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# THE JOLLY BOAT



THE  
JOLLY BOAT

OR

Perils and Disasters

ILLUSTRATING COURAGE, ENDURANCE, AND HEROISM

IN THE

MERCHANT-MARINE SERVICE

EDITED BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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# THE JOLLY-BOAT



## THE "VAN TROMP."

### PART I.

ADMIRAL VAN TROMP was the greatest, in popular Dutch estimation, of their naval commanders, De Ruyter himself not excepted. There is a print of him, more or less coarsely done, to be seen upon the walls of every *lust-haüs* in Holland, finer ones in private mansions and in the king's palaces. To be sure, it cannot be denied that he succumbed at last to the English Blake; but defeat was more glorious for Van Tromp than was his triumph to the victor, by chance and the force of overwhelming numbers. Only by such immense superiority of force could the English of those days have hoped for success

when opposed to the valiant Hollanders. This is an article of faith in Deutschland to this hour. The Hollander believes it as firmly as do the Prussians—who, being not much more than twenty to one, have just achieved so magnificent a victory over the Danes—that it was they who won Waterloo. These foolish fables are still seriously taught in Dutch and Prussian schools. The phrase, “he lies like a *Moniteur*,” is applicable to other official documents besides those published in the French Government journal.

Hero-worship would appear to have been an elevating faith, on a modest scale, in the case of the seaman who has left the world “A True Narrative of the Shipwrecks and Sufferings of Jahn van Tromp, by the fury of winds and waves and of savage men and terrible beasts, such as tigers and lions and crocodiles.” This pamphlet, printed at Rotterdam in 1788, concludes with an appeal for pecuniary assistance, which the writer felt no doubt of receiving, not on account of any merit of his own, but that he was a descendant of the renowned Admiral Van Tromp, the terror of England, and whilst he lived sovereign

of the narrow seas, whose glorious example he, Jahn van Tromp, had done his best humbly to imitate, not by great actions in war—modest Jahn!—but by zealous endeavours to benefit in other ways his native land.

Whether or not Jahn van Tromp had any right to call himself a descendant of the famous admiral, may be doubted; but the name alone was a potent spell to conjure with. A considerable sum was raised, and Jahn ended his somewhat eventful life in competence and peace.

Apart from his real or supposititious affinity to the admiral, Jahn van Tromp was certainly entitled to the sympathy of his countrymen on his own account, supposing the story of his shipwrecks, sufferings, &c. to have been written with fidelity. That, I think, may be fairly conceded, allowance being made for the natural exaggeration which few persons are not guilty of when writing of their esteemed selves.

An epitome of his voyages and adventures will not be without interest.

It may be reasonably supposed that

Jahn van Tromp, so called, was born in or near the city of Rotterdam, in the beginning of the month of July 1737, as, on the twenty-third of that month, and just upon the stroke of midnight, there was a loud ringing at the outer gate of a Madame Catterina Jansen's dwelling. The household were in their first sleep; but the summons was so sharply answered by Frau Ranz, that one might almost have imagined she had been waiting up for the purpose. Madame Catterina's bell was rung violently at almost the same moment. The excellent lady had not only been aroused from slumber, but much alarmed by so fierce a summons at such an hour. Her first thought was that the house was on fire. That fear was quickly dispelled by the entrance into her bedroom of Frau Ranz, much flustered, and carrying in her arms a small box, directed to "the angel of mercy, Madame Jansen," and in the lid of which a number of holes had been bored. The "angel of mercy" directed Frau Ranz to open the mysterious box. She did so, and nestled there an infant lay, delicately swathed in fine linen. It was apparently a healthy

child, not more than three weeks old, as a medical gentleman consulted the next morning decided. There was a brief note in the box, written in a female hand, which set forth that the child was of honourable parentage, and that its name was Jahn van Tromp. It would one day be claimed, and Madame Catterina would then find that she had saved a child in whose veins flowed the same blood as her own. This was a powerful appeal to the wealthy widow's peculiar weakness, for on nothing did she pride herself so highly as that she was a collateral descendant of "the terror of England, and sovereign of the seas." Madame Jansen decided to adopt the child—a resolution which Frau Ranz highly approved of. Jahn van Tromp was educated with and treated precisely as her own children. The lad was about fourteen years of age, when both Madame Jansen and the Frau Ranz were carried off by fever within a few days of each other.

This was a double bereavement to poor Jahn. Frau Ranz, if not his real mother,—as envious, backbiting slanderers insinuated,—



always treated him with great kindness, and would, there is no doubt, have left him, had she had time, the whole of her hoarded savings—not a contemptible sum; her mother, to whom she had been general legatee, having been, like herself, a saving woman. But the poor woman had not time: the fever was too fast for her; and as Madame Jansen's sons, daughters, and the Jansens generally had always looked upon Jahn van Tromp as an interloping impostor, the youth was turned adrift upon the world with such clothes as he stood upright in, ten ducats in one of the pockets thereof, and his great name—whatever that might be worth.

Jahn was a brave lad, and, after some natural tears were shed and dried, determined to put “a stout heart to a stiff brae,” dash at once into the sea of life, and strike out boldly. His name helped him at the first plunge. Mynheer Van Boëtson—solid Dutchman and large shipowner, chary of discourse as of ducats, and who could at any time have smoked down at least three ordinary Hollanders, which is saying much—was, Jahn heard, just then in want of likely lads who

had an inclination that way as apprentices to the sea-service. Now Jahn had long felt a decided inclination for the sea-service—an hereditary propensity, it may be presumed. Jahn at once betook himself to the *lust-haüs*, some distance from the city, where he would at that hour be sure to find Mynheer Van Boëtson. Mynheer listened gravely to the lad's application, his account of himself, his great liking for a sea-life, &c.; but he appeared to make no very favourable impression, till Mynheer's tympanum caught distinctly the words, Jahn van Tromp. "Van Tromp!" said Van Boëtson, enlarging his eyes considerably; "Van Tromp!"

Jahn explained, with a confidence which conscious faith in the truth of what he was saying could alone have inspired, that he was a genuine Van Tromp—deposited at Madame Jansen's door-step, with a certificate to that effect tacked on to his swaddling-clothes, at the dead of night some fourteen years ago. "Ha, ha!" laughed Mynheer, in his fat, lazy way; "Ha! ha!" I am afraid Mynheer was not a man of

such strict morality as he should have been.

“The Van Tromp blood is good—must be good—even when it does come the wrong way. I shall take you, my lad.” A few days afterwards, Jahn embarked in the *Jung Frau*, galiot, loaded with as much Dutch cheese as she could carry with the aid of her float-boards, bound for the port of London.

Deperately slow, but very safe craft, are Dutch galiots, in tolerable weather. The *Jung Frau* reached London without accident, and Jahn van Tromp was fairly initiated into the merchant sea-service. Nothing worthy of special record appears to have occurred during the youth's apprenticeship, except that he won the favour of Mynheer Van Boëtson, who at the end of his time gave him the command of a fine galiot, not long since built, called the *Zuyder Zee*. This was going very fast indeed for a heavy-sterned Dutchman; but to all objections Mynheer had the ever-ready reply, “The Van Tromp blood is good—must be good, even when it does come the wrong way. Ha, ha!”

Mynheer Van Boëtson was so pleased with his new craft, the *Zuyder Zee*, that after deliberating upon the subject from long before she was finished till her cargo—cheese, of course—was shipped, and all in readiness for the start, he reluctantly determined to go on board, and make the voyage to London for the third time in his life. Thirty years had passed since he last saw the English capital. Mynheer, notwithstanding that, unlike that lying Van Flam, he could boast of being the richest man in Rotterdam, could not help fancying that the world was getting strangely out of gear—less and less like, every day, to the dear old world he had been so placidly pleased with. At all events, he himself was changing for the worse—there could be no question of that. Even his pipe had lost its potency; and though he was still portly, it was a flabby portliness. For the first time in his life, Mynheer Van Boëtson consulted a doctor, and, to his extreme disgust, was told that he ate too much, drank too much, smoked too much. *Der Teufel!* Why, it was just because he could *not* eat, drink, smoke, nearly

so much as formerly, that he was ill, out of condition; and now— The doctor was sent to the right-about with a flea in his ear, and Mynheer Van Boëtson, very luckily for Jahn van Tromp, determined to try what virtue there might be in a sea-voyage, in such a fine ship and such splendid weather. A prosperous voyage out for Mynheer; the *maladie de mer* seemed likely to prove a specific for all other maladies, since Mynheer ate almost as heartily as he had been accustomed to eat, drank quite as freely as in the old times, and the pipe, too, had regained its accustomed power. That doctor was an ass! Very likely. But, alas! that smoke-circled vision of the *lust-haüs*, yourself seated therein, Mynheer, as formerly, will never be realised. “Upon the return voyage,” to quote literally Jahn van Tromp’s narrative, “my worthy patron met with a terrible calamity. His heart was merry within him—too merry, if I may dare say so; but who shall judge another? The weather was fine, but cloudy; the moon had not risen, but there were a few stars; and at the same time a stiffish breeze was blowing.



Having but a light return cargo, the *Zuyder Zee* was high in the water, and more lively than common. The floats were not shipped; but as the breeze was freshening fast, I ordered that to be done. Karl Niels, the mate, was directed to see it done. Mynheer Van Boëtson continued on deck. Seeing he was not so steady on his legs as he no doubt had been in his young sailor-days, and the *Zuyder Zee* rolling a good deal, I kept close by him. Suddenly I was called forward; at the same time the vessel gave a great lurch: the patron was near the leeward gangway, which was open,—the float being about to be shipped; Mynheer Van Boëtson lost his foothold, and over he went, with a loud cry. I was at the gangway in a quarter of a minute, and peered over into the sea, shouting as loud as I could. No answer; and I could see nothing. I have said the night was cloudy, and there was a rough, chopping sea on. The men were getting out a boat; I bade them make haste, and, myself being an excellent swimmer—I could swim when I was six years old—I jumped overboard to find and keep the



patron above water till help should come. How could I do less for so good a friend? I knew he could not swim, and would be gone before the boat was well in the water. For me the risk would not be much—nothing. I could keep myself above water, even in that sea, almost any length of time. Ah! I did not know.

“I had rightly supposed that the large bulk of the patron would keep him afloat for a few minutes, and that, when upon a level with him in the water, I should see him. I was right. I caught hold of the patron just in time, and was able, with difficulty, to keep his head above water. I then looked about for the boat. The *Zuyder Zee* was lying-to, but I could not see the boat at first. At last I did; but it was not pulling towards us. What should it be going that way for? I shouted with all my might. It did not seem that I was heard; and after ten minutes—perhaps more, perhaps less; no one placed as I was could count very correctly—the boat seemed to give up the chase. *Mein Gott!* I broke out into a hot sweat all over my body, though up to my neck in

cold water. I shouted, and, I fear, cursed again and again. It was no use. I and the patron were both lost. Ha! it was terrible. The boat was hoisted in, and the *Zuyder Zee* filled. Hope was gone, and I prayed for my own and for the patron's soul. I feared it was already over with him—the happier he. The death-clutch upon my arm was so rigid, I could not have loosed myself had I wished to do so.

“ Again I strained my eyes towards the vessel. The salt brine in my eyes, the black despair at my heart, did not make my vision clearer; yet I could see that there was trouble, confusion, running to and fro on board, and that presently she lay-to again. Soon another boat was lowered, and pulled, not quite towards us, but nearly so, and a man in the bows—Hans Menz, a Holstein man, and a good honest fellow—bawled our names through a trumpet. I rallied all my strength to answer—was heard; five minutes afterwards, the patron and I were safe on board the *Zuyder Zee*. That was my first real fright, and I shall never forget it. I have since many times faced death when he

showed himself in a more horrible shape ; but never did his shadow fall with such chilling darkness upon me as then.

“ Fortunately, we had a clever chirurgeon on board, a Frenchman, who had taken a passage on board the *Zuyder Zee* for Rotterdam. He was at great trouble to restore the patron ; he was still warm when his clothes were stripped off. He was well rubbed, and the beat of his heart could be faintly felt ; but he was quite insensible for a very, very long time. He had swallowed, the chirurgeon said, many gallons of water. The poor patron ! he who had such a dislike of water. At last he was restored to life, but with great pain and terrible torment.

“ The *Zuyder Zee* arrived safely at Rotterdam ; the patron was tenderly conveyed to his home, being too weak to walk, and the French chirurgeon, before leaving, desired private speech of me.

“ ‘ I have something to say only for your ear. It is about Karl Niels. Do you know that man ? ’ he asked. ‘ Yes, he is the patron’s nephew. ’ ‘ Ha ! he will have property if his uncle should die—be drowned, for

example?" "Yes, he must expect so; but he is not a favourite with the patron; he is too wild and flighty. A good seaman, however. Why do you inquire about Karl?"

"For this reason, my good young man. Karl Niels went in the first boat to look for you and Mynheer Boëtson; he steered, and, according to Hans—the other man, you know; yes, Hans Menz—quite in the wrong direction, looking at the drift of the sea. Karl Niels was obstinate—this is what I hear when they come back to the ship—and gave over the search very soon. Hans objected strongly to giving up so quickly. Said you could swim like a duck. The men agreed with Hans. I also remonstrated with Karl Niels, who was obliged to give way. The boat was again lowered; you were saved. That is all. Have a care,' added the Frenchman, with a finger to the tip of his nose—'have a care of Karl Niels. He loves his uncle's money; and he does not love you. Do not forget that. Adieu!"

"It would have been well had I hearkened more heedfully to the chirurgeon's counsel; but I was never of a suspicious nature.

Besides, I had observed that there was ill-blood between him and Karl Niels. The way in which the Frenchman spoke of the patron's nephew, as if he had been a total stranger to him, and did not know who he was, surprised me. The doctor had been established for years in Rotterdam, and, I had little doubt, knew Karl Niels was Mynheer Van Boëtson's nephew as well as I did.

“ ‘What has that black French villain been saying to you about me?’ asked Karl. ‘I heard my name mentioned. He has also, I am quite sure, been talking about me to my uncle. I’ll pay the fellow a pretty return trick some of these days, or my name is not Karl Niels. But what did he say to you about me?’ ‘Nothing worth telling you, Karl,’ said I. ‘Never mind what people say of you. Do what is right, and slander, like mud, will soon rub off when it’s dry. For myself, I do not give much credit to the doctor’s words.’ And so the subject dropped.

“ Mynheer Van Boëtson never recovered from the tremendous dose of salt-water he had swallowed, nor do I think he was ever



exactly *compos mentis* upon the subject during the few remaining months of his life, though upon all other matters he was sane enough—melancholy sane, as we used to say in Rotterdam; meaning that he no longer joyed in life, and that he felt as if walking in the shadow of death towards a not far-off grave. The good, simple patron! His fixed idea was, that he was drowned inwardly. Nobody could persuade him otherwise. He was full, he persisted, of water, which obstinately refused to mix with the schnapps he swallowed, only to cast up again immediately. This was true enough. He died slowly, but quite resigned. He had no desire to remain in a world where he could indulge neither in schnapps nor smoking. His hour came: his children and grandchildren were gathered weeping round his bed. He had been a widower for more than a score of years. Karl Niels was present, and the patron was particularly desirous that I should be there. He gave us all his blessing; said that, thanks to the gracious providence of God, he had been able to provide amply for all; told Karl

Niels that he had appointed me trustee of the sum bequeathed for his use ; and admonished him to be more discreet in his life, or he would bring discredit upon an honourable stock. Shortly afterwards, he died in peace.

“ The generous-hearted patron, far overvaluing the service I had rendered him, bequeathed me the immense sum of eight thousand ducats. I was dazzled, blinded for a time by my great fortune. My heart seemed too big for my bosom—it was full of gratitude to the generous donor, and of thanksgiving to Almighty God. Now, when the customary days of mourning should have passed, I would be able to realise the dream of my life,—to visit unknown seas, explore them, and, with the blessing of Heaven, bring to light some undiscovered portions of a globe as yet far from completely laid open to the gaze and admiration of mankind.

“ I was thus meditating upon the future, when Karl Niels burst rudely into my apartment on the De Ruyter Quay. I had not seen him since the day of the funeral,

when he cautiously avoided me. His face was pale with rage, his eyes were blood-shot. He had been drinking—he was on fire with drink.

“‘So, Mynheer Van Tromp,’ he began, flouncing himself down on a chair—partly from rudeness, partly that he could not stand steadily,—‘So, Mynheer Van Tromp, you have made a famous nest for yourself! It is good to be a fine swimmer, eh?’

“‘Very good sometimes,’ said I, quite calmly,—‘very good, if it puts it in your power to save the life of a fellow-creature.’

“‘And get eight thousand gold ducats for about a quarter of an hour’s work. That is excellent pay, Mynheer Van Tromp.’

“‘Your good uncle has been a bountiful friend to me. And now, your business, if you please?’

“‘My business with you—that is soon explained. I want my portion of that bountiful uncle’s wealth: the three thousand ducats bequeathed to his own sister’s son, whilst a stranger to him gets nearly three times as much.’

“‘I have nothing to say to that, Karl



Niels. As to your portion of three thousand ducats, the money shall be yours as soon as I am convinced you have so reformed your life, that the money will not be squandered in riotous excess; not till then.'

"This threw Karl Niels into an awful passion. He raved, blasphemed, cursed his uncle, then scarcely cold in his grave; and, I thought, would attempt personal violence towards myself. I kept well on my guard, however; and being a much stronger man than he, there was nothing to fear. At last he staggered away.

"My mind soon became entirely absorbed by projects of maritime discovery. I dreamed thereof, both when I was awake and when I was asleep. I had received a good education, at the cost of worthy Madame Jansen. I could speak French fluently, and understand and translate Latin. There was an excellent library at Rotterdam. I passed many, very many hours there. The works I read were the histories of voyages and travels—nothing else. At last my studies were completed, and I determined to

delay no longer converting my theories into practice.

"I contracted for a brig of three hundred and fifty tons burden, which I intended to name—and did afterwards name—the *Van Tromp*. What a delight it was to watch the construction of the brig! I drew her lines myself, being rather clever in that way, and felt sure that there were few vessels upon the sea that would hold their own with her. I loved the *Van Tromp* as fondly as if she had been my mistress, and I a moon-struck youth of nineteen.

"One day, when I was, according to my daily habit, superintending the completion of the *Van Tromp*, Karl Niels accosted me. He had, I believed, from what I esteemed trustworthy report, reformed his life, and had become, comparatively at all events, steady and self-governed. I had, in consequence, disbursed considerable sums, over one thousand ducats, in his behalf; he being, as I was informed, about to purchase a galiot, and sail in her, as captain and owner, in the carrying trade generally. I thought he could not do a better thing.

“‘Your officers and crew,’ said Karl, ‘are not yet engaged, I hope?’

“‘No; why do you ask?’

“‘Because I should like to ship myself in the *Van Tromp*. I do not think I shall ever succeed on my own account. I am afraid of myself—that is the truth. A good deal of the change in my behaviour which has been reported to you was put on that it *might* be reported to you. You gone, and no one left whose good opinion it will be worth my while to cultivate, I shall fall back into my old courses; I am sure of that. You can save me: will you?’

“The sly, beguiling, serpent-scamp! I was wheedled over. Karl—a first-rate seaman, as I have before remarked—was engaged as chief-mate; and, the very devil of credulous folly taking possession of me, I intrusted him with the selection of the crew. For myself, I was too busy with the completion of the brig, and with maps and charts, to attend willingly to such details. Anticipations of future fame engrossed me: in the hereafter, when that fame had fully ripened, and I rested from my labours in the enjoy-

ment of a green old age, children would ask of their parents and teachers, when the name of Van Tromp was mentioned, 'Do you mean Van Tromp the great admiral, or Van Tromp the great circumnavigator and discoverer?' Foolish dreams, no doubt, born of enthusiasm and conceit; but not the less influential and controlling in the heyday of vigorous life.

"All was at last ready for sea, and there was on board an excellently assorted miscellaneous cargo, made up by a number of speculative merchants, who had confidence in me. These goods were to be bartered, to the best of my judgment, for spices, &c. in the Eastern Archipelago. As I did not purpose returning to Europe for some time in the *Van Tromp*, the spices, &c. were to be shipped for Rotterdam, Amsterdam, or London, by any ship which I might be able to charter. It was reckoned that the *Van Tromp*, with her cargo, was worth ten thousand ducats, at a very moderate estimate.

"The crew, exclusive of myself and Karl Niels, numbered eighteen hands. Of these, fourteen had been chosen by the first-mate. Three men—Hans Menz one—and a boy,

Dahl Bronk, a sharp, clever youngster, with four eyes and four ears at the very least, by myself. Once Karl Niels suggested to me, in a hesitating way, that Dahl Bronk might be done without. I would not for a moment listen to the hint, and Karl did not again mention the matter.

“ Upon the eve of sailing, the crew were mustered for my inspection. They did not at all impress me pleasantly—quite the reverse. I did not recognise one familiar face, well acquainted by sight as I was with the sailor-population at Rotterdam. Appearances were, I knew, deceitful; but such a hang-dog looking lot I had never cast my eyes over.

“ ‘Where did you pick up these fellows, Karl?’ I asked, when we were alone together in the cabin. ‘I never beheld such a set of roughs.’

“ ‘Roughs, as you say, but good seamen. I have looked well to that. As to their roughness, that, should it be troublesome, will be easily enough taken out of them.’

“ I said no more; and the next morning we sailed with a favouring breeze.

"We had been two days at sea ; I was reading in the cabin ; it was the first-mate's watch ; the time near midnight. Karl Niels, after taking my directions as to the course to be held during the night, should there be, as we thought likely, a shift of wind to the nor'ard, had left for some time,—when I was suddenly startled by the sudden apparition of Dahl Bronk slowly, cautiously emerging, with finger on lip, and his dark eyes a-glitter with excitement and cunning, from the curtained recess where I slept—my sleeping-berth, in fact. The lad had no sooner gained his feet, than he bolted the cabin-door. 'What is the meaning of this, Dahl?' I exclaimed, but in a low voice, the finger on the boy's lip warning me to do so ; 'what is the meaning of this, Dahl?' 'Speak low, Captain Van Tromp,' said the boy in a low whisper, 'or you are lost. I am watched as a mouse is watched by a cat—by fifteen cats. Did they know I was here talking with you, the fishes would have us both before we could count twenty.' 'What do you say? You must be mad or dreaming.' 'No, patron, I am as sensible



as I ever was in my life. This is it: Karl Niels means to have the ship. He has a deadly spite against you for one thing; in the next place, he wants to be rich, and, being over head and ears in debt in Rotterdam and other places, does not intend to visit Deutschland for many years to come, perhaps never. It is all settled, and to-morrow night about this time, you, I, Hans Menz, and I dare say the other two *Zuyder Zees*, will be seized and flung overboard. Why they don't set to work at once is, that they are afraid, till they get farther off to sea, of being spoken with, and perhaps boarded by one of the ships-of-war just now hanging about the coast. Besides, there is no danger for them in waiting, I heard Karl Niels say; they are safely trapped; better run no risk.'

"The boy paused, looking earnestly at me. My heart almost ceased to beat. Brave as most men—the Van Tromp blood in my veins is assurance of that—yet my heart almost ceased to beat: it seemed so. The peril which so suddenly confronted me was not one to be bravely met and overcome by courage and audacity. What chance, what possible

glimmer of a chance, should I, the boy Dahl, and Hans Menz have against fifteen well-armed, prepared ruffians? Not the shadow of a chance; and will my patrons, who have condescended to bestow upon me the smiles of their favour—to prove my title to which this little book is written—not at once admit that the situation, even to a Van Tromp, was an appalling one?

“I took refuge—to speak precisely, I tried to take refuge—in disbelief, notwithstanding that many, many circumstances, slight in themselves, but strongly significant viewed in the light of the revelation flashed upon me by Dahl, compelled me to believe that it was as the boy stated.

“‘What proof is there?’ I said, still carefully under my breath; ‘what proof is there? what proof have you to offer me of this infamous conspiracy? You must, I repeat, be either mad or dreaming.’

