surprise and curiosity, I seated myself on the bedside resolved to await patiently the denouement of these mysterious proceedings. That I was in a bedroom was evident enough, but what were its dimensions, or who its inmates, the darkness of the place precluded me from determining. Long I sat in anticipation of a light, but no light

came; and as hour stole upon hour without bringing any relief to my anxiety, I stretched myself on the bed with a vain endeavor to compose myself to slumber. Twenty times I started up, with an intention to seek an egress to the street, but was as often deterred from the undertaking by the oppressive gloom that hung like a pall of death over every thing around me.

“Well,” thought I, at last, “let me be where I will, I am certainly under the protection of friends,” and drawing a cheering consolation from this reflection, I once more resigned myself to the arms of Morpheus, and was soon lost in a sound sleep.

How many hours were passed in happy forgetfulness I know not, but when I awoke my eyes were greeted by a faint glimmer of light glancing from the side of a small window fronting the court. Feeble as were the rays, they nevertheless rendered objects around me discernible. The apartment, though small, had evidently been arranged with an eye to comfort. The fixtures, however, were scanty, and besides the bed consisted only of a few chairs, a rush carpet, and an elegant mirror. A small table also graced one side of the apartment, presenting a display of empty wine bottles and a glass vase, the latter of which was crowned with a bouquet of artificial flowers.

Finding myself still alone, and hearing no noise about the house, I rose quietly from the bed and withdrew the blind from the window. The morn-

ing was already far advanced, and the sunlight streamed into the apartment with a brilliancy that lighted up every object around me. On turning round my eyes rested on some one asleep on a mattress, and on a closer scrutiny I discovered that it was a female. Abashed and agitated at finding myself thus unexpectedly alone with a lady in her sleeping apartment, I hesitated how to act. After some deliberation I concluded, however, that follow what might, there could be no harm in taking a momentary peep at her face, and kneeling cautiously at the side of the couch, I traced with trembling curiosity every visible portion of her features. So much loveliness I had not before seen in any one of her countrywomen. Her slender neck and well-rounded shoulders were of the most captivating mould, and rivalled in whiteness the loveliest of American belles.

"Can it be possible," muttered I, "that I am indebted to this beautiful creature for my safety, and perhaps even for my life."

My words dispelled the enchantment. A slight rustling of the mattress followed, her head rose up, her eyes opened, and the sleeping beauty was awake.

Both started simultaneously; both sat apart regarding each other in mutual silence, and it would have required a third person to tell which blushed with the deeper confusion. She was the first to break the silence.

"You no be afraid?" said she, her face relaxing into a smile.

"No, I am not afraid *now*," answered I, "though I was while you were asleep. Every thing appeared so strange and unaccountable. Can you tell me to whom I am indebted for my timely rescue last night?"

"Say nossing about it," replied she, confusedly. "De soldiers no kill you now."

"No, I have no fear of them killing me in open daylight; but tell me was it you who opened the door—was it your hand that drew me in the house and led me up stairs?"

"Yes, me hear de soldiers in de street, and hear you at de door, and den me run down stairs and save-e you."

"And that too without knowing who or what I was?"

"No, me know you; me ask-e your name at de fandango."

"But it was dark in the court—how could you recognize me there?"

"Me follow you from de fandango, and see you run down de alley."

"Followed me!" exclaimed I. "What could induce you to follow a total stranger?"

The girl blushed deeply at the question, and after some hesitation muttered a reply.

"De womens say you has no friend aboard the scip."



"Indeed, no female friend, eh! And so I presume you follow me to become my friend—is it so?"

She made no reply, but the smile that struggled through her blushes, gave an affirmative assent to my question.

"Well, I am really very much obliged to the women, for their generous consideration," said I; "and your timely aid in rescuing me from the rage of the soldiers, places me under a thousand fold deeper obligations to yourself. What return can I make you, as a first token of my friendship?"

"Nada! nada!" said she, in her own language, and shaking her head thoughtfully.

"Nothing, indeed? Is there no kind act—no little present, you can think of, that would be pleasing to you? Can you not give me some opportunity of returning the gratitude my heart feels bound to award you?"

She remained silent, and for a full minute I watched her face, which was working with variable emotions. Her eyes were bent upon her lap, and presently tears stole forth. Again she ventured to speak in English, but it was with the confusion of one, who felt a humiliation in her own words.

"Suppose-e you like, when you sometimes comes from the scip, you please give-e me—

The sentence died unfinished on her lips, and she hastily averted her face.

"Give you what?" said I encouragingly. "Is it money?"

The pressure of the hand that followed my words, convinced me, that I had not been wrong in my conjecture.

"Enough!" exclaimed I, "If money is what you want, you shall not wait for it till another leave of absence from the ship," and drawing my purse from my bosom, I emptied the contents in her lap. "There are three dollars at your service, and were it three times three, you should be welcome to it all. And there," added I, slinging the purse after it, "take that to put it in. Were it my last dollar in the world, I would cheerfully share it with you."

Her looks brightened, as she turned over the money in her lap, and the nervous agitation of her fingers, told how opportunely came the gift. She insisted on me receiving one half back; but I was peremptory in forcing the whole purse upon her, conditioning, however, with her, to furnish me a breakfast out of the contents. To this she readily assented; and on my expressing a wish to have it prepared as soon as possible, in order to make an early return to the ship, we both tripped off to the kitchen, where charcoal, pans, cauliflower, eggs, and herrings were successively called in requisition, and a bright prospect of Spanish cookery, immediately opened in perspective before me.

While breakfast was preparing, an old crone walked into the apartment, whose wrinkled brow, pinched up visage, and tattered dress, betokened a life of privation and want. She spoke in Spanish;

and after a profusion of nods, winks, exclamations and crosses to my young hostess, she drew a chair forward, and seating herself directly in front of me, commenced a minute scrutiny of my person. Having examined me from head to foot, and satisfied herself from numerous twitchings of my jacket and neck handkerchief that I actually was a live Yankee, she drew my hand in hers, and clasping it tightly with her bony fingers, asked me what I thought of Frank.

"Who is Frank?" inquired I. "Is he one of the soldiers?"

"Bah! Diablo! Me no talk-e de soldads!" exclaimed she, contemptuously. "Frank! Frank! You no comprehend de gall," added she, pointing her finger to the young lady.

"Is her name Frank?" inquired I.

"Si, senor! Me always talk-e de name Frank, otro peoples call-e she Francisca."

I soon discovered that my wretched looking interrogator, was no greater nor less a person, than Frank's own mother; and on my expressing, in warm terms, my admiration of her daughter, she was transported into a sudden fit of good humor, and grew so garrulous on the strength of it, that before breakfast was half over, she even made me a proposal of her daughter in marriage. Frank was exceedingly confused, and endeavored to silence her, but she still chattered on in her own silly way, and persisted in having my answer to the

proposal. Finding myself constrained to say something, I told her that in my present circumstances I was wholly unprepared to marry—that it would, in fact, be a serious undertaking, while so far away from my own country—and that, as it was an act which could not easily be recalled when once entered into, she must give me ample time to study the matter over. My request appeared so reasonable that the old lady agreed to allow me six weeks to make up my mind, during which time I was to procure leave of absence from the ship as often as possible and endeavor to visit Frank once a week. This arrangement being in no way objectionable to any of the parties concerned, all assented to it, and the subject was permitted to rest for the present.

On ascertaining the time of day, I found that I had already overstayed my furlough from the ship, and began to feel a little uneasiness as to the consequences. I was hence necessarily compelled to take a hasty leave of my new friends. With a warm pressure of the hand, and a smile from Frank, together with an actual hug from the old woman, I issued into the court, and hastening down Castle street, made the best of my way to the navy yard.

During the following month some considerable changes were made among the officers of the squadron. Our first lieutenant, Mr. Whittle, having been invalided on our return from Naples, took up his

residence on shore. This occurrence would have placed Mr. Boyle second in command. But the latter gentleman, having been appointed as first lieutenant of the *Preble*, Mr. Hunter, our third lieutenant, was installed in the office of Mr. Whittle. Mr. Lannier, our sailing master, having been promoted to a lieutenancy, was transferred to the *Brandywine*, and a passed midshipman named Williamson was sent to take his place, as master, on board the *Fairfield*.

The reader has been informed in a former chapter, that Mr. Lannier hired me to write the ship's log; and for the services I had rendered in this department of his duties, he paid me six dollars, at Naples. Mr. Williamson, however, deeming it incumbent on a foremast hand, to do just whatever an officer bid him, objected to giving me *any* consideration, whatever, for the same duties, and to meet him on his own grounds, I objected to the performance of the duties, *under* any consideration, whatever. My refusal drew some abusive language from the new master, in which he tried to frighten me into submission, by threatening to report me to the first lieutenant. I told him to crack his whip, and go ahead, for I would see both him and his log-book to Davy Jones' locker, before I would scratch another stroke of the pen in it.

As might be expected, I was soon arraigned before Mr. Hunter for insolence. I made a plain statement of the case to our new first lieutenant, and excused myself, on the plea, that Mr. William-

son, by repeated provocations, had forced insolent language from me—that it was the master's mate's duty to write the log—and that my duties on the forecastle, were of so arduous a nature, as to require my presence, at all times, in that part of the ship.

