

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, written in cursive script. The text is oriented vertically and appears to be a name, possibly "Mrs. [unclear]".

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A *Wm L. Spooner*  
1839

**MARINER'S SKETCHES,**

**ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED**

**IN THE MANUFACTURERS AND FARMERS JOURNAL,**

**PROVIDENCE.**

**REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED BY THE AUTHOR.**

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**"Thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel."**

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**PROVIDENCE:**  
**CORY, MARSHALL AND HAMMOND.**

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1830

**RHODE-ISLAND DISTRICT, &c.**

[L. S.] **BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1830, and in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, **NATHANIEL AMES**, of said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the following words, viz.

“A Mariner’s Sketches, originally published in the *Manufacturers and Farmers Journal*, Providence. Revised, corrected and enlarged by the author.

“Thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel.”

In conformity to an act of Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and also an Act entitled “An Act supplementary to an act entitled “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefit thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.”

Witness,

**BENJAMIN COWELL,**  
*Clerk of the District of Rhode-Island.*

## INTRODUCTION.

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“Of making books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh.” So said Solomon, whose wisdom except in the affair of the three hundred wives and four hundred deputy wives, going after strange gods and a few other juvenile follies, was certainly of the first water. The first part of the sentence was probably prophetic, as the art of book-making had not reached infinity in his days, and my present portly appearance will acquit me of having ‘wearied my flesh,’ at the same time my readers may be assured that the perusal of these pages will not “increase their sorrow” by “increasing their wisdom.”

The “Sketches” were originally undertaken at the request of a few friends, and were first published in the *Manufacturers’ and Farmers’ Journal*, of Providence. After a few of the first had appeared, my friends in that place, determined that such “bijoux” should only be fathered by a native of Rhode-Island, unanimously gave all the credit (*quantum valuit*) to another person, which was, without doubt, a “sufficing cause” for indolence and negligence on my part. I hope, however, that this second edition of the “Sketches” will be found worthy of a perusal, as much was omitted in

their first publication, in consequence of my then having "other fish to fry," but as my frying pan has subsequently been upset and all my fat thrown into the fire by a frolic of Fortune, I have nothing to do but to make the following pages as agreeable as possible.

N. A.

*Providence, June, 1830.*

# MARINER'S SKETCHES.

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## CHAPTER I.

IN a sea life of twelve or thirteen years, it can hardly be expected that much that is wonderful or interesting could have occurred. As the nautical part of my life was spent in what appeared to me, a very matter of fact kind of way, hardly any thing will be found in its narration worth remembering. A sailor's life consists in merely ringing the changes upon gales and calms, hot climates and cold ones, beef and bread one day and bread and beef another, interspersed with some few episodal shipwrecks, leaky ships, short allowances, tumbles from aloft or down in the hold, and "such branches of learning," which may be tolerably interesting to the patient, but monstrous dull to both narrator and auditor.

Yielding, however, to the request of my friends, who take it for granted that a sailor must needs have seen "the devil and all" in his pilgrimages, I hasten, "most thinking public," to "bestow all my tediousness upon your worship."

My *debut* as a blue jacket took place in 1815, on board an "old barn of a hooker," that was built during the war, down east, where every one knows that they build ships by the mile and saw them off in

length to accommodate purchasers. She was owned in Boston, and manned, according to the economical system of that cradle of liberty, aristocracy and notions, with six men and six boys, a compliment that was then and there thought large for a ship of four hundred and twenty tons, and rigged after the most received plan then known in the State of Maine, every rope, spar and block being precisely thirty-three and one third per cent. larger than there was any occasion for. She was loaded with spars, naval stores, and some Spanish dollars.

We had not been at sea more than forty-eight hours before it became apparent to every one acquainted with the sea and shipping, that "the wise men of the east" had been guilty of a slight oversight in *hanging* the rudder, which it was evident had been attached to the wrong end, the stern possessing infinitely the greatest share of *locomotiveness*, which was manifested by its continual attempts to supersede the bows in "leading of the vanward." When going before the wind, no efforts of two steersmen seemed to have any effect in correcting this unfortunate propensity; but like Ariosto's griffin horse, she went fast enough, though it required another Atlantes to make her go the right way.

After getting over the sea-sickness which Neptune in almost all cases, demands as a kind of penance previous to being admitted as a member of his family, we approached the equator with gentle breezes and fine weather. On our passage, we fell in with a Portuguese Brazilman, under convoy of an eighteen gun

brig, which last, on our approach, made sail, and left her *protege*, a ship apparently of nine hundred or a thousand tons, to the care of the fates. What the heroic commander of the brig saw in our appearance that was either warlike or suspicious, I know not, for our six iron six-pounders and six *quakers*, (wooden guns,) were, like the millennial lion and lamb, lying down together in the hold, not dreaming of "war and din alarms."

Shortly after, we spoke a dutch brig near the Cape de Verd Islands; bound to Birbice, the captain of which, in accordance with the most approved rules of Dutch navigation, was steering due south, to get into the latitude of his port and then intending to steer due west, to run down his longitude, the mynheers conceiving it a species of nautical high treason to shorten the distance by steering a medium course.

The ceremony of shaving on crossing the line was omitted, to the manifest disappointment of the "old salts" and great relief and gratification of us who were uninitiated. The shaving is getting out of date very fast, another proof of the march of intellect and progress of refinement. We were only required to take the usual oath prescribed from time immemorial for this occasion, and which is merely a solemn promise "not to eat brown bread when we could get white, unless we liked the brown bread best—never to kiss the maid when we could kiss the mistress, unless the maid was the prettiest;" in which case the *ex officio* claim of the mistress to the salute, is waived—"not to drink small beer when we could get strong beer, ex-

cept the small beer was best"—drinking spirits on all occasions, not being held to come into collision with this clause of the oath, and being likewise considered as a lawful substitute for both small and strong beer.

We were then informed that our whole duty as seamen required that, we should be able to "hand, reef and steer, swear, chew tobacco, drink grog and ring the bell."

As ringing the bell is now only practised by the Dutch, most modern editions read, "heave the lead" for "ring the bell." Several able papers, both in support and confutation of this new reading, may be found in the "Philosophical transactions" for the last century. I forbear intruding my own opinions on a subject, which may hereafter become the source of jealousy and heartburnings between this country and Holland.

Indeed, the whole Dutch nation have entered into the argument, with such zeal, that on board both men of war and merchant-men, the bell is rung, not only at "kroust time," but not a single glass of "schnaps" can be served out, without due tintinnabulary notice being given thereof.

About three weeks after crossing the line, we saw the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in lat. 37. 7, S. and long. 11, 48, W. which, with two other islands, like itself high and rocky, and called Nightingale and In-accessible, forms a triangular group. On this island one Captain Lambert, formerly of Newburyport, lived for some years, and during the latter part of the time, I believe entirely alone. He had been, at one

time, worth a handsome property, the fruit of his industry, but afterwards being unfortunate in business, went into voluntary banishment to this remote corner of the world, which although it is situated nearly in the track of outward bound Indiamen, is not often visited, as the mere sight of it is sufficient to correct a ship's longitude, and as it is seldom calm, for any length of time in such high latitude, his life must have been that of a hermit.

He lived chiefly upon the fish which abound in the neighborhood of the islands, and vegetables which he raised; besides which he occasionally procured such articles as he wanted, from vessels which came near enough to be boarded.

Some people thought that he might have lived more comfortably if he had taken his wife with him, but the more judicious part of the community, wisely regarding a woman in all her relations to man, from a wife to a washerwoman inclusive, as a kind of Pandora's box of evils, commended him for having so much method in his madness, as to leave all incumbrances of that kind at home. I have heard, however, that he had a boy with him when he left America. Virgil tells us, that queen Dido did not so much regret the loss of her false lover, as that he omitted to leave behind him a "paroulus Aenas, qui luderit in aula," a little image of himself, who would have been more agreeable and more tractable perhaps, than the original; so Captain Lambert undoubtedly preferred one of his children, as a companion, to its mother.

We passed the Cape of Good Hope without seeing

any thing of the "Flying Dutchman," a circumstance that I had but little leisure to regret, as the ship in addition to her other good qualities and accomplishments, thought proper to leak very badly, a trait in her character that she kept a profound secret from us, till we were near the Tropic of Cancer.

"The Flying Dutchman," whose exploits, on the boards of the Park Theatre, we have witnessed with great pleasure, has been misrepresented in one respect. The oldest sailors and most profound believers in his existence never accused him of boarding or attempting to board any ship or showing any desire to communicate with strangers or friends; on the contrary, though he has several times passed within hail and so near that the smoke of the helmsman's pipe was visible, he has neither hailed nor answered a hail. His story is simply this; having made his way as far as the Cape of Good Hope, where he stopped, of course, to get a fresh supply of tobacco and *schnaps*, he pursued his voyage towards Batavia, but meeting with head winds and contrary currents, he was unable to get to the eastward.

At last growing short of provisions, his crew begged him to return to Table Bay, but he was obstinate, and swearing sundry Dutch oaths, the smallest of which would break ten pair of jaws, such as degenerate jaws are now, declared that "by dunder, he would beat round that duyvil's cape, if he was heat till the *judgment day!*" His prayer or vow was granted, "*internucet laerum,*" it thundered on the left in token of acquiescence, and the unfortunate Von Duy-

sen, the victim of his own passions, still continues to haunt that sea, always close hauled to the wind, and always under a press of sail.

An English seaman assured me that when on board a frigate bound to the East Indies with convoy, the Flying Dutchman came so near, one dark, stormy night as to carry away one of the frigate's stern davits. Several shots were fired at him, but in vain, for in less than two minutes he passed the frigate's bow on the other tack.

A series of snow and hail storms, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, kept the time from hanging heavy on our hands. Our captain was then performing his twenty-first voyage to the east Indies as master of a ship and declared *under oath*, that he had never taken in a topsail on account of bad weather, and he never would." A "creber procellis Africa," a Cape of Good Hope southwester took in our main topsail for us, or rather reduced it to ribbands, so that it was easily managed, which was the only accident that occurred till we arrived at the Isle of France or Mauritius.

The island is so very high that we saw it distinctly at the distance of 120 miles. At daylight the next morning, we were off Port St. Louis, the principal harbor in the island, on the leeward or North side of it and is one of the best if not the very best harbors in the East Indies. This port is completely lined with most formidable batteries, which render it to all appearance unassailable to a naval force, but it seemed but few fortifications on the land side except

the natural ones of mountains, which looked utterly impassible, though a large French map of the island represented a great number of roads leading from Port St. Louis to the interior.

This harbor while in possession of the French was a nest and rendezvous for great numbers of privateers, which had no occasion to cruise far to intercept the home-ward bound English East Indiamen, and likewise those bound out to Bombay, which generally pass between Madagascar and the eastern coast of Africa, so that "salt water rats" were generally sure of an abundant share of prize money. It is said that these "gentlemen of the ocean" were subject to a peculiar kind of "optical indecision," which made them frequently mistake other flags for English. Indeed, our present claims on his most Christian Majesty are sufficient and living proofs that the organ of "acquisitiveness" is amazingly well developed on a Frenchman's skull.

The people at Port Louis told us many stories of one of the privateersmen who formerly commanded a ship called the Lion, in which vessel he captured in one night two English Indiamen, at the mouth of Calcutta river. After making a great deal of havoc among the British merchantmen, he was at last taken, but making his escape, he fitted out a second privateer, which he called the "Lion's Ghost" and which it seems gave more trouble than the Lion. The "Ghost" was very appropriately painted entirely white.

The island was taken in the year 1810 by the En-

glish under Major General Abercrombie. It was by no means quiet, on our arrival; twelve or fourteen hundred troops having reached there the day before, to overawe the inhabitants, who were rather uneasy under the restraint that their conquerors thought proper to impose upon them. The news of the battle of Waterloo and subsequent abdication and banishment of Napoleon had not reached them.

They are said to be very cruel to their slaves, which perhaps I was the more ready to believe, as it was there that I saw slaves for the first time in my life, and certainly the sight of a dozen or twenty human beings yoked to carts, and a black or mulatto driver with his long whip now and then "taking a fly off the leader's ear," with a dexterity and grace, that a Cornhill or Market street clerk in his Sunday's *native-astonishing* excursion into the country might envy; such a sight was certainly no very pleasing argument in favor of slavery, nor were the huge yokes and collars around their necks, and chains to the legs of these half reasoning "knotty pates," any additional recommendation. I believe with Corporal Trim, that "a negro has a soul, your honor," and am willing to admit the argument of the colored preacher, in favor of their being the "elect" *sheep* who are placed on the right hand of the Shepherd, namely, because they *wear wool*, and therefore seeing human beings "perform inglorious pranks, of brutal ox or horse in rustic harness dight," had an unpleasant effect upon me at first.

The French are however vastly more popular in

the East than the English, which may be safely said without paying them any extravagant compliment.— It is by no means necessary to read the history of the Honorable East India Company *quite* through to understand by what means they first obtained and still retain so much power and wealth in India. The Company are thoroughly hated by the oppressed natives and likewise by the majority of English soldiers and sailors, among which last, is a tradition universally believed by them, that when an individual of the Honorable Board of Directors dies, his Majesty of the Cloven Foot, immediately appoints the defunct, to a corresponding station in his own “dark dominions,” where he

“Closed under hatches,  
Spairges about the brimstone clootie  
On poor damued wretches.”

Some are of opinion that the title of Honorable, which they arrogate to themselves, is ironically intended, like the flaming adjuncts to the name of a free-mason.

The slaves, in addition to their duties as beasts of burden, are employed in discharging and loading ships, and also in assisting the pilots and harbor masters in mooring vessels, which duty they perform by diving down and reeving the end of a hawser through the ring of an anchor at the bottom. The slaves are not permitted to wear shoes on any account, as a distinguishing mark, so that it is quite common to see a mulatto woman, on shore, dressed very elegantly and bare-footed. Notwithstanding their labors and privations, they seemed to be the happiest mortals in existence.

Very high up on the side of one of the highest mountains, near the harbor, is a telegraph station, which seemed inaccessible to any animal but a very smart, active monkey; from which vessels could be seen twenty-four hours before their arrival, from the extreme clearness of the air. Some heavy guns were likewise *roosting* in different parts of the surrounding mountains, where they could command the harbor. The barracks at Port Louis, together with the arsenal, are disposed in a hollow square, containing an area of about an acre and a half, and are capable of accommodating 3000 troops. In this square, I counted upwards of four hundred heavy guns, chiefly French.

The English soldiers were not permitted to go far from their barracks, and always wore their bayonets. The inhabitants were furious Bonapartists, and the sight of Talavera, Busaco, &c. &c. on the breast-plates and colors of the British troops, kept alive their antipathy to the conquerors of their emperor's armies. Strong patrols were in motion in the streets, from dusk to sunrise, and the boats of the men of war rowed guard all night.

While lying here, the Doris frigate came in from the China station, and pressed among others, two Frenchmen, who had just shipped with us, in Port Louis. The same night, a young American lad swam from the Doris, and entered on board our ship. He told us that there were but twenty-five English seamen on board the frigate, the rest of her crew consisting of Chinese, Lascars, &c.

With regard to impressment, it was asserted, dur-

ing the last war, by those who could perceive a vast deal of difference between a kick on the seat of honor, from the foot of Napoleon, and a tweak of the nose, inflicted by the fingers of John Bull, that a great number of American seamen were impressed by the commanders of British men of war, and no doubt many were taken by mistake in some instances, and intentionally in many cases ; but the fact is, that the similarity of language and manners is so great that it is almost impossible to distinguish Americans from English, especially Philadelphians, who like Cockneys, talk about *very good weal* and *winegar*.

Even if it had been practicable to have separated the British goats from the American sheep in our service, and so *vice versa*, Uncle Sam would have been no gainer by the exchange. In one American man of war, in which I served since the peace, there were one warrant, and four petty officers, besides a great number of foremast men, all British subjects, who were in our naval service during the last war.

Besides this, the facility with which foreigners can procure protections, and the the carelessness of American seamen to furnish themselves with them, occasioned many mistakes. Almost any one can get a certificate of citizenship at an American Custom House, without the trouble of following the directions of a certain Collector in New England, namely, to "join Dr. M's church and be born again." Of this fact, the British naval officers were aware, and paid but little respect to such documents.

Perhaps, too, the principle that is advocated in

some States of admitting foreigners to all the privileges of citizens, as soon as they arrive in this country, may have been the cause of some confusion.— The population of the United States is becoming like the silk stockings of metaphysical notoriety, which had been darned so often with worsted, that no traces of the original fabric were recognizable. Our citizens are a delightful *melange* of Irish, with their native mud still sticking to their brogues; Spaniards and Portuguese, smelling of garlic; French, Dutch, &c. and last but not least in numbers, negroes, who in the course of one or two centuries more, at the present rate of increase, will constitute, strictly speaking, the population of this country, with a flat-nosed President, and two woolly headed houses of Congress at its head.

To return to the subject of impressment; from my own observations, respecting this aggression, the resenting of which formed the principal ingredient in the vial of wrath, that was decanted upon the British nation, I am convinced that the number of *genuine* American citizens who were impressed, was greatly exaggerated; still, as it was “clean against rule” to fight without quarrelling, we acted more wisely in selecting, as the corner stone on which to build a quarrel, an insult from Great Britain, which existed chiefly in imagination, than in paying any attention to the real and aggravated indignities and outrages that we were receiving every day at the hands of France, because our imagination, being in some measure in our own control, we can aggravate or extenuate the af-

front as our hostility or partiality to the aggressor predominates.

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## CHAPTER II.

At Port Louis, an American recommended himself to us, and solicited our custom. He kept a kind of hotel and grocery store, "all in one stick" as we say, and took us in, as we were strangers, in changing our Spanish dollars, and in every article that he sold us, which he took care should be superior in price, in a much greater ratio, than it was inferior in quality, if possible. From his account of himself, I ascertained that he was a native of Connecticut, which emporium of morality and jockeyship, he had undoubtedly quitted in the character of a tin pedlar, and was perfect in the mysteries of wooden clocks, white oak nutmegs, and bass-wood cucumber seeds. We found him out, however, in his roguery, before we had dealt with him long, and during the rest of our stay, transacted our business with Frenchmen.

In this island, originated the science of "nauscopy," or, as an Irish philosopher defines it, "the art of seeing a ship before she is in sight;" the theory of which is this, that the refraction of the air, shows an inverted image of the ship, *above* the horizon, while the ship is still *below* or rather beyond its limits. This "notion" attracted some attention at first, but was soon exploded, people generally being contented with

seeing in a straight line, and doubting the utility of looking "round a corner."

I was so very unromantic and barbarous, as not only not to visit that part of the island rendered classical by the loves of Paul and Virginia, but I did not even ask any questions about them.

Considerable trade is carried on between this island and Madagascar, and the Mozambique coast, from which they procure slaves and cattle. The beef of these cattle is very indifferent, and in 1815 sold for about twenty-five cents per pound.

After discharging part of our cargo, we sailed for Batavia, where we arrived after a long passage, during which the ship suddenly stopped leaking, of her own accord, without our being able to account for this unexpected favor, so that we were rid of one trouble, though it was in some measure made good by vast numbers of rats, who being desirous of seeing the world, had taken passage with us in the Isle of France. No place was safe from the attacks of these creatures. water casks were perforated, our beef and bread was sequestered, the cabin pantry, that *sanctum sanctorum*, from whose mysteries even the two mates were excluded, was violated, and one *lady* rat prepared for her approaching *accouchment* by making a nest in the main royal, from which aerial lodging she was precipitated when the sail was loosed; two others similarly circumstanced, but of more social dispositions, had domesticated themselves in the flying jib, from which I regret to say, they were shaken overboard. Like Pharaoh's frogs, they came into our bed chambers, we

were awoke a thousand times by their trotting over us in our births, or now and then nibbling at our toes and fingers, in order, as I suppose, to ascertain if we were alive or dead.

At Batavia, we anchored nearly four miles from the shore on account of the shoalness of the water. The entrance to the river on which the city is built, is obstructed by a bar, which is very dangerous in bad weather. My first attempt to cross it, in quality of coxswain of the jolly boat, was crowned by swamping the boat, and getting a sound ducking. Being swamped on Batavia bar, is not such a trifle as one might think, for independent of the risk one runs of finding "a watery grave," when he is not looking for it, the sharks are so numerous, and so aristocratical in their feelings, that they resent any attempt to intrude upon their premises.

Just before we arrived, a seaman belonging to H. B. M. Ship *Volage*, undertook one morning just before day-light to swim to the American Ship *Ontario*, but was very soon seized by several sharks at once. The poor fellow's screams were heard for fifteen or twenty minutes, and although several boats were sent to his assistance, they could render him no relief; there seemed to be fifty or sixty about him at once.

Shortly afterwards a pig on board an English ship near us, conceiving, that as an English pig, he had the same privilege, that a certain pope said all Englishmen assumed, namely, that of going to the devil his own way, walked out of the gangway overboard, and immediately supplied a great number of "salt water

lawyers" with a very loquacious client, whose case was forthwith taken into hearing, the lawyers aforesaid however, not readily agreeing in opinion, kept the notes of swineish "sorrow, moaning on the wind" for half an hour. The Malays, however, go into the water without being disturbed by the sharks, to the great astonishment of our men, who suspected a kind of private understanding between them.

After passing the bar, one of the mouths of the river presents itself, extending in a straight line to the Custom House. On one side of the river is a tow path, raised two or three feet above the adjacent bog or swamp, which is filled with wild ducks of several different kinds, snipes, woodcocks, enormous vultures and cranes, or, as they are called there "adjutants," with now and then an alligator or two of very respectable size, and a very large assortment of snakes. All the wild fowl seemed never to have been disturbed, and were so tame, that we used to amuse ourselves with throwing stones at them as they came near us. Beyond this swamp, and on the the other side of the river, are extensive groves of cocoanut and bamboo trees, which delight in swampy land.

The walls of the city, the fortifications, and the majority of the houses, both in town and country, are built of bricks brought from Holland. The British Governor, Sir Tho's. Raffles, sold a large portion of the wall, for a trifling sum, to a Chinese merchant, who immediately employed a great number of workmen to take down and clean the bricks, which were sold on the spot at a great profit. He had already

cleared several thousand dollars, over the first cost, though his progress in pulling down the wall was scarcely perceptible.

The whole country is so low and swampy, that the city is invisible till one is at the gates, and even at the mast head, nothing can be seen except a red tiled roof or two, appearing among the trees. Batavia is however a very handsome, well built place; the streets are broad and clean, and the whole city is intersected with canals, without which the New Jerusalem itself would be imperfect in the eyes of a Dutchman. The canals serve as drains to receive the filth from the streets and markets, and their banks are planted with shady trees, under which the inhabitants sit and smoke their pipes, and enjoy the smell of the canal, so grateful to the olfactories of a Dutchman, who like an alligator, seems to have a wonderful partiality for mud.

Notwithstanding the number of these canals, the country is so level that they have but little effect in carrying off the surplus water. During the rainy season, the swamps and ponds about the town are filled with water, and on the return of the sun, the evaporation is almost suffocating.

It is the custom among the American and English captains here to hire boats' crews of Malays instead of exposing their own men to the scorching sun and the deluges of rain. Being the youngest on board, I was appointed coxswain of the jolly boat, and took airs upon myself accordingly. My duty consisted in going ashore every morning at day-light, to get fresh provisions and receive the captain's orders. As it

was the rainy season, I had a sound ducking with rain water daily, besides frequently having the boat filled by a sea on the bar, but notwithstanding all this soaking and never shifting my clothes till bed-time, I never felt any inconvenience or sickness during the whole time I was in Batavia, which I attributed in a great measure to my following the advice of the old French pilot, at the Isle of France, namely, "you no drink trop de l'eau, mais mettez, little rum dedans," not to drink too much water, but always qualify it with a little *steam*.

In Batavia, I saw individuals of more different nations than any other place that ever I was in; Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Bengalese, Persians, &c, were to be seen in every street. The Chinese form a very large proportion of the population, and are very industrious. Numbers of them are continually arriving from China; some banished for crimes, others led by a spirit of enterprize.

During my stay in Batavia, they celebrated the new year by illuminations of painted lanthorns, and by a play which was performed in the street, and lasted three days. What the plot was I cannot say, but it evidently contained a *quantum sufficit* of love, that indispensable ingredient in all dramatic productions, and also a goodly number of kings and rulers of the earth. There was one character that seemed to be the clown, from his whimsical gesticulations and extravagant behavior. I was fain to make my escape after a very cursory view of the performances, being driven away by their hideous

music, consisting of some dozen or twenty gongs, which sounded like ten thousand copper smiths, 'doing much injury' to as many brass kettles, assisted by a number of trumpets, which were capable of producing but one note apiece, and all pitched with such a scrupulous regard to discord, that their united efforts produced a noise like that of a vast number of locusts enclosed in warming pans or coffee pots, and singing with all their might ; or frogs croaking through the teeth of a fine-tooth comb.

The Dutch are as indolent as the Chinese are industrious; they lounge about, before their doors, smoking their pipes, and looking as vacant as Dutchmen can. Their breakfast consists of coffee, strong enough to bear up a grape shot, with a 'fid' of gin that would infallibly overthrow any ordinary worshipper of Bacchus, but which made no impression upon them, though the liquor was pure and unreduced Schiedam. Perhaps this plan of converting the juices of the body into tolerably strong gin, and making bacon of the solid parts by constant smoking tobacco, has a beneficial effect in preserving them from the pestilential climate in which they live.

I was a good deal amused by a Dutch auctioneer, who perched upon a heap of bales and boxes in the street, with his eyes half shut, and a pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, was repeating, in a monotonous tone, the last bid, without any of those tropes and figures, those flourishes and poetical flights of oratory, which grace the harangues of our auctioneers, and compel the unwary rustics who may hap-

pen to 'drop in' to any of those numerous and tempting offices, which form such a prominent feature of the 'Literary Emporium,' into buying a watch, whose intrinsic value is to the price given in the ratio of one to five hundred nearly.

The Dutch ladies were, as far I saw, very handsome, but pale and generally a little inclined to—— what shall I call it? *fat* would be the "propria quae maribus," the appropriate term, if I was speaking of the sterner sex, but such a gross and vulgar word would be sacrilege if applied to "angel woman," 'anti-cherubic ponderosity,' is perhaps the nearest to it. Most of these dames were rather more than "an eagle's talon in the waist," as Falstaff says. Some of them who had a trifle of Malay blood in their veins, were improved in expression of countenance by it; it gave them a sprightly look, which contrasted agreeably with the indolent, half-asleep-looking faces of the full blooded "vrows," from Amsterdam.

European woman will not bear exportation to a tropical climate; they uniformly wilt, lose all life, animation and beauty, and become ten thousand times more whimsical and capricious than before, if such a thing is possible; after which, they seem to have renewed their lease of sublunary existence and live forever, or at least "ad amicorum fastidium." The same is true with regard to horses and bottled porter, except in the article of longevity. Scotchmen seem to be the only animal capable of resisting the attacks of the climate and thriving under its influence, especially in situations under government; the army for

instance, where they outlive all around them, non-commissioned officers, rank and file inclusive.

A friend of mine, whose researches in physiology have been very extensive, is of opinion that tin pedlars might do well in a hot climate, but with the exception of the *gentleman* at Port Louis, I never saw a genuine specimen of the creature beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

People who can stand the climate, soon acquire large fortunes and obtain high offices, as death empties posts under government so fast, that it is out of the question to wait for new appointments from Europe, and they are accordingly filled with such aspirants as happen to be at hand. Sir Thomas S. Raffles who was then Governor of the island of Java, and subsequently of the British possessions in Sumatra, commenced his career as cabin boy of an English merchantman, from which he deserted.

I knew another person who came out to India as trumpeter in a regiment of Dutch dragoons. At the time I was in Batavia, he had amassed a great fortune and was going to America. He gave a general invitation to all the English and Americans present to make his house their own, while they were on shore, where was constantly kept an elegant table, covered with costly wines and spirits, coffee, sweetmeats and other delicate and expensive refreshments. His family consisted of two boys and a girl, by a Malay mother, most sprightly and interesting children, and very desirous of learning to talk English. The copper colored wife was visible just often enough to shew that

she was a perfect Urganda, a combination or rather concentration of the three furies, while a wad of betel and tobacco, inserted between her nether lip and front teeth, gave her mouth the similitude of a frigate's bridle port with a large bundle of half wet swabs hanging from it.

The Malays are in general, an ugly looking set, with high cheek bones, immeasurable mouths, teeth blackened by chewing betel, and rather short and slight made, but strong and active, and capable of carrying very heavy burdens, which they always place on the back of the neck. I noticed one very little fellow, a porter, who would march off with two piculs (two hundred and sixty-six pounds) of coffee, from the warehouse to the lighter, at the landing place, a distance of a mile and a half. They are great thieves, and the most inveterate gamblers in the world; in cock fighting especially, in which they will risk every thing, their property of every kind, wives and children, and lastly, themselves, as slaves to the victor. They have also a game of which they are very fond, and which appears to be like our checkers.

I noticed among them a kind of dramatic exhibition, which took place in the street, and drew a great crowd. A number of Malays, dressed in a most fantastical manner, gesticulating and singing, with masks on their faces, ornamented with feathers and buffalo's horns, paraded about the streets. One of them, who appeared to be the Harlequin of the *corps dramatique*, was dressed almost exactly as our most learned divines represent the devil, with tail and horns com-

plete, or as the heralds say, 'proper.' I regretted exceedingly that I was not able to get sufficiently near him to satisfy my doubts, concerning his character, by examining his feet, as it is pretty generally admitted, that the chief cause of the frequent backslidings of the saints is, that they are negligent in examining temptation with the degree of minuteness proper for its detection; for though it is allowed on all hands that "old Scratch," can occasionally assume the appearance and manners of an angel of light, no theologian has ever been known hardy or heretical enough to hint at the possibility of his (Satan's) concealing his cloven foot. The actor who personated his sooty majesty, was continually running about making the most outrageous contortions, and throwing himself into the most grotesque and ludicrous attitudes, playing all manner of tricks upon his brother actors, and receiving from them more thumps and kicks than coppers. There were also several dancing girls, who exhibited specimens of their attainments in "the poetry of motion," in every street.

I have already observed that the Malays are great thieves, on the coast they are as great pirates. It is said that they once boarded and captured a Dutch sloop of war, putting all on board to death. They attacked the *Jacob Jones*, of Boston, which sailed a few days before us, but were beaten off and a proa with sixty men on board was taken. The captain of the ship very injudiciously gave them their liberty on the spot.

Some of the independent Malay chiefs, from the

interior of the island, visited the city. They were tall, well made, of much lighter complexion than those on the coast, and had very thin beards. Their dress consisted of turbans, close jackets, short cloaks, and their 'nether bulk' was enclosed with a garment somewhat similar to that nameless, or rather unmentionable one, which it is said, forms the sacred standard of Mahomet, and is figuratively supposed to be worn by certain married ladies of the Zenobia or Semiramis cast. A profusion of jewels and gold ornaments, apparently of considerable value, and a sash, containing the creiss, or poisoned dagger, and betel box, completed their dress. These betel boxes are generally about six inches long and three wide, and are commonly of gold, rather roughly made and studded with precious stones.

The Malays are very expert in the use of the bamboo and rattan, which last supplies the place of nails in all their buildings. The bamboo houses are very cool and airy, and are frequently erected by the white inhabitants, in their gardens and court yards, for lodging rooms during the hot season. The island of Java exceeds any part of the world that I have visited, for delicious fruits, the pine apples are three times as large as those of the West Indies, and much more pleasant. There is also a vast variety of birds and beasts constantly offered for sale to strangers, such as monkies of many different kinds and sizes, parrots of fifty different colors, and all gifted with, volubility and strength of lungs, that would rejoice the hearts of all the maiden ladies in America, who

have generally a *penchant* for all such noisy pests, which undoubtedly originates in an innate and undeveloped propensity for that species of elocution, called scolding. Among other rare animals, a fellow offered me one of the deer kind, not larger than a common cat, but perfectly and beautifully formed, and with branching horns like those of common deer.

During my stay on shore, I resided at the house of Mr. Hubbard, a native of Norwich, Conn. printer to the Government. His house was situated in Weltevreden, a village about four miles distant from Batavia, containing a great number of beautiful country seats, many of which were unoccupied from their damp and swampy situation. The village was considered so much more healthy than the city, that the troops were quartered there. While here, I received a ticket for the amateur theatre at head quarters, supported by the officers of the garrison. The play was, 'Cure for the Heart ache,' with the afterpiece of 'Chrononhotonthologos.' The officer who performed 'Jessy Oatland,' was a grenadier of six feet and some two or three inches; while 'Young Rapid' was a little dapper dragoon officer of five feet three.—While he was following the lady about the stage, I could not but think of what Falstaff says to his boy, "I do walk before thee like a sow that has overwhelmed all her litter but one," and when the lady fainted, the hero was completely overwhelmed and extinguished.

The theatre was a large bamboo building, and was very well filled with the rank, beauty and fashion of

the city and neighborhood. The regimental band that formed the orchestra, composed perhaps the *best* part of the performances, but the acting was unquestionably the most *amusing*.

The walls and ceilings of the rooms in Mr. Hubbard's house were almost covered with little brown lizards, that perambulated head downwards, a la mode de Mons Peters, in quest of flies and moschettos.— Though I could not but admire the zeal and activity which they displayed, while laboring in their vocation, I was nevertheless rather apprehensive that they might make a misstep in over eagerness and fall headlong into my plate or coffee cup, where their presence might be dispensed with and their services out of place.

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### CHAPTER III.

After a stay of something more than two months, we once more got under way and beat out of the straits of Sunda in two days. A Dutch Indiaman that had arrived six months before us, and only required fifty bags of coffee to make up her cargo when the monsoon shifted, declined making the attempt.— She had been lying windbound for nearly four months, and had buried on an average, one man a week. The men, who came on shore with the corpse at these funerals, uniformly got most devoutly drunk, apparently to keep up their spirits.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery in the straits of Sunda, the shores of the numerous little islands are covered with trees quite down to the water's edge, and during a calm when the water and sky appeared of nearly the same shade of blue, these islands seem to be suspended in the air.

Two of these islands, (namely, the 'Button,' and 'Cap,') are memorable in sea superstition. The mate of an English Indiaman, passing through the straits, ordered the boatswain to fit a tackle for moving one of the anchors. When it was prepared, the mate found fault with it, as not being sufficient, upon which 'Tom Pipes' declared, with sundry oaths, that "he could bowse the two above mentioned islands, together with it." That night he fell overboard and was drowned, but ever since, he is heard by night 'yeohoing' away at the tackle fall, though it appears without much affect, as the relative position of the islands, when I saw them for the sixth time, did not seem to have been affected. I asked my informant where the defunct boatswain procured his blocks and ropes, but the veteran did not condescend any other reply than a 'contemptuous elevation' of the end of his nose at such a ridiculous question.

Our passage to Calcutta occupied fifty six days, mostly calm and during the great part of which, two thirds of our crew were sick with the Batavia fever, which most generally makes its appearance after leaving the place. Fortunately, we had on board a Scotch Doctor, as passenger, who salivated the whole, himself included, and what perhaps is most remarkable, cured the whole.

One who has never been sick at sea, can form no idea of the peculiar feelings of desertedness and solitude that seize the wretch, whom the fates visit with any kind of indisposition of body, when out of the reach of the faculty, nurses, warming pans, chicken broths, and all those comforts and conveniences, that make a fit of sickness at home, a kind of '*otium cum dignitate*' affair—a sort of temporary withdrawing one's self from the cares and vexations of this vile world, while the increased solicitude and anxiety of friends give one a feeling of consequence and importance, peculiarly gratifying, provided nevertheless, that the sickness aforesaid is not unto death, in which case, perhaps the difference between sea and land is merely imaginary. But at sea no one can be spared to wait upon the patient; chickens are *minus*, warming-pans and doctors ditto. The cook is indeed *ex officio* nurse general, and is in fact called the 'doctor' in all merchant ships, though his culinary avocations render his attentions to the hospital department extremely uncertain and intermittent, for the axiom that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion,' or even a sick one, is gospel at sea, and of course greater care is taken to supply the healthy with food than the sick with comforts.

In addition to this, I have always remarked that the masters of American merchantmen will seldom believe that a man is sick till the agonies of death take place, it being the chief corner stone of their belief to look after their employers interest first and foremost, and rather to kill a man by hard work and

exposure, than to permit him to defraud the owners by his untimely sickness. Besides, when a sailor dies, his arrears of wages revert to the owners, who, (I speak of New-England merchants) always contemplate the word "dead" frequently repeated on a returned portage bill, with that peculiar satisfaction only to be appreciated and understood by those, whose religious, moral and political creed is comprised in the maxim "a penny saved is a penny got."

This theory is carried into more open practice by the masters of South Sea Whalers than any others. After a ship has completed her cargo, and is preparing, in some of the ports on the western coast of South America, for her passage round Cape Horn, it is extremely fashionable for the master, by tyrannical usage and harassing duty, to compel the men to desert. This practice is so notorious and so well understood, that it is quite a question of course, to ask the crew of a *full* ship, "well, has your skipper begun to cut any *shines* yet?"

There seem to me to be two reasons why so few sailors die at sea, first that there are no apothecaries' shops or doctors in their reach, and secondly the universal remedy for all the diseases that sea going flesh is heir to, is a powerful dose of calomel and jalap, a panacea infinitely more effectual and modest than the famous one of Mr. Swaim. I had as large a share of the fever and mercury likewise, as any one on the sick list, and the said mercury "took hold very kindly," said our Esculapius. I can answer for its taking hold, but I do not, even now, understand,

or rightly estimate its *kindness* which was displayed in its loosening and blackening all my teeth, making my tongue as large as a feather bed, and reducing every bone and muscle in my tortured carcase to the consistence and flaccidity of a wet dishcloth. The recovering from this parboiled state of semi-existence was rather the most intolerable part of the disease; for though I had an appetite, that would have qualified me to officiate as a colleague to that beast, mentioned in Revelations, who was commanded to 'arise and devour much flesh,' I was strictly forbidden to indulge it. One day, however, we caught a shark, about sixteen feet long, from whose tail the boatswain abstracted some three or four feet which he committed to the frying pan. Not having the fear of the doctor or a relapse before my eyes, but being tempted by the savory steam of the fried tail, I ate about two pounds of it and felt much refreshed thereby.

At last, to my great joy, the land about Juggernaut Pagoda, and Point Palmiras, or rather the trees upon it, came in sight, for the land is so low, that it is invisible at the distance of six miles. Shortly afterwards, one of the pilot brigs hove in sight. These vessels are about three hundred tons burden, and are constantly cruising off the mouth of the river, on the look out for vessels. These pilots are all English, and in their own estimation at least, are people of rank and consequence. They are each attended by a leadsmen, who is also a white man, and two or three black servants. The ship is entirely under their

command from the time they come on board till they leave, both which events are duly solemnized by levying a contribution upon the captain's liquor case, not to mention numberless interludes and symphonies upon the same instrument, during their stay. The duty of the leadsman consists altogether in sounding, for though these pilots may have each been up and down the river five hundred times, the channel is liable to continual variations from the rapidity of the current.

The land on each side of the river Hoogly is perfectly level and thickly wooded, whence by night we were regaled with the roaring of tygers and the barking of jackals. These last are the most impudent scoundrels that ever went upon four legs or even two. They enter houses in the suburbs as well as in the country, and sequestrate every thing that is not too heavy for them to carry off, such as cats, fowls, provisions, &c. and not unfrequently insult the human form divine by biting the nose or toes, to ascertain if death has given them a right to commence dissection, at which they are both expert and expeditious.

Garden Reach, six or eight miles below Calcutta, is one of the most delightful places I ever beheld, and is the favorite country residence of all the English, who are obliged by business to be near Calcutta. The most superb palaces and villas may be seen among groves of beautiful trees, planted as irregularly and as much like nature as possible, while the grounds underneath are not cramped up in squares, circles, ovals or any other geometrical abominations, no formal, straight gravel walks, (I abhor straight

lines ever since "I crawled like snail unwillingly," through Euclid, at College,) but every thing is left to nature, and of course is delightful. Dr. Johnson's description of the happy valley in Rasselas, might, in my humble opinion, have been assisted by a sight of Garden Reach.

Calcutta, although it contains eight hundred thousand inhabitants, makes but little show on approaching it, from the extreme flatness of the country. About a mile below it, is Fort William, which is a city almost, by itself, being the largest single fortification in the world. Between this and the city is a beautiful plain called the Esplanade, planted with two rows of trees next the water. The south part of the city is occupied mostly by the English residents, and is elegantly built, and here is the Governor's palace, a huge ungainly pile of building, covering apparently two or three acres, and resembling, in my unarchitectural eyes, a great mass of soft dough, placed in the middle of a large table.

The population of Calcutta, consists of native Bengalese, Armenians, Persians and English, with some Chinese and Pariah Portuguese, a 'gens per se,' being a mixture of Bengalese and Portuguese, born and brought up, if bringing up can be predicated of such animals, in the Catholic religion, but whose religious belief 'stands so tickle' upon their spiritual "shoulders, that a milkmaid with sighing, if she were in love, might sigh it off," either on the side of Paganism or Protestantism. Some ten or a dozen of these rep-

tiles constitute "the noble army" of converts to the preaching of our missionaries.

The Chinese are nothing near so respectable a class of people here as in Batavia; they live in a part of the city by themselves and are chiefly mechanics, to which may be added thieves. It is dangerous to pass through their quarters after night fall, as they are no wise nice or backward in adding murder to robbery.

The Armenians are fine looking men, with very fair complexions, but close shaven beards. The women are generally very handsome, very devout, and are said to be very partial to strangers. Be that as it will, I can answer for one act of kindness that I received at their hands and for which I shall never cease to be grateful. Our Captain had bought a lot of sugar of an Armenian merchant, the weighing and packing of which he sent me to superintend. This duty was performed in a court yard surrounded on all sides by a high wall or buildings, exposed to the rays of a sun, that had elevated the mercury to 110 degrees. The wife and two lovely daughters of the Armenian, who were walking in the verandah, and fearing that my "too, too solid flesh would thaw and dissolve itself," sent a black fellow with a huge silver pitcher, and wash basin, perfumed towels, &c. The ablution was exceedingly grateful and my "path dropped fatness" no longer. Their civilities did not stop here, for the copper colored river god was followed by a great fellow with a turban, who presented me with some delicious lemonade. I could only reply to all this kindness, by discharging a whole broadside of

shipshape bows at the verandah which I 'trust were accepted.'

These Armenians are generally merchants and mostly very wealthy. They have a large and elegant church near the middle of the city, where mass is said every morning.

The Persians resemble the Armenians very much except in wearing their beards, and a looser dress with large turbans. They are tall, well made, with fine, dignified and rather grave expression of countenance. Their women are invisible.

The Bengalese are a timid, inoffensive race, very strict in the observance of their religious ceremonies, as well as tenacious of all the rights and privileges of their caste, and jealous of any innovations on their superstitious notions, very respectful, even abject to their priests or brahmins, who do very much as they please among them. They are also frugal, temperate and industrious. Some of the native merchants are immensely rich, one in particular was pointed out to me as being worth eight millions of dollars; the maximum of his expenses might be two dollars a day. They are generally honest and upright in their dealings, but the lower classes like the 'ignobile vulgus' of all countries, are as great rogues as though they were christians, who it is uniformly allowed, practice without much scruple, all those vices from which Jews, Mahometans and Pagans turn away with abhorrence.

The Bengalese are small in stature and frame, seldom inclined to corpulency, except among the richest

classes, whose indolent lives give them that degree of obesity that rather confers dignity of personal appearance. The women are very delicately formed, particularly their hands and arms, which no 'pale daughter of Eblis' can hope to rival. Their features are delicate and regular, and their forms uncommonly fair, notwithstanding they never wear stays or corsets or whatever may be the name of those rib distorting machines, without which a christian dame does not presume to show herself.

I know that the idea of a woman's form being good without tight lacing will be scouted as absurd and the bare asserting that any such females exist, will be regarded as a traveller's story, but such is the deplorable state of more than gothic ignorance in which these 'benighted brethren,' of ours are placed, that they never have been able to perceive the necessity or appreciate the salutary and pleasing sensation of having their waists reduced to a circumference of ten inches, with the consequent squeezing the lungs up into the throat and confining the liver, heart, &c. within the round of an 'alderman's thumb ring.'

It is sincerely to be hoped that the time is not far distant when these 'poor ignorant heathen' will be compelled to eat pork and lace tight, when intemperance, fraud, adultery, murder and all other 'evidences of christianity' will be introduced among them, and 'carnal and sinful morality' be forever done away; when religious revivals and excitements shall be as well known among them as with us, to the equal disorganization of society, the destruction of domestic

peace and harmony, and partial or total derangement of all the weak heads in the community and when their children, as with us, shall 'speak in meeting,' and 'relate their experience,' before they have acquired English enough to ask for a piece of bread and butter, or ideas sufficient to comprehend the difference between one and two.

By way of offset however, to the absence of tight lacing, they sometimes wear jewels in their noses, as large as the ring of a kedge anchor, large gold or silver chains in festoons about their waist and rings called *bangles* around their ancles. The women of the higher castes stay at home and are said to be invisible to any of their male relations however near.

Marriage among them is contracted by the parents of children of eight or nine years of age and celebrated soon after. I was present at the wedding feast of the son of a rich merchant. The house and other buildings formed a hollow square of about one hundred feet square, paved with marble and covered with a canvass awning. Within this square the entertainments took place. The little bridegroom, a boy of twelve years of age, sat on a throne in the centre, apparently utterly unconscious of Hymen's joys that were in reserve for him, for he slept all the evening. He was very richly dressed, and wore in his turban a ruby as large as the end of one's thumb. He received our congratulations with much grace and ease and then addressed himself to sleep again. We were entertained with singing and dancing, by hired dancing girls, whose motions, if they displayed less

agility than those of Madame Hutin, shewed at least as much modesty, though some travellers accuse them of indecency in their attitudes. Refreshments of all kinds, but such as are composed of animal food, were prepared for us white faces.

During the evening, a servant went round from time to time with a silver watering pot, filled with double distilled rose water, with which he besprinkled the guests, and we were also presented with an embroidered handkerchief, each, which we were given to understand was a gift of the bride whom we did not see.

Some of the rooms were fitted up in European style, with sofas, chairs and tables; and the walls decorated with several very excellent English engravings and paintings of Hindoo deities by native artists, which might be safely worshipped without interfering with the second commandment, being like nothing in the created world, not even the *down east* sea monster, that 'monstrum horridum,' that furnished abundant food for wonder and conjecture to all the *squatters* between Portland pier and 'Quoddy, inclusive, some two years ago, and which was supposed to be of the same family with the sea serpent, at whom Marshal Prince 'cocked his eye' through his 'famous mast head spy glass.'