“‘Proof! proof!’ said Dahl. ‘You will not take Dahl’s word. You want proof. I might be vexed at being doubted, but that you were a messenger of mercy to my poor mother. She bade me never leave you,



always watch over your safety and welfare. Let us put that behind us.' (His—Dahl Bronk's—was a singularly sensitive, observing—ay, and cultivated—mind, even at that age. Had he lived, his career would, I am sure, have amply vindicated my early appreciation of his remarkable qualities.) 'Let us put that behind us. I will presently give you proof—at least, I hope to be able to do so.'

“Dahl stepped on tiptoe to the door, gently withdrew the bolts, crept forth, and was gone, perhaps, ten minutes. The cabin-door was softly reopened, and Dahl's hand beckoned me to come forth. 'Hush, hush!' he whispered. Enough to say, that we crawled towards a concealing niche, when I heard from the lips of Karl Niels and three or four of his fellow-conspirators enough to convince me that Dahl Bronk had told me only the truth.

“‘And now, Dahl Bronk,' said I, 'what is to be done? How can we escape from these tigers?'

“‘That can, I think—if no suspicion is

felt by the pirates—for they are pirates—if no suspicion that you or any body has guessed their game arises in their minds during the next twenty hours, be prettily managed. We are now crossing the Bay of Biscay—well out to sea. To-morrow evening it will be Hans Menz's watch. He and I understand each other. There is a boat, as you know, lashed astern. The sea is calm for the Bay. You can take a fancy, if the wind falls—and I am sure, so is Hans, that it will fall—to try your hand at fishing. There are fine fish in the Bay. Have the boat lowered in the afternoon. When you return on board, it will be Hans' duty to see the boat properly secured. Very well. Instead of that, she will be drawn up close under the stern. You and I, Captain Van Tromp, will drop into her water, liquor, and provisions enough for us three—you, captain, Hans, and myself. That done, we ourselves drop silently down into the boat, cast off the painter, make sail for the land; and when the cut-throats burst in here to accomplish the bloody work, their victims will be beyond reach.' 'The scheme is well conceived,' I said; 'pray

Heaven that it may be successfully carried out!’ ‘Another thing,’ said Dahl—how suddenly he seemed to have put on intellectual strength and stature!—‘another thing: you have on board some thousands of gold ducats. Now, do you know that I heard you and Karl Niels talking about them? He agreed with you, that much more profit could be made of them in the Spice Islands and elsewhere, than by leaving them at interest in Rotterdam. Karl Niels has his eye upon those ducats. *Mein Gott!*’ added Dahl, ‘what a rich prize you are! But, Captain Van Tromp, you will, I hope, disappoint the rascal of those ducats. Get them ready to drop into the boat.’

“My good star reigned. All was safely stowed, we cast loose, hoisted sail, and when morning dawned the *Van Tromp* was distant twelve miles from us at least. She was steering due south. The villain, Karl Niels, had gained all he had played for, with the exception of the ducats we had brought off; and we had saved our lives—supposing a tempest should not come on; and that, looking at the signs in the heavens, was not at all

unlikely. I wept bitter, very bitter tears; and—will my kind patrons believe me?—not so much, not nearly so much, for the loss of worldly wealth, as for the frustration of my eager ambition to become a great maritime discoverer. It was there the villain's dagger pierced me to the quick. Heavens! I was whelmed in grief, affliction, and despair. Fool that I was—miserable, besotted fool!—to have been the dupe of such a knave as Karl Niels!

“About noon on the second day after casting loose from the *Van Tromp*, during which we had not made much progress—the weather, contrary to expectation, continuing calm—a sail hove in sight. The light breeze wafted us towards her, she towards us; and about four p.m. we were within hailing-distance. She was the *Morgenblatt*, from Bremen, bound to Manhattan,\* America, one of the new plantations there. We went on board, and were kindly received by Captain Dronkheim. My story interested him. He questioned me over and over again as to all the

\* Afterwards New York, and founded by the Dutch.

most trifling details. We smoked many pipes over the matter, but could make nothing satisfactory of it. Captain Dronkheim would have shifted us to any homeward-bound vessel, but none spoke with us, and the chance was that the first land upon which we should set foot would be the island of Manhattan. I took very ill—it was the heart-sickness. The weather kept calm, with occasional cat's-paws. I was awakened from heavy slumber one morning by Captain Dronkheim.

“ ‘Captain Van Tromp,’ said he, ‘we have cast anchor in the bay of an island called Pico. It is one of the Azores, and, I think, uninhabited. The *Van Tromp* is anchored very near to us: Hans Menz and Dahl Bronk say she is certainly the *Van Tromp*.’

“ ‘What is that you say?’ cried I, jumping up, new life seeming to pour through my veins. ‘The *Van Tromp* anchored near us! *Mein Gott!* it is a Providence. There must be authorities in the Azore Islands. I will have my beautiful brig again.’

“ ‘Be tranquil, my friend,’ said Dronk-

heim. 'I, Hans, and Dahl have well considered this little affair. In the first place, there are no authorities in the Azore Islands to be come at that could do us good. As soon as the *Van Tromp* shall have taken in enough water she will be off, and it will not be the authorities that shall put treacle on her tail. No, no. There is a better plan than to depend upon the authorities, if there are any.'

"'What is that, my friend Captain Dronkheim?' said I, all in a perspiration from excitement; 'what is that, my friend Captain Dronkheim?'

"'Well, it's that clever youngster, Dahl Bronk's, plan. That's a lad, now, I would much sooner have for a friend than a foe. But stop. We are excellent friends, Captain Van Tromp, you and I, are we not?'

"'Excellent friends.'

"'Very good. Now what, between countrymen and good fellows, do you think the *Morgenblatt* and cargo are worth? Not much of a cargo, it is true; and the vessel is old, that also is true: there is no deception in me,—I come of a good old honest stock;



not so grand as the *Van Tromps*, but honest, sound at heart. Is the *Morgenblatt* worth, with cargo, two thousand of your gold ducats? Come, now!

“‘Yes, if I wanted her and the cargo.’

“‘That is it, my friend. You do want her to get back the *Van Tromp*. Ah! you open your eyes—begin, perhaps, to see a little. Now listen, friend *Van Tromp*. The *Morgenblatt* and cargo do not belong to me. The *Van Tromp* has, I am told, two pretty cannon on board, and the little trick we are thinking of may not come off successfully. I cannot, therefore,—the property not being mine,—run risks. But if you will give me two thousand ducats, which I shall send to the next island away from this in sure deposit, you shall have the *Morgenblatt*, and the *Morgenblatt* will get you the *Van Tromp*.’

“I was still at sea. Hans and Dahl were called to enlighten me. They did so; and the scheme proposed looked likely.

“‘Still,’ I said, ‘this little manœuvre can be carried out without the necessity of my purchasing the *Morgenblatt*.’

“‘ Ah! my friend,’ said he, ‘ you want the bargain to be all on your side. Now, I wish to do my friend Captain Van Tromp a good office, and to sell the *Morgenblatt* at a fair price—a fair price between friends ; two thousand ducats is a fair price, that will be admitted—has been admitted by Captain Van Tromp himself. Now, then, is it a bargain? if so, to business.’

“‘ Captain Dronkheim,’ I said, ‘ I would shake hands with Beelzebub, to be revenged upon that villain Karl Niels, and get my own again.’

“ The plan proposed offered every chance of success. The boats of the *Van Tromp* were busy taking in wood and water ; and being in a hurry about it, all hands, except an old man and a boy who were left on board, were employed in the business. It had been a sultry season ; the rivulets were nearly dry, and the labour of getting a full supply of water was tedious. It would be easy enough, were we swift and resolute, to seize the *Van Tromp* ; and as—spite of his villany towards myself—I, upon mature reflection, was not desirous of having the life of Karl Niels,



the nephew of my patron and benefactor, upon my soul, I determined to allow him and his fellow-ruffians to escape in the vessel I had purchased.

“There must have been a traitor on board of us ; I, at least, am strongly inclined to that opinion. Certain it is, that when we, pulling lustily, sought to board the brig at early dawn of morning, after ascertaining that the *Van Tromp's* boats were drawn up on the beach, and, as we supposed, the seamen had, as usual, gone some distance inland in quest of water, we found concealed on board of her a sufficient number of the crew to give us a terrible reception. Possibly, however, it was only ordinary precaution, Karl Niels being doubtful, in those piratical times, of the character of the stranger which had anchored within fifty fathoms' length of the *Van Tromp*. However that might have been, for the exact truth never was made manifest, we were met with a discharge, as we neared the brig, of two culverins, which I had taken the precaution to ship at Rotterdam, not so much for fighting purposes, even should oc-

casions arise, as that, if we became disabled at sea, we might be able to call the attention to our state, by firing them, of any strange sail that might heave in sight. The culverins were loaded with ball, and, though we hailed in a friendly manner, they were both discharged at us. This hasty proceeding could only be, I was and am of opinion, ascribable to treachery. One ball struck the boat commanded by my friendly captain, and in which were my two brave companions, man and boy, who had been picked up with me at sea. The boat, a frail one, was knocked to pieces; this, however, at the moment, we had no time to remark upon. The ball aimed at us went wide, and before the culverin could be again fired we had reached the *Van Tromp's* deck. There was not much fighting after that, only five men being on board—two, the friendly seamen I have spoken of; and the brig was surrendered. We then looked around for our companions, and—sad, sorrowful, heart-breaking sight!—we could discern only three men struggling for life in the water. The boat had disappeared; the water around was bloody; and,

hasten as we did to their rescue, one of the poor fellows was seized by a shark as we were in the very act of drawing him into the boat. This was Hansen, a man of malevolence and greed, who had been severely punished—not too severely, I understood—by his captain before I was received on board, and he was, I strongly suspected, the traitor. It may be that my suspicion wronged him. What I remembered was, that Hansen went on shore with four others, pretendedly for water, but really to ascertain how matters exactly stood. We wished to be precisely sure of our relative positions. It was taking too much precaution, and led to evil. Hansen was absent from his comrades a long time. Then the betrayal was made, if at all. Well, if it was so, he met with sudden judgment—Heaven pardon him! I was comforted—odd comfort!—to hear from the men we saved that my two friends had been struck both of them by the ball or balls from the culverin; they had not, therefore, it might be hoped, been mangled whilst alive by those terrible monsters of the deep. The captain, they told me, had been

bitten in halves. My memory is a sepulchre, strewed with ghastly bones.

"And now it behoved us to look to ourselves. Karl Niels had taken the alarm, and was pulling off to regain the *Van Tromp*. His people were armed. We had not a moment to lose. The friendly *Van Tromp* seamen fell in with us readily, and the culverins were trained to bear upon the coming boats, when they should be near enough; that would not be for at least ten minutes. I was dubious of the issue. In all, we were but twelve hands, not reckoning myself; and the three men shipped at Rotterdam by Niels could not be depended upon. We should be overpowered and massacred. A man came up to me—one I did not then know by his name—Phillip Artvelde. 'Shall I speak?' said he. 'Yes; speak, in God's name! if you have good to say.' 'Ah, then, Mynheer,' he answered, 'let us begone. The land-breeze is stiff this morning. Let the cable be cut; there is no time to bring it home; the square sails can be let fall in two minutes. Then Captain Niels—a terrible rascal, who has deceived me as

well as you, though not so grossly—may go whistle. He will never put salt upon the *Van Tromp's* tail—never. Give the word,' added Phillip Artvelde, seizing and flourishing an axe. 'Shall I cut the cable?' 'Yes, yes,' I said; 'it will be best, much best.' Artvelde was quick; our men showed equal alacrity. The sails were let fall, and the *Van Tromp* sailed out of the bay at a rate which soon rendered pursuit by the boats hopeless. Frantic seemed to be the baffled pirates. They pulled amain, then dropped their useless oars, and fired their equally useless muskets. We waved our hats, shouting with glee. We had got our own again! Karl Niels and his fellow-ruffians, finding the game was up so far as the *Van Tromp* was concerned, took possession of the abandoned German vessel. They attempted no pursuit, feeling it, no doubt, to be hopeless; and I was again fairly launched upon the voyage in which were bound up the aims, the hopes, the ambition of my life. Karl Niels returned to Rotterdam, where he filled the public ear with calumnious tales regarding myself. His life, his death, the man-



ner thereof, the revelations made by several of his associates, when before the tribunals for other offences, concerning the piratical seizure of the *Van Tromp*, were more than sufficient refutation of his slanders. They were forgotten long before I again saw my native city. Six years had then passed—six fateful years—which left an indelible impression on my memory and life.”

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## PART II.

“THE *Van Tromp* was short-handed; but the crew were active fellows, and, though rough-looking men, were obedient, and did their duty fairly. They appeared, taken altogether, to be content with the change, as regarded the ship and its destination. Still, from the first day I perceived signs of a smouldering insubordination. They had got a notion in their thick heads that I had taken unlawful possession of the *Van Tromp*; that the story of her having been mine, and that I had been dispossessed of her by treachery and violence, was a not very well invented flam.

Most men know how a notion, no matter how ridiculous, once firmly lodged in the hard skulls of ignorant men, sticks and grows there. One amongst them, named Wilhelm,—if I ever knew his father's name, I have forgotten it,—a mischievous fellow of the 'sea-lawyer' class, and more knave than fool—was a ringleader amongst them. This, Phillip Artvelde—a Flemish man, with good blood in his veins—told me secretly. But for him I should never have suspected Wilhelm, so soft-spoken, butter-mouthed a fellow was he.

“It seemed that I was born to trouble and disappointment: I had but leapt out of the frying-pan into the fire. ‘Wilhelm means to denounce you to the authorities,’ said Artvelde, whom I had appointed chief-mate, as we were taking a glass of schnapps together, and smoking our pipes after dinner, quite alone—‘Wilhelm means to denounce you as a pirate-robber at the first West-Indian port we touch at. He expects you will be hanged, and that he and his fellows will be richly compensated as salvors—the blubber-brained fool!’

" 'How do you know all this, Artvelde?' asked I, not much alarmed by such a threat as that.

" 'How do I know? Who should know better? I am in the plot; so are your two *Van Tromp* friends. Ha! it is excellent.'

" 'The devil excellent!' cried I. 'Have you lost your senses?'

" 'No, not one of them. It would have been proof that I had if, being sounded slyly by cunning Master Wilhelm, I had refused to make one in their lively little game. I heard you say that the original papers are in your safe keeping?'

" 'Yes; that villain Karl Niels forged new ones, but forgot or neglected to destroy the genuine documents.'

" 'That is well; we shall bear up for Jamaica. Directly we have anchored in Port Royal, let you and me go on shore, and lodge, as the custom there is, the ship's papers with the port authorities, explain matters, and return on board with a sufficient force to seize and overpower the plotters, lest, finding themselves bowled out, they should up anchor and mizzle before they



could be stopped, carrying us with them. We then pick up a fresh crew, and sail direct for the Eastern Seas. Ha, ha! it is excellent, I say; what say you, Mynheer?"

"I agreed that it would be excellent if all went off well; and after settling how to act in certain possible, though not probable, contingencies, we separated, further agreeing not even to speak to each other upon the matter, lest we should be overheard, and in consequence be in some way circumvented.

"We were not circumvented. The Governor of Jamaica accorded me his gracious protection; the crew of the *Van Tromp* were unceremoniously sent adrift, and enough men were put on board to carry on the harbour-duty of the brig till such time as a useful, trustworthy crew could be obtained. A pretty place, truly, in which to pick up a trustworthy crew!

"All the men, except two, who had been thus bundled off, falling into extreme drunkenness, were carried off in a very short time by 'Yellow Jack.' One of the survivors was Peter Werland, whom I had shipped at Rotterdam. He was a soft-headed fellow,

but a good sailor, and, except when strongly tempted, would not do wrong. Him we re-engaged; he promising, no doubt sincerely meaning what he said at the time of saying it, to be honest and faithful.

“As the Father of Mischief would have it, the *Vanderhausen*, a Dutch ship, was brought into the port of Jamaica in a sinking state, just as I and Artvelde were at our wits' end for a crew. The *Vanderhausen*, Captain Schomberg, hailing from Amsterdam, had been for five or six years engaged in the African slave-trade, and had made many lucky trips. Her captain and part owner, Jahn Ritser, had, I was told, made a large fortune, and was about returning to Amsterdam with his only child, a daughter, to pass the remainder of his life in peace and plenty; instead of which poor Jahn Ritser lost first his daughter Charlotte Ritser, and then his own life. The daughter was a native of Jamaica; her mother, a Creole Englishwoman, long since dead. Charlotte Ritser was a spoiled child, and, like most spoiled children, charingly rewarded her father's foolish fondness.

“There was in Jamaica a wild young fellow, of the name, real or assumed, of Schomberg. He was a seaman, had been actively engaged in the slave-trade, had made, by fits and starts, much money, and spent it whilst on shore quite as fast as he had gained it at sea. He was a reckless gambler, and in every body’s debt. All this and much more Artvelde and I heard of too late.

“Well, Jahn Ritser having wound up his business-affairs, and finding himself richer than he had even supposed, told his daughter to prepare herself for the voyage to Amsterdam without delay: they would sail in the *Vanderhausen*, which was being prettily fitted up for her accommodation. She would have a choice of husbands in the capital of the United Provinces—rich, young, handsome fellows, not withered-up, beggarly Creole fellows. Judge, then, honest Jahn Ritser’s consternation and dismay when his petted shrew of a daughter told him that she was married already, and had been so for several weeks, to William Schomberg—handsome, drinking, gaming William Schomberg! Jahn Ritser refused for a time to believe

it. Such an outrage upon his well-known sentiments, sympathies, and prejudices, could not have been inflicted by his own beloved child! When compelled to believe it, Jahn Ritser was a lost man. He, who had been always the jolliest of the sedately jolly men of the world, became morose, snappish, lost his appetite, indulged in drinking to a terrible excess, and, before a month had passed, was food to the land-crabs. Seized suddenly, as always happens in cases of yellow fever, he was gone in a few hours, during which he was in a state of delirium, which made it impossible for him to revoke the will made in favour of his disobedient daughter, though it was well known he had fully intended to do so, or at least so to secure his wealth to her and her children, that the profligate husband should not be able to touch a stiver of it. Alas, the night in which no man can work had fallen prematurely upon him! The dead hand could not bar William Schomberg's claim to all, every guilder he had died possessed of. The *Vanderhausen* herself, loved by poor Ritser next to his child, was also the property of

Schomberg, the man above all others whom he in life had most despised and detested. It must have been gall, wormwood, and hell-fire to the dying, impotent master-mariner. There is always a lucid interval, often a long one, before 'Yellow Jack' finally strangles his victim. That interval of impotent consciousness must indeed have been a torturing one to the veteran. I have since often talked over the matter with a brother of his, much younger than he, dwelling at the Hague. Jahn Ritser—making every allowance for a brother's partiality—would seem to have been a worthy man, though he did make his money by the slave-trade,—with respect to which many worthy persons nowadays seem to have strong scruples. I venture no opinion upon the subject, although it does certainly appear to me that Negroes—slaves in their own heathen country—must, in the natural course of things, be better off, though slaves still, in a Christian land.

“Schomberg, having come into possession of his father-in-law's large wealth, gave full swing to his profligate disposition. His wife he soon ceased to care for. He had married



her because she was the only child of a rich man. The orange was sucked; William Schomberg cared not for the rind.

“Jahn Ritser died more than two years before the *Van Tromp* arrived in Port Royal, Jamaica. That short time had been long enough for Schomberg to squander all his dead father-in-law's riches; and, driven to extremity, he had himself assumed command of the *Vanderhausen*, upon which he had raised a large sum by a bottomry-bond. He sailed in quest of a cargo of Negroes to the coast of Africa. Had the adventure been successful, he would have realised a large price, slaves being in great request in the plantations. He did obtain a large number of healthy blacks; but upon returning, the *Vanderhausen* encountered a tremendous gale, by which she was dismasted, and, having sprung several leaks, was with difficulty brought to Port Royal. It had been found expedient, in order to lighten the ship, to start the water, leaving only sufficient for the crew. It was in consequence necessary to dispose of the Negroes, almost all of whom were flung overboard. Better so than to

have perished in agony of thirst—a dreadful proceeding, nevertheless.

“Schomberg was now an utterly ruined man; and whom must he cast an evil eye upon to repatch his fortunes but myself? He got acquainted with me at a rendezvous of naval men in the merchant-service, and his address was so frank, his manners so sailor-like and above-board, that I took quite a fancy to the rascal; especially when I found he had lived in Rotterdam, knew many persons there that I knew, could talk of old familiar haunts, and had, it seemed, been slightly acquainted with the excellent friend and patron to whom I owed every thing. No wonder I was so taken with the specious villain. It is passing a bad compliment upon myself, but nothing is more sure than that every felonious schemer with whom chance or the devil had thrown me into but the briefest companionship instinctively fixed upon me as a simpleton, made of very pliant, squeezable stuff. They were not far out in their estimate of me at that age of inexperienced life.

“William Schomberg was not long in



discovering the fixed bent of my mind. He shared, more than shared, my enthusiasm for the prosecution of voyages of discovery, to explore the still unknown portions of earth and sea—the Eastern Seas especially, he would say, echoing my own thoughts : most likely I had given those thoughts words in his hearing,—I was, more or less, a waking dreamer at that time. The upshot was, that I shipped the whole of his crew, he representing them to be the very pick of Dutch mariners, selected by Mynheer Ritser himself, of whose character for sagacity and worth I had no doubt heard. I had heard Jahn Ritser highly spoken of by well-known, estimable persons, and I was ass enough—knowing little, scarcely any thing about Schomberg, except that he had been reduced in circumstances by a run of ill-luck—to take him at his own valuation. He shipped as second-mate. Artvelde had his doubts ; but as he had no tangible reason for his lack of faith in Schomberg and Co., he gave way to my opinion. Could we have known—and but slight inquiry would have enlightened us—that not one of the *Vanderhausen's* crew

had sailed in her with Jahn Ritser, but were the scum of the crews of Dutch trading-vessels which touched at the West-India Islands, Master Schomberg would have been checkmated at the first move in his villanous game. The *Vanderhausen* was sold for a trifling sum, to be broken up. She was not worth repairing. All that poor Ritser had toiled and scraped and perhaps sinned for, was gone, to the last shred. His daughter, I knew in after years—but I never saw her—had, and as speedily, become as complete a wreck as the *Vanderhausen*.

“I was very merry at heart when we sailed out of Port Royal, buoyed up as I was by that hope which tells such flattering, lying tales. It was very pleasant whilst it lasted. A most agreeable companion was William Schomberg for the first nine or ten days. Artvelde was fidgety, but could give no reason for his fidgetiness, except that the crew evidently considered Schomberg to be their real captain—that he was every body, in fact; myself and Artvelde nobodies—though for a while he tolerated our taking

the authority. This was Artvelde's impression, which I laughed at. The crew were more accustomed to obey Schomberg—had long been subject to his orders; and the habit of looking upon him as their chief could not be at once got rid of. Besides, were they not all Dutchmen—good, steady-going Hollanders? I was an ass; that is beyond dispute. Yet what would it have availed to be wise—too late? Nothing.

“William Schomberg put off the mask with amazing coolness. I never saw him in pleasanter humour. The weather was completely calm. We were in the latitude of the Gulf of Guinea, and in about 20° west longitude. There was no ship-work to attend to; and I, Artvelde, and Schomberg were comfortably enjoying ourselves over schnapps and cigars—the latter had not long before come into use. Schomberg had been talking of the large, the immense profits that I should make by bartering the miscellaneous cargo of the *Van Tromp* for the spices and other products of the Eastern Archipelago of islands, of which islands he

was of opinion that there remained more to be discovered.