Mr. Hunter immediately negatived the complaint of the master, and told him to hand his log-book over to Mr. Tripp, and let him attend to the writing of it.

"Mr. Tripp cannot write," said the master.

"Then he has no business with the office," answered Mr. Hunter. "If he cannot discharge its duties, turn him out of it, and put a man there who can."

"That is for the captain to attend to, and not me," observed the master.

"Then make your complaint to the proper authority, instead of me," replied the first lieutenant.

Mr. Williamson was compelled to make his retreat to the steerage, and betake himself in search of a new clerk, without enjoying the satisfaction of seeing me punished.

But though I had thus beaten off Mr. Williamson in his first complaint, and relieved myself from a duty, which at best was not a very agreeable one, I was not long in discovering that I had but little to boast of in my victory. The new master had, from the commencement of our misunderstanding, become my most implacable enemy, and spared no opportunity of annoying me. More than once he

condescended to step aside from the routine of his own duties, with the prospect of catching me tripping in some petty violation of discipline, by which he hoped to draw upon me the vengeance of the captain. But I understood him; and though I hated him with as hearty a good will as he did me, I could not forbear pitying the littleness of that spirit which could induce him to seek a mean revenge on a common sailor, by peeping around corners, and endeavoring to waylay him during hours of mirth and amusement.

Some twenty sailors of us, were one day amusing ourselves at a game of quoits in the rear of one of the navy buildings, when Mr. Williamson stole unexpectedly upon us, and singling me out from among the party, observed that I would better be white-washing the beef barrels that were lying on the wharf, than wasting my time in quoit and penny pitching. The party immediately dispersed, and I repaired, with the rest, to my employment in the store-house. The master soon after entered the place where I was at work, and in a very insulting manner, demanded of me, why I was not white-washing the beef barrels, in accordance with his orders. His behavior threw me off my usual guard, and I answered in a tone that ill became my station.

"Because, sir, I didn't see fit to do it, that's all."

"Away, you insolent scoundrel, and do my bid-

ding this instant!" exclaimed Mr. Williamson, trembling with rage.

"Thank you, sir; I have more important business on hand," said I, touching my hat with the most ironical civility.

"Do you dare to disobey my order, sir?" cried he.

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"Very well, sir! Very well sir! That's all I wish to know! We'll see whether you will dare to tell me that before Captain Tattnall, on the quarter-deck," and with bitter denunciations of vengeance, the enraged master stalked out of the rigging loft.

"You'll get fetched up, with a round turn, to the tune of one dozen for that," said Parkhill, who was working at my elbow.

"I don't care a French sou if I do," answered I. "My time will be out week after next, and I would as soon carry home a dozen lashes as not."

The master proceeded directly to the ship, and as the captain had arrived on board a few minutes before, I made up my mind to pass the following night in double irons. But the evening approached, and passed by, without my arrest. The following day, two men were placed in limbo for fighting, and, in the evening, a third for drunkenness, but still I heard nothing in respect to my quarrel with the master.

On the third day, all hands were called to witness punishment. Each of the prisoners received

his ratio of lashes according to the nature of his crime; and as the last was re-clothing himself, I began to flatter myself with the belief, that my offence had been forgotten. Mr. Forester, the new boatswain, had put his call to his lips, to pipe a retreat, when Mr. Williamson suddenly appeared on deck. His presence appeared to serve as a signal for my appearance at the mainmast. The captain had me called up, and after recounting the charges alleged against me, desired to know what I had to say in my own behalf.

"Not a word, sir," replied I. "Mr. Williamson's charges are all correct."

"Your delinquency is then inexcusable," said the captain. "Strip, sir, strip."

I straightway commenced "peeling" for my rations, while many of my shipmates, who were not before aware of my offence, witnessed the proceedings with surprise. While in the act of removing my under-clothes, Mr. Hunter insinuated himself between the captain and master, and addressed the former in an undertone, of which I only overheard the word, "unnecessary harshness."

"It can't be helped," said the captain; "I must punish him."

"He's a very good man, sir," replied Mr. Hunter.

"But he disobeyed my order," cried the master.

"True, true," observed the captain, impatiently; "he disobeyed Mr. Williamson's orders; and diso-

bedience of orders is a breach of discipline which, under any circumstances, cannot be excused."

"In the present instance it might be overlooked," continued the first lieutenant. "There can be no risk in excusing an exemplary man."

"Such clemency to even exemplary men, cannot safely be granted," replied the captain. "It would be setting an open door to similar breaches of discipline in future."

"And, besides, he disobeyed my order," repeated Mr. Williamson.

"I would rather not see him punished," said Mr. Hunter, as the quarter-master finished tying my hands.

The captain paused, as if hesitating whether or not to proceed.

"Remember, sir, he disobeyed my order," again chimed in the master, endeavoring to jog the wavering resolution of the captain.

"Young man," at length began the captain, addressing himself to me, "I have had an eye directed particularly to your conduct ever since your appearance on board this ship, and I concur with Mr. Hunter in saying that I have hitherto found it perfectly correct; and I sincerely regret that now when your term of service has so near expired, any thing should have occurred making it necessary for me to put you to the gangway."

"Well, Captain Tattnall," replied I, "it is the first time I have been at the gangway for a wilful

breach of discipline, since my entrance in the navy; and I would not be here now, had Mr. Williamson addressd his order in language becoming an officer. But his rude manner made me angry, and in my passion I answered in hasty words that my own cooler judgment as well as the law condemns. I know, however, that I am guilty, and shall not flinch from the penalty. Let the boatswain's mate do his duty, sir."

"I am conscious, Captain Tattnall," again interposed the first lieutenant, "that this is his first offence in this ship, and I would regard it as a special favor to have him excused."

"Have it as you wish, then," replied the captain. "Quarter-master, cut him loose."

The knife of old Hull was instantly at my wrists, and away went thongs, as well as hands. The first lieutenant ordered the retreat to be piped, and all hands dispersed, while the disappointed master descended to the steerage with a hatred ten times more deadly than he had ever cherished before.

On descending to the berth-deck, I alighted on my young friend, Mr. Turner, sitting against the forward bulk-head of the ship, with his face bathed in tears. After some inquiries in respect to the cause of his troubles, I discovered that the pseudo aristocracy of the steerage, had at last, accomplished their favorite project of bringing the plebeian midshipman into difficulties with his com-

mander. He had, the previous day, been sent on shore in charge of a boat, and two of the men, pretending to have an errand into the town, requested to have a few minutes leave of absence. As it was against orders to suffer any man to leave the boat, the young midshipman refused their request, until advised by an elder midshipman to let them go, upon which he finally yielded his consent to their departure. Neither of them returned at the stipulated time; and after an hour's delay, the boat was obliged to retrace its way homeward without them. During the passage to the ship, the elder officer, in pretended commiseration of the distress which the absence of the two men was occasioning Turner, told him to report them to the first lieutenant as having run away. Turner incautiously followed the advice of his wily messmate; and no sooner had his report become known in the steerage, than his enemies laid a full detail of the facts before the commander, in as aggravated a form as they dared well present it. As an unavoidable consequence, Turner was suspended from duty, and two charges were preferred against him for investigation; one for disobedience of orders, and the other for having made a false report to his commanding officer.

I saw at once that Mr. Turner's case was one of too serious a nature for me to afford him any aid in it. That it would be referred to the investigation of a court martial, appeared unquestiona-

ble; and so deep a conviction had the poor boy of a final suspension from the service, that he had already, in a manner, made up his mind to anticipate his sentence by running away from the squadron. He had fixed an eye on the French navy, and thought of trying to obtain admittance there. I deemed these wild notions as being the mere fanciful whims of a boy, and advised him to stick to the old *Fairfield* as long as he was not dismissed, and so long as two of her timbers were hanging together. But he was inconsolable; and though I talked, and endeavored to reason with him, he still persisted in having his cry out. As the boatswain's call had already sounded to dinner, I was obliged to leave him to himself. Poor fellow! It was the last conversation I ever had with him; and though years have since fled, and at times his sad tearful eyes, have risen before me in my nightly visions, his subsequent career remains to me as deep a mystery as the hidden secrets of unborn time.

## Chapter Twenty-First.

In which the Adventurer abandons the Mess-Room of Uncle Sam, and takes up a brief residence on the Island of Minorca.

BEFORE the court-martial had been convened that was to decide upon the official career of the unfortunate Turner, the 12th of January, 1842, arrived. This was the day on which the tocsin of personal independence was once more to be sounded in my ears. My time was out. The three years of transfers, bean soup, and salt *junk*, had at last ceased; the reign of terror and cat-o'-nine-tails was over, and I was about to stalk once more into the world an unfettered American citizen. Mr. Hunter was the first to call the subject to notice, and having ascertained from the books of the purser that my time had actually expired, proceeded to communicate the important intelligence to the commander of the ship. The captain soon appeared on deck, and sent a committee in the form of a boatswain's-mate to conduct me to the mainmast. A crowd of sailors had preceded me aft to witness the interview. On presenting myself before the captain, he requested to know what I intended to do.