With the assistance of a reasonably good English band, we white faces got up a contra dance, to the great admiration of the natives, who acknowledged our infinite superiority in dancing the more readily, perhaps, as no one presumes to 'shake a foot' in In-

dia, except the dancing girls already mentioned, who, as well as their profession, are not held in very high repute. They most patriotically, however, asserted the superior claims of their music, which consisted of a drum beat 'ad libitum,' and sometimes 'con furia,' gongs and trumpets, very much like those in Batavia already described.

At day-break, and thence till about nine o'clock, thousands of Hindoos may be seen at once, bathing in the river, at which time it is almost impossible to land a boat for them. At this time, they say their prayers, and put the distinguishing mark of caste on their foreheads with a kind of yellow paint, after which each one fills a 'lootie' or jar, with the river water, which is used at home for religious purposes.

When two Bengalese quarrel, they rarely come to blows, but one takes off his shoe, spits upon the sole and strikes the other with it, an action that expresses as much as Lord Burleigh's nod, in the play.

If an European or Pariah touches a Bengalese while he is smoking or eating, he immediately throws away the whole establishment, even to the mat he sits on. In like manner, if a stranger asks for a drink of water, he is not permitted to touch the vessel but sitting down, he holds his head back with his mouth wide open, while his entertainer pours in water from a *lootie* at the distance of a foot or eighteen inches, from the mouth, so that if one does not get his thirst quenched by this shower drinking, he has the benefit of a shower bath on his face and shoulders, a capital thing for the rheumatism or shirt collar.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Fakirs, a class of devotees, may be seen in almost every street, practicing their religious mummeries. They are, for the most part naked, covered with filth and vermin, presenting an appearance disgusting to the last degree. Notwithstanding this, the people regard them as saints, and treat them with great respect, of which they are not backward in taking advantage by levying contributions upon the credulity and pockets of their hearers.

We may affect to despise these poor devils of black fellows, for their simplicity in permitting themselves to be duped by a parcel of lazy and wicked priests, but *'mutato nomine dete fabula narratur,'* if we look at home we shall find a vast many Fakirs among ourselves, who profess christianity—men, who under the guise of religion, go about 'leading captive silly women' and sillier men, extorting from their 'poor ignorant' dupes, money, for the aid of imaginary tract societies and still born missions; they may not be so filthy and disgusting in their outward appearance, but their hypocrisy and impiety is more revolting, because in the Fakir, it originates in ignorance, but in the lighter colored saint it is a premeditated insult to the Almighty as well as to the community, and practiced to obtain the same ends as the Indian devotee.

One of these fellows that I saw had made a vow to

keep his arm in an upright position for seven years, but long before the expiration of half that term, the muscles shrunk and withered and lost all their power so that the limb remained fixed aloft, like a sloop's top-mast, or a lightning rod. Another had vowed to lie upon a plank bed, covered with blunt iron points, about half an inch long. His vow was likewise for seven years, and when I saw him, his hide was caloused and as hard as an alligator's, and I have no doubt was equally impenetrable, though I had no convenient opportunity of trying the experiment.

This idea of buying a title to heaven is imitated among us, by those pious saints, who scorning to provide for their families or the payment of their just debts, die and bequeath their ill gotten wealth to some missionary or tract society, or some other 'daughter of the house-leech' whose cry is still 'give, give.' It is astonishing how closely connected are the extremes of fanaticism, and bruta superstition.

Some two or three years since, I accidentally came across an obscure and virulently sectarian newspaper, called, if I recollect right, 'the Zion's Trumpeter or Fifer,' or some equally ridiculous title, in which the propriety and necessity of 'endowing a college or a cat' for religious purposes, was gravely advanced.

As for the fellow with the arm, I could not forbear laughing at him, as his woeful countenance sufficiently betrayed his disappointment and surprise at the unexpected and unhopd for turn that things had taken. A third wretch had made a vow not to sleep

nights, and for the purpose of preventing the carnal man from getting a nap without the privacy or consent of the spiritual, he uttered a roar every four or five minutes during the night. In the course of this 'pilgrim's progress' he took up his station, one night, directly under my chamber window. I bore it with most exemplary fortitude for one night, muttering curses, not loud but deep and meditating 'brave punishments' and schemes of vengeance for my murdered sleep, for these periodical howls had the double effect of keeping both himself and me awake. The next night, in company with a fellow lodger, I took my stand at the window, well provided with brick-bats. About ten o'clock the mortifier of the flesh 'took post,' and in due time warbled forth a long and most melodious howl, to which we immediately responded by a shower of missiles, whose peculiar dull banging sound, announced that they had come in contact with the 'soul's dark cottage' of the saint, who was soon after seen clearing out, to 'make night hideous' somewhere else.

At almost every house or shop in the city, is a pipe set apart for the use of the brahmin or priest, which is distinguished by a 'kowree' attached to it. These priests go about from house to house, 'eating the fat and drinking the sweet,' and helping themselves to whatever they like best, without asking any questions or waiting for an invitation.

I have often heard the natives grumbling at their taking such liberties, but have uniformly found that these complaints originated in jealousy, for these

brahmins, like other clergy, lay a great deal of stress upon converting the woman first, taking it for granted that if the fire of religion can be made to take hold of the female shavings and light dry wood, that the more inert, sluggish, and less susceptible masculine back-log will also in process of time become thoroughly ignited, by a natural or necessary concatenation. 'If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,' says Samson, 'ye had not found out my riddle,' a hint, which our missionaries ought to be instructed to improve, by directing their 'main battle' against the heathen women, for the future, and I have no doubt they would succeed even better than, by their own accounts, they do now.

These brahmins are not allowed to marry, which may, perhaps, account for their partiality to the female part of their spiritual constituents, as we observe, that confirmed old bachelors are generally the most gallant. Many of them are, however, well informed, sensible men, and no doubt sincere in their religious belief; they are frequently chosen by the natives, as arbiters in their disputes, which they settle apparently with as much or perhaps more, disinterestedness and equity than a christian court of law.

It is astonishing how very cheap these people live; rice, curry, and a little dried fish constitute their two daily meals, the whole of which costs only a few kowries, a kind of small shells, used as coin, of which about one hundred and twenty are equal to a cent. When an European and Bengalee go to market together, the first carries silver, and the other a

few kowries, and with them obtains not only nearly as much again, but what he gets is of better quality than what the Englishman pays silver for. Still, a man can 'fare sumptuously every day' for about twenty-five cents.

The English gentry, on the other hand, live at a most enormous expense, not by any means for the necessaries or comforts of life or even for hire of servants, all which can be obtained at very reasonable rates, but they are always buying ten thousand things that they do not want; private gentlemen are continually buying curious and expensive fire arms and swords, which they do not know how to use and have no opportunity of using if they did know.— They import, at great expense, English carriages and horses, though one would think that daily experience would convince them that the horses will not endure the climate, and that they make but a mean figure when contrasted with the small but high spirited horses of the northern section of the country, and Arabia or Persia, both which are directly under their noses;—their carriages they very soon get tired of; the fashion changes, or some titled or wealthy fool comes out from England with a new equipage.

Foreign wines and liquors are also imported at an immense expense, and are almost the only articles of commerce that are consumed on the spot; ordinary Sicily Madeira wine was worth then (1816) about sixty-five or seventy rupees per dozen, and other wines in proportion. 'American dainties,' as they called them, that is, pickled salmon and oysters, pick-

led walnuts, butternuts and red cabbages, preserved barberries, &c. were all the rage at that time, not because these things formed a part of their usual delicacies, but it so happened that there had been nothing of the kind in market for some time, when a vessel arrived from Salem, with a small supply, which sold at a most enormous profit. The mate assured me that he had sold several small kegs of pickled salmon for eight dollars each, the first cost being one dollar and fifty cents.

After dinner, that is, about sun-set, the English *beaumonts* take an airing on the Chowringhee road, a beautiful course between the city and Fort William, where a stranger may behold all the beauty, rank and fashion of the city and presidency.

Walking out one afternoon, near the great bazaar, which is at some distance from the English part of the town, I met an elegant barouche, containing an old officer in full uniform, with two epaulettes and a star, one old lady and two young ones, all richly dressed and apparently of high rank. On the dicky of the barouche was a young officer, also wearing two epaulettes, who was driving, and likewise a young lady, that seemed to me the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, but so very much excited, *alias*, drunk, that it was with much difficulty that her companion could keep her from falling. A *jam* of buffalo drays compelled both them and me to stop, and I observed that the sober part of the company seemed exceedingly mortified when they saw a white face among the spectators. The young lady had probably been

'overtaken' at a dinner party, and her friends had driven into the city, to sober her, and avoid the exposure that would have taken place any where in the christian part of the city, where they encountered my unlucky self, and I was compelled to be an unwilling and mourning spectator of beauty 'in disguise.' I saw the lovely neophyte of Bacchus a few evenings afterwards, with a cloud of mounted beaux. civil, military and ecclesiastical around her carriage, but she was apparently less 'crank in the upper works' then, than when I first saw her.

All, or nearly all the medical faculty of Calcutta, are Scotchmen, and are generally very skilful in their profession, as Scotch doctors commonly are, though it always seemed a little mysterious to me how they could acquire much science in India, as the diseases in that country seldom give a son of Esculapius much chance to 'exhibit' either medicines or skill; the same servant who goes for a doctor, generally leaving the patient's compliments with the notary and grave digger at the same time, so that it would seem that their knowledge of any malady is chiefly acquired from *post mortem* examinations, rather than from any diagnostics or symptoms in the living subject.

In many instances, they displayed a most anxious and disinterested humanity in our behalf, warning us of all meats and drinks, which though they might be harmless or even wholesome any where else, are almost poisonous there.

This conduct of theirs, contrasted agreeably with that of the 'powers that be,' who placed sentries at

the church door, 'to prevent sailors from attending divine service;' four of us, who were devoutly given, one Sunday morning, being driven away, not only from the church door, but put entirely out of the street, a distance of some eighty or a hundred yards, at, or rather with, the point of the bayonet. I never heard but one plausible reason given for this system of prohibiting us tarry dogs from picking up the crumbs that fell from the long-coated and Cossack-pantalooned childrens' table, and that was, that the attention of the ladies was diverted and their devotions interrupted by seeing so many stout, hearty-looking young fellows around them, who formed a striking contrast to the pale, wilted, meagre, effeminate dandies of the country, who looked as though 'they dared not shake the dust off their cassock slest they should shake themselves to pieces,' while their yellow complexions announced the diseased state of their livers where the ancients supposed love to reside.

An equipage that makes any kind of pretensions to respectability in India, must have two running footmen ahead, one and sometimes two, on each side of the carriage, and two more as a rear guard, who are all compelled to keep their places let the carriage go ever so fast or far. I was standing near St. John's Church one blazing hot day, the thermometer as usual at about 110 degrees Fahrenheit, when a carriage passed me rapidly and immediately after, one of the footmen fell down dead. His comrade stopped, took his sash and turban and ran on again to overtake the

carriage. The palanquin bearers, who travel on a kind of trot, at the rate of five miles an hour, are sometimes overcome by heat in the same manner, but I believe not so generally.

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## CHAPTER V.

Poets, that is those who have never seen salt water and know nothing of any country but their own and not a vast deal of that, are amazingly fond of singing the praises of spicy groves and sunny climes. There are some trifling drawbacks to the pleasures of wandering in these same groves, and some few miseries of life in a sunny clime, that are worth attending to.

If one walks for recreation in one of these same spicy groves, there is ten chances to one, that he disturbs the repose of a 'cobra di capello' or hooded snake, whose bite sends him to the shades in fifteen minutes, so that unless he has his testamentary documents previously prepared, he runs some risk of dying intestate, and chousing the judge of probate out of his fees; if he is tempted by the shade of a tree to take a nap under its branches, he finds when it is too late, that is, when he wakes in another world, that he has been sleeping under a manchieel, or some other whose narcotic shade is an introduction to the infernal shades; if he sits down to rest himself, a scorpion or centipede crawls up his pantaloons and the envenomed sting leaves him a leg out of pocket; if he

extends his walk far into the forest, he meets with a tiger, or a 'boa constrictor,' who happens, just at that moment, to be in search of a dinner, and the unfortunate admirer of spicy groves finds an ignoble grave in the bowels of a wild beast; if he feels oppressed by the heat and takes a fancy to bathe in the cooling stream, an alligator, a mile long, introduces him to 'worlds *below* the flood;' if he avoids the spicy groves and perambulates the open field, a 'coup de soleil,' delirium and brain fever close the scene.

Such are some of the most prominent delights that attend locomotion in India, let us try still life in a sunny clime.

If you eat heartily of animal food, an inflammation of the bowels is the consequence; if you are tempted by delicious fruits to indulge in a 'blow out' of pine apples, &c. a cholera morbus trips up your heels; if you affect simplicity in diet and live upon milk or eggs, you are complimented with incurable constipation and dyspepsy; if you drink cold water, you lead down the 'dance of death,' with cramp in the stomach for a partner; if you indulge in wine or spirits, you are admonished by one inflammation in the brain, another in the stomach, a third in the liver, and a fourth in the bowels, that India is no place for a 'blow hard;' if you take to porter, your intestines are twisted by a bilious cholic into what sailors, when speaking of a *melange* of entangled ropes, call a 'hurra's nest;' eat what you will you are almost sure of a liver complaint, that *will* last a good long spell, and *may* last a lifetime.

All the diseases above mentioned may as well be called death at once, for to be taken sick and to 'kick the bucket' are synonymous terms in Calcutta.

If however, one can manage to have the 'prickly heat' well developed upon the skin, he is comparatively safe from inflammatory diseases. The prickly heat is a complaint sufficiently defined by its name and is one that would have compelled Job to make use of an extra potsherd to scratch himself withal, if Satan had thought proper to afflict him with it. It is a kind of external inflammation and eruption which seems to be intended by nature to carry off the superfluous heat of the body, and as long as it is on the surface is considered wholesome though the patient is all the time undergoing a species of martyrdom, like that inflicted upon St. Lawrence, who was broiled on a gridiron, like a beef steak, though my researches in the 'Book of Martyrs' have not informed me whether he was peppered and salted during the operation, which would increase the similarity to the sensations experienced in the prickly heat, or whether the tormenters of the saint followed the rule for broiling laid down in Macbeth, namely, 'when 'twere done, 'twere well done, if 'twere done quickly,' which would *not* heighten the similitude, for the prickly heat 'sticketh closer than a brother' and lasts rather longer than a woman's love, videlicet, a week or ten days. The sensation is something such as might be expected from having myriads of red hot cambric needles pricking just into the skin at the same instant;

scratching is out of the question, unless one had the hundred hands of Briareus.

In enumerating the delights of Calcutta, I have omitted mentioning moschetoes and sand flies, as we grow as good of both, as can be found there, as well as 'gallinippers.'

About three miles below the city is Kidrapore, a village and dock yard belonging principally to a Mr. Kid, from whom it takes its name. A beautiful sixty-four gun ship, the Hastings, built of teak, by the ladies of Calcutta, was on the stocks and nearly ready for launching. Opposite to Calcutta is Sulkah, where are also several commodious dry docks, into one of which I saw a Portuguese Indiaman of twelve hundred tons taken. These docks belong chiefly to a Mr. Smith, who, if I am not mistaken, is an American.

Twenty-one miles above Calcutta, is Serampore, a Danish settlement and factory, well known as the head quarters of our missionaries, who are forbidden to reside at Calcutta, in consequence of the first batch that was imported, having made themselves rather too busy with the civil government of the country, instead of contenting themselves with overthrowing Juggernaut and Vishnoo and pulling down the strong holds of Satan, which by the way seem to be constructed of most admirable masonry, as their efforts, whether united or single, have not as yet, thrown down a single cope stone from the battlements. The brig Dryad arrived a short time before us, from Newburyport, with a full freight of mission-

aries, male and female, 'as per invoice and bill of lading,' but was not permitted to 'break bulk.' She afterwards went to the island of Ceylon, where she discharged the obnoxious live part of her cargo.

I have often thought it very singular that those who are living on the very field of battle between Calvin and Vishnoo, should not have seen or heard any thing of those splendid victories, obtained by the former, with flaming accounts of which our missionary bulletins used to be filled; but such is the fact, the people there, both black and white, seemed to be most unaccountably ignorant on that subject. That there were a number of Americans at Serampore was a fact, that a *few*, and very few, of the natives were aware of; but even *their* impression was that these Americans were merchants or traders of some kind or other. I conversed with several English residents on the subject, which was then one of great interest to me, but I could only learn from them that they believed there were some American missionaries either at Serampore or Chandernagore, (a French factory above Calcutta,) but that they were very quiet and *not at all troublesome*.

At last I stumbled upon a Dane, a pensioner of the English East India Company, who was in the habit of going up to Serampore frequently. This man told me that there were some American missionaries there, who kept a school, (of which he spoke slightly,) and that one or other of them preached *occasionally*, that they occupied a handsome house and appeared to have plenty of money and nothing to do.

Such was the amount of information that I could obtain on the spot, respecting our missions to India, of which I had heard so much before leaving home and of which I could neither see nor hear any thing of consequence when on the very arena of their exploits, which seemed to resemble the Frenchman's fleas. 'you put your finger on him, and begar! he no dare!'

With regard to the missionary question, it is one in which I *now* feel but little or no interest, having been convinced by my own senses and the confessions of others, among whom may be reckoned Bishop Heber, a name above *my* praise, that any attempt to convert the Hindoos, Malays or Chinese to Christianity, is absurd in the extreme, but as many of my friends have repeatedly asked many questions of me concerning the missions in the east, and many are occupied in discussing the merits of the case, I have been tempted to make some remarks, which I trust, are rather the result of my own observations than the fruits of any prejudice against those who are engaged with missions, either with head, hand or pocket.

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## CHAPTER VI

An English officer, who had resided a long time in India, has observed, that missionaries always begin with more zeal than discretion, and leave off with more discretion than zeal. This is undoubtedly true,

and it may be also remarked, that they enter upon a station, knowing nothing more of the people, among whom they are appointed to preach the gospel, than that they are heathen, never once reflecting on, or apparently caring for, the necessity of preparing the soil before the seed is sown. Some of these 'poor ignorant heathen' require that their physical condition should be bettered, among others, there exists an absolute necessity of ameliorating their moral state, of raising them to the rank of men before elevating them to the dignity of christians, they must be cleansed from the filth of brutal ignorance, or disgusting sensuality before they can be rendered 'vessels of honor' for the holy temple. Some, on the other hand, have grown old among nations, in the darkest and blindest superstition, which it requires great tact and skill to combat, but regardless of all these obstacles to the word being received in such a manner as to bring forth fruit, our missionaries have but one way of treating all cases, and down go the five points of Calvin down every spiritual throat, whether in a condition to receive them or not, like the nautical panacea of calomel and jalap already mentioned, Calvinism, with all its mystifications is administered to all manner of patients.

Forgetting that these 'benighted brethren' are but babes in grace, (or rather would be, if we could only manage to convert them) they give them the strong meat, which St. Paul has told them in vain, is not fit for babes, they begin where they ought to leave off with the 'weightier matters of the law,' like a naked

man putting on his coat and pantaloons first and then trying to get on his shirt and drawers underneath them, or beginning a house at the ridge pole, which if practicable, may be, for ought I know, the 'estest way,' as Dogberry says, but till we are more perfect in it, we had better follow the old method.

We ought not to wonder at, or blame them for rejecting christianity and its preachers, as in the instance of his Highness the Pacha of Egypt, who bastinadoed Mr. Wolf for preaching the christian religion among his turbaned subjects, as no doubt the punishment was 'fit for reproof and comfort too' if rightly understood and endured. Besides, it should be remembered that Mr. Wolf was a converted Jew, and I have always observed that when a man is convinced of an error, he flies into the opposite extreme.

A new convert's zeal invariably carries him out of his depth, and like a fly approaching a pot of molasses, he plunges at once, 'in medias res' and becomes irretrievably involved in difficulties from which he has not strength or sense to extricate himself, and surrounded by darkness which his sight is too feeble to penetrate. In fact, nothing can be done in the way of converting the heathen, till their moral darkness is enlightened; education must prepare their minds before they can perceive or appreciate the beauties of christianity.

According to the physiology of sailors, a man must be *naturalized* before he can be civilized, in like manner, the heathen must have taken some steps towards moral excellence before he can be christianized; first

enlighten his understanding and then you may administer the five points or the thirty-nine articles, either 'in substance,' as physicians say, or they might be introduced into the religious system, in some agreeable menstruum.

The following observations are copied from the *New Monthly Magazine* for April, 1828, and represent in forcible language, the difficulties which stand in the way of East Indian missions.

“What is it that the missionaries, and many hundred of mistaken but well meaning persons besides, who are dreaming of making the Hindoos christians—what is it, in the moral and civil character of that nation, that they look to for auspicious omens to their project? Every one in his senses will admit, that a cycle of years, of centuries perhaps, must precede its accomplishment;—to talk of immediate conversion is foolishness,—foolishness sublimed into madness.

“There is one fallacy that has contributed a great deal to mislead them. They have taught themselves to consider Hindooism as a system, which does not tolerate merely, but actually enjoins every species of sensuality, the most odious and brutal vices; arguing, and consistently enough, from their premises, that every element of so unnatural a theology, must melt away before the lights of reason and true religion. But the Hindoo theology is no such thing. It holds out no allurements to the sensual passions, it deals in no indulgences. It is far, very far from being a bed of roses. It is the most ascetic religion

the world ever saw ; the thorniest path to heaven that mankind can be invited to enter.

“In that religion, the sternest abstinence is *enforced*, not preached, not recommended. From beginning to end, there is no precept in it, it is *law*; stern, adamantine, unyielding *law*, from which there is no appeal. Other systems *denounce* intemperance; the Hindoo renders it *impossible*. It assumes the permitted enjoyment to be equivalent to the licentious abuse, and it prohibits the enjoyment.

“The authority of such a religion may be estimated by its contempt of the common feelings of mankind; for that must be a fabric of no ordinary strength, which has outlived the lapse of so many ages, and withstood the shock of so many revolutions, in spite of the murmurs and protests of nature, under the privation of all that is wont to sooth and refresh her.

“Yet, with all these chances in their favor,— what has been done? In the course of ten years, scarcely as many *real* conversions have been effected. Chandalahs and Pariahs indeed, without number have become converts; but then there was nothing from which they could be converted. They are comprehended in none of the religious *castes* into which Hindostan is divided. The Hindoos disown them. The pickaxes of our evangelical pioneers have only stirred a few crumbling fragments at the base of the mountain; the mountain still rears its head, and smiles at their obscure and feeble labours.

“What is it you will ask, that renders this hoary mass of superstition alike immovable by force and im-

penetrable to reason? *The division of caste.* That stupendous institution, whether the result of craft or accident, or both—it is this which has made the whole country at once the temple and citadel of its superstitions. The entire moral constitution of man is thus summoned to their support; all his feelings of honorable pride, of ingenuous shame, his estimation in this life, his hopes beyond it, are enlisted in their defence. No Hindoo can survive the loss of his *caste*.

“Nor in caste is the relation of high and low; every caste is alike from the head of Vishnoo to the sole of his foot.

“Nor would any man exchange his own caste, though it condemns him to the meanest offices or the vilest degradations, for another which carries along with it the homage and veneration of millions. A most singular construction of society undoubtedly; but an inseparable stumbling block in the way of those who are unwilling to leave the Hindoos in the undisturbed possession of a religion, which with all its deformities in the eye of reason, has heretofore rendered them a peaceable, and in the main, a virtuous and happy people.

“As human beings it behoves us to speak humanely; and so long as Providence deigns only to confer with man through human agencies, it is neither irrational or impious to infer the utter hopelessness of the project, from the invincible strength of the impediment. Ascend, then, the Pisgah of your pious speculations. Image to yourselves millions, the most abstinent of God's creatures, at once made proselytes

to fermented liquors, and overrun with the same rabble of vices and disorders, with which the fatal beverage has scourged the population of your own country. It is true, and no one affects to deny it, the Hindoos are infected with many of the crimes that disturb and disfigure society, wherever society exists.

“But is it not enough to make angels weep, that crusades should be preached up against the dancing girls in India, the only female tribe avowedly dedicated to prostitution,—crusades against prostitutes, from a metropolis,\* which, abounding in all that is loathsome in female debauchery, opens, we might suppose, a much wider field for the pious efforts of saints, and missionaries at home?

“I have heard, so blind and stupid is zeal,—I have heard persons talk of *civilizing* the Hindoos! civilize the Hindoos! a nation consummately civilized when our ancestors were naked savages, and old in arts and literature, before the primeval forests of Britain had started from their ancient silence at the voice of man.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, on landing in Calcutta, than the incredible number of beggars, most of whom have the unenviable advantage over European mendicants in being *really* objects of

\*This remark, intended for London, may be applied to almost every sea port in the United States. London only surpasses New-York, Boston, &c, in the *quantity*, not in the *quality* of its vices.

pity. In Calcutta one seldom, if ever sees any counterfeit blind or sham cripples, no great two fisted man or woman with half a dozen children alongside, and a pitiful story about orphans or sick parents, but nature seems to have delighted in many instances, to confine the 'vital spark of heavenly flame' in as mutilated and imperfect a compass as possible.

When I first set foot upon the 'sod,' or more properly speaking mud in India, I was surrounded by about twenty wretches, whose appearance struck me with a thrill of horror and disgust. Among the whole crowd it certainly seemed as though there were not eyes, limbs and noses enough to have furnished out more than five or six entire human bodies, taking the whole stock together; one fellow had no legs, and was born without any, and but one, imperfect arm, another had quite a passable pair of legs, but nature had stinted him terribly in the article of arms, the only indications of which were two fins about six or eight inches long, with little excrescences at the ends by way of apology for fingers, nature or disease had taken off the nose of a third and more than half his face with it, the blind were without number, and there were not a few lepers, hideous looking objects, and women—such wrinkled bags!

As soon as I commenced my march up town the whole establishment got under way and hovered about me. the character *minus* legs was by far the most active, flirting about his stumps as a seal does his hind *flippers*, a body guard of blind on the right, left and rear, kept close by me by instinct, while a

flying squadron of women from among whom a painter might have chosen lots of Furies and Fates and Gorgons, occasionally assailed me.

Thus escorted I reached Mudden Shaw's, a native merchant's shop, overcome with heat and choked with dust and immediately called for a bottle of porter. While one of his 'coolies' was drawing the cork, I inadvertently put my hand to my face, upon which, an itinerant barber, who had marked me for his own, pounced upon me, seized me by the nose and before my indignation could vent itself in words or blows, I was lathered from below the thyroid cartilage to the eyebrows. I mentally determined not to give him a '*pice*' but the scoundrel talked me into good humor in spite of my teeth; 'master not been here before? master chief mate I thinkee,—suppose master want *shabe* any time, master savee me, my name Abdallah, sar—master *bimeby* hab very fine whiskar.' I was then nineteen, and my cheeks certainly exhibited very respectable evidence of whiskers not seen and substance of beard hoped for, then, though not much enjoyed now.

He had hardly done, when another *artist* took the vacant arena, with a '*Salam, sar*', and laying hold of my head with both hands, he gave it such a twist over the right shoulder as forced my eyes half out of their sockets, making every joint crack like the report of a pocket pistol, and then suddenly whisked it over to the left, as though the 'knowledge box' which he handled so unceremoniously, had been mounted on a ball and socket, like a land surveyor's theodolite.

lite, giving me a chance to enjoy the pleasures of retrospection or looking behind me, if I had been so minded. Having at last brought my countenance back to where he found it, he took my fingers in hand, twisting, pulling and cracking them in a manner by no means free from pain. I should have overturned him by a slap on the side of the head, long before, but Mudden Shaw and his sircars, who were looking on with great gravity, assured me that the operation was exceedingly wholesome, and that I should feel much refreshed by it, and besides, "it is the fashion of this country." There is no resisting the decrees of fashion, any more than there is the fiats of the tax assessors, and I submitted.

As soon as he had done with my fingers, without any other apology, than 'master, stop little,' he whipped of my shoes and stockings, twisted and cracked my toes, trimmed the nails and re-shod me. I thought, to be sure he would stop here, but I was *out* altogether;— he laid hold of one ear, peeped into it, like a monkey looking into a junk bottle, and cleaned it with several little implements and very soft brushes, and finished by performing the same ceremony with the other 'listener.' This operation is called 'shampooing.'

My person being embellished and 'put to rights,' it was deemed necessary that I should see some amusements. Accordingly a naked fellow, with a bamboo over one shoulder, from each end of which depended several baskets, stepped forward, and having salamed, as usual with a Hindoo, when he has a design upon your pocket, he produced from one of

his baskets, a 'cobra di capello' six feet long. The unexpectedness of this sight made me retreat instantly to the top of a pile of boxes, when brandishing a stick 'like a weaver's beam,' I threatened to put him and his snakes to sudden death if he came any nearer.

Having taken out snakes enough for a cotillion party, he squatted down upon the ground and commenced a kind of song, or rather chant, beating time with a stick, while the snakes erecting themselves, moved about in a graceful, undulating manner in cadence with the *music*, and hissing as they passed each other. He had among his scholars, a young 'boa constrictor,' which had not made much proficiency in 'the poetry of motion,' and another snake seven or eight feet long, and no thicker in the middle than one's finger, (not a lady's finger, but such a one as my own, for instance, which is something short of an inch in diameter.) As soon as he had exhibited the whole of his dancing school, he took up the snakes one after another, and by irritating them made them fasten upon his cheeks, throat and arms, thus accoutred and with the blood trickling from the bites, he approached my wooden Gibraltar and demanded 'bucksis,' (a present.)

After him came a fellow with an alligator five feet long, and a 'mongoose,' an animal like a weasel and a deadly enemy to snakes and snake kind, and who seized the semi prototype of a Kentucky man by the throat and made him roar.

The alligator man was succeeded by a one eyed fellow with a goat that performed sundry feats of bal-

ancing its four feet upon little blocks of wood placed upon each other. Capricorn was relieved by a sedate, grave looking monkey, who had hitherto been quietly seated behind his master, brushing and *fixing* his tail, upon the length and graceful carriage of which he seemed to pride himself, occasionally scratching his sides and grinning at the spectators. Pug was clothed in a red coat, cocked up hat, and girded with a wooden sword, looking full as military as any of our militia officers, or even as any member of that august body of 'gallant militarists,' the 'Ancient and Honorable Artillery,' of Boston. I could not forbear laughing to see the long-tailed imitator of the human race, the moment he got within the sphere of his master's blind eye, he would get down upon all fours, at the same time casting a peculiar and irresistibly ludicrous glance at the spectators.

Having finished my porter, I put my nose out at the door, with the intention of going to captain G—'s house, and was immediately assailed with a hundred voices at once, 'Master, want chittry? (umbrella)—suppose master not take kittysol boy, (umbrella bearer) master have sick, die directly—master not stand, (understand) this country fashion, too much a hot.' In this last opinion, coming as it were 'ex cathedra,' I fully acquiesced, 'master more better take palankin—Salam sahib, (sir,) master take palankin—go any where, go all day, half rupee,' (twenty-five cents.) All this time the beggars begged 'in full orchestra,' the no-legged fellow skipped and capered about like a rabbit, my body guard of 'blind guides,'

'formed two ranks' *en militaire*, and the detachment of Parcae, Erynnides and Gorgons looked languishing and amiable.

After trying in vain to select a *kittysol boy*, I summoned physiognomy to my aid and beckoned to a fellow, whose countenance appeared the most prepossessing, and who proved, as might have been expected, the 'most omnipotent villian' in the 'lot.' Before I had got ten steps, I met one of my ship-mates, who as well as myself formed a nucleus for a host of beggars. He, as well as I, had been puzzled in selecting a 'chittry wallah,' but had decided the affair in rather a different way; after being some time in doubt with regard to the respective merits of two of the fraternity, he had very gravely cut the matter short by hiring both and trudging through 'Raddah Bazaar' with two umbrellas over his head, a species of extravagance a 'notch' beyond the richest nabob in the presidency.

On the bank of the river, near one of the landing places, or 'ghauts,' is an area appropriated to religious purposes; in the centre is a large post fourteen or fifteen feet in height, with a stout bamboo across the top of it, thirty feet or more in length, fixed to turn round very easily. When a Bengalee wishes to *swing*, either to regain *caste*, as, some say, (but query) or as a stimulus to his dormant devotion, the priests fasten a piece of rope a fathom long, to one end of the cross bamboo, with a large iron hook, like a shark hook, at one end of the rope, which hook is thrust through the flesh on the side of the swinger, just be-

low the shoulder blade; fifty or sixty, or perhaps a hundred black fellows then lay hold of ropes attached to the other end of the bamboo, and run round as fast as their legs or devotion will carry them, so that the votary at the other end is carried out horizontally by the rapidity of the motion.

Sometimes the hook tears out, indeed this is an accident of by no means unfrequent occurrence, but the devotee is secured from falling by a rope which passes around his body and through the bend of the hook, so loosely as not to support the weight in the least. The devotee, all the time, goes through a series of strange and violent contortions, and sings, for the edification of his brethren, a 'spiritual song.'

I thought I could perceive some analogy between swinging and 'relating one's experience,' for "if I have a propensity in the world" it is to trace resemblances between different nations, whether in manners, religion or politics, and it is still problematical to me, which looks and acts most like a fool, the white saint who edifies his brethren with an incoherent and unintelligible story which he does not believe himself, or the poor black fellow who dangles at the end of a bamboo.

It is generally thought by strangers that this swinging is performed with a view to recover lost caste, but from what I have seen and read of the Hindoo institutions, I am convinced that caste once forfeited cannot be recovered and that the swinging is a penance enjoined upon the poor devils by the crafty brahmins, who, like most other priests, when they

get the upper hand, verify the old proverb, 'set a beggar on horseback, &c.' It seemed to be rather a creditable affair to have the hook tear out, for a fellow showed me a huge scar on his side, which he told me was caused in that way. I never had an opportunity of being near enough to one of these 'swing meetings' to notice all the particular ceremonies.

I have already observed that seamen were not permitted to attend divine service at the regular churches, though black fellows are. There are three Episcopal churches, one Roman Catholic, or as it was commonly called, the Portuguese Church, one Armenian church, very gaudy inside, and a very neat dissenting chapel, in Bow Bazaar Road, (erected by the way since 1816,) which is moderately orthodox, that is, the five points of Calvin are taken 'cum grano salis.'

I attended there two or three Sundays, and likewise sundry vestry meetings in the evening, to which last I confess, with shame and confusion of face, I was mainly attracted by finding myself always when there, *vis-a-vis* to two exceedingly beautiful young women, whose cheeks were *tinged*, not *browned*, by a few, very few drops of Hindoo blood in their veins, and who flattered my vanity, (the most *gullible* passion that I can call my own,) by permitting their large, dark eyes, of which it was impossible to predicate any fixed color, to wander stealthily from the hymn book to my phiz.

Being determined to see all that I could in the city, I sported a dashy palankin, a ruffled shirt, and a full suit of white cambric, (don't stare, ladies, a cambric

jacket and trowsers, I mean,) and passed the sentries at the gate, unmolested, indeed the 'havildar,' (corporal,) lifted his helmet to me, as I alighted.

In this way I visited two of the churches, the third being *minus* a parson, and found them neat but not showy, paved with marble and kept perfectly cool by means of 'punkahs,' large square frames suspended from the ceiling, covered with white cotton and set in motion by ropes leading through the wall, and concluding in the hands of certain dark brethren, who formed part of the trappings of 'mother church,' and who did nothing else. The congregations were thin and the men sat still during the whole service; the ladies, sweet souls, knelt at the right times and places.

It has always appeared to me that, whenever religion called in the aid of form and display, the women 'took hold' more naturally and entered into the details more devoutly than men. There must be some constitutional difference between the sexes in that point, or perhaps it has been proved by actual experiment, that beauty kneeling, is as irresistible as beauty weeping. As I am peculiarly sensitive with regard to the latter, I have been rather shy of an Episcopal church of late years, for fear my heart might unexpectedly be carried by a *coup de main*, or rather a *coup des genoux* from the former.

The singing and chanting was performed by choirs of Hindoo boys, from the schools, I believe, which are supported in Bengal for the purpose of converting the natives and instructing such children as they can obtain, in the christian religion and English language.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I had the curiosity to visit the famous 'black hole' of Calcutta, while there, and was much disappointed in it. I had made up my mind that it was a most dismal underground kind of place, and found it to be a small 'godown' or ware room with one common sized window in it, and built against the wall of the old fort, but perfectly dry, being full twenty feet above high water mark. Nearly opposite was the monument to Lord Clive, a name now almost forgotten by the *grateful* East India Company, although his services, as a general, were of infinite advantage to them. The monument has since been taken down, and I was given to understand as a reason for it that his lordship had committed suicide; such an act from a nation proverbially addicted to suicide, was queer enough.

That the closing act, so very common in the present state of society, should have power to cancel all the great services rendered during his lifetime, set me to making some very sage reflections upon the worthlessness and instability of human reputation, and I wondered in particular, that the fame of a *warrior* should be so short-lived, when Alexander, Hannibal, Bonaparte and a thousand other wholesale murderers are handed down to posterity; Bonaparte, to be sure, is but just beginning his career of posthumous fame,

and every body is gaping with wonder and admiration over his scarce cold ashes, though, for my own part, I think him madder than

“Macedonia's madman or the Swede.”

The masters and supercargoes of American vessels generally hire houses on shore, of which there are plenty always unoccupied. At these houses, which are large and convenient, they transact all their business; the lower story is occupied as a warehouse for the heavier and more bulky goods, while the silks, &c. are assorted and packed upstairs. The business of examining and packing fine goods is carried on with great despatch; a bale of goods from the country, is opened and its contents spread out upon the floor, a number of ‘sircars’ or clerks sit around and each one takes a piece, opens and examines it; if it is of the very first quality, he chucks it over his shoulder with the word ‘Awul,’ if of the second quality, he says ‘Dom,’ if of the third, ‘Sam,’ which three words are the names of the three first letters in the Bengalese alphabet, if the piece is too bad to pass the ordeal, he says ‘Kerahb,’ or bad. The pieces, as fast as sentence is passed upon them are taken by the ‘coolies’ and packed; a sircar attends with a blacking pot and marks the packages as fast as they are made up, which are forthwith dispatched to the ship, so that there is a continual stream of goods going on board.

To these houses the merchants from the northern provinces also resort, chiefly with Cashmere shawls and jewels, which last are very splendid and well

made. The captain's bed room, where all these *valuable* bargains were made, blazed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, &c. from morning till night.

Shawls, scarfs and vandykes, of the real Cashmere and most elegant workmanship were equally abundant, and I was shown one shawl for which the trifling sum of eight hundred dollars was demanded. A lady enveloped in such a garment would furnish a very striking and apt corollary to the proposition, 'a woman is like a ship because the rigging is worth more than the the hull,' the soul in this case, being what algebraists call a 'negative quantity,' which, if it had any effect at all, would be to make the 'rigging' scale preponderate. As, with the exception of my immediate female relations, I knew of no dozen or fourteen ladies, who, taken collectively, ranked so high, in my estimation, as the quarter part of eight hundred dollars, I declined buying the shawl, an act of prudence that I have not, as yet, felt the the necessity of censuring.

The cooking is carried on in a separate building, detached from the house, that the sitting and sleeping rooms may not be incommoded by the heat and smoke.

It is impossible to live in one of these houses, without, from twenty to thirty servants, including palanquin bearers, as the cook and his *cortege* would scorn the idea of sweeping a room or waiting upon table and the sweepers could not be hired to undertake cooking, and the bearers, like the gig's crew of a man of war, consider themselves as a species of exempts, and when not employed, passed their time in playing

a game like our fox and geese in appearance, or in anointing themselves with cocoa-nut oil, and smoking their 'hubble-bubble.'

I have already mentioned some of the diseases peculiar to the country. An enlargement of the liver seems to be most common, and is confined to no age or color; the cure among the natives is to lay the patient on his back, and apply red hot stones of the size of a hen's egg to the place and keep them there till cool. I have seen hindoo boys with breasts protruded and as sharp as that of a lean fowl.

*Elephantiasis*, a peculiar swelling of the leg from the knee downwards, is also very common. I likewise saw several *albinos*, or natives who had turned partially or entirely white, a change that seemed far from giving them any pleasure.

In walking the streets one is constantly annoyed by the sacred bulls, which roam about the streets thrusting their heads into every basket of fruit or vegetables and helping themselves, whilst the poor wretch who owns the basket does not dare to drive them away, as it is considered a sacrilege to strike them. These animals are white, and many of them are vicious, as sundry kicks which their holinesses bestowed upon my unbelieving carcase, can prove; I testified my sense of the obligation by laying a good stout cudgel across their sanctified cruppers, in a style that our law would hardly be willing to call a '*molliter manus imposuit*,' for which I was regarded with an evil eye by the natives and reprimanded by some English residents, who advised me, for the future to

'pocket up' all such indignities and to regard a kick from a holy bull's hind foot or an occasional toss into the air from his horns as a mere ebullition of orthodox feelings, which the *kickee* or *tossee*, (as the case might be) was to take in good part.

One of these holy animals killed the son of a Rajah, in consequence of which all secular business was immediately stopped till his sacredness was transported to the other side of the river. Cows are also venerated by them, and one of the leading joys of a Hindoo paradise is to 'eat clarified butter.'

The Mahometans or Moors, as they are erroneously called, and who are very numerous, have no such scruples and superstitions, and from their numbers are taken the butchers, cooks and some other servants, and the greater part of the sepoy or native troops.

These sepoy are as well disciplined as the British troops, make excellent cavalry, and when serving in their own climate and against troops of the same colour, are said to be nearly as steady as English soldiers when charging with the bayonet. By a jealous rule of the East India Company, they can never rise higher than to the rank of 'Subahdar,' a grade, I believe, equivalent to sergeant-major. They are well dressed and make a very fine appearance. The garrison duty at Fort William is performed by them, which, light as it, is considered too fatiguing for the English soldiers.

Many of the Mahometan women, who are not confined so strictly as the Hindoos, are very fine looking

women, generally very beautifully formed, notwithstanding their dislike to lacing or confinement around the body of any kind, and one of their most indispensable ornaments, besides *bangles* and finger rings, is a chain of silver at least, and gold if possible, of most outrageous dimensions, and of the pattern of a curb chain, worn about the waist and hanging in a deep festoon over one hip.

One of them that I saw, an uncommonly handsome woman, had her eyelids tinged with some substance which made her eyes appear much larger, more brilliant, and at the same time more languishing, less *slinky*, or rather Spanish, which is worse, than they would naturally. This 'painting of the eyes' is as old as Jezebel's time at least, how much older I know not. I would recommend to all our 'black eyed Susans' to make use of the same art, which is very easily practicable, consisting merely in touching the edges of the eyelids with finely powdered antimony; the effect is well worth the experiment.

This lady who was selling fruit in the bazar, could talk some English, an accomplishment which she took care to display, and asked me with some eagerness if 'America was not in England?' I assured her it was not, but if the rate of emigration continued unabated much longer *Ireland* would very soon be in America.

The streets of Calcutta, as well as the house tops, are thronged with 'town majors,' or 'adjutants,' already noticed in Batavia; these birds together with 'Brahminee Kites,' (a small species of hawk,) and crows, smaller than ours, are of infinite service in

keeping the streets clean by devouring all putrescent substances, whether animal or vegetable. The town majors patrol the streets and superintend the markets, where they swallow every bone or other animal substance of a less size than a flour barrel. I saw one swallow, at one gulp, a shin of beef that could not have weighed less than six pounds, and a sergeant of the 87th, assured me that he had seen one actually swallow a live cat, and offered to repeat the experiment, but there happened to be no cats in market just then.

I had however an opportunity of witnessing their voracity a few days afterwards. I saw one sieze a live crow, and after a good deal of trouble, actually 'bolt' him alive, the poor wretch continuing to cry out till nothing but the tips of his tail feathers were visible above the adjutant's throat.

While the ship lay in the river, two kites built their nests in the main-top-mast crosstrees. This roused the superstition of the crew, and I have no doubt was the reason why three of our men run away.— However, after being very uneasy for two days, the birds suddenly commenced taking the nest to pieces and carrying it ashore. By what peculiar instinct they acted I cannot pretend to say, if it led them to suspect that we were going, they were mistaken, for we did not sail for three weeks after the removal of the nest.

I likewise noticed a singular occurrence in the commonwealth of crows, which I could not account for. In the court behind captain G—'s house, was a low,

scrubby lime tree, in which two crows had commenced and nearly finished a nest. One day I noticed that they seemed very uneasy and did not approach within ten feet of the nest. Presently twenty or thirty other crows alighted on the roof of an adjoining building, and were soon joined by others, till there was at least two hundred of them, when the whole body fell upon the ill-fated nest, which was torn to pieces in an instant; those of the crows that could not get hold of the nest, contented themselves with pummeling the poor architects most unmercifully, after which they all flew away.

During the two months of our stay in Calcutta we never had an instance of sickness, though the small pox was raging around us, both on the sea and on the land. I went to visit a young man who had been sent to the hospital, and was struck with the neatness, almost elegance of the accommodations there. It is situated about one mile and a half from the city, in a cool shady spot, surrounded by a wall. No hotel could boast of cleaner beds and bedding, nor are many families of children kept so clean and consequently comfortable as the patients, and I was surprised to find the majority of them smoking, but was told that it was recommended by the physicians.

In the hall, I was shewn a machine, or rather contrivance, for curing affections of the liver; it consisted of a wide, smooth plank, twenty feet long, formed of some very elastic, tough wood, each end resting upon a roller between two stout pillars. The patient was strapped down to the middle of this

plank, which was then made to *spring* by pressing down upon the middle, and then releasing it suddenly. This process was repeated, every succeeding spring being more violent than that which preceded it. The experiment, I was told, had been tried upon two patients with success, that is, it had detached the liver from the ribs to which it adhered, and likewise the soul of the patient from his body, to which it did *not* adhere long after the process.

I had the curiosity to lie down upon the plank, when a *scamping* companion set it in motion, and after being tossed about for a while, like a cat in a blanket, I was thrown into the air, and landed sprawling in the middle of the floor.

In the hospital yard, was a town major, whose broken leg had been set by one of the medical gentlemen, attached to the establishment. This bird was allowed a ration of beef daily and regularly presented itself at the cock-house door at the proper time. The fine for injuring or killing one of these useful birds is forty rupees or twenty dollars.

Having finished taking in cargo, I made preparations for home by smuggling, among other things, six thousand cigars, or rather 'sheroots.' Smuggling is very easily carried on here; a rupee or two to the Custom House 'pecns' being sufficient to procure both silence and blindness on his part.