“Suddenly changing his tone and manner, the audacious rascal said, still with his eternal placid smile, ‘It is time, my good friends, that this farce were finished. We have passed a pleasant time together—at least, I can answer for myself; but all pleasures, all delights are fleeting in their nature. I have decided, Mynheer Van Tromp—a glorious name is Van Tromp—and Mynheer Artvelde—another great name in Dutch history; I have a high respect for great names—’

“‘Schomberg,’ I interrupted, for there was a mocking devil—a perfectly serious devil too—in his eye, which gave me a terribly hot qualm, making my back open and shut as it were,—‘Schomberg, what are you talking about? What do you mean?’

“‘I mean—necessity being a law unto itself—that I, William Schomberg, am master of this ship, and its uncommonly valuable cargo, in an exchangeable sense.’

“I felt stunned, paralysed, as did Art-

velde. Neither spoke in reply. I could not have uttered a word, had my soul's salvation depended upon it.

" 'I dare say, now, you will think it a harsh, unjustifiable proceeding on my part ; but cool reflection will suggest, that if you were placed as I am, you would act precisely as I am about to act.'

" 'Act! act!' stammered Artvelde, glaring at the audacious rascal as if he doubted the evidence of sight and hearing ; ' what, in the name of Lucifer, do you mean to do?'

" 'Nothing very atrocious, Mynheer Artvelde—nothing in the least sanguinary. The situation is this, precisely stated : I am in complete, indisputable possession of this fine, well-laden brig, the *Van Tromp*. The crew will obey me to the death, every one of them. Need more be said to prove that I am absolute master here? As sensible men, you require, I see, no further demonstration of a self-evident truth. Now to conclusions. I shall land you upon Prince's Island or St. Thomas's Island—which you please. They are, I believe, uninhabited by human beings ; there is, however, I un-



derstand, plenty of game to be had. I shall furnish you amply with muskets, powder, shot and ball, and other necessaries, to enable you to hold out for many months. That is a trial, however, you will not have to endure. Some European ship will be sure to pass, and, being signalled, will not fail to bring you off. There needs no further palaver,' added William Schomberg; 'the affair is decided; now make ready, if you please.'

“I burst into a fit of involuntary spasmodic laughter; the man's words sounded so unreal, so ridiculous. Artvelde was infected, and laughed too spasmodically, as I did. Surely it was a dream; it passed like one. I was staring wild, amazed, whilst stores and implements of various kinds were hoisted over the side, and stowed away in the *Van Tromp's* launch. The trance of terror, of fascination—call it what one may—continued even after I, Artvelde, and Peter Mervyn, forced into the launch, found ourselves sailing towards the West Coast of Africa.

“‘Farewell, friends,’ I heard, still as in a dream and afar off; ‘farewell,’ said Schom-

berg, standing on the lee bulwark of the rolling, heaving ship—for a breeze had sprung up whilst we were in the cabin—and staying himself with one hand by the shrouds, whilst he waved his hat with the other. 'You'll find every thing necessary for comfort and safety in the launch. You have a compass: steer east by south, and you'll make either St. Thomas's or Prince's Island before sunrise to-morrow, if the breeze holds.'

"The *Van Tromp*, which had been lying-to, filled, and went off in a south-westerly direction, the crew cheering with all their might. She was nearly hull down before I had regained the use of my faculties.

"'Donner de Blüten!' I blustered out to Artvelde. 'Is this real? Is Schomberg the very devil himself? or how—what is it all about?'

"'It's soon reckoned up, patron,' said Artvelde; 'Schomberg, true son of Satan, if not Satan himself, has got the brig,—that's certain as death. He has made a famous haul, and is just about the coolest, cleverest scoundrel I ever knew, and I have known many. But never give up, patron;



the battle is never lost till it's won. Suspecting something was in the wind—though I could not make out what—I dug a little hole beneath Master Schomberg, into which he may some fine day tumble, and break his cursed neck, before he knows where he is.'

"I inquired of Artvelde what he meant. 'A very simple stratagem,' said he. 'There was one of the crew less devilish than the others,—Peter—something.'

"'Peter Sminchk?' said Peter Mervyn.

"'Yes, Peter Sminchk. I did him a trifling kindness; he was very grateful, and more than once I fancied he was about to tell me something of what was going on in the ship. But always, when he seemed to have got himself up to the mark, an interruption of some kind stopped him, and he was dumb.'

"'But about the hole, you have dug under that irredeemable villain Schomberg?'

"'It is a mine that may likely enough miss fire. I wrote a letter, setting forth my apprehensions, and giving full particulars concerning the *Van Tromp*, and our departure from Port Royal. I had just time to

add a few lines in pencil, stating how we had been served, and where—at Prince's or St. Thomas's Island—we might be found; slipped it into Peter's hand, and begged him, if he ever hoped to see his home again, to deliver it, should he have an opportunity, into the hands of any one—a governor, the captain of a ship, or other person—likely to be willing and able to send us assistance.'

" 'Bread cast on the waters,' said I, 'which may or may not return after many days. And now, to discourse of the present: What can be done to help ourselves? Let us take counsel together.'

"We held our council—not one of despair; for a strong hope of deliverance—whence derived, except of trust in God, it would have puzzled us to tell—sustained us in the perilous present, and flashed across us glimpses fitful, fading, yet ever and anon glancing brightly forth in that troubled night of gloom. It was resolved that we should continue to steer directly for one of the before-named islands.

"The breeze continued fair; Peter Mervyn managed the lug-sail of the launch,

Artvelde steered; and shaking off as well I could the benumbing apathy caused by the unexpected suddenness of the catastrophe, I addressed myself to read as clearly as might be the actualities of the present hour, and the prospects of the future.

“Schomberg was not all bad. He had certainly taken care to give us a chance of deliverance from the miserable fate to which, for his own selfish ends, he had exposed us. There was abundance of biscuit, meat, spirits, and water, stowed away in the launch; three good muskets, plenty of ball, powder and shot, had been placed in her, together with a goodly quantity of carpenter’s tools. Several flags also—Dutch, English, and Spanish—to serve as signals, were tied up in a bundle; and a small medicine-chest, containing simple drugs and medicaments, carefully labelled, had been provided. There were also seeds likely to fructify in a tropical clime, selected from the bulk of those the *Van Tromp* was carrying out to the Eastern Seas. No, Schomberg was not all bad. The fountain of the milk of human kindness was not dried up within him. He being poor through his

own vices, and, like all moral cowards, afraid boldly to confront and vanquish poverty, which can always—if there be no special curse for past crimes upon us—be accomplished, had yielded to temptation. Is there a son of man who has not done so? I have always pitied William Schomberg. To my narrative, however; or my limits will be overpassed.

“The star-studded night—those Scriptures of the sky, as Van Derwent called the myriad eyes of heaven—encompassed us with a silvery, soothing splendour. We could not feel abandoned whilst looked down upon by those bright watchers. My sinking faith rallied; God—God, the All-Merciful—had *not* abandoned me! My life would not pass away in a fading dream.

“When the mists of the morning lifted, we descried land—land at no great distance. The coast was bluff and precipitous. As we neared it, we saw that it was crowned, if I may say so, with giant tropical vegetation. We landed before noon of the day without difficulty upon a smooth beach, the

pebbles of which were worn and polished, by the incessant action of the waves, to a silvery brightness. I named this island, believing we were the first discoverers, the island of Saint Ann. Since then, I have heard of it and seen it named in a Portuguese book of voyages (anonymous) as Anna Bona. Whether that be a different mode of spelling the name I gave the island, or a distinct appellation by some later—or, we will say, previous—discoverer, I cannot say. Formal possession was taken by us in the name of the United Provinces.

“ A worthless possession, we soon found, but capable of being converted into a flourishing settlement. The gigantic vegetation, the abundant tropical fruits, were proof of the teeming richness of the soil; but that gigantic vegetation, those abounding fruits, gave shelter and sustenance to beasts of prey and venomous reptiles. The forest was alive with them; the nights—we passed only two on the main-land—were made hideous with their roaring and other frightful noises. We kindled a large circular fire, and fed it constantly by turns,—knowing, or



having heard, that beasts of prey will not attempt to burst through a belt or rampart of flame. On the second night we had doubts as to whether familiarity would not accustom the animals to face fire. There were three large tawny animals, which we believed to be lions, but have since heard described by another name—cheetahs—whose yellow eyes, as they squatted some hundred feet beyond the circle of flame, glared at us with a savage eagerness, which we expected would at last prompt them to leap through it, and destroy us. It was a fearful time. At last Artvelde, half beside himself with terror, raised and levelled a musket, charged with two bullets, aiming at the head of the biggest and boldest of the cheetahs. He fired; there was a fearful roar. The animal, struck mortally, had strength enough, in his agonised rage, to leap through the fire. He fell dead within but a few yards of us. We expected instant destruction. It was not to be. The cheetahs seemed to be terrified, and sullenly, after turning about as if undecided how to act, went off.

“ We resolved not to pass another night

in such peril, but rather to sleep in the launch, anchored some two or three hundred yards off the island. This was perilous; sudden squalls of wind, as mariners well know, frequently blowing with great and unexpected violence on those coasts. So that it was with much satisfaction that we the next morning discovered a small wood-covered islet on the north-east of the main island, and separated from it by about, as we judged, eight hundred yards. The islet was not more than one hundred yards across, and two hundred perhaps in length. We landed thereon, and began making ready a rude dwelling-place, which might answer our needs till it should please Providence to send us relief. In the afternoon of that day, a terrible adventure befell, which might have had fatal consequences. Confused, and all more or less inexact, reports of the occurrence have obtained circulation. I reproduce the facts, of which I and Artvelde are the only living witnesses.

“Peter Mervyn, who was never very industriously inclined, had strayed away with his gun, in the hope of bringing down one of



the large birds, mighty on the wing, now soaring high aloft, now swooping to the earth. I should have supposed them to be eagles, but that I knew those birds of prey were never seen together in such flocks.

"Mervyn could not obtain a shot at the birds, and was returning to us, when a rustling sound in the bush or jungle struck his ear; and looking in that direction, he perceived an animal of some kind, the fierce eyes of which were fixed upon him. Very much alarmed, and as much for the purpose of bringing myself and Artvelde to his aid as with any other object, he fired. The report was followed by a howl of pain, and presently a monstrous creature, standing upright, and having a revolting likeness to a human being, leapt out of the bush, stood still, howling with pain the while, and glaring savagely at Mervyn. Presently a yet larger animal of the same species—they had both enormous tails—joined that which Peter had wounded, and then both made at him. The terrified seaman, who had been unable to reload his gun, so scared and trembling was he, fled towards us, shouting for help, pur-

sued by the frightful animals. Hearing our comrade's cries, Artvelde and I snatched up our guns, and had hardly done so, when Mervyn emerged from the thick cover of the woods, still pursued by the ferocious half-human-looking beasts, who were fast gaining upon him. We both fired, each of us at one of the animals. No doubt the balls struck, as they both stood still, set up an unearthly howl, turned, fled, and disappeared in the wood. We never saw them again, nor any other formidable beast of prey which had its lair or habitat in the islet.

“Not being sure that that would be so, we, with much labour, though furnished with excellent carpenter's tools, erected a rude but strong palisade, enclosing a spot of elevated ground, which we had chosen for our encampment, and which sloped down to the water's edge. The work lasted over three weeks, during which time we slept in the launch. To economise our provisions, we had recourse to fishing, and were, upon the whole, successful.

“Meanwhile we had taken the precaution to climb to the summit of the tallest

tree near our encampment, and fix there two flags—one the Dutch, one the English ensign, both reversed. Upon this signal we, under God, rested our hopes of deliverance. As a last and desperate resource we might in the end embark in the launch; but whither should we steer? The African continent was, we knew, not so distant but that, in ever so frail a craft, we might hope to reach it in safety. But Africa was inhabited by savages fiercer and more ravenous than the beasts of which we still lived in perpetual fear.

“Week after week passed, our melancholy and dejection increasing every day; and at last, in despair of deliverance by other means, it was determined to patch up the launch, the boards of which had been sadly shrunk and warped by the fierce southern sun, and risk our lives in an attempt to make the coast of America.

“We were ready, though bodingly reluctant, to make the attempt, when I, for the last time, climbed to the top of our signal-tree, and swept the sea with a glass which Schomberg had placed in the boat.

“In the far distance my weary, hopeless

glance doubtfully detected a speck which, but that so many disappointments had made me distrustful of my own senses, I should have at once declared to be a sail. Eagerly I gazed and watched, till I could no longer doubt that what I beheld was really a ship,—a two-masted ship,—and sailing direct towards the island. I shouted to my mates,—our sad position had abolished all conventional distinctions,—and they both climbed up to where I was perched. Tremblingly I handed the glass to Artvelde, pointing with my hand in the direction of the coming ship. It was no illusion of a fevered brain. Artvelde's shout of joy dispelled that fear: a brig, under full sail, was fast nearing the island. Two hours afterwards—less than that, it may be—the *Van Tromp*—my own *Van Tromp*—had dropped anchor within a few cables' length of our encampment. A boat was immediately lowered, pulled swiftly to shore, and in a few minutes I was standing once more upon the deck of the old ship, and so amazed and bewildered in mind that I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in a dream. The sailors on board

were all strangers,—not one of them did I remember to have seen before ; but they had the appearance of honest, hardy fellows, and from their speech were all Dutchmen. They all seemed to know my name, and regarded me and my companions with kindly, curious eyes. Presently Captain Bröch, who had gone below for a few minutes, made his appearance upon deck, shook hands heartily, and asked if I did not remember him. I really did not ; and yet, upon closer scrutiny, it struck me that I had before seen his good-looking sun-browned face, and heard his cheery voice ; but where or when I could not call to mind. ‘I was for several years,’ said he, ‘in the employ of your patron Van Boëtson, of Rotterdam, though I was rarely there for many days together. I saw you in Van Boëtson’s counting-house several times ; and don’t you remember, when the ship-carpenters were setting the *Van Tromp’s* masts, I, looking curiously on, remarked that the mainmast had too much rake?’ I *did* remember the circumstance perfectly, and then began, in my turn, to question the captain as to how he came into possession of



the *Van Tromp*, what had become of Schomberg and his crew of congenial rascals, and so on. 'The brig is yours,' said he; 'I have been ordered to restore her to you. Schomberg and four of his fellows have been sentenced to be hanged at Batavia, in Java; the rest, with two exceptions, condemned to work in chain-gangs for life. Come below; I have a strange story to tell,—one in the ordering of which the finger of Providence has been made distinctly manifest. It is not likely, however,' added Captain Bröch, as we went below together, 'that Schomberg and the four other guiltiest of the pirates will suffer death; not, certainly, till your version of the seizure of this ship has been heard. One reason for the commutation of Schomberg's sentence will be, that he volunteered to tell the authorities where you would probably be found. That confession was no doubt made solely in the hope of thereby saving his own worthless life. Still it was made, and he alone could have afforded the necessary intelligence. And now,' added my friend Bröch, 'for a good smoke and a long yarn.'"

## PART III.

“ ‘I LAST sailed from Europe,’ began friend Bröch, ‘as captain of the good ship *Burgomaster*, bound for Batavia, with a miscellaneous cargo. The voyage was at first prosperous. We had a swift run out till we were off the entrance of the Strait of Sunda, when the ship was suddenly, and about midnight, struck by a typhoon. The fore and main mast snapped by the board at once, and we were obliged to cut away the mizen to right the ship. The *Burgomaster* was a complete wreck—rendered so in less than ten minutes. The night, too, was black as pitch. I was unacquainted with the navigation of those seas, never having visited that part of the world before; and for several days I had not been able to take an observation. Even had I known the exact bearings of the coast, such knowledge would have been of no service; the rudder having been carried away, and the dismasted hull, now making water like a sieve, being driven before the fierce typhoon without the possibility of shaping her course in the slightest degree. We had been thus



driving before the wind, which, unlike typhoons in general, increased in violence with every passing minute—or at least we thought so—for about half an hour. I have said that the night was black as pitch. All at once that darkness was deepened frightfully. A huge, rugged, black wall rose up out of the furious sea directly ahead of us. It was the coast of Java, which at that place rises sheer up out of the water to a height of several hundred feet. Destruction was certain, immediate. A piercing cry of horror, audible above the howling hurricane and roaring sea, arose from the doomed crew; the next minute the *Burgomaster* was dashed upon the iron coast, stem on—smashed into splinters. I remember nothing more, except that I for a brief space endeavoured madly to fight my way off the land—at least, that was the impression left on my memory; till I found myself being dragged, tortured back to life by kind countrymen, amongst them Dr. Stein, of Amsterdam, the chief medical officer at the Batavian settlement. Do you know Dr. Stein? He says he remembers you very well.'

“ ‘I saw him once or twice only, if I remember rightly. He happened to be on a visit at Rotterdam; and having a high reputation for skill, poor Van Boëtson consulted him. I was present when he called. But how is it that a man of his reputation has consented to bury himself at such a place as Batavia?’

“ ‘I don't know. There must be some curious reason for his having done so. Whatever it may have been, it cannot concern us. He is an excellent man, according to my experience, and has been of great assistance to you in this *Van Tromp* business. I was saying,’ continued Bröch, after helping himself to a strong glass of schnapps, to get rid of the cold shudder which the remembrance of his first night and morning in Java caused him,—‘I was saying that Dr. Stein and other kind countrymen were dragging, torturing me to life; of course they used the best and gentlest means known to bring back warmth and consciousness. A friendly Malay had found me lying dead, as he supposed, on the pebbly sand of an opening in the rocky coast, where the sea had cast me

up. It was at no great distance from the medical barrack or hospital near Batavia. The Malay hastened to the barrack, saw Dr. Stein, and my life was saved. Not one of the men besides myself belonging to the unfortunate *Burgomaster* was rescued from death. Several had been hurled on shore like myself, but they were found to be beyond the reach of human skill. And I had lost every thing except my life. I had not a stiver, and possessed nothing but the clothes I had on when found. It was a melancholy predicament to find oneself in, so many thousands of miles away from home, without an acquaintance, and, as I feared, without a friend. I was happily mistaken in that respect. Dr. Stein proved himself to be a real friend—a brother—and made friends for me of others. Restored to health, sufficiently provided with cash and clothes, I was only waiting for a ship to touch at Java, bound for some port in Europe, when, taking my usual morning stroll round the harbour, I noticed that a large brig had come in during the night. The Dutch ensign was flying at the fore ; but the vessel being accidentally so moored that

her stern could not be seen, I sought the harbour-master, asked him the brig's name, and if she were homeward-bound. To my astonishment, I heard that the brig was the *Van Tromp*, hailing from Rotterdam, with a general cargo for barter in the Spice Islands, which done she would leave on her return to Holland. The captain's name was the same, I was further informed, as that of the brig *Van Tromp*, Jahn van Tromp.'

" ' *Der Teufel!* is it possible that villain Schomberg has not only robbed, but personated me?'

" ' He did indeed; his reason for doing so. being, of course, that the brig's papers should appear correct. Ah,' went on friend Bröch, ' I was delighted; you would, I believed, recognise me, and I counted that my connection with dear old Van Boëtson would help to dispose you to ship me, I cared not much whether as mate or common seaman, for the passage home.'

" ' You might have felt quite sure, Captain Bröch, as to that.'

" ' I did feel quite sure, and lost no time in seeking you out. I was directed by the

harbour-master to a store, where he had seen Captain Van Tromp not long before. If not at the store, the proprietor, with whom the master of the brig was anxious to do business, would no doubt inform me where he could be found. I hurried to the store pointed out by the harbour-master, and was there told that Captain Van Tromp might be found at the United Provinces liquor depôt. He was gone there, accompanied by the proprietor of the stores, to meet a merchant who was desirous of purchasing a large quantity of the very goods which Van Tromp had for sale. "Is Captain Van Tromp," asked I of the merchant, who politely inquired my business,—“Is Captain Van Tromp, of the brig *Van Tromp*, which arrived last night, here?” “Yes,” was the reply; “he is in the counting-house: do you wish to see him?” “Yes, particularly,” I said, “if he is not too busy.” “What name shall I give?” said the merchant. “Captain Bröch, of Rotterdam, a slight acquaintance of his.”

“M. Kezzel disappeared; he was gone about ten minutes, and when he came back



said, "Captain Van Tromp knows no such person as Captain Bröch of Rotterdam, and is too much occupied to see strangers."

" 'The impudent, cunning rascal!'

" 'True, but not cunning enough; and he was, I soon found, terribly frightened. M. Kezzel wished me good day, and I walked off much chagrined. On the same afternoon I again took a turn round the harbour. "You have seen Captain Van Tromp?" said the harbour-master civilly. "No, indeed," said I, "nor do I now wish to see him." "Not seen him! Why, you have just passed each other. There is Captain Van Tromp," he added, pointing to an individual distant from us about one hundred yards; "he is talking to one of his men." "That Captain Van Tromp!" said I; "you surely must be mistaken." "That can hardly be, seeing I have transacted business with him no less than three times to-day. The brig leaves Batavia at gun-fire to-morrow morning," added the harbour-master. "Captain Van Tromp thinks he can dispose of his merchandise to more advantage than in Java at some other of the Spice Islands."'



“Captain Bröch was, and no wonder, much perplexed. Assuredly the brig moored in the harbour was the *Van Tromp*, of Rotterdam. To doubt that would be to doubt the testimony of his own eyes; equally so to see in the man pointed out as Captain Van Tromp, the young sailor whom he had seen at Van Boëtson’s, heard addressed by the worthy patron as Van Tromp, and whom he had himself advised to step the mainmast of the brig with a sharper rake, which was one of his crotchets; he believed, and he was right too, that it enabled a brig to lift more easily before a gale. Passing deliberately, and closely as possible, by the pretended Van Tromp, he heard him say, in Dutch, to the seaman with whom he was speaking: ‘Have every thing in readiness to leave at gun-fire to-morrow morning, and above all be sure, if I do happen to be on board, to deny me to any one inquiring for Captain Van Tromp. You know my reasons for taking that precaution.’ The man nodded, and they were separating: ‘Stop, I had forgotten; that fellow, Peter, has not been allowed to go on shore?’ ‘Not by me; but he has been

ashore, to see a doctor about his sore back, he said. He threatens to leave the brig, and has packed up his slops in readiness.' A savage exclamation broke from Schomberg's lips: 'Put him in irons at once,' he exclaimed. 'I'll teach the mutinous rascal, though he is in harbour, to think of running from the ship. See to this at once.'

"The sham Van Tromp then turned away, returned Captain Bröch's stare of scrutiny—he could never have previously seen him—and walked on. Friend Bröch could not shake off the impression which had at once fastened upon his mind, when told by the harbour-master that the brig was to sail at dawn of day, that some wicked mystery lurked in the business. Whilst so arguing, he was accosted by his friend Dr. Stein, to whom he at once imparted his doubts and apprehensions. The worthy *medicus* listened with serious interest. He himself well remembered the real Van Tromp, and agreed that the seaman whom Bröch was able to point out to him ere many minutes had passed was certainly not he. The matter ought to be inquired into before the

brig was allowed to leave ; and Dr. Stein, a man of nerve and prompt action, proposed to wait at once upon the deputy-governor, with whom he was on intimate terms, and lay the matter as fully as they were able before that functionary.

“ His excellency listened to their story with eager interest, summoned his secretary, and bade him bring the strange letter which had been left by a sailor two or three hours previously. This proved to be the writing intrusted to Peter, the sailor who had gone ashore under pretence of consulting a doctor about his sore back, he having been severely flogged by order of Schomberg.

“The deputy-governor did not hesitate. A guard of soldiers accompanied Captain Bröch and Dr. Stein, to seize the brig and the pretended Van Tromp. Schomberg was found, and at first assumed an air of defiance—of injured ; innocence but being confronted with Peter, his assurance gave way, and in his terror and bewilderment he made half-confessions, which left not the slightest doubt on the minds of the authorities of his guilt. The trial was hurried on, as criminal pro-

ceedings usually are when the detention of a ship is involved. Two of the crew besides Peter were admitted approvers, and sentence was passed upon the pirates. Schomberg then volunteered to direct any one that might be appointed to the duty to the place where myself and fellow-sufferers would be found, if not previously rescued by some passing ship. Captain Bröch offered himself for the service; an efficient crew were got together, the brig was lightened of a great portion of the cargo, which was stored, and the *Van Tromp* set sail on her fortunate and successful voyage.