"Sir," replied I, "when I solicited an exchange at Hampton Roads, in Virginia, you denied my

request. I told you then that I would quit the service as soon as my time expired. My resolution is still unchanged, and my intention now is to return home."

"I would like very well to gratify your wish, if circumstances would permit," said the captain; "but your services in the ship cannot well be dispensed with. You must re-enter for the cruise."

"Never, sir," answered I, firmly. "No possible compensation that you can offer will ever induce me to re-enter."

"Then I will be compelled to resort to coercive measures," proceeded the captain. "Mr. Forrest, you need not make out this man's account, as I shall return him immediately to his duty. His services, if not important now, will become so in the spring, and I shall accordingly detain him at my discretion to the end of the cruise. You see," added he, again turning to me, "that the *law* has provided a way for *commanding* your services, whether you choose to re-enter or not."

"But, sir," replied I, "the ship has been in commission only a little over eight months, and she may yet remain near three years on this station. Will not my detention for such a long period of time be equivalent to an impressment?"

"Impressment or not impressment, it is the law provided by *act* of Congress, and I but carry not its provisions in withholding your discharge. You will, therefore, return to your duty, and that

without grumbling, too, for I shall meet the slightest act of insubordination with a vigorous application of the cats. Do you hear that?"

Indeed, I did hear the words of the captain, and their harshness was as unexpected as their import was disheartening. All those illusive dreams of bliss with which I had indulged my fancy, in anticipation of my discharge, were buried at once in a long shade of darkness and night. These few brief words fell like a deadening blow on my heart, which a moment before had been bounding at the prospect of an early re-union with the delights of home, and a second entrance into happy companionship with long-lost loved ones. All, all those hopes were now dissipated by the revolting word *law*, and in their place arose, in scornful prospective before me, another three years of toil and turbulence, accompanied with every species of privation and cruelty. The thing seemed an utter impossibility. I looked the captain in the face, wondering in my own mind if he could really mean what he said. His countenance was as stern and inflexible as the law he invoked. I attempted to speak, but it was all up with me. My utterance was gone; my bosom swelled with strange sensations, and turning my face hastily aside to conceal my emotion, I burst into tears.

On the disappearance of the captain in the cabin, I regained command of my feelings, and felt extremely mortified at having suffered myself



to be overcome by such boyish weakness. My shipmates, who appeared to sympathize deeply in my disappointment, gathered round me in the gangway, and gave expression to various comments on the recent scene, which all freely acknowledged to be one of the most extraordinary cases of detention they had ever heard tell of. In a few minutes the discourse was interrupted by one of the stewards, who brought me word that the first lieutenant desired my presence in the ward-room. On repairing below, I found Mr. Hunter seated at the ward-room table in company with the first lieutenant of the *Preble*. Having consulted between themselves on the subject of my discharge, both advised me to appeal to the commander-in-chief; and as the appeal could not be made without the approbation of Captain Tattnall, Mr. Boyle insisted on me going at once to him, and asking his permission. Unhesitatingly I mounted at once to the cabin door, and on being announced by the sentry was told to walk in. When my errand was explained, the captain smiled, and told me that I had his full permission to make the appeal; that he had in fact no *real* intention of detaining me, unless such should be the desire of the commodore. These words were exceedingly cheering to my mind, and I hastened back to the ward-room with a light heart. Mr. Hunter immediately ordered the third cutter called away to row me on shore, and as I descended the side-ladder he observed that I was

henceforth at liberty to go and come whenever I pleased.

Put a man-o'-war sailor on shore, and if there be a woman within twenty miles who ever favored him with three kind words and a smile, no temptation will induce him to pause until he sees her. No sooner had I touched the landing than all ideas of home, of the *Fairfield*, and of the commander, were forgotten in the all-absorbing thought of Francesca Mondora. I made a straight wake for Castle street, and in less than ten minutes entered the little court where a month before I had taken shelter from the Spanish soldiers. For more than three weeks I had received no intelligence of the lady. I approached the door of her little dwelling with a palpitating heart, and opened it cautiously—she was there. I bounded into the apartment, and in an instant we were locked in each other's arms.

"Frank," said I, trembling with delight, and putting a dollar into her hand as I released her; "take that and buy two bottles of wine, and a dinner for you and me, and let us have a 'blow-out,' for I am a free man!"

My fair friend received the gift with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and glided joyously from the apartment. In a few minutes a sumptuous supply of wine and cakes was paraded forth on her little table, and both seated ourselves to a happy repast.

There was something so agreeable in chatting

with a pretty young woman, that I was induced to delay my intended visit to the commodore from time to time, until the advancing day admonished me of the necessity of action. The thought also recurred that I was not yet discharged from the ship, and that my present leave of absence was granted with a view to business, rather than to pleasure. My return on board might, moreover, be anticipated by the captain, under whose control I still felt myself, and hence I began to think it prudent to defer my matters of love to a more appropriate season. Frank, who was willing to forego any personal gratification on her own part, rather than see me bring myself into difficulty with my commander, no sooner learned the object of my errand, than she began to reproach both herself and me for having suffered so many hours to pass away unimproved. With a mutual embrace, and a promise on my part to see her again at the earliest opportunity, I left her, and proceeded on my way to the residence of the commodore.

On retiring into winter quarters, the commodore had abandoned the squadron, and taken up his residence on shore. His mansion was situated in one of the most elegant portions of the city; and as I was personally acquainted with his cook and steward, I felt confident of meeting with a favorable welcome in his establishment, so far, at least, as his domestics were concerned. On opening the kitchen door, I discovered the cook kicking round,

and smacking his fists among the culinary in the most delightful confusion, and giving utterance to a tirade of *sacres* and *diabes*, in all the bitterness of French anger. Surprised at his extravagant behavior, I ventured to ask him what was the matter, upon which he flourished a huge carving knife two or three times round his head, kicked up his heels, and giving a valedictory oath, threw himself backward, puffing and blowing into a chair.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "de commodore be determine to kil-le me! Yesterday he discharg-ee de steward—dis day he send away de otre sarvant, and now he ma-kee me de cook, de steward, de body sarvant, de everyting. Ah, me no stan-dee him! Me no more be able to lif de one hand above de otre!"

"Well," answered I, "you cooks have always a greater freedom of action than we sailors have. If your master discharges all his other servants, and imposes their duties on you, why don't you retaliate on your master by dismissing him?"

"Ah! oui, monsieur sailor, but dat ma-kee de grand miser-ee! De commodore mak-ee me work very much; but where you supo-see me trad-ee she off for one better master?"

My notion coincided with that of the cook, that a better master than Commodore Morgan was not easily to be found; and after commenting on the many indulgences with which his excellency had

avored his steward, and which had finally led the latter to trespass on the liberality of his master, the cook became so far reconciled to his hard fate, as to think that by the use of a little medicine in the shape of good Madeira wine, he might possibly keep himself alive a few days longer. A bottle was accordingly brought forth, and after each of us had partaken liberally of the sparkling contents, I disclosed to the cook the object of my visit. Monsieur Cook-ee shook his head doubtfully, and observed that I could not have timed my errand at a more unfortunate period—that the commodore had been in an angry mood ever since the banishment of his faithless servants—and that his temper had that afternoon been rendered still more irascible by a quarrel which had broken out between him and preacher Stewart, the chaplain of the squadron.

"Well," said I, after some hesitation, "announce me at all events; for let the result be what it will, I am determined to know it."

The cook at once mounted the stairs, and after an absence of a few minutes returned. He twisted his head with a grave look, and snapping his fingers significantly over his left shoulder, motioned for me to go up.

I ascended to the audience chamber with a beating heart. The commodore, a fine, portly personage, of quite a prepossessing appearance, was pacing the room, with his hands locked behind

him under the skirts of his coat. Without seeming to notice my presence, he nodded towards a chair.

"I am told by the cook that you are from the *Fairfield*," said he, still pacing the room.

"Yes, sir, I am," answered I. "Captain Tatt-nall has given me permission to refer a little business to you, on the subject of my discharge."

"I think your request is rather premature," said the commodore, pausing in his walk. "The ship has not yet been nine months from home, and it seems to imply a want of perseverance in any sailor, to desire a dismissal at so early a date."

I perceived from this reply that the commander-in-chief was unacquainted with my case, and hence I now briefly detailed to him the circumstances under which I had entered the Brazilian squadron at Rio Janeiro—the manner in which I had been deceived by Commodore Nicholson at New York—my transfer to the command of Captain Gallagher, on board the *North Carolina*—my cruise on the coast of Labrador, in the sloop *Preble*—my entrance and services on board the line of battle-ship *Columbus*, at Boston—my subsequent transfer and services on board the *Fairfield*—and not omitting the mention of the further fact, that Captain Tatt-nall now talked of detaining me to the end of the *Fairfield's* cruise.

The commodore paused, and for a moment regarded me with an incredulous look.

"Does Captain Tattnall know that you have been all these rounds?" inquired he.