## CHAPTER IX.

We left Calcutta about the middle of June, 1816, with a southwest monsoon, which is of course, 'dead ahead' both down the river and through the Bay of Bengal, quite to the equator. Our passage down the river was slow and not rendered very agreeable by seeing vessels every day, passing us, 'put back' in different states of damage and *dismastedness*, from the severity of the weather in the bay. One had lost all three masts, another her main and mizen masts, a third her rudder, and was steering with the end of her bower cable guyed out over the stern, and we, in a deep loaded, dull-sailing, light-handed ship, were going to face the same kind of weather, 'as Geffrey, (not the reviewer,) did the cat,' which, I take it, means as well as he could.

We soon found out what the Bay of Bengal was made of in a southwester; there was one continued gale for a fortnight or three weeks, interspersed with thunder squalls, compared to which our most violent seem like turning a coffee mill and smoking a 'long nine' at the same time. After beating against a heavy sea and strong head winds, we doubled the Cape of Good Hope and almost immediately felt the southeast trade winds, before which we run forty-two days without making any alteration in our sails till after we had crossed the equator, when after getting a glimpse

of Burmuda, we encountered a series of head winds between those islands and the main land, verifying the old sea adage,

“If Bermuda lets you pass,  
Then beware of Cape Hatteras.”

Neither of them ‘let us pass.’ Bermuda introduced the subject with a ‘tearing’ southwester, to which Cape Hatteras responded very piously with a northwester that well nigh ‘whipped the sticks’ out of the poor old ship.

Though our passage was not a very long one, we had one very severe case of scurvy on board, and symptoms of three or four more. As we approached the coast and got into the track of coasters bound to the southward, I had occasion to remark a peculiar trait in the character of the skippers of these coasters not very creditable to them, though I have noticed it fifty times since. Our captain was extremely anxious to get some potatoes for the ship’s company, whose scorbutic symptoms were growing daily more and more alarming. It was then October, and of course one might naturally expect to find plenty of vegetables in coasters, but it was in vain that we showed our colors, the signal of a desire to ‘speak,’ understood by all nations—in vain we made sail and chased them, they could either out-sail us or would alter their courses and run away from us.

I have heard of a ship coming on the coast after a long passage from India, almost out of provisions, when she fell in with a fishing schooner, from the town of B——. The schooner had four men and a

boy on board, but the skipper 'had no bread to spare,' when suddenly the captain of the Indiaman recollected that B—— was famous for *beans*. He hailed again, 'Could you spare us a few beans?' 'Why I don't know, n't I, we *carclate* to be out two days longer, and we ha'n't got only twelve bushel for five on us, all that are time.' There was no disputing such logic as this, and the Indiaman 'filled away.'

I was afterwards in an Indiaman, coming on the coast in the winter, and almost in distress, for our chronometer was accidentally broken, and we had no better means of ascertaining our longitude than 'by account.' A fine large brig, apparently from Boston, passed about two miles to windward of us. She could bear up and come to us in fifteen or twenty minutes, but we could not get to her. We hove to, hoisted our colors, and finally fired a gun, but in vain—she 'passed on the other side.'

After staying on shore four or five weeks, I made a trip to Charleston, S. C. Of course nothing material occurred, except that the weather was very cold and the water in the Gulf stream so much warmer than the air, that it was quite a luxury to have a good stout sea break over the ship. During the whole of these long dreary cold nights a good fire of Liverpool coal was kept in the galley, and over the fire a large copper full of excellent coffee, *sans* milk of course, but sweetened, to which we had free access. This coffee was provided by order of captain B. and not by the owners, one of whom was on board, but being more fond of his birth than of the weather on

deck, he remains for aught I know, in blessed ignorance to this day.

After my return from Charleston, I shipped once more for the other side of the Cape of Good Hope, but having no partiality for Batavia, or inclination to 'revisit the glimpses' of the sun in Calcutta, I 'changed direction of column,' as our colonel called it, at the first and only training that I ever 'carried arms' in, and steered for China.

The voyage commenced with, what an old Roman soothsayer would have considered a bad omen.— Taking a barrel of apples off the end of India Wharf, at the 'top of high water,' and on a most tremendous cold day, my feet slipped and the barrel and I visited the bottom together, and returned very sociably to the surface, like a couple dancing 'down the middle and up again,' in a contra dance.

When nearly in the longitude of the Western Islands, we saw one night, a light on our weather beam, which was waved repeatedly and then disappeared.— I have no doubt it came from some poor wretches adrift in an open boat, and who saw us from our size and loftiness, though we could not see them. The captain came on deck, and after looking in that direction with what he was pleased to call his night glass, though to my certain knowledge it assisted the sight no more than 'squinting' through a stove funnel, he declared that he could see nothing, and observing that the wind was fair, and that he would not lose the breeze, descended to the lower regions, followed by 'curses not loud but deep' and hearty from the whole watch.

On the sixteenth of May, we made the island of Trinidad, off the Brazil coast, and the next day, while near the island, being my twenty-first birth day, we encountered one of the most tremendous gales of wind that 'ever blew out of the heavens.' I mentioned the circumstance of the birth day to my mess-mates, many of whom were inclined to think that the gale, which moderated rapidly after twelve o'clock that night, was typical of my future life; an old Dutchman, in particular, regarded me as a kind of Jonah, whose arrival at the period of legal manhood, was signalized by an unequivocal and intelligible expression of divine indignation.

My life since has been as *humdrum* as any bachelor's can be, (a bachelor always did and always will look to me, like a pig with one ear, or a ship with her main-mast gone, or a stage coach with but one horse,) and I am fast verging towards 'that bourne' of single blessedness 'whence no bachelor returns' except to act like a fool in his old age, without having experienced any uncommonly bad weather. Fortune, to be sure, finding her 'slings and arrows,' of no avail, has honored me with a 'division' of her 'lower deck guns,' which has brought down my 'spars and rigging' about my ears, but having done her worst, she can do no more, and I am jogging on through life under empty pockets and 'jury masts,' most effectually relieved from the troubles and cares of riches.— They say it is a 'bad wind that never shifted,' and I look to have the next breeze 'right dead aft as it can blow.'

When we arrived off Anjier Point, (Java) we were boarded by a vast number of Malays, with fruit, vegetables, fowls, and turtle, of which last, we laid in such a stock, that during our run through the China sea, of thirty-two days, we lived almost entirely upon turtle, till we begged hard for salt beef again. As we approached Macao, we fell in with vast numbers of Chinese boats and small junks.

Macao, which is in the hands of the Portuguese, makes a beautiful appearance, and is a very neat, handsome town, which is the more to be wondered at, as the Portuguese are notoriously filthy. On the right of the landing place, buried in a grove of orange and lime trees, a monk showed me the house occupied by Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, whose fame is undoubtedly much enhanced by the circumstance of his being the only poet of note that Portugal has ever produced.

I do not know but the 'crop eared cur' of a friar might have told me a lie, but it is certain that part of *Lusiad* was written in Macao. The officers of the garrison were very civil to us, and the monk above mentioned, in an ebullition of kindness, treated us to a cup of tea, a glass of gin and some sweetmeats.—The situation of the garrison officers is extremely irksome, for the Chinese watch over them with unremitting jealousy, and now and then, in the mere wantonness of power, stop or embarrass their supplies of provisions, in such a manner as to excite the most lively alarm in Macao. Why that imbecile, scarce existing government, (the Portuguese,) continue to

retain a precarious and expensive hold upon Macao, is mysterious to me.

While lying in Macao Roads, we received a circular letter from the American Consul at Canton, Mr. Wilcox, informing us of the attack upon the ship *Wabash*, of Baltimore. It seems, the captain and supercargo of the *W.* had gone on shore to get a 'chop' or permit, without which no vessel is allowed to go up the river. During their absence, a boat came along side, with, apparently, only three or four men in her, one of whom came on deck and presented the chief mate with a letter; while he was reading, the fellow stabbed him to the heart. In the mean time, forty or fifty men, who had been hidden under the moveable deck of the boat, boarded the ship, drove the crew below and plundered her of above thirty thousand dollars, with which they escaped.

Whampoa, which is at the head of ship navigation, is about fifteen miles below Canton; opposite are two islands, namely, French and Dane's islands, the first of which is a burial place for the English and other residents at Canton, while Dane's is not only a sepulchre for the common Jacks, but the theatre of war between the Chinese and sailors, some of which are bloody and uniformly terminate in the utter discomfiture of the latter, though not without loss to the victors, for I saw a sailor bearing off in triumph, the *tail* of a well-pounded Chinaman, which Jack exhibited as the 'spolia opima.' The loss of the tail, or *cue*, is an indelible disgrace to an inhabitant of the 'Celestial Empire.'

One trait in the character of these people struck me as peculiar,—want of curiosity. During our stay there was an eclipse of the sun, almost total, to which they seemed to pay little or no attention. In vain I asked, what was the matter, and what they thought of it? They only observed that they supposed Josh, their God, was angry with the 'Fonquis,' or foreigners and was just withdrawing the light of the sun from them. I was not a little troubled at it myself, for I knew nothing of it, till it began; I was shaving at the time, an operation which was by no means accelerated or assisted by being so suddenly, though gradually, brought upon short allowance of daylight.

On our second voyage we brought out, as curiosities, some of our little spotted brook turtles, which were confined during the passage out (one hundred and forty-seven days) in a bucket of sand and gravel where they burrowed during the cold weather off the Cape of Good Hope, without eating or drinking during the whole passage. When they were shewn to some eminent Chinese merchants and mandarins, they testified not the slightest degree of astonishment at the circumstance, they only 'hy ya'd' once or twice as in duty bound, and then asked, 'what have got cargo dis time, Captain ?

It is ridiculous to talk of the learning of the Chinese, &c. they are a long way from us and we know but little of them and therefore we admire them. No nation, no individual can make any advances in learning of any kind without curiosity. Curiosity is the mother (or father if you will,) of knowledge. The

Chinese invented gunpowder—true, they *invented* it and there they left it, they made no improvement upon the invention; their powder is of such a miserable quality that any one of the ‘Citizen’s Coaches,’ at its ordinary speed can out-travel a Chinese cannon ball. Their invention of printing is liable to the same objection, it is so wretchedly awkward that the tatooing of the North West Indians is perfect stereotype compared to it. They are in my humble opinion, an ignorant, brutal, cowardly race.

Of their cowardice I saw one proof during my stay among them. A sailor belonging to an English Indiaman, finding himself dogged by several of them and knowing they were after his money, lost all patience and pulling out a handful of dollars threw them on the pavement at the same time defying them to touch one. Not a single Chinaman dared commence helping himself, they were all afraid of the terrible *fist*, with the use of which they were unacquainted. They have no idea of the ‘*cominus ense*’ mode of fighting, and for that reason, the staves of their boarding lances are eighteen or twenty feet long, and most of the squabbles between the custom house mandarins and smugglers are carried on with stones and *words* in which last both parties are very expert.

I breakfasted one morning in that street so well known to sailors, *Hog Lane*, in company with a sailor belonging to the ‘Duke of York’ East Indiaman. A Chinese breakfast consists of coffee, toast and pork steaks, for which the charge is two mace or twenty-five cents nearly. My companion dispatched cup af-

ter cup, or rather bowl after bowl of coffee, with the interjection of 'more coffee, Jemmy.' He had finished thirteen with toast and pork chop accompaniments, when as poor 'Jemmy' filled the fourteenth, he exclaimed with a most ludicrous countenance of dismay and astonishment, 'Hy yah! how can belly hold?' This new Gargantua, declaring that he had made 'quite a decent breakfast, considering the country he was in,' took a good stout horn of gin, and decamped. 'Englishman,' says Jemmy, 'too much a eat, too much coffee drinkee la!'

The markets in Canton are well supplied with pork and poultry, but very little beef, which is miserable, for their cattle are chiefly an amphibious species of buffalo of great size, black and almost entirely without hair. When tormented with flies and the heat, they wade into the water and stay for hours. They have also a smaller species, but their beef is very indifferent, being nearly as white and quite as dry as the breast of a fowl. Fish and *frogs* are brought to market alive, as are also *snails* and some other delicacies.

The cook shops are uniformly kept by Jackson men, or at least they 'go the whole hog,' in all of them. The unclean abode of the devil, whatever his size is roasted whole, and I believe, without even undergoing the process to which Falstaff objected, namely, 'emboweling;' he is hung up by the nose and customers designate what part they prefer, which is cut off without taking down the rest. As for *cockroaches*, I never learnt the Chinese receipt for cooking

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I breakfasted one morning in that street so well known to sailors, *Hog Lane*, in company with a sailor belonging to the 'Duke of York' East Indiaman. A Chinese breakfast consists of coffee, toast and pork steaks, for which the charge is two mace or twenty-five cents nearly. My companion dispatched cup af-

ter cup, or rather bowl after bowl of coffee, with the interjection of 'more coffee, Jemmy.' He had finished thirteen with toast and pork chop accompaniments, when as poor 'Jemmy' filled the fourteenth, he exclaimed with a most ludicrous countenance of dismay and astonishment, 'Hy yah! how can belly hold?' This new Gargantua, declaring that he had made 'quite a decent breakfast, considering the country he was in,' took a good stout horn of gin, and decamped. 'Englishman,' says Jemmy, 'too much a eat, too much coffee drinkee la!'

The markets in Canton are well supplied with pork and poultry, but very little beef, which is miserable, for their cattle are chiefly an amphibious species of buffalo of great size, black and almost entirely without hair. When tormented with flies and the heat, they wade into the water and stay for hours. They have also a smaller species, but their beef is very indifferent, being nearly as white and quite as dry as the breast of a fowl. Fish and *frogs* are brought to market alive, as are also *snails* and some other delicacies.

The cook shops are uniformly kept by Jackson men, or at least they 'go the whole hog,' in all of them. The unclean abode of the devil, whatever his size is roasted whole, and I believe, without even undergoing the process to which Falstaff objected, namely, 'emboweling;' he is hung up by the nose and customers designate what part they prefer, which is cut off without taking down the rest. As for *cockroaches*, I never learnt the Chinese receipt for cooking

them, though a newly arrived ship is generally boarded by one or more long tailed Chinamen with cockroach traps.

The rice fields after harvest, swarm with wild pigeons, but the Chinese sportsmen, apparently, make but little destruction among them; the barrels of their fowling pieces are nearly six feet long, and the butt of the stock is not unlike that of a horse pistol; their powder I have already noticed.

But the most prominent article in the Chinese market, and next, if not equal to pork, is ducks, which are raised in most incredible numbers on the river. The duck boats, in the morning, approach the shore, when a bridge is put out to prevent the ducks from getting their feet wet, I presume. They stay out all day, foraging among the rice grounds and levying war upon frogs, lizards, &c. but *never taking the water*, at least not the river, and at a loud whistle, return at sunset to their respective boats, to which they seldom miss finding their way. They are counted as they come on board, which they do in a very orderly manner, which we unfledged Christians might imitate in entering a play house, or coming out of a church, and the last one on board is whipped.

## CHAPTER X.

Every boat has an image of 'Josh' in it, where he sits

"Aloft in awful state,"

surrounded by little dishes of sweetmeats, fruit, burning Josh sticks, &c. I never could perceive that this deity was worshipped, or treated, indeed, with much more than ordinary civility, as I have often taken oranges away from before him, without any objection of consequence being made, either by himself in person or by attorney. Our carpenter and I went one day on board the 'Hoppo,' or custom house boat, and eat Josh 'out of house and home,' without exciting any further animadversion upon our sacreligious conduct, than 'Hy yah! how can do such thing? that not good fashion!'

On shore however, he assumes not only more state, but is always to be seen in the corners of the streets accompanied by Mrs. Josh. Floating sacrifices, consisting of earthen jars, with a few sweetmeats, and a great deal of gilt and colored paper, are frequently set adrift on the river, and our boys used often to pick them up for the sake of the contents.

Josh has temples on shore also, and his picture is kept in every house and on certain days the Chinese 'chin-chin' for Josh as they call it, which is the nearest approach to worship that I ever saw. They

say, 'What for pray God? he too much good now, more better pray devil;' many worthy christians of my acquaintance, by their actions, seem to be of the same opinion.

I have noticed Dane's and French islands as burial places, &c.; they are also rendezvous for smugglers, whose scrapes with the mandarins took place almost every night. Some of their boats row forty oars, and move with incredible silence and velocity. They are chiefly engaged in smuggling opium which is a contraband article.

During the second voyage a Boston ship served as a *depot* for opium. I went on board visiting one evening, in company with five others, and in less than fifteen minutes the whole of us were sound asleep, overcome by the smell of the opium, which operated much quicker inhaled with the breath than when taken in substance. I have often thought since, that the fumes of burning opium might be inhaled with good effect in certain stages of consumption. Whether 'these be good humors or not' I leave the M. D's to determine.

Opium, however, is not the exclusive object of the smuggling trade. There were two ships from Bombay near us, the Milford, of about eight hundred and the Ann, of six hundred tons, both of which discharged full cargoes of cotton, after which I never saw them do any thing in the day time, a boat's crew or two and three or four officers afforded the only signs of animation on board either ship. They evidently settled down in the water fast and at last

sailed for home together, as 'deep as they could swim,' having taken on board full and rich cargoes in the night from the smuggling boats, and of course saved the mandarins at the custom house the trouble of computing or receiving the duties.

They are also very expert in imitating handwriting, paintings and engravings, but with all their skill, it is said they can neither make a watch that will go, or a cask with two heads in it. What the difficulty may be respecting the watch, I never yet have been able to discover; but I have seen several figures, made to move by clock work, which were wound up like a watch; with regard to the cask, the difficulty is serious and insurmountable, the more so, as it necessarily involves the liberty and well-being of a fellow mortal. A Chinese cooper can make and set up the staves of a cask as well as an English one, and can put in one of the heads, but putting in the second head,

'Hic labor, hoc opus est.'

It is absolutely a 'sine qua non,' that there should be an assistant inside to steady the second head, who must either make his exit at the bung hole, 'a question not to be asked' unless he were as small as Falstaff in his youth to 'creep through an alderman's thumb ring,' or he must take out the head again, which logicians would call a 'reductio ad principia,' and sailors would denominate 'taking a fresh departure,' or he must make up his mind to remain in 'statu quo,' which, if the cask was intended for wine, might give it a *tang* not over grateful to connoisseurs.

They counterfeit dollars and half dollars remarkably well, but are apt to make mistakes in the dates, &c. one of which I recollect seeing on a dollar, namely, 1896 for 1796, a mere 'lapsus seculi,' a skip of a century, which the China man did not understand or thought of no consequence, but I begged leave to decline taking it, for though the piece was well executed otherwise, I assured him that my respect for His Most Catholic Majesty would not permit me to anticipate his royal pleasure with regard to the coin that might be current in 1896.

The captain of an English Indiaman seeing some remarkably fine hams in Canton, and being assured that the seller had a large quantity like them, made a bargain for some, which were packed up in hogsheads and sent on board at Whampoa. Some time after the ship had sailed for England, the captain thought of his hams and ordered one to be cooked for dinner, telling his passengers, that he meant to treat them to as fine a slice of ham as they could get in England. Presently the steward made his appearance with a countenance like his 'who drew Priam's curtains in the night,' and having in his hand a block of wood carved and painted exactly like a ham. Upon examination the whole were found to be of the same *ligneous* consistency and more fitting to go under the cook's coppers than into them.

Another officer wishing to have a new coat made, sent the tailor a sufficient quantity of cloth and likewise his old coat for a model. The coat happened to have a hole in each elbow covered with patches.

At the time specified, the coat was sent on board with holes cut and patches sewed on, exactly of the form and dimensions of those in the old one.

I once went into the shop of a Chinese painter, or as he called himself 'par excellence,' 'a handsome face maker,' and found him copying an English engraving on which some ink had been spilled. The ink, fly-dirt, blots and stains of all descriptions, sorts and sizes, were, like the holes and patches in the coat, transferred most faithfully to the copy. I pointed out to him that these spots were accidental and had nothing to do with the original, but in vain, 'This,' said he holding up his copy, 'this have all same that. I savee very well, you no savee nothing.' There was no getting along with such logic, so I said no more.

He showed me a picture by a native artist, which he seemed to consider a perfect gem in its way, and triumphantly compared it with the drawings and engravings that decorated his walls. It represented a skirmish between a gang of robbers and a company of travellers and was well drawn and colored, but as usual, not shaded. At a distance, which, according to the rule of perspective, could not be less than two miles, appeared a troop of Chinese cavalry coming full speed to the assistance of their countrymen, while the embroidery on their leader's clothes, their eyes, mustaches, the bits of their bridles and the pattern of their saddle clothes, &c. were all represented as minutely as if every article had been within six inches of the spectator's nose.

They also paint miniatures with astonishing accuracy but without any regard to light and shadow or the rules of perspective, so that in a portrait for instance, the principal figure finds himself 'cheek by jowl,' with a horse on one side and a church steeple on the other, both of which were intended for the back ground of the picture.

The Chinese are extremely jealous and distrustful of foreigners, but in no particular do they carry these feelings to such an extent as with regard to foreign women, whose punishment on being found within the limits of the 'celestial empire' is death. All English and other foreign women who accompany their husbands, must be left at Macao, at the mouth of the river, which is in a state of most rigid *surveillance*.

An English captain, it is said, once yielded to his wife's entreaties to be permitted to see Canton, and brought her up the river with him, dressed in boy's clothes. She never had an opportunity to see the city after all, for sitting at dinner with her cravat off, from the heat of the weather, her sex was discovered by a mandarin, as she was drinking a glass of wine, from the circumstance of her throat wanting the 'Adam's apple,' or large thyroid cartilage of our sex. A friendly Chinese gave the alarm, but the decks were in possession of the mandarins, and it was necessary to pass the lady out of the bridle port into a swift pulling boat under the bows. A chase immediately commenced which lasted from Whampoa to Macao, a distance of seventy or eighty miles. English skill and perseverance were too much for their pursuers,

and the baffled Chinese were compelled to return and wreak their vengeance upon the 'chowder head' of a husband, who was severely fined, a just punishment for yielding to the absurd and dangerous curiosity of a foolish woman. A mandarin assured me that if the prying 'piece of Eve's flesh' had been taken, she would have been beheaded on the spot, *in terrorem* of the rest of her 'ne'er do weel sex.'

This law against the importation of foreign women is one of the wisest of their institutions, for if the Chinese women were once to begin copying the unbounded license of manners and outrageous extravagance in dress peculiar to Christian females, it is impossible to predict any stop. The warmth of the climate, which gives a vivacity to the animal spirits and blood, would impel them to climbing up into the throne of the sage 'Cousin of the Moon,' and usurping all the mandarinships in the empire.

In our 'blessed country' where the climate is as 'cold as thunder,' and the inhabitants colder than the climate, such a consummation is not to be feared; our women by being allowed their full swing of every thing that female caprice can wish, keep themselves in a state of intellectual inferiority, or rather, their first wish being an ardent desire for show, parade and expense, and that wish being fully gratified, they feel no appetite for the joys of ambition or the pleasures of literature. Mary Wolstoncraft and Fanny Wright, and a few others are merely *ouses* in the boundless desert of female frivolity and insipidity.

The mandarins have the power to execute sentence,

even death, upon all criminals taken *flagrante delicto*, or 'in the manour,' as our law hath it, but many of them are great rogues, rapacious and thievish to the last degree, and under the cloak of sanctity and infallibility, which their rank allows them to assume, cut a great many capers, by no means consonant with the stately pace and solemn demeanour of 'even-handed justice.'

One of these satellites of Themis, by way of raising the wind, thought proper to arrest our washerwoman as she was coming to the ship with a boat load of clean clothes for us 'blues,' of which he took possession, ordering her to go alongside and demand payment in advance before he would consent to give up the clothes. Poor Allook, the purifier of unclean garments, came to the ship and reported progress, with weeping and wailing and wringing of hands, tropes and figures of rhetoric, which in common with all her sex,

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
To India's spicy shores

she could use, in all their variations, from *andante* to *confuria*. Such an aggression, committed under our very noses and within, as it were, boathook's length of the ship, filled us with the most lively indignation; cutlasses and boarding pikes were put in requisition, the jolly boat and gig were hauled up to the gangway, the black cook brandishing his tormenters,

"Fremit ore cruento"

'showed his ivory' with fierceness and rage, and the demijohn of our wrath was on the point of being un-

corked and emptied upon the head of this 'child of perdition,' when the mate, who had been below to dinner, came up and remonstrated. Fortunately there was on board a mandarin of higher rank than the wretch who was so near becoming 'a lost mutton,' who compelled the 'water rat' to make immediate restitution.

I have often seen these scoundrels board boats that had just been trading with the ships and take from them whatever they had got in exchange. This operation the Chinese call 'squeezing,' and is frequently practiced by the higher powers. In the case of the *Wabash's* plunder, already mentioned, the Hong merchant, to whom she was consigned, was 'squeezed' to the amount lost.

I saw a fellow, a porter, take a small box from an American ship's boat at Canton, and run with it. A mandarin who saw the transaction, caught up a cudgel, overtook him and at one blow laid him dead. The box after all, only contained papers and letters of no use to any one but the owner.

I have noticed in the 'Sketches by a Traveller' an account of the seizure and execution of an American seaman for the alleged murder of a Chinese woman. I was not in the country at the time, but have heard from those who were, a circumstantial account of the whole affair, differing from that given by my brother 'rope-hauler,' only in the addition of a few unimportant particulars, which were simply these.

The commander of the British squadron at the mouth of the river and the captains of the *East India*

Company's ships offered their services, not only to screen the unfortunate man from the blood thirsty cruelty of the Chinese, but to protect all American citizens and property from insult or injury, either by peaceful mediation, or by the 'holy text of pike and gun,' which generous offer was rejected by the selfish, sordid, cold-blooded, calculating, cent-per-cent scoundrels of Americans who were there and who would unhesitatingly have given up a son, a brother, nay, the very wives of their bosoms, without striking a blow for manhood's sake, rather than lose a dollar.

I was also assured, that it was the *mate* and not the poor, common, 'every day' sailor, who was the real Simon Pure on this occasion. That the man had bought a jar of *samshoo*, (a kind of spirit distilled from rice,) of the woman alongside, that the mate took it from him and threw it overboard, when it struck the woman on the head and killed her. The captain, however, thinking the mate of more value than the foremast man, gave up the latter.

I am the more inclined to believe this story, as I am well acquainted, by my own observation, with the generally overbearing, tyrannical and inhuman conduct of Yankee skippers to their crews, when unawed by the presence of a man of war, and beyond the reach of a New York jury. An appeal on the part of a seaman from the tyranny of his captain, to that representative of a free people, an American consul, is generally answered by confinement in the jail of the place.

I could detail many instances of the horrid cruelty

of these petty tyrants. In the year 1817, I saw from our main-top, the master of a Philadelphia ship, assisted by his mates, seize up one of his men with his back to the mizen mast and flog him with a rope's end across the *naked breast and belly*.

A few years ago, while on board an American frigate, on the Pacific ocean station, we went into Arica, a port on the coast of Peru, when an American seaman came on board, and claimed the protection of our flag. He stated that he and another had left America in an American brig, and after arriving at the abovementioned place, their skipper took it in his head to hold what he was pleased to term, a court martial upon these two men, who were accused of having been absent without leave for the space of two hours. They were sentenced to be flogged and turned ashore without their wages; the first part of the sentence was executed with such savage barbarity, that one of them died shortly after going on shore and the other was on the 'doctor's list' for a long time after he came on board the frigate.

So much for 'sailors' rights.' I hope our next president will kick up another dust in their defence, with any or all nations who shall dare to 'bite their thumb' at the said sailors, and 'let the wondering world know' that we allow nobody to kick and cuff, flog and shoot our seamen, but our own negro-driving skippers of merchantmen.

These skippers seem to think that the nose of an owner 'smells a sweet savour' when the crews of his ships are worked into mortal fevers, rope's-ended in-

to mutiny, or starved into desertion, three modes of lessening the ship's expenses that are often tried with success.

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## CHAPTER XI.

A few days before our arrival, in 1819, an English 'country ship,' (one owned in the East Indies,) was boarded and plundered of twenty thousand dollars in specie. Two Lascars only, had the watch and were able to identify the thieves. Upon this testimony, complaint was made to the nearset mandarin, the Lascars were taken ashore, and the thieves, as fast as pointed out, were beheaded on the spot, to the number of six or seven; the money not found in the possession of the thieves was made good by a fine levied on the district opposite to which the ship lay.

The washerwomen, already mentioned, live, in common with vast numbers of their countrymen, in boats on the river. These boats are about twelve or fourteen feet long, and contain on an average, one child to a foot. These people who live afloat, have generally the Tartar physiognomy more strongly marked than those who inhabit dry land. The washerwomen are the most numerous and contrive to get a comfortable living from the shipping, for no kind of provisions comes amiss to a Chinaman. Old 'Allook,'

the most noted of the sisterhood, has frequently boarded vessels off Lintin, a distance of more than a hundred miles from Canton, to engage the washing.

The children, who are born and brought up afloat, would be in constant danger of drowning, but for a large, light gourd or calabash which is fastened to their shoulders, so that when they fall overboard they suffer but little inconvenience, and the mother picks them up, very much at her leisure.

It has been said that the poorer class expose their female infants, but I do not believe that to be the case, as the mothers always seemed more partial to the girls than to the boys, and besides, I should think from observation, that the proportion of girls was greater than that of boys. They are said to make affectionate and faithful wives, and are, nine times out ten, the stay of the family, a remark that will apply with truth to the poorer classes and mechanics in this country, though I doubt whether it can be predicated of the 'monied aristocracy.'

Before marriage, they comb their straight, black hair over their faces, and cut it arching across the forehead and down the cheeks, but when they become matrons, they comb it back and make it up in a bunch on the back of the head. Some of these Tartar girls are really pretty; their eyes are larger than those of the Chinese, and their countenances have more expression.

I had an opportunity one day of seeing two young, full-blooded Chinese women. We were going past the 'Dutch Folly,' and our boat becoming entangled

with a jam of *sampans* and other Chinese 'craft,' I had full leisure to observe them, and as they were not twenty feet from me, the opportunity was indulged of 'giving heedful note' to their countenances, dress, and forms. They were the daughters of a mandarin, of some rank, to judge by the carving and gilding about his barge, on the roof of which, something like the 'promenade deck' of one of our steam-boats, the young ladies were standing to take the air and enjoy the prospect.

Their complexions were of pure cream color, without the slightest tinge of red perceptible in their cheeks, eyes black and so far apart and so very small as to give them a most singular appearance, high cheek bones, and faces almost quite *square*. Their dress consisted of a loose short frock reaching almost to the knees, underneath this frock was that garment that has as good a claim to be called 'inexpressible,' or 'unmentionable' as the corresponding one, belonging, of right, to our sex, but occasionally usurped by the ladies, which descended to the ancles. There was no appearance of belt, girdle, corset or any other confinement about the waist, on the contrary, the garments were fitted to the ease and comfort of the fair wearer, and perhaps with a view to the increase of their persons, as *fat* beauties are all the rage, and probably have been so, from the creation of the world, an event that occurs near the middle of a Chinese chronological table.

The frocks of these ladies were made with 'bishop sleeves' of such a magnitude as would 'make each

particular hair' in the voluminous puffs of a Providence or New York belle 'to stand on end' and uncurl itself with envy and astonishment. Their coal-black hair was neatly done up, and on the whole they looked rather pretty.

The city of Canton makes but little show from the river, and I am inclined to think its dimensions and population have been exaggerated. The walls do not extend quite to the river, but skirt along its banks, leaving a strip, varying in width, between them and the water, which constitutes the 'suburbs,' and on which are the 'factories' of the different foreign nations, each one having a tall flag staff in front, on which their flags are occasionally hoisted.

The streets, with the exception of 'China street,' which is roofed over, are very narrow, but well-paved and clean, and are about ten feet wide. The houses are mostly two stories high, the front of the lower story being almost invariably a shop. Horses and carriages are rarely to be seen in these narrow streets, a sedan, containing some square-faced, little-eyed, *no-footed*, fat beauty, gives indication of the existence of the latter, while the former are represented by the occasional apparition of an animal, rather larger than a full grown Newfoundland dog, having some of the distinguishing marks of 'horse kind,' and surmounted by a mandarin, whose long legs enclose the whole system of the horse, like a parenthesis, while the nose of the animalcule protruding forward and his little switch tail appearing 'a posteriori' afford the only proof that the mandarin is

not going afoot, the rest of the creature's body being in a state of 'occultation' beneath, or rather within, the flowing robes of the dignitary equitant.

The suburbs are the scene of a great deal of theft, with an occasional murder, and are accordingly visited daily by a mounted mandarin, who, like a Roman consul, is attended by a number of lictors bearing bamboos, &c. and who has power to try all causes and punish all crimes, even with death.

It would rejoice the heart of one of our tender-hearted, anti-capital-punishment folks, to be permitted to attend the mandarin of a district in his rounds, to witness his admirable way of serving a writ 'ne exeat regno' by hamstringing the prisoner before he is brought to trial, which saves all the trouble of finding good and sufficient bail, the amputation of the nose, the tearing out the nerves and tendons, the confining a criminal in a box with nothing but his head out, and that fixed immoveably, &c. all which might be substituted for that blood-thirsty law of ours which puts the murderer or the traitor out of existence by a speedy and easy death, and which might abolish that barbarous custom of 'cutting the vital thread with edge of penny cord.'

The back country is mountainous, but appears to be well cultivated. Like Bengal and other parts of India, it is subject, at the time of the shifting of the monsoon, to most tremendous thunder squalls and torrents of rain, with which we have nothing in this country to compare.

During one of these, in 1817, the East India Com-

pany's ship *Waterloo*, was struck by lightning just after she had come to anchor, about half a mile from us. Her main royalmast, top gallantmast and topmast were literally torn to pieces; her main topsail yard thrown into the mizen top and her main top torn up and turned half round on the mast head; the electric fluid splintering the mainmast and bursting off or melting the mast hoops and other iron work, which it passed over, made its exit out at one of the main deck ports, after setting fire to the ship's hull. None of her crew, one hundred and twenty-five in number, were hurt, though the greater part of them were near the mainmast when she was struck, and the flames were extinguished before our boats, which were sent as soon as lowered down and manned, could get to her.

We were then lying with all our light yards and masts aloft but without any ballast or cargo on board, and when the squall struck us abeam, it nearly threw the ship on her beam ends, but by cutting adrift the quarter deck awning, she righted. It lasted only about a half an hour, but did considerable damage on shore, such as whipping off the bamboo roofs of several houses, capsizing a 'Josh house,' &c.

The weather though cooled for a short time by these thunder showers, was exceedingly hot during the middle of the day, yet even in this blazing sun the Chinese go bareheaded, their shaven crowns glittering in the sun as though covered with tin. One of our men, on first seeing a newly shaved Chinaman's head glittering in the sun-beams, declared 'under

oath' that he believed the fellow had a sky-light in his skull bone. The muschetoës are as plentiful and as expert phlebotomists as in Calcutta.

On the banks of the river are three buildings, to which seamen have given the name of pagodas; they are of an octagon form, nine or ten stories high, and resemble our light houses. Two of them are evidently built upon artificial mounds of earth, but what they were intended for or when they were built, it seems no one knows. The Chinese, it is said, have no history or tradition relative to them, or if they have, they choose to keep it to themselves. These edifices are regarded with superstitious awe by most sailors, and, like the uninhabited and unopened castle on the 'neutral ground' near Gibraltar, are just the objects that their imaginations, always indulging in the marvellous, would delight to dwell upon.

One of them is thought to contain a ghost, the 'perturbed spirit' of one of the ancient Emperors of China, and some have gone so far as to declare that they have seen lights moving about, and heard strange and unearthly noises by night, as of some ghost who had 'broke up his grave.'

Another of these Pagodas was supposed to contain immense treasures, which were defended by 'charming spells and periapts,' or according to another account, the moment an intruding stranger, opened the door, a huge sword would descend and cleave him 'from the occiput to the navel,' and a thousand other equally extravagant notions, for it is with unknown and *unknowable* objects in nature, as it is with

things beyond the grave, when our senses fail we call in the aid of imagination and gaze upon its pictures till we are convinced of their reality ourselves, and try to convince others, till we are satisfied in our own minds, that the streets of heaven are actually paved with gold of a purer quality than the doubloon or half eagle, and that hell is a *bona fide* lake of liquid fire, and that Abraham's bosom is, as one of the fathers of the church has declared, 'a place containing about ninety acres.'

These pagodas are built of stone and look as though they might bid defiance to 'that bald sexton Time' as long as the world stands.

The other public structures which I noticed are the fortifications at the mouth of the river, where it forms a narrow pass, called the Bocca Tigris, or Tiger's mouth. One of these redoubtable forts is built on a declivity in the form a horse shoe and is so situated that every part of it is exposed to the fire of a passing ship.

The mandarin who commanded this Gibraltar, threatened to fire upon the British frigate *Alceste*, if she attempted to pass and was foolish enough to put his threat into execution. A broadside or two from the frigate demolished the walls and 'routed out' the tenants of this castle, as also of its opposite neighbor.

Since this they have built a large oval fort above Whampoa, at the junction of what is commonly called 'Junk river' with the main stream, which resembles, in its external appearance, a certain American establishment of the same kind, which is, as we yan-

kees say, 'located' somewhere between the city of New-York and Sandy Hook, and is known to us 'gentlemen rope-haulers' by the expressive name of 'Fort Nonsense.' A regular broadside from any one of our heavy frigates would knock this Chinese battery and all its long tailed inhabitants into 'quod' in less than 'no time.'

The man of war junks, which commonly lie near the Bocca Tigris, are as effective a species of craft on the water, as the batteries are ashore. They carry three or four guns apparently four pounders. Capt. Richardson, in the Topaz frigate, being grossly insulted by the Chinese admiral, who undertook to prevent his coming up the river, answered by a broadside which sunk three or four junks belonging to the Celestial Empire, and effectually stopped all inclination on the part of the rest to offer any hindrance to His Majesty's ship.

It is not a little singular that these repeated acts of the English are always passed over so easily. Sir Murray Maxwell, in the Alceste knocked down their castles and killed a great number of their men; Capt. Richardson, in the Topaz sunk half a dozen of their man of war junks, and sent the rest 'flanking;' both acted in violation of a standing law of the empire, namely, that no foreign men of war should be allowed to come above the Bocca Tigres; but neither the knocking down of forts, the knocking out of brains, the sinking of junks, nor the violation of the Chinese laws interrupted the good understanding between the English and Chinese governments, nor was trade

stopped for a day, the Company's ships lay unmolested in the river, their supercargoes lived undisturbed at Canton.

A sailor on board an American ship accidentally kills a woman and his pusillanimous countrymen give him up to a blood thirsty and savage people, to undergo a death of such torture that the description made my flesh creep and the bare recollection of it makes me even now, draw up my limbs together, as if I felt the dilatory and bungling executioner at his horrid work upon my extremities. And for what was this poor wretch's life so wantonly thrown away? *For fear it might cost the owners something to get him clear!*

It was truly said during the 'forced trade' with the West Indies, that 'if there was a bag of coffee hanging over the middle of hell, there was not a merchant in New-England that would not sell his soul to the devil to get it.'

The fact is the English make themselves respected and *feared* wherever they go, and so might we, but the Chinese in particular, know that our God is mammon, and they put many indignities upon us, well knowing that we dare not resent them for fear of losing a trade.

## CHAPTER XII.

While we were lying in the river, in 1819, a French merchantman arrived from Manilla, being the first vessel of that nation that had visited China since 1783. She was manned Frenchman-like, with about twenty-five or thirty men, and fifty officers, and had brought a cargo of sugar from Manilla to Canton, from which other vessels were carrying sugar. How they made out with their cargo, I do not know, but it was a good deal like carrying coals to Newcastle. The washerwomen, after in vain endeavoring to make themselves understood by the Frenchmen, came to us in utter despair, to know, 'what countrymen you call he?'

Among other vessels in Canton river in 1819, was the quondam United States Brig Syren. She had been, since her capture, altered into a ship, which did not improve her appearance at all, and was also much altered by the addition of a high poop and forecastle, but still there was enough of the 'clipper' apparent to announce her nation. She was owned, I understood, by an Armenian merchant in Bombay.

Off the mouth of the river and in sight of Macao, are several islands called the Ladrões, or Thieves' Islands, which are inhabited by a set of pirates, principally Chinese, who have either been banished for crimes or gone there to indulge their national propen-

sity to thieving and murder, in which last they very nearly equal our enlightened and polished brethren in the Western States, whose exploits with the sword-cane and rifle used to fill the columns of our newspapers. I say *used* to, but editors are becoming tired of recording and the public of reading, nothing but one account after another of murders committed in that section of our christian country. I know a gentleman connected with the press, who never 'distributes' his *murder* types, which stand from one paper to another with the same head, namely, 'murder,—Kentucky, Missouri,' &c. and latterly 'Massachusetts.'—Strong arguments in favor of the abolition of capital punishments.

These Ladrões are peculiarly annoying to vessels which are compelled to anchor there in the night, not that they ever have the hardihood to make an open attack, but in a dark, rainy night they are invisible and inaudible, as their oars are always muffled, and it is impossible to tell what part of the ship they will board first.

An American ship, one dark and stormy night, had her cable cut off close to the bows, which was done so silently, that the watch on deck knew nothing of it till the ship was adrift. A rope long enough to reach the surface of the water, was attached to the end of the cable, and a small line to the rope. The end of the line was taken towards the shore, buoyed up from the ground here and there, and I was assured by one of the men that helped recover the cable and anchor that this line was nearly a mile long.

Ships when coming to anchor near these islands commonly fire a gun by way of informing these refugees from the power of 'Baron Nab'em,' that they may calculate upon broken shins if they undertake any transactions in their vocation. They not unfrequently attack, and often capture the man of war junks and other Chinese vessels, on which occasions, it is said they show no quarter, nor is it probable they would to any people that might fall into their hands. In the case of the *Wabash*, the mate was the only person killed, but the thieves were too much in dread of detection and capture, it being in the day time, and too eager for plunder to think of murder.

There are a set of wretches nightly prowling about the factories in Canton, who are on the constant look out for stragglers, who may have been shut out, and who are too frequently so much 'in the wind' as to be incapable of defence. In these cases, murder almost invariably accompanies robbery, for where the punishment that attends detection is death, the robber does not hesitate to inflict it upon his victim to conceal his crime.

The dead body of an English officer, in the Company's service, was picked up afloat, by the ship next us, having the throat cut from ear to ear, and several stabs in the breast. Women are uniformly the decoy ducks on these occasions, and probably the actual perpetrators of the crime.

I have heard a singular story of their dexterity as thieves, which is so current among seamen, that I suspect it is true. An English Indiaman, lying in the

river, and being about to warp farther down the next morning, had her stream anchor and cable put into the launch, which was anchored for the night at a short distance from her, ready to run out in the morning. Two men were put into the launch to keep a look out during the night which was dark and rainy, but the dexterous thieves actually carried off the anchor, which was hung to the launch's stern, and which weighed fifteen hundred weight, and the cable, one hundred and twenty fathoms in length, without waking the men in the boat. They also boarded the ship *Huntress* of New York, which lay next us, and within sixty yards, through the cabin windows, bound and gagged two boys, who were asleep in the cabin, and carried away every thing moveable without disturbing the two mates who slept in the round-house, on deck.

After all that has been said of the learning and accomplishments of the Chinese, I think them vastly inferior to the Hindoos. I have seen a great many Chinese mandarins and merchants, and tried to drive a conversation with them, but in vain; they had no curiosity to know any thing respecting foreign countries—they asked no questions except ‘You belong *skin* ship?’ ‘How much dollar got your ship?’ &c.—Show a Chinaman a dollar and he will never rest till he gets it, for as far as worshipping money goes, they may be truly called the Yankees of the East.

In Calcutta, on the other hand, the lowest sircar would sit for half a day asking and answering questions, and arguing with great zeal, and frequently with

great ability and ingenuity in favor of his national religion, manners, dress, &c. topics which would elicit from the cold-blooded, stupid Chinese, nothing beyond a 'Hy yah! such have Chinaman fashion.'

In Bengal, a stranger is safe in property and person, that is, in the city, for if he straggles too far into the 'bush,' he may chance to be waited upon by a committee of tygers or something of that sort. So far from being molested, a 'dingey-wallah,' (boatman) unless he is a Pariah, will not assist him if he falls overboard. Indeed, the Bengalees would consider a boat polluted that had received a white man on board. As to the property of a stranger, though the Hindoo will not scruple to cheat its owner out of it, he will not or dare not steal it from his person, and has such a dread of arms or weapons of any kind, that a resolute, well-armed man, might clear a ship's deck of a hundred of them.

A Chinese waits for night and numbers or other favorable accidental or essential circumstances to make an attack safe to himself, and embarrassing or terrifying to his antagonist, and then, as before said, murders his wretched victim to conceal his robbery.

In literature, the Bengalese, though restricted from an unconfined pursuit of learning by their priests, and embarrassed in their course by the trammels of *caste*, are still superior to their neighbors, the Chinese; their language is simple, a certain sign in my humble opinion, of superior advancement and refinement, its written characters are smaller and more delicate, and are not ungraceful in their formation. An

Englishman, in six or eight months, if he is not as stupid as an owl, can write and speak Bengalee.

Very few, comparatively, of the Chinese can write their own language, correctly; even the mandarins confess that they do not thoroughly understand their own mother tongue. The bum-boat-man, who supplied us with milk and eggs in Calcutta, a naked black fellow with nothing but a clout about his loins, kept a regular day book, which I compared with the writing of some of the sircars, and also with the printed characters in the Calcutta papers, and as far as I could judge, the day book was a fair piece of handwriting.

I never saw a Chinaman who could compose a single sentence in English, though he could imitate exactly any thing already written; whereas, in Calcutta, there is not one in the sircar caste, that cannot sit down and make out a correct invoice or bill of sale.

Some great man has observed that he could always judge a man's character, pretty nearly, from his handwriting, in like manner we may judge of the refinement and literary progression of a nation from their perfectness in writing their own language. If we look at Spain and Portugal for instance, two nations the most utterly despicable and degraded in Christendom, we shall find that it is almost impossible to read the handwritings of the natives of either.—The same is true with regard to the Chinese.

Our Indians communicate their ideas by painted figures, the next step is to reduce the size of those

figures, or to substitute hieroglyphical or emblematical characters which will be understood by all of that particular nation. The Chinese have got as far as emblems, &c. but no farther, nor do they show any indications of progressiveness; the Bengalese have advanced another step, but that step was taken with 'seven-league boots,' they have formed letters and a regular alphabet.

The 'stilus' of the Romans was a clumsy instrument to write with undoubtedly, it was followed by the pen, which was, in turn, succeeded by types, and lastly the 'graver' has carried the formation of letters to a still greater, perhaps the greatest possible, degree of delicacy. The Chinese still continue to use a hair-pencil to write with, an instrument as clumsy as the ancient *stilus*, and perhaps more so; the Hindoos, still in the advance of them, use a pen; to be sure the pen is not made of a goose quill, but of a very thin, delicate reed, about the same size, and with which I found I could write almost as well as with a quill; the ordinary Chinese character is full half an inch long; the Bengalese language can be written in characters as diminutive and as delicate as the English.