"The return to Batavia was equally prosperous. I received a warm welcome from my colonial countrymen, who strongly sympathised with me. The mitigated sentence on Schomberg and his fellow-pirates, originally condemned to death, was penal labour for life in chain-gangs. Such convicts were, when the season permitted, employed in felling the gigantic teak and other trees of the dense forests, and making rude roads. This was killing work for Europeans beneath the fierce Java sun. I greatly pitied

my wretched countrymen—Schomberg included ; indeed, I endeavoured to procure a further mitigation of their punishment, but the authorities were inflexible. In those remote seas, piracy, if not visited by terrible penalties, would soon put an end to all regular intercourse with Europe.

“ I could dispose of only part of the cargo to advantage in Java, and by taking ‘ obligations’ from the traders with whom I dealt to sell me certain specified produce, at the current rates, within a given time. Very improvident bargains, which Bröch vainly sought to dissuade me from entering into ! I was foolishly resolved to pursue my own course, mistaking, as headstrong men so often do, a mulish obstinacy for prudent firmness.

“ My first-mate—worthy fellow !—fell ill, and died of an epidemic, which, first breaking out amongst the Malays, spread to the white population, causing much distress and loss of life. Friend Bröch supplied his place—a better man for the duty could not have been found.



"We hurried our departure from pestilential Java, and the next two years were spent in visiting very many of the islands and islets of the Eastern Archipelago. In a considerable number of them I was usually accompanied by Bröch, and about half the *Van Tromp's* crew, all well armed; swarming as many of the islands did, not only with dreadful serpents—dragons—but fierce quadrupeds, and still fiercer human animals of prey. Being very wary and circumspect, we sustained no serious hurt till we landed at Banka, a comparatively insignificant island in respect of extent, not very distant from Sumatra. It was reported that there were large and rich mines there, and I was desirous of ascertaining the truth, which I did, as nearly as it was possible to be exact in face of the dangers and jealousies to which we were exposed. A full report thereof was drawn up by me, and lodged with the Governor of Padang, Sumatra, for which I received his excellency's thanks, written upon parchment,—and that was all I received.

"Our labours as regarded the tin-mines



were concluded, and after several days of exploration, chiefly in quest of indigenous plants—the *flora* of Banka is of wondrous beauty and luxuriance—we, yielding to the lassitude caused by extreme heat and the toil we had undergone, squatted down on the thick grass, after unpacking our hampers, to enjoy an hour's rest and a strengthening repast. This was in an open space, but too close for safety to a dense, dark forest. Long impunity had rendered us incautious. Our fire-arms were loaded and primed—this precaution was never neglected; but they were piled beyond our immediate reach, and one lad only was specially appointed to keep watch and ward. We all ate and drank heartily, and then abandoned ourselves to slumber. The boy-watcher must have followed our example. Exactly how long we slept or dozed, I cannot say; but we were startled into life first by the lad's scream of agony,—another and another followed from the throats of men. Up we sprang in bewildered alarm, and rushed towards the stacked muskets. To our horror, we beheld the lad and two of the crew in the very act of being

carried off in the bloody jaws of three enormous tigers. 'Fire!' I shouted, as soon as I could command breath; the animals moving off but slowly, on account, perhaps, of the weight of their victims,—'Fire! better our friends should be shot than devoured by wild-beasts.' The order was obeyed, and two of the beasts fell dead. The third, which had seized the boy, had one of its fore-legs broken by two balls. Its roar of rage was terrific; and feeling it impossible to get away, the dreadful creature, before we could despatch it, had torn and mangled the lad's body in a horrible manner. The tiger was killed, and the boy must, I hoped, have ceased to feel after being first seized. He uttered no second cry or scream: I was comforted by that. The two men survived the terrible wounds they had received; but neither of them ever fully regained his old health and vigour. We were indeed frightfully rebuked for our carelessness. The tigers, which, as I have said, were enormous animals, we carefully skinned, and two of their skins are now in Holland,—one in the collection at Rotterdam, the other

in that at the Hague. I had the honour of presenting both.

“ After so much knocking about in those dangerous and stormy seas, the *Van Tromp*, strongly as she had been built, was in need of considerable repairs before she could safely encounter the voyage to Europe,—which repairs could only be coarsely, clumsily effected in Batavia. I, therefore, with Bröch’s entire concurrence, resolved to return to Rotterdam without unnecessary delay. We reckoned that in six or eight months at most we should be at home once more. ‘Man proposes; God disposes!’ How terribly true is that ancient saying!

“ We made Batavia in safety. The spices and other commodities, which I had obtained by barter under favourable conditions, were discharged and stored; the *Van Tromp* was placed under a course of repair; and I, with my faithful, clear-headed friend and counsellor Bröch, set about turning into produce, as agreed, the ‘obligations’ which I had received of the merchants in Batavia. I was met with shuffling and chicanery: only one honest man did I

find amongst the number. His name was Hans Horner, a German, now settled, and I have no doubt flourishing, at Bremen. All sorts of obstructions were thrown in my way, and, but for the active friendship of his excellency the deputy-governor and Dr. Stein, I should have been reduced to beggary. Every sort of calumny, too, was invented to destroy my good name, and several even pretended that I had mysteriously falsified the 'obligations,' thus increasing the amounts. One man denied at first that he had given me an 'obligation' at all; and when this was disposed of beyond cavil or doubt, he endeavoured to palm off upon me damaged pepper, coffee, and rice,—not worth one-fifth of the nominal value. He was the blackest-hearted villain, I think, that ever crossed my path in life, not one excepted. When compelled by the authorities to furnish me with the specified commodities at their fair value, he raved and cursed like a wild-beast, and made use of threats of which I could only understand the malignancy and rage, and not at all to what particular villany they pointed. I did not then know

that the shipwright with whom I had contracted to repair the *Van Tromp* was not only his relative, but a heavy debtor to him. Verily the heart of man is desperately wicked; his evil passions unfathomable.

“I have not before alluded to a circumstance which fretted me much. The pirates sentenced to chain-labour for life had died, except three, who, with Schomberg, had escaped into the impassable forests. A reward had been offered for their recapture, and no one doubted that the fierce Malays with whom they must have sought shelter would one day deliver them up, in which case the penalty of death would be inflicted upon proof of their identity being given.

“The repairs of the *Van Tromp* were near completed, and I pressed T——, the scoundrel merchant, for the delivery of a large lot of sound commodities, chiefly pepper, for which I had bargained. T——, finding himself pressed for payment, appointed to meet me at a place about five miles out of Batavia, where he lived during certain seasons almost wholly, coming into the city only once or twice a week to



transact necessary business. He invited me and Bröch to meet him there, where the pepper, &c., as he pretended, was stored. We fell into the scoundrel's trap,—a fatal trap it would have proved to both of us, but for a Providential interposition, as I shall always consider it, in our behalf.

"I was sitting alone in my lodgings near the harbour, smoking my pipe, and fervently wishing myself safe back again in the United Provinces. The day was drawing to a close, so nearly that I was about to call for lights, when the proprietor informed me that a Malay wished to speak with me in private upon very serious business. Finding there was only one of those half or whole savages—though the Papuas or Eastern Negroes, who are numerous in Java, were, I had heard, and indeed knew, even fiercer and more cruel and bloodthirsty than they—I desired the proprietor to admit the man. I was well armed, and could have nothing to fear in that locality from one savage. The man obeyed, and presently in walked a tall, swarthy, almost black fellow, clothed after the—to European notions—in-



decent manner of the Malays, and with the lower part of his face concealed by a white linen cloth, which was usually worn only by Malays whose condition was above the common. By his side hung a sword or sabre, much resembling an Indian tulwar I have since seen. I knew from this that he was a person of some rank amongst his race, and trusted by the Dutch Government, or he would not have had the audacity to appear armed in the very heart of the settlement.

“He addressed me in broken Dutch, but much more correctly than I had ever heard a Malay speak, and his voice seemed, in particular words, familiar to me; but that I felt must be an illusion. He said his business was very serious to me, not so much so to him; it even touched my life. He must speak in strict secrecy. Might he fasten the door, so that there could be no interruption? I motioned with my hand that he could do so. That done, the pretended Malay threw off the linen bandage, spoke in his natural voice, and, spite of his deeply stained features, I at once recognised Captain Schomberg. I believe that, generally speaking, I am as stout-

hearted as most men; but I must confess to a heart-quake at the sight of that man, under such circumstances, which caused the blood to stagnate in my veins. I sprang up, and seized a loaded pistol. 'What is the meaning of this strange visit, wicked, infamous wretch?' I asked, when I could form the words.

" 'Speak lower, Captain Van Tromp; this intrusion is to serve you and myself,' replied Schomberg, with perfect coolness. 'I bear you no enmity,' he continued, 'not the least; you acted quite naturally towards me, and I know you have more than once endeavoured to bring about a mitigation of the sentence passed upon me. I alone of all my fellows survive. But I shall soon be hunted down, if you cannot be induced to aid my escape from this earthly hell.'

" 'I aid your escape! Your sufferings—amply deserved sufferings—must have destroyed your reason, or you would never make such a proposition.'

" 'My reason is as sound as yours, Captain Van Tromp. If you do not agree to my terms, you are a lost man; for if your

enemy does not prevail over you by one mode, he will by another. I alone can save you.'

"The accents of sincerity are not easily counterfeited. I believed the hunted felon was speaking the truth. What could he gain by coming to me with a lie in his mouth? Still it behoved me to be wary and cautious.

" 'Promise me first, that, however you decide after hearing what I have to say—after I have given proof that what I am about to impart is strictly true—you will not, should you refuse to assist, betray and denounce me.'

"I gave the required promise. Schomberg was satisfied, and spoke on in a more confident tone.

" 'You are invited to visit T——, the merchant, who is bent upon plundering you, at his bungalow, some five miles distance. The pretence is, to show you samples of coffee. He has not a coffee-berry there. You and Bröch have agreed to keep the appointment to-morrow. Go, if you will; but if you do, you will never, without my

aid, return. It will be supposed you have been either killed in the forest by beasts of prey, or murdered by Malays or Papuas.'

" 'It is impossible; T—— cannot be such a miscreant. You are again attempting to play off some rascally trick upon me.'

" 'You have the right to suspect me,' said Schomberg, without the slightest sign of anger in either look or tone. 'But I have proofs of what I say. You shall have them in ample measure. Please to look at this scrawl; it is neither addressed nor subscribed, and the hand is disguised, though not very cleverly. You see, it is an appointment to meet me this evening, at about an hour from hence, in the porch of Saint Mark's church, to finally settle all about it.'

" 'All about what?'

" 'All about putting you and Bröch quietly out of the way, T—— having pitched upon me to act out the bloody business.'

" Again was I knocked over, if I may so express myself. 'Great Heaven!' ejaculated I, with emotion; 'are my perils never to cease?'

" 'They are past, if you confide in me.'

T—— knows where to find me, to cause me to be betrayed to death at any time. It is for this reason I have been selected. The promised reward is a considerable sum in money, and the means of escape in your ship the *Van Tromp*. But the double traitor and villain would, I feel quite satisfied, his work being done, instantly deliver me into the power of the authorities.'

"I was of opinion that the assignation to meet Schomberg in the porch of Saint Mark's church was penned by T——; though I was not very positive even upon that point. The disguise of the hand had not been so unskilfully done as Schomberg asserted. But the improbability that a man in T——'s position would not only stain his soul with murder, but incur the risk of detection, far outweighed, in my opinion, that doubtful evidence. And how could T—— offer to convey Schomberg in the *Van Tromp*? the fidelity of the brig's crew being beyond suspicion. I spoke in the foregoing sense.

"'T——,' said Schomberg in reply, 'is not rich, as you and many others believe. Had he been so, he would not have at-

tempted the desperate game with you, which, up to this time, has been for him a losing one. He is, on the contrary, a ruined man. So is his relative, the ship-builder who has repaired the *Van Tromp*. I believe they both mean to leave Java, and in your brig. How they propose to accomplish that part of the business, I know not. It can be brought to pass without me, no doubt. It will not be difficult for such a man as T—— to find plenty of unscrupulous agents here for the performance of any work. You and Bröch once disposed of, I should be strung up by the neck before twenty-four hours had passed. You still hesitate,' continued Schomberg. 'It is reasonable that you should. I have the power to dispel your hesitation. It is near the time when I am to meet T——. You go on before me there, and I will place you in a position where, unseen yourself, you may hear every word which passes between us.'

"This proposition startled me. How did I know that this might not be a plot to murder me, at a place and in a manner which would prevent a breath of suspicion



from resting upon T—— or his accomplice?

“Schomberg read my thoughts. ‘You must place some confidence in me,’ he said. ‘Saint Mark’s porch is a suitable place for a private low-toned confab; but there are, as you know, two sentinels within fifty yards. The trick which you fear is contemplated would be too dangerous even for T——. Besides, he, doubtless for some cogent reason, is as anxious to be rid of Bröch as of yourself.’

“Finally, with my usual rashness, I consented; stipulating, however, that I should be at liberty to take Bröch into my confidence thereafter. This was cheerfully assented to, and, providing myself with pistols, I rose to sally forth.

“‘T——,’ said Schomberg, as we emerged from the house, ‘will no doubt be well wrapped up about the head, and otherwise disguised; but you will know the voice.’

“I then walked on, and gained the church-porch without meeting any one. Schomberg came up in a few minutes, and so placed myself that I should be able to

catch every syllable, without danger of being discovered. Some time passed ; I was growing impatient ; when hurried steps were heard approaching. 'It is he,' whispered Schomberg ; 'keep close.'

"All was confirmed. Some minor particulars of the plan to assassinate Bröch and myself were gone into. There was a chink of coin ; T—— went his way as hurriedly as he came ; and Schomberg did the same, in an opposite direction.

"I found Bröch at my lodgings, and of course told him all. He was fully inclined to believe Schomberg. He had, indeed, never liked the notion of our visit to T——'s bungalow, though he had determined to accompany me. As to how, in the event of the diabolical plot succeeding, T—— and his relative—I do not give T——'s name at length, nor even its true initial, as the family is a highly respectable one, and he has long since passed to his account—as to how T—— and his relative the ship-builder intended to get possession of the *Van Tromp*, Bröch had his own theory. It was known that I was in the constant habit—a very

foolish one—of carrying important papers, such as receipts, &c., about my person, in a pocket-book. They would have obtained possession of that; the ship-builder would pretend he had not received a stiver—would bring forward an enormous claim against the ship, and obtain her for comparatively an insignificant sum. I did not quite hold to my friend's opinion, which, however, mattered nothing.

“As we talked, Schomberg, disguised as before, came in. We had a long consultation, the result of which was, that I was to feign illness, and postpone indefinitely, for that reason, our visit to T——'s rural habitation. We also agreed upon the means of privately communicating with Schomberg. In the mean time, the equipment and lading of the *Van Tromp* were to be pressed forward with all possible despatch.

“T—— called upon me the next day, and at first looked black as thunder when I told him that my journey to his country-place must be necessarily put off. The cloud soon passed. I could see the pepper, &c., in Batavia before it was shipped. He also

concurred with me as to the necessity of its being sent on board as soon as possible, every day's unnecessary delay being attended with great expense. To my great surprise, moreover, the pepper and other commodities, all of excellent quality, were shipped the very next day. The contractor, too, manifested as much zeal to get the brig ready for sea as did Bröch or myself. I could not understand it. Bröch believed, as I could not have been mistaken as to the purport of the whispered dialogue in the church-porch, that T—— and his accomplice the ship-builder had always had more than one string to their bow, and that some other device for accomplishing their diabolic purpose had been decided upon, though of what nature neither of us could guess. All we could do was to keep our eyes and ears well open, and to be constantly on the alert.

“A message reached us from Schomberg. He was in imminent danger of capture; T—— having, he was quite sure, set the authorities on his track; and would, therefore, as we had agreed he should in case of necessity, come on board, well disguised, and

secrete himself in the ship. This could be easily managed : no one would for a moment think of looking for him on board my vessel ; that would be the last thought to enter even T——'s head. The thing was well managed : Schomberg was, at all events, as safe as we were.

“The *Van Tromp* was ready for sea earlier than we had calculated ; we should, wind and weather permitting, sail on the day after the morrow, when Schomberg, with whom Bröch and myself had a secret parley every night, made a portentous discovery. There were three barrels of gunpowder on board ; that is, we supposed so. Schomberg, whose suspicions never slept, discovered that the gunpowder had been changed for fine black sand.

“‘Your crew are faithful, hardy mariners,’ added he ; ‘but, being in harbour, they keep slack watch ; only an hour ago I crept upon deck, unstrapped the tarpaulins which cover the two guns, and found they had been spiked. I replaced the tarpaulins, and not a word must be said. It will be easy enough to get a couple of barrels of real

powder quietly on board, in provision-casks. The spiking, which has been clumsily done, can easily be set to rights as soon as we are clear off. I can pretty well guess at T——'s game; but he will be foiled this time. In the mean while, let there be, I beg, no hint, no look of distrust or suspicion, and all will be well.'

“We had cleared the harbour, carrying with us a fair, moderate breeze. The pilot had left. Schomberg, who was not personally known to any of the crew,—‘Peter’ had died of fever,—came on deck in seaman’s attire; and though his sudden appearance must have surprised the men, no remark was made, and he proceeded at once to drill out the iron spikes which had been driven into the touch-holes of our two small cannon. He also saw to the cleaning and re-flinting of the muskets on board; powder and ball were provided for each man, and the cannons loaded.

“These preparations made, Schomberg continued to sweep the sea in all directions with his glass. At last, and towards even-



ing, his eager gaze was fixed upon one point of the horizon, where two specks were fast rising out of the water. Schomberg looked long and earnestly, and, quite satisfied at length, closed the instrument with a snap.

“‘Here come our friends,’ he exclaimed, ‘in two Borneo *prahus*, chiefly manned, no doubt, by Malays. They are confident of effecting an easy capture,—which will not, however, be so easily done as they think.’

“The crew were called together, at Schomberg’s suggestion, and briefly informed by me of the business in hand: that we were about to be attacked, in all probability, by bloodthirsty pirates, who, if they succeeded in overpowering us, would certainly massacre every one on board. The crew answered by a cheer of defiance, and each man made himself ready for the contest. It was Schomberg’s opinion that the attempt would not be made till darkness had fallen. He did not suppose that either of the *prahus* carried a gun. The object would be to obtain possession of the *Van Tromp* without damaging her. He did not tell us why he was so confident that T—— and his colleagues in crime

were waiting for us in the *prahus*, and I was too busy and anxious at the moment to press him upon the point. That inquiry could be made thereafter—a thereafter which never came.

“The *prahus* were full of men, full forty in all. It struck me that, supposing T—— had really organised the attack with the intention of capturing the *Van Tromp*, he was playing a game that only a gambler in the most desperate circumstances would attempt. Should he succeed in carrying the brig, with the help of his hired ruffians, who was to guarantee his safety at their hands? No madman ever engaged in a more perilous venture.

“That, however, was not our business. We had enough on hand of our own to absorb all our interest and attention. There was soon no doubt that the *prahus* were waiting upon us, and that the pirates deemed success certain. There was only the ordinary watch to be seen upon the deck of the brig,—the rest were lying down; nothing indicated preparation or alarm; and believing, as they did, that when the decisive moment came,

we should find ourselves practically disarmed, their confidence of success was but natural. And yet it must have somewhat perplexed the shrewder scoundrels amongst them, that a richly laden ship should be without suspicion whereas two stout *prahus*, the general character of which was so well known, and both full of armed men, were evidently intending to speak with her, if nothing more.

“The sky was tolerably clear; stars looked forth in fast-increasing numbers: it would not be so dark as, some time previously, we had expected. This would be greatly in our favour. Helped by the surprise which their unexpected reception would occasion, and our two guns, there was not much reason to doubt of victory,—a victory that would, however, be in all probability dearly purchased; for fiercer and more determined ruffians than drunken Malays—and they are usually drunk to excess before making an attack which involves the slightest probability of danger—do not exist, in my belief, on the face of the earth.

“The distance between us and the *prahus* had been reduced to about forty yards, and we should, they had contrived, pass directly

between, enabling them to board on both sides at once when the mask was thrown off. They raised a wild, ferocious yell, dashed on to the assault, and gave us a volley of musketry. Fire-arms had long been in almost common use with them. The answering shout of defiance as our men sprang to their feet must have astonished them, but did not check their speed. Schomberg pointed one of the two cannons, Bröch the other; and both were excellent gunners. Their fire was, however, reserved till there was a certainty that fatal execution would be done by the first discharge upon the slightly-built, swift *prahus*; our men meanwhile sharply returning the Malays' musket-fire. I plainly saw T—— standing in the stern of one of the *prahus* with a smoking musket in his grasp, and shouting furiously. He must, too, have seen me and Schomberg, whose gun was trained upon his boat.

“Both the guns were discharged almost simultaneously, knocking the *prahus* to pieces. The Malays are astonishingly expert swimmers; and, loosing hold of their muskets, and placing their deadly *creeses*

between their teeth, they climbed up the sides with the agility of cats or monkeys. Many were shot or drowned, amongst them T—— and the shipwright. Still, enough gained the deck to maintain a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight for, I should say, quite ten minutes; but time, during such encounters, passes rapidly. Schomberg was set upon by two savages just as he had reloaded his gun, intending to sweep the deck fore and aft. He shouted to our men to throw themselves flat on the deck; but the words had hardly passed his lips, when he received two *creese*-stabs in his back, and fell, with a convulsive scream, dead upon the deck. Bröch brained both the Malays in swift succession with his tomahawk. At the close of the fierce conflict, when almost every assailant was either killed or badly wounded, an unhurt savage, guided by a ferocious instinct, pointed the muzzle of the gun down into the hold, which some one had—why, I could not imagine—partially opened. The hold contained a quantity of loose coir—an inflammable substance, which, in the hurry of departure, had not been securely packed



and stowed. The ignited wadding of the gun set it instantly in a blaze, and to the horror of human strife succeeded the still more fearful battle with the element of fire. The dread sight for a few moments paralyzed the men. Bröch, whose ready presence of mind never failed him for an instant, roused them to exertion. The hold was battened down with great difficulty; and as, fortunately, the quantity of loose coir was not great, the flames burnt themselves out without, as we hoped, inflicting much injury.

"We had lost five brave fellows, including Schomberg, and four others were more or less badly hurt. Neither I nor Bröch had received a scratch. All the Malays, except seven, were drowned, shot, or mortally wounded; and these seven were compelled to assist in working the brig.

"The deck had been cleared of bodies and cleansed of blood, when it was found that the brig was making water fast. Bröch, who was the first to discover the danger, also ascertained the cause. Schomberg had double or treble charged his gun, and some of the balls had forced their way out of



the side of the brig below the water-line. Such a succession of perils would have appalled the stoutest heart, and I confess that mine for a few minutes seemed melting to water. I rallied, sustained—shamed, I may say—by the unfaltering constancy of Bröch. The leak, by dint of incessant exertion, was kept under; the brig was got about; and we retraced our course to Batavia. There we had once more to discharge the brig's cargo, and place her again under repair. A most unfortunate ship to me, up to that time, had the *Van Tromp* been. We were made much of by our country-folk. The seven surviving Malays had been seized, and condemned to hard labour for life in the chain-gangs. Still, I was no fatalist, and determined to stick by the brig to the last. I sometimes fancied that the authorities knew we had knowingly taken Schomberg off the island; but if so, nothing was openly said in the matter by them, and of course Bröch and I held our peace. He had paid the full penalty of his crimes. I saw his wife some years afterwards. She had married again, —not much more wisely than before, the

gossips of Kingston said ; of that I know nothing, nor greatly care.