"He cannot plead ignorance in the matter," replied I; "for I made a full statement of the facts to him at Hampton Roads, in Virginia, and again recalled them to his recollection to-day."

"The Navy Department should never have sent you out here," observed the commodore, resuming his walk; "and Captain Tattnall is certainly not excusable for attempting to detain you. There is a difficulty in getting you home from here," added he, thoughtfully. "However, that shall not hinder you from obtaining your discharge. Go directly on board the ship, and tell your captain to discharge you forthwith. Mind you say *forthwith*, and tell him that *I* said so."

"I will, sir," replied I, retreating instantly from the room.

On reaching the foot of the stairs, I heard the voice of the commodore calling after me to come back. I hastily retraced my way to his apartment, and awaited his pleasure.

He seated himself at a table, and after writing a few lines to Captain Tattnall, observed.

"Take from the purser what money you may think necessary to pay your expenses home, and bring the accounts for the balance of your wages to me, that I may attest them to the Navy Department.

The French commander of this port, will, any time, at my request, furnish you a gratuitous passage to France. At Marseilles, the American Consul will aid you in procuring a homeward bound ship; but be careful to take a receipt for the amount of money you pay the captain of the ship in which you take passage. On arriving in the United States, you will present my letter, together with your accounts, and the receipt, to the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, whose duty it will be, to pay you the balance of your wages, as well as to refund you the amount of money paid on your passage home. Do you understand that advice now?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, bowing.

"See that you endeavor to follow it out then—not only out of respect to your commander-in-chief, but because it is the best possible course for a young man in your situation to pursue. There," added he, handing the lines he had just written, "present that to your captain, and you will no longer hear any threat of detention."

I bowed my thanks, and gliding from the apartment, hastened down stairs. On issuing into the street, I encountered Mr. Hunter, to whom I communicated my success, and showed the order for my discharge. He thought it unnecessary for me to proceed immediately on board the ship, as Captain Tattnall was then dining with Captain Vorheese, on board the sloop Preble, and gave me leave to remain on shore until the following day.

I accepted the indulgence with pleasure; and as business for the day was now in a manner suspended, I repaired again to Castle street, and, for a time, forgot the world, the navy and its turbulence, in the smiles of the beautiful Francesca.

At the approach of night, Frank became desirous of having me attend her to a masquerade, which was that night going on at the theatre. As I had never in my life witnessed an entertainment of that kind, I felt very strongly disposed to accompany her, but there seemed difficulty to me in respect to my clothing. Frank, however, offered soon to overcome all obstacles on that score; and running hastily across the street, to a clothier's establishment, she soon returned with a well filled bundle of the most fanciful fineries. In ten minutes she had me dressed out in a scarlet robe, shining with spangles, and clapping on my head a rich turban, whose feathers swept the ceiling, led me across the room in all the magnificence of an eastern prince.

"Now de face of de grand Sultan," laughed she, drawing a mask over my face and tying it behind the ears; "den suppose you shake hands wis you'r own captain, he no tell what great man come to de masquerade!"

When all was completed, I took a survey of my person in the glass.

"Frank is right," thought I, "it would puzzle the captain, or any body else, to know me in such a kilter."

Frank now hastily adjusted her own dress, which was that of a Spanish Gipsy, the bodice being trimmed with blue and orange silk, interwoven with threads of gold. The skirt terminated a short distance below the knee, displaying her slender ankles and spangled feet to the most tempting advantage. Her hair, which was of the most luxuriant growth, descended down her back in two long plaits, from the points of which, streamed a profusion of pink ribbons, embracing within their folds two miniature silver bells, while her blooming cheeks were buried beneath a mask, whose inverted lips, crooked nose, and wrinkled brow, formed a most ludicrous contrast with her snowy arms and sylph-like figure, as she glided across the floor with all the ease and grace of an expert *danseuse*.

Having at last completed her toilet, Frank, in her turn, took a hasty peep at herself in the glass, and drawing her arm into mine with a satisfied air, the Sultan and the Gipsy directed their way to the theatre.

We found the doors of the house in such a state of blockade from the crowd without, that we were some time in obtaining admittance; but when once in, the spaciousness of the apartment afforded ample room to all. Never did I behold a more diversified or joyous assembly. Every visage of man and beast, and every costume that man and woman, civilized or savage ever wore, moved in rapid review before me. Kings, priests, and beggars were here

—fat friars in the act of absolving youthful virgins of their sins—old maids and juvenile bachelors slyly ogling each other through quizzing glasses of mammoth dimensions—ancient goddesses flying before the ponderous jaws of huge monsters, and burying themselves from sight in the winding mazes of the dance—nuns, with downcast eyes and solemn features were telling over their beads in the face of the devil himself, who with wagging tail and ears erect, was stealthily fastening his cloven claw upon them; while every avenue presented crowds of military and naval officers, many of whom were unmasked, and among which the American uniform formed no inconsiderable feature. The music was charming, the refreshments abundant, and everybody appeared to have forgotten the cares and toils of life amid the gay throng that filled with joy and mirth the passing hours of the night.

While my gentle partner and I were yet amusing ourselves by a walk around the immense hall, the band struck up a waltz, and away went near an hundred couple, whirling the vast circuit of the house in giddy delight. Frank was in ecstasies. She seized my arm and drew me suddenly into the throng, and though I knew nothing of the dance, round and round I went, fully confident that my partner would bring me safely through; and bring me through she did, but with such a perfect whirl that when we all came to a stand-still with our feet, my head kept spinning onward

with the velocity of a top. Twice I staggered from the giddy effects of the exercise; and the grand Sultan would most unquestionably have been *floored* outright, had not the nimble arm of the experienced Frank, sustained his equilibrium.

During our second dance, I was accosted two or three times by a masked gentleman, who kept his attention fixed on Frank. I suspected him to be an officer of the American squadron, but as to his rank, I, of course, could form no conception. I replied to his questions by signs, giving him to understand that I could not speak his language, but at which he only laughed, and said I could not deceive him, as he knew me. My confidence in my disguise satisfied me that I was unknown to any one in the room, but my partner, and hence I persisted in remaining silent to his questions. At the conclusion of the dance, he drew me aside into one of the passages, and after asking the name of Frank, with which I did not choose to acquaint him, desired me to unmask.

"After you, sir, if you please," said I.

He immediately withdrew his mask, and the countenance of Mr. Williamson presented itself before me.

My first thought was to knock him down; but recollecting that I was not yet discharged, I suppressed my rising passion by a timely effort. I felt conscious, however, that so far as language was concerned, my position *now* enabled me to

meet him on equal terms; and there seemed something pleasant to my feelings in the idea of having a hearty quarrel with him. With mingled feelings of contempt and indignation, I withdrew my mask, accompanying the act with a sailor's most hearty salutation.

"There, inspect my face, blast your eyes, and see if you know who I am now."

But Mr. Williamson had, apparently no disposition to quarrel. Though a gentleman of war, he was at present strongly inclined for peace. He no sooner obtained a glimpse of the face that greeted him so nautically, than his name at once became *Haines*, and darting hastily from the passage, he disappeared among the throng.

Before I had quitted the passage, the portly figure of Lieutenant Boyle crowded into the entrance, on his way to the adjoining drinking saloon. He recognized my face at a glance, and after a brief inquiry relative to my success with the commodore, to which I returned a favorable reply, he drew me along into the saloon. Here we encountered Captain Guysinger, of the frigate *Brandywine*, to whom Mr. Boyle introduced me as a particular friend of his. The captain, who was sitting quietly in a chair, smoking a cigar, rose and extended his hand, observing at the same time, that he was always happy to become acquainted with a friend of Mr. Boyle's. I felt extremely confused at such an unexpected introduction, but

endeavored to mutter some kind of compliment in reply. Mr. Boyle, with a comic look, relieved my distress by calling for some wine; and a bottle and glasses being placed on a table near us, we all three seated ourselves.

The conversation that ensued, was at first limited to the entertainments of the evening, but by degrees it changed to other topics, and the sloop *Fairfield* and her commander, being finally brought upon the tapis, Mr. Boyle observed that Captain Tattnell had very unjustly attempted to detain me on board his ship.

"Your friend here?" exclaimed Captain Guysinger, in surprise. "In what way was he connected with the *Fairfield*?"

"As one of her crew," observed Mr. Boyle. "He came with her from the United States."

"But in what capacity?" inquired the captain. "I do not recollect of ever before having seen his face among the *Fairfield*'s officers."

"Quite likely not," replied Mr. Boyle, "for he was one of the foremast hands. His station was—let me see—I think it was on the forecastle, was it not?" added he, turning to me for an explanation.

Before I could make any answer, Captain Guysinger sprang from his seat, and casting a significant look at Mr. Boyle, which seemed to rebuke him for having presumed to compromise the dignity of a naval captain, by an introduction to a



common Jack tar, retreated hastily from the saloon.

Mr. Boyle, perceiving that I blushed at the idea of my presence having offended the commander of the Brandywine, laughed heartily, and filling out two fresh glasses of wine, handed one over to me.