These are some of the leading points in which the national character of the Bengalese is infinitely superior to that of the Chinese. In their social relations the same scale preponderates. The Chinese are filthy in their persons, disgustingly so in their food. Nothing but utter inability to move deters a Hindoo from his regular ablutions every morning, nor is he less cleanly in his food.

Drunkeness, adultery, &c. are crimes known to the Bengalese, certainly, but detested and abhorred; in China similar outrages upon society are almost as frequent and as little regarded as they are in Christendom, and one great obstacle to converting the Hindoos to Christianity is, that they are continually contrasting the precepts of our religion with the lives and actions of its professors.

If the character of an individual may be judged from his hand writing, the state of society in a nation, may be estimated from its penal code, for wherever there is an excess of vice and crime, there will also be numerous and severe punishments to check it. Hence the character of the Chinese may be safely called vicious, because their punishments are so severe, seldom stopping short of death. They must have grown callous in wickedness or they would not require to be restrained from it by tortures and punishments, which in the bare description, make the blood run cold.

As to the literature of either party, I believe it is six one way, and half a dozen the other, but having read the 'Institutes of Menu,' or at least, a considerable part of them, I think they will compare as far as morality goes, with what we know of the celebrated Confucius, or Kon-foo-tse, which is no great compliment after all, as morality is wofully out of fashion. It is even worse off than in Juvenal's time, who said of it, 'laudatur et alget,' it is commended and neglected, it has but a very slippery hold upon the 'laudatur' while the 'alget' sticks close; it hav-

ing recently been ascertained that 'to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God,' constitute no recommendation to divine favor, and form no part of a Christian's duty, miraculous conversion and free grace are the modern fashionable railroads to heaven.

But the Hindoos are certainly the most polished, and wherever there is refinement in manners, letters *will* thrive, and there will be a corresponding purity of morals till refinement introduces luxury, an event not likely to take place in India, but which actually exists to a great degree in China, notwithstanding his highness the Emperor draws a furrow once a year with his own hands, a farce something similar to our great men laying the corner stone of a church, or masonic lodge, or throwing the first shovelful of earth out of the bed of an embryo canal or still-born railway.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

In China every thing is sold by weight, milk, live fowls and pigs, as well as dead ones, liquids and solids, all are subjected to the steelyards. Their 'caddy' which is about a pound and a third, and their steelyards marked with Chinese characters, make all kinds of weighing transactions extremely embarrassing, and give them admirable opportunities to cheat, which they do not fail to improve.

The 'compredor,' or steward, who furnishes fresh provisions and stores of all kinds, to the ship, frequently issues 'bamboo dollars,' pieces of split bamboo, two or three inches in length, with a few Chinese characters on them, which he will take again at their nominal value, but which will not pass current with any one else. Besides the profit he makes upon the articles he sells to the ship's company and the percentage on the silver which he gets ashore, he generally contrives to slip off the day before the ship sails, leaving a quantity of these wooden promissory notes in the hands of the sailors, to whom they are worth just as much as any other chip.

Carolus dollars pass at their par value, but Ferdinand seventh, could only be got off at a discount of one mace, (about ten cents) these dollars they called 'cow chin.' Joe Bonaparte's face would only go for old silver; American dollars the same, but half dollars would pass for their full value; no smaller denomination of silver coin is current among them. Their 'cash' is a thin piece of very bad copper, with a square hole in the middle, by which they are strung in bunches of eighty or ninety, one hundred is the proper number, but in dealing with foreigners, especially sailors, they discount from ten to twenty.

I never could ascertain what becomes of the immense quantities of specie that go to China, of which I saw upwards of a million of dollars landed at once from five or six American ships. Now and then a solitary Spanish dollar may be seen, but it always appears to have been in the fire, the inscription and

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stamp being nearly obliterated, having probably undergone a 'sweating,' or partial fusion in a Chinese crucible, before it was returned into the hands of a 'Fonqui' or white man.

The Chinese Junks have been so often described that I shall not fatigue myself or my readers with any notice of them. This, I believe, is the most received way among travellers to avoid describing a thing they know nothing about. When our men first saw a junk, which happened to be a very large one, after a long and profound cogitation they came to the conclusion, that 'Noah's ark was just such another *craft* for all the world;' in support of which hypothesis, full as rational as any that have been started on the same subject, they brought forward several arguments equally novel and unanswerable.

That tea is much better in China than in America, my readers need not be told; accordingly, in imitation of the most popular modern writers, I shall forthwith proceed to tell them all about it. It was the opinion of most of us tarry-faced philosophers and 'minions' of the sea, that the black teas imported into this country are the refuse, and the green teas the second-hand leaves of the tea plant, an opinion in which we were not a little strengthened by tasting tea made in China and comparing it with that which we brought from Boston with us, which by the way, was hardly a fair test, as the 'small stores', of tea and coffee, furnished by the merchants in the 'Literary Emporium,' are by no means articles of luxury, the tea being almost uniformly damaged and unsaleable,

and the coffee made of rye, either of them forming a beverage which an English sailor on board very appropriately characterized as '*lob's dominion*, two buckets of water and an old shoe.'

Whenever a 'chop boat' came alongside with a cargo, we used to board her and rush for the tea-pot.—The Chinese drink their tea scalding hot from little cups containing about half a gill, without sugar or milk, which is much the most palatable way where tea can be obtained in all its purity, as in China.

I have been told that in Russia, the tea can be had in as great perfection as in Canton, because they say, it is brought there over land, whereas, all teas that are imported by sea lose their peculiar fragrance and flavour of which we know nothing here.

In this age of rail-roads and thirty-miles-an-hour steam coaches, I do not despair of tasting tea imported 'per waggon,' especially if Governor Lincoln, of Mount-Hoosack-tunnelling reputation should turn his attention to building another 'Free Bridge' to extend from the mouth of Columbia River to the Sandwich Islands, as a resting place or 'point d'appui,' and thence to the coast of China. 'The thing can be done, sir, all we want is a little capital to start with.'

Some people were of opinion that when the same person, whose word was law, and whose decision was final, espoused both sides of the question, it would of necessity fall to the ground, but I am, with all due deference to their more mature judgment, of a 'clean contrary' way of thinking, for, independent of the 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' which only tends to

urge men forward more rapidly and blindly, opposition is the very food that enterprize lives upon. History furnishes us with plenty of proof of this fact; the christian religion, so dreadfully persecuted by the Roman Emperors, seemed to acquire fresh vigor from being watered by the blood of the saints; the Hugonots in France, and the Lollards and Wickliffites in Great Britain, were hunted down like wild beasts;— that ‘sweet ounce of man’s flesh,’ John Calvin, burned bishop Servetus, who was, if I mistake not, a Unitarian, still that ‘infidel’ sect continues to increase, election and faith without works notwithstanding. I omit the Salem witches, as every body knows that Moll Pitcher maintained her Delphic tripod to the last, in spite of persecution and broken windows.

I will adduce one more instance to prove that opposition is the food of enterprize. Every modest man of pure and correct taste, every man, in fact, who prizes modesty in a female, has decided that Tom Moore’s poems and Don Juan, are not proper books for the eye of a *passably* modest woman. The consequence is, that there are hardly a dozen females throughout the United States, that have not a splendidly bound copy of Moore’s bawdiest poems, or Don Juan on her dressing table,

‘Nocturna versat manu, versatque diurna.’

I should prefer, if I had a wife or daughter,

(‘Dii tales avertite pestes!’)

that she should use, as a book of constant reference, a literal translation of Martial’s epigrams, or of the sixth and ninth satires of Juvenal but ‘de-gustibus, &c.’

I hope my readers are satisfied that a 'free bridge' to China is not only feasible, but would be much more apropos than the North west passage round the continent of America, and that they will think well of it.

Tea, when drank very hot and in very hot weather, I have always found more refreshing than either iced water, lemonade, or any other drink, and it quenches thirst admirably. The Chinese laborers use it when at work in the same manner and for the same purpose as our laborers do spirits, but with a most disproportionate balance in favor of the tea, which enlivens the spirits, and refreshes and stimulates the body without the succeeding depression and exhaustion produced by spirits or wine.

Tea has been called a 'nerve-shaking' beverage by some eminent physician, who also found that Sou-chong contains a large portion of prussic acid, but 'pace tanti viri,' I shall continue to drink tea as long as I can get it.

I have heard of its having been substituted, with success, for spirituous liquors. The captain of a British frigate, stationed in the East Indies, during the last French war, observed that fevers were becoming frequent among his men, and suspected spirits as the remote cause in that fiery climate. He gave notice to his crew that he would allow all such as preferred it, tea at night in place of their afternoon's gill of spirit. By degrees the whole crew got upon the 'tea list,' and it was afterwards served out at dinner, and even given them at all hours of the day in place of water, till the men became so attached to it,

that when the ship was ordered home, a committee from the crew waited upon the captain and requested him to lay in a stock of tea as a substitute for spirits on the passage home, offering to pay for it out of their wages. When they arrived in England, the Admiralty, with a liberality that did them honor, not only paid the men an equivalent for their stopped liquor, but allowed them a handsome bounty besides.

I have already remarked that I made two voyages in succession, to Canton, and the foregoing remarks belong to both, as there was no material difference between them. On the outward passage of the second voyage, I observed a phenomenon that has been noticed before a thousand times, namely, the luminous appearance of the sea, more particularly between the tropics. A late writer says that the phosphorescent light of the sea is of a reddish cast, but I never saw any thing of the kind, it is the most brilliant *white* light imaginable. I have seen when a sea has broken over a ship's deck in the night, large masses of glittering jelly as large as the palm of my hand, and have often amused myself with smearing the faces or clothes of my watch-mates with this liquid fire, which would remain brilliant for some time.

Another sight that I have witnessed a hundred times, and always with the same intense admiration, is the blowing of a whale in the night. Imagine a column of liquid fire thrown thirty or forty feet into the air, and then descending in a shower of brilliant sparks, and you have some idea of a whale's blowing his nose by starlight; the fish, in the mean time, appearing like a mass of highly polished silver.

In the year 1818, while running from the Cape of Good Hope, towards Java Head, and being in the latitude of about 18 degrees South, we were surprized and a good deal alarmed one night by an unusual luminous appearance of the ocean. Thinking we were in shoal water, we hove to and tried for soundings.—No bottom could be got with one hundred and fifty fathoms of line, and we run for two days and nights at an average rate of nine miles an hour, through this luminous patch of ocean, the water of which, on being examined, was found to be completely filled with what appeared to be little red hairs, but which gave most unequivocal signs of life, for their motions were incessant.

On comparing notes with an 'old salt' shortly after my return home, he assured me that he had witnessed the same phenomenon, with the gratuitous addition of another day and night to its duration, and a supplementary mile per hour to the rate of sailing, probably considering that it was not 'according to Gunter' that a young sailor should have seen more than an old one.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

I next shipped for an entire new voyage, but where I was not given to understand. No other information was given than that it was a sealing voyage and would probably occupy three years. The duration, quality

or direction of the voyage, were matters of perfect indifference to me, so I 'took on.'

On the passage out we conjectured the Falkland Islands were to be our destination, but passing within sight of them without stopping, the Northwest coast was next pitched upon, but we were wrong again. A few days threw more light upon the subject. The most dismal and forbidding looking land that can possibly be imagined made its appearance. This was 'New South Shetland,' a group of islands of which I had never before heard, and which certainly showed strong signs of being allied or adjoining to that part of the world generally known to sailors by the name of '*Blue Fluja*' where it is said fire freezes.

We arrived off here the fifth of December, 1820, but being unacquainted were unable to land till Christmas day, which though the Antarctic midsummer was one of the coldest days that I ever saw.

These islands, that is, the northernmost, are situated in about 62 degrees S. latitude, and about 50 or 60 degrees W. Longitude, the southern limits have not been explored. They were discovered by one Capt. Smith in 1819. The Yankees, as they usually do with regard to all inventions and improvements, claim the right of first discoverers; I should not be at all surprised if they should insist upon having first discovered America. Capt. Smith immediately took possession of his discovery in the name and as the property of His Britannic Majesty.

Before we anchored we cruised on the western side of the islands as far as about 66 degrees, the weather

being all the time clear and intensely cold, the water filled with field or loose ice, which emitted a loud crackling sound, like that produced by pouring water into a hot, greasy frying-pan.

The land was high, occasionally running up into exceeding high mountains, covered with ice to their summits, glittering in the beams of the almost continual sun, which set at ten o'clock and rose again at two. We spoke an English whaler, the *John*, of London, the captain of which, an old Greenlandman, declared the weather was too much for him, and was making the best of his way to the South Seas, though there were hundreds of whales continually in sight.

The little cove where we anchored was on the north side of the island and about twenty miles from the most northeastern extremity of the land. Here we were in a few days completely embargoed by the drift ice, which came in upon us in such quantities that it was with the utmost difficulty we could get a boat through it. This ice was fresh and from alongside the ship we supplied ourselves with fresh water. The sensation on putting the hand into the water, was precisely similar to that produced by immersing it in scalding water and gave full as much pain.

I was glad when the boat, to which I was attached was ordered away on a sealing expedition in good earnest. Our boats were clinker built, that is, each plank lapped over the one next below it, which planks were of white cedar, and something less than half an inch thick, they were sharp at each end like whale boats and were manned with four men and a boat steerer.

When a boat was sent away she was supplied with two barrels of bread, two or three pieces of clear pork, cut half round the hog, a frying pan, sheet iron kettle, a keg of molasses, another of 'Boston particular,' 'lacking six days of being a week old' and a quantity of Boston coffee, videlicet rye; each man was armed with a formidable club, nearly six feet long, such a piece of timber as a farmer would cut for a 'sled stake,' a swinging blow from which would have overturned the ox Columbus, a case containing three very large knives, one with a blade more than a foot long and the others somewhat smaller, made of excellent steel. 'Thus clad and fortified' we 'set forth to fight' the seals and the sea.

Immediately upon landing, I was convinced that the islands had been originally thrown from the abysses of the deep, either by a submarine volcano or earthquake. Pieces of pure sulphur, of a greenish cast, might be picked up on the beach and among the rocks; iron ore, pumice stone, and crystals, stained with iron, were frequent. The South Shetland islands differ from Spitzbergen and other islands near the north pole, in being entirely destitute of vegetation, a proof, I think, of the *newness* of their creation, that they were produced, as aforesaid, by some convulsion of nature.

The rocks, too, for the most part, were formed of enormous pieces thrown confusedly together, and lying about as though they had been emptied down where they lay. One place, in particular, resembled the dry bed of a huge torrent, whose pebbles

had been rocks of from two to three hundred tons weight. Scrambling among them I found a piece of plank perfectly sound, and killed my first seal. I had knocked him down and was in the act of skinning him, when being only stunned and recovered by the pain of the operation, he uttered a piercing shriek, so exactly like a woman or child, that I leaped full two feet into the air, an exploit that I never performed before and probably never shall again. I descended from my elevation in a sitting posture, to the great detriment of that part of my person that first resumed its connexion with *terra firma*. I finished killing and skinning my seal as soon as possible.

The general appearance of the islands on the northern extremity is bleak, gloomy and rocky; the space between the different elevations being filled with ice-bergs, which vary from one to four hundred feet high, and are perpendicular. Pieces were constantly falling from the brows of these snow white cliffs with a thundering noise.

An enormous mass, of at least two acres in extent, fell into the little bay already mentioned, from a height of more than two hundred feet. The thunder of its descent was the most awful, the most appalling sound that I ever heard. Such was the prodigious swell occasioned by it, that the brig Lord Melville, though at the distance of half a mile from the foot of the ice-bergs, rolled almost gunwales under, a phenomenon that does not occur in every gale at sea.

This ice is of a most brilliant whiteness, and when it is exposed to the action of the heavy sea in those

latitudes, it resembles the most beautiful marble. Nothing could make a more splendid appearance when the sun was shining upon these ice-bergs, and the sea dashing half way up their glittering sides.

I have already mentioned volcanic appearances; there were two volcanoes 'in blast' during our stay here, or rather they kept up a continual smoke, which indicated *eruptiveness*. Before we left, one of them, a mere rock of a conical form and of no great size, situated about thirty miles from the northern extremity of the land, broke out with considerable violence. We had heard of a boat belonging to the Queen Charlotte being absent, and supposed lost, and conjecturing the light we saw by night to be their fire, we sent a boat well provided with clothes, provisions, &c. to the relief the supposed sufferers. It was soon ascertained to be the volcano, the crater of which was about one third the height of the rock from the water, and was burning fiercely and sending forth a thick, sulphurous smoke. Such was its effect upon the water that numbers of dead penguins were found floating about, of course, not scalded, but overcome by the difference of temperature, as a codfish becomes insensible and finally dies at the surface of the water. I thought it would be a capital place to establish a steam factory, the fuel would cost nothing and it would be handy, besides, to the markets on both sides of Cape Horn; but a word to the wise, &c.

## CHAPTER XV.

There were, upon an average, two gales of wind every week, which invariably came from E. S. E. They were always accompanied by heavy snow and were of about twenty four or thirty-six hours in duration. A profound calm and the continued and deafening chattering of the penguins generally gave intimation of the approach of a gale.

It was singular that these gales should always come from the eastward, as off Cape Horn, which was comparatively speaking but a short distance from the Shetlands, the heaviest gales are from the westward, indeed it is very rare to have an easterly wind there. Besides, a day or two after we left the islands, we encountered the westerly winds in all their violence and which lasted till we were in the latitude of about 45 degrees.

I have often thought that the reason there was no snow or ice on the eastern side of the islands was, that the snow blew over to the west or lee side, where it lodged and in process of time formed those tremendous ice-bergs. But very few floating islands of ice were seen; perhaps because there were no rivers or deep bays where they could be formed during the winter, and be driven out at the approach of summer.

The largest that I saw was after we had got under

way to leave the islands. It was about two hundred yards long and upwards of one hundred feet high. We attempted with a light breeze, to go to leeward of it, but when abreast of it, were entirely becalmed within thirty yards of it. There was a long, heavy ground swell running, and the island rolled its lofty top till it seemed on the point of coming in contact with our mast heads. We were only ten or fifteen minutes in this situation, when a light air sprang up and we left the society of such an unpleasant neighbor whose civil nods and bows to us we returned with fear and trembling.

Another of singular form, being shaped like a cucumber or elephants' tusk and nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, drifted with the tide, into 'Potter's Cove,' where we were lying. There were four or five sail in company, and it came so directly in among us, that we were obliged to get hawsers and towlines to it, not with the hope of arresting its progress, which would have been impossible—but to change its direction in which we eventually succeeded. Its base was about two hundred feet square, and on it reposed, in great state, an old wig (the male seal.) Some of our men boarded the island, and pelted his wigship with pieces of ice, till he was compelled to abdicate. The island afterwards grounded at the entrance of the Cove, where it answered all the purposes of a beacon.

Potter's Cove just mentioned, was rather the best harbor among the islands. It was completely landlocked, and screened from the easterly gales by a

black, and very suspicious looking mountain, whose volcanic propensities were manifested by an occasional puff of thick black smoke. To be sure, if we did unfortunately part our cables or drag the anchors, we had no better prospect than was afforded us by an ice-berg astern, three hundred feet high, within twenty yards of the base of which, no bottom could be found with fifty fathoms of line.

Here the ship lay secure, in company with three or four others, with just men enough to keep a watch, the rest being away in boats. There were other harbors on the coast, and one of them, occupied by a brig's company from Valparaiso, was in some measure fortified, to prevent the encroachments of other sealers.

Fourteen sail were cast away during the season, four of whose crews were taken up by us, namely, the Hannah and Lady Trowbridge, of Liverpool, the Clothier, of Stonington, and Venus, of New York.

In the course of our cruises, we picked up a piece of a lower mast, about ten feet long, to which was lashed a three-fold block, which bore no mark but '16 In.' so that it could not have belonged to either an English man of war or East Indiaman, both of which have the king's or company's mark upon every thing portable belonging to them. The mast was as large as the mizen mast of one of our heaviest frigates, and the strap of the block and the lashing were both as fresh as if just from the rope-walk. No vessel large enough to wear such a stick had been seen

or heard of on the coast, and although after the mast was picked up, there were, as is usual in such cases, plenty to swear that they had seen a large ship dismasted and driving upon the shore, no one believed them.

The sight of this relic of the 'Storm spirit's' feast gave rise to a thousand gloomy reflections. From the manner in which the lashing was 'passed,' it was evident that it had been done in all the hurry of distress. The vessel had probably carried away the head of the mast and this block had been lashed to the stump to reeve a 'preventer stay' through, to enable her to carry sail and 'claw off' a lee shore, and it was melancholy to reflect how fast alternate despair and hope had 'made the fingers fly' of those who rove the lashing, while anxious groups on deck,

—Over whom triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delayed to strike,'

were watching with breathless and impatient eagerness for the completion of an operation on which their lives depended.

My moralizings upon the dangers of the seas were renewed a few days afterwards, when clambering about among the rocks, I found, at the height of more than four hundred feet from the sea, a large piece of plank with several large iron spikes in it. It could not have been conveyed there by human means, for I could not lift it, and nobody would be fool enough to transport it there from mere frolic, as the place was almost inaccessible, and had I not been driven by the fear of starvation, would have been quite so for me.

It appeared to have lain there some years, and was evidently part of the outside plank of a vessel. The plank was but little decayed, nor were the spikes much corroded by rust; it did not appear to have lain there more than six years, indeed I doubt whether either wood or iron would bear such an exposure to the action of the air so long a time without showing more symptoms of decay than were manifested in this plank.

We had with us, as a tender, a little brig of about eighty tons, and manned with ten or twelve men.—Two boats' crews from the ship were put on board and we run down the eastern side of the islands as far as 67 or 67, 30, S. but without meeting any seals or sea-elephants. No ice or snow was visible, the land was high but not mountainous, and almost black. There appeared to be no practicable landing place till we had got as far as we thought advisable to go, when we saw a small cove into which our two boats were sent to reconnoitre.

Being 'bowman' of the chief mate's boat, a post of honor conferred upon me as being the *lightest* in the boat, (I weigh, I have weighed these ten years one hundred and eighty,) I was a kind of 'forlorn hope,' a boarder upon all occasions. Finding it impracticable to land on the beach from the shoalness of the water and the violence of the surf, we pulled alongside the cliff, and deposited my precious person on a little rock two feet square, which was stuck against the face of the perpendicular cliff, like the sounding-board over an old-fashioned pulpit. From this, I

made my way along the cliff, and in an instant, my head, shoulders, and every part of my carcass that afforded a *point d'appui*, were covered with little white birds, of the size of our blue-bird, with beaks like parrots, which had built their nests along the rocks in such immense numbers, that it was impossible to move hand or foot without overthrowing a score of nests.

I do not pretend to have much more sensibility than my neighbors, but this wholesale destruction and the low, whimpering cry, of the poor birds was 'grievous to the spirit.' If they had screamed stoutly like the gulls and albatrosses, whose nests I used to destroy, or fought like devils incarnate, as the penguins did, the case would have been different, but the poor creatures seemed so innocent that I was very sorry that the first 'lord of creation' that they had ever seen should appear in such an unfavorable light.

No seals were to be seen on the beach or among the rocks, and the only animals of the kind that I saw, were a drove of sea-leopards, taking a *siesta* on the sand. I ventured to punch one of them with the end of my club, when he raised his head, 'showed his ivory,' and gave a kind of 'noli me tangere' growl.— I did not think proper to use any further familiarity with him, for fear of disturbing the rest.

These animals were twelve or thirteen feet long, and of a dark drab color, beautifully mottled with round spots of a much lighter shade, whence they have their name.

The sand on this beach was perfectly black, and of

the same kind as that sold in the bookstores to sprinkle upon paper. As far as we could see in clear weather, the land extended in the same direction, viz. S. S. W. exhibiting the same black appearance. I have since seen, in the Royal Exchange in London, a large chart, which lays down the South Shetlands approaching so near to the track of Capt. Cook, that had he continued his course but one day longer, he must have seen them. No signs of vegetation were visible, but two or three small tufts of withered grass in Potter's Cove.

After returning from this unfruitful excursion the two boats were provisioned for a long cruise and sent off. On this second expedition we were absent from the ship thirty-five days, sleeping every night on the beach, underneath the boats with a huge fire of sea-elephant blubber in front. Great part of the time we were two hundred miles, and at one time two hundred and fifty miles from the ship. At one time we were indeed within eight or nine miles by land, but by water, as we afterwards found out, at least one hundred and fifty.

Seals were scarce, and for want of better employment, we amused ourselves with rambling about the mountains and ice-bergs. These ice-bergs form vast plains of ice and snow, rising in gentle swells and smooth enough to make the heart of an amateur of that most rational pastime, sleigh-riding, to 'quiver with joy.' They are crossed however, by clefts and fissures of two or three feet wide, and of unknown depth. These fissures are frequently covered with

snow in such a manner as to conceal them from the eye, but not so as to bear the weight.

One of the King George's men fell down one of these clefts, and his companions, after in vain endeavoring to get to him or make themselves heard by him, gave him up for lost and returned to the ship and related the affair. A party was sent out provided with ropes, &c. but by some accident did not reach the spot for more than twenty-four hours after the event took place, when to their equal surprize and joy, they saw the object of their search coming towards them alive and well, and 'in the flesh,' though some of the party were skeptical on this last head, till actual contact and an earnest entreaty for a chew of tobacco satisfied the most stubborn. He had but just emerged from the 'bowels of the mountain,' having lain insensible at the bottom of this frightful chasm for some time. Fortunately his skinning knives were in his belt, and when he recovered, he commenced cutting holes in opposite sides of the ice, till he 'got up in the world' once more. He had been hard at work the whole time. I have frequently had one foot slip into some of the smaller clefts to the excoriation of my skin, and discomposure of my temper.

The thawing of the snow on the surface of the icebergs had formed rivulets and small lakes, and in one place the water had worn two passages through the ice, so as to form, what appeared to be a bridge, with two irregular arches, built of the purest white marble.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Besides the sea-leopards of which I have already given a description and seals which need none, there were vast numbers of sea-elephants. These creatures are to be found on every beach and of almost all sizes. During the first part of the season, but few of any remarkable size came on shore, but towards the middle of February they were very large and were called by the English 'blubber hunters,' 'brown cows.' The King George's people killed one which made a ton and a half (twelve barrels) of oil. The smaller ones were killed with lances, but these 'brown cows' could not easily be killed that way and were accordingly shot through the head. They were very clumsy on shore but swam with great swiftness. Their blubber is from two to six or seven inches thick, and formed, with seal blubber our sole fuel; it is of the consistency of fat salt pork.

The moment we landed, when on a sealing excursion, our first care was to knock down all the elephants on the beach for fire wood. In shape they do not materially differ from the seal and have received the name of elephants rather from their great size, than any resemblance to their 'half reasoning' namesake on shore.

The seals, on our first arrival, were so tame, that when hauling our boats on shore, it was frequently

necessary to kick them out of the way. I saw one beach where upwards of three hundred had been killed, almost every one of which had a young one, as black as coal, and looking at a little distance, like black water spaniels. These poor little wretches were standing whimpering and whining each one by the mangled carcase of its dead mother, a piteous spectacle. Our two hungry boats' crews, who had never been ashore before, soon thinned their numbers and put a period to their griefs. Independent of their skins, which were very pretty when dressed, their flesh was exceedingly delicate and well flavored, much resembling lamb.

On our passage from the ship to this beach, a distance of some twenty miles, we saw a seal on a 'half-tide' rock. Being as aforesaid, bowman, I was directed to stand by to board him. It was the second one that I ever had attacked. Accordingly I jumped on the rock just as the sea left it and before I could 'taste my legs,' as Sir Toby Belch says, I was hurried to the charge by an overgrown sea pressing me 'a posteriori,' which brought me so very close to the seal, that I could not strike him with my club, but was immediately charged in turn, overthrown, and trod upon, and should have been unrevenged, but one of the crew struck him after he was in the water, and stretched him floating under the bows.

My birth as bowman was no sinecure; every rock or floating cake of ice that had a seal on it, was an arena on which my prowess was exhibited, till I was

promoted to the more easy and honorable station of 'after oarsman' in the sail-maker's boat.

There was no landing place among the islands that had not more or less surf upon it, and when about landing it was my place to jump ashore with the end of the painter which was ten or a dozen fathoms long. On a hard sand beach this was easy enough, but when the beach was shingly, or when composed of loose pebbles, my feet would sink in and the next 'roller' would sweep me heels over head, 'high and dry,' so that landing and getting a wet jacket were synonymous terms with me. Frequently too, the same roller that carried me so unceremoniously ashore, would bring in the boat with it, to the imminent danger of running over me, besides which the 'undertow' was sometimes so strong as to drag me back unwillingly into the surf again.

On one of these expeditions we killed at once and in one drove upwards of eleven hundred. We had penned them in among the rocks, the old wigs in front. As we advanced to the attack, a most venerable and patriarchal looking wig, with a most formidable pair of whiskers, gave the signal by a loud roar and instantly charged. The mate of the brig, a down-east 'seven footer,' was overthrown and severely bitten; the old wigs were permitted to escape, and we closing our ranks, began knocking down.

These old wigs are more than twice as large as the female seal and might be mistaken for another species of animals. As they, or rather their skins, were not merchantable at Canton, whither we were

bound, provided we could make up a cargo, we seldom killed them except to make moccassins of their hides, for shoes were out of the question, the very strongest of Lynn manufacture vanishing from the feet like wet paper.

I had often read of elephant hunting, lion coursing, tiger shooting, bobbing for whale, &c. but I had never sported on such a large scale, though I had 'hauled cod' one summer, on the Banks, and had 'put my hook in the nose' of a three hundred pound halibut, and compelled him to, 'visit the glimpses of the moon' sorely against his will; but the largest animal that ever I coursed or hunted on terra firma, with the exception of Parson T—'s cock turkey, was a skunk, an individual of which odoriferous species of animal I shot when a boy.

South Shetland's lonely shores were destined to witness my first trial with one of the fiercest of Proteus' flock. Did it become me to sound my own praises, I should say at once and without ceremony to the heroes of antiquity, 'hide thy head, Achilles, here comes Hector,' but as it is, I will describe the combat with what modesty I may.

I had never seen an old wig on shore, consequently knew but little about them, but having killed a good many seals and one sea-elephant, I thought myself a match for a wig. Rambling about one day, among the rocks in search of birds' eggs, I jumped down three or four feet upon a little strip of sand beach, and immediately found that I had alighted

within six inches of the nose of an enormous old wig, who was lying outstretched,

‘In airy vision ’rapt.’

He started up with a most tremendous roar, bringing our respective frontispieces within six inches of each other, and displaying what Anacreon calls a ‘chasma odonton,’ a bottomless pit of teeth, or rather a pit fringed round with long, white, sharp teeth, that looked as though their owner was not much subject to the tooth ache.

We read that a certain king of Judah said to his ‘cousin’ of Israel, ‘Come, let us go up and look one another in the face;’ and we are further told that ‘the words of the king of Judah were more fierce than the words of the men of Israel.’ In like manner, the roar of the beast with the flippers was more fierce than the squall of the man with the seal-club. He was so near that I felt his breath on my face and neck, at the same time it was not difficult to perceive that in the Indian hug or Kentucky bite, I should stand no chance at all.

Luckily for me, his mental faculties were so confused by my sudden appearance, that he never thought of overthrowing me and taking to the water, after a valedictory bite, as in the case of the long mate.—Being between my furry antagonist and the water, there was no such thing as ‘backing out,’ so after taking heart of grace, I saluted him with a blow, which though not the hardest in the world, would have knocked a hole through the walls of any brick

house in New York, unless they are stronger built than they used to be.

Contrary to the laws of pugilism, I continued to pound him after he was down, for fear he might 'rise at an instant, and fight a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.' He was full eleven feet long, though I afterwards saw many others as large if not larger. I took skin enough from his back to make two pair of moccassins, and likewise his whiskers, which I brought away as '*spolia opima*.'

These wigs are terribly fierce in their manner, though generally the first to make their escape when the drove is attacked; though they would roar furiously when there were any females with them, as I have frequently observed very promising young gentlemen of my acquaintance, of the first families and fortunes, and of course of 'good society,' who would always swear most profanely, and talk most indecently when there were females or clergymen within hearing. The wigs, when fairly beyond the surf and out of danger, would put their heads above water and roar with great energy and perseverance.

Towards the last of the season, the seals were so very rare and shy, that we had much trouble to get two skins a day among five of us, though we had six miles of beach to travel over and examine every day. Of course we had plenty of time to amuse ourselves with rambling about among the ice-bergs and mountains.

On one of these rambles we unexpectedly came across an old wig on an immensely high cliff. He

was probably rustivating to avoid the extermination that was raging on the sea coast. It was immediately resolved, *nem con.* that he should be compelled to jump off the cliff forthwith, a resolution which we proceeded to put in practice.

Notwithstanding his roarings and caperings, his reluctance and his 'nitor in adversum' behaviour, he gradually approached the brink, till at last he took the 'lover's leap.' I ran and looked over the edge of the cliff, and saw him bounding like a foot-ball from one projection to another till he alighted in the roaring surf below.

The author of the 'Rejected Addresses,' describes Vishnoo throwing some rebellious Hindoo deity into void space, where

'Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,  
And his head as he tumbled went nicketty knock,  
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.'

In like manner the poor wig, though not quite so long about it, experienced the hardness of every rough point on the face of the cliff. As soon as he had extricated himself from the tremendous surf into which he fell, and which flew half way up to us, though elevated nearly four hundred feet above the level, he turned his head towards us, and, I presume, roared lustily, though his voice was not distinguishable from the roar of the surf. By way of appeasing him we kicked off a score or two of penguins, that had colonized the place.

## CHAPTER XVII.

On our long expedition of thirty-five days in the boat, we were in continual danger of swamping from the height and shortness of the sea. On one occasion, the boat suddenly grounded on a sunken rock, and the next instant was filled and almost upset by a heavy sea.

At another time, a 'hump back' whale followed us for more than half an hour, keeping so near most of the time, that the blades of our oars repeatedly struck his nose. What he wanted of us I do not know, but his company was any thing but agreeable, for we were alone, more than one hundred miles from the ship, and six or seven miles from the shore, which was, by the way, a perpendicular ice-berg of three hundred feet high. Besides his blowing in our faces every minute, which was not very civil in him, the prospect of being upset by him was not very cheering, and his huge head, thrust up among the blades of our oars every minute, seemed to indicate an inclination on his part, to be facetious, to execute some practical, Antarctic joke upon us.

Some days before this, when in company with the other boats, we rowed for nearly twenty-five miles abreast of an ice-berg, when a very heavy gale and snow storm, blowing directly from the land, came on. After pulling against it for two hours we succeeded in

reaching a rocky point, where was just room for one boat to land at a time, and even then the landing was both difficult and dangerous. However, we got safe on shore, hauled up the boats and turned them up, knocked down a dozen or twenty elephants for fire-wood, and notwithstanding the violence of the wind and snow, made a rousing fire between the boats.

We were just getting the frying-pan and coffee kettle under way, the mate was compounding a large tin pot of hot 'blackstrap,' when a huge monster of an old wig bolted in among us without ceremony, and deliberately placed himself in the middle of the fire, which was large enough and hot enough to have roasted a cattle-show-premium ox by. As there were no Jews in either boat, or any body else that believed in the efficacy of sacrifice and burnt offering to do away sin, we objected to this volunteer holocaust as both inconvenient and unnecessary.

There was not room to swing a club, but we beat him with the frying pan, punched and kicked him, the cook *pro tem.* made use of that argument so common among cooks, especially females, when their premises are invaded, namely, hot water, but in vain, he sat till he was half roasted, and then with a roar, dashed out, upsetting both boats, and overthrowing sundry citizens of these United States 'then and there being.'

I saw him after the snow had abated, smelling at his scorched flippers from time to time, as if at a loss to account for their crisped and roasted condition.— I interrupted his meditations by knocking him in the

head, and transferring a portion of skin from his back to my feet.

There were about an hundred seals on the beach when we landed, but as we knew they would not go off in such weather, we did not trouble them till the gale was over. While we were turning up the boats, and making every thing comfortable, several of them hobbled towards us, and looked on with great attention. Poor wretches! we rewarded their curiosity by knocking every one on the head, and stripping off their silver-gray jackets.

At the next gale of wind, that is, in the course of three days, we fell in with our tender, and obtained liberal supplies of every thing. The captain wished to have us stay on board till the weather was better, but after due inspection of the accommodations on board, and finding that she was much crowded, we decided upon sleeping on shore and pulled for a little island, half a mile off, where we encamped, and waked the next morning nearly buried in snow.

Notwithstanding this continual exposure to cold and wet, we had not a single case of sickness, or complaint of any kind, in a complement, in both vessels, of nearly fifty men. From the first of December to the twentieth of the ensuing April, I was wet the whole time, with the exception of two or three nights that I slept on board the ship, at the islands.

Going round Cape Horn, my stock of dry clothes was exhausted, and I was obliged to sleep on a chest or in the cable tier, in my watch below. The consequence of this continual soaking was several dry ulcers on my feet, which were six months in healing.

After leaving the brig we steered to the Eastward, intending to visit some of the other beaches and return to the ship. In the mean time the wind suddenly increased to a heavy gale, and we had just time to reach a little strip of beach, about thirty or forty feet wide, in doing which the boat swamped, and we had great difficulty to save our provisions &c.

This beach was situated at the foot of a gravelly bluff two hundred feet high, the brow of which was crowned with large detached masses of rock; some of which, loosened by the violence of the rain came thundering down. We turned up the boat, and searched in vain for elephants or seals, neither were to be found; but we had a few sticks of wood, and some pieces of blubber in the boat, with which we made a fire. The frying pan and coffee kettle were got under way; and some 'O! be joyful' was 'being making' as they say in Penn's right-angled city, into hot sling, when a mass of rock, as large as a Massachusetts school-house, detached from the top of the cliff, came crashing and smoking down, striking fire and thundering through a colony of penguins, encamped half way up, and passing within two feet of the boat, rolled far out into the surf.

We were hardly composed for the night, when a stone weighing two or three hundred pounds, came down with great violence, and bounding as it arrived within six feet of us, struck the gunwale of the boat and knocked her over. At high water too, an overgrown sea rolled far upon the beach, and washed us all out from under the boat, while the 'undertow' in

its retreat had well nigh carried the boat with it. We took the precaution to make fast the painter to a rock, and turned in again, and were again washed out.

Towards morning the gale abated, the mountain intermitted its cannonade, or only sent forth an avalanche of gravel, now and then, to the discomfiture of the penguins, and we slept soundly. When I awoke, I felt a weight on one thigh, but took no notice of it, thinking that one of the men had occupied it as a pillow, my own 'knowledge box' then reposing upon a breathing bolster, but feeling the leg getting 'asleep,' I ventured to examine the premises, and found that during the night, a stone, as large as a flour barrel had come down and rested one corner on my thigh; had it come two feet further, it might have put me to some inconvenience.

Such a night I never passed before; I was too sleepy to keep awake, and yet afraid to close my eyes. The prospect in the morning was dismal enough. Our breakfast of raw salt pork—bread and water being despatched, we spread ourselves in search of fuel, but nothing could be found, except one or two barrel staves, and a few very small pieces of wood, probably from the wrecks of the Hannah and Lady Trowbridge, which were about thirty miles distant. We next turned to the cliff on the West side of us, which was in the lowest part, full one hundred feet in height and perpendicular.

Climbing up a cliff is comparatively nothing; one's thoughts are not occupied with the danger, for he does not see it, but coming down—'hic labor, hoc

opus est.' One's head must be clear, his eye steady and his nerves still, and he must manage to think of something else, for if the thoughts of tumbling once get possession of the mind, most assuredly he *will* tumble; at the same time he must look down to see where his feet are going.

I climbed up the cliff twice, but could only bear to come down once; I went round a mile and a half, across the ice, and came down the gravel bluff.

As soon as the weather moderated we went to 'Wreck Beach,' where we found part of the crews of the two above mentioned ships, engaged in building a small schooner of about fifteen tons, which they called the 'Sailors Relief,' and in which they intended to go to Rio de la Plata. To their immortal credit be it said, they stove the casks of liquor that drifted ashore, reserving only a small quantity for sickness.

The Lady 'Trowbridge, a stout, new vessel, was apparently uninjured, and at low water, we could walk round her; but the Hannah had gone to pieces immediately.

It was curious to see the force of the tremendous surf on the beach where she struck; her chain cable, a remarkably fine and large one, had been washed all over what of the wreck held together, and was twisted round and entangled among the shattered timbers, so that twenty men would not have been able to clear it in a day.

After leaving Wreck Beach, we rowed for eighty-five miles, without seeing any signs of a landing place, and without a breath of wind, till we arrived, after

dark, at a little beach, hardly large enough to accommodate both of us, (for we had been joined by the Venus's boat,) and found to our mortification that it was covered with water, being the time of spring tides. We lay off on our oars till midnight, when we landed, and in a few minutes were sound asleep on the wet sand.

On one of these expeditions I slept, during a snowy, rainy night, in the open air, with my feet to a blubber fire, and my head on a stone. When I awoke in the morning, I was lying in a puddle of water six inches deep, and my right arm and side were completely paralyzed and useless. However, a hot breakfast, a solemn, and somewhat 'lengthy' application to the mate's tin pot of hot blackstrap, and a pull of twenty miles without stopping, restored the dormant circulation, and I felt no bad effects from sleeping afloat.

From the wet sand beach to Potter's Cove was only twenty miles, and we arrived alongside the ship at breakfast time. We had scarcely discharged the boat and hoisted her up, when the most severe gale of wind, and snow storm commenced that we had experienced during our stay in this 'ultima Thule.'

It was now the middle of March, and the gales which during the summer, namely, January and February, had averaged two a week, now came oftener, in fact there was but little intermission of bad weather.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

There was nothing more striking about the New South Shetland islands, than the prodigious numbers of whales. They were principally of the two species known by the names of 'hump-backs' and 'right' whales, though 'fin-backs' were occasionally seen, and sperm whales teeth were found on many of the beaches. Besides whales there were a few black fish, and among the smaller fry, were a very few 'snappers' a species of fish of the size of perch, and in the stomachs of the seals are sometimes found shrimps.

Of birds there were plenty, gulls, albatrosses, twelve or fourteen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, Cape pigeons and mother Carey's chickens. It is confidently asserted, and firmly believed by the older 'salts,' that these chickens lay their eggs at sea, and hatch them under their wings, and when we found the cliffs filled with their nests and young, those who held the established and orthodox belief, insisted that the South Shetland mother careys were a distinct race from those on the Grand Banks, and in the Gulf Stream.

Besides we had a kind of bird like a pigeon, in size and taste, but web-footed; and last but by no means least, penguins in 'numbers without number.' These birds are somewhat larger than a goose, but in place of wings have two short flippers, and stand upright on

their legs, which are placed further back than in other birds, so that at a little distance they resemble young children with white aprons. Notwithstanding this apparently awkward conformation they would make shift to get up rocks where we could not follow them. They make their nests of small pebbles, in immensely numerous companies, nearly adjoining one another, and are continually stealing stones from each others nests, and as continually fighting.

While one sits upon the eggs, (two in number,) the other is absent fishing, and the nest is relieved with great regularity, on which occasion they make use of the most singular and whimsical gestures and ceremonies; the bird that is to relieve bows and shakes its flippers and curvets awkwardly about the nest, stretching out and lowering his head and making a peculiar whispering noise, in short using the same kind of grimaces and flourishes as a dandy does when it meets a lady in the street.

Just before a gale of wind their cackling is deafening, and our men used to say when they were peculiarly noisy, 'ah d—n you! you are praying for another gale of wind, are you?' The majority of our men firmly believed that they had formerly been human beings, who for 'deeds done in the body' were condemned to do penance in the shape of a goose, in this cold and barren region. The males they set down as quondam sea captains and tyrannical navy officers, and the females as Liverpool and Wapping landladies &c.

I have observed generally, that sailors are rather

inclined to the Pythagorean philosophy, and hold to the transmigration of souls. One of their proverbs, namely, 'every dog must have his day, and every b——h two Sunday afternoons,' is commonly explained by supposing that in another world; captains and mates will go to sea before the mast and so *vice versa*. An hypothesis as rational, and a thousand times more humane than supposing that there are 'infants in hell not a span long,' or that one of the chief joys of paradise is to, look down from heaven and behold the unutterable and everlasting torments of the wicked,' which no doubt would be extremely pleasant to a vast many zealous saints of my acquaintance, who would be delighted if they had the power to employ the secular arm to give sinners a foretaste, in this world, of those pains which are to constitute, in the next, one of the most entertaining spectacles to the 'spirits of just men made perfect.'

Elephant blubber, as above mentioned, constituted almost our sole fuel, but sometimes we found the bones of whales full of oil, which burned with great vehemence. There was scarcely a beach that had not a greater or less portion of a whale's skeleton on it, and in one place we found the entire frame of a very large whale, nearly a half a mile above high water mark. We also found and measured a jaw bone, that was twenty two feet and six inches in length. An old Nantucket whaling captain who saw it, declared it to be by far the largest he had ever seen.

As for provisions, our bill of fare consisted of the liver, heart and flippers or fins of the seal, which par-

boiled and fried were excellent, 'elephants' tongues, far superior to neats', and several different species of birds. Eggs we had in plenty in the beginning of the season, so that we lived at least comfortably, and were always blessed with huge appetites. In short we had become so attached to this roving, free and unconfined life, that a dozen or fourteen of us volunteered to stay all winter, a motion that was 'over-ruled' by the captain.

At last on the twenty-fifth of March 1821 we bade adieu to the land of the penguins, and made the best of our way round Cape Horn. Nothing material occurred till we arrived at the island of Santa Maria, about ten miles from the coast of Chili, in Lat. 35 S. if I mistake not. It had formerly been colonized by the Spaniards previous to the South American revolution, when the colony was broken up.

Some relicts of this settlement were visible, and we found turnips and the largest quinces that I had ever seen, one of which diffused its delicious fragrance throughout the whole ship. We also found great quantities of berries with a flavor not unlike pimento.

We made an unsuccessful attempt to dry our skins here, but the heavy dews at night undid all that a hot sun had done during the day. Accordingly we went down the coast as far as Coquimbo, after taking some passengers at Valparaiso.

The harbor of Coquimbo is one of the best on the coast, the city itself, situated like most South American towns, about nine miles from the landing place, is a neat, well built town.

I had scarcely entered the gates when I was summoned by a patrol, the commander of which asked some questions in Spanish, which I did not understand or notice, and then formed his men, three on each side, a corporal in the rear, and himself in front. It seems they were employed to take up some deserters from a whaleman in the bay, and the officer, in the plenitude of his wisdom, took me to be one of them.