“ Again the *Van Tromp* spread her white wings for Rotterdam. No casualty worth mentioning happened ; and, after one of the most protracted and perilous voyages ever, I think, experienced in those distant—almost unknown—seas by a merchant-vessel, I cast anchor, with a joyful heart, in the *Maise*, much richer than I am now, after following my arduous profession in almost all parts of the world for more than a quarter of a century ; during which time, if, as I flatter myself, I have contributed but one leaflet to the chaplet of true glory won by the maritime adventurers of the United Provinces, and have not dishonoured—which is all I dare say—the great name which I have the honour to bear, I shall, my country approving, feel well content at having missed the rewards of a more selfish and vulgar ambition.”

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### THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

THE narrative I am about to pen has no connection with the catastrophe which befell the steam-ship *Royal Charter* on the English coast a few years since. It relates to as sad, though not so sudden, a disaster which overtook the *Royal Charter*, Captain Moreton, "a stout ship of roomy tonnage," which sailed from the Thames in June 1630, with forty-seven emigrants, and laden with provisions, fire-arms, and gunpowder, intended to succour the infant and suffering colony at New Plymouth, founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, who had sailed for America just ten years previously.

The *Royal Charter* dropped down the Thames on the 10th of June 1630, and "the voyage for twenty-seven days, though we did not make fast way, was pleasant, and promised to end happily; but we had unknown elements of combustion aboard."

These passages marked by inverted commas are quotations from a pamphlet written by Thomas Whitby, mariner, and published at Pope's Alley, Cornhill, in 1644. The civil war then raging so completely occupied the mind of the nation, that only four copies of the narrative were sold, and Whitby was finally obliged to enter on board Blake's fleet, to avoid a gaol at the suit of the printer and publisher. Death, in an action off Kinsale, Ireland, having, however, taken his body in satisfaction, the *Capias ad satisfaciendum* issued was necessarily returned indorsed *Non est* by the sheriff. One of these pamphlets—not a quite perfect copy—is in the British Museum; and there are brief notices of the voyage of the *Royal Charter* to be found here and there in the papers of the period, amongst which are two letters from Robert Chidley, one of the emigrants on board, addressed to his friends in England. These were not published till after his death, some twenty years subsequently to the sailing of the *Royal Charter*. From these documents I have, as faithfully as possible, compiled this narrative.

Before following the *Royal Charter*, sailing slowly on the calm summer sea to the New World, it is essential to introduce the reader to some of the emigrants. Amongst them were Mr. and Mrs. Travers, and the Rev. William Cartwright, a Brownist minister. These people were natives of Norwich. At all events, Mr. and Mrs. Travers were born in Norwich or its vicinity; and the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, who had suffered for the "new opinions" held in such disfavour by James II., was and had long been minister of a small congregation, which worshiped God, according to the Brownist creed and formula, in the privacy necessitated by the stupid intolerance of the age. Cartwright was a man considerably advanced in life; his dark hair was slightly besprinkled with gray; and his handsome face was marked by furrows, though not very deeply traced, which showed that the ploughshare of inexorable time had passed over it for nearly fifty years: a man, however, it would seem, still in the prime of hearty, luxurious life.

Mr. and Mrs. Travers were neither of them more than half his age. The wife, whose

maiden name had been Knight — Rachel Knight — was some months younger than her husband. They had been married about five years when they embarked in the *Royal Charter*, to cast in their lot with the Pilgrim Fathers. They had been persuaded to do so by the Rev. William Cartwright, who possessed immense influence with them, as he also did over the entire muster of emigrants, all of whom were members of his congregation. He was a Brownist pope, and regarded with quite as much reverence and awful respect by his followers, as was ever the ancient holiness throned in the Vatican by pious Catholics. How much he deserved that credulous homage will presently be seen. Mrs. Travers was a handsome, impressible young woman, strongly addicted to spiritualism, as the word was understood in those days. She had no offspring, and appears to have been attached — truly, if feebly attached — to her husband, — a young man of consumptive habit, and of a compassionate tenderness. I do not suppose her affection had ever a profounder depth than that. The husband, on the contrary, doted extraordinarily upon his



young and beautiful wife. It was with the hope of making a home for her in the new settlement, whilst the not very distant night, as he knew full well, had not yet come, when no man can work, which had prevailed with him to undertake a sea-voyage of three thousand miles.

Three other members of the Brownist sect embarked in the *Royal Charter* were, Mary Henshaw, her grandfather Peter Henshaw, and Stephen Belenger. Stephen Belenger was the acknowledged sweetheart of Mary Henshaw, and it was well understood that, as soon as a comfortable home should have been secured in the wilderness, Mary Henshaw would be united by Brownist bonds in holy wedlock. "Man proposes, God disposes." Those wise old saws find constant illustration in the daily workings of the world.

Captain Moreton was not a Brownist—very far from being one; he was a passive member, so to speak, of the Church as by law established, for the reason which, whether avowedly or not, fashions the belief of most men—that his mother had taken him to church from the earliest time his memory

reached to, had died in communion with that Church, and had been buried in its graveyard. A brave, resolute man was Captain Moreton, and a strict disciplinarian. His crew — of thirty-five reliable seamen, which number shows that the *Royal Charter* must have been a ship of unusually large dimensions for that period—her tonnage is not mentioned in any paper that I have seen — had been selected by himself, and were veteran English salts. He was emphatically, therefore, master of his ship.

Till the twenty-eighth day of the voyage of the *Royal Charter* all was smooth, though slow : smooth and slow, at all events, as far as exterior nature was concerned ; but, as Thomas Whitby, mariner, states, the elements of confusion were fast fermenting in the interior world of the ship. The physical storm broke first—a terrific storm, presageful of the moral one impending. The *Royal Charter*, ably handled by the captain and his hardy crew, weathered the tempest, which lasted four days and nights, and greatly strained the ship, which was much shattered.

The foremast was sprung, and one of the main-beams amidships bent and cracked. The mast was fished, the beam secured by a strong iron bolt; and Captain Moreton nothing doubted "that, by God's mercy, he should bring his ship to the desired haven."

The surgeon on board spoke with Captain Moreton two or three hours after the storm had subsided, and peace and calm had been, to a certain extent, restored. "Mr. Travers is very ill," said Mr. Josiah Williams, "very ill. He wishes to see you. He has been for many hours delirious—I think, through fear. His wife thinks so too, but there is a curious consistency in his ravings. It were well, I think, that you saw him."

"I will do so at once."

Thomas Whitby does not give what passed between sick Mr. Travers and the captain; the reason, I suppose, being, that he was not present thereat. Whitby goes on to say that it was evening when the captain came on deck after seeing Travers, and though the wind had gone down very much, it was again rising, and there was a rough, tumbling sea on. A dirty night, in sailor

phrase, though not, perhaps, a dangerous one, might be expected.

The Reverend Mr. Cartwright was on deck, and pacing to and fro—warming himself with his arms, for a strange coldness had set in—in a seemingly agitated mood. Captain Moreton accosted him abruptly, a little abaft the binnacle. Whitby, who was at the helm, heard what passed between the two men, but somewhat indistinctly. I should state that Mr. Henshaw had fallen or been swept overboard during the tempest.

"Mr. Cartwright," said the captain, "you were close by old Mr. Henshaw, it seems, when he perished. Did you *push* him overboard?"

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you—?"

"How dare I? I dare do more than such a trifling thing as tell William Cartwright, self-dubbed Reverend Mr. Cartwright, that I believe Mr. Travers below speaks the truth—though not quite coherently, I must confess—and that he saw you shove the old man into the sea through the broken bulwark yonder."

“Mr. Travers is a slanderer, a villain, to say so.”

“More than that,—Travers, though ill, had dragged himself on deck to see you, hear you confront old Mr. Henshaw, who had told him, Travers, that he had seen you criminally familiar with Mrs. Travers. It was a fit of frenzy, no doubt. A man in his perfect senses would have waited for a time. He compelled his wife to accompany him. You and old Mr. Henshaw, as they stepped upon deck, were at high words. You were standing with the white-haired old man close to the smashed-in bulwark. Travers declares that at that moment you, taking advantage of a heavy lurch of the ship,—having, as we know, good sea-legs of your own, and being more fitted, I have often thought, both by habit and inclination, for a buccaneer than for a Brownist preacher—oh, there, it’s of no use to swagger and look big with me,—I say that at that moment you, taking advantage of a heavy lurch of the ship, tipped the poor old man into the sea.”

“It’s an infamous lie! an atrocious

slander! Was there no one but Mr. Henshaw swept overboard?"

"Yes, a man and a boy—that is true; but they were *accidents*."

"What does Mistress Travers say?" asked Cartwright, after some further words had passed, which Whitby could not comprehend. "What does Mistress Travers say?"

"Mistress Travers asserts that you were never criminally familiar with her; and that she does not believe you had any part in the death of Mary Henshaw's grandfather. The grand-daughter does not think so, Reverend Brownist. Beware of her, Master Cartwright, if you escape me,—which you will not, if I once make it clear to my own mind that you are guilty in respect of poor Henshaw. Hard a-port!" shouted the captain, breaking off, as a huge white mountain rose as it were out of the darkness. "Hard a-port! Good God! where are we? what is this?"

It was a large iceberg. The *Royal Charter* was smashed against it, not so immediately and entirely, however, as to prevent the mass of the crew and passen-



gers from landing, so to speak, upon the ice-island, and saving sufficient provision for a few days. "The *Royal Charter* went down just seven hours after she struck against the huge iceberg."

Deliverance came on the third day. A vessel, *La Normandie*, bound for Newfoundland, came to the rescue. Their signal, hoisted upon a pole, had been seen, and *La Normandie* stood towards the berg, and when she had approached it as near as she safely could, sent boats to bring the shipwrecked Englishmen and women off. The wind was down, and the sea smooth as glass. The peril was past—yes, for all but the Reverend William Cartwright.

"William Cartwright, stand forward," Captain Moreton is saying. "God has delivered us, and condemned you. Mary Henshaw, you will state before us all, and as you shall answer to God at the last great day, which but an hour since we all believed to be so near for every one of us, what you have seen and heard."

"I have watched William Cartwright,"

said Mary Henshaw, "as a lynx watches, pretending the while to be unobservant; have seen them criminally familiar even here; have heard him excuse himself—more, laugh over the murder by his hand of my grandfather."

Other corroborative evidence was adduced, brief but conclusive, and, spite of the frenzied appeals for mercy, the sentence "Death" was delivered, and the execution at once effected by a portion of the *Royal Charter's* crew.

"What musket-shots were those?" asked the mate of *La Normandie*.

"Merely a *feu de joie*," said Captain Moreton.

Here ends Whitby's narrative; but it appears that the emigrants, or at all events a considerable number of them, succeeded in reaching New Plymouth; though in what ship, or how, is not related.

### VOYAGE OF THE "GRIFFIN."

It has already been remarked, that centuries after the Northern Seas of the globe had been, with more or less success, navigated and explored, the Antarctic Ocean continued to impress mankind with a mysterious awe. We are told by Eastern writers that, at about the period of the second Crusade, eight mariners who had sailed to discover the limits of the Sea of Darkness, as the Southern Atlantic was commonly called, were so terrified by the accounts they heard from the natives of an island at which they touched, that they abandoned their intention. There was reported to be a dense, unchanging gloom to the southward, where dwelt evil spirits—the guardians of regions forbidden to man. Two Genoese, we are further informed, made a similar attempt about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and were never seen

again. The malignant demons had doubtless destroyed them, in punishment of their audacious curiosity. In the rude maps then published, Africa terminates north of the Equator. It was, however, stated by some geographers, or rather put forth as a plausible conjecture, that beyond the three known parts of the world there was another, the approach to which was forbidden to man by the extreme heat of the sun; and beyond, and on the confines of which, was the country of the Antipodes.

In the fifteenth century, as we have seen, a bolder, more adventurous spirit animated the navigators of different nations. A host of daring men dissipated the childish dreams of the ancients; the brilliant muster-roll being for a time terminated by the great name of Captain Cook. With these school-book narratives I have nothing to do in this paper, which I purpose devoting to a brief narrative of the voyage of the *Griffin*, in 1796-8; James Logan, a native of Hull, master. The *Griffin* was a schooner of about one hundred and fifty tons burden; Logan was a sufficiently rich man, possessed with a

passion for the sea. Before coming to his estate, bequeathed by an uncle, he had served an apprenticeship in a merchant-ship trading to the West Indies, in which service he acquired his taste for maritime adventure. The *Griffin* was built after his own designs, fitted out according to his more or less judicious fancies, and manned by a crew of his own choice, to whom he covenanted to pay what, in those days, were considered extravagant wages, and, above all, never, under any circumstances, to inflict the punishment of the cat. This philanthropic arrangement did not work well in the wear and tear of sea-life. Very pretty to maunder about by people who live at home at ease, but ever found worthless when exposed to the rough weather of actual experience; whilst, for the life of me, I could never understand why an incorrigible scoundrel at sea should not be subjected to the corporal punishment awarded to incorrigible scoundrels on land. This, no doubt, is an old-world prejudice of mine, but it is one which the tuns of editorial ink expended upon the subject will never efface. Corporal punishment, any punish-

ment inflicted by courts-martial or courts-civil, should be strictly defined—the accused fenced in with every possible precaution against injustice ; but, in my humble opinion, the power of awarding such punishment must remain with the officers of the ship—a power controlled by Admiralty supervision ; that again subject to the rebuke, through publicity, of public opinion. This parenthesis some readers will probably think might as well have been omitted.

Skipper, or Commander, James Logan must have been a very crotchety, as well as philanthropic, adventurous gentleman,—one, too, who dabbled in experimental science, and was clever, or thought himself clever, in the art of distillation. He was persuaded that the luxuriant tropical vegetation—the marvels of which had been described in such eulogistic terms by all intelligent voyagers—besides its medicinal qualities, could be made to yield, by skilled hands, juices which would supersede the alcoholic drinks of the Old World. James Logan had evidently an eye to business, absurd as was the way in which he set to work. Several stills for distillation



—respecting which he had harassing disputes with excise officers—were embarked in the *Griffin*. An odd whim, unquestionably; but there are few who, if, to use a colloquial vulgarism, they have not exactly “a tile off,” have not several flawed, more or less.

The first intention of James Logan was to visit New Zealand, and ascertain, by personal investigation, the commercial capabilities of that much-talked-of country; but he was induced to forego this intention by happening to meet with a Frenchman named Cazair. This thin old man was chief pilot at the Cape De Verd Islands, where the *Griffin* was driven, by stress of weather, to take refuge. Cazair came off, and safely piloted her to a secure anchorage. In the course of a conversation after landing, Logan mentioned that he was bound for New Zealand, in the Australian seas.

“May the good God help you, then!” exclaimed Cazair; “they will fatten—which, it is true, will take some time—they will fatten, roast, and eat you! Ah, Monsieur le Capitaine Anglais, you may grimace, if you please! I am a man of honour; that

which I say is true. I was in the expedition fitted out at Marseilles to make discoveries in the South Seas, and placed under command of that great navigator, Captain Marion. We made New Zealand,—one of the three Cannibal Islands; I don't know which. The commander went on shore in the ship's pinnace. Though young—I was a favourite with the captain, who, at the death of Tartiere, his coxswain, had given me the place—I went with him. Blue Death! that *was* a pretty affair! Kenguelin—Monsieur has heard of Kenguelin?"

The commander of the *Griffin* said he had read some writings of Kenguelin, in which he boasted of having discovered an Antarctic continent—which was mere nonsense. The land he had seen had been discovered some years before by the English Captain Cook.\* Cazair said, that was quite

\* It is true that Kenguelin exaggerated the importance and extent of his discoveries; but for all that, he was an enterprising, and, in a minor sense, successful navigator. All men are not Dampiers and Captain Cooks. Kenguelin Island, situate in a high southern latitude, he unquestionably discovered. I much doubt, also, whether he could have saved his unfortunate chief Marion from the cannibal jaws of the New Zealanders.

possible ; he could believe any thing—meaning any villanous thing—of Kenguelin. Cazair went on to relate how Marion, having landed in New Zealand, was entrapped with his men, seized, killed, roasted, and eaten by the cannibals. He, Cazair, and three others, not being in condition—*extrêmement maigre*, in fact—were, he supposed for that reason, reserved till such time as, by fattening, they should be made juicy and palatable. This was his opinion or conjecture. That which could not be denied was, that the signal of danger and of an urgent request for immediate help—three musket-shots fired in quick succession—had not been attended to by Kenguelin, who must have heard, and did in fact hear, them. The *scélérat* ! to sacrifice seven Frenchmen, —eleven, for aught he knew or cared,—simply that he might become commander of the expedition ! Frightful ; almost past belief ! Cazair went on to relate how he and his lean comrades managed to slip from the custody of the cannibals when they were surfeited with their horrible banquet and the intoxicating fluid with which they

I can judge, although it may be that his failings did not lean to mercy's side—was of a different opinion; but his warnings were unheeded. Philanthropic James Logan's faith in the efficacy of indulgence—kindness, in his vocabulary—to maintain or restore wholesome rule and order was but little shaken, if at all. The Cape of Good Hope was touched at, and thence the *Griffin* steered for Kenguelin's Island, but had considerable difficulty in finding it, either because the nautical knowledge of Logan and his officers was at fault, or that the position of the island had not been accurately laid down in the then existing charts; which could hardly be, as Cook himself, in his third voyage, had visited it. The natives were friendly, the vegetation luxuriant; and the *Griffin* made a long stay there, partly that Logan might pursue his botanical researches, and partly that his crew might be cured of scurvy, with which three-fourths of them were affected. The Kenguelin cabbage proved to be singularly efficacious in restoring the men to health. This vegetable is said to possess all the really good

qualities of the European cabbage; and having a large proportion of essential oil, it does not produce heartburn, or any of those disagreeable sensations which, under certain conditions of the stomach, the English variety sometimes does. Coal was seen to crop out abundantly in the island; and James Logan, after many experiments, discovered some plant or root which yielded "the most delicious and potent spirit ever tasted by man."

The "potency" cannot be doubted, whatever may have been the flavour of the distilled spirit.

"They are all drunk as devils," said Nicholas Lambert, who had pulled himself ashore in the *Griffin's* punt, accosting James Logan, "every mother's son of them."

"Drunk! How could they get drunk?"

"Why, with that stuff you've been brewing here; what else?"

"How did they get at it?"

"By tapping the barrel sent on board—a very simple method. When they were drunk, or nearly so," continued Lambert, "and believed me to be on shore with you, I could



hear every word the mutinous rascals said. The upshot is," added Lambert, "that you and I are to be marooned. I've told you what would come of all that sentimental stuff."

Logan was astonished, grieved, but not so much alarmed as his more practical officer. He would at once go on board, and remonstrate with the inebriated fools, and soon bring them to their senses. Lambert demurred to that conclusion. He himself would not trust himself in the *Griffin* until, at all events, the drunken orgie and its immediate effects were passed. Logan was not to be persuaded, and pulled himself off in the punt. Lambert remained in observation on the beach till he saw the captain reach his ship, and mount the side; and not perceiving, after watching some time longer, any unusual stir on board, turned away, intending to solace himself with the creature-comforts always provided in abundance by his chief, turn in early, and await, resignedly as might be, the hap of the morrow. He bade the sailor-cook prepare supper, and feeling himself restless and fidgety, Nicholas



Lambert, taking the captain's glass, strolled forth again.

He had not walked far, when two natives — “dark-coloured Indians, and very friendly, there being but few of them on the island”—shouted and beckoned to him. Lambert hurried to meet them; and they, with lively gestures, pointed to a not distant eminence, and invited him almost as plainly as by intelligible words to follow them. Lambert unhesitatingly accepted the invitation, and upon attaining the summit of the hill, saw a large three-masted ship, with the British ensign flying at the fore, standing off and on, at about a league distance. From her position, and in consequence of a deep indentation of the coast-line, the stranger could neither see nor be seen by the *Griffin*.

Fastening a red kerchief at the end of a bamboo-stick, he waved it in the air, hoping to attract the attention of some one on board the strange sail. He was quickly successful. A boat put off from the ship; Lambert met it on the beach, and, at his own request, was conveyed on board the stranger, which proved to be the *Melville*, Captain

White, bound for Port Jackson, Botany Bay, with troops and emigrant passengers. Lambert told his story, and Captain White agreed to place the *Melville* without delay in close gun-shot proximity to the *Griffin*. This being done, Lambert was sent in the *Melville's* launch, with a detachment of the 20th of the Line, to ascertain how matters stood on board the *Griffin*.

He was not surprised to find that the crew were, without exception, dead drunk, lying about in all directions like logs of wood. Captain Logan had been gagged and put in irons, and was almost raving mad with thirst when released. The officer in command of the soldiers at once decided that it was a clear case of mutiny, and after communicating with Captain White, the drunken varlets were bundled over the side, and sent on board the *Melville*, which ship, I should have mentioned, was in the transport service of the British Government. It must have been a great surprise for the sailors to find themselves, when sufficiently recovered to be sensible of the mutability of human affairs, as exasperatingly exemplified

in their own dismal case, close prisoners on board the *Melville*.

A transaction followed between Captains White and Logan. The crew of the *Griffin* were prime seamen,—that a veteran salt like the commander of the *Melville* could see with half an eye. All they required was to be held in strict, vigorous discipline. He—Captain White—could supply that want in heaped-up measure. He was therefore quite willing to furnish Captain Logan, in exchange for them—the men consenting—with a more docile, if, in a sailor-sense, less efficient crew. The affair was soon arranged—the Griffins being too much frightened to make resistance; and the *Melville* left for her destination.

Nicholas Lambert would himself have taken passage to Port Jackson, had not Captain Logan solemnly promised that, for the future, the government of the crew should be left in his—Lambert's—hands. The venerable cat was to be a recognised institution in that government. It may not be superfluous to remark, that corporal punishment, at the discretion of the captain and

first-mate, was in those days a common practice in vessels not sailing under the pennant. The English courts held that the commander of a vessel was not liable to an action for assault and battery, for inflicting reasonable corporal punishment upon a misbehaving sailor. The limit to such punishment was, that the offender should not be permanently maimed. The practice still obtains in the American merchant-service: many of the masters and mates patronising "knuckle-dusters," as a more prompt and quite efficient substitute for the cat. It is only of late years that the rule of law in English courts has thrown the *onus* upon the captain or mate of proving that the act was done in self-defence to quell, for example, an actual or threatened mutiny.

Captain Logan must have been not only a person subject to strange whims and vagaries, but one made of impressionable, squeezable stuff. He, we may presume by Lambert's persuasion, abandoned, for a time at least, his distillation craze. Possibly he intended to resume his experiments in that direction at a more convenient season; but

in his instance, as in millions of others, convenient seasons are apt to postpone their advent indefinitely. There is nothing more said, at all events, about the subject in the gossiping log of the *Griffin*, except that, to the great mortification of Captain Logan, it was discovered that some of the most essential machinery, or parts of machinery, belonging to his stills, were found to be irretrievably damaged and thrown out of gear. It is true that afterwards Logan managed to distil an intoxicating spirit, but it would seem only in small quantities.

The commander of the *Griffin*, if he abandoned one of his pet projects, did not forego his purpose of exploring the Antarctic Seas. Life at sea was to him the only real life. There are several passages in the fanciful, erratic log of his ship, expressive of bitter regret that his lot had not been cast in the days of Dampier and the bold buccanners, when there was really a world to discover, and there was no peace south of the Line. He had unfortunately fallen upon milksop times; and instead of ending his days in a blaze of glory, amidst the roar



and the white smoke of battle, his unenviable fate would probably be to live to a good old, quiet age, "and be snuffed out at last like a guttering, used-up candle." That inglorious catastrophe did, it will be seen, await adventurous Captain James Logan, of Hull.