"Drink that," said he, "and be merry at my expense, for the joke is worth a treat. The captain, you see, like many another of my naval friends, cannot appreciate merit unless it appears before him clothed with a commission and epaulettes."

I drank the wine as a parting glass to Mr. Boyle. A few days more were to find me far from the squadron, and it was questionable whether I would again see him before my departure. Hence I could not forego the present opportunity of expressing to him my sincere thanks for the repeated acts of unaffected kindness with which he had favored me. A warm pressure of the hand, as we both rose from the table, was his only reply, but it was a farewell language that sent a deeper thrill through my soul than the most complimentary words could have done. Twelve long years have glided away since that parting hour; but there still exists a green spot in the heart of the humble sailor, whom his kindness once blest, nourishing forever a dewy tear to his remembrance.

On returning to the ball-room I encountered

Frank, who, like me, had removed her mask, and was then engaged in a dance with Mr. Hunter. I drew aside, and threw myself on a seat in one of the stage boxes. At the conclusion of the dance the young lady sought me out, and both having become weary of the entertainment, we soon left the theatre together, and returned home.

The following morning, at the hour of nine, I repaired on board the *Fairfield*. Captain Tattnall was at his post, and the purser having been summoned to the cabin, I presented the order for my discharge. The sum of sixty dollars, which I deemed sufficient to defray my expenses home, was immediately counted down to me; and while the purser's steward was engaged in making out a transcript of my accounts, I proceeded to gathering up my personal effects, and arranging them in a chest provided for me through the kindness of the carpenter.

All things being finally completed for leaving, I began to take my farewell of the ship's company, who were on all sides crowding round me, and presenting letters to be conveyed to their respective friends in America. The deep interest and sympathy which my departure was every where eliciting, became exceedingly touching to my feelings. Officers as well as men were grasping my hands, and heaping upon me their best wishes, while my own heart was melting with the tender emotions of one about quitting his home and the familiar faces



of long tried friends for unknown adventures among strange nations and stranger lands. Three days before I had regarded the ship *Fairfield* as an absolute prison, from which I longed to be released, and now, when I had my discharge in my pocket, and was about quitting her decks forever, the thought of never seeing her again was so touching as to almost melt me into tears. Stephens, for whom I had conceived a real friendship, kept near me all the time I was packing up my clothes, and when my chest was finally conveyed into the boat, he stationed himself near the companion ladder.

"Well, Nat," said I, extending him a parting hand as I mounted the steps, "two months more, and the blue waves of the broad Atlantic will be rolling between our friendship."

"Would to God that I could accompany you," exclaimed he, his face working with the deepest emotion.

"Why so, Nat, are you not happy here?" said I.

The poor fellow made no reply, but the big tear that he dashed hastily from his eye, told me plainly enough that his thoughts were even then wandering among the far-off cottages of New England.

"Never mind, Stephens," observed I, cheerfully, "the cruise will not last forever. You will return to America some day, and we may then be enabled to renew our acquaintance under more favorable circumstances."

"Ah! I fear not," answered he, sorrowfully.

"Some strange misgiving tells me we shall never meet in America. I dreamed last night of hearing the church bells tolling a funeral knell at home, and my heart has been sad ever since. When do you leave Port Mahon?"

"Not before the latter part of next week."

"Then I will try and meet you on shore some night before your final departure."

"Do if you can, Nat; and should you obtain leave of absence you can soon hunt me out by inquiring after me at our old hotel in Mahon."

With a wring of the hand that sent a pang to my very heart, the young man turned away, and I, hastening down the ship's side, was soon in the third cutter, and rowed out of sight of the eager faces that greeted me with a last token of farewell through the gun-ports of the old *Fairfield*.

## Chapter Twenty-Second.

In which the Adventures of our young Mechanic draw towards a close.

HAVING at length obtained my long desired release from Uncle Sam's mess-room, I now began to direct my attention to the means of accomplishing my journey to the United States. The commodore had promised to procure me a passage to France; and as a French war steamer had anchored in the harbor of Port Mahon the day following my discharge, I took upon myself the trouble of ascertaining her place of destination. I was informed by the French consul that she was a homeward-bound vessel from Algiers, but had been compelled to take shelter in the harbor from want of fuel—that a cargo of coal from the continent would arrive to her relief in a few days, upon which she would resume her voyage to Marseilles. These facts I communicated to the commodore, who immediately attested my accounts, and promising to furnish me all my necessary papers on the following day, dismissed me with an additional amount of wholesome advice.

Feeling myself and my time now entirely at my

(414)

own disposal, I wandered abroad with the feelings of a new man, and endeavored to pass my time in such amusements as the island presented. The greater portion of my first day on shore was spent in examining a suit of subterranean vaults on the sea coast, at the mouth of the harbor. At nightfall I returned into the city, and being attracted by the sound of a guitar to a well lighted room, I approached the door, which was thrown open for the convenience of spectators, and witnessed a brilliant company engaged in the favorite fandango. While watching the progress of this highly picturesque dance, a hand was laid on my arm, and on turning round, I met the face of my guardian angel, Frank. She knew that I had near seventy dollars in money on my person, and the dread of my being robbed by the profligate soldiers, had drawn her forth in search of me. We withdrew to a neighboring hotel, where I delivered the cash in charge to her, upon which she again left me, and retreated to her own dwelling.

After ordering some refreshments from the bar, I threw myself on a settee that stood behind a screen, and while the servant was mulling the wine, my attention was attracted by a slight bustle at the door, and the next moment Stephens walked into the apartment. Surprised and delighted, I drew two chairs to the table, and calling for additional viands to the lunch that now appeared, we both seated ourselves to the repast.

"You're just in time, Nat," said I. "I am happy in being able to accommodate you with a supper, as well as delighted to see you."

"I've had one supper to-night already," observed my friend; "but I don't care to go a second cargo on deviled eggs and Bologna sausages. Pour out a bowl of that hot wine, and hand it this way for a *primer*, for I'm blasted cold. Swimming on shore in January is not quite so pleasant as diving for rock oysters in the dog days."

"Swimming on shore! Why, what do you mean, Nat? I hope you certainly did not commit yourself by taking French leave from the ship?"

"I certainly did nothing else," replied Stephens. "I asked the first lieutenant for leave of absence till to-morrow morning, but it was refused me. I was, however, determined to pass the night with you; and so, as soon as the men crept away into their hammocks for the night, and the ship became quiet, I slid slyly down the cable, and struck out for the shore on my own responsibility."

"I am really sorry for you, Nat," said I. "You ought by no means to have done it. You will be detected and punished, mark my words; and the cat-o'-nine-tails are a less pleasant treat than even a sea bath in the dead of winter."

"Come any other punishment than flogging, and I might be able to go it," muttered Stephens;

"but no cat-o'-nine-tails shall ever sully my back!"

"But suppose you should be taken foul, as I was in the old Columbus, how would you avoid them?"

"I know not, nor can I say what the feelings of other men may be in regard to them; but for my own part I would as soon suffer death, as the articles of war say, as to submit to the degradation."

"Perhaps you may some day be put to the test, Nat, and then we will see whether——"

The sentence was arrested on my lips by the clangor of arms at the street door, and before either of us could turn in our seats, two midshipmen from the Fairfield bounded into the room. My looks glanced hurriedly to them and then at the object of their search, who instantly divining their errand, had risen to his feet. The blood had receded from the face of Stephens, who stood with the chair in his grasp, and muttered with trembling lips:

"Let them keep off, that's all—I give them fair warning. Death will be the portion of the first one that attempts to take me!"

"For God's sake, Nat," whispered I, "don't resist! It will only make the matter ten times worse, and perhaps bring your life in danger."

The elder midshipman approached the table, and grasping Stephens by the arm, drew him into the

middle of the room with a hearty curse, while the younger wrenched the chair from his grasp. Their rudeness irritated the already awakened anger of the sturdy sailor, who raised his fist menacingly, but the unexpected entrance of one of the lieutenants caused him to suspend the blow. Perceiving the utter folly of resistance, he cast a despairing look to me, and suffered himself to be conducted into the street, where he was immediately surrounded by his official guard, and led off in the direction of the bay.

I received my passport from the commander-in-chief on the morning following these events, and at an early hour repaired to the office of the French Consul to procure his endorsement to it, and to obtain also an order for my passage to Marseilles in the national steamer *le Veloce*. On my return I took a stroll on the high grounds fronting the bay, and my eyes glancing in the direction of the American squadron, I noticed the flag of the *Fairfield* streaming at half mast. The signal denoted distress, and as there had not been any sickness on board to have caused a death, I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning. Determined to unravel the mystery, I darted down the hill to the landing, and jumping into a shore boat, was soon alongside the ship. On gaining the deck, the first object that met my eye, was the national flag, stretched in folds over an object in the starboard gangway. This assured me at once that a death had really

taken place. Without addressing a word to any one, I hastened immediately forward, and on withdrawing the banner from the corpse, my eyes rested on the pallid features of Stephens.