As the way to the guard house lay up the main street, I trudged along without the slightest suspicion of being a prisoner, till the sound of a guitar coming from a public house, reminded me that a glass of Chilean wine would be very comfortable after a dusty walk of nine miles, and I marched in, seated myself, and was saluted by a musket butt on the head, to which I responded with a Mendoza under the chin, that sent the proprietor of the musket flying across the room, and the battle immediately became general.

Fortunately, in addition to an uncommonly hard skull, (one of the greatest of sublunary blessings, if rightly appreciated,) I wore a very hard, stiff hat, which the shower of blows only drove down on my head the more firmly. At last the officer ordered his men to desist, and I took that opportunity to take off my jacket.

The command of the officer was not dictated by the slightest feeling of compassion for me, for having measured his distance, he applied the flat side of his sabre with such a smart to my shoulders and arms that endurance was out of the question. I bolted forward, overthrew him by a blow in the mouth, that demol-

ished sundry of his teeth, placed one foot on his breast and drew the other (I was barefoot for certain good reasons,) across his countenance, and finished by applying my heel to his proboscis, eliciting a portion of the 'red tide of life' therefrom.

The officer aghast sent for more men from the guard house, but before they arrived, one of the patrol, who it seems was an Irishman, begged me to surrender, and accordingly I gave up a large sheath knife that I wore in my belt, though not until I had used it once, in splitting open a certain right hand that was attaining a suspicious proximity to my throat. No sooner was it ascertained that I was disarmed, than such a tempest of blows rained upon me, as would have demolished any other head or hat. Of course I did my best among them, the officer in particular, who 'rested his head upon the lap of earth' twice.

At last being fairly tired with 'hammering' me, or listening to the remonstrances of my Irish friend, I do not know which, we marched off towards the guard house quite sociably, till just as we were crossing a small brook, the officer, probably brooding over his dismounted teeth, and sundry other honorable scars, suddenly turned and gave me three cuts, one on the left arm, another on the hand and a third in the head, slight to be sure but painful at the time, the receipt of which I acknowledged by a blow under the ear, which laid him on his back in the bottom of the muddy brook, then stepping upon his carcase, I performed sundry 'double shuffles' and 'pidgeon wings.'

There were at that time nearly two hundred men,

belonging to one of our frigates 'ashore on liberty; many of whom were around us, but were dissuaded from attempting a rescue by a gentleman who assured them that I should be liberated the next morning. The sight of them however deterred the gallant officer from resenting his late overthrow in the mud.

That night there was a very smart shock of an earthquake, so severe, I was told, as to set the church bells to ringing. I knew nothing of it, being sound asleep.

The next day I was permitted to ramble about the guard house, and at noon dined with a prisoner, a colonel in the Spanish service, who, I was informed had been lately sentenced to be shot, for the crime of being an officer of rank and reputation in the royal army. He was also a married man, and his own 'secret grief,' which I felt no inclination to intermeddle with, had taken away his appetite. He pushed towards me a bottle of very good wine, and a fore quarter of roasted kid's flesh, both of which disappeared from before me with wonderful celerity, and were followed by a desert of beautiful fruit and more wine, to which I did ample justice.

Very good beef can be obtained at Coquimbo, but the Spanish mode of slaughtering is so slovenly, that we generally bought our beef 'on the hoof,' and swam them off alongside, when we slung them by putting a strap round the neck and one fore leg, which prevented choking them.

A Chilian brig that lay close by us, had a bullock brought off, and the mate, admiring the facility and

quickness with which we hoisted in our cattle, was determined to imitate the example. Accordingly the slings were put round the animal's neck, but without including the fore leg, and the poor creature, after dangling for half an hour between the main yard arm and the water, 'a spectacle for angels and for men,' as Marshal Prince said, when he hanged Tully, the pirate, was landed in the gangway, *defunct*, and required only skinning and 'embowelling,' to be ready for the cook's coppers.

At Coquimbo, the captain was induced to give up the sealing voyage, the tender was sold and I left the ship 'to seek my fortune.' I had been on board ten months, and when I left was eleven dollars in debt to the owners.

The voyage was a profitable one to the owners, but with regard to the foremast men was a 'dead take in;' a species of swindling, something similar to the infamous mining speculations, which ruined so many who dreamed 'of Africa and golden joys.'

Ordinary, or rather very inferior tobacco was sold to us at the rate of fifty cents a pound; jackets, which cost two dollars and fifty cents, or three dollars at farthest, were sold for seven dollars; and other indispensable articles in the same extortionate disproportion. But the owner is an 'honorable man,' and so are 'all, honorable men,' if they are rich, in Boston, particularly, and other places in a degree.

## CHAPTER XIX.

From Coquimbo, I went round to Valparaiso, where I engaged as second mate in an armed brig, loaded with wheat, and bound down the coast with the intention of running the blockade of Callao, but the captain was one fool, and the chief mate another, and we blundered into Callao Bay and into the middle of the Patriot blockading fleet, under Lord Cochrane, and were ordered to Ancon, a little bay about twenty miles off.

Here I shipped in the *Louisa*, of London, which vessel was taking in powder for Valparaiso. After the surrender of Callao, we went there and I made a move from the powder ship as quarter master in the *Zenobia*, a country ship belonging to Calcutta, and commanded by one of Nelson's lieutenants. She was manned with sixty or seventy Lascars, and for whites, had a captain, doctor, two mates, gunner, carpenter and mate, steward and eight quarter masters.

The captain was a native of Guernsey, the doctor came from Cadiz, his wife was a Peruvian, the chief mate was born in India, of Scotch parents, the second mate was from Cumberland, (Eng.) the gunner was an Irishman, the carpenter a Manksman, his mate a Welshman, the steward a Kentishman, one of the

quarter masters a native of Madeira, another a Dane, a third a Scotchman, a fourth a Cockney, a fifth a Hampshire man, a sixth a West-countryman, a seventh a Yorkshire man, and the eighth a Yankee. Among the Lascars were Bengalese, Burmese, Siamese, Cingalese, Mahrattas, Persians, Malays, and one or two Pariah Portuguese.

Soon after I came on board, the carpenter asked the *topas* or sweeper, 'Well, Pedro, what have you got for dinner to day?' 'Goose, sar,' says Pedro.—Well, thought I, I had always heard that they lived well in these same country ships, but giving the men geese is more than I looked for. Accordingly at dinner time I seated myself 'a la tailleur' by the side of a chest, which served as a table, and on which I could see no better 'provant,' as Capt. Dalgetty calls it, than a piece of salt beef of that description or quality known to sailors by the expressive name of 'mahogany.'

Thinking, however, that the goose would make her appearance in due time, I nibbled but sparingly at the mahogany, when the carpenter addressed me with, 'Come, shipmate, don't be bashful.' 'I beg you will not give yourself any uneasiness,' said I, 'bashfulness is by no means an easily besetting sin of mine, but a—ahem—something was said about a goose just now, and I think I could get along quite comfortably with a leg or a wing, or some such trifle.' 'Goose! why d—n it, man, goose is the Bengalee for beef.' 'A light broke in upon my brain.'

All orders, unless addressed directly to us whites,

were given in the Bengalee language. One day after we had got under way, the chief mate called from the poop, 'String goosey and mail trinket.' I was utterly aghast; what 'stringing the goosey' could be, was mysterious, and as for 'trinkets,' I was equally at a loss, unless it might be a cant name for the anchors or some thing of that kind, as sailors generally call a ship's sails her 'muslin.' But I soon ascertained that to 'string goosey' signified merely to 'brail up the spanker,' and 'mail trinket,' was only 'let fall the foresail,' an operation in which I was in some measure concerned, being stationed on the fore-castle.

Among the Lascars were a goodly number of Abdallahs, Abdoulrahmans, Mahmouds, Suleimans, &c. enough to furnish a dozen writers of oriental tales for their natural lifetimes.

While the ship was lying in Callao, the Lascars celebrated that religious Hindoo festival, known by the name of 'Hobson-Jobson.' A large party from the Arnistan, Lord Lyndoch and Indian Oak, came on board the Zenobia, and were presented with a bucket of salt and water, of which they tasted only without taking a very hearty pull, after which the 'chief speaker' of the visiters, uttered the word 'Cosseid,' which was repeated by our president *pro tem.* and they went alternately repeating it, till I wished Cosseid and his constituents at the devil.

After parading about the decks for some time, an exhibition of broad sword fencing took place between one of our sepoys, an old Mahratta, and one of our visiters, in which the most astonishing skill and dex-

terity in making the cuts and guards was displayed, and the most consummate agility in springing to one side to avoid or give a blow.

Nothing could make a more grotesque and ludicrous appearance than these 'poor benighted brethren' on a Sunday. While in Callao, three months wages had been advanced to them, which they laid out in the most showy second hand clothes that Callao or Lima could muster, so that one might see a black fellow, in the dress of a field officer of the royal army, fraternizing with another of the same color in the uniform of a Patriot drum-major, or a Colombian dragoon conversing with a Spanish artilleryman.

Sometimes too, the same person would be decorated with different portions of different uniforms, and the pantaloons of an officer of the royal infantry might be seen surmounted by the jacket of a Peruvian dragoon or the coat of a Spanish fifer doing duty above the trowsers of a republican light infantryman.

Some of their customs were new to me, and curious. Before eating, each mess threw a small quantity of rice overboard, a custom somewhat analogous to the 'libatio,' of the ancients, though I never knew any of the Lascars to make a libation of his half gill of rum, that he received Sundays.

In like manner, when a bullock was killed, a piece of beef, generally a portion of the 'sticking piece,' was thrown overboard, as a sacrifice, I suppose, to Neptune, if they had ever heard of him. They were generally allowed to kill the cattle their own way, which was to cut the creature's throat as he stood,

for they would eat no beef that had been knocked down.

From Callao we went down the coast as far as San Blas, on the coast of Mexico, in the latitude of 21, 30, N. and 104 degrees, W. longitude, where we arrived about the middle of January 1822. Although it was the middle of winter, and the place so far to the northward of the equator, the heat was insufferable, and the air so completely filled with moschettos and sand flies, that while landing cargo, we were obliged to carry a kind of portable stove in the boats, in which we constantly burned oakum or old parcelling, (tarred canvass) to keep off these torments.

I was ashore one night filling water, and the next day was laid up, my feet being so swelled by the bites of the sand-flies, that I was unable to walk for some days.

The town of San Blas is situated upon a hill, one side of which, is a perpendicular precipice, of more than three hundred feet in height. Down this precipice, the Spaniards, when they took the place, compelled the Patriot garrison and most of the principal inhabitants to leap, where they were dashed to pieces, or to be shot, just as they might choose. A specimen of Spanish humanity and honor, for the place capitulated, that requires no comment.

## CHAPTER XX.

From the coast of Mexico, I sailed without much regret towards the East Indies. The moschettos and sand-flies had not made me much enamored of that part of America. Nothing very material occurred during our passage across the Pacific. The N. E. trade winds, directly aft, accompanied us and our course, W. by S. carried us clear of all the numerous islands with which that ocean is covered.

A fair wind is very well at times, but there certainly is such a thing as having too much of a blessing, and nothing certainly could be more tedious than running day after day and week after week directly before the wind.

Nothing occurred to vary the scene but a very heavy thunder squall near the equator. Not a single black fellow could be persuaded or forced aloft, they all fell prostrate on deck, crying, 'Allah! Allah!' I made shift to coax one, who had been in an English man of war, to go aloft with me, and got him as far as the main top, when an exceedingly bright flash of lightning, that most effectually blinded me for five or six minutes accompanied by a clap of thunder, like the explosion of a dozen or twenty powder mills, overthrew his fortitude and he slid down one of the maintopmast backstays, and joined his howling countrymen.

They have likewise a great antipathy to cold.— Talking with one of them one day, he said that on the coast of Chili, in the winter, it was 'two jacket cold,' going round Van Dieman's Land was 'three jacket cold,' but the English channel in the winter time, was 'plenty jacket cold.' No language could express the number of jackets requisite for comfort in that inhospitable and ungenial part of the world.

During the passage, one of the Lascars was siezed with cramp in the stomach, and expired in twelve hours, in extreme pain. In his agonies he continually exclaimed, 'O ma! ma!' and I learned that he had a mother in Bengal, who depended on him for support, and the thought of her destitute condition, seemed to give him more pain than the cramp. I mention this as a proof that these 'dogs of unbelievers' have strong and enduring affection for their parents.— Among christians, in nine cases out of ten, by the time we are out of our teens, or rather most generally, long before, filial affection is reduced to something like a mathematical point, it has 'position but not magnitude.'

The Lascar was buried the next day. The corpse was placed on a grating made fast to the cat-head and four or five twenty-four pound shot tied to its feet. The Lascars in the mean time, were all talking together and every one giving some directions, and every two or three minutes joining in a long, low moaning sound, which Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck would undoubtedly recognize as a remnant of the 'ululatus' of ancient funeral ceremonies.

Another copper-face had a felon or whitlow on one of his fingers, and although I sympathized with the poor fellow from former experience of the same misfortune, still I could not keep from laughing. He walked about the decks, holding the lame hand in the well one, and constantly repeating, 'O! bobbery, bobbery, bobbery!'

On the eleventh of March, we made Cape Espiritu Santo, (or Holy Ghost,) the northeastern extremity of the island of Samar, which, with the island of Luzon, or Luconia, on the north, form the straits of Samar. While abreast of a small town on the south side of Luzon, a boat came off to us from the Spanish governor, having on board an old negro, with a piece of blanket about his loins, the representative of the representative of His most Catholic Majesty.

This third remove from royalty brought off as a present from the governor, a most patriarchal looking he-goat, who looked as though he had arrived to years of goat-hood during the siege of Troy; and a 'rooster,' who, to judge by his huge spurs and other well developed signs of antiquity, might have crowed on the morning of the crucifixion day. He, (that is, the ancient negro,) was very inquisitive about the affairs of South America, and it seemed the Spaniards in the Philippine islands apprehended a visit from Lord Cochrane.

Passing to the northward of Mindoro, we emerged into the China Sea, and in two or three days arrived at the then new colony of Singapore, where we made but a short stay of a few hours and steered for Malacca.

On the passage we were in company with the French frigate *La Cleopatre*, from a voyage of discovery on the northern coasts of China and Tartary, bound to Pondichery. At Malacca we anchored two miles from the shore, of course I can say nothing about it except that the houses have red roofs and looked Dutch.

On entering the bay of Bengal, we encountered the northeast monsoon directly ahead, and stretching across we tacked within a mile of Masulipatam, and a day or two after, upon examining our water casks, found that nearly all were destroyed by the rats and white ants, which last are the most destructive insects in the world, no wood is safe from their ravages; masts are eaten asunder, furniture reduced to dust, books, papers, clothes, any thing and every thing, that is not metal or stone, is devoured by them in most incredibly short time.

Besides rats and white ants, we had on board the *Zenobia*, centipedes, some of them ten inches long, scorpions and spiders, with bodies as large as the end of a man's thumb.

In consequence of the destruction of our water casks, we were reduced to an allowance of one pint of water daily, and that too under a blazing sky with the thermometer above 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and on a calm sea, for it was now the middle of April, and the northeast monsoon had done, and we daily expected one of those tremendous hurricanes, that so often attend the shifting of the monsoons, and which have paved the bottom of the Bay of Bengal with wrecks.

It is an old sea adage, that 'when things are at the worst they are sure to mend,' and when we were reduced in strength and hopes, the southwest monsoon set in, sudden and strong, and in rummaging in the fore hold, we found buried among the ballast and wood, a one hundred and forty gallon cask of water, untouched by rats or white ants.

The eighteenth day of April we anchored off Kedgeree, at the mouth of the Hoogley, and the next evening before dark we were moored at Champaul Ghaut in Calcutta, and I sat down to a good supper at Barrington & Lee's coffee house, Bow Bazaar Road.

We found the cholera morbus 'turning up Jack' on shore, but somewhat 'bating its rage' since the S. W. monsoon began to blow. The disease had commenced its campaign with the white inhabitants, but to the great indignation and astonishment of the 'fat and greasy citizens' and nabobs, it had not 'intromitted' with the sailors, of whom there were about a hundred ashore, not one of whom had been sick. The reason was supposed to be that the 'tarry jackets' kept their skins tolerably well filled with good liquor, though without getting intoxicated, whereas, the rich English residents leading indolent lives and living upon very high seasoned food and rich wines, predisposed themselves to disease.

This terrible scourge of India, after amusing itself for a while with the civil and military officers of the presidency, carefully avoiding the privates, whether sailors or soldiers, suddenly fell tooth and nail upon the poor black fellows, whole droves of whom it de-

spatched to 'Pluto's dark dominion,' without giving them time to 'set their house in order.'

During the southwest monsoon, Calcutta is tolerably healthy, frequent and violent thunder squalls cool and purify the air for a time. But three sailors died during the eight weeks that I resided in the city; one of the *Zenobia's* men, of a 'coup de soleil,' another, an Irishman, of drinking excessively of raw liquor—and the third was supposed to have been poisoned, either accidentally or intentionally. He was actually far advanced in a state of putrefaction an hour before he died. Four of us hired a *hackrey* and attended the funeral, which took place at the English burying ground, about two miles from the city.

This cemetery, the most spacious and most elegant that I have ever seen, is walled round and the enclosed space is laid out in squares by gravel walks crossing each other at right angles. The tombs of the 'mighty dead' were rich and elegant to the last degree, and were of every possible form. Pyramids, obelisks, urns, Grecian temples, &c. One pyramid among them was thirty or forty feet square at the base, and as many in height; a Grecian temple, built of the purest and most highly polished white marble, would hold fifty men with ease.

This burying place was planted and shaded by beautiful trees that screened it from the rays of the sun, and made it by far the most comfortable place that I had seen in India. The deep and gloomy shade, the tombs, with their gilt letters and rich sculpture, and the profound silence, had a singular and simulta-

neous effect upon us; we had not gone ten paces from the gates when every hat came off instinctively, and all our conversation was carried on in low whispers. From a feeling that I cannot explain, nor do I wish to, we even stept softly along the gravelled streets of this Necropolis, this city of the dead.

It may be weakness, superstition perhaps, to entertain such feelings, but it is a superstition that does nobody any harm, a weakness, that for my own part, I hope will never leave me, for I think that the man, who is not afraid of death, or is not awed by a contemplation of its monuments, is a brute, an idiot or a madman.

Our numerous tract societies furnish us daily with accounts of the 'holy living and dying' of a child of two years old, or some grey-headed old sinner who probably died drunk, but any cool, dispassionate reader will see with half an eye, that the imaginations of these poor creatures had been worked upon till they became delirious.

I should not like to die such a death, nor should I desire that any of my friends should 'take their departure' like these howling saints, who evaporate from this world much in the same manner as a certain ghost is said to have vanished, 'with a most melodious twang and a curious perfume.' When I die, 'let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven,' neither delirious with sectarian enthusiasm nor intoxicated with laudanum, one or the other of which is the case with ninety-nine out of a hundred of these tract saints.

In the spaces between the tombs in the Calcutta

cemetery the 'ignobile vulgus' were taking their 'bone repose,' and here, between a beautiful little pavilion of white marble and a tall obelisk, we deposited the body of the deceased, or rather the coolies attached to the place did it, while the clergyman read the funeral service.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Having resided in Calcutta nearly eight weeks and seen all that was worth seeing, the erratic spirit descended upon me again. There was no want of opportunities to go to almost any part of the world, except the United States; a Boston skipper to whom I applied for a passage home, told me very kindly that when he had buried half of his men he would 'see about it.'

I had the satisfaction two days after, not only of hearing from their own lips, that all his crew but one had run away, but also of putting them in way to get on board the homeward bound company's fleet, then lying at the mouth of the river.

Two of my acquaintance were going up the Persian Gulf to Bassorah and Gombroon, and a 'notion' came into my head that I should like the voyage, but the ship had her full complement of hands. A voyage up the Red Sea next offered, but failed to excite any interest.

In the mean time the land service was not without attractions. A sircar, who had accidentally seen my hand writing, reported to his superior, and besieged me for some days with an offer that was certainly tempting, namely, thirty rupees for the first or trial month, sixty for the second, and after that one hundred and twenty rupees, or sixty dollars monthly and my board.

On the other hand, a kind of crimp, or recruiting agent offered sixty rupees a month, arms, clothes and horse, with instruction in riding and the broad-sword exercise, to proceed to the northern frontier, and join a caravan bound across the deserts of Tartary to Moscow. There was something so captivating and romantic in this last offer as to balance my inclinations and I embraced neither the writing nor fighting scheme.

In the mean time the celebrated Capt. Dillon, who has thrown so much light upon the melancholy fate of La Peyrouse, was fitting out a fine large brig, the Admiral Calder, to be manned exclusively with white men and to proceed to New-Holland and thence to South America.

Accordingly I waited upon Capt. D. at his house, and was received very kindly by him, and when I made known my business, he observed repeatedly that I did not look much like a sailor. After hearing my account of myself during which he regarded me with interest, he repeated his observation which piqued me not a little, and gave me a direction to his agent.

As I was going up town, indignant, I met a young Scotchman, who told me that Capt E. of the ship Adamant, of London, wanted two more men, and I posted off to his lodgings and engaged.

The Adamant, was a ship of about five hundred tons, loaded very deep with a very rich cargo. At the mouth of the river, the pilot made an attempt to run the ship ashore; for it seems there was a conspiracy to that intent, in order to obtain the insurance. It was however frustrated by the crew, who threatened to give the pilot 'a sea toss' or to speak more politely, to throw him overboard.

The captain was 'pretty considerable *corned*' when he came on board, and remained so till we arrived at London, a period of six months and twenty days. We had a passage of one hundred and five days to the Cape of Good Hope, previous to which we made Cape Natal, about three hundred miles to the northward of the Cape, and followed the land down to it, where we arrived in process of time, short of provisions, water, &c.

While standing in with a good breeze, right aft, the Phenix, of London, steering to the opposite point of the compass, with the wind right aft, passed within hail of us. Both vessels held their own wind, the Phenix till she was out of sight, and we till we anchored.

Cape Town makes a very neat, handsome appearance from Table Bay, but I did not go on shore. I beg leave to refer the reader, if he feels very solicitous to know any thing more about it, to some of the

many descriptions of it. Seeing two or three wrecks on the beach. I asked a native of the Cape, if there had been much damage done the last season; 'O no, not much, there were *only* eighteen sail went ashore in the last gale,' which I thought was 'fair to middling,' 'to use the Liverpool classification,' which I presume is the most correct.

We passed in sight of St. Helena, and within three miles of Jamestown. I have heard of a young lady who was born on the island, and who in conversation with an officer belonging to the outward bound India fleet, asked very innocently if 'London was not a very dull place, when the company's ships were away?' The island of Ascension came next in sight, so famous for turtles and rats.

Nothing material occurred till we reached the Bay of Biscay, where the weather being exceedingly boisterous, the ship began to leak, so as to keep two hands almost constantly at the pumps. In addition to this, we were entirely out of bread, tea, flour, peas, sugar, &c. in short we had nothing to support life but beef, pork and water. We lived, as well as we could, upon the sweepings of the bread rooms, three ounces of which was a daily allowance for each man; one half of it was dirt and chips, the other worms and bugs.

Our mainsail, maintop gallant sail, fore topsail, and foretopmast staysail were blown away and for aught I know to the contrary, are flying through the air to this day. Every vessel was chased in vain, for supplies, till at last off Scilly, we made out to speak a

Hans Van Dunderbottom, a Hamburg brig, from which we obtained a bag of bread and a barrel of flour.

I was one of the boat's crew that boarded her and received from my shipmates the most strict injunctions to be sure and get some tobacco. 'D—n the bread,' said they, 'we can do without it, for a few days longer, if we only had some tobacco.'

The captain, who also went in the boat, got most 'particularly' drunk on the Dutchman's gin, and when he returned to the ship, insisted upon locking up both bread and flour, and giving us our usual three or rather two ounces of sweepings, for the allowance was reduced that very day, a movement that produced row No. 5, 'if I recollect right, for he was very quarrelsome when drunk and he was drunk all the time, *ergo*, he was quarrelsome all the time. Q. E. D. as we used to say at College.

After coming 'within one' of knocking down the Eddystone Light House on one dark night, and running aboard of the Owers' light vessel on another, we arrived in the Downs, when the captain ordered me, who was at the wheel from ten o'clock till midnight, to keep her away before the wind, that would have carried her directly upon the Goodwin Sands, and which gave rise to Row No. 6, as there happened to be men among the crew, who had been through the Downs and knew all about them before Capt E. was born; one of the men, a Scotchman, was in Lord Rodney's action, and of course might be supposed to

know something about the Channel that he had probably passed through five hundred times.

Row No. 7 took place next day in consequence of the skipper refusing to give us any bread, of which several bags had been bought at Deal. Row the eighth and last occurred in the 'Queen's Channel,' Thames River, but the occasion I do not recollect.

For a description of London, *vide* travellers, *passim*. I went to the top of St. Paul's, and likewise to the bottom of it, that is, the vaults under it, drank a pint of beer, smoked a pipe and read the Morning Courier, I think it was, in the tap room of the Monument Coffee house, was taken sick and sent on board the hospital ship *Grampus*, emerged after three weeks confinement and shipped on board the barque *John Howard*, bound to St. Michael's.

When we hove in sight off the east end of St. Michael's, the oranges that we were to take on board, were growing on the trees, and when we arrived in the roads twenty-four hours afterwards, we found them all ready packed to go on board, an instance of dispatch that I did not think the Portuguese capable of.

The island makes a most beautiful appearance, being in a high state of cultivation, and vineyards and orange orchards extend to the very tops of the hills.

From St. Michael's we went to Quebec, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, were jammed among the ice for nearly two days with the prospect of going to pieces in case of heavy weather. After landing our oranges at Quebec, we went up the river about three miles,

to a settlement called New Liverpool, consisting of three houses, of which one was inhabited, all were partially defective in the roofs and entirely so in the windows.

The Cove of Cork was our next destination where we called for orders and smuggled a good deal of tobacco ashore, and sailed for Liverpool the next day.

While passing through the English or Irish channels in the night, one is most forcibly struck with the brilliancy of the lights. When at anchor for the night in the Downs, I noticed the South Foreland lights in particular. Though at the distance of nearly two miles, the light was so powerful as to throw well-defined shadows of the masts, rigging, &c. across the deck. We have no lights equal to them on our coast, and I am told that the lights in the North Sea, on the shores of Denmark, Sweden, &c. are still more brilliant.

As a passage across the Atlantic is now within the reach of every barber's clerk, who most generally favor the 'thinking public' with a history of their travels, it would be absurd in me to attempt any description of Liverpool, the Atlantic, whales, porpoises, cod-fish, 'Portuguese men-of-war,' &c. I can only recommend to the next gentleman of the quill and yard stick, who may favor us with his remarks during a two month's trip to Liverpool and back, to take as a motto,

• Messmates bear a brother sailor,  
Sing the dangers of the sea.'

Shortly after my arrival in Liverpool, I shipped in

a Boston ship and in a few days was taken sick with the small pox or varioloid, which I take it is the same thing with a new name. I waited upon the American Consul, who gave me an order to go to the Infirmary, where I found two others in the same condition with myself, that is, they had been vaccinated in their youth, and had taken the small pox afterwards. Our nurse was a fine old Scotch woman, who had lost a husband and brother or two, or so, at Trafalgar, and the Nile, and some half dozen sons and sons in law, at Waterloo, for which she had a pension. We were 'fed and foddered,' as a late writer said of Gen. Jackson's cattle, four or five times a day, with a small allowance of meat, soup, vegetables, *burgoo\** milk and buttermilk, and latterly were allowed a pint of ale a day, 'to drive out the disease to the surface.'

In the mean time the skipper of the Boston ship to which I belonged, who was a Bostonian and 'very much of a gentleman,' went to sea and carried all my clothes with him, leaving me in the situation of Job's turkey, without a feather to fly with.

While I was in Liverpool, Mr. Canning visited the town, the docks and some of the New-York packets. He was a thin man of the middling size, and without whiskers, which I thought hardly correct, in the prime minister of the greatest and most polished nation on earth. He was attended by Mr. Huskisson and several noblemen, among others Lord Bentinck, who paraded about the streets, in a phaeton, a very indifferent Jehu indeed. With him was a lady, neither young

\*Thin hasty-pudding made of oat-meal.

nor handsome, two misfortunes that are uniformly noticed by the dandy part of our sex with appropriate contempt and neglect.

Some French writer has observed that nothing in England arrests the attention of a foreigner so completely as the beauty of the women. This as far as my own observation goes is most strictly true, though I differ from the Frenchman in one respect; I think there are as beautiful women to be found in this country, but there is not one tenth part so many of them. A man may walk in a fine day, from Blackwall to Hyde Park corner, which is seven miles and a half, and not see a dozen plain women, whereas he might perambulate the streets of a certain New-England city that I know of, till he turned black in the face, (supposing him to have been passably white when he started,) without seeing a dozen handsome ones.

The ladies in London have a haughty and rather repulsive expression of countenance, though it is said to vanish in conversation and upon acquaintance; the Lancashire ladies have more lively countenances and but little or none of that Semiramis expression, but the Welsh women are without exception the most lovely women I ever beheld.

There were a great many in Liverpool, easily distinguishable from the ladies of that city, by their dress. It was just at the time that 'bell-crowned' hats came in fashion, and the Welsh ladies wore them with the addition of a green gauze or black or white lace veil according to the taste of the lovely wearers.

These hats were not exactly in good taste, in my

poor opinion, though as ladies now wear pantaloons and boots, I see no reason why they should not 'go the whole hog' and mount the hat and 'swallow-tailed' coat likewise.

After hesitating for sometime between a Russian, an English and an American ship, I finally 'concluded' that I would try the Jonathans once more, and applied to the consul's clerk for information. He told me to go on board the Helicon, and I hurried down to Prince's Dock to secure a birth. The brig lay in the middle of the dock waiting her turn to go out, and I was unable to get on board. She went out that tide, and that very night went on shore in a gale, on Wexford Reef, and every soul perished.

In the mean time I shipped in the Columbia, bound to Baltimore, and sailed in a few days. We had an Irish family on board that amused me much. Before we were out of the Irish Channel, they began to ask, 'Sure now, an ai'nt we most there?' While on the passage a large *school* of porpoises played round the ship; the oldest boy ran to the after hatchway and called to his sister, 'Jasus, Molly, come up stairs and see the wild *bastes* of the *sa*!'

## CHAPTER XXII.

We arrived at Baltimore, after a tedious and unpleasant passage of, if I recollect right, fifty six or seven days, and landed our Irish passengers to their great and clamorous joy; the poor creatures had almost despaired of ever seeing America. At Baltimore I began to feel rather tired of rambling about the face of the earth, and to think that the joke had been carried full far enough, but being destitute of clothes, felt some misgivings as to the comforts to be enjoyed in going still further north at that time of the year, (the middle of November.) My wardrobe consisted of a 'monkey' jacket, bought in Gravesend, and which had now finished its third passage across the Atlantic, an event almost unparalleled in the annals of *Gravesend* jackets, and some other articles of clothing from the consular stores in Liverpool, which, as I had them 'free, gratis, for nothing,' were of a quality corresponding. What uncle Sam gives away in charity is—ahem!—but never mind—Vive la 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!'

Still I thought *hard* of home, and looked about the crowded wharves of Baltimore, for some hard-faced old Cape Codman, or Marblehead-man, and though my 'looped and widowed wretchedness' attracted the attention of many an officer of the Patriot privateers, then lying in Baltimore, who offered me twen-

ty-five or thirty dollars bounty, and 'lots' of prize money; I 'withstood them to the face,' till at last I found the man I wanted. He was to sail for Salem in a few days, and we soon struck up a bargain, after the usual preliminaries of indirect answers, replying to one question by asking twenty, &c. But (and—quantum est in rebus inane!) Coming from the city towards the Point, I met a naval officer, with whom I had formerly been slightly acquainted; twenty dollars were soon in my pocket, and my heart swelling with the proud consciousness of being in the service of Government, and I would not have 'called the devil my uncle.'

I was allowed plenty of time to get myself *rigged*, I sported my blue jacket and white trowsers with the easy air of a man who had 'seen a thing or two,' was complimented by the lieutenants on the station as being 'a d—d fine looking young fellow,' and was conveyed by the steam-boat Potomac alongside the frigate United States, of 44 guns, then lying in Hampton Roads.

I had frequently been on board men of war, but never belonged to one before, and the confinement on board from the latter part of November, till the first of January, in that most dismal and dreary looking place in the most dismal season of the year, was by no means inviting. However, all sublunary griefs and joys have terminations, and on the 6th day of January, 1824, we sailed from Hampton Roads with a fine breeze, and the green hands, and young midshipmen soon began to show symptoms of an inclination to visit their hammocks.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred till the 30th, when our schoolmaster, who had come on board, almost in the last stage of a consumption, departed this life, and gave us an opportunity of witnessing a funeral at sea, according to the rules and regulations of the service. Accordingly, at about eleven o'clock the boatswain and his mates, after piping at the different hatchways, vociferated 'All hands bury the dead.'

As I was going up the fore ladder, I observed a good deal of consternation on the countenances of some of the green ones, one of whom came to me with a most woeful countenance, and asked, 'What do they want all hands for?' 'I don't know,' said I, wishing to enjoy his terror, 'but I suppose the Commodore is going to preach a funeral sermon on the occasion.' He brightened up at this and observed, that, 'he did not think we had any such thing as religion on board a man of war!' 'O yes!' said I, 'plenty of it, such as it is.' The command of 'silence,' the first in all naval exercises, interrupted further conversation. 'All ready, sir,' said the carpenter's mate, who had been fixing the sliding plank. 'Gunner's mate, how much ballast have you got to his feet?'—'Two thirty-two pound shot, sir,'—'Ah! well, that will do, go on, Mr. —,' and I expected the commencement of that solemn and impressive service of the Episcopal church, the burial of the dead, when my ears were saluted with, 'Keep down there, d—n your eyes, keep down off those lee hammock nettings; boatswain's mate, drive those fellows off those nettings.' The chaplain began, 'I am the ressurec-

tion and the life,'—'Silence, G—d d—n you,' thundered the first lieutenant, for just at that moment, the foot of the mainsail gave a sudden and violent *slat* and overthrew a dozen or twenty men, who were on the booms amidships.

Notwithstanding all these interruptions, the whole made a deep impression upon me, for though I had seen men buried at sea before, it was in a merchantman, where the dead are got overboard without much 'fuss' or bother.

We arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the second of February. Previous to this, we had been on allowance of water, which, considering all things, was less than circumstances required. On the younger part of the crew, it bore particularly hard, because they were entirely unused to it.

If, gentle reader, you have never suffered from thirst protracted, thirst tantalised or thirst disappointed, and have any inclination to experience the sensations, let me entreat you to make a voyage to Canton in a Boston Indiaman, and you will have ample opportunities of gratifying your curiosity that way.

The night that we arrived in Rio, I shall not soon forget. The day had been excessively hot with but little wind, and our thirst made us almost delirious. Nails, musket balls, any thing and every thing, that was thought to have power to excite the action of the salival glands, were chewed, but in vain, those glands were dried up for want of internal supplies.

When the anchor was let go, there were scarcely sixty men on deck, all were below trying to get wa-

ter, sucking the bungs of their water kegs, which had been drained a dozen times, holding their mess vinegar bottles, for five minutes together, to their mouths and for the hundredth time; in vain the boatswain's mates called 'all hands furl sails,' not a soul offered to go on deck, till at last one of the lieutenants represented that the men were almost mad for want of water, and that it was utterly hopeless to attempt to do the duty of the ship unless they were indulged. 'Good God,' said the first lieutenant, 'let them have as much water as they want.' Presently we saw the master's mate of the hold come forward—'Fore hold there, let the men have as much water as they can drink.' In an instant there was such a rush towards the fore hatchway, that I expected one half of us would be smashed or suffocated, for my own part I was in the middle of this living column, and was actually carried down the fore ladder and into the fore hold without touching my feet, and snugly deposited upon a cask of beef, from which I made a transition across the backs of my gasping shipmates, towards where the 'holders' were pumping off water.

Fortunately I laid hold of a two quart measure just as it was filled and applying it to my lips emptied it without breathing.

Landsmen may talk of champagne and soda water—a fiddlestick for the pair of them!—there was a vast deal more real comfort in that same half gallon of water than in either of them. I returned the empty pot to him with the hand pump; he asked, 'more?' I nodded, for speech was out of the ques-

tion, but the second attack was a languid one and I resigned my place.

I have read somewhere that 'Hardyknute havynge drenched hymself with a great horn of wyne, stared about hym and dyed.' I thought for a few minutes that I should have imitated the sturdy old Dane, though with a thinner potation, but the voices of 'Tom Pipes' and his mates were heard at intervals, 'hurry up as fast as you drink, hurry up' and I was shortly after dangling on the maintopsail yard, relieved of my thirst, but feeling at the same time, as though I wanted 'hooping.'

We found at Rio H. B. M. ship Spartiate, 86 guns, Vice Admiral Sir George Eyre, and two French frigates. Lord Cochrane, then the Brazilian Admiral, was also there, and was pressing every man he could lay hands on. We made his Lordship give up one American, who was probably only one of many. This circumstance and many others, that I noticed afterwards in the Pacific, convinced me that all those South American governments require a sound thrashing about once a year, each, to make them understand the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and certain other points both in the civil law and the law of nations.

Having filled up our water we left Rio the seventh of February, during the latter part of which month and the beginning of March, we were in a different climate, with strong but fair winds, running at the rate of two hundred and fifty and on one occasion two hundred and eighty eight miles in twenty-four hours,

a rate, to be sure, exceeded by some of our fancy steamboats, but it is to be recollected that a single sea over which we rushed unhurt and unnoticed would have knocked any steamboat between 'Quoddy and New-Orleans into 'oven wood' at one blow.

The effects of a climate like that off the coast of Patagonia were soon visible on the officers and unacclimated part of the crew. The weather was cold, rainy, blowy, snowy, foggy and every thing that was uncomfortable, and produced a complaint, jocosely called by our men, 'the Cape Fever.' The number of officers on the Doctor's list amounted to more than one third of their original number, while the men were less favored, though many of them as well as officers 'shammed Abraham' or 'sogered' as it was called, to get out of the weather.

On the fifth of March we saw Staten Land, a large island off the southern extremity of America, forming with the continent, the straits of Magellan, but little known or used, and with the Hermit's islands on the south, making the Straits of Le Maire, so named, I believe, from a French navigator. Cape Horn appeared on the eighth, looking as the 'uttermost bounds of the earth' might be supposed to look, black, dreary, rocky; 'armed and reverted, making war against' the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, and grinning defiance at the storms and ices of the Antarctic circle in front.

The weather was colder and more snowy than heretofore, but not colder than our Decembers generally are. It put us to one inconvenience more than the

men in the merchantmen undergo; cleanliness was strictly enforced, and washing days or rather mornings came round almost as often as in a hot climate.

Scrubbing and washing clothes in the open air in a snow storm, is a thing far easier talked of than done, for shoes and stockings, and jacket must all come off upon the occasion.

After thrashing about, (a most expressive term) for some time, and being driven into the latitude of 61 degrees South, the wind became more favorable and we slowly approached a milder climate, and on the twenty-seventh of March anchored in Valparaiso bay.

On the following day our Plenipo for Chili, accompanied by his suite, and Mrs. Plenipo and her suite left the ship, on which occasion we manned the yards and fired a salute 'all very fine and pretty' as the nursery story books say, and sailed in a few days for Callao where we arrived after an eight days passage.

Our whole distance, by the log book, from the United States to Callao was 12,916 miles, being eighty-four days at sea, and averaging one hundred and fifty four miles per diem, which we thought 'pretty considerable fairish,' or as P. P. F. De G. would say 'fair to very good! Those who are curious in such things, may be perhaps edified by a more detailed account, namely:

From the Capes of Virginia to Rio de Janeiro	6030 miles.
“ Rio round Cape Horn to Valparaiso	5502 “
“ Valparaiso to Callao	1384 “
	<hr/>
	12,916 “

## CHAPTER XXIII.

At Callao we found the U. S. ship *Franklin*, Com. Stewart, whose officers and crew were 'right fain' to see us, as we were sent out to relieve them.

A short time after our arrival, a boat with ten or a dozen men came in, with a terrible cock and bull story about their ship having been taken by a pirate, not more than fifty or sixty miles from the bay. We were 'chock full of fight,' nothing was to be heard of but volunteering to go out in the '*Peruvian*,' (a little fast sailing schooner, hired by Com. Stewart,) and bring in this 'salt water rat' by the ears; some were calculating the amount of prize money, and others were sharpening their cutlasses, and arranging the plan of attack, and calculating the probable number of killed and wounded.

In a day or two, the schooner returned with an American ship, and the Peruvian man of war brig *Macedonian*, which these hen-hearted loons had taken for a pirate, because she had fired a gun to bring the ship too, and so ended our pirate catching expedition.

The *Macedonian* sent a boat along side the British frigate *Tartar*, Sir Thomas Brown, and communicated with him. This excited the suspicions of Gen. Rodil, the Spanish commandant at Callao, and he sent, as soon as the *Macedonian* was out of sight, to enquire of Sir Thomas, what was the nature of the communica-

tion between him and the Peruvian commander, 'It is none of your business,' said Sir Thomas, 'away with you out of the ship.'

I have often thought, that the the only way to get along with a Spaniard, a Portuguese, or Italian 'et id genus omne' was to knock him down first, and 'argue the topic' with him afterwards, the knocking down would inspire him with a proper degree of respect for you, and make him more willing to listen to reason.

Most of our officers and men, who had never seen an English frigate before, were astonished at the disproportion between our frigate and the Tartar, which though of the largest class of *English* frigates seemed no more than two thirds the length of the United States. Nor does the difference end in the dimensions of the hull and spars. The Tartar had a gun at every port, making forty eight in all, we mounted fifty two and could mount fifty four guns, the two aftermost quarter deck guns having been left ashore at Norfolk to make more room on the quarter deck. The Tartar mounted twenty eight eighteen pounders on her main deck, and twenty-four pound carronades on her quarter deck and fore-castle; our ship mounted thirty twenty-four pounders on her main deck, and thirty-two pound carronades on the quarter deck and fore-castle, so that many of our men wondered, not that we we had taken any English frigate during the last war, but that any British officers should be found who had the temerity to engage such disproportionate force, or the hardihood to fight as long as they did.

As the officers and crews of the two ships were up-

on terms of unreserved and fraternal familiarity together, one had opportunities without number of drawing parallels between the naval establishments of the two nations in point of internal economy, &c.

On board the Tartar were handy mess tables which could be taken down in an instant, 'and traced up' between the beams; there was also a lamp in each mess with a reflector behind it, so that the lower deck was as light as a ball room in the evening. The seamen in the British service are allowed cocoa in the morning at the expense of Government, and since the Admiralty have stopped half the daily allowance of liquor, they have either tea or cocoa at night, in addition to which as a remuneration for the reduced allowance of grog, their monthly wages have been raised three shillings and six-pence, and they are also allowed a further sum of two shillings and six-pence 'grog money,' which 'grog money' they are allowed to take up, quarterly, from the purser.

In our frigates there are no mess tables, and as for lights, a piece of spermaceti candle about four inches long, stuck in its own grease upon the chest lid, sheds 'a dim, religious light' over the gloomy birth deck.—Tea, of a very inferior quality is served to us at one dollar or more per pound, which is paid for out of our wages, and coarse brown sugar at fifteen or twenty cents and sometimes more.

If any one thinks proper to stop his grog he is allowed six cents a day for it, which is about the first cost, allowing for sundry 'splices' or waterings that the whiskey undergoes before it comes into Uncle

Sam's possession, and another which it receives from the 'master's mate of the spirit room.' In the British service the monthly allowance in money is more than the liquor costs the king, as all kings' stores are imported duty free.

Another objection that our men have to stopping their grog is, that some lighter offences are punished by 'stopping grog' in lieu of corporal punishment, and I have frequently seen and been one of a number of men, who had 'missed their muster,' that is, been absent when the watch bill was called over. Delinquents in such cases are always ordered to 'stand by the mainmast,' to undergo what is termed in the vocabulary of a man of war, 'a mizen stay court martial.' The lieutenant of the watch, after having heard all our excuses, would turn to the midshipmen with 'Young gentlemen, take down the names of these men and tell the purser's steward to stop their grog.' The purser's steward would perhaps send up word, 'such a one does not draw grog.' 'O ho! Mr. No-grog, take off your jacket, sir, and stand up there in the gangway.' The poor fellow would remonstate, 'Indeed, my good fellow,' says the lieutenant, 'I can't help it, I have punished the others by stopping their grog, you have been guilty of the same offence and have no grog to stop, I have therefore, no alternative but to give you a whipping, go on, boatswain's mate,' and the poor devil gets a dozen, is greeted by his messmates with 'served you right, you d—d fool, you'd no business to stop your grog in the first place,' and the next day he goes down to the purser's stew-

ard, and 'in the fury of his heart' requests leave to draw his grog again. Boys, however, are not allowed to draw their grog, but are paid for it.

If our government would adopt the plan of substituting something more fascinating than six cents a day, which is no object, and show *some* of that liberality to their seamen which they do to the partizans that have helped them into power, they might have a navy manned with steady, good men, instead of the sweepings of workhouses and prisons.\*

It was feared by many people in England, that any attempt to reduce the daily allowance of spirits, without substituting wine or strong beer, would be attended by a mutiny more serious and extensive than that of the Nore in 1797, but the measure was carried into effect not only without any murmuring or difficulty, but the men uniformly preferred it after one or two days; a pot of hot tea and cocoa made a vast addition to their suppers, which had before consisted of a piece of beef and bread, and a draught of water.

The consequence of these judicious regulations is that the naval service is extremely popular in England, and their men of war are manned with prime men. When I was in London, in 1823, the river being frozen and the city full of seamen unable to get employment, I applied to the lieutenant on Tower Hill with the intention of entering his Majesty's naval

\* A report was current, at the latter part of the cruise, that many of the frigate Brandywine's crew were convicts from the New York Penitentiary, &c.; the consequence was that the 'Old Waggon's' would not associate with them. Such a feeling was worth encouraging and did them honor.

service: I had got so far as to have drank his Majesty's health in a pot of beer, (at the lieutenant's expense,) and smoked a pipe to his honor and glory, and the 'condign praise' of the British navy. when the officer ascertained that I was a Yankee. He regretted the circumstance exceedingly but declared that 'it was more than his commission was worth' to pass me on board the tender.

I knew another man who served two years on board a king's cutter, on the 'Preventive service' in the channel, when it was accidentally discovered that he was an American. Although the cutter was at sea, his name was immediately struck off the books and as soon as the vessel arrived, his discharge and pay certificate were given him and he was landed, against his inclination.

We had men in the frigate who could not speak a word of English when they came on board in Hampton Roads, yet they were called 'American seamen.'