War had broken out—a war of principles, it was called—between the French Republic and the Kingdom of Great Britain. The fiery Frank believed that he could as easily sweep the English navy from the seas as he could break up and pulverise the pig-tailed, pipe-clayed armies of the continental despots. Barrère, and other celebrities of the Revolutionary Tribune, sought in all possible ways to imbue the French mariners with that belief, but not with much success in a general sense, even before Howe's victory of the 1st of June knocked all such nonsense out of their heads. There were, of course, enthusiasts who believed that redeemed, rejuvenated France would be victor upon both sea and land. Amongst these was Adolphe Baudin, a young and brave seaman, whose father had been killed in a frigate-fight with the British sea-wolves during the Ame-



rican War of Independence. Adolphe had joined the Royal Navy of France as cadet, not many years before the rotten *régime* of the Bourbon navy—which restricted the higher grades of the service to members or scions of the *noblesse*—fell to pieces, blown away by the thunder-blasts of the Revolution. He was pretty well off; this Adolphe Baudin,—an orphan: his mother had died some years before; the father had died by an English bullet or sword-stroke. Burning with enthusiasm for “young France,” boiling over with hatred of “perfidious Albion,” and an application for active employment, addressed to the Ministry of Marine, having been declined or refused,—he, sick, like James Logan, of inactive shore-life, purchased *La Pucelle*, a worn-out corvette, which the French Government had ordered to be sold at Toulon, determined to do battle with England on his own account.

The corvette realised but about the value of her timbers as old material. Adolphe had her patched up, placed a sufficient armament on board, engaged a raffish crew, obtained a letter of marque

from the Minister, and forthwith sailed for the East Indies, in which quarter of the globe this formidable enemy of England judged he could strike her most surely to the heart. It was not likely, moreover, that he would in those southern latitudes be one-hundredth part so liable to be snapped up by British cruisers as, for example, in the Mediterranean.

This vessel, renamed by Adolphe Baudin the *Révolutionnaire*, managed successfully to thread the loose cordon of British vessels-of-war which, in a partial sense, blockaded the French Mediterranean ports, and found her way to the Indian Ocean. She was a fast vessel, and, as many know, was successful in her depredations upon British maritime commerce. Cruiser after cruiser was despatched in search of her, without success. The *Thetis* frigate once came up within gun-shot of the mischievous corvette. It seemed that the famous *lettre de marque's* game was played out, when a typhoon struck and crippled the frigate, and passed harmlessly by the French privateer. Adolphe Baudin was quits that time for the fright.

Who could have supposed that the audacious craft would be brought to grief by such a vessel as the *Griffin*, armed with one swivel twenty-four-pounder, and manned by a crew of twenty-three men and boys? Yet it so fell out, and that without any disparagement to the Frenchman's skill or courage.

On the 3d of October 1794, the *Griffin*, about eight days from Kenguelin Island, sighted a strange three-masted ship, which proved to be the *Révolutionnaire*. The cruise of Captain Baudin must have embraced a wide sweep for the swift-winged *lettre de marque*, which for some months had been the terror of the coasting craft of Malabar and Ceylon, to be met with in that part of the Southern Seas. Neither Logan nor Lambert had heard of the *Révolutionnaire*; but they knew that war was raging between France and England; and the flaunting tricolour flying at the corvette's main, with her grim row of teeth, left no doubt in their minds that the *Griffin* was about to be snapped up by a French war-vessel.

Resistance was hopeless, flight impos-

sible. The *Révolutionnaire* slipped through the water at somewhere about the rate of two feet to the *Griffin's* one. The vessels neared each other rapidly; the *Griffin*, as it chanced, being to windward, and the stiff breeze blowing a-beam of both vessels. Under these circumstances, the lower hull-line of the French corvette was, every one will understand, dangerously exposed to an adversary's shot: she might be struck, in nautical phrase, "betwixt wind and water." This common occurrence in sea-fights may be easily enough remedied, provided too many and too big holes are not made in a sound, stout ship; but, as might have been predicated from her having been sold out of the French national service, the *Révolutionnaire* was not a sound ship—very far indeed from being so; and how her dry, rotted timbers had held together so long was a marvel. This, however, was unknown to the Griffins.

A few words only were interchanged by Logan and Lambert. It was determined to fire one shot from the twenty-four pounder swivel-gun for the honour of

the flag,—which honour vindicated, the flag was to be immediately hauled down; a return of the compliment from the corvette's barkers being any thing but desirable.

Lambert loaded, pointed, and fired the gun, which he had double-shotted; the two vessels were not more than four or five hundred yards apart, the corvette being at the moment about to luff, the English merchant-vessel having paid no attention to the blank and shotted cannon warnings to lie-to. Flash, bang! The shot had told with terrible effect. This could not be perceived from the *Griffin*, the flag of which was lowered in a jiffy, though not quickly enough to prevent a return fire from the corvette, which fortunately did but trifling damage to the English vessel. The *Griffin* at once hauled down her foresail and lay-to, expecting to be immediately hailed from the French corvette, and ordered to send a boat to her with the captain and the ship's papers.

There was no such hail, and there appeared to be a strange confusion on board the French war-ship. Presently the cor-



vette's boats were lowered, and manned in great haste. The first ready pulled off towards the *Griffin*; the other boats followed; and it was seen that the corvette was fast sinking. The shot from the *Griffin* had fairly smashed a large portion of the corvette's rotten side, below the water-line. The sea rushed in like a sluice, and there was no remedy. The French had nothing for it but to save their lives on board the *Griffin*; which vessel, had she not lain-to, would have been certain to escape, if her commander had determined to leave the French crew to their fate. It was not, however, probable that James Logan would have done so.

As it fell out, Captain Logan had no choice; the Frenchmen, in number one hundred and twenty-six, were in indisputable possession of his ship, he himself and his crew prisoners. This was unquestionless an unpleasant predicament to find oneself in, but that of the captors was scarcely more enviable. The corvette went down a few minutes after the last boat left her, and the gallant adventurer, Adolphe Baudin, and his



comrades had barely time to save their own skins, if, indeed, they had saved them—a question the happy solution of which but a few minutes' careful survey of the actual situation showed them to be very doubtful. The spoils of a fairly successful predatory cruise were gone with the *Révolutionnaire* herself. Well, that loss, exasperating as it was, might be borne. It was the fortune of war, and remediable; but—holy Blue, and a thousand thunders besides!—how were one hundred and twenty-six extra mouths to be fed, even for a few days, by the *Griffin's* scanty stores? That, now, was a proposition which, under the circumstances—the *Griffin* being presently becalmed, the breeze having soon and completely died away, amidst the vast solitude of the southern ocean, and the nearest land Kenguelin's Island, close upon, if not over, five hundred miles away—might make the bravest hold his breath for a time.

Great was the rage of Baudin and his men at the captain of the *Griffin* for having fired that unlucky shot. That rage, it at first seemed probable, would find vent in most

violent action; but Baudin, a good fellow at bottom, spite of his Hannibal oath in heaven against England, moderated the fury of his men, and before an hour had passed he and Logan were in civil, if not friendly, consultation as to what should be done.

If the men were placed at once upon the shortest allowance, at the end of six days every drop of water, if not every scrap of food, would be consumed; there was every indication of a continuance of the dead calm, to be varied now and then, perhaps, with tantalising cats'-paws of wind.

The deposed captain of the *Griffin*, his counsellor Nicholas Lambert, Baudin, and his officers, could hit upon no satisfactory solution of the terrible difficulty, and finally separated for the night, perplexed and undecided as ever.

Chance resolved their doubts. There had been several cats'-paws during the night, and when day dawned a heavy brig, with the Dutch flag flying—drooping, more correctly—in the hot, stagnant atmosphere, was within a league's distance of the *Griffin*. Captain Baudin determined to speak her, and

ascertain what assistance could be spared by the Hollander in the shape of *munitions de bouche*. A boat was lowered and manned, and Baudin, after about the lapse of an hour, was standing upon the deck of the *Groningen*, in attempted conference with the Dutch captain. That patriotic citizen of the United Provinces did not reciprocate Adolphe Baudin's courtesies. A preliminary difficulty was, that the Dutchman did not understand a word of French, nor M. Baudin a syllable of Dutch. Captain Logan, as prearranged, was signalled for; and the Hollander knowing something of English, Logan something of Dutch, an intelligible explanation was possible.

The *Groningen* was an outward-bound Dutch East-Indiaman, which had encountered much severe weather, and was in consequence considerably out of her course. Captain Falcke, in justice to himself and his crew, could spare but little water or biscuit. He did not know that he should be justified in even rendering that assistance, the French Republic having declared war against the Dutch Republic. Captain Logan urged

that national enmities should have no influence under such circumstances. Captain Falcke did not say they should, but he was quite resolved, at the same time, not to expose his faithful Hollanders to the chances of perishing for lack of food and water for the sake of others, especially for Frenchmen! He could spare two or three casks of water, a few bags of bread—not more. These might suffice, with good luck; if not, so much the worse for the sufferers. He, Captain Falcke, was not Providence! Every one for himself—God for all; that was plain sense, and his own last word.

Adolphe Baudin, who believed that the sour-hearted Dutchman could have effectually relieved the necessities of himself and his men, left the *Groningen* in high wrath. Returned on board the *Griffin*, a council of war was held by himself and officers, the result of which was a determination to attempt the capture of the Dutch East-Indiaman. The prize would, to a great extent, compensate for the loss of the *Révolutionnaire*.

To lull any suspicion that the Dutch

captain might entertain of such a design, a boat was sent to bring off the casks of water and bags of bread which the Hollander had grudgingly promised. These were supplied, and brought safely on board the *Griffin*. The officer sent with the boat reported, that from certain indications he had observed, the captain of the *Groningen* anticipated at least the possibility of an attack, and was quietly preparing to repel it.

This surmise, or certainty, did not change the purpose of Commander Baudin; but he deferred the attempt till darkness should have fallen. There was no sign of wind, and there would be no moon till late. The boats, rowed by muffled oars, would be able to approach unperceived to within a few cables' length of the *Groningen*, which would much facilitate the success of the enterprise. Four carronades mounted by the Dutchman, though not of great calibre, suggested wariness and caution to Baudin, impetuous as he might be.

He did not ask Captain Logan to aid in the attempt to carry the Dutch East-Indiaman. The arms, powder, and shot on



board the *Griffin* were, of course, freely appropriated by the Frenchmen; and it was found possible to hoist the twenty-four pounder over the side into the stoutest of the *Révolutionnaire's* boats, and to fix the piece serviceably in her bows. This operation was, I hardly need say, so managed that it could not be seen from the deck or tops of the Dutchman.

The night fell dark as the inside of a tar-barrel, so much so that the boats were lost sight of by the *Griffin's* crew within five minutes of their leaving the brig. The lights on board the East-Indiaman—a lubberly oversight that, on the part of Captain Falcke—continued distinctly visible, and would be a quite sufficient guide for the boats. The catastrophe will be best described in the words of Captain Logan:

“ We waited and watched with intense solicitude, endeavouring to peer through the thick darkness. We had two night-glasses, so called, but they were powerless as our own unassisted vision. Our sympathies were with the Dutchman. This will not be wondered at, sour and surly as Captain Falcke



might be. In fair daylight, with help of his carronades, and their position of vantage, —we had noticed that boarding-nets had been triced up—the *Groningen*, it must be remembered, was not a national vessel, but merely a merchant-ship, trading from Holland to the Dutch East Indies,—the Hollanders, who could not, I judged, muster less than seventy or eighty men, would prove more than a match for their assailants; but no one could calculate the chances of a night-attack. This I had always heard. I had doubts—hopeful doubts, shall I say?—whether the twenty-four pounder, shipped by unhandy fellows, could be fired without the probability of doing more damage to the Frenchmen than to the Hollanders.

“More — considerably more — than an anxious, torturing hour—during which fitful puffs of a rising breeze were felt—had passed, when the heaving darkness of the moaning sea suddenly lightened. The watchful Hollander had discerned, when too late, and then perhaps indistinctly, the near approach of the French boats; and his four carronades were almost simultaneously

discharged at his fast-closing enemy. Surely, the aim must have been bad, or few of the *Révolutionnaire's* crew would have gained the Dutchman's deck.

"The twenty-four pounder replied; then there was a yet denser darkness, or rather what seemed to be such. Flashes of musketry and pistols followed. The assailants had clambered upon deck, and a fearful struggle—a strife as of demons, dimly visible by those flashes—ensued. The fight was fiercely contested, and might have lasted some twelve or fifteen minutes, when a blaze of fire seemed to dart up out of the hold of the ship. The fire spread with frightful rapidity,—its forked tongues licking the tarred ropes, sails, and all combustible things, till the Indiaman was one mass of flame. The horrible struggle of the crews still went on,—the Frenchmen, so far as we could discern, endeavouring to regain their boats; the Dutchmen, either to be beforehand with them, or, failing that, prevent their foes from escaping the doom they had inflicted upon others.

"The horrible hurly-burly was suddenly

terminated. The flames must have reached the Indiaman's magazine, and the *Groningen* blew up with an awful explosion.

“There was silence, and darkness that might—as the Scripture hath it—be felt. In a few minutes, the awfulness of the tragedy was less felt; it, if I may so speak, lifted itself from off our hearts—I judge by my own—and we were capable of exertion, and alive to the exigencies of the situation. The breeze—the faint, fitful pulses of which I have noticed—had by this time made itself sensibly felt; the sails drew, and we, burning blue lights as we did so, steered in the direction where the *Groningen* had disappeared. The search was vain; all, all had perished. Three of the boats belonging to the French corvette were picked up, and that not till sunlight gleamed again upon the sea. They were empty—I mean of human beings. There were various articles in them that had belonged to the poor fellows who, in lusty life, had left the *Griffin*, in confident anticipation of triumph. They found—before what we should, lightly speaking, deem their natural time—that

Death is ever the triumphant master of the world."

The *Griffin* continued her fateful voyage, making for the Polynesian group of islands. Finally, Captain Logan touched at some part of New Zealand, from which country he steered for the Friendly Islands, to the west of the Society Islands, south-westward of which again are the Fijee Islands.

The largest in extent of the Friendly Islands is, or was, Tongataboo, in a bay of which the *Griffin* cast anchor.

"There is not, I believe," says James Logan, "a spot which the sun shines upon that God has made more beautiful than Tongataboo. The natives, too, are a fine-grown, comely race, extremely civil; and the chief amongst them honoured me with particular attention. Fruit was abundant, and so were hogs, which must have multiplied wonderfully since Captain Cook made a present of one boar and three or four sows to the Tongatabooians. The *Griffin* required repairs; and as it was possible in the well-sheltered bay to careen her without danger, I determined, with Lambert's concurrence, to

make an effectual overhaul of the vessel. In the mean while, myself, mate, and the crew, by alternate relays, slept on shore.

“It was a very delightful time. I and Lambert enjoyed ourselves amazingly. We did not trouble about hastening the vessel’s repairs. We dwelt in clover—clover; pooh!—roses, jasmines—Flora’s choicest products. Two daughters of the great chief Papetee made choice of me and Nicholas Lambert. They were really very charming damsels; the eldest, I should say, not more than fifteen years of age. Young ladies in that forcing clime are naturally precocious. There was a ceremony performed, by virtue of which it seemed that I had married Papi, the eldest, and Lambert, Tappee, the youngest of the princesses. I made no objection, though Lambert did, wincing a good deal. Of course, I argued, it was all nonsense. ‘Why, man alive,’ remonstrated I, ‘we don’t understand a word each other says: how, then, can a ceremony have any binding effect, even in a moral sense?’ Lambert was not a man easily convinced by the



closest logic ; and I observed this in him, that, a week after our nuptials, which were celebrated with much Tongatabooian splendour, he busied himself zealously in forwarding the repairs of the *Griffin*.

"I dare say most people who may chance to glance over this narrative, should it ever be published,—which is not very likely,—will put down what I am now about to relate as a fanciful, improbable invention. For all that, every sentence is as true as death.

"‘The *Griffin*,’ said Lambert to me one morning, ‘is, I think, sufficiently seaworthy ; and, in my opinion, we had better leave as soon as possible : that is,’ he added,—‘that is, if we are allowed to leave ; which, in my humble opinion, is doubtful.’”

"I laughed at my friend's fears. With all his practical common sense in business-matters, he was sadly given to superstitious fancies. Dreams worried him. Like Shylock, he had several nights been dreaming of money-bags, or that he had unexpectedly come into possession of heaps of gold, and believed that some ill was brewing against



him. Another cause of disquiet was his heathen marriage with the pretty Polynesian. Dour as the man's nature was, pitilessly as he could look on whilst an offending sailor's back was being scourged, his heart—meaning his private, domestic heart—was very sensitive. Remembrance of Mrs. Nicholas Lambert—a remarkably fluent, vivacious dame—resident somewhere in London, haunted him forebodingly. Should that lady hear of his second espousal, the explosion would be violent. And yet, as I remarked to my friend over and over again, it was a case of sheer necessity. How could we possibly help being fallen in love with by two princesses of the Tongataboo blood-royal, and how refuse to make them bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, after the island fashion—when the alternative, quite distinctly intimated to us, was, that, should we decline the honour, the ladies and their friends would make us bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, after a much more, to us, unpleasant process of assimilation; a taste for human food being quite as prevalent in the Friendly and Fijee

Islands as it could possibly be in New Zealand?

“Lambert’s dismal presentiments were realised. The *Griffin* was just ready for sea; her chief stores were shipped, and, under pretence of a trial-trip round the island, it was hoped that we might get clear off without our better-halves. In the very nick of time, when we had only to send on board my papers, the half-dozen muskets, three or four kegs of powder, and a bag of shot, left us by the Frenchmen, the Father of Mischief put his cloven foot in it with a vengeance. Our venerable father-in-law, who had witnessed, at first with awe, always with astonishment and admiration, the execution we had occasionally done upon the feathered and furred animals of the island, was evidently reluctant to allow us to carry off these instruments of swift destruction; and the more unwilling that, being an ambitious potentate, and having an always open quarrel with his neighbours the Fijees, the white man’s thunder and lightning would, he thought, give him an immense advantage over his enemies. Pos-

sibly, however, he being somewhat advanced in years, corpulent, and much inclined to somnolency, especially under the influence of a powerful, though very coarse, spirit which I had contrived to distil for his especial delectation, we might manage to smuggle those almost indispensable requisites on board. This might have been accomplished, had it not been for a mutinous outbreak of the *Griffin's* crew, caused by the stern discipline of Nicholas Lambert. Some task had been neglected, some work left undone, which threw the first-mate, who was almost rabidly impatient to be off, into a transport of rage, and five of the crew were, by his order, severely punished. When I saw Lambert in the afternoon, he told me what had occurred, which made me very angry. I felt, without exactly considering why or how, that by such reckless—however righteous, according to his notions of what constituted salutary discipline—dealing with a crew, in whose power we, to a certain extent, undoubtedly were, he had acted unwisely—rashly. Supposing they were but to hint to our venerable father-in-law that,

once we were safely on board the *Griffin*—which was about to be warped out into the centre of the bay—he might bid a final adieu to the honoured husbands of the princesses of Tongataboo, we might whistle for a chance of ever treading the *Griffin's* deck again. In truth, since our double wedding, Lambert and I had been under strict surveillance; the chief's body-guard—villanous-looking, copper-coloured rascals, armed with rude spears, and thick mats for shield—were always at our heels. Lambert affected to make light of my apprehensions, though very uneasy himself.

“Father-in-law, who was indulging in his siesta, could not be disturbed just then, not even by our sweet spouses, who were delighted with their expected pleasure-trip with their loving husbands in the big canoe. Without permission from the old gentleman to his ban-yan-leaf guard, we might neither have taken the muskets nor our ennobled selves off, which we fully intended to try to do, with or without the muskets, before daylight on the morrow. It was likely enough that, in the hurry and flurry of embarkation,

we might even forget our dear wives. Events that never happened have, perhaps, excited as much or more terror, anxiety, and joy as accomplished facts.

“It was not forbidden to stroll down to the bay-beach, and delight our eyes by looking upon the ark of our deliverance, riding at anchor at about two hundred yards off. Before the least drowsy stars had winked themselves to sleep on the morning, we should be on board; the *Griffin* would spread her white wings wooingly to the breeze; and then, sweet loves, adieu! The dear creatures would console themselves: that was a comfort. Monogamy is an institution quite unsuited to Polynesia. Lambert and I were one in that opinion.

“I had myself drawn the lines and superintended the building of the *Griffin*; but never before had I so much admired her symmetrical proportions, and the grace with which she sat queen-like upon the transparent waters, calmly illumined by the slanting rays of the setting sun. But how is this? What is the meaning of that ‘Ye-ho-po’ distinctly audible on the beach—



defiantly audible? I soon perfectly understood it. The sailors were bringing the anchor home; the main-sails were let fall, the yards braced round; the foresail and jib drew, and her bow turning slowly seaward, the *Griffin* sailed out of the bay. Lambert and I, with suspended breath, stared in each other's face. That flogging business had flogged us, with a vengeance. This was my first hot thought. But no; it was impossible that villanous man could play a fellow-mortal such a diabolical trick as to leave him stranded and married in a savage land. The sailors meant only to try the speed and capabilities of the *Griffin* since her complete overhaul and the rebending of her sails,—whether she answered the helm as well as formerly, and so on. So we tried to think, upborne by that lying hope which tells so many flattering tales, as long as a speck of the brig could be seen. Then our hearts died within us: there we were in Tongataboo, and likely to remain.

“ Our wives, who were beginning to lisp English very prettily,—I should hear myself saluted as ‘Dadda’ in due time; so



would Lambert, who took on worse than I did; but I was always of a philosophic turn, that is certain, or I should not, at seven-and-twenty, have been in Tongataboo, and the prospective parent of a race of Polynesian princes and princesses,—I say, our wives, who were beginning to lisp English very prettily, could not comprehend why their two highly favoured husbands were so miserably cast down by the sailing away of the big ship. Were they not themselves safe? supremely blest as husbands, and one day to be great chiefs? Just so; and I, upon reflection, resigned myself the more readily, as nothing better could be done. Lambert, to whom we mainly owed the mutinous desertion of the *Griffin's* crew, was much more rebellious against the decree of destiny,—became, in fact, desperately savage; and, but for his wife's forbearing gentleness, would, I often thought, have had to appear before her father's police-court, where he would have fared but badly.

“ A crisis in our fortunes at last, and before long! In fact, a crisis in my life was a matter of periodical occurrence; this, how-

ever, seemed likely to be a decisive one. The Fijees declared war—at least, if they did not declare, they made it—against us of Tongataboo. A small fleet of canoes disgorged one, two, or three hundred Fijees upon our shores, which warriors mine and Lambert's muskets greatly helped to terrify and discomfit. Not content with driving them back to their canoes, we must needs retaliate the invasion; and the miserable result was, that I and Lambert, both sadly wounded, were left, with some five or six Tongatabooians, in the power of the enraged Fijees: our surviving friends escaped with difficulty.

“We, Lambert and I, were quite carefully tended, and soon recovered from our wounds. This seemed greatly to rejoice the people who attended upon us—the reason of which we were made acquainted with by a savage possessed of a smattering of English. He had known—I can answer that he said he had known—Omai, whom Captain Cook had taken to England, caused to be partially educated there, and taken back home—a cruel kindness, I have often thought. We

were informed by him that, at a solemn ceremony in celebration of the victory obtained over the Tongatabooians, I, Lambert, and our fellow-captives were to be solemnly roasted and eaten. Our informant pleasantly added, that as white men were a rare delicacy when eaten in perfection, we were to be fattened for the festival. The kind attentions previously bestowed upon us were preparatory, it seemed, to the fattening process; wounded animals did not thrive as quickly as healthy ones. This may sound comical enough, absurd even, in European ears; but it was a hard, melancholy fact, nevertheless; and had it not been for the purely accidental touching of his Majesty's sloop *Archer* at Tongataboo, I and Lambert should most assuredly have furnished a dainty dish at the sacrificial banquet of the Fijees. I cannot help laughing whilst recalling the circumstance now; but it is a fact that Lambert and I were much exasperated at finding ourselves increasing daily in substance and weight. Our appetites were excellent, and the rascally Fijees exulted obstreperously at the rapid increase

of juicy flesh, especially about the region of the ribs, into which they were constantly poking their tentative fingers. This is a matter of merriment now ; but I hope no friend of mine, no Christian man, woman, or child, may ever pass such a six or seven weeks as Lambert and I did, when stalled for fattening.