Poor fellow! His last words to me had been made good. The cat-o'-nine-tails did, indeed, never sully his back! The dread of official vengeance had driven him to suicide. In the dead of the night, when all was quiet, and the sentry stalked drowsily at his post, he glided silently from the bow ports of the vessel and plunged into the waters of the bay. The splash aroused the sentry, and though fifty men were at once called to the rescue, the irons incasing his ankles and wrists dragged him down beneath the waters, whence no effort could bring him up until many hours after the vital spark had fled forever.

"Alas!" exclaimed I, as I gazed once more on the inanimate clay which nine hours before had moved with life, health and volition; "How strangely has his dream been verified. 'I dreamt of a funeral knell ringing at home,' said he. The church-bells of his native village will indeed send forth a sorrowful peal to the ears of the bereaved mother and sisters of the unfortunate young sailor, in far-off New England."

On returning into town, after my visit to the *Fairfield*, I accidentally encountered the mother of Frank. She had observed me for several days walking about the streets of Mahon, and concluded

that I must be in high favor with my commander to meet with such continued leave of absence. As Frank had never deemed it important to enlighten her in respect to my affairs, she as a matter of course knew nothing of my having been discharged, and I myself had no object in acquainting her with the circumstance. She joined me in my walk to her daughter's house and renewed her project of marriage, but I told her I had not yet made up my mind to do it. She then became anxious to know for how long a time I yet proposed to consider the subject. I observed that I should now remain a whole week in company with Frank, at the end of which time she should most certainly be made acquainted with my determination. This answer seemed to please her extremely well. She became quite free and easy in her discourse during the rest of our walk, and finding her daughter alone in her apartment, she immediately commenced rallying her on the idea of making a good Catholic of me, before the celebration of the nuptials. Having finally exhausted herself in agitating her own conceits, she left us to ourselves, and returned to her own lodgings.

The eight days following the reception of my passports glided away without learning anything definite respecting the sailing of the *Veloce*. A portion of this time was spent at Port Mahon and a portion at Georgetown, the steamer lying at a point nearer the latter than the former place. On

the ninth day a French vessel loaded with coal entered the harbor and commenced discharging a portion of her cargo into the *Veloce*. Being in Georgetown at the time, I bounced into a shore-boat and boarded the steamer, where I was informed that preparations were making to put to sea at daylight on the following morning. This intelligence made it necessary for me to be on the alert. I hastened immediately to Port Mahon, and after ordering my chest and bedding from the hotel to the steamer, repaired to Castle street to take my leave of Frank. As mischief would have it, I found the young lady at *tete a tete* with her mother. Feeling the necessity of dispatch, I drew Frank aside and whispered my communication in her ear. Though anticipating the object of my visit, the news of leaving startled her, and her mother observing her agitation inquired the cause of it. Perceiving the impossibility of a further concealment of my actions, I told her at once that I was about quitting Port Mahon and had come to bid her and Frank good-bye.

"Where you go?" inquired she, in surprise.

"To America," answered I, "to see my mother and sisters."

"You ta-kee Frank along, and no ta-kee me?" cried she in alarm.

"No," said I, "I can take neither you nor Frank. I am going alone."

She threw up her hands with a wild look, and

giving a loud scream, tumbled insensible back on the settee. Frank flew to her assistance, and raising her up, began chafing her neck and temples with her hands but her efforts produced no signs of returning animation. A smelling bottle was next applied to her nose but with no better result. Frank becoming at length really alarmed at her situation, begged of me to hold her until she could procure the aid of a female neighbor. During her absence from the room the old lady began to retch and choke as if laboring under a fit of the croup. Frightened to excess at her ghastly looks, I seized a basin of cold water standing close at hand, and in my trepidation dashed the whole contents in her face engulfing her from her temples to her waist. She sprang to her feet as if a dagger had entered her heart, and while the water streamed over the floor from the skirts of her dress, she commenced pouring upon me the most withering invectives. She declared that I was a perfect savage—that I was unfit to have a wife—and that she would sooner see Frank laid forever in her grave than united to such a rude barbarian. In the height of her eloquence Frank entered, upon which the mother abandoned me and commenced upon her daughter. She insisted on my instant dismissal, and perceiving that Frank only smiled at her vehemence, she denounced her as having disgraced herself and the memory of her deceased father in having ever countenanced such a vile monster. The neighbor wo-

man judging from the turn things had taken that there was no longer any need of her aid, hastened from the apartment, and the old tongue-lashing bedlamite having at last exhausted her strength in bitter denunciations, burst into tears, and hobbled out of the house.

Feeling the importance of every moment of passing time, I approached Frank. The same feelings which I had experienced in taking leave of my shipmates, on board the *Fairfield*, now returned upon me with ten-fold force. Her image had become so deeply interwoven with every fibre of my heart, that to leave her, was like tearing asunder my very life. I enfolded her to my breast in speechless agony; and as the thought flashed over my mind, that our parting was not for only a day, a month, or a year, but for an eternity, my eyes became filled with tears. Though deeply distressed herself, the trembling girl divined my thoughts, and, knowing the necessity of separation, sought to allay them.

"Now, Azando!" said she, smiling through her own tears, "me know you like me very much, but don't you make one fool of you'n self."

The words were few, but they told on my feelings more coldly than a December shower bath. Could she conceive my overflowing feelings the affectation of a fool? "Bah!" thought I, "what a consolatory idea to one who believed himself beloved!" and hastily planting a farewell kiss on her rosy lips, I

tore myself from her forever, and rushed into the street.

The national steamer *Veloce*, was the flag-ship of the French squadron at the port of Algiers. The Admiral had undertaken his present voyage to Marseilles, for the purpose of conveying home a regiment of soldiers, whose term of servitude had expired. The whole regiment was at supper on the spar deck of the steamer at my appearance on board, and soon learning that most of the companies were composed of German and Swiss levies, I was not long in making myself acquainted at some of their messes. The lively and familiar manner in which all appeared to welcome an American sailor, was as gratifying to my feelings, as had been the kindness and attention manifested by their countrymen at Naples.

Before I had been half an hour on board, a message from the cabin was announced to me in French, not a word of which could I understand. On asking an explanation from one of the soldiers, I was told that it was an order from the Admiral, desiring my presence in the cabin. Wondering to myself what business the Admiral could have to transact with me, I followed in the footsteps of the servant, who conducted me below. Here I was ushered into a spacious apartment, where stood a magnificent table, surrounded by some forty officers, both naval and military. On my appearance, the Admiral, a fat, fussy little personage, with a round

cannon ball head, hitched round in his chair, and after eyeing me sharply, said something in his own language that set the table in a roar of laughter. I felt extremely silly at my awkward situation, and turned my face aside to conceal my vexation.

"Parlez vous Français?" said the Admiral, addressing me with a comic look.

The thought struck me, that by some means the Admiral had become acquainted with my love adventures in Port Mahon, and was disposed to run a laughable joke upon me in the presence of his officers.

"No sir," replied I. "If it is Francesca Mondora you mean, I know nothing about her."

"Hah! Diable! Il ne comprendre!" exclaimed he with a disappointed look, while another laugh arose among the officers.

I was disposed to tell him that if he wished to converse with me, to procure a German interpreter, but knew not how to make myself understood; and besides, I thought if he had only brought me to the cabin to excite merriment among his companions, the less we could understand each other the better.

"Vous come vrom one America ships de guerre le Fairfield?" said the Admiral, with an attempt at English.

"Yes sir," replied I bowing. "I was directed on board your ship by the French consul."

"Oui! Me comprendre all dat," observed the

Admiral nodding his head. "Supo-see vous Yankee ship de guerre got one goot shose—eatee him—vos countrymans call-ee she tobac—je like bite—here the Admiral's English unexpectedly broke down, upon which he cast an imploring look to his officers for aid.

The servant who had conducted me below, now addressed a few words to an officer, who sat on the opposite side of the table. His communication doubtless referred to the circumstance of my having conversed in German, with the soldiers on deck, for the officer instantly addressed me in that language. An explanation now followed, by which I learned, that the Admiral was in want of some tobacco, and desired to know if an article of the kind, could be procured by sending on board any one of the American ships of war.

On meeting with an affirmative answer, the face of the little Admiral brightened up with a very happy expression of delight. He ordered his gig to be immediately called away to convey me to the Yankee squadron, and following his cockswain on deck, directed him to remain half the night with me, on any of the American ships, rather than to suffer me to return without the precious weed.

The day had been wet and drizzly, and the shades of evening were already stealing over the bay as we drew in sight of the Fairfield. The old quarter-master, Hull, was pacing the poop-deck, and after quizzing us through his spy-glass, mo-

tioned our boat to the starboard side. The cockswain followed the direction of the old sailor's hand, and rounded to, under the quarter. I heard a general commotion on deck, and saw the side-boys taking their stand by the man-ropes, as if the French Admiral were himself expected. The boatswain commenced piping the side as the boat touched the ship; but on seeing my familiar face ascending hastily to the gangway, he ceased abruptly and retreated quickly forward in company with the side-boys, as if ashamed of the honors he was paying me. Mr. Hunter laughed heartily at the *ruse* they had played on themselves; and on being made acquainted with the object of my visit, sent an order to the purser's steward, for two pounds of his choicest tobacco.