Although the wages in the British navy are less than in ours, (being about seven dollars and three quarters a month, and in our service twelve dollars,) still an English man of war's man, at the expiration of a three years cruise receives more than an American in the same circumstances, for the English sailor's 'small stores' are furnished him by government, and in our service are paid for from the man's wages, and the price of them depends upon the conscience of the purser, who is frequently called in American ships, 'the highwayman,' and who is allowed by our sapient government, twenty per cent. profit upon

'slops,' (that is, ready made clothing,) and some other articles and *his own* profits upon all others.

In the English service no seaman is allowed to draw any thing from the purser except at stated periods, and even then his profits are trifling, in fact I believe he is only allowed besides his pay, brokerage on the public money expended for the use of the ship.

In an English man of war, at sea, the men are permitted to wear almost any kind or color of clothes that they please. Wearing a Scotch bonnet, (so common among seamen,) or a checked or red flannel shirt, would, in our service, subject the wearer to 'drinking with the ducks' or getting 'his *back* rations' in the gangway.

I have been induced to draw these comparisons, or rather contrasts, merely to show my 'longshore' readers that, if our government were not too proud or too stupid, or both, they might copy a vast number of improvements from the naval establishments of other nations into our own, to the infinite advantage of the latter, but it seems to be a fixed principle in this blessed country, that the secretary of the navy should invariably be a landsman or one utterly unacquainted with maritime affairs. Like the courts of law in the New England States, where the juries, impaneled to try obscure questions, are uniformly composed of the most ignorant and 'desartless' men, as *Dogbery* would call them, that can be found in the county

There is a kind of prophecy among sailors, that

perpetual motion and the 'longitude,' which have hitherto baffled the most learned philosophers, will be eventually discovered 'by a fool,' a theory based, I presume, on the observation that ignorance not unfrequently breaks its shins against a meaning that wisdom has looked itself blind in search of, and of course, that people of similar mental pre-eminence are the most fitting to take charge of the naval establishment of a great nation, or to pick to pieces the knots and intricacies of the law, when perched up 'melancholy and gentlemanlike' in a jury box.—I will take my leave of this subject and return to my journals.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

In consequence of the Peruvian brig *Macedonian* having passed within hail of us, and actually communicating with Sir Thomas Brown, the Spanish commandant at Callao, Gen. Rodd, refused to permit the boats of either to land for water, &c. In the mean time the Peruvian fleet, consisting of the *Protector*, a large frigate, bearing the flag of Admiral Guise and several smaller vessels, had made their appearance in the bay, and in the night of the tenth of July got under way and stood close in towards the batteries.

A very heavy firing took place between the castles and fleet, without doing any damage of consequence

to the latter whatever might have been done on shore. The scene was extremely animating and brilliant from the flashes of the guns and was rendered still more so by the burning of a large ship near the shore which was set on fire by the Peruvians. The flames from this vessel illuminated the whole bay. Besides this ship, the Patriots cut adrift and towed out several other vessels, so that the whole affair was rather a dashing one.

The next day a Spanish privateer hove in sight with her prize, the ship *Gen. Carrington* of Providence, which vessel the privateer had thought proper to make a prize, most probably because she could find nothing else, and not caring to venture near enough to the shore, where she would find Peruvian and Chilian merchantmen.

The captain of the privateer knowing that we *might* dispute the legality of the capture, and the Peruvian admiral would make a prize of both, extricated himself from the dilemma by running through the 'Boqueron Passage,' between the island of San Lorenzo and the main, but not unobserved, the watchful little *Macedonian* was after her, and a close running fight took place, a most animating and beautiful spectacle. The *M's* long gun amidships at last became so heated that it bounced off its pivot; still the brig kept up the chase with the intention of boarding, an indication that did not seem to give the Spaniards much pleasure, as we could see distinctly that they were running about the decks in confusion.

The firing of the privateer was truly Spanish; be-

ing to windward, and their vessel lying down to the breeze, they discharged their guns into the water within ten feet of their own ship's side. The chase continued till long after they were within gun shot of the castles, which 'blazed away' at the whole group. Fortunately for all parties, the artillerymen in the batteries were as expert as those in the privateer, and their shot came flying almost to us, who were lying full four miles off; one would have thought that they had elevated their guns for wild geese.

A few days after this affair, the Swedish flag was hoisted in a conspicuous place in Callao, as a signal that all communication between the Spanish authorities, as Rodil thought proper to style himself, and neutrals was at an end. A boat was sent from our ship to enquire into the case of the Gen. Carrington, but the third lieutenant who went in the boat was told by the officer on duty at the landing place, that he had orders from Rodil to fire upon any boats belonging to the English or American men of war, the first of which had been powerfully reinforced by the arrival of the Cambridge, 86 guns.

All attempts to hold any communication with the crew of the Gen. Carrington, or to obtain any information respecting her capture were stopped by the representative of his most Catholic majesty.

This 'reply churlish' was answered by a 'counter-check quarrelsome' on our part, and the port of Callao was most strictly blockaded by our frigate and the Peacock on one part, the Cambridge and Mersey, 24 guns, as attornies for king George the fourth, and the

squadron under Admiral Guise for the Peruvian government.

This blockade was most rigerously enforced by us, in particular, and many a poor Jonathan who had a full cargo of provisions, and who *calculated* upon running in, in the night, was picked up and ordered out alongside the frigate by our vigilant guard boats.

About the twentieth of July we sailed for Huacho, (or as it is pronounced, Watcho,) with a convoy of American merchantmen, who had suddenly taken it into their heads to be afraid to go alone, and as it afterwards proved, not without good reason. The next morning at sunrise a strange sail hove in sight whose manoeuverings induced us to chase her, after making a signal to our unwarlike companions to pursue their course towards Huacho.

The chase which was right before the wind lasted all day. For some time we did not gain upon her, owing to the ship being somewhat out of trim, a defect which we remedied in a manner something similar to that practised by Capt. Staunch in 'Sailors and Saints,' not exactly by piping down the hammocks, and sending the watch to bed 'with a thirty two pound shot for a bedfellow,' but every man took a thirty-two pound shot in his hands and went on the forecastle, as we had found by experience that the ship sailed best with her nose down in the water, like a pig rooting in a gutter.

Towards evening we were near enough to despatch certain 'winged messengers,' called twenty four pound shot, from 'Gun No. 1' to her with our compliments.

About eight o'clock in the evening she suddenly 'rounded to,' in which operation her foretopmast and main topgallantmast went over the side, but whether from suddenly 'hauling on a wind' or by our shot, 'deponent saith not.' She proved to be the Spanish Privateer brig Moriendra, or Molienda, formerly the Lancaster Witch of Liverpool.

Her privateering commission, originally granted for six months, had expired nearly a year before our capture of her, and according to all maritime law, she was a lawful prize to any ship that could catch her, no very easy affair, for she sailed like the wind. But 'finding no proof of her having committed any depredations on our commerce, she was permitted to proceed on her cruise.' Such is the sage observation recorded in the log book, and which her after conduct fully justified. We were hardly out of sight, when she plundered and burnt a Dutch merchantman, and was a few days afterwards chased on shore by one of the Peruvian squadron, and burnt by her own crew, who 'took their land tacks on board' and escaped to the mountains. She was manned chiefly by English and Americans, and was, with all due deference to the 'log book,' a pirate to all intents and purposes.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Early in September the Peruvian squadron got under way during the night, and unseen by the Spaniards stood close in towards the batteries. The next morning they were attacked by a large squadron of gunboats, which directed their chief attack upon the little brig Macedonian, becalmed nearly a mile nearer the shore than the rest of the fleet, but they lacked courage to pull quickly up under her stern and board her, by which they most certainly would have taken her; they kept off at long shot, giving the M. an admirable opportunity to use her long gun, which we had the satisfaction to see sink one gun boat and disable another. In the mean time Rodil in the castle St. Matteo blazed away, firing across the American merchantmen, who unfortunately were lying close to the batteries. One man was killed, and another dreadfully wounded on board the Gov. Clinton of New-York, and the shot fell so thick and so fast around us that I have no doubt they were intended for us, for the Protector frigate, the nearest of the Peruvians, was broad off on our bow, and not within three hundred yards. The Peruvians suffered but very little, their whole loss being but three killed and five or six wounded.

On the twelfth of September the Spanish ship Asia of 64 guns, and brig Achilles of 20, came in sight.

Admiral Guise immediately weighed and endeavored to bring the Spanish commodore to action, but he declined the honor, being apparently a disciple of the illustrious Falstaff, and believing that the 'better part of valor was discretion.' We afterwards ascertained that the Spaniards off Cape Horn, had housed their guns, and caulked in their lower deck ports, and had probably forgotten to make preparations for coming on a coast in possession of their enemies, and entering a port blockaded by them.

Some years ago a pasquinade appeared in Madrid, in which all the offices of the state were offered for sale to the highest bidder, with this N. B. that whoever would buy the whole lot, should have the entire naval establishment of the country, including officers, and men, into the bargain. The Spanish navy is no better now than it was then.

In the beginning of October the Peruvian fleet once more entered the bay, when the Spaniard finally took heart of grace and went out to fight. The English and American men of war went out likewise, to see the sport, passing to windward of the Peruvians. A thick fog for a long time prevented our seeing how things went on, though a continual firing announced that old Guise, like dandie Dinmont's 'pepper and mustard' was 'weel entered wi' the vermin. When the fog cleared up we saw them at a short distance closely engaged, but both squadrons carrying all sail.

The Protector was ahead, and to leeward firing her stern chase guns with great precision upon the Asia, which was hotly chasing her. The Spanish fleet

was formed in a regular line, but the Peruvians, being to windward were more scattered. One brig in particular seemed rather shy of engaging; Sir Thomas Brown in the Tartar frigate bore up and gave her a dressing. We could distinctly hear the brave old knight, who seemed to be delighted to smell powder once more, swearing at the Peruvians with great energy.

The Spaniards returned in the course of the next day, much cut up; the Asia lost her foretopmast and had one hundred men killed and wounded. She had taken on board a great number of soldiers from the castles, who were all sea-sick as soon as they got out of the bay, and even if they had not been, every one knows that soldiers and women are perfect lumber on board a ship. The Spanish fleet sailed shortly after for Manilla, where but one ever arrived, a ship, formerly the Kensington of Philadelphia, the rest were either taken or run on shore; the crew of the Asia rose upon their officers and confined them, and shortly after falling in with an American whaler, they compelled her captain to navigate them into San Blas.

In the mean time Callao was closely blockaded by sea and cannonaded and bombarded by land. The fleet lay off at some distance with a line of gun boats close in shore, at which the batteries occasionally fired single guns. The garrison had hitherto obtained scanty and precarious supplies from fish, but the gun-boats put a stop to the fishing. Latterly, a mackerel gull, a bird not larger than a robin, was sold for two doubloons. The intrenchments and batteries of the

besieging army were distinctly visible from the mast-head, and we could see the skirmishes between the foraging parties from the Castles and the Peruvians. The guns of the Patriot batteries were elevated for the parapet, and most of their shot came entirely over and struck in the water. The mortars were better laid, the shells, whose flight we could trace by night by the flame, and by day by the smoke of the fuse, fell very well; one in particular was stated by deserters, to have killed sixteen men, and dismounted two guns.

The king of Spain's birth day occurring during the siege, Rodil very loyally fired a salute, taking care however to use only such guns, for that purpose, as could be brought to bear upon the lines of the besiegers, and which were of course shotted. The Patriots astonished at this sudden ebullition, answered by a furious discharge of shot and shells, so that his Catholic majesty's nativity was duly honoured. Among the gunboat men was an English sailor, who was commonly called the 'old Admiral.' He was captain of one of the boats, and was esteemed as a man of undaunted courage, and an excellent gunner. We used to amuse ourselves with watching him as he was 'poking about' under the very muzzles of the guns on the castles. On one of these occasions he saw somebody waving to him to come on shore; he lunched his little canoe, and upon landing, found it was a young Chilian woman whom he had formerly known, and who had left the castle almost starved to death. As she was stepping into the boat, a grape shot from the cas-

tle passed through her body and stretched her dead on the beach. The 'old admiral' however brought off the corpse, sewed it up neatly in a hammock, returned to the beach and buried it, in the face of a tempest of grape and canister, then taking his pistols from his belt, he fired them in succession towards the castles, in token of defiance, and regained his boat unhurt. This incident had sufficient romance in it to make it the theme of conversation, with us for some days.

We frequently saw small parties of soldiers come out on the beach and after a few moments fire a volley or two, and then retire within the forts. It was afterwards ascertained that these firings were military executions.

The regiment of Buenos Ayres, (blacks,) who had changed masters some half dozen times formed part of Rodil's garrison, and being disheartened by the length of the siege and dreading the vengeance of Bolivar, who was never known to pardon an offence, became disaffected and mutinous. Rodil, who hated, feared and distrusted them, took the liberty to shoot a dozen or so daily, so that when the place surrendered, there was but a 'Flemish account' of these woolly headed warriors. He also executed several officers of rank and high reputation, from distrust, private animosity, or for proposing a parley with the enemy.

I have already observed that we assisted in the blockade of Callao, a measure to which we were forced by the repeated insults received at the hands of Rodil. At one time he issued orders to the officer on duty at the pier, to fire upon our boats if they

attempted to land, so that we were in effect in a state of hostility with regard to each other, and no communication was allowed except under a flag of truce. It is impossible to give any idea by description, of the indignation and wrath that filled the minds of our men at these continual insults. These aggressions were taken up individually, and the *coteries* in the starboard galley and 'maintopman's coffee-house,' (between guns No. 18 and 19 starboard,) were thoroughly convinced of the propriety of 'boarding' the castle 'in the smoke,' and putting every thing to rights in a ship-shape manner, proving our courage and patriotism

'Orthodox,  
By apostolic blows and knocks.'

Mistaking our quietness for fear, he had, at last, the impudence to let us know, that if the frigate came within gun-shot, he would fire upon her, a hint that was by no means lost upon our commander, for we got under way immediately, and under very easy sail, with guns double shotted and all hands at quarters passed within pistol shot of the castle, so near that we could distinguish the features of the men at the guns, whose countenances, from starvation, resembled so many superannuated pursers' lanthorns.

The scene was new and extremely interesting to me, who had never been so near a fight before, and although, like corporal Nym, 'I cannot fight, 'tis true, but I will hold out mine iron and wink,' I must own, in justice to myself, that I did not feel so much trepidation as was apparent in the countenances of

the midshipmen of my own and the next division, whose jaws stood ajar, like the door of a barber's shop. Even when I saw them through the port, training their long guns upon us, I could not forbear repeating with ancient Pistol,

'Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die.'

Perhaps my heart was kept from trembling and my nerves from twitching by the recollection of the many engagements that I had witnessed between the Peruvian squadron and these knights of the rueful countenance, which terminated, most generally, without the former receiving any further injury than a shot hole through a topsail or topgallantsail or the cutting away a mizen royal bowline. A single circumstance shewed what were the feelings of the men on this occasion. After passing along the whole line of batteries, the firemen and sail trimmers were called from the guns to wear ship. When this order was given, I heard an old man-of-war's man, at the gun next me, exclaim, 'd—n the r cowardly *profites*, we sha'n't have any *fun* with them after all.' We at the guns, had orders to elevate for the embrasures and top of the parapet, and I am confident that if we had had the pleasure of firing at all, we should have broken some of their shins. The commodore, during the whole time, was mounted upon an arm chest, on the quarter deck apparently no more discomposed by the sight of a row of long thirty-two's, that were within a hundred yards of him, than a Providence lady is at passing the fourfold row of long-nine-smok-

ing beaux, that are regularly drawn up on Sunday forenoon in Market Square.

The Cambridge, of eighty-six guns, was all ready to support us in case 'Don Diego' had been anywise *unaffable*, and if we two had got foul of him, we should not have left so much of the Spanish garrison as would have served as an apology for any clergyman to read the funeral service over. After this, Rodil was more peaceable and gave up several Americans, that he had hitherto detained in prisons, in the castle, but the affair of the Gen. Carrington was never, I believe, settled or accounted for.

The distress of the garrison compelled them to make frequent sorties to obtain forage for their few cattle and horses, and likewise water, which the besiegers had found the means of reducing but not entirely stopping. In one of these skirmishes, Colonel Wilson, son of the celebrated Sir Robert Wilson, and aid de camp and confidential friend of Bolivar, was wounded and brought off by one of our boats to the frigate, where he remained till sufficiently recovered to go on shore again.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

Rodil finding himself more and more distressed every day for want of provisions, was determined to get rid of all the useless people in the garrison. Ac-

Accordingly, one morning early, all the women in the castles, without distinction or exception, were turned out of the gates at the point of the bayonet.— These unfortunate women moved slowly along the Lima road, and being indistinctly seen through a thick fog by the officer commanding the nearest Patriot battery, were mistaken for a sallying party of the enemy and fired upon. Terrified by the whistling of the shot, the poor creatures turned back towards the castles. Rodil permitted them to come within musket shot and then opened a fire of grape and cannister upon them, which made lanes through the crowd.

The commanding officer of the Patriots, Gen. Miller, I believe, perceiving his mistake, sent out a strong party of cavalry and escorted them within his lines. I saw several of them afterwards at Chorillos and heard them tell their story.

During the blockade we made trips now and then, down the coast, to Guanchaco, (the port of Truxillo,) Huacho, Casmar, &c. These towns are mostly built at a distance from the shore and afford a proof that the colonies were founded without any reference to commerce, though the uninhabited coasts present admirable facilities for smuggling, and which all their 'guarda costas' could never stop. Generally the towns of any magnitude are nine or ten miles back in the interior. The appearance of the coast is most forbidding; not a tree is to be seen, or even grass, nothing but sand hills, with here and there rocky points projecting into the sea. As no rain falls here, the soil in the cultivated lands resembles dry fine ash-

es, and it is only by irrigation that any vegetables can be raised. The Andes, or Cordilleras, as the natives call them, form the back ground of every view from Cape Horn as far north as I have ever been. Several of them are volcanoes, though not like Vesuvius and *Ætna*; for after a single eruption they are silent for centuries perhaps. We experienced during the cruise, several shocks of earthquakes, at different times and parts of the cruise. One in particular was a very smart shock. We were at that time on our passage from Guanchaco to Chorillos, and it occurred just after midnight. The starboard watch had just turned in to their hammocks and were very comfortably enjoying what Tom Moore calls a state of 'suspended animation,' when a violent concussion brought every man out and on his feet. We began to rush up the ladders half dressed and

'Contending crowd'ers shout the frequent damn,'

when an Irish corporal of marines, who was going his rounds, asked 'where the divil are ye all going now?' 'The ship has struck,' said some of the foremost;— 'struck, is she? the ship? 'deed then she's not, it's nothing in life but an earthquake.' With this comfortable assurance we retired again 'to private life,' and were not disturbed by any more earthquakes, which corporal T— seemed to consider as such trifles.

About the last of 1824, the custom house establishment for the port of Callao was removed to Chorillos, about eighteen miles from the former, of which it is in plain sight. Chorillos is not a harbour, prop-

erly so called, but an open roadstead. The only shelter from the unvarying trade wind, is afforded by a high, rocky bluff, which forms a striking and romantic prospect from the sea. Of this bluff, only small vessels can take any advantage, for though the water is deep enough, it would be extremely imprudent to expose a vessel of any size to a situation where she would be liable to be driven on shore, even in a calm, by the force of the swell.

The town, which is very small, is accessible from the coast, by a winding path up the face of the cliff, which a protestant horse would decline attempting to ascend. The 'heavy mules securely slow' contrive to climb up, loaded with two barrels of flour each, though not without many stoppings and dismal gruntings. The ground swell makes it extremely unpleasant to lie there and we could only abate the tedious rolling of the ship, by a stream anchor out astern to keep her head on to the sea.

As there was nothing of any consequence between Chorillos and the coast of New Holland, the swell was very heavy and landing for water, &c. was attended with some hazard. We found here about sixty sail of merchantmen, English, Yankees and Frenchmen, who were all waiting for the surrender of Callao. Our time was passed between this place and Callao, with an occasional trip to Huacho for water, or to Casmar for wood. On the twenty second of February, we fired salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset, in honor of Washington's birth day, or as the sailors called it, St. Washington's day.

At ten A. M. we were honored by a visit from Simon Bolivar, 'El Libertador del Peru.' He came alongside in our barge, escorted by all the boats of all the English, American and French men of war and merchantmen in the roads. He was saluted with twenty-one guns and yards manned, which last ceremony I believe every man aloft would have willingly dispensed with, for just as the first lieutenant whispered through his trumpet, in accents as delicate and gentle as the exploding of a steam boat's boiler, 'lie out,' the ship, as though she felt proud of her new inmate and wished to show him what she could do, commenced plunging and rolling in the most unaccountable, ungovernable and untimely manner.

Being a maintopman, I was stationed about half way out, on the maintopsail yard, where I held on by the 'life-lines,' my imagination being at one moment occupied in wondering, whether if I fell, I should have a smash on the accommodation ladder or merely go overboard, and the next instant in wishing the Liberator and the liberated—somewhere, where if 'the wicked cease from troubling' the devil does not, according to the most orthodox creed.

However, the ship after a while, gave over her capering and behaved herself in a very becoming manner for the remainder of the day. When the drum beat to quarters, I had an opportunity of seeing his Liberatorship.

He was, I should think, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, well made, but rather slender, and erect. His face was a long oval, broad on the

forehead and cheek bones, and pointed at the chin, much resembling in form, and a good deal in expression the pictures of Charles the first, which we commonly see in histories of England, that is, grave and serious; his eyes were full, dark and penetrating, and the whole countenance was, in short, just such as one might expect, a soldier of fortune, and of course, of but little or no principle, would have. As was said of Achilles, he looked to be

‘Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;’

his countenance expressed the ferocious courage of the tyger, not the noble spirited bravery attributed to the lion. His hair, and mustaches were considerably dashed with gray, and his voice, the most singular I ever heard, was whining, shrill, and querulous, like that of a sick and peevish child.

We exercised the guns for his entertainment, of which exercise he seemed to have formed no correct idea, for he repeatedly broke out into expressions of admiration and astonishment at the ease and celerity with which we managed our ‘double fortified’ twenty-fours, running them out against the ship’s sides with violence, notwithstanding the repeated calls of ‘handsomely,’ (gently,) from the lieutenants; but when we went through the motion of boarding and repelling boarders, he was in perfect ecstasy, and declared that the ship must be invincible.

He was attended by a swarm of officers, most of whom were ‘clothed with’ whiskers ‘as with a garment,’ each one resembling a rat with his nose through a bunch of oakum, or an old baboon peeping through

a prickly pear bush. One in particular seemed rather an appendage to the whiskers than the whiskers to him, his diminutive body and slender legs serving merely as a frame to sustain and a carriage to transport the said whiskers from place to place. His ponderous sabre and spurs, which were long enough to have gone entirely through an ordinary sized horse, made altogether a load sufficient to crush 'the gallant militarist, who had the whole theory of war in the chape of his dagger,' and it was with a peculiar sensation of relief and satisfaction that I understood he was a cavalry officer. The dresses of all the officers, whether naval or military, were covered with gold lace and embroidery.

Our crew were all young and remarkably stout, fine looking men and the Liberator seemed to have eyes for nothing else, he repeatedly walked forward to the mainmast, to have a nearer view of the men, who were lounging about in the gangways and taking no further notice of him than to wish him at the devil for putting back our dinner an hour or two. A short time after Bolivar's visit we made a trip *up* to Valparaiso and Coquimbo.

As the expression 'going up' or 'down' may frequently occur to the confusion of the brains of my un-salt-beef-eating, un-blue-jacket-wearing, and smell-of-tar-aborring readers, I will tell them once for all, that 'going up the coast' means going to the southward and 'going down' signifieth on the contrary, going to the northward, or according to nautical orthoepy, nor'ard.

At Coquimbo we experienced a smart shock of an earthquake, a circumstance that always spreads a lively alarm among the inhabitants, who are in continual dread of something of the kind more dreadful and destructive. Sometime before this there had been a very severe one in Valparaiso, at the first shock of which the English and American residents removed to the mountains, and the Catholic natives took refuge in a large church. Another shock shook down the church, killed upwards of four hundred, who had ensconced themselves beneath the shadow of its wings and left 'los malditos ereticos,' the cursed heretics in the mountains uninjured, a mystery, which the learned fathers of the church could never exactly explain or see through.

At Coquimbo I was attached to the 'watering party,' in which station I perfected myself in the faculty of swimming through a heavy surf with my clothes on, an art in which I had taken some lessons in the South Shetland Isles.

We likewise visited Talcahuano, the port of the city of Concepcion, which is a beautiful harbor, but has no trade. The inhabitants are miserably poor, but seemed perfectly happy. The climate is delightful, the soil rich and fertile, producing the most exquisite fruits, apparently without much cultivation or labor. Here we obtained a supply of coal from a mine in the neighborhood, which our armourer declared to be equal to Liverpool coal.

On our return to Chorillos we found there H. B. M. ship Briton, Capt. Sir Murray Maxwell, and the

French frigate *Marie Therese*, Admiral Somebody. The Frenchman, during the last war, had been captured three times by Sir Murray, once in a seventy-four and twice in frigates, a 'singular coincidence' that 'Johnny Crapaud' did not seem disposed to forget or forgive. He very civilly and as in duty bound returned the Briton's salute to his flag, but rather haughtily declined a polite invitation to dine on board the English frigate and rejected all attempts of the gallant Scotchman to establish a friendly intercourse. I was the more surprised at this, as I thought that the levity and thoughtlessness of the Frenchman would have led him to forget or pass over an untoward circumstance that had taken place so long ago.

There were in the British squadron, several officers who had been prisoners during the late war, either to our commodore or some of his officers, and who made the very circumstance, that disgusted the Frenchman an introduction or rather the ground for renewing the acquaintance, and were among our most constant visitors.

Sir Murray Maxwell is said to be the grandson of the 'Harry Bertram' of *Guy Mannering*, which like all or nearly all the *Waverly* novels is founded upon facts.

The French frigate was what is commonly called a 'double banker,' that is, one that mounts guns along her gangways, and was a fine looking frigate, but our men who went on board her, observed that she was too low between decks and had not room enough between her guns, which were, I believe, sixty-six in

number. The difference in discipline also struck us unfavorably.

In an English or American man of war, getting under way is performed in profound silence, nothing is to be heard but the fife, or perhaps sometimes the whole band playing a lively air, and the heavy stamping of the men at the capstan, whose feet keep time with the music. In short when performing nautical manoeuvres, the first word of command is 'silence,' which is obeyed to the letter.

On board a French national vessel on the other hand, the moment of getting under way, coming to anchor, &c. seems to be a kind of Saturnalia, every soul on board talks, and that too with such volubility that I was fully convinced of the reasonableness and truth of the expression, 'his tongue is hung by the middle and runs at both ends.' There must certainly be some peculiar construction and arrangement of the lingual and labial muscles of a Frenchman which enables him to invest his ideas in a 'circulating medium' with such incredible celerity and despatch.

During the month of August 1825, the small pox broke out among the ship's company, producing considerable consternation. For my own part, having been vaccinated at home and subsequently *varioloïded* at Liverpool, I looked upon myself as an exempt.

All the men who had never been vaccinated were sent on shore to a temporary hospital at a little village between Chorillos and Lima, called Mira, or Mille Flores. We lost eight or ten men by the disease which differed in appearance from any instances that

I had ever before seen, coming out in a continuous blisterlike eruption all over the body and resembling a scald or burn. The greatest number on the sick list at once was fifty-nine. Our loss was, if I recollect right, either fifty-one or two, during a cruise of three years and a half, in a complement varying from four hundred and eighty to five hundred men and officers.

I had a list of the names and diseases of all that died, but it is mislaid or lost. In this list are not included the surgeon who was invalided home and committed suicide on the passage, nor any of the others, who were also sent away as invalids, as for instance, several who were sent ashore in Hampton Roads almost in the death agony, and others who were sent home at different periods of the cruise.

The medical department of our navy is much and most scandalously neglected, the pay is no inducement, being scarcely enough to pay tailors' and washerwomen's bills, and not near so much as a country physician can accumulate with a large family. We had a Cutbush in our navy, we have still many eminent medical men in our navy, who are merely attached to the service from habit.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

During this season, Rodil finding that famine and the enemy's shot were rapidly practising simple subtraction upon his garrison withdrew the troops from the South battery, situated within gun shot of Castle Matteo, and laid a train to its magazine with the intention of blowing it up, if had been taken possession of by the enemy. His scheme was, however frustrated. A colonel in the castle, who had drawn upon himself the hatred and suspicion of the blood-thirsty Rodil, and who was sentenced to be shot the next day, found means to make his escape in the night and got on board one of the gun boats. In consequence of his information a large detachment of seamen, marines and carpenters was landed in the night, and worked with such diligence, that before day-light they had platforms laid for two twenty-four pounders, which were mounted and ready to open their fire with the light.

About sunrise, Gen. Rodil and 'his merry men all' assembled on the ramparts to see the enemy blown 'sky high,' the train was fired and burned very beautifully till it came to the ditch of the battery, where it suddenly stopped for the best of all possible reasons, it did not reach any farther, having been cut off and removed in the night. The landing party, who had very quietly waited for the train to burn out, now

replied with a thundering cheer and a discharge from their two guns, so well laid as to induce 'El Comandante' and his detachment of pursers' lanthorns to snuff the morning air in a more safe and retired spot. The castle held out till the 24th of January, 1826, when it was given up to Gen. Solone on terms very advantageous to the garrison. Rodil, not caring to trust himself in the hands of the Liberator, who would most assuredly have shot or hanged him, even with his own liberating hands, was permitted to take passage for England in the frigate Briton.

While on the other side of the 'Horn' we were frequently entertained with the account of a pirate being seen in the Pacific, who was represented as 'altering his rig' from a frigate of forty-four guns and five hundred men, 'chiefly English and Americans,' to a 'Baltimore built brig' of eighteen long twelves.

That there are and have been pirates in that part of the world no one can doubt, who has ever been there. The quondam brig Lancaster Witch, was most certainly one; another was taken by La Diligence, a French sloop of war, at Quilca. The brig Warrior formerly of New York, and of which at one time, I was, for my sins, second mate, was taken out of Callao by her own crew, in a manner that showed great skill and address.

The officers and marines were secured and confined below about dusk, and parties of men went ashore and invited, and I believe, in some instances compelled, all the English and American seamen that they could find to go on board, observing that 'they were

going to have a grand *blow out* on board the brig.— Having thus increased their complement of men, they weighed and sailed, touching at Huacho, where they obtained from the commandant or alcade, twenty thousand dollars, either by threats or forged order, and when last heard of, were in the neighborhood of the Sandwich Islands. Just at the moment of sailing they landed all the officers and others who did not choose to remain with them. The U. S. schooner Dolphin went in chase of her next day, but it was 'a cow chasing a hare,' the Dolphin having but few of the properties of her beautiful namesake, the fish, except occasionally changing her color by the assistance of a paint brush.

While lying in Callao, but little was done except to keep the stock of water good, that is, always to have three months water on board, and to keep the ship and her crew clean, for which last purpose we had washing days, or rather mornings, twice a week. Washed clothes in a man of war, are suspended upon lines between the fore and main shrouds, and it was while assisting to recve these that an accident happened to the writer.

I have often read different descriptions of one's sensations when drowning, hanging, starving, being buried alive, &c. I never had nor do I wish to have the comfort of being resuscitated from drowning though I have no doubt it can be done; but coming into this world once is quite enough for me, for if I was once fairly out of it, I should not thank any one for dragging me back into it by the ears, 'as Hercules

did Cerberus of old, an experiment that is said to have made the dog extremely sick.

As for hanging, or as sailors call it, 'taking a walk up Ladder lane, and down Hemp street,' I have no inclination to terminate my sublunary griefs that way, whatever might be the decision of a jury in this case, and I am too much of a *bon vivant* to relish any approximation towards starving to death.

One writer has favored us with his sensations while buried under the fallen roof of a theatre. I should suppose that when a man is hermetically sealed up, like Asmodeus, in the 'Devil on two sticks,' his prospects in this world must be gloomy and circumscribed. This was the case with the writer alluded to. But in the case I am about to relate, (my unutterable ponderings in which, will, I hope, afford some entertainment,) there was little or no time for much connected reflection.

Having had, while in the Pacific, the pleasure of performing an aerial excursion, which commenced at the main cat-harpins of the frigate United States and terminated near the bottom of Callao Bay, I will take the liberty to give a history of my own voyage, and my reflections during it, for the benefit of future tumblers.

I was going aloft and had got as far as the futtock shrouds, when a ratlin broke under my feet, and I fell backwards. My first sensation was surprise; I could not imagine where I was, but soon ascertained from the rushing of the air by my ears that I was falling and that headforemost.

Dr. Johnson says that the near approach of death wonderfully concentrates a man's ideas. I am sure it did mine for I never thought so *fast* before or since, as I did during the few seconds that I was tumbling.

In an instant the recollection came into my head that one of the quarter deck guns (No. 20) was directly under me, and I should in all human probability, be dashed to pieces upon it. I would have given the world to vent my feelings in cries, I tried to gather my limbs together, to contract my muscles, to shrink my body into as small a compass as possible, and with unspeakable terror awaited the 'death shock.'

All this while there was a blood red light before my eyes, through which a thousand horrible forms were constantly gliding. Then I thought of home, and the forms of all I hold dear on earth, and many others, 'strangers of distinction,' beside, floated before me. Then the recollection of the infernal gun and the consequent smash across the breech of it, put all these phantoms to flight, and I felt that peculiar sickness and distress at the stomach, which it is said one experiences when on the point of undergoing a sudden and violent and painful death, and I thought to myself 'surely it *must* be almost time for the shock.'

A shock I certainly did receive, and that no very gentle one across the back of the head, neck and left shoulder, and in an instant all was dark and still. 'It is all over,' thought I, 'this is the state between death and resurrection.' I really thought I had passed the first and awaited with increased terror for the second, when to my utter dismay, I felt myself falling a second

time, but the sensation was different; the blow that I had received had turned me, and I was descending feet foremost.

But no words can express my delight, my extacy, at finding myself *overboard*, instead of on the gun. I kept going down, down, till it appeared to me that the seven fathoms and a half, (the depth of water at our anchorage,) had more than doubled since we let go our anchor.

After a while I became stationary and soon began slowly to ascend. When I looked up, I saw high, very high above me, a dim, greenish light, which became brighter and brighter till at last I bounced on the surface like a cork.

I immediately swam to the accommodation ladder and went on board. My shoulder and neck were much bruised by striking against a spare maintopsail yard, that was stowed over the starboard quarter, and my head felt 'sort o' queer,' from sundry thumps and knocks and thumps it had received in the fall, which however were mere 'cakes and gingerbread.'

It may seem incredible, impossible, that I should be able to recollect my feelings after so long a time has elapsed, but my sensations are as fresh in my memory now as they were at the very moment when I was satisfactorily demonstrating, in my own unlucky person, the principles of gravitation.

I have generally been peculiarly fortunate in my tumbles, most usually alighting upon my head, a part so well fortified by nature as to resist ordinary shocks. On another occasion, while standing carelessly on the

coamings of the fore hatchway, a heavy roll of the ship threw me off my balance, and down the hatchway. I struck my head against the lower step of the birth deck ladder, but recovered from the effects of the fall by the assistance of a little vinegar.

In the mean time, most of us had been on board three years, the legal period of service, and were accordingly permitted to go on shore on liberty for four or five days. This gave me an opportunity of once more visiting Lima.

This city having been described at least twice apiece, upon an average, by every traveller that has visited it, requires no notice from me further than to mention what took place while I was there, or rather what I saw there that appeared new to me. Bolivar had given orders to the sentries at the door of the theatre to admit us free, but I thought very meanly of the Peruvian drama. It consisted chiefly of low kind of farce, in which death and the devil were two prominent characters.

The actors have one singular custom. The day of performance, a party of them parade the streets, dressed in character. I saw one of these pageants that consisted of a fellow dressed in a tight, black suit, painted to represent a skeleton and wearing a mask like a skull, with a crown on his head and a long lance in his hand. He was mounted not on a pale horse, but a bay one, and was preceded by a fellow beating an unbraced drum, and another playing a villainous tune upon a most villainously nasal instrument. All three wore long black cloaks.

Such a sight, parading through our streets, would have frightened all the old women, and some of the men and children, into fits.

We were shown in the churches, pieces enough of the true cross to have built a stout fishing schooner. The paintings and other valuable ornaments had all been carried off by one or other of Lima's numerous masters, the last of whom, Bolivar, like Luckie M'c Cleary's 'tappit hen,' picked up all the crumbs that the bears had left.

The officers and soldiers were extremely civil and obliging to us, in consequence of a strict order from the Liberator; the night patrols never molested us, though the Peruvians seldom ventured out after nine o'clock.

I saw but one regiment under arms during my stay, and they made no very military appearance, being mostly very small men and apparently overburdened with their heavy English muskets. A few others, that I noticed, were dressed in blue frock coats, which gave them a very unmilitary appearance. Some dragoons looked remarkably well.

The regimental bands were numerous and the variety of instruments very great. One in particular I never saw before nor have I ever heard it described. The mouth piece and parts near it were like a clarionett, but it was continued with a curve almost to the ground, whence it rose full three feet above the musician's head, terminating in a most warlike looking dragon's mouth. Among twenty or thirty other pieces, it was impossible rightly to judge of its sound.

Such of the men as chose received their discharge at the expiration of their time, but by far the greater part preferred going home in the ship, to the precarious prospect that remaining on the coast afforded. The hostility that all good Catholics in South America entertain for 'los malditos ereticos,' the cursed heretics, is excessive and inconceivable; indeed, it seems to be rather a feather in the cap of a papist to have stabbed a heretic.

Shortly after our arrival on the coast an event took place, which I forgot to mention in course, and which showed the high state of discipline at which we had already arrived. The gunner's yeoman, a mere boy, while rummaging about in his store room, set fire to some loose musket cartridges, which exploded and burned him severely. The alarm was immediately given, 'fire in the fore magazine,' the drum beat to quarters, and every one was soon at his place in profound silence.

I was running up the fore ladder in high glee to think I was quartered at 'No. 15,' the aftermost gun and safest place in the ship. Some people may think me selfish and unfeeling to feel any gratification at such a time, but the fact is, when blowing up is the order of the day, I suspect almost any one had a *leelle* rather his neighbour should be 'lord of the *ascendant*,' than himself.

My joy, like all my joys, was of very short duration. Before I had skipped three steps up the ladder, an iron grasp was laid on my shoulder, and a voice that I knew too well, asked where I was going,

'to my quarters, sir,' 'never mind going to your quarters,' said the first lieutenant, 'I want a scow of such fellows as you with me, go down into the fore magazine passage.'

*'Obstupui, vox faucibus haesit'*

I was thus actually thrust, not only into the jaws of death, but rammed down his throat, forced into his bowels, like a dose of ipecac administered by a stomach pump.

To be next door neighbour to a burning magazine may be, for ought I know, a romantic situation, but romance was never to my taste. The fire was soon extinguished and the gunner's yeoman was the only one that suffered, as he was not only severely burned, but broke.

During the whole cruise, of three years and a half, we buried fifty-one men, which is about one in thirty, and is near enough to the common average of mortality. A funeral on shore makes little or no impression, but at sea, when one is taken from a small number he is missed and the privation is felt like a death in a family.

When all hands were called to bury the dead, it was commonly noticed by the sage observation, 'it may be my turn next,' and the speaker would perhaps be playing checkers or mending an old pair of trowsers while the chaplain was reading the funeral service.

Among the natural curiosities on board the ship, (for we had but few artificial ones,) I conceive it my duty to hand over to immortal fame our cat, as one who behaved himself like a cat of good morals and was of urbane and gentle deportment.

Puss was never guilty of any greater out-breaking or levity of character than occasionally chasing his tail, a pursuit full as rational as nine tenths of those in which two legged cats, both male and female are engaged, and in which I for one have performed an incredible number of gyrations, and have only 'gained a loss' for my pains, being nearly where I was when I started, except being *minus* some ten or a dozen years of the flower of my existence, and a few thousands of the 'chaff and bran' of my pockets.

Tom had one fault, he was indolent, not that he was remiss in his rat-catching duties, for he regularly visited the fore cockpit and 'wings' and 'read the riot act' to the rats and mice therein assembled, but he had a strange antipathy to going up and down the ladder; when he had occasion to go on deck to sun himself, he invariably mounted upon the shoulders of the first man he saw going up, and in like manner, when, to use a clerical idiom, he 'had a call' to visit the lower decks, he accomplished his descent in the same manner.

Puss was unfortunately killed by a cask of beef rolling upon him, which extinguished all nine of his lamps of life at once.

I shall forbear to mention the mountain rat, the monkey, the two parrots and the terrapins, and pass on to notice the black ward-room steward. This 'gentleman of colour,' that is, the color of lamp-black and tar, used to go on shore every morning to market for the officers.

One morning he came off with his basket, and ad-

dressed the ward-room cook with 'Freeman, take that beef steak and make a mutton chop of him, and cook the fish previous to yesterday.'

His colleague, a black boy, the nearest two legged approach to the brute creation that I ever recollect seeing, was sent one day to the cook with orders to roast a couple of turkies, and cook an Irish stew, which he delivered as follows, 'Cook, you must roast a couple of Turks and cook an Irish Jew.'

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

We had now been nearly three years on the station and begun to feel some inclination to visit "Yankee town" once more. Of course, it was with no small pleasure that we saw, on arriving at Valparaiso, the Brandywine frigate, which was to take our place. After taking in provisions and water, we weighed on the afternoon of July 24th, 1827. There was to be a trial of speed between our ship and the Brandywine, the English Commodore betting \$100 that we would get under way the quickest, &c. Accordingly the signal was made, the boatswain's mates after a preliminary whistling bellowed at the different hatchways "all hands up anchor for *home*," which was answered by a peculiar kind of roar from all hands.

Every man was at his station in an instant, the first

Lieutenant thundered through his trumpet "heave round," the fifer struck up "The girl I left behind me," and in eight minutes and a half, the anchor was catted and fished, every rag of canvass was set and the ship was standing out of the bay. When we passed the Brandywine's stern, she was just sheeting home her topsails. We outsailed her easily and after exchanging salutes with her, we parted company.

On the 6th of March we anchored in St. Salvador, or Bahia, after a passage of 42 days, our distance by log being 6550 miles or 154 miles per day. This city makes a beautiful appearance from the bay, but I did not go on shore and of course "no more need be said on't." We left them firing half minutes guns to the memory of their ill fated Empress, who all classes there agreed, was murdered by the brutal Don Pedro.

April 1st. we anchored in Bridgetown harbor (Barbadoes) being the first American frigate that ever had been there. We were saluted and treated with great attention by the naval and military officers there.

After calling at Martinique and St. Thomas's we made Sandy Hook light house on the 21st of April: having run from Callao, a distance of 14,397 miles.

The 23d, we anchored in the North River where the ship in swinging round and getting herself "fixed" tore up half a dozen acres of shad nets, to the great indignation of the New-Yorkers, who opened a fire upon us next morning, from the press. On the 29th I was discharged from the ship, having been on board from the 24th November 1823.

As soon as possible I made sail for home, where I

arrived after an absence of six years and eight months  
And now as the old sea song says—

“ My tarry jacket and sea apparel,  
I have thrown aside forever more.”

Though whether like the “ elegant author,” I shall  
form

—————“ A settled notion

Now the wars are over to take a wife.”

remains to be proved, it being doubtful whether “ the  
*wars* are over” is a corollary often to be deduced from  
the matrimonial problem.

Landsmen generally have very mistaken notions  
concerning sailors, and most of those notions are ab-  
surd and ridiculous. Cooper's novels, the *Pilot* and  
the *Red Rover*, they think afford a correct picture  
of sea life and manners, and compare him to the au-  
thor of *Waverly*. ‘ *Credat Judaeus Appella, non  
ego,*’ (which is ladies being interpreted, ‘ tell that to  
the marines,’) to say nothing of the silly and contemp-  
tible hatred of the English nation, which breaks out  
in every sentence, and which no *gentleman* in the  
American navy ever did, or ever will cherish, his sea  
dialogues are disgusting and absurd, from being stuff-  
ed with sea phrases.

Sailors do not (except when describing some nau-  
tical transaction) converse in technical terms, any  
more than lawyers or physicians, and not near so  
much as clergymen of certain sects, nor do they  
swear so much, or at least not more than landsmen,  
though there is more energy and *pathos* in a sailor's  
oaths than in the stiff and labored imprecations of a  
mere ‘ *terrae filius.*’ ‘ *Tom Coffin*’ is a *caricature*

(and not a very good one) of an 'old salt,' but terribly strained and stiff.

I recollect once being desired by a dozen or twenty of my topmates, to read a few passages of the Pilot. Every thing seemed to please them well enough, till I came to one of the *rope-yarn* dialogues, when 'Pshaw! heave the d——d thing overboard,' broke out from the lips of half a dozen men of war's men at once. They appeared to think that such ridiculous language 'did discredit to our mystery.'

The Red Rover is much admired too, by landmen and I verily believe it is because they do not understand two words of it. These gratuitous admirers are chiefly exquisites and boarding school girls, who do not know salt water from fresh, or at least which end of a ship goes foremost, and who think that a sailor is a distinct animal, unlike the rest of the human family, like the Vermont lady, who, when a sailor (the first one she ever saw) was pointed out to her, exclaimed with some disappointment, 'Why law you, he has not got the *least bit of a tail*.' The character of 'Fid' in particular, is most supremely ridiculous. A waister who had not been a *banyan day* on board a guard ship, would be ashamed to use such silly language as Fid overflows with.

I have a thousand times observed one peculiar trait in the character of seamen. Whenever English sailors are in an American port, or Yankees in an English place, they are sure to quarrel, but put the same men in a French or Spanish seaport, and they will unite most firmly against the common enemy. I have

often been amused at the promptness and alacrity with which the English sailors uniformly espoused our quarrels on the coast of South America. Without stopping to count noses or to make any tedious and unnecessary investigation of the causes of the *row* we commonly received the first 'advices' of their arrival and co-operation from seeing half a dozen of the enemy rolling in the gutter, and the rest 'in full retreat.' It was enough for them to see 'one of us, put upon' by the natives, to induce them to lend us their aid.

Another trait more amiable than 'combativeness' is their unreflecting generosity to each other. Many a time I have seen a group of English and American seamen whose money was spent, before their 'liberty' was out, disencumbering themselves of jackets, shoes and silk handkerchiefs, to 'make a raise' for the mutual accommodation of the party. In these sacrifices, the English, I must confess, seemed to be more liberal than the Jonathans, whose calculating, money making disposition always shews itself on any emergency.