“ We had still some faint, lingering confidence in our Tongataboo father-in-law. Surely he would make some exertion, either by force, fraud, or bribery, to save the devoted husbands of his princess-daughters—men who had valiantly done battle on his behalf—from a fate so horrible.

“ A fragile reed, had we known all, was that to lean upon. Our practical spouses, believing that we had gone, or should surely go, the way of all flesh that happened to fall in the way of the carnivorous Fijees, took to themselves other partners, and I dare say made a good exchange. Variety is charming in Polynesia as well as in England.

“ Fortunately, very fortunately, the *Archer* sloop-of-war—Captain Repstow—happened, as I have said, to touch at Tongataboo,

I believe for wood and water; there he heard that white men were at the nearest Fijee island. With the promptitude and humanity which distinguished that gallant and zealous officer, he at once determined to verify the alleged fact, and, if the rumour proved true, to rescue the 'white men' from the clutch of the cannibals. Finding, by the sensible and true avouch of his own eyes, that the rumour was correct, he sternly insisted upon our immediate liberation. Resistance would have been folly; and the *Archer* being homeward-bound, we, Lambert and I, reached the port of Plymouth, England, within about six months of our departure from the Polynesian paradise. The *Griffin* has not since been heard of, at least to my knowledge. Foundered at sea, perhaps; wrecked, rebaptised—Heaven knows! I do not, and scarcely care. I had certainly made a precious mess of it; but as regrets won't wipe out the past, I must so bestir me that the future shall make amends for it."

Whether the future did make amends to Captain James Logan for his youthful freak,

I cannot say—very likely it did. He died on the 17th of January 1837, at a very advanced age,—which fact is engraved upon a black marble in St. Nicholas Church, Sidmouth, Devonshire, close by that of James Currie, the editor of Robert Burns.

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## LA PÉROUSE.

IT is a common error to suppose that Louis XVI. of France was a mere plodding, well-meaning, but utterly unimaginative man, chiefly desirous of mastering the mysteries of lock-making and other mechanical arts, and thoroughly unequal to an appreciation of the high duties which devolved upon him as the crowned chief, the voice, the arm of France. There are abundance of proofs that this popular notion is altogether a mistake,—that the unfortunate sovereign felt and understood the lofty mission imposed upon him by the Providence of God. One, we will say minor, proof was, the fitting out two frigates, *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, for a voyage of discovery, “to find out the hidden, unknown places of the earth.” This was emphatically an idea of the king's. His wife, Marie Antoinette, it is true, favoured the project, but it was opposed by the ministry of the day.

Louis had read Cook's voyages, and at once resolved that France should share in the glory of maritime discovery, which England, following with giant strides, and quickly outstripping, her pioneer rivals Spain and Portugal, would else monopolise.

The command of the expedition was judiciously given to Captain Jean François la Pérouse, a seaman of service, and of considerable scientific acquirements. It is true that the expedition was, in a comparative sense, abortive in results,—that the gallant men who left France in such high hope never again saw the beloved land of their birth; yet the voyage of La Pérouse is a brilliant, though suddenly broken off, chapter in the marine annals of France. The cypress-wreath sometimes sheds a more enduring lustre upon the brow of a true hero than the laurel-crown.

The two frigates sailed from Brest in August 1785. Nothing of especial interest occurred during the first five or six months of the voyage. In March 1786 La Pérouse touched at Concepcion, Chili, reprovisioned his ships, and departed for the latitudes in

which Cook had acquired imperishable renown. In April the frigates anchored in Cook's Bay, Easter Island. Here La Pérouse, and Délangle, the captain of *L'Astrolabe*, landed, accompanied by a strong guard of seamen and marines. A crowd of natives received them with shouts of welcome. These were all painted and tattooed, and some were arrayed in fragments of variously coloured cloth. The attentions of the natives soon became oppressive. Their numbers rapidly increased, till at least one thousand encircled the sixty or seventy Frenchmen. The latter, to be sure, were armed; but for all that, the situation was an alarming one, especially when the aborigines began to make more free than welcome with any loose article of dress which might be dexterously snatched away and run off with. Handkerchiefs first, next the strangers' caps, were made prizes of,—the cap of La Pérouse himself was snatched from his head; and the gallant commander, apprehensive that he might be compelled to have recourse to violent means of repressing the acquisitive ardour of the Easter Islanders, gave orders to re-

embark at once. It is probable that the reëmbarkation would not have been peaceably effected, the Frenchmen having still three or four caps and handkerchiefs left, but that the officer left in command of *L' Astrolabe*, a man of common sense, observing through a glass that his countrymen were in a difficulty, caused two cannonshots to be fired, not in the direction of the natives, but so pointed that the balls would strike sufficiently near them to suggest what unpleasant visitors they would be if aimed at themselves.

La Pérouse appears to have been a gentleman in whom the milk of human kindness overflowed. He returned good for evil with an unstinting hand. There is no reason to doubt the good faith of the worthy French commander; but his account of the visit to Easter Island is confused, not to say contradictory. He remained but a very short time upon the inhospitable island,—a day only, he writes,—but this must have been a slip of the pen,—and during that short stay benevolently heaped coals of fire upon the heads of the savages, by sowing apparently promising

spots with seeds of various kinds—beets, cabbage, carrot, and wheat. “In fact,” says La Pérouse, “we showered presents upon them; we sowed their fields with grain; we landed goats, sheep, and swine. We asked nothing in return; and yet they had robbed us of our hats and handkerchiefs, and threw stones at us when we reëmbarked. We left during the night,” adds M. la Pérouse, “flattering ourselves with the belief that when, upon the return of day, they should find our ships gone, they would feel that our unceremonious departure was attributable to just resentment, and that the reflection might possibly have the effect of rendering them better members of society.” The passage reads oddly; but your true Frenchman is generally imaginative and sentimental when he has a pen in his hand.

The voyage was as erratic as the navigator himself. In June of the same year, the two frigates were in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  north, on the American coast; and from that point southward, as far as Montéry, La Pérouse explored and mapped the coast. This diligently and well performed work occupied

him three months. And here again crops out what appears to be the spontaneous product of a remarkably fruitful imagination. He discovered a harbour, which he named Port Français,—“a most remarkable harbour : the water therein is unfathomable ; to attempt sounding it with any length of line would simply be labour thrown away ; and it is enclosed by precipitous high-lands, which rise perpendicularly out of the water, and shoot sheer up into the regions of eternal snow. Not a tree or shrub, not a blade of grass, grows there, nor in its vicinity ; no breeze ruffles the surface of the unfathomable deep, which is never disturbed except by the occasional fall of masses of ice from overhanging peaks ; the air is so still, the silence so profound, that the noise of a bird in laying an egg may be distinctly heard at the distance of a mile and a half.” The log of the ships containing this curious passage, conveyed to France by M. de Lesseps, whose health was affected by the exposure incident to a sea-voyage, obtained for M. de la Pérouse a step in rank.

A sad accident occurred whilst the



French frigates remained in that remarkable bay or inlet. Two boats, containing over twenty men and boys, engaged in completing the survey, were drawn by a current into a vortex in which they were all drowned. A cross was erected *in memoriam*; a sealed bottle containing a record of the melancholy occurrence was buried beneath it, and on the cross itself was painted the following inscription, from the pen of M. de la Pérouse himself. “A l’entrée de cette baie vingt brave marins français périssoient à la vue des équipages des frégates *La Boussole* et *L’Astrolabe*, qui hélas ! ne pouvaient pas les secourir. Lecteur, qui que vous êtes, mêlez vos larmes avec les nôtres”—“At the entrance of this bay twenty brave French seamen perished, within sight of the crews of the frigates *La Boussole* and *L’Astrolabe*, who, alas ! could not succour them. Reader, whoever you may be, mingle your tears with ours.”

We next, guided by M. de la Pérouse’s despatches to the French Government, find the persevering navigator at Kamschatka. Nothing worthy of note befell the expedition

there. La Pérouse then steered directly south, and in December touched at Kaouna, one of the Navigator Islands. "The ships were in a short time surrounded by numerous canoes, containing pigs, cocoa-nuts, and bananas, which the natives willingly exchanged for glass beads and other shining trumpery." The ships being very short of water, a strong party was sent on shore, under the command of Captain Délangle, to procure a sufficient supply. The natives looked on in silence whilst the casks were landed and the sailors were filling them; but when the tide receded, leaving the boats—which the most ordinarily prudent officer would have kept afloat—high and dry upon the shore or beach, the islanders, seeing that the strangers had no means of retreat, grew clamorous and importunate. Délangle bore their exactions—insisting as they did upon possessing themselves of every glittering, showy, detachable article which caught their fancy—till they demanded the muskets of the marines. This was too much; and the French captain, losing all patience, commanded the marines

to fire. By some unaccountable fault or oversight, the muskets were only loaded with blank-cartridge; and the natives, finding that nobody was hurt by the noise and fire, rushed upon the French party. Délangle himself was brained by a blow from a club; Lenoir, a naturalist, who had been busy collecting specimens of the island flora, was also killed.\* The fight—if fight it could be called—was quickly over: thirty-one seamen and marines, including the captain of the *Astrolabe* and the naturalist, were killed; the rest, it is said, escaped by swimming. We are also told that those terrible islanders hurled stones—not, it would appear, from slings, but with their hands—with such force and precision, that they were fully a match for as many marines armed with muskets, supposing said muskets to be loaded with *ball*-cartridge. This is indeed a tale for the marines! Whatever may be the exact truth of this strange story, M. de la Pérouse himself must have estimated the military prowess of the Kaouna or Maouna islanders very highly, as he did not feel himself, with two frigates, competent to in-

flict vengeance for the murder of his men upon the treacherous natives. Without any feeling of disrespect towards M. de la Pérouse as a skilful, arduous navigator and accomplished gentleman, one may justifiably entertain a doubt as to his being made of the right stuff for dealing with savages. A member or an admirer of the Society of Friends would be hardly a fit man to deal effectively with Ashantees, or even those pets of our "aboriginal" societies, the New Zealanders.

M. de la Pérouse sailed away with his two frigates. How he managed for water is not known; but certain it is that *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* reached Botany Bay in January 1788. The last despatch penned by La Pérouse, addressed to the French Minister of Marine, was dated at that place. It set forth his future plans; traced the route by which he proposed returning to France. The despatch reached Paris in due course; but the French Government just then was too much agitated by the throes of incipient revolution to attend heedfully to such matters.

Three years afterwards (1791), nothing in the interval having been heard of La Pérouse, the Constituent Assembly was petitioned upon the subject; and the ultimate result was, that two ships were despatched in search of *La Boussole* and *L' Astrolabe*. The mission was intrusted to Admiral d'Entrecasteaux. It was unsuccessful. After a two years' quest, the ships returned to France, not the slightest clue having been obtained to the fate of La Pérouse and his companions.

Twenty years pass away, and then light begins to break upon the sad, gloomy story. Captain Dillon, in the East-India Company's service, put (1813) into one of the Fijee Islands. He there found two sailors, one of whom was a Lascar, the other a German. At their request, he transported them to Tucopia, a neighbouring island, where he left them. Thirteen years afterwards (1826), the same captain again visited Tucopia, where he found the German and Lascar comfortably located. The Lascar offered one of the crew a silver sword-hilt. This was found to be of French make, and had a cipher engraved



upon it. Captain Dillon, who, for various reasons, had always taken a strong interest in the fate of La Pérouse, conjectured that this relic might be connected with the catastrophe which had overtaken the French navigator. He instituted a rigid inquiry, from which it appeared that the people of Tucopia had from time to time obtained many articles of iron and other metals from an island called Manicolo, where two great ships had been wrecked many years before. Captain Dillon sailed for Manicolo, or Vanicolo, taking the Lascar with him ; but, for some reason not very clearly explained or understood, he did not land there.

Captain Dillon, however, published an account in the newspapers of what he had heard, and gave a description of the sword-hilt. The French Government (1827) despatched Captain d'Urville, in the corvette *Astrolabe*, to the South Seas, with orders to follow up, irrespective of any other purpose or object, whatever clue he might discover as to the fate of La Pérouse. D'Urville, after touching at Hobart Town, sailed direct for Manicolo. On the western coast of the island,



he found numerous articles of European manufacture in possession of the natives, one of whom was induced, by the irresistible bribe of a piece of red cloth, to conduct him to a spot where, there is no question, *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* were lost. It was a reef, not very far distant from the shore; and D'Urville recovered from the shallow depths thereabout anchors, cannon, and sheets of copper-sheathing covered by rust. A small cannon, coated with coral, and known to have formed part of *La Boussole's* armament, was found. D'Urville erected a cenotaph near the scene of the calamity, in memory of the unfortunate Pérouse and his sailors.

The islanders, at first so doggedly sullen, finding that the secret was mainly discovered, volunteered to give full explanation. Their language and pantomime, if correctly interpreted, amounted to this: That two ships struck upon the reef during a heavy gale at night. One sank at once; the other did not immediately go to pieces, and the whole of her crew were saved from the sea—not from the savages; though these pretended that the survivors built for themselves a ves-

sel from the wreck, in which they put to sea. This was a ridiculous fable. There can be no question that *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* were lost upon the island of Manicolo, now one of the New Hebrides, and that those of the crew who reached the shore were murdered by the natives.

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THE BURNING OF THE "KENT" EAST-  
INDIAMAN.

How true it is that only the flowers of memory, upon which tears have fallen, retain their freshness to the last, and bloom perennially, veritable *immortelles* of the soul! The sad, heroic story—sad as a requiem, heroic as the history of the Maccabees—of the burning of the *Kent* East-Indiaman vividly illustrates to me the eternity of that truth. It has been told before; the main incidents—supposedly the main incidents, and, in a certain sense, justly so supposed—have been penned and catalogued; but only by him or her who was present, lived in, and lived through the terrific tragedy—who can individualise, impersonate, as it were, its sublimity of sorrow, its gloom and grandeur—can it be fully realised. Let me at once premise that I am not about to introduce with this terrible disaster at sea a romantic love-story. There could be no love, in the sublime or silly sense of the

word, in the case. I was a sucking cadet, rising sixteen, in the service of the Honourable East-India Company; and Fanny Darton, aged about twelve, the daughter of a sergeant-major of the 33d Regiment of Foot, was going out with her mother to join Sergeant-Major Darton, at the head-quarters of the 33d in Bengal. Not much material in that to furnish forth even a tea-tray sketch of *London Journal* romance.

The *Kent* East-Indiaman, Captain Henry Cobb, 1350 tons burden, sailed from the Downs, for Bengal and China, on the 19th of February 1825. She carried 344 soldiers, 43 women, 66 children, 17 passengers, and a crew of 150 men—about 620 souls in all. The ship had been advertised to sail on the 1st of February; but whether detained by contrary winds or other impediment, she did not finally spread her white wings for the long flight to the Eastern Seas till the 19th. I, infinitely proud of my cadet commission and laced cap, had worried my father into taking me to Gravesend on the 30th of January, in order that there should be no chance of losing my passage, or of the

Indian Empire being deprived of my services one day longer than need be. Gravesend then, whatever it may be now, was a dull place in February. The days passed wearily till the last week, when Mrs. Darton and her daughter Fanny made their appearance on the sands, and nowhere, as far as my experience went, but on the sands. A singularly charming child, joyous as a bird; and how it delighted me to watch her skip gaily along, her bright hair floating in the wind, looking so exquisitely, purely beautiful! I made acquaintance with Mrs. Darton, and was permitted to run with Fanny, or render her small services—such, for example, as taking off her shoes when filled with sand, cleaning and placing them on again; for these attentions I was always rewarded with seraph-smiles, which to this day play about my heart like lambent rays of a lamp suspended in and irradiating the darkness of a tomb. Our boy-and-girl intimacy continued on shipboard. Fanny was buoyant, bright as ever, as soon as the distressing *maladie de mer* had passed away. The weather was calm, clear, and, for the time of year, un-

usually mild; and several times when evening was falling, the earlier stars were glinting forth, and few persons except the ordinary watch remained on deck, she would sing, in a sweet, low voice, a child-song—"My sister now in heaven"—to my accompaniment on the flute. A simple thing it was, and a great favourite with both herself and mother, applying it, as they did, to Rebecca, an elder sister of Fanny's, who had died about a year previously. They guessed not how short a space of time divided them from her, nor how terrible would be their brief passage to that heaven where Rebecca awaited them, and all tears would be wiped away.

About noon on the 1st of March, the *Kent* then crossing the Biscayan Bay, and well out to sea, the weather for the first time assumed a threatening aspect. Black clouds, piled thunderously upon each other, spread swiftly over the heavens—though in the lower strata of the atmosphere not more than the faintest current of air was felt—shutting out the sun, and darkening and enveloping all things as with a funeral-pall.



Even the sailors seemed awe-stricken—to feel that a great peril was impending. I was standing between Fanny and her mother, both holding me tightly by the hand—both trembling, shuddering in the shadow cast before of near, inevitable death. This was my, perhaps superstitious, fancy or feeling, when afterwards recalling the incidents of that fearful night. All hands were piped on deck, and I observed that not one of the rough salts, who in obedience to the summons hurried upon deck, but, after one glance overhead and around, became immediately silent and serious. The business of sending down the top spars, close-reefing the sails, making every thing snug as possible, was gone about with a will, and nearly accomplished, when—

“Luff! luff!” suddenly shouted Captain Cobb,—“luff! Here it comes, with a vengeance!”

As he spoke, the hurricane broke in wildest fury. A blinding flash of forked lightning tore through the deep blackness, followed by a reverberating thunder-crash, to describe which I could find no words. The ship, struck

by the furious tempest, was thrown upon her beam-ends; she righted, however, and, shooting up into the wind, trembled; and shook like a frightened living thing. It had become so dark, that, except by the lurid flashes of lightning, you could not see the men lying out on the yards, one of whom, losing his hold, fell from the main-top yard upon the deck close to where we stood, pitching upon his head; and the warm blood, jetting upwards, besprinkled Fanny Darton's face and mine.

The first burst of the tempest having been encountered without sustaining any material damage, it appeared to be thought that no apprehension need be felt for the safety of a ship so well found and ably handled as the *Kent*, though the ocean had been lashed to fury, and the ship pitched and rolled fearfully, to a landsman. Still, as she behaved wonderfully well, and steered like a fish, Captain Cobb assured us we were as safe as we should be on land. He nevertheless insisted that every one, except the cabin-passengers, and crew of course, should go below; and he recommended them to turn

in at once, as the hatchways would be immediately fastened down, and the dead-lights shipped. The captain's cheery words had no reassuring effect upon Fanny or her mother, and but little upon me. The shock caused by the poor sailor being killed close to their very feet had greatly increased the nervous terror which had before possessed them. Neither could endure the thought of going below. It is always dreary, depressing there, in a ship crowded with men, women, and children, when the hatchways are closed, and the only light permitted is that of a lantern, swinging to and fro with every motion of the vessel, and serving but to make the oppressive darkness visible; whilst the disciplinary silence always enforced in such ships as the *Kent* deepens the general gloom. Captain Cobb, who had himself several times kindly noticed Fanny, readily acceded to my request that she and her mother should remain in the poop-cabin till, at all events, five p.m., the usual time for going below.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated fury; but there was plenty of sea-

room, and the *Kent* made no more water than one pump could discharge, showing that there was but slight strain upon her timbers. The tremendous blasts of wind, rendering it impossible for even the sailors to keep their feet upon the deck without holding on by something; the mountainous waves breaking over the ship from time to time in immense volume; the vivid lightning and crashing thunder,—were terrifying only to the land-folks on board, the crew apparently regarding the fierce commotion of the elements with calm indifference. As night drew on, the weather became clearer, the black clouds were broken by rifts, through which gleamed the fading rays of the setting sun. When four bells struck—six p.m.—those rain and thunder clouds—the rain had come down, not in drops, but in bucketfuls—had entirely disappeared; the clear sky was studded with stars; the wind, however, not abating in violence, nor the sea consequently its, to me, terrific rage.

I think it must have been about eight p.m., when it was reported to the officer whose watch it was that some spirit-casks had

broken from their lashings, and were rolling about in the fore-hold. The captain, who was conversing at the time with the lieutenant in charge of the ship, immediately directed another officer to go below, and secure them. He himself returned, directly he had given the order, to the poop-cabin, and resumed the game of whist which he had been playing with three military officers, to whom he mentioned the circumstance. Fanny and Mrs. Darton were still in the cabin: the beautiful child fitfully slumbered, awakening in sudden starts, caused now by a more than usually violent pitching of the vessel, now by some affrighting image, as she told me in a tremulous whisper, presented by her broken dreams.

Presently there was a sudden stir upon the deck; sounds of hurrying feet and cries of alarm were heard; another moment, and that fearfulmost of shouts at sea rang through the ship,—“Fire! Fire! The after-hold is in flames!” Captain Cobb flung down his cards and hurried out, the officers following. I should have done the same, but that Mrs. Darton and her daughter, excited by a new



terror, clung to me with frenzied violence. The situation was, in truth, a fearful one. The officer charged to secure the spirit-casks carried a small hand-lamp: one of the casks burst asunder; and at the same moment the lieutenant, thrown off his balance by a sudden lurch of the ship, let fall the lamp, which igniting the spirit, the hold was immediately in flames. He himself and the men with him barely escaped with life, and were frightfully scorched. When I had at last, partly by entreaty, partly by force, freed myself from the grasp of Fanny and her mother, the scene which met my view as I emerged from the cabin was appalling in its terrible ghastliness. By some misapprehension—I was afterwards told—of Captain Cobb's orders, the hatchways had been opened, and the coombings knocked away: the ship broached-to, the instant consequence of which had been the shipping of an immense volume of water, which cascading into the uncovered hold, did not avail much to extinguish the fire, but very nearly sacrificed the lives of the people below, who, half-drowned in their berths, scrambled upon deck in the best way they could, swear-



ing and screaming in panic bewilderment—most of them in their night-clothes. It was some time before any thing like order could be obtained; a mad rush at the boats was made by both seamen and soldiers, which defeated itself. The boats, which would not have held one hundred persons closely packed, were swamped almost immediately they dropped into the water, one only floating long enough to enable five selfish, resolute cowards—only one a sailor—to get into her, when she, too, went down with them. The impossibility of escape from the burning ship thus clearly demonstrated, the voice of authority made itself heard and respected. The orders given by Captain Cobb, as calmly to outward appearance as if he were peacefully sailing upon a summer sea, were zealously obeyed, but every effort to stifle the fire proved unavailing; and, either from forgetfulness or design, no order was given to drown the magazine, till to do so was impossible. Captain Cobb may have reasoned thus: if the fire can be extinguished, which it must be, if at all, long before it reaches the powder-room, there will be no necessity to

do so ; if the fire cannot be got under, the sooner the curtain falls upon this terrible tragedy the better.

There we were, over six hundred frightened, despairing souls, crowded together upon the fore-deck of the ship. I ran back, and brought out Mrs. Darton and her daughter. They were already more dead than alive ; the sense of death, as it is said, being most in apprehension. I placed them, clasped in each other's arms, Fanny quite insensible, in the fore-part of the doomed ship. Threading the awe-stricken, fearful crowd, pale as ghosts but for the red flicker cast upon their faces by the flames, I passed near to Captain Cobb and the officers about him. Despair—so rebuked by courage that it showed like resignation upon the surface—was on their faces also. The quiet which prevailed was positively awful. Even children in their mothers' arms seemed hushed to silence by a vague sense of the dreadful doom impending over us all ; and nothing was heard but the dull roar of the flames in the after-hold, the fierce dash, the wild moan of the sea, and the howling wind. That frightful

silence was hushed by a wild scream of mortal agony. Two of the men who were vainly fighting with the fire had been caught in its burning embrace, and rushing upon deck, their tarry clothes ablaze, were quickly destroyed. I mean that the poor fellows fell down, and expired in horrible torture; their bodies were blackened and charred, not consumed, I think. My memory confounds, confuses, blurs the incidents of that terrible night; I seem to remember a mass of things, but—till a considerable time after those flaming spectres (they so seemed to me) rushed upon deck—nothing quite distinctly. Some one—a soldier-officer, I believe—exhorted us to humble ourselves in prayer to God, who alone could deliver us. A deep stir—if the phrase may be used—was caused by his earnest words, and the multitude—it was a multitude, the confined space considered—the multitude responded to his exhortation by a confused medley of ejaculations, prayers, groans, lamentations, interrupted and stilled by a cry from the mainmast-head of “On deck there! sail, ho!”