On obtaining the object of my journey, and receiving a few letters from midshipman Habersham to his father, who was a Georgia senator, I took another hasty leave of some of my old shipmates, among whom was Mr. Turner, and returned to the French steamer.

It was dark as Erebus by the time we regained the *Veloce*, and the Admiral's steward was on the alert to learn the result of my journey. I gave him the tobacco, with which he instantly disappeared, while I in the meantime proceeded to the selection of a berth in the forward part of the ship. Before I had completed the arrangement of my bedding the ship's steward again sought me



out, and drawing me along to the afterpart of the vessel, presented me a second time in the cabin. The Admiral and his party were still seated at the table, which was now covered with bottles. Each had received a small portion of the two huge plugs of tobacco I had brought, and were evidently debating with each other in respect to its merits. The Admiral inquired the cost of it.

"Forty cents per pound," said I.

"How much is that?" asked the Admiral of his interpreter.

But the officer appealed to, seemed as ignorant of the sum as himself.

"Quatre franc," said I.

"Ah, she one good tobac," exclaimed the Admiral, wrapping the plugs carefully up in the paper. "Quatre franc! Begar, she cheap—suppose she cost quinze franc," and putting his hand in his pocket, he threw me out three five franc pieces.

I pocketed the cash with a smile, while the Admiral, pouring out a bowl of the most sparkling wine, drew me to the table and motioned me to drink. I raised the bowl to my lips, and after sipping a little, set it back.

"Drink-e! drink-e!" cried the Admiral. "Drink-e she down. She no hurt-e peoples—she be goot for de tete," added he, clapping his hand on my head. "Suppo-see you got drunk, me got tousand soldats

aboard le bateau—hold-e him fast dat vous no fall in la mer."

Grasping the bowl a second time, I tossed off the whole contents, and bowing my leave to the company, I made a hasty retreat from the cabin to my bed, for fear that the Admiral's *soldats* might, otherwise, be indeed called into requisition.

At the first appearance of the dawn on the following morning the anchors were weighed, and the steamer put upon her course to the northward. The weather was favorable for a fair run during the greater portion of the first day of our voyage; but in the evening, as we neared the gulf of Lyons, a storm came pouring out of the north-west, that for twenty-four hours kept beating us off our track in the direction of Sardinia. A change of wind occurred, however, in the evening of the second day, which enabled us again to breast up for the French coast, and early on the 25th of January, we entered the harbor of Marseilles.

My first inquiries on quitting the steamer were directed in search of American ships; but the official dignitaries of the French marine being too illiterate to understand English, and too poor to afford an interpreter, yoked me up between two fat-pated gendarmes and marched me off to the American consul. At the office of the consul, I got released from my guards, for the sum of fifty cents, and was once more left to my own control.

I was informed by the consul, that there were

but two homeward bound American ships in the port, neither of which would sail under ten or twelve days. I noted the names of both the captains on a slip of paper; and on repairing soon afterwards to the harbor, I encountered the captain of the ship *Marcia Cleaves* of Boston. She was posted up for New Orleans, and I immediately secured a passage in her to that place. As Captain Thompson did not purpose sailing before the 8th of February, there was no need of hurrying my traps on board his ship; and seeking out an English sailor's boarding house, I took up my residence in it, and sought to pass the intermediate time as best I could.

Marseilles is the commercial emporium of that portion of France bordering upon the Mediterranean. It has a beautiful and spacious artificial harbor, which is entirely cut off from the sea, with the exception of an entrance barely wide enough to admit single ships. The area of land on which the town is constructed, is of basin-like formation, ascending gradually at every point from the Mole. The city itself consists of two portions, designated as the old and the new town. Both are, however, so intimately blended together, as not to be cognizable any other way, than by the difference perceptible in the style of architecture and streets, both of which present a more contracted and antiquated appearance in the old than in the new portion of the town. The houses in the new parts are lofty

and commodious, and in external elegance, supercede, to my taste, even the more lofty edifices of Naples; while some of the streets are ornamented in such a manner as to form the most magnificent promenades. The whole place contains near an hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants—is well watered by numerous and tasteful fountains artistically arranged—and presents, in addition, a rich display of monuments, public grounds, and shady walks.

Captain Thompson having at last arranged his business in France, set sail from Marseilles on the 8th of February, and after a lingering voyage of near three months, arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi river. The ship was here taken in tow by a river steamer, and after another day and night I landed at the port of New Orleans.

My first object, on my appearance at New Orleans, was to find a vessel bound to the port of Philadelphia. I soon alighted on the packet ship, *Chester*, which I perceived was posted up for that place. The captain was in want of just one hand more to complete the number of her crew, and I immediately shipped on board his vessel as a common sailor. Without seeking either a boarding house or hotel, I forthwith conveyed my luggage from the forecastle of the *Marcia Cleaves* to that of the *Philadelphia* packet.

The ship was to haul down the river on the following morning, and as my services were not needed

on board till the hour of departure, I passed the remainder of the day in rambling about the city. In the evening I repaired to the levee, and feeling somewhat hungry after my walk, I seated myself to a hasty supper in the market house. While in the act of discussing my lunch, my attention was attracted by a distressed looking woman begging alms of a sailor who occupied a seat at an adjoining table. The features of the poor mendicant were so haggard and woe-begone that it was painful even to look upon them; and when he to whom her complaint was made met her appeal with a blunt refusal, a despairing gloom stole over her face, and turning from him with a tottering step, she moved in the direction of the table at which I was sitting. Though partly concealed from her by the intervening crowd, her anxious eye failed not in singling me out, and reading a hope of benevolence in the national uniform which I still wore, she threaded her way to my chair. On encountering my looks she started with an exclamation of surprise, and sinking down on the pavement muttered my name, while tears began to course each other down her cheeks. There was a language in the accents of her broken voice that bespoke some by-gone incident of my own life; but I could trace no living lineament in the withered face before me giving the least clue to its time or locality.

"You appear to know me, madam," said I, after trying in vain to recall her person to remembrance;

"but in what part of the country we have ever met before, I am entirely at a loss to determine."

"It is the first time we have *ever* met in this country," muttered she. "But have you, indeed, forgotten Rio Janeiro?"

I hastily ran over in my mind the names of the females whom I had known in Rio, and at last fixed on one. The accent was still perceptible, the same eye was there, but the face and form, alas how changed! And yet, indeed, it was no other than Liz—Scotch Liz. She who had aided in sending poor Mary Mertle to an untimely grave; she who had condemned me to a three week's thralldom in the Brazilian navy. My thoughts were instantly fired with indignation, and I inly resolved not to aid her a single cent. She doubtless read my determination in my looks, for she suddenly commenced weeping afresh.

"Well Liz," said I, resuming my coffee, "your name recalls but few pleasing associations. Do you remember the press-gang? Do you recollect the three weeks you gave me over in charge to the captain of the Prince Imperial? Do you suppose those rare services can give you a very strong claim on my benevolence?"

"Oh, do not recall the recollections of the past," exclaimed she, clasping her hands wildly. "If you could only know one-half the wretchedness I suffered during my last two years' stay at Rio, you would forgive me. And then the horrors

I endured in coming to this place—and even here. Oh God! I have been but too dreadfully punished."

The wretched creature, as if overcome with despair, sunk back with a convulsive struggle on the ground. Two of the market women raised her up to a seat, and commenced applying restoratives. Having lost all further appetite for supper, I rose from the table, and after slipping a dollar into the hand of one of the women, to be given to Liz on her recovery, I made a hasty retreat from the market house, and proceeded on board the ship Chester.

The Chester sailed from New Orleans on the morning of the first day of May, 1842, and after a run of twenty days arrived within sight of the Delaware capes. The northerly winds for sometime impeded our progress up the river, but after two days' incessant beating, all obstacles of wind and tides were finally surmounted, and I was once more safely landed at the beautiful metropolis of my own native state, after an absence of precisely five years.

It was yet early in the morning when the Chester was drawn into dock, and Captain Vandyke, paying me off immediately after she was moored, I repaired forthwith to the railroad depot in Broad street, and mounting the southern train of cars, arrived at Washington city on the afternoon of the same day.

On entering the principal street of the town, I bounded into the first fashionable hotel that presented itself, and overlooking the congressional list, noted down the address of Senator Habersham, of Georgia. Congress being still in session, I sallied abroad in search of his boarding-house. Knowing nothing respecting the names of the streets or avenues of the town, I was obliged to make occasional inquiries in regard to the object of my search, and was eventually directed to an elegant mansion, situated in a quiet and beautiful portion of the city. Being in a good deal of a hurry, I approached the door, and rung the bell somewhat impatiently.

Presently a lady of rather portly dimensions presented herself, who, as soon as her eye became fixed on my naval uniform, uttered a loud scream, and retreated hastily to the opposite extremity of the hall. Calling at the top of her voice to a big negro who entered at the back door, she desired him to advance and see what that impudent sailor wanted. Cuffy, whose uncouth appearance presented, to my mind, far greater cause for alarm to a lady than my own, approached me with a look that seemed to threaten a kick-out; but I stood my ground without flinching, determining to see the upshot of the proceedings, as well as the senator. On his demanding to know the object of my errand, I told him that it was to see Mr. Habersham.