I could instance a thousand other good qualities which sailors possess, and which might be made to produce good fruit, but it would be of little use to me to point out the many good things that might be done with the same money that is yearly squandered in absurd and Quixotic schemes. Both the moral and physical condition of seamen admit of great improvement, and I have often wondered that those who believe and live up to the doctrines of Christianity, have never undertaken a crusade against *floating*

Landsmen have generally very strange and very absurd notions of sailors. They look upon them as specimens of total depravity, they regard them as vessels of wrath, children of the devil.

Some few indeed, on the principle that 'the greater the sinner, the greater the Saint' have volunteered a feeble crusade against the vices and sins of seamen and have accordingly stuffed ships full of tracts which have entirely defeated their own object, as they are of that gloomy species which represent the Almighty as a kind of 'spiritual and everlasting' being, whose thirst for human blood is gratified but not appeased by inflicting everlasting damnation upon infants who did not live long enough in this world to be able to commit sin, and heathen, 'poor benighted brethren,' who did not know any better than to commit it.

The writers of these tracts not only inculcate the maxim "ignorantia legis neminem excusat," ignorance of the law excuses nobody, but they take a peculiar delight in informing their terrified and despairing readers that the gates of mercy are forever shut against them.

It is true they allow that out of the whole marine population of a country, free grace might pick out one or two to be saved, but they intimate that they will probably be captains or mates and sailors consider the chance not worth trying for, pay but little attention to the 'serious calls' of these 'gospel trumpeters,' and as far as my own observation extends have quietly handed over to the cook all the tracts which a blind sectarian zeal had intruded upon their notice.

Sailors universally are extremely fond of reading and are far better judges of books than they are allowed credit for. The bible, from the laudable exertions of the different bible societies, is to be found in almost every ship and the men are generally very fond of reading it.

I have observed however that they are very much puzzled to reconcile the doctrine of election and free grace, as laid down in these tracts, with the promise to the dying thief upon the cross, or there being 'more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons,' &c.

I once undertook to explain the operations of free grace (no easy matter) to a well informed sailor, but he could not see through it. 'Why d—n it,' said the perplexed seamen, turning his quid and hitching up his trowsers. 'If we can do nothing of ourselves, why would it not be best to *heave to*, and let free grace come up with us?'

I must confess I did not see why the plan was not a good one. If our prayers and our alms do not 'go up as memorials before God,' it is hardly worth while to perform them, they become works of supererogation, we are doing more than our duty requires of us.

The tracts above mentioned inform us that good works are no recommendation to Almighty favor, that the practising the moral and social virtues is only a 'loss of time, and hindrance of business.'

Many of them contain authentic accounts of the sudden and miraculous conversions of a boatswain's mate or the pious conversation of a waister, the ex-

periences of a ships fifer or the happy death of a corporal of marines, narrated in that peculiar kind of style that 'leads captive silly women' but makes little or no impression upon the head or heart of a sailor.

While in the United States service I was 'singled from the vulgar' by the surgeon's mate, to assist him in writing his medical journal, sick reports, &c. and finally in writing the last will and testament of dying sailors. This last part of my duty was always unpleasant and in many cases affecting, but it gave me more insight into the true character of seamen.

Men who were reprobates when in health, shewed, as they approached the verge of eternity, that their hearts though callous were not wholly insensible, wives and mothers were remembered *then*, who had probably been neglected all their lives.

It seemed as if the icy fingers of death, while stealing around the heart of his victim, had touched the neglected chord of filial or conjugal affection and it was the last to vibrate.

I am not philosopher enough to know why, in the hour of death, a father or brother should not be remembered as well as a mother or a wife, but I have generally observed that the departing spirit kept its eyes fixed till the last moment upon some female form which was peculiarly dear to it during its sojourn in this 'dark vale of tears.'

My reputation as a nautical notary public increased rapidly and 'Black Bill the maintopman' was looked upon as the only one in the ship who could draw up a will in a 'ship shape' manner

It is always *ruleable* at sea, when a man is dying to read a portion of Scripture. On one occasion that I recollect, a poor fellow had just died of a fever; there were twenty or thirty men present at the time who unanimously agreed that it was highly proper that a chapter in the bible should be read.

Accordingly the bible was handed to a young fellow, who after turning over the leaves for some time, commenced with a clear voice and proper emphasis and read the story of the woman taken in adultery.

A learned divine on shore would undoubtedly have made a different and more appropriate selection, but it was 'a chapter in the bible' and that was sufficient—the men listened to it with as laudable gravity as though it had been 'I am the resurrection and the life,' or 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

I have frequently known men to keep the straggling leaves of a bible that had 'burst its cearments,' for years in their chests. More than once, in a man of war, I have seen an 'old sea-dog' extricate the 'ribs and trucks' of a superannuated bible from the dirt tub where it had been thrown by some graceless young scamp, and wiping it carefully, deposit it in his clothes bag or the *head clue* of his hammock. This veneration for the bible does not arise from superstition, it indicates that the seeds of a moral and religious education, sown in early life, only need cultivation to produce fruit, 'some thirty, some fifty and some an hundred fold.'

Strange! that such good soil should be neglected by the laborers in the Lords' vineyard! that the mania

for christianizing the whole world should overlook so valuable a portion of our own immediate family.

No class of men are more superstitious than sailors are or rather were, for the march of intellect has overthrown and trampled under foot nautical superstition in a great measure, and it can only be found now, in its original purity, among the relics of 'the Nile and Trafalgar,' the old stock of sailors, the 'ancient mariners,' who like our revolutionary heroes, are fast being 'rove through eternity's block.'

No doubt these superstitious notions of theirs were very absurd and ridiculous, but the overthrowing and doing away with them always seemed to me, detracting something from the original and true character of the sailor, it is reducing him to the level of a 'mere man;' take away his professional superstitions, and he ceases to be an animal of a distinct species, and becomes a biped undistinguished from the rest of the human family, except by wearing a round jacket, swearing and chewing tobacco.

I have seen and heard a great many instances of this superstition which seems to be peculiar to them, but which is fast fading away.

Sailors are now nowise scrupulous about going to sea on Friday, although they still attach a vague and undefined character of unluckiness to that day, and look upon it as a suspicious character, which it is not safe to trust too far.

While the combined fleets of France and Spain were lying blockaded in Cadiz, just before the battle of Trafalgar, two men fell from the maintopmast

crosstrees of the 'Santissima Trinidad,' then supposed to be the largest ship in the world.

The admiral immediately had the crosstrees taken down, carried ashore, attended by a vast rabble of priests and friars, and burnt by the common hangman. All this, however did not avert her fate, for she was sunk in the action by Lord Nelson.

While on board a frigate in the Pacific, a poor devil lay dying of consumption. A dying man is a sight that in a man of war always draws a crowd, and is contemplated generally with much earnestness and interest by the younger part of the crew.

While we were standing around him, some one after looking at him awhile, turning his quid and hitching up his trowsers, observed 'He is a short stay peek, and will be under way for another world in less than half an hour.' 'No,' said an old man next me, very gravely, 'he won't die till *high water*.'

He did not pretend to know why a man could not as well die on the *first of the flood* as any other time, but he said 'he never knew a man die a natural death on board a ship, except at high water.

I have known a great many men who could not be hired to go to sea in a vessel, called 'Mary Ann.' They said it was a d—d unlucky name, and they never knew a vessel of that name that was not either cast away or dismasted.

It is also unlucky to give or take a knife or needle as a present, unless it is passed from one to the other through a ladder. A real old tar after scooping out the meat of a boiled egg, invariably breaks the shell

to pieces, 'that the witches may not go to sea in it;' witches being animals in whose existence sailors firmly believe, and of whom they stand in awe.

The antipathies of seamen are closely connected with their superstitions. Most old sailors that I have seen, dislike to have a clergyman on board as a passenger. 'But why,' said I one day to an old shipmate, 'I should think that where there was a minister on board praying for a fair wind and good weather every day, you would feel safe.' 'Psha! d—n it, I believe the devil always hovers round a ship where there is a minister, and I'll tell you why; I was in a ship once, where there was one of these what d'ye call 'ems, missionaries, passenger, and he got us all, one Sunday, down in the cabin to prayer, except the man at the wheel; and in the mean time we were struck with a white squall and lost all three topmasts; now if he had not bothered us with his prayers, we might have saved all that trouble.'

'But,' said I, 'you have been ever so long on board English men of war and all of them, from a frigate upwards, have chaplains.' 'Ah! that's a different thing altogether. A chaplain of a man of war has a regular built commission and draws the King's allowance; he is besides part sailor, not like one of your long shore ministers that has no more business at sea than the devil has in a pulpit.'

Whistling at sea is never tolerated except in a calm. "A whistling sailor, a crowing hen and a swearing woman ought all three to go to hell together;" so say the *old salts*.

There is a great dislike among seamen to the society of horses or women as passengers. I perfectly coincide with them as far as my own experience goes. Both horses and women are equally unmanageable in bad weather and preposterous in their fears of it. 'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu,' &c. may be agreeable enough on shore, but becomes harsh and disagreeable music on board ship, when mixed with the screams of sea-sick and terrified women, nor is the roaring of the wind improved by the treble accompaniment of a woman's voice. We have at sea squalls enough of wind and thunder, without any superfluous squalls from women and children.

However as women do go to sea and seem very much inclined to take charge of all sublunary affairs maritime and terrestrial, we may expect in one or two generations more, to see ships officered and manned by them.

In the navy they will be utterly useless as boarders, as from the immense size of their bonnets it would be impossible to throw a sufficient number of them on an enemy's deck, to form a front of more than two abreast, unless the ship had a most amazing breadth of beam, or the ladies would consent to wear their padded hoods and voluminous curls, which "I will be supposed upon a book' are proof against a blow of a cutlass and would

" Like feather bed on castle wall,  
Keep off the brunt of cannon ball."

Even then the 'feri faciem' (strike at the face) of Julius Cæsar, would put the whole concern to flight.

When horses fall down at sea, it is generally supposed to be impossible to get them up again, they seem to lose all energy and spirit, and nothing remains but to knock them in the head and heave them overboard.

When women, on the other hand, get over their sea-sickness, they are amazingly fond of taking command and finding fault.

If sail is made on the ship, 'she pitches so dreadfully that it makes me sick,' if sail is taken in, 'she rolls so terribly that I can't lie in my berth,' the man at the wheel chews tobacco or has on a pair of tarry trowsers, or the mate makes so much noise in the night watch, or the decks are wet and dirty, or it rains, or the sun shines, &c. any thing or every thing furnishes her with a *point d'appui* by which she keeps the ship 'and all that dwell therein' in hot water.

I was once in a frigate where there were two ladies, passengers. In a gale of wind they were extremely desirous of heaving the main deck guns overboard! it would be like cutting adrift the horses of a stage coach for fear they might run away with the carriage on some part of the rout.

I could quote many more examples of the superstitious notions and professional antipathies of seamen, but as they would not be very interesting to me to write, I judge 'a fortiori' they would be equally dull to my readers.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Many of my long shore acquaintance are perpetually asking questions concerning things that they have little or no idea of, that I have seen during my rambles. They have some strange notions about matters and things in this world, such as summer in January, south of the equator, the Magellan clouds, &c. These last find but few Ixions willing to embrace the idea of their existence.

Like the old lady who utterly scouted the notion of flying fish, but very readily believed the story of one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels being brought up on the fluke of a ship's anchor.

The Magellan clouds however do exist, and probably will exist 'in omne volubiles aevum.' They are three in number, two white and one black, and generally come in sight on reaching the seventh or eighth degree of south latitude, forming nearly an equilateral triangle, near one side of which the southern polar point is 'located,' as near as I could judge. They are small, and the two white ones appear rather brighter than the bright parts of the milky way. One of them is near the 'cross,' which though composed of only four stars, is one of the most brilliant and beautiful constellations in the firmament.

Indeed, I think that there are a great many more

brilliant stars in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, at any rate, nothing can exceed the beauty of a tropical night at sea.

People on shore are also much puzzled to know what we *can* find to do at sea, without considering or perhaps not knowing that a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair, not to mention certain points of character which a ship possesses in common with the fair owner of the above mentioned watch, such as being very difficult to manage at times, and at times utterly unmanageable, being frequently 'in stays' and sometimes 'slack in stays' &c. all which 'little peculiarities,' as they are called, in a lady, require a great deal of skill to manage in a ship.

Besides, ship owners, especially in Boston, generally stuff their ships full of old junk and 'shakings' for the men to work up on the voyage, for say they 'it will not do for the crew to eat any idle beef and bread,' as if the severity of the duty, the exposure to all kinds of weather and to sickly climates, the risking of life, liberty and limbs, were not well worth ten dollars a month, without any additional troubles. But the usage in a man of war is infinitely better than in a merchantman, the masters and mates of which are frequently taken from the lowest dregs of society, or what is worse have been dragged out of a counting room or college and placed in command of a merchantman, knowing just as much about a ship as a dog knows about his father.

In a man of war, after the men are 'broke in' every thing goes on quietly and smoothly; every one

knows his station and duty. Indeed I shall always look back upon the three last years of the cruise in the Pacific as the happiest parts of my life. I was out of the reach of love, religion and politics; I was 'where the' women 'cease from troubling, where' old bachelors 'are at rest;' I had enough to eat and drink, my duty was light, and I understood it thoroughly, and I had but little to do, except to keep from being 'pressed' into a boat, and to walk straight enough to avoid treading on the toes of *Mrs. Discipline* oftener than I could help, she being a crabbed old lady, and apt to resent any such familiarities.

The 'breaking in' to be sure, was rather severe, but necessary, for the crew, of nearly five hundred men, were from all parts of the world, and of all possible dispositions, occupations, sizes, habits, and colors, and it required no small degree of skill and firmness to *retn in* such a fiery *team* and make them know their places.

Every man of war's man must have noticed how eager young midshipmen on their first cruize are to see a man punished and that most of them omit no opportunity of furnishing the secular arm with a sufficient degree of exercise to 'keep the scurvy out of its bones.'

The southern officers, though they have a vast deal of patrician haughtiness, which, by the way, sits gracefully and naturally upon them, are not generally so tyrannical as those from the northern states, and the reason, I think, is obvious, the southerners, born and brought up among slaves, over whom their power is almost despotic, are used to authority, while the

northerners, who have never been indulged with even the show of it, omit no opportunity when they actually do possess power, of displaying and unmuzzling it, letting it loose, rather for their own gratification than from any necessity.

Still the treatment of the men in the naval service of both Great Britain and the United States is infinitely superior to the usage in the merchantmen of either country.

In addition to this, the living is as much better as possible. The daily ration of a man in the United States navy costs government twenty-five cents, including half a pint of whiskey; in a merchantman, where no liquor is allowed or at farthest, half a gill of 'white-eye,' the great inferiority of the provisions reduces the value of the ration to about thirteen cents.

I have already observed that the duty in a man of war is very light, for when there is any work to do, so many hands can be employed that it is done very quick.

Perhaps I can illustrate this better by giving a sketch of a day's work and occupation while in port. At daylight, the boatswain's mates piped at the different hatchways, 'up all hammocks.'

Previous to this however, the 'music' was called, the midshipmen of the watch were heard calling, 'ship's drummer? boatswains mate, send the drummer on deck,' which was answered from a dozen hammocks, 'you sheep-skin fidler, hurry up with your fiddle and make it daylight.'

For the different duties of 'turning out,' dressing

and lashing up the hammocks, fifteen minutes were allowed by the rules of the service, just about half the time that a modern fashionable would expend in what sailors call, 'looking for his knee-buckles,' that is, concluding whether he shall get up or not, and making some faint demonstrations towards accomplishing that laborious undertaking.

The last hammock and the master at arms made their respective appearance up the main hatchway, with 'hammocks all up, sir' from the latter to the lieutenant of the watch.

After that came a series of treble and counter-tenor yelpings from the midshipmen, such as 'Fore and main topmen, captain of the maintop?' 'Sir' like the roar of an elephant, 'get your holy stones and sand up. Captain of the afterguard? where's all the afterguard? Afterguard and mizen top men, holy stone the quarter deck. Corporal of marines, take these muskets off the quarter deck. Where's all the market gang? Boatswain's mate, call away the third cutter, and lower her down; hurry up there, third cutters.'

When the officer of the watch thought the decks sufficiently clean, he gave the wished-for order, 'wash down.' After the decks were washed and swabbed dry, the yards were squared, the boys mustered in the starboard gangway, under the inspection of the master at arms, at 8 o'clock the music was called, the colors hoisted, and breakfast piped.

At nine, the drum beat to quarters, and the officers of divisions saw that all their men were dressed clean. After the 'retreat' was beat, the men went about their

business, and it was then that the decks presented a sight that would astonish a landsman; carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, tailors, barbers, silver-smiths, cabinet-makers, &c. were seen at work; and last, but not least, nestled down between the guns, the *sleepers*, a class highly respectable for their numbers as well as zeal and assiduity in their vocation, and 'of which I was one,' for being naturally of a strong constitution, I found I could undergo a vast deal of ease, without any perceptible injury to my health, or disparagement to my appetite and spirits.

My somnolent propensity was indulged sometimes in improper situations. I had one day a 'lookout' in the main top mast cross trees from twelve till four. I slept from one till half past four, when I was waked by the firing of Admiral Guise's squadron, which I was stationed aloft to look out for, and the batteries on shore.

I was immediately relieved and sent down on deck, where I went with a beating heart; fortunately the first lieutenant was on deck. 'Ar'nt you a pretty fellow?' I had few or no doubts of my 'prettiness,' but did not see what it had to do with the case in hearing. 'You were asleep, sir.' 'No, sir, I was reading.' 'Let me see your book,' and I produced from my bosom a volume of 'Woodstock,' that had just arrived on the coast. 'Next time you have a look-out, don't you take a book aloft with you.'

We were generally well supplied with books by the kindness of the officers, whose friends sent out Scott's novels, and other new and interesting works, as fast as published in America.

Philadelphia and Baltimore newspapers we had pretty regularly; but few masters of vessels *north* of those places ever troubled themselves to bring out any. They are also very negligent in delivering letters entrusted to their care; one Boston captain, an intimate acquaintance of mine, and who knew that I was on board the frigate, carried a letter directed to me all over the Pacific, till it had acquired the respectable age of nineteen months, fifteen of which it had passed in his cabin.

To return, screened in with canvass, between two guns under the half deck might be seen the *corps dramatique*, employed in rehearsing the scenes or casting the parts of 'The Irishman in London,' 'She stoops to conquer,' or 'The Heir at Law,' &c. the fore bitts being decorated with one play-bill, and the head of the forcing-pump proudly displaying another.

At seven bells, (half past eleven,) all work was put away, the decks cleared up and swept, and at twelve our ears were saluted with the joyful sound of 'pipe to dinner,' and the music of the drum 'rolling to grog.' Then came the anxious question, 'Whose grog is stopped to-day? Is that the *grog list* the master's mate has got in his hand?' 'No, 'tis the sick list.' 'They say all the fore-topmen's grog is stopped,' &c.

I have seen a man whose grog was stopped, turn round to the fresh water tank and very gravely drink half a pint of water, observing, that 'he could at least go through the motions.'

After dinner, the mechanics, &c. resumed their occupations, the readers resumed their books, and the

sleepers 'took up the wondrous tale' that imagination was telling them before dinner. At four in the afternoon, the drum again rolled to grog, and the hum of five hundred voices was increased partly by the steam served out, and partly because there was nothing more to be done that day.

Just before sunset the drum and fife played that tune which in an instant silenced every tongue, and sent every man flying to his gun. The men were again mustered to ascertain that all were present and *sober*, the captains of guns examined their iron charge, to see that every thing was in its place and the guns properly secured.

These important facts being ascertained, and all who were any ways *blue* delivered over to the paternal care of the master at arms or corporal of marines, the retreat was beat and followed by 'all hands, stand by your hammocks,' the colours were hauled down, the boats hoisted up to their respective places, the band was called and sent on the forecastle and dancing immediately commenced, and sometimes lasted till midnight; the main-topmen's coffee-house and gangways were filled with politicians, singers, and story tellers, who gradually dropped off to their hammocks.

At eight o'clock all lights and fires were put out, except the officers lights, which burn till nine and the sentries' lanthorns, which burn till daylight, and in a few minutes all was still.

This will answer for almost any day in the week, varied with occasionally loosing and furling sails, exercising guns, hoisting in water, &c.

On Sunday the men were all dressed alike and mustered on the quarter deck, and if it happened to be the first Sunday in the month, 'the articles of war' were read each clause terminating with 'death or worse punishment.' In the afternoon, the sleeping society received a reinforcement of fifty or sixty 'Sunday scholars,' who slumbered with great devotion till grog time.

At sea, there was but little difference; only one watch was on deck at a time and but little was done, except trimming the yards, making and taking in sail, &c. But no place can equal a man of war for *news*. One day we were told that Russia and France had declared war against England and America, which was a favorite report and we began to cast eyes of affection upon the French men of war, and numerous valuable merchantmen on the coast; then we were to 'proceed immediately up the Mediteranean, to co-operate with the Greeks.'

So that with hearing and telling news, reading, sleeping, playing chess and checkers, dancing, theatricals, &c. our time passed pleasantly, 'free from thought, from sorrow free.'

I have thus, most gentle, and I presume by this time dormant, reader, brought thee to the conclusion of my sea life. If thou hast patience to turn over a leaf or two, 'you shall see what you shall see.'

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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### MY EARLY DAYS.

*Shallow.* O the mad days that I have seen.  
2d Henry IV.

Burns, in his 'Bonny Doon' bestows sundry objur-  
gations upon the birds, &c. because they 'mind him  
departed joys, departed never to return.' The mem-  
ory of my 'departed joys,' is too closely connected  
with the consequent disappointments, to be sepa-  
rated by any operation which my mental machinery  
is capable of performing, to afford me much comfort  
in the retrospection. Still I can look back to cer-  
tain periods of my life with pleasure, and I continue  
to regard, as the happiest part of my existence, the  
three years passed at Harvard University, and the  
three and a half spent on board a man of war, two  
seminaries at which I had the honour to receive my  
polite education, and of which, in point of morality,  
I am inclined to prefer the latter.

There are some points of resemblance between  
them, however, that I might as well notice before I  
proceed to expounding and applying my text.

Harvard is situated within an hour's walk of Bos-  
ton, the pleasures and gaieties of which serve as a  
safety valve through which the innate and oppressive  
tendency to dissipation in youngsters whose parents

are rich, finds an ample and convenient vent. In like manner it is found necessary to send the students of the other seminary, (the man of war,) on shore, 'on liberty,' from time to time, partly in compliance with a law of the naval service, and partly in order to keep them quiet.

In the 'alma mater' above mentioned, (not the floating one,) all violations of collegiate laws were punished by fine, suspension, or rustication, the undergoing any or all which, 'in my time,' constituted the chief, and sometimes the only, recommendation for admission into the 'Deipnophagoi,' and 'Porcellian Clubs,' the first of which held a bacchanalian 'symposium' about once a month, while the other, more modest, had a regular built strait blowout only once a year.

In the other seminary, offences against discipline are visited by an application of hemp, in substance,' to the outer man, *minus* his shirt, the shame and disgrace of which have driven many a good tall fellow to suicide or desertion.

How far it may be practicable or advisable to carry a similar system in the more bookish seminary I cannot pretend to say, but it seems tacitly allowed on all hands, that it is infinitely better to let a youngster acquire incurable habits of dissipation and extravagance at college than to stop his mad career by the infliction of temporary bodily or mental pain, to obtain which first desirable consummation, parents send their children to the university as young as possible, and supply them liberally, or rather profusely, with pocket money to keep up their own credit.

I could draw more parallels between the two seminaries, but I feel my prejudices in favor of the 'service' getting the better of my candor.

My first recollections are connected with a little, old, 'ten foot' school-house, which like the domicile of Joe Strickland's uncle Ben, was situated 'close to the meetin' hous,' and its vinegar-faced sovereign, Miss G——, or as she was more familiarly and generally called, Miss Betsey. A Catholic would have called her 'Nuestra Senora della Piante,' our lady of complaints, for she was the exciting cause of most of the *vagitus infantum* that were to be heard in the village.

Some of her punishments were peculiar to herself, and I will mention them, the more readily, as I feel no fear of their re-infliction, unless the Massachusetts Legislature, among its innumerable acts, should pass one for their revival, or some of our anti-capital-punishment senators should recommend them to Congress as substitutes for dangling.

In the partition there was a gimblet-hole, an inch or two higher than my head from the floor, into which a lock of my hair, (for this punishment was a monopoly of mine,) was put and secured by a peg, so that I was compelled to stand on tiptoe and bolt upright, with my jaws drawn ajar, like the door of a grog shop on Sunday morning.

This answered very well for one season, but the next summer, when as usual, I commenced operations by drawing down upon my head the indignation of the 'school-ma'am,' and one of my 'bright yellow locks'

was put into well known durance, I found that I had grown so much during the fall and winter, that I could 'stand at ease,' as soldiers say. Her ingenuity, however, 'devised brave punishments,' of another kind for me.

The school-house tongs were mounted astride on my neck, and I was ordered to stand in the middle of the room, for a 'vlouting stock,' as Sir Hugh Evans would call it, to the rest of the scholars. I had not been 'on post' but a few moments, when one of the boys, 'a fellow of an infinite humor,' threw his countenance into such a grotesque shape, that human gravity, which had just left off petticoats, was no proof against it. My cachinnations reached the offended ears of Miss Betsey, who striding up to me, like a walking pair of compasses, laid hold of the ends of the tongs, and gave me a very correct idea of the sensations of hanging.

When we were at play before school, some of the most active were stationed at the corner of the street, and the moment the alarm was given, 'the school-ma'am is coming,' the whole fleet immediately 'bore up and made sail' for the school-house. The girls, who might be denominated the 'inshore squadron,' seldom ventured far from the door, with the exception of some of the oldest, who mixed among the boys practising the 'manual exercise' of airs and graces, of smiles and blâshes with the innate and long-enduring spirit of coquetry peculiar to the sex.

During the winter months, I was sent to 'a man's school,' which had a new prime minister every season.

Among the first that I recollect was a gentleman from Providence, who was a kind of a 'king log,' among us, and was regularly saluted, when school was done, with a shower of snow-balls, and escorted to his lodgings by a detachment of young Cossacks, who 'harrassed his rear,' with an irregular, but well directed discharge of the same missiles.

He was succeeded by a short, thick-set, Indian-looking fellow of a very different description. With him suspicion and punishment were inseparable; he was the counterpart of Virgil's Minos 'castigat auditque dolos,' he first executed the sentence and then read the indictment. After him came a huge, overgrown monster, six feet or more in height. He was a man of Herculean strength and violent passions, and applied the birch without any regard to the difference of size and strength between himself and victim. The last day of his reign was solemnized by a grand 'feu de joie' of snow balls, that attended him, I believe, almost out of the parish.

Long before this, however, a new brick school house had been built, and the old one removed.

Moving buildings was a science then in its infancy, but in the town of D—— was carried to such an extent, that the concentrated wisdom of Massachusetts, 'in General Court assembled' actually discussed the propriety of passing 'an act entitled, an act to prevent dwelling houses and other buildings from going at large.'

The old school house, after travelling about the village for some time, 'seeking rest and finding none,'

is at last 'located' in a central situation and forms two convenient shops, one of which is occupied by a barber, and the outside of my head has often been adorned in the same room where the inside first received its literary bias from an initiation into the mysteries of a-b, ab.

In process of time I was promoted to the higher walks of learning, and under the auspices of a young student in law, commenced my acquaintance with 'nominative *penna*, genitive *pennal*,' &c. From the limb of the law I was transferred to the care of a physician, just commencing his career in spite of the opposition of the old established body-curers in the place, and whose reputation as a physician and member of society is rather higher than all my scribbling will ever carry mine. His professional duties carried him abroad a good deal, and the moment his back was turned, Horace and Virgil had leave to 'lie on the table,' and I was immediately deep in Bell and Cheselden.

From law and medicine I made a natural transition to divinity, and was fitted for college by a clergyman of somewhat eccentric habits, with whom I became a great favorite, and whose smoking tobacco I used to qualify with gunpowder, which the unsuspecting, good old man smoked as usual, but occasionally broke out into exclamations of surprise at the unaccountable explosions, mixed with expressions of indignation at the shop-keeper who supplied his pipe.

His school was composed of three others besides myself; one of them, the son of one of our Govern-

ors, another, the son of a Boston merchant, and the third, a long-sided Habakkuk Mucklewrath-looking creature, from Vermont, I believe, now a minister, and married; for when did a preacher ever have any further trouble in the 'matrimonial line,' than just to throw the handkerchief, like the Grand Turk?

Having attained a suitable age, I made my appearance at Cambridge, with eighty-two others, as candidates for admission to the literary arena.

In the course of my examination in Greek, which branch was conducted by the Professor of Theology, with his usual ability, I came to the passage in Anacreon, 'ugron udor,' which I translated 'moisture,' but the learned professor corrected me in his usual mild way: 'No, it is *wet water!*' I felt a strong inclination to ask if the astute professor's researches in antiquity or hydrology had made him acquainted with any kind of water that was not wet, but checked myself, and was passed to the professor of Mathematics, who asked me abruptly, 'How much is twice two?' to which I answered, after some hesitation, 'Four.' Question second followed like a flash of lightning, 'How do you prove that?' This was what cockneys call a 'settler;' and after pondering some time, I was forced to 'give it up,' and was informed that 'Twice two made four by the repeated addition of one!'

I never prided myself upon my arithmetical proficiency, though I thought I had 'ciphered so far that I could see through,' and upon hearing this unexpected elucidation of one of the mysteries of Mathematics, I felt an embryo grin distorting the muscles of my face.

Having passed the ordeal of examination with great eclat, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties in the Greek and Mathematical departments, I commenced my career in the race of fame, which was to last four years, and then to be rewarded with a never dying A. B. at the end of my name, which always seemed to me something like the promise so often made me when a child, 'be a good boy and you shall have a wife when you're married!'

If, however, I was startled at the new ideas I had received at the outset, I was again sorely puzzled at some of the recitations.

While the class were struggling through Millot's Universal History, the most utterly worthless and contemptible work of that kind or any other extant, and which the sagacious 'faculty' of Harvard, adopted as a class book, the tutor asked one day, 'Did Cato die?' to which the student, after hastily counting the centuries that had elapsed since the last days of the Roman republic, and finding they amounted to nearly nineteen, boldly answered, 'Yes, sir,' taking it for granted that so staunch a friend of republics as Cato, would, if he were alive, have emigrated to the United States, and taken an active part in politics; but it seems he was 'clean wrong,' for the profound and accurate tutor immediately replied, 'No, he did not, he killed himself.'

In like manner, when the veil was raised that hid the beauties of logic from our impatient gaze, we were asked, before rushing with mad delight into a world of dilemmas and syllogisms, 'What is logic? or rather, logic is what?'

My delinquencies in this last delightful branch of learning, drew upon me the notice of the astonished professor, who reprimanded me severely for my stupidity and negligence, and what was most intolerable of all, made me go over all that I had omitted.

This was followed by a 'grave rebuke, severe in' presidential 'beauty,' for being among the 'missing' at morning prayers, for a month or six weeks in succession. In addition to the 'quip modest,' from the chair, I was fined twenty-nine cents for the same offence, and likewise fifty cents for snoring during one of Dr. H——'s sermons, who, after the declaration of war, used to pray regularly every Sunday, that God would 'counsel our counsellors and give our senators wisdom.' No doubt the good doctor thought that, as they had got themselves and the country into a scrape, they required some extra wisdom.

I also came within an ace of suspension, (not by the neck,) for emptying my wash bason upon the head of one of the 'government,' which head was at that moment sporting a new hat. Besides all this, I was subjected to a severe scolding for firing a musket in my room, when I 'trailed the puissant pike' in the 'Harvard Washington Corps.'

But notwithstanding all these 'manifold sins and ignorances,' I was by no means idle. I found time to read Hume's History of England with Bissett and Smollet's continuations, Russel's Modern Europe, Oppian's Halieutics, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Falconer's Marine Dictionary, Shakspeare, Swift, Hudibras, and many more valuable

works; and last, but not least, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, which prejudiced me, in conjunction with *Hawksworth's* and *Mavor's* collections of voyages, in favor of a sea life.

I also learned to play whist and picquet, made some proficiency in chess, but gave it up as too mathematical, and requiring too much forethought, skated, kicked foot-ball and pitched quoits, attended recitations when I thought the lesson not too hard, which was not often the case in *Geometry*, *Metaphysics*, *Greek* or *Mathematics*, visited the "Literary Emporium" almost every Saturday in summer, provided I had wherewithal to pay my toll over the bridge, and the theatre in winter, as often as I was sufficiently in funds to buy a ticket.

I also wrote themes for the professor of rhetoric, which I copied from the *Spectator* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and which I altered a little in language, but not in ideas, enough however, to puzzle the learned professor, till growing bolder and more indolent, I presented one taken verbatim from *Addison*, for which the Doctor gave me the 'first mark,' to the infinite envy and astonishment of my more original and industrious classmates, though I did not think proper to show them a mark of quotation at the beginning and end of my 'composition.'

I recollect the last theme I wrote. The motto was, 'Virtus est medium vitiorum.' Unable to find any one in the class who could give a satisfactory translation of it, I hazarded one of my own, namely, 'True virtue consists in preserving a medium in our vices,'

and after this followed a dissertation in praise of virtue for the space of—half a page of letter paper, which made the theme about as long as a middling sized fourth of July toast. I presented the fruit of my ‘laboring brain,’ and the Doctor drew his pen across my ill-starred translation, at the same time regarding me ‘with a withering look,’ and my next quarters bill was decorated with a line of ‘poetry,’ (as we used to call it,) specifying that I was fined one dollar ‘for negligence in composition.’

I also acquired a great reputation for rolling nine-pins at the Fresh Pond Hotel, which was based upon more intrinsic excellence than my fame as a belles lettres writer just mentioned. I have already hinted at my being a member of the college company of Light Infantry. Before I left college I was talked of, in all circles, for third corporal, thus furnishing a living and musket-shouldering corollary to the Latin problem on our standard, ‘*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*’

But fortune, the perverse and mulish jade was determined that the laurels of Apollo and Mars should never be entwined around the same brows, and I ‘took up my connexions’ and retired to private life in the county of Bristol, where in the amiable family of a most respected clergyman, I passed six months, during which I made greater progress in Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the higher branches of Arithmetic, than I had during my whole collegiate life.

Here I acquired considerable reputation for snar-

ing partridges and attending balls, singing-schools, and huskings. In process of time 'grim-visaged war,' which had hitherto prevented my going to sea, 'smoothed his wrinkled front,' and having no longer the fear of a British bullet or prison before my eyes, I bid adieu to *terra firma*. My sage reflections and tough yarns during that part of my life are already before the public.

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*Costard.* 'To see him walk before a lady and bear her fan, and then how most sweetly he will swear.'

*Love's Labor Lost, Act 4, Scene 1st.*

Every philosopher, or every one that calls himself such, from the 'year one,' down to the present time, has held up his hands in astonishment at the 'march of intellect' and exclaimed in extacy, 'this is the age of refinement.' And perhaps they were all right in turn, we have gone on refining and being refined for centuries. Our ideas in law, religion, metaphysics, love, war and conversation, are all refined as much as they well can be, but undoubtedly the next generation will improve upon us in polish.

But it is not the refinements in religion, &c. those weightier matters of the law, that I intend noticing, nor even the improvements in the art of making love, which, like the latter editions of the classics, we think, 'valde lautior ac emendatior' than the old fashioned copy in which our ancestors studied. We have

divested *our* edition of those long-winded commentaries and marginal notes in the shape of fourteen year courtships, legal settlements, hearts, darts, sighs, flames, &c. But my attention has been attracted to the improvements and graces in conversation and manners that have taken place within my immediate recollection, many of which are perhaps local.

It was formerly thought necessary that conversation should be marked by plain good sense and but few or no ornaments, and one unrefined old fellow went so far as to say that 'brevity was the soul of wit,' a most absurd proposition, for if it is true, then the late speeches in Congress are the silliest things extant, and if it is false,—but every body knows that it is.

The case is now somewhat altered, and tropes and figures of speech are in fashion, and although, perhaps, we do not *say* more than our forefathers, it must be allowed that we *talk* a vast deal more. The most prominent figure of rhetoric is one which was frequently used by ancient orators, and known to them by the name of 'obtestatio,' or invocatio,' a calling to witness or invoking the assistance of the gods, which they usually did in their orations and public harangues at some length and with much formality.—(Vide Homer, Virgil, Ovid, &c. *passim*.)

But the moderns have refined greatly upon this beautiful and useful figure of speech. Our oaths and imprecations are vastly more compendious than those of our ancestors, or even of our own immediate progenitors, we have reduced cursing and swearing

to a kind of short hand. The rising generation of this town and vicinity especially, are wonderfully quick in acquiring, and expert in exercising this flower of rhetoric. It is astonishing how quick young ideas learn to shoot into profanity, from the example continually before them in the conversation of their fathers and elder brothers.

A few days ago, hearing several cats under my window, uttered in a kind of chirping voice, I looked out and saw two or three little unfledged, unbreeched creatures not more than three years old, who were swearing with as much vehemence and *science* as men of thirty.

Though I have been professionally, a hard swearer myself, and am even now, (to my shame I confess it,) qualified to take a place among Knickerbocker's family of 'Van Dams,' my swearing days are, I flatter myself almost over, my 'damns have had their day.' The moschettoes and flies do, it is true, by their assiduities, now and then extort an oath or two, which, as Commodore Trunion says, 'make a ripple in the current of my speech,' and which, but for them, would flow on quietly when it flowed at all, but these interlocatory ejaculations, like distant thunder, announce that the squall is over, and ought, by good rights, to be considered as spoken 'aside;' still I confess I was somewhat shocked on hearing the profanity of these little wretches, these men in a chrysalis state, and compared it with my own childhood, when even mentioning the familiar cognomen of his Satanic majesty was called 'a wicked word' and punished accordingly.

But the particular use or abuse of this figure of speech has latterly attracted a good deal of my attention as being a habit that many of our 'good society' folks practise in the company of females. In order to swear with grace and propriety in the company of women, much practice is necessary.

The proper kind of oaths to be used on such occasions seem to be two, namely, the parenthetical and interjectional, examples of which may be heard in our streets at all hours of the day and night. I have known one of these street orators keep a huge oath upon his lips, till he had looked round to ascertain if there was a woman or a quaker within hearing, before he permitted it to explode.

This is one of the modern refinements in conversation, which has lately come within my notice, and which seems intended to fill up those little gaps and breaks that so frequently occur in both language and ideas. But there is another method of filling these interruptions in conversation, when the imagination seems inclined to stop payment, and which is more pleasant than swearing, namely, smoking. This is a most useful art to those whose ideas and words flow like tar in cold weather from the bung-hole of a cask.

I have often thought that the art of smoking and talking at the same time, might be reduced to a regular science, and called '*fumiloquence*,' an acquaintance with which would be of great service to a judge delivering his maiden charge to a jury, a clergyman preaching without notes, a member of Congress 'on his legs' for the first time, a lover making a declara-

tion to his mistress, or any other situation where the tongue stands still and the imagination, if it goes at all, goes backwards. Always smoke when riding or walking with ladies; it not only keeps off moschettoes, but induces a deliberate and composed manner of expressing yourself.

‘Learn to speak slow, all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.’

Learn to smoke and you will speak slow from necessity. Having mentioned walking with ladies, I will notice the most ‘refined’ manner of performing that delightful duty.

A gentleman who walks out with ladies should always, if practicable, engage two female companions, one on each side. The advantages of this arrangement are infinite, but I will only mention a few of them.

First, a lady on each arm answers precisely the same purpose as the ‘ice pieces’ on the bows of a Greenland whaler, they keep off shocks that would otherwise impinge against the mortal frame of the ‘cavalier serviente.’ Virgil unquestionably thought of this when he said, ‘*Medio tutissimus ibis.*’

Secondly, a gentleman between two ladies is like the metaphysical jackass, he runs little or no risk of falling in love with either, for his heart attracted first one way and then another, finds no rest;

‘*Huc et illuc rapitur amens.*’

Every one knows the immense advantage which a lady possesses when she has the beau *all to herself*, the ‘*mollia tempora fandi,*’ are innumerable in a solitary

walk. Many a time has the tender confession trembled on my lips, in such situations, but my better angel has always brought me off; the thundering passage of a stage-coach, or the equally noisy but slower approach of a cart loaded with a million of bars of iron, has arrested the half formed proposal and given me time to 're-consider.'

Thirdly, a lady on each arm gives the peripatetic knight a triumphant air, he seems like some Roman consul entering the city in triumph, with a captive Amazon at each chariot wheel. The solitary wight, whose arm

'by beauty is seldom prest,'

looks at him with envy; the married man, who trudges along with a *moschetto* fleet of children on one side, and their 'alma mater' on the other, beholds him and sighs, it

"Minds him of departed joys,  
Departed never to return."

These are a few, a very few of the marks of 'refinement' to be met with every where. As other luminous points in the milky way of refinement present themselves, I will notice them and endeavor to point out such stars as, like Aldebaran, Fomalhaut, &c. to seamen, may serve to determine our polite longitude.

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'Mend your Kakelology.'

*Heir at Law*

I am not the oldest person in the world, but have lived long enough in it to have witnessed a good ma-

ny alterations. But of all the variations of fashions, manners, religious and political creeds and opinions, nothing has struck me so forcibly as the change which the signification of many English words and phrases, and the manner of using them, has undergone.

Ideas and ladies certainly appear in a very different and entirely new style of dress, to which they wore five and twenty or thirty years ago, an unequivocal sign of the 'march of intellect' and progress of refinement.

Once, we used simply to say a ship was launched; now she "glides majestically into her destined element." Formerly, when a road, bridge, canal, &c. was out of order, we used to say it was undergoing repairs; the Philadelphia and New-York editors of this refined generation, tell us that 'it is being mending;' the same gentlemen will probably soon say that at the last dates from Washington such or such a bill 'was being being discussed.'

When two gentlemen in a public assembly black-guard each other like two pickpockets, they are said to make use of 'severe vituperations and personal reflections;' if one of them should happen to swear like a pirate at the time, he uses 'an energetic method' of expressing himself.

A writer in a Boston paper, who has travelled it seems in Turkey, has kindly volunteered to 'mend our kakelology' with regard to the word Tartar, which he spells *Tatar*. I was a good deal puzzled to imagine who these 'Tatars' could be, but as the writer hinted at their possessing the faculties of speech and

spontaneous locomotion, I set them down as human beings.

Some years ago folks used to be hanged now and then; now they are uniformly 'launched into eternity;' but this expression will soon become obsolete, the 'dew-eyed pity' of our judges, juries, and governors, having consented to consider 'killing no murder.' (Vide U. States versus Drew; Commonwealth versus Isaac B. Desha; Same versus Michael Mc'Garvey, &c.) In this last mentioned case the march of the jury's intellect seemed to have been far too rapid for slow justice to keep pace with.

'Optical indecision' has supplanted squinting; editors of newspapers have left off publishing lists of marriages and deaths, but refer their readers to their 'hymeneal register' for an account of the pairs that are daily 'yoked to the matrimonial wagon,' while the continual retirements of the members of 'Adam's lost race,' are comprehended under 'obituary notices.'

The ladies, (bless them!) have also lent a hand to the great work of refining our language. Dancing till sunrise they call 'spending a delightful evening,' and it is a beautiful 'morning' till nearly sundown, when the 'afternoon' commences, and lasts till midnight. It is also 'extremely pleasant' when the thermometer stands at 100 degrees in the shade, and 'quite chilly' or 'really quite uncomfortable' with the mercury at 30 degrees below zero.

I was once invited by a lady to pass the 'evening' at her house and meet a few friends. I accordingly exhibited myself about an hour after dark, thinking

that was evening 'in the eye of the law.' After sitting 'melancholy and gentleman-like' till after nine, to the manifest 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish' of my fair hostess, I made my bow and escape just as the company began to drop in.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that my unfortunate ignorance of the fashionable divisions of time was considered by the lady as good and sufficient ground for a 'miff,' which has lasted to this day.

Drinking stoutly before dinner is 'taking some refreshment,' being as drunk as David's sow, is 'considerably excited;' a man who makes a swindling failure is 'considerably embarrassed;' a lady who flirts shamelessly with every young fellow, is 'very free in her manners.'

Besides all these and many more alterations, our mother tongue is fast assuming a dress like that of a state's prison convict, one leg of its inexpressibles being made of Greek, and the other of French, while the waistbands are formed of Latin. Fashionable intemperates are no longer afflicted with indigestion, it is 'dyspepsy;' the asthma has ceased its ravages and given up the field to 'dyspnoea.' Good penmanship is 'calligraphy,' and any kind of writing is 'chirography.'

Ladies wear dresses of 'Gros de Nap.' with sleeves 'en gigot,' and 'sautoirs en cravate;' part of their dress is 'en gerbe' with silks 'couleur de rose.' An actor no more comes on the stage, he makes his 'entree;' his first appearance before the public is his 'debut.'

Russians and Turks are no longer killed, wounded or taken prisoners, a dish of them is occasionally served up to the public cooked 'hors du combat.' Our newspapers are filled with 'sine qua nons,' and status ante bellums,' 'a posterioris' and 'a fortioris,' and I expect in the next edition of Shakspeare, to see instead of the old fashioned reading,

'Hence, horrible shadow! *un bona fide* mockery, hence!'

In short, the English language will soon become 'neither fish, flesh, nor red herring;' indeed an eminent bookseller assured me the other day that Walker's and Johnson's dictionaries were fast becoming unsaleable, and but seldom referred to, except by a few dandies or 'blues,' who wished to pass for antiquarians. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that if a vocabulary of the English *jargon* was to appear, it would drive his present stock of dictionaries and spelling books out of the market, and render them no better than so much waste paper.

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'Snatch from *his* hand the balance and the rod.'

*Pope.*

St. Paul expresses his disapprobation of women speaking in public, in which opinion, as it comes *ex cathedra*, I am proud to join. In my disapprobation, however, I do not wish to include the society of Friends, who think otherwise. They are a people *sui generis* and have the same right to act that any one has, and independent of that right, they have never interfered in any of our religious squabbles, a circumstance that is in itself sufficient protection.

But I am, 'ah miserande puer!' a bachelor, and I tremble for my rights as one. Of an union of church and state I think there is now but little danger; Col. Johnson has broken one of the necks of this many-headed monster, which had commenced its operations by attempting to regulate the transportation of the mail. So perish all the enemies of liberty.

The rights and privileges of the lords of creation, that is bachelors, for married men are out of the question, they and their wives being one flesh, are about being invaded and trampled upon by those whom we usually designate the weaker sex, but who are like to conquer us either by force or stratagem.

Miss Wright, who may be considered the advanced guard of these petticoated invaders, has already taken the rostrum of the orator, by *escalade*, or as sailors would call it, 'carried it by boarding.' The literary arena has long since been thrown open to them, and has served as a tub to the whale for a long time, and we were in hopes that they would be content with scribbling and publishing, we reserving to ourselves the privilege of reading or not, but like the sailor, who when the *ship* was given him, asked for the *long boat*, they are *not* content.