“Whither away?” shouted Captain Cobb,

galvanised by the hail into renewed life and energy ; " whither away ?"

" On the lee-bow—a three-masted ship."

God ! what a revulsion of feeling—a lifting up from hades to heaven ! There was a rush to the lee-side of the ship, and sure enough there was the *Cambria*—though then we knew not her name—the *Cambria*, Captain Cook, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board between thirty and forty Cornish miners, sent out by one of the companies recently formed to work the mines of Mexico.

She was bearing down towards us ; but how could she afford us effectual aid ? Her boats, could they live in that wild sea, would, we feared, be dashed to pieces in a moment, if they attempted to come alongside ; and, O Heavens ! how long would it be before the flames reached the magazine ?

Nevertheless, the appearance of the *Cambria* restored life and hope in every bosom. I hurried to Fanny and her mother with the glad news, and the pale, down-drooping lily looked up and smiled—a sad smile, more a recognition and reward of my solicitude than the expression of joy, or of belief that the

dread danger had passed, or would pass away.

The *Cambria* hove to within about three hundred yards, and immediately lowered two boats. That deftly done with complete success, the boats pulled towards us. Three more boats, all the *Cambria* had, were next let fall from the davits, not with the same good fortune. Two were swamped; but the one that lived was quickly manned, and hastening to the rescue.

Captain Cobb ordered a spar to be run out astern, through a block at the end of which a strong rope was rove. The *Cambria's* boats could approach sufficiently near to receive all who could creep along the spar and lower themselves down by the rope. Even if they dropped into the sea, they would almost certainly be caught by the sailors, and hauled into the boat. At all events, this was the only mode of escape from the burning ship; and the experiment succeeding tolerably (three women were lost, fourteen saved, in the first essay), two other booms or spars were run out, one on the broadside, to leeward. There would have



been a rush to be first, as in the case of the *Kent's* boats, had not Captain Cobb, his men, and the military officers, forewarned, armed themselves.

"We must have funeral order here," Captain Cobb sternly exclaimed. "The women and the children first, then the men; officers last. Any one that shall attempt to proceed out of his turn is a dead man: I tell him so; and you all know I keep my word."

The warning was unheeded, perhaps unheard, by a Mr. Foljambe, a cabin-passenger, bound for the Cape, where the *Kent* was to touch. He was a middle-aged, stout, vigorous gentleman, but demented with terror. He rushed forward, hustling this one and that one aside in his frenzied haste to reach the boom.

"Stand back!—keep your turn!" shouted Captain Cobb, levelling a cocked pistol.

The threat was unheeded,—there was a flash, a report, and Mr. Foljambe was a corpse!

The terrible example was a salutary one. Thenceforth the embarkation, if so it may be



termed, went on regularly ; but it was very difficult as regarded the women and children. A sailor guided, pushed, dragged each along the spar, and, in the handiest way he could, dropped them down the dangling rope ; many fell into the water, some were drowned, and there were three who resisted with screams to venture, though quite aware that from one moment to another the fire might reach the magazine and blow us all into eternity. One man, a soldier, I saw strap three little children round his body, and glide with them along the sharply-inclined spar ; their mother, with the aid of a sailor, following. They were saved. This was seen by Fanny Darton and her mother, who intimately knew the woman and children. I hoped the encouraging example might overcome their nervous repugnance to make the attempt. A vain hope ! Captain Cobb's entreaties were added to mine, and he actually passed with his own hands a belt round Fanny and me, so that there would be no chance, as we slid along the spar, of my losing hold of her. The captain's well-meant endeavour annoyed, irri-

tated her. I fancy her sentiment of modesty was wounded: possibly so. But I could not leave her. Not for the wide world and all which it inherits could I have left, abandoned them. Thank Heaven, I did not. Had I done so, as sure as I now live and pen these lines, I should, young as I was, have soon afterwards committed suicide; I feel positive I should. It seemed to be tacitly understood that we should share the same fate—live or die together. I cannot but believe that a sort of fatalism must have dominated me—a feeling, that by the decree of destiny our lives were bound up together; that by no effort of mine could that decree be defeated.

I do not dwell upon the accessories, the surroundings, which heightened the horror of the dread reality, and rendered that horror picturesque, as it were; the blazing ship, the roaring waves, the curses of despairing men, the piteous wailings of women,—the screams of the unfortunates who fell into the sea, and were in a moment gone for ever,—all that must be left to the reader's imagination.

The transfer of the *Kent's* living freight

to the *Cambria* went on, though slowly and steadily. All belonging to that ship were equally zealous to afford us aid. I, who have had much experience since then, and have suffered under circumstances which try men's souls, never saw the high qualities of a true British seaman, his cool audacity, chivalrous compassion, carelessness of self, more grandly displayed. Still, my admiration was most powerfully excited by the Cornish miners embarked in the *Cambria*. Those brave fellows, who had never been at sea in their lives before, had but a few days previously left Falmouth. They stood in the ship's chains drenched, half drowned, blinded by the surging sea, to catch at and pull up, by sheer strength of muscle, our people in the crowded boats—which could not venture, in that wild sea, close alongside the ship—the moment a man or woman was lifted within reach of their strong arms upon the crest of a wave. Very many were got in that way safely on board the *Cambria*; others by ropes thrown out, to which they clung, and were so hauled up. Many perished—about a hundred; but a large majority were saved.

The behaviour of Captain Cobb and his officers was beyond all praise. Not till every woman, every man, who could by entreaty, argument, or command be induced to leave the ship by the perilous but only expedient that could be devised, did they themselves abandon the *Kent*. Two of the officers were lost: one, a midshipman, in dropping off the end of the spar, struck his head, as it seemed to me, upon the gunwale of the boat, and went down at once; the other struck the water first, as the boat was lifted away some half-dozen yards by the waves, and almost immediately surging back, fell, as it were, upon him, and killed him.

At last all were gone that would or could go. Thirty-two remained. I counted them all twice or thrice over. I was preternaturally calm—collected, in a certain sense. Fanny was seated by my side, one arm encircling me, one her mother; her beautiful head drooped upon my shoulder, her wet, dark hair fell over my face. Fourteen of the thirty-two were seamen, who had obtained access to the spirit-room, and were dead-drunk, helpless as logs of wood. There were

also ten young soldiers, mere lads, unnerved, prostrate, helpless with terror; the others were women, besides Fanny and myself. It is necessary to understand that the flames, though unextinguishable, did not spread rapidly, thanks to the heavy seas frequently shipped; and I had heard one of the officers say that he thought it likely, though the fact could not be ascertained, that the magazine was drowned. It was, therefore, just possible that the sea would ultimately subdue the fire, and the ship might float till, the tempest abating, we could be taken safely off by daylight. Some vague hope like that must, I think, have lingered in my brain, or I surely should not, with gay, lusty life throbbing in my veins, have accepted death without a struggle to avoid it.

The *Cambria* made sail, left us, and, as is well known, reached Falmouth in safety. To have remained near the *Kent* till all was over would not, Captain Cook must have argued, save or serve us poor forlorn wretches, self-doomed to perish with the fated ship; and no doubt it behoved him, in the crowded state of the *Cambria*, which was but of 200



tons burden, to make for the nearest port without delay ; yet I confess to a feeling of inexpressible bitterness when I saw her run off before the wind, and presently disappear in the dark, deep night.

With the disappearance of the *Cambria*, the strange apathy which had, as it were, benumbed my sense of danger, dulled, obscured—I hardly know how to express my meaning—the apprehension of death, left me. I roused myself, and strove to rouse Fanny and her mother, when it was all too late ; and unable to do so, so sunk were both in the stupor of exhaustion and fear, I burst into a passion of boyish tears. That paroxysm of hysterical excitement passed away, but not before I saw the white sails of another ship, at no great distance from the *Kent*. That vessel proved to be the *Caroline*, Captain Bibby, a merchant-vessel bound to London from Alexandria, Egypt. Again hope, never extinct but with life in the human heart, revived within me ; and again I strove to rouse Fanny and her mother from their state of stupor and helplessness. I did not succeed ; though Fanny once unclosed her



soft blue eyes, and looked in my face with the former sad, despairing, but sweet, faint smile ; and the pressure of her arm was, I thought, and still love to think, tightened slightly for a moment. A few minutes after that, a wall of blinding, blasting flame seemed to spring up before me, with a roar as of the crash of doom. I was caught up, whirled aloft, Fanny with me—I am sure of that ; and I remember nothing more till many days afterwards, when I found myself in bed at home, my father, mother, sisters with me. I and thirteen others had been picked up by the *Caroline*. But amongst those thirteen was not Fanny Darton nor her mother.

JAMES BOLTON,  
*Passenger.*

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### DEAL BOATMEN.

IN the elaborate report got up under the auspices of Lord Chancellor Brougham, in 1832, by well-paid Government officials, to prove the demoralisation of the people caused by their right to national relief in cases of destitution and sickness,—and which formed the staple of his learned lordship's *doctrinaire* speech when introducing the New Poor Law Bill in the House of Peers,—there was one passage which excited especial indignation. It was that which imputed to the right to live—"a vice inherent in all systems of compulsory relief"—an alleged deterioration of the once fearless character of the Deal boatmen. "Secure," said in substance—I quote from memory—the learned statesman,—“secure of their parish-allowance, knowing that the ratepayers must support them and their families, should they demand to be so supported, the once hardy Deal boatmen no

longer sustain their high character. They will no longer risk their own lives in foul weather to save people and property. Why should they? Are they not provided for at the nation's cost?" Nothing helped so much to inflame the opposition to the bill, which ultimately succeeded in purging the project of its most repulsive and unchristian enactments, than this libel upon the world-famous Deal boatmen. There are brave deeds not done in battle; and proudly as the Englishman recognises the heroic daring of our sailors when the signal for close conflict flies aloft from Britannia's lofty line, his pulse, if he be a true Englishman, will throb with a yet mightier strength, which even the Nile and Trafalgar could not call forth, as he contemplates the self-sacrificing heroism manifested, as a rule,—to which there may possibly be some exceptions,—through a great part of our island history by Deal boatmen. Almost at the very moment the voluble lawyer, who had got his head into the national crib where it was fullest, was amplifying his agents' libel, a striking practical rebuke was administered by a party of

the slandered seamen. I will speak of that presently, commencing at an earlier date, 1587.

In the month of September 1587, the good ship *Rose*, Captain Sutcliffe, homeward-bound from Lisbon, heavily laden with a costly cargo, and having on board twenty-seven passengers, struck after nightfall upon the Goodwin. Amongst the passengers were the Ribsdale family—Mr. and Mrs. Ribsdale, and three children—who had been taken off the wreck of the *Hopeful*, in a sinking state at sea, by the *Rose* a few days previously. The Ribsdales were a Devonshire family of repute; but whither they were bound when rescued by the *Rose* is not stated: probably some port in the Levant, Mr. Ribsdale being junior partner in a London firm, the trade of which was mainly confined to that part of the world.

That September night 1587 was dark and stormy—emphatically a *dirty* night. The equinoctial gales had set in, and it was coming on every moment to blow harder and harder. The perilled vessel fired guns of distress, and it was well known to the boatmen,

who, at the first gun, had hurried to the beach, that aid, to be of any service, must be prompt. There was a furious sea, which, from the direction of the wind, drove the giant waves upon the beach, causing a tremendous surf. The clergyman of the parish, the Reverend Mr. Purvis, had left his bed, and joined the sailor-boatmen. He was as anxious as any to save the poor souls, soon, if help did not come to them, to be engulfed in the ravenous quicksand; but how launch the boats through that roaring, boiling surf? The boatmen—there were three parties there, and four boats—knew the danger as well as he, but did not for a moment hesitate to face it. One white-haired veteran, of the name of Bates, in reply to the pastor's admonitory remark, that it was not required of any man—nay, that it was positively sinful—to rush into the very jaws of death, however praiseworthy and noble might be the motives which prompted the act, said:

“We can die but once, sir, and in no case so well as in the discharge of one's duty. Once safely through the surf, we

shall manage well enough. I have, thanks to God's mercy, lived through perils quite as fearful as we have now to face. Another gun! Be smart, lads!"

The white-haired veteran's boat was the first launched. It was manned by himself, two sons, and one son-in-law, Philip Stone,—all "brave, lusty young men." Seizing the most favourable moment, the boat was launched, lifted upon a tremendous wave, and the next moment flung back upon the beach, with her bottom stove in. The men were not much hurt, and, shaking themselves like water-dogs, the undaunted sailors, encouraged by the example and words of Bates—whose blood the chilling waters seemed to have warmed—they took possession of the spare boat, and this time got off successfully. Another boat, belonging to the Colleys, was equally fortunate; the third was capsized in the surf, and one man drowned.

The two boats reached the sinking ship in barely sufficient time to bring off nineteen of the passengers and crew—three women, five children, and eleven men, four of whom only belonged to the crew of the *Rose*.



These were all the boats would hold. In less than five minutes after they had pulled off, the ship was engulfed, and “all the unfortunate souls on board went down into the devouring sands, some screaming, some cursing, some praying; a most piteous sight.”

The nineteen brought off could not count themselves saved. The boats rode safely enough over the sea, but there was the dangerous surf to pass through. Being so dark added greatly to the peril. The men awaiting them on the beach, with ropes to fling to them ready in their hands, would, as many of them carried lanterns, be unable to see them, should they be cast into the seething waves. Both boats capsized, and were turned bottom upwards by the surf. Spite of the determined efforts of the spectators,—if spectators they could be called, who themselves had ropes fastened round their bodies, which were held by men ashore, by whom they could be drawn back out of the sea,—only six persons were saved. All the children except one were lost. Mrs. Ribsdale, her sister, Bates’s son-in-law, one of the Colleys, a sailor belonging to the *Rose*,

and a girl five years of age, Mrs. Ribsdale's eldest daughter, were saved. The noble veteran Bates was drowned. He was pulled out of the devouring sea too late for himself, but not for the child, who was found clasped in his arms with the steel grip of death. She was with difficulty recalled to life. At the head of the list of subscribers for the relief of the widows and orphans of the boatmen figured the name of the Queen's most excellent Majesty. Elizabeth contributed five pounds.

A perhaps more affecting case was that of the *Goliah*, which occurred in 1643. The *Goliah* was chartered to convey emigrants to one of the new settlements in America, and there were on board two hundred and nine persons in all. The month was March, the weather tempestuous; and the captain of the ship, Jabez Horrocks, was not equal to his duty. He or the pilot must have been to blame for getting the ship upon the Goodwin, since, unlike a homeward-bound vessel, they might have chosen their own time for putting to sea.

The *Goliah* struck in fair daylight—undeniable proof of unskilful management. Seven boats from Deal got out, two having been swamped when launching. Of these, two, owing to the eagerness of the crews, were knocked to pieces against the *Goliah's* side. Whether the men were drowned or not is not mentioned. The remaining five boats brought off sixty emigrants, all of whom were safely landed. The brave fellows, without the loss of a moment, pulled off again, and were successful in saving about the same number as at the first trip. The third attempt was a fatal one. The *Goliah* was fast sinking; the unfortunate souls on board, still so numerous, had endeavoured to avail themselves of the ship's boats, though warned by the Deal men that they would certainly be swamped. It so proved, as was seen from the beach. Many perished in their frantic hurry to save themselves. A yet more terrible catastrophe was to befall.

The frantic victims were to be pitied, not blamed. It is only by the pressure of a stern, or, if you will, iron discipline that human beings, menaced with immediate

death, can, as in the case of the *Kent* East-Indiaman, and the much more recent and unspeakably grand instance of the *Birkenhead*, be restrained into order and submission to the will of Fate, and strengthened to look death calmly in the face, if duty requires them to do so. There could be no doubt whatever that those who were not taken off at this third return of the boats would perish, as the *Goliah* would unquestionably be engulfed long before the boats could again return to the devouring sand. The ship and boats were watched with the keenest anxiety from the shore. The following narrative, by one of the spectators, was published in the next issue of the *Public Ledger*. The writer, who subscribed herself Priscilla Barton, was the niece of a Brownist preacher, the Rev. John Tredgold, "who was intrusted, being endowed with great power of eloquent teaching, and a marvellous gift in searching the human heart, to fulfil a spiritual mission of unspeakable importance in New England, there, in a genial soil, to plant sweet Sharon's Rose, to bloom perennially till the trump of doom should proclaim that Time was ended,

Eternity had begun." This is rather a pretentious passage, but no doubt faithfully enough expressed the exalted convictions of the young-lady writer. The foregoing flourish penned, Priscilla Barton proceeds in a more prosaic, matter-of-fact vein :

"My excellent uncle seemed to be weighed down by an impression of coming disaster from the first hour of our going on board the *Goliah*. A cloud rested upon his bright, clear mind. He strove and prayed to be freed from the melancholy forebodings which beset him; but his strivings and prayers were vain. Perhaps the confusion on board the ship, the weak, unconfident governance of an unruly crew by the captain, which even I marked uneasily, had its influence in creating that gloomy apprehension of swiftly coming disaster. From my aunt he concealed his fears, imparting them to me only. His wife was possessed by a terrible dread of the sea, which nothing but her love for my uncle and a strong sense of duty could have so far overcome as to prevail upon her to venture upon the voyage. It would have been cruel—and my uncle was one of the kindest,



most loving, and considerate of men—to have added to her fanciful terrors by what we hoped might prove to be his quite as fanciful forebodings. Alas! not fanciful: a warning from God, that my uncle, good man as he was, should set his house in order. In the best-ordered mansions—speaking in a spiritual sense—there is always much to be done to fit them worthily for the reception of the Angel who, with his death-key, unlocks the portal of Eternity! That warning was, I know, taken to heart.

“Suddenly there was a great cry: the ship had struck upon the Goodwin Sands. Distress-guns after guns were fired, and soon we perceived boats coming towards us from the shore. The confusion on board was frightful, no one having authority; the captain was, I think, the most helpless of all. The poor man has gone to his account; and if he were wanting in physical hardihood, and in readiness of resource, such failings would not, at that final audit, weigh heavily against him.

“My uncle, in the immediate presence of the peril, the apprehension of which had so



disquieted and depressed him, recovered his presence of mind, his alacrity of spirit. He had no thought for himself, when in the actual presence of death : his care was first for us, next for the emigrants and crew, lastly, if at all, for himself. It was by his care and strong exertions that my aunt, myself, and the children were safely placed in the boats. My aunt and the two girls, the youngest, came on shore in the first boat ; I, the boy, and the eldest girl, in the second. He—noble-hearted man ; true disciple of his Divine Master !—thought not of himself. . . . We were safely landed ; the good fisher-folk carried my aunt and the children, and many others, inland to their cottages, for the most part as much dead as alive ; but all, blessed be God ! recovered, and now live to bless the name of the Father of Mercies. I was hardier nerved, I may say, in endurance, and I could not, would not, leave the beach. The brave, glorious boatmen put off a third time. How eagerly I watched their progress ! A seafaring, aged man, seeing my anxiety, handed me a telescope : ‘ Your eyes,’ he said, ‘ are younger

than mine, and may be able to see how they get on; and it's well to know the worst. Mine are dim. Poor fellows!' he added, with a sigh; and I saw that his aged eyes were indeed dim with fast-coming tears,—‘poor fellows! poor souls! but God's will be done!’

“My hand trembled as I took the glass; and how much more did my poor heart beat and tremble, as I looked through it, and saw what was passing—saw the doomed ship was sinking; that distracted people on board were leaping into the already over-crowded boats, some falling therein, some into the sea; and all confusion, despair, and ruin. I could not see my uncle; *my* eyes too were quickly dimmed. Three boats I saw tip over; then there were wild screams from many voices; the ship sank: the overloaded boats were, I was told, sucked down by the vortex; and none, not one person, escaped: God took them all. ‘He giveth, and He taketh away; blessed be His Name.’ This is the truth respecting the loss of the *Goliah*, so far as I was permitted to be a witness.”

In the year 1779, the *Susquehanna*, an American—or, as the phrase then was, a Colonial ship—on board of which were despatches for Benjamin Franklin, delegate from the remonstrant States of America to the authorities in London, arrived off the English coast. The bearer of those despatches was Tobias Burnley, a young citizen of Massachusetts, who had married a few days before leaving Boston, and was accompanied by his bride. The *Susquehanna* struck, during a tempestuous night, upon the Goodwin. Two Deal boats brought off the crew; the only passengers being Tobias Burnley and his young wife. It had been impossible to induce the terrified woman to leave the ship. The raging sea, upon which the boats were tossed like gossamer waifs, so deprived her of all courage, all sense, that she, falling into successive paroxysms of panic terror, refused to be embarked. The husband determined to remain with her, so he said, and it may be presumed sincerely; but at the last moment, as the boats were casting off, he, yielding to the strong love of life, permitted himself to be

taken off. The frenzied resistance of the wife could not be overcome. At least there was thought to be no time, if the boatmen and crew were to save themselves, to waste upon her. Brought up for a time, held forcibly on deck, she had seized her opportunity, and darted below and concealed herself. The boats had cast off, and were some hundreds of yards on their way to shore, when the frenzied woman, distinctly seen by the swift lightning-flashes, reappeared upon the *Susquehanna's* deck, and, with vehement gestures, urged them to return and rescue her. The husband saw her not: he had received a blow on the head, by the falling of a block, spar, or otherwise, whilst being roughly tumbled into the boat,—at the bottom of which he lay insensible. Several of the boatmen were for returning to the ship, at any risk; but this proposal was overruled, mainly by the rescued officers and crew. The woman's death was upon her own head: all there were free of it. This cowardly counsel was vehemently opposed by Elias Dickson, a young man, and a native of Boston, where he had been slightly acquainted

with the Burnleys. Young Dickson was in delicate health, and had made the voyage from the States to England under medical advice. His father was a wealthy merchant, long established in Boston, and Elias was his only son: of daughters he had not a few.

No sooner was the shore reached, the surf passed, the *Susquehanna's* crew and the boatmen safely landed, than Elias Dickson offered a large reward for the rescue or attempt to rescue Mrs. Burnley, whose husband, still insensible, had been conveyed to the nearest public-house. The veterans of the service refused bluntly. The ship would have disappeared before a boat could possibly reach her. Four comparatively young hands, dazzled by the reward, influenced too, it is probable, by the passionate entreaties of the young man, undertook the venture, launched their boat successfully, and pulled off, Dickson steering. As the old hands predicted, the *Susquehanna* went down a considerable time before the Tomkins boat—the four boatmen were brothers—had neared her. The oarsmen, nevertheless,



continued to urge their skiff through the raging sea, it being barely possible that the lady might have caught at or clung to a loose spar, and be still afloat, alive. Incredible as it may seem, this wild hope was realised. The young wife was picked up, apparently dead, lashed to a fowl-coop, of course by her own hands. The lashing was a strong end of rope-yarn, which she had found upon the deck. Conveyed with all possible swiftness to shore, she was immediately placed under medical treatment, which, when the assistants were about to abandon their task in despair, was rewarded with success. She ultimately regained her former health and strength, but not till after the lapse of many weeks, so severe had been the shock to her nervous system. Before then, her husband had died of the injury to his head, however inflicted, and been buried in Deal churchyard. Need I add, that after the youthful widow had paid the time with needful woe, her devoted saver took her for better for worse, and after a few weeks' further sojourn in England, embarked with her for Boston? There, to this day, I am



told, not a few of their grandchildren or great-grandchildren reside in well-deserved respect. Elias