"He is not in," cried the fat lady, advancing forward under the lee of the negro, "nor will he be for an hour; and besides, Mr. Habersham is not accustomed to seeing sailors!"

"Neither am I accustomed to seeing senators, madam!" answered I, nettled at her haughty behavior. "So you perceive that, on our meeting, the breach of decorum will be mutual between us."

Leaving the boarding-house of the senator, I retraced my way to the lower end of the city, and entered the rotunda of the capitol. After spending near two hours in rambling through the galleries and halls of this magnificent edifice, I returned into the city, and once more presented myself at the temporary residence of the honorable senator. The landlady admitted me this time with a better grace, though not without some shy scruples, and after discovering, from a short conversation, that I was not an actual savage, she became desirous of knowing my business with the senator. While pushing her inquiries to this point, an elderly gentleman with gray hair walked into the apartment, whom the lady immediately addressed by the name of Mr. Habersham.

On learning that I was from the Mediterranean, the honorable senator divined the object of my visit, and leading the way into an adjoining parlor, began asking me a dozen questions relative to his son. I endeavored to answer them one by one,

but the landlady, who had followed close upon our heels, interrupted me with so many inquiries directed to the senator, that the latter, appreciating the difficulty of explaining any thing before a woman whose whole composition appeared to be a category of words, suddenly bundled up his letters, and motioning me to follow, led the way up stairs to his own room, where he secured us both from further interruption by locking the door.

I remained to a late hour closeted with the senator, who gave me some useful instruction relative to my business with the Navy Department, as well as a letter to the principal director. When about taking my departure, he observed that my own apparent accomplishments, together with the letters of his son, had given him such confidence in me, that he could scarce permit me to leave Washington without doing something in my behalf. He then desired to know if there were not some office in the gift of the Navy Department that I could fill with credit to myself and honor to the government. If I could suggest any such, he was willing to become instrumental in procuring it for me. But I was too recently from the navy, to think of entering it again; and besides, there was no office which would just then have harmonized with my views, aside from that of a lieutenant of marines, and I was conscious that there were too many applicants for offices of this description among the sons of influential politicians, for a mechanic to

hope of ever attaining one. Hence I respectfully declined the proffered aid of the honorable senator, without even suggesting to him my wishes; and thanking him warmly for the favorable estimate he was pleased to place upon my merits, took my leave of him for—ever.

At the hour of nine o'clock on the following morning, I repaired to the Navy Department, and presented myself and my accounts before the chief director. Thence I was ordered to the fourth auditor, who gave me a draft for the amount of wages yet due me, on the Navy Agent. One hour afterwards I drew my cash at the counter of the treasury, and having now no more business to transact at the capital, in the afternoon I repaired to the railroad depot, and resuming a seat in the same car in which I had travelled the day before, was dislodged in Philadelphia early on the following morning

## Chapter Twenty-Third.

Containing the writer's final leave of the reader as well as of his mistress.

It was at the close of a beautiful May day that a young couple, a lady and gentlemen, might have been seen sitting in the back parlor of an elegant house on the south side of Walnut street, Philadelphia. The furniture of the apartment was arranged with neatness and taste, and in the costliness of its material and finish betokened the proprietor, if not wealthy, at least a zealous votary of fashion. There was nothing very striking in the personal appearance of either of the inmates. Both were dressed according to the fashion of the times, and it would have required a person of nice judgment to have distinguished between the ages of the two. Few as were the years of either it was evident that time had already dealt severely with the lady. Pretty she had unquestionably been, for the lines of former beauty were still here and there legibly traced upon her features, but the sunken cheeks and sharpened visage denoted her indebted for her present bloom more to the artificial coloring of

rouge and powders than to the roseate hue of health. The young man, who sat a short distance apart from the lady regarded her with saddening thoughts, and when at last she met his looks with a half melancholy smile, displaying to his sight a row of the finest artificial teeth, he rose and approached her with a trembling step.

Reader, would you know who this interesting young couple were? Be patient and you will yet learn. The one was the mechanic sailor who three days before had returned from the Mediterranean, and the other was the young lady to whom five years before he had addressed his love-letter on the eve of his departure from America.

Alas! how our affections change! She whose name was sufficient during the first year of my absence, to call up the loveliest sensations of joy and hope, had now become an object of perfect indifference to me, and I felt myself under a greater restraint in her presence than I would have done in that of an entire stranger. Yet I could not refrain from visiting her. I deemed the present interview a necessary one, and resolved to hurry through with it as expeditiously as possible.

"Susan," said I, rising from her side and pacing the floor restlessly, "five years have indeed worked considerable of a change in both of us. You know there was a time when we were less strange to each other—when we had our walks and our conversations, and when the hopes of both of us were, per-

haps, blessed with brighter visions of happiness than at present?"

"Yes," responded she, with downcast looks. "I have often thought of those brighter days during your absence."

"And you remember, Susan," continued I, without daring to look at the lady, "that at *that* time—I mean at our former acquaintance—there was a sort of reciprocal prom—I scarcely know what to call it—a kind of mutual—*hem*—between us?"

"Yes," muttered she, coloring deeply, "I believe there *did* something of that nature pass between us."

"And do you still hold me to the engagement?" inquired I.

The poor girl was completely bewildered, and in her extreme confusion, appeared utterly at a loss how to answer. I seated myself again at her side and taking her hand cheerfully in mine, told her to give me my sentence and let me depart.

"Come," said I, encouragingly. "If you have entered into other engagements tell me so. My long absence and neglect would render such an act, on your part, perfectly excusable."

"Well," muttered she, dropping her head on my shoulder to conceal her blushes, "to tell the truth, there *are* other engagements which I fear cannot now be easily broken off."

"Thank you! A thousand thanks!" exclaimed I, jumping up as light as a feather. "We will then advert no longer to old times, but look

brightly towards the future, and I give you my pledge never to interfere with any attempt to rival the affections of your present lover."

"But you will call and see me again, to-morrow night, will you not?" said she, as we gained the hall door.

"I fear not," said I. "To-morrow night I shall be many miles hence—perhaps in some distant portion of the state," and with a parting smile from Susan, that brought to my remembrance a gleam of the beauty of former days, I descended into the street and sought my way to Franklin Place.

To-morrow night did indeed find me an hundred miles on my journey westward, to the affectionate embrace of those dear ones, whose sacred images for eight long years, had been the nightly visitants of my dreams.

And now, gentle reader, before I drop the curtain of my humble drama, permit me to indulge in a parting word with yourself. You have traced my career through five years of bustling adventure, turbulence and strife—you have seen me subjected to cruelty, privation and disappointment—cut off from the intercourse of society—often friendless—always poor—but never dispirited. If the past has had its share of evil, it has also been attended with good—it has brought with it its store of knowledge.

As to making a fortune, the idea has long since

passed away from my mind. Experience has taught me that he is not always the happiest man who sits on the biggest chest of dollars; nor is contentment to be at all times measured by land surveys and wire fences. There is often as much contentment to be found in an humble cottage, as in a marble palace; and he who has the faculty of adapting his tastes, inclinations and thoughts to any condition in life, enjoys a more valuable store of wealth than if in possession of the untold riches of California. This faculty I profess to have, in part, acquired; and though still in plain shirt sleeves, and laboring away on the bench, I am yet happy in working out a more useful life than the non-producing millionaire, who shields his dignity behind a fortification of golden eagles.

As to the sea, the experience of the past, awakens but little desire of returning to it; but I feel no hesitation in saying, that were I once more about to encounter its yesty waves, as a seaman, I should prefer one of Uncle Sam's ships to any vessel that sails the ocean; not because of the emoluments, for they are slender indeed, but because there is a joyous animation pervading ships of war that supercedes in the heart of a seaman, all consideration of dollars and cents. There is a pride in the American bosom that burns with nationality, and the sailor feels it above all others. He loves his country and his flag; and if at times he meet with harsh treatment in their service, he consoles him



self with the reflection that he has also experienced that which is good. If the navy has an occasional Nicholson, it has also its Morgans and McKeevers; if it present now and then a Gallagher, it yields also its Breeces, and its Tattnalls; if it can produce a Whittle, it can also furnish its Boyles and Hunters—in short, it yields on the whole, a greater amount of good than of evil; and in no situation of life can we always hope to meet with the former wholly unalloyed by the latter.

Our government like our country, is progressive, and swings the axe of improvement over the navy as well as elsewhere. Many rotten timbers have been lopped from it during the last ten years, and much more will yet be done. The navy will be gradually renovated until its moral elevation, as well as its discipline, will attain to a standard compatible with republicanism—until, like our “clipper ships,” it will excel everything of a like kind in the old world, until its vessels will crowd themselves on every sea more numerous than the stars that glitter from its flag—and until finally, it will be the pride and glory of every native and adopted seaman, to claim affinity with its service, and to stand up before the world, in the full dignity of a freeman, exclaiming among his fellows, “I too, am an American sailor!”

THE END.