These 'mounting Bolingbrokes' are climbing up into the pulpit and the bench, and we may soon expect to see them in a dragoon saddle or on the quarter deck of a man of war. It is time to call on all bachelors, as the Roman Senate used to upon its consul, 'cavere ne quid respublica detrimenti cepit,' to take care that the republic of bachelors is not brought into danger.

I say the republic of bachelors, for married men have nothing at all to do with 'the case now in hearing;' the very act of matrimony is a formal relinquishment on their part of all rights, they are yoked to the matrimonial wagon and have nothing to attend to but to keep the yoke *square, if they can.*

It is of the last importance that these encroachments should be checked in time; 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' a homely and trite proverb, but one that should be kept in sight in most of our actions. Imagine then, the confusion, the anarchy that must ensue if the three learned professions and departments of state are filled entirely or partially with ladies.

Spirits of the 'big-wigged' dead! ye Cokes and Ellenboroughs, ye Thurlows and Kenyons! what would be your amazement, your consternation and horror, on entering a modern court of justice, and seeing and hearing a *Lady* Chief Justice rise and with a silver voice commence a charge with, 'Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury.'

Conceive a justice of the the peace issuing a writ with this preamble, 'Commonwealth of Rhode-Island, Providence, ss. To Catharine A—, Sheriff of said county or to either of *her* deputies, Greeting, &c. or imagine a *row* in the street, and a *posse* of female constables called out to quell it.

The Rev. Miss Livingston has given us a specimen of what we may expect if ladies are permitted to 'wag their pow in a pu'pit.' The D. D.'s and S. T. P.'s would in mercantile phrase 'change hands,' and

we might expect to see in the public prints that 'the Rev. Mrs. Eliza B.— D. D. L. L. D. has been elected President of — College.'

Of female M. D's, we have enough now; women are naturally half cook, half doctor; but 'oh my country!' I tremble for thee, when the Washington papers shall announce, that 'yesterday Miss Jane C— was elected Speaker of the House by a vote of 118 to 69,' and the appointments on the election of a new President shall stand thus, 'Miss Ellen D—, Secretary of State, Mrs. Elizabeth E—, Secretary of the Navy, Miss Georgiana F—, Post-mistress General, &c.' or that, 'this morning, Commodore Caroline G—, hoisted her broad pendant on board the Pennsylvania 74, and will immediately proceed to take command of the Mediterranean squadron,' and under the foreign head be informed that 'Her Excellency, Mrs. Sarah H—, our Minister at the Court of St. James's, has recently been safely delivered of female twins. During her confinement, the affairs of the diplomacy will be managed by Miss Theodosia K—, an elderly maiden lady of great respectability and experience.'

We have, already, female preachers, who *go about*, it is to be hoped, doing good, female lecturers, female orators, female reading-rooms and female editors, and may soon expect to see female mercantile and banking houses, female engine companies, and may, in the event of another war, be able to bring into the field two or three regiments of female hussars and light artillery.

The baggage of a regiment of female troops would greatly exceed that of a whole division of soldiers at present; band-boxes and tea-kettles, would, I presume, be the most prominent articles, for no lady *now* presumes to go ten miles from home, to return next day with less than two band-boxes, so that the 'waggon train' would be the most numerous part of the army.

Having thus pointed out some few of the evils that must necessarily ensue, I confess that I see no door of escape from the approaching storm; flight is impossible, resistance is madness; in short, the only chance seems to be to compromise with the big-sleeved, false-curl-wearing foe, and—get married in self-defence.

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### VISITING.

Visiting is certainly one of the most delightful avocations of social life, but has its miseries. Visits inflicted out of season, or upon improper subjects, frequently make enemies of the *visitees*. A peculiar kind of fatality has always attended my visits, arising from time or place or local circumstances, not to be accounted for or calculated upon. I have always been very remarkably unfortunate in *morning calls*.

The fashionable morning has no fixed and definite commencement, but is, I believe, uniformly allowed to terminate at dinner time. I have often been led

by a most mal-apropos spirit of gallantry, to make a morning call

“The ball’s fair partner to behold  
And humbly hope she caught no cold,”

and getting a glimpse of the young ladies ‘in full retreat’ through the back door of the parlor, while the appearance of the breakfast table, (at eleven A. M.) afforded convincing proof that my inopportune call had driven them from their ‘semesae dapes,’ and spoiled their breakfast.

After staying an hour, trying to talk about the weather, &c. to the mother or an old maiden aunt, whose banishment to the Red Sea or elsewhere, I could have witnessed with the utmost equanimity, the fair ones would make their appearance with hair in papers, shoes down at heel, and a thousand other intelligible signs of my having come too soon, or rather wonder and indignation at my coming at all. No one out of guardianship ever ought to venture upon a morning call, unless authentically and officially informed of the breakfast table being removed and the young ladies sufficiently dressed to see company.

By dint of experience I have acquired more *tact* in accepting invitations to dinner. ‘The pleasure of Mr. A’s company to dinner at two o’clock,’ I always read half past two, allowing something for difference of longitude, variation of watches, &c. so that on my arrival, I find the lady of the house, like a culinary field marshal, setting dishes in battle array, and the gentlemen of the party on their legs, ‘taking a little something’ at the sideboard.

Unless monstrously fond of children, never dine where there are many of them if you can help it. I am tolerably partial to these duodecimo editions of human nature, provided they are very quiet, have clean faces, and are not exhibited till dinner and all its appurtenances are removed. Then I have sometimes patted the head of a very decent, quiet young one, and once or twice in an ebullition of friendship for mine host, have permitted a very sedate, orthodox-looking child to play with my watch key or coat buttons.

But generally, when an irruption of these juvenile Goths and Vandals takes place, every thing like rational conversation and comfort bid adieu, as did Themis of old, at the commencement of the iron age. My partiality for children, however, grows fainter and fainter, as the cold, dreary, starless night of celibacy seems closing over my head, and may now be considered as a kind of dead letter feeling.

A circumstance occurred, a long time ago, that made me more out of humor with these little wretches, whose 'rise and progress' under our noses, is a kind of daily *memento mori* to us more ancient sojourners in this 'state of sin and misery.' After dining with a friend of mine, his wife entered the room with a child in her arms that was squalling most lustily. In its dexter paw it wielded a stick of molasses candy, like the *baton* of a field marshal, and in its inexperienced and ineffectual attempts to thrust said candy into its mouth, it had smeared its face from ear to ear. 'Is it not,' said the fond mother, 'is it not a little cherub,

Mr. A.?" 'Certainly, madam,' said I, almost deafened by the yells of the little imp, 'there can be no doubt of that, for we read in scripture that cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.' I was never invited to dine *there* again, and whenever I meet the lady, she sails by me as majestically as a ninety-eight gun ship in a light breeze.

Another misery of visiting, is being thrust into company, with whose connxtions you are unacquainted. A man is constantly getting into hot water from his ignorance of these important concerns. Innumerable blunders and enemies are made every day by speeches, the makers of which had not the least degree of malice prepense.

Conversing once with a young lady about another who was absent, and happening to say some foolish thing or other about her, my auditress turned upon me with the air of an offended Zenobia; 'Sir, she is my cousin!' The lady had brothers, cousins and lovers enough present to have supplied the county with a grand jury and the usual number of supernumeraries to boot, the whole indignant semicircle of whom turned their frowning countenances upon me, as a concave mirror throws the concentrated rays of light upon a focal point in front of it. I made a Xenophon-like retreat from the enemy's country as soon as possible.

Another time, sitting between two ladies, whose anticipated, existing or hoped for matrimonial connections and prospects I was not deeply versed in, I asked the one on my right, 'who is that dandified

puppy talking with Mrs. ——?’ The damsel on the left explained, ‘why law you, it is Mr. ——, the gentleman that Mary (the dexter lady,) is engaged to!’

‘*Steterunt comae, vox faucibus haesit.*’

It is generally dangerous to praise the beauty of an absent lady, that being an offence that the fair audience never forgive, unless the lady praised is either dead or married.

There is also no small risk of falling in love with some Galatea, who has an Acis to whom she has already ‘given bonds as the law directs.’ A case of this kind happened to an acquaintance of mine, who residing for some weeks in a strange place, fell in love with a lady whom he imagined unengaged. Waiting upon her one evening with the intention of disclosing his passion, she introduced him to her husband, who had that day arrived from sea, while three children made their appearance as collateral securities for their mother’s veracity.

‘Drinking tea’ is an atrocity that I have not been guilty of for many years; it is an abomination that ought to be suppressed by an act of Congress. Sitting round a room in solemn silence, with cup and saucer in one hand, and toast in the other, is too terrible a purgatory for me to survive, and if one chances to have an appetite at the time, it becomes too horrible for mortal endurance. A hungry man with a cup as large as a thimble, and a piece of toast of the size of a half-dollar, is in a worse situation than Milton’s devil, who

‘instead of fruit

Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
With sputtering noise rejected.’

Invitations to tea may do well enough among ladies, indeed I shall always look upon tea drinking as something similar to the mysteries of the Roman 'Bona Dea,' from which not only men, but even their pictures were excluded. Exquisites and professed 'ladies' men' might, however, be admitted without scruple, as not being obnoxious to the statute.

With regard to the length of a visit, I do not know of but one certain and unvarying rule, which, unlike other general rules has *no* exception. Always keep your eye upon the lady of the house as a fogle-man and the moment you see her 'humid orbs' clandestinely examining the face of the time-piece, escape, break off in the middle of a story, like Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights. Finally, unless you are courting, don't go too often.

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'I do not like the fashion of your garments, you will say they are Persian attire, but let them be changed. *Lear.*

Virgil says, 'varium et mutabile semper femina,' women are always changing. What he says of their *minds* may be applied with equal truth to the *persons* of modern ladies. The dresses of ladies of the present age vary so often, that it is impossible to trace one's own acquaintance through so many rapid and different changes.

The moon's orbit and 'phases' her apogee and pergee, her eclipses and all the permutations and combinations of that inconstant, wayward, *female* planet,

can be calculated and reduced to contain fixed rules, no rules will apply to female fashions;

‘Creation sees them spurn her utmost bounds,  
And panting time toils after them in vain.

I find that I have ‘sailed into the northward’ of several fair ladies’ displeasure in consequence of my dull apprehensions not being able to keep pace with the rapid marches and counter-marches of fashion, and of course not being able to recognize them in their ever varying dresses. In fact, after encountering several *miss*s and poutings from sundry ladies, who were indignant at finding their passing ‘how d’ye do’s’ thrown away upon one who makes no responsive complimentary bow, I am compelled to walk the streets with averted face and down-cast eyes, and thus put myself upon a kind of neutral ground.

I think there is but one course left for any Coelebs in search of a wife, and that is to establish a corresponding agent in every milliner’s shop in town, who shall furnish an official account of all alterations in dress, that take place among the fair ones of ‘good society,’ which bulletin, after being duly sworn to and subscribed before a justice of peace, might be handed in with the morning paper, and thus ‘we beaux’ could take the field, that is, the corner of Market Square and the steps of the Arcade, with a vast deal more confidence, for though a gentleman may satisfy his own conscience by bowing to a lady after he has passed her and had time to recollect who she is, I have generally observed that ladies prefer being eye-witnesses to all such civilities shown them by our sex.

I have frequently 'passed unheeding by' a lady of my acquaintance, who had 'altered her rig' since I last had the felicity of seeing her, and whom, of course it was impossible to recognize in her new dress, except after a more persevering stare than I am impudent or fashionable enough to inflict.

Walking out one day, I saw at a little distance, what appeared to me to be two quarter casks painted lead color, a supposition in which I was confirmed by their being 'located' near a grocer's shop door. I was aghast, however, on passing them, to hear two silvery, musical voices of a most dulcet treble, bidding me good morning. So far from being 'fixtures' to contain 'blue ruin,' they were two lively young ladies of my acquaintance, dressed in slate-colored French cloaks, which being stuffed and padded hung without fold or wrinkle about the fair wearers, and being slightly inflated by a gentle breeze gave them the rum-puncheon appearance above alluded to.

But it is the bonnet that makes the woman, or rather that disguises her so often and so effectually. Well might Horace say

' Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut *modus*  
Tam cari capitis?'

What bounds are there to a fine lady's taste, or to the *modes* in which she adorns her *dear* head? ('Dear to our heart, &c.')

Minerva, Vulcan and Neptune once had a dispute concerning their respective abilities. Vulcan hammered out a man to advocate his cause, Minerva built a house, and Neptune, striking the earth with his

trident, caused a horse to spring up through the ground. One would think that Venus had created a modern belle in much the same manner, that she had struck on the floor of a milliner's shop and as the lady ascended, the whole establishment of ribbons and gauzes, and feathers and artificial flowers had stuck fast to her head.

Ladies need no longer be afraid of being stared out of countenance—it is the bonnet that attracts the eye, as naturalists admire the beauty of a shell without noticing the freeholding fish that occupies it.

Many years ago, bonnets were in the form of a long tube or steam-boat's funnel placed horizontally, at the farther extremity of which the face of the fair wearer might, in a clear day, be discerned, like a *bumble* bee in a pumpkin blossom, or rather like a cat at the bottom of a well.

In those days a gentleman could not take a kiss if it was offered him, without crawling into the tube, as General Putnam did into the wolf's den, with a rope round his leg. Some wicked wits said it was this *osculatory* inconvenience that caused the anterior extremity of the bonnet to expand and assume the form of a coal-scuttle or an inverted wheel-barrow with the arms sawed off.

There were several interregna of beavers for winter and gipsey hats and cottage bonnets for summer, but 'the sow that was washed returned to her wallowing in the mire,' the bonnet continued to expand till Leghorn flats and Navarinos seem to have attained the *ne plus ultra* of diameter.

Cybele, the mother of the heathen gods, was crowned with turrets; modern ladies walk the streets crowned with *huckleberry* bushes and hop-vines, blue, green and yellow roses, &c. Amateurs no longer need go into the woods in search of curious and rare plants, the proper place for botanizing is on the bonnets of the ladies, which afford floral specimens that would make the heart of Linnaeus dance for joy.

I have seen it announced in one of the papers, that sundry ladies have formed themselves into a society for the encouragement of matrimony by mutually recommending gentlemen to ladies of their acquaintance. This passing a gentleman from hand to hand, this transferring affections from one to another has a mercantile air, it savors of the desk, it smacks of the counting room, but assuredly matrimony does require some more fascinating dress, for but few young men have funds or fortitude enough to face the quarterly presentation of a milliner's bill, with 'more lines in it than the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies,' footed with a sum total larger than the revenues of a German principality.

If ladies would keep in mind the maxim of Horace, who was an amateur and connoisseur of female beauty, 'simplex munditiis' and choose simplicity in dress as their chief ornament, if they would or could recollect that 'beauty when unadorned is adorned the most,' many an 'old rat' of a bachelor or widower, as well as he 'understands trap,' might be enticed into the holy state of matrimony, which the Roman Catholics insist is a sacrament, not because it confers

grace, but because it produces repentance, which is a step towards grace.

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Many ill advised and meddling people (in the list of whom I see with regret and astonishment, the names of several medical men of high standing) have lately attempted to prove that tight lacing is injurious to health, and ruinous to beauty.

In support of this monstrous and absurd doctrine, they pretend to make it appear that tight lacing swells the bills of mortality more than intemperance or any other disease; that it is the immediate cause of consumptions, pleurisies, spitting of blood, adhesion of the lungs to the ribs, swoonings, 'cramps and side stitches that do pen the breath up,' insanity, apoplexy, inflammation of the brain, bleeding at the lungs and finally sudden death in consequence of the rupture of large blood vessels near the heart; all which, and a thousand more they insist are brought on by tight lacing.

I am not a disciple of Esculapius, but a devoted admirer of the fair sex and of all their whims and oddities, caprices and follies, (vices, thank Heaven, they have none,) of their shoes not big enough for an ordinary sized St. Jago monkey, and their bonnets large enough to overshadow a Virginia rice-plantation; of their fondness for dress and show and their profound and unconquerable antipathy to performing any of those conjugal, maternal or culinary duties,

which in the dark ages were devolved upon them by their brutal masters.

I therefore lay my lance in rest most cheerfully, against this 'rascaille rout,' with a corset for my banner, and 'sub hoc signo vinces' for my motto, and do declare and assert that tight lacing conduces to health, because it keeps the vital parts in their places and prevents their acquiring a lax and flabby state from having too much room; it checks the circulation of the blood, which is always too rapid in young ladies who have not attained their full growth at the time they are enclosed in one of Mrs. Cantelo's corsets; it determines the blood to the head where it nourishes the brain by keeping up a proper degree of heat and moisture, it being a maxim established long and long ago, that radical heat and radical moisture are the two stamina, the main pillars of animal life.

Whatever then keeps up radical heat and radical moisture, conduces to health; tight lacing drives the blood, which is both warm and moist, into the head, which is the seat of the vital principle; ergo, tight lacing contributes to health.

Dr. Warren of Boston, has asserted that he has known insanity result from tight lacing. I have conversed with many very eminent medical men in this country, and have read the works of some of our best modern medical writers, and all agree that from the natural giddiness and light-headedness of the sex in general, and particularly of the more refined members of "good society," it is always very difficult, nay, in some cases utterly impossible to detect insanity in

the fair sex, as they have been known to show all the symptoms of derangement of mind when in a mixed company or in the street, but were perfectly quiet when at home with their parents and sisters.

Indeed there seems to be but one species of alienation of the female mind that is sufficiently well indicated to be apparent, namely, melancholy madness, in which the patient sits for whole days without speaking.

All medical writers agree that females afflicted with this kind of insanity are incurable, *aphonia* or loss of speech in a woman being uniformly an indication of a very speedy dissolution.

I never, however, have met with any physician hardy enough to assert that this species of madness originated from tight lacing, but was generally caused by the loss of a lover or canary bird, or some other external cause.

It is also a fact that admits of proof, that enlargements of the liver are more common among the sterner than the gentler sex, and why? tight lacing keeps the liver in its proper place, and most effectually checks all its attempts to aggrandize itself.

These anti-Cantelo people have the insolence to affirm that tight lacing does not add to female beauty! that nature has given women one shape, and they make themselves another. Why did nature make a lady's waist small? The answer is obvious, it is "as ready as a borrower's cap." The most rigid of the anti-tight lacing folks admit the justice of the maxim, "follow nature;" she made the female waist small as

a hint to her sister art to make it smaller. Art "followed nature," and produced those lovely forms that grace 'the court, the camp, (quere, the streets?) the grove.'

Tight lacing also effectually checks any tendency to corpulence. Show me, ye foes of tight lacing, ye enemies of female beauty, ye calumniators of "angel woman," show me any female *corporation* that can vie with those "huge bombards of sack," those "roasted Manningtree oxen with puddings in their bellies," those Daniel Lamberts that "do shake the crowd before them like a battering ram," that we meet with every minute of our lives.

The opposers of tight lacing think to overthrow us by bringing the ancients into the field, wilfully forgetting the march of intellect and progress of improvement that has been going on ever so long. They tell us of the Venus de Medicis, a study from nature which was sculptured long before the invention of corsets. In the first place the idea of the Medician Venus being a perfect model of female beauty, is long ago exploded, no body now is so green as to admire it, and secondly the ancients had most absurd notions of what constituted the beautiful; their fair ones are represented as having "golden locks," (anglice, carrotty hair, vulgo, they were "sorrel tops,") and eyebrows that joined! and these barbarians are called true judges of beauty.

The ancients thought the bosom an indispensable feature in a female bust, tight lacing has obliterated all traces of the bosom. To be sure, nature the obstinate creature, finding herself driven from that part

of her dominions, has caused a corresponding protuberance of the shoulder blades, but even then she has only assisted art, for all connoisseurs agree that a little roundness of the shoulders gives a graceful inclination forward to the neck, and adds a languor most bewitching, an indolence most genteel to the whole form.

Sprightliness and animation having long ago been voted barbarous, blowzy and rustic, only befitting milkmaids and girls from the "ultima Thule" of the back part of the country.

Tight lacing also has a moral tendency upon the spectators if not upon the *lacee*. A fine lady laced into the shape of an hour glass, is constantly reminding us of the swift but silent passage of time.

' Dum loquimur, dum canimus  
Fugit irrevocabile tempus.'

The waist of a lady

' Small by degrees and beautifully less,'

reminds us of our ' feeble tie on earthly bliss,' it is a living and palpable illustration of the words of the divine Watts,

' How frail are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair!'

while the unsteady and tottering gait, the laboring breath, the flushed cheek, the loss of appetite, the swoonings after any exertion, all tend to remind us of our latter end. A tight laced lady is a perfect perambulating ' memento mori,' a ' respice finem' personified, and I always view one with the same grave and solemn feelings that assail me on entering a churchyard.

I have thus with feeble pen attempted to prove that tight lacing is healthy, becoming and moral; but why need I labor to convince *men* of these facts, the ladies are satisfied with the truth of them, and they are the parties most concerned.

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### THE PLEASURES OF FAILING.

'I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's moat and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.'—*Shakspeare*.

Modern poets have sung 'the pleasures of hope, the pleasures of memory, the pleasures of imagination,' and Dr. Blackley or Blackleg or Blackstone or Bluestone, or some such black or blue name has inflicted upon the literary world a 'pretty considerable' large volume, entitled 'The pleasures of Death,' (*pleasures of death?* query.) If I was poetically given, I would sing 'the pleasures of failing' in good blank verse, but never having drank of the Pierian spring, I must be content 'to tollutate on the turnpike road' of prose.

I certainly ought and should have mounted Pegasus on this momentous occasion, but I have an unconquerable antipathy to riding on horseback even in metaphor, ever since I was 'tossed into thinner air' by a matter-of-fact and mortal horse, that the 'enemy' tempted me to bestride.

Our banks, as numerous and as useless as Pharaoh's frogs, by their illiberal system, have destroyed every thing like credit and confidence, and now, like a child

that has broken his rattle, they are whimpering and moaning over the ruin that themselves have occasioned, but 'Gallio careth for none of these things' now. 'Abii, excessi, evasi, erupi,' I have gone, I have cleared out, I have made my escape, I have 'broken adrift' from the turmoil of oppressed and ruined trade, from the wreck of factories and the crush of spindles.

The banks have determined to follow the maxim laid down in the catechism, the first question of which is, 'What is the chief end of man?' Answer, 'To keep what he's got and get what he can;' in consequence of which I have been hurled from my tripod at the counting-room desk and compelled to 'take my bill and sit down quickly and write fifty' cents on a dollar and have 'signed over' all my property, (a purser's stocking would hold the whole,) for the benefit of those whom it may hereafter concern, from which indignant, bothered and perplexed association I am exempted by a deed of assignment. This same blessed deed of assignment has invested me with a sort of *noli me tangere* character; it has drawn a charmed circle around me, within the hallowed circumference of which, no *creditorial* nose dare show itself; the 'shoulder-tapping *bum-bailey*' views me much as the dragon of old viewed the Hesperian fruit, which he had the duty of watching without the privilege of tasting.

I go whistling past my creditors 'with an air of indifference,' and duns of all colors, sorts and sizes are handed over to the fostering care and tender mercies of my assignees.

Formerly, all my time was taken up in attending to business, trying to get discounts, compared to which washing a negro white is a hopeful and profitable piece of business, paying bills, latterly a *raro occurrit*, trying to raise money, resuscitating another Ezekiel's valley of dry bones is an easy task in comparison, and finally, examining my bill book whenever I heard of a failure, to ascertain how much I had lost by it.

But now, 'quantum mutatus ab illo,' how altered from that 'mister wight' who might occasionally be seen at the door of his counting room,

'His brow with anxious thought imprest,'

and a kind of six per cent expression of countenance, a phiz a good deal like a sum in *long division*, wondering how much longer, by dint of discounting, drawing upon agents, borrowing, &c. he might be able to keep alive the 'vital spark of commercial flame' in his pocket; all my troubles and property have gone together to my assignees, and my

'Fancy spreads her boldest wing,  
And ranges unconfined.'

I lounge about the Arcade, kill time in the reading room, or take my stand, with other *dilletanti*, on the bridge to criticise dandies and admire the ladies, witness the passage of a canal boat through the bridge, or the catching an eel from underneath it; inquire what steam-boat goes at twelve o'clock, and what is best of all, listen with the utmost tranquillity to the catalogue of failures for the day.

I have plenty of time to take plenty of exercise, which has improved my appetite and spirits, and the

entire vacation from all duties in the temple of mammon has given me leisure and opportunity to make observations upon matters and things in general, and whether

‘ Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy haunts of men,’

I am sure to find something to amuse me, that in my *busy* days was overlooked. People, who a few days ago, when I had money to lend, were profuse in their ‘salutations in the market place,’ now, like the priest and Levite, pass by me with uplifted nose, internally thanking God that they are ‘not as *this* publican,’ but I only say to myself when I meet them, ‘take physic, pomp.’

I recollect an Hibernian acquaintance of mine, whom I used to ridicule for his bulls and Iricisms, would often reply with ‘don’t make fun o’ the Irish, you don’t know how soon you may be an Irishman yourself;’ in like manner I can say ‘don’t turn up your nose quite so high, when you meet a man who has been unfortunate in business, vulgo, a bankrupt, you don’t know how soon you may be one yourself.’

If the present state of things lasts much longer, we shall have a most formidable majority in this town and vicinity, for it is a maxim, I believe by this time pretty well established, that if a man cannot get money, he cannot pay his debts, and he must assign in self-defence, that his creditors may get some part of their just debts and not be cheated out of them by a bank process, the most oppressive, unjust and absurd act ever sanctioned by any legislative body. Why,

a free, enlightened people should bear it so long and so tamely, is mysterious to me.

If there are 'joys in madness that none but madmen know,' there are joys in failing that none but bankrupts know; besides, we have scripture to comfort us, 'fret not thyself because of the ungodly,' that is, those who have money and will not lend it, except upon such security as nobody can obtain. I could quote Solomon about lending money on usury, (shaving notes) but it would be casting pearls before swine.

Having thus endeavored, though hastily, to sketch some of the pleasures of failing, to pourtray the relief of mind and body that one feels when he has thrown the plague and botheration of his affairs upon a brace of assignees, without knowing or caring whether 'the yoke is easy or the burden light' to them, I conclude by recommending to all who have ventured into the Maelstrom of manufactures, or the 'horse latitudes' of trade, to fail and quit, leave the monopolizers of the circulating medium 'alone with their glory' and engage in some business where bank notices 'cease from troubling,' and where bill books 'are at rest.'

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'I too have been in Arcadia.'

*Somebody.*

Among the many vicissitudes with which my sublunary existence has thus far been checkered, I was a short time ago declared by those learned in the law, to be 'damni reus,' which signifieth not, most cour-

teous reader, a d——d rogue, as an incipient lawyer of my acquaintance translated it, but merely that I was guilty of 'debt and damage.'

In consequence of this, I was waited upon by one of those appendages of the law, to whom sailors have given the opprobrious title of 'land crab,' and who is described by Dromio, as one 'who goes about in a case of leather, like a bass viol,' though 'tempora mutantur,' times are altered and so are constables; the same animal that, in Shakspeare's time, went about 'in sheep skins and goat skins,' now rides about in broadcloth and camblet.

One of these gentlemen, armed with power and authority to 'arrest the body of the said A, and him safely keep,' conveyed me into 'Egypt and the house of bondage.'

Having frequently been, while on board a man of war, confined between two guns under the charge of a sentry, or to use the more polished phraseology of the naval service, 'accommodated with board and lodging at the sign of the soldier,' I was easily reconciled to walking up and down two spacious entries; like the 'goosey gander,' immortalized in nursery song, I asked 'where shall I wander?' and was answered, 'up stairs and down stairs,' but not 'in my lady's chamber.'

Here I was visited by several friends, and soon felt inclined to agree with Edie Ochiltree, that 'a jail is no such a dooms bad place, if one could get out of it.' My attention was naturally directed to some of the most important 'secrets of my prison house;' I

ascertained the bearing and distance of the kitchen and dining room, and took a cursory view of the lodging assigned me.

Having gratified my curiosity on these points, I took my stand at the window to enjoy a mount Pisgah view of the land beyond the limits. The prospect towards the east was interrupted, rather suddenly, by the back parts of sundry dwelling houses, the window shutters of one of which were decorated with lottery placards; towards the right, my eye caught a glimpse of the horse sheds attached to the Quaker meeting-house and about ten feet of North Main-street, filled with 'mistaken souls who dream' of happiness in liberty, whom I did not envy, partly because it snowed violently at the time.

In a southerly direction the eye reposed upon three or four 'ten foot' buildings and the interior of a lumber yard, the piles of plank and joist in which resembled what are called 'rocks,' on the stage, while a harmonious squeel announced the vicinity of a pig-stye.

Towards the west the eye wandered over that interesting and romantic sheet of water, when the tide is in, and mud when it is out, called the Cove. It was in the latter condition when I saw it, and on its soft and sable bosom reposed a canal boat, between whose condition and my own I drew many very interesting and instructive parallels, not worth repeating.

With regard to the view in a northerly direction, I can say nothing, the windows on that side being, like those in Malvolio's apartment, 'as lustrous as ebony.'

After tea I ascended to my apartment, which contained four beds and five tenants, a sight rather appalling to a landsman, but having, in the man of war above alluded to, been in the habit of sleeping in a hammock, suspended in a space five feet and a half long, and fourteen inches wide, I had acquired a flexibility of ribs that was often very convenient.

I was the more easily reconciled to this close stowage, from seeing on the table an edition of Shakspeare, Byron, &c. and a most formidable detachment of novels, from Sir Walter Scott down to Mrs. Rawson; in the delight of my heart I exclaimed with Sly, the tinker, '*Sessa!* let the world slide, we shall ne'er be younger.' At bed time, I 'turned in' with a gentleman, who, like myself, had 'heard the chimes at midnight' in better times.

It was a positive relief to me to be out of the reach of a certain musical set of wretches, who have nightly, for six months past, howled, yelled, bellowed, chanted, whistled, said and sung, under my window, that sapient song, the burden of which is,

'O 'tis my delight to see eyes so bright  
This season of the year;

while I wearied myself with vain conjectures why bright eyes should cause more delight at one season of the year than another, while my own heart plead guilty to being troubled by them at all times and seasons, even a 'cold Friday,' when the fair lady's red nose and raw-beef colored cheeks

'Gleamed like a meteor through the air.'

Even the dogs in the vicinity of the jail seemed to

be lineal descendants or close imitators of 'the lap-dog of the good widow Howard,' whose character is handed down to posterity in the 'memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish,' as 'a sober dog, which yelped not, neither was there offence found in his mouth.'

The jail yard itself was a 'rialto,' an exchange for a society of cows, who, about the time that Aurora was harnessing her team, assembled there on their way to the front of the first Baptist meeting-house, to inspect the daily supplies of hay collected there, and to select samples from each load: One among them, like Turnus among the Rutulians, 'toto vertice, (or rather *gulture*,) supereminat omnes,' she was a whole throat, an entire windpipe more loud and vociferous than her mates.

The lowing of cows was succeeded by 'vagitus infantum ululatusque femineos,' the squalling of children and the vituperations of their mothers.

I cannot say what time it was when I rose.

'The morning was up as gray as a rat,  
The clock struck something, faith, I can't tell you what.'

Being afflicted with a violent cold and some fever, I received every kindness from 'Mrs. Jailer,' which I shall remember with gratitude.

But 'how vain are all things here below!' Fortune, who, like other ladies, can smile, I presume, though I never saw her, envying my happiness, was determined that I should enjoy it no longer, and although I had taken the wings of a constable and dwelt in the second story of the jail, even there she found me out and destroyed my 'otium cum dignitate,' my 'lettered ease' with a peremptory discharge.

What a cruel and perverse destiny is mine! while others are racking their imaginations, tasking their industry to the utmost to keep *out* of a jail, I could not keep *in* one! I had just become acquainted with some agreeable society of unfortunates, like myself, when I was 'hounded out' from my castle in the air, or rather in North Main Street, and compelled once more to face 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.'

I left 'our jail in Providence' as Sir John Carr did Ireland, 'with real regret,' comforting myself after the manner of the sage Costard, 'welcome the sour cup of prosperity! affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow.'

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"Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of these gentle ones that would use the devil himself with courtesy."

*Twelfth Night.*

There is no part of the machinery of Orthodoxy, that has so effectually puzzled me as the devil. According to the most intelligible and authentic description of this enemy of our race, he is represented as a being *almost* omnipotent, and *quite* omniscient and omnipresent. We are told that he has power to afflict the *sons* of men, and is permitted to "buffet us in the flesh," to stick "thorns in our flesh," &c. It is a little singular that the 'saints,' the 'elect,' should monopolize this enemy, this adversary, as they do, but such is the fact.

Satan is, according to their language, now and then

permitted, nay, commanded to 'buffet' them; he watches all opportunities to tempt them to wander; he is always lying in wait to deceive them. Satan, certainly, is not a Calvinist, or he would recollect that the saints cannot fall from a state of grace.

The devil is, in fact, a kind of spiritual stage driver to the saints, and whenever he perceives any of his *team* inclined to "break trot" or "straddle the ruts," *puts on the string* without mercy. He is, as they say, permitted to vex them, to throw temptations in their way to keep alive their zeal, so that by their own confession, Satan is the most zealous and disinterested laborer in the Lord's vineyard. The saints tell us that without such temptations and such trials, their zeal would grow cold, their pace on the strait and narrow path would slacken, and they would in a short time become but little better than the ungodly.

Some time ago, I attended a "night meeting" or "evening lecture," in Massachusetts, when I received a great deal of instruction respecting the devil and his works. The reverend gentleman who held forth on that occasion, was considered one of the "lower deck guns" of the faith, a kind of "Boanurges" of Orthodoxy, and his "*ipse dixit*" were law and gospel among the "elect."

He described the devil as co-existent with the Almighty, or at least, as being old enough to "carry arms" at the time of the creation, when, as Burns says, he

'Entered Paradise incog,  
And gave the infant world a shog.  
Maist ruined 'a;'

He assured us, that we could do nothing of ourselves; that the Almighty had given us over to the power of Satan; that the gates of Divine Mercy were shut upon the human race by Adam's transgression, and that though "free grace" carried on a kind of smuggling trade across the frontiers, it was not possible for any but the "elect" to run "duty free."

He warned us to "beware of the smooth tongued moral preacher," and solemnly cautioned us against obeying as a means of grace, the second great command of our Saviour, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

He described the devil as a being beyond the control of Omnipotence, or rather as a being whom the Almighty tolerated, countenanced and encouraged in his attacks upon the human race; and in short, that there is an evil being in existence that the Almighty cannot control, and to which being the whole human race are subjected, in effect denying both the omnipotence and goodness of God.

The reverend gentleman went on to say, that the saints were particularly annoyed by this arch enemy of their faith; that the Almighty permitted him to "vex" them, to keep alive their zeal; that he was always on the watch to deceive some of the elect; and in short, seemed to be appended to the saints as a continual spur, like the "self regulating" whip in a tread mill, to give the loiterers a smart "buffet" now and then.

The devil is a kind of scape-goat that bears the sins of the saints. Whenever a saint rolls in the mud of sin till he is tired, he gets up, and very gravely in-

forms the bystanders, that "Satan has been permitted to buffet him in the flesh," that "the adversary has had power over him."

So that from what I can learn, a saint's spiritual day book would exhibit something like this.

*Dr.* The devil—To making me cheat my neighbor—so much (according to the conscience of the saint.)

*Cr.* Myself—by putting quarter of a dollar into the contribution box—one step towards Heaven.

But seriously, let us imagine a Being, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, "wise, beneficent and kind," either becoming indolent, or growing angry with his children, should permit a being so vastly, so infinitely superior to them, to lead them into temptation, and finally into everlasting damnation: could you look up to such a father with love and reverence? What should we think of a father, who after lavishing every expression of kindness on his child, after feeding, clothing, and educating him, should tie him to a tree for a target?

If we admit the existence of an evil principle, independent of our own inclinations and passions, and which principle our Creator permits to influence us constantly, the human race become in effect a target for the fiery darts of the devil.

I believe that all mankind are, in the fullest sense of the phrase, free agents; that they were not fore-ordained to do this, nor predestined to do that, and that they will be rewarded or punished according to the deeds done in the body; but that our actions, thoughts or words are suggested by any thing other

than our own reason, inclinations or passions, is too ridiculous, absurd, and blasphemous a notion to be tolerated for an instant. Horace, in his art of poetry, has laid it down as a rule, that we never should employ supernatural agents, when we can do without them; and I think that this plan of conjuring a devil into existence, merely to saddle him with our sins, comes under that rule.

The idea of a devil, such as I have described him, seems to have originated in the earlier ages of the church, and was got up by some of the fathers of the church, who were more zealous than wise, to keep alive the zeal of their flock, to terrify those whom they had not eloquence to persuade, by representing him as a peculiar enemy of their faith, and a lion in their path.

They wished to give the evil propensities and passions a local habitation and a name; accordingly a being was brought on the stage, whose 'form was without form,' of whom they did not pretend to predicate any thing but existence and power and inclination to do evil; whose dimensions and attributes could only be seen through the distorted medium of superstition, and this being they were taught to fear; as a prudent mother always garrisons her pie closet with some terrible goblin, that 'will carry off little boys,' in order to suppress the privateering disposition of her children.

In a short time it became mighty handy to say, 'the devil tempted me to do this, or the devil tempted me to do that,' and people's consciences felt eased, when they could lay the burden of their sins upon the shoulders of the devil.

As orthodoxy assumed a more regular form, the devil became an important personage in its creed.—An independent, *external*, exciting cause of their sins, was too precious a pearl to be cast before *all* the swine on the face of the earth; accordingly, the saints soon

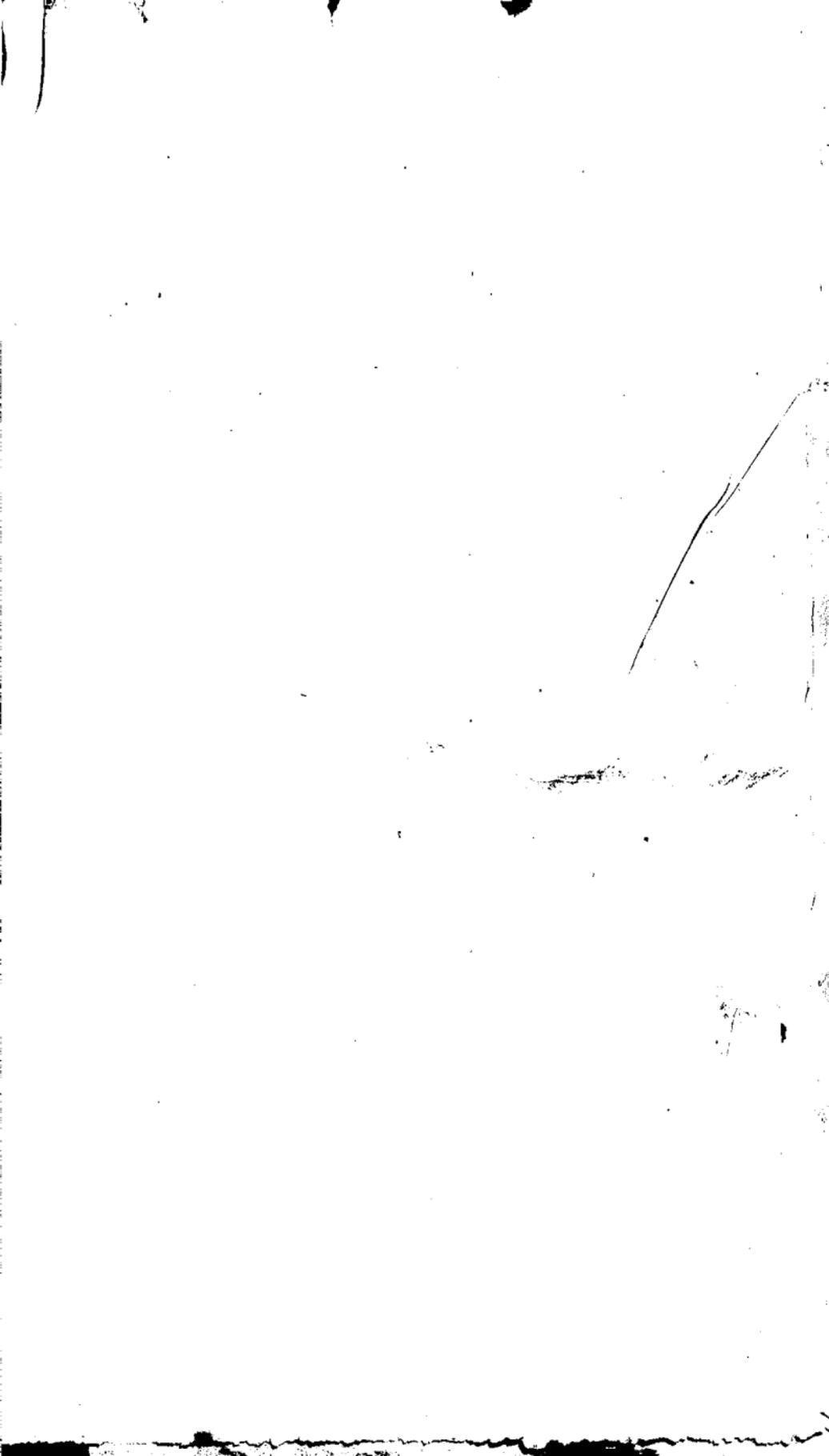
monopolized the devil, and became the 'sole proprietors and stockholders.'

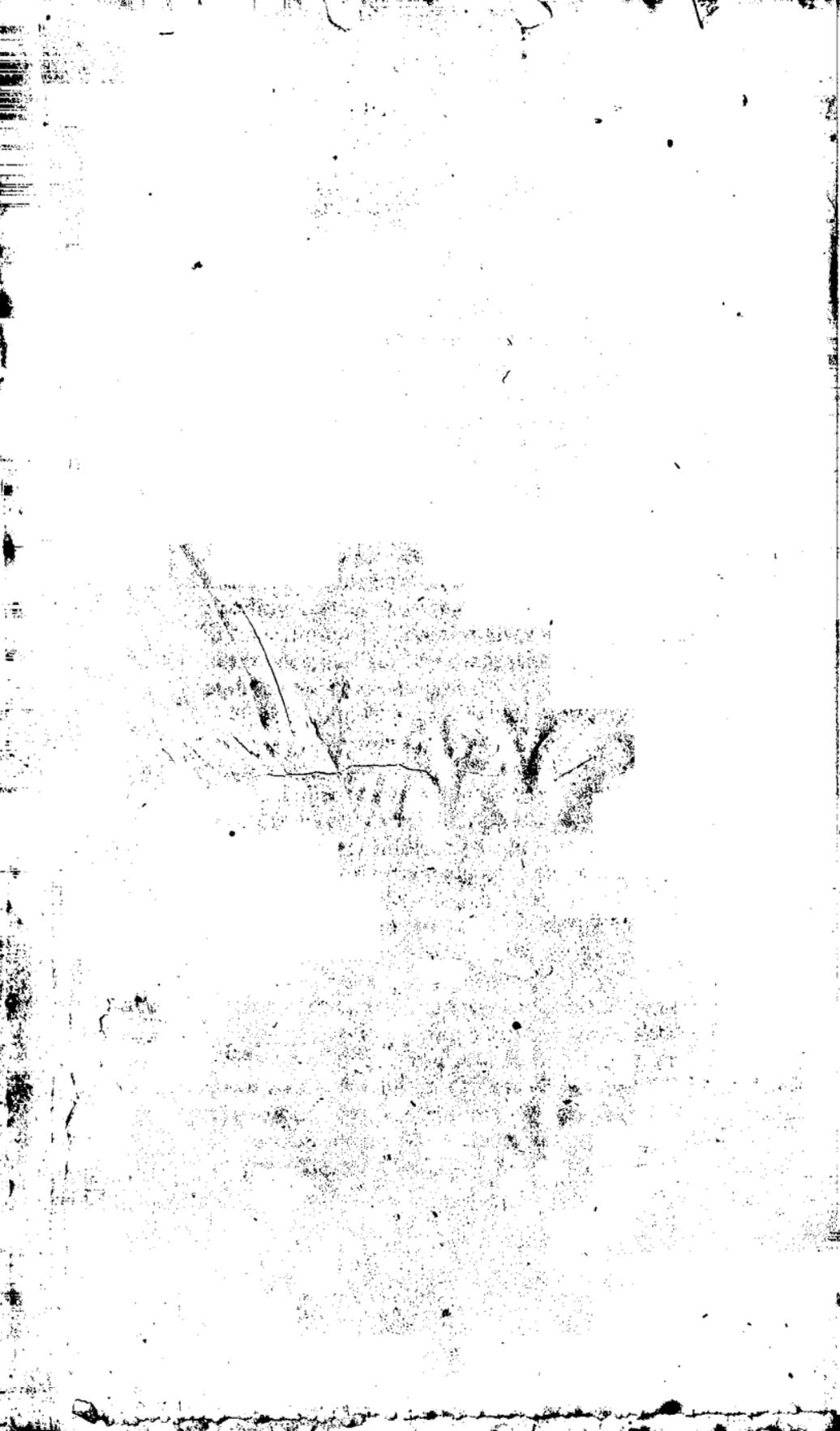
And now, not a Sunday's sermon, or an evening lecture is delivered, in which the doctrine of a supernatural and irresistible agent is not held out, which agent (the devil) has power and commandment (besides his natural genius and propensity) to 'buffet' the saints, to 'put knives under their pillow, and set ratsbane by their porridge.'

As for the sinners, they, or rather *we* (for I have a wonderful partiality for the *majority* in almost all cases,) are 'given up to the devices and desires of our own hearts;' *we* have no devil to tempt us, or to bear the burden of our sins; *our* transgressions are all and singly to be attributed to our innate and total depravity—'election' scouts us, 'free grace' passes unheeding by us, and we must necessarily go to the devil; in vain we lay on the altar a broken and contrite heart; original sin has made the devil 'prior creditor,' and the sacrifice is vain.

Such is the idea of an independent evil principle, over which our Creator seems to have little or no control, except to countenance and encourage it.—The Father of the human race has given up his family a prey to an evil being, *scarcely* (according to orthodox belief) inferior to himself, and threatens them with everlasting damnation, if their mortal frailty gives way to immortal strength and craft. Strange! that such a ridiculous and flimsy web of blasphemy and falsehood should be able to ensnare a single victim in an age which we call refined!

But I trust that 'the day cometh, and now is,' when such disgusting excrescences shall be pruned off from our religion, and the precepts and example of our Saviour be considered the basis of Christianity, instead of the gloomy dogmas of Calvin, the delirious ravings of Methodism, or the idolatrous soppery of the Romish Church.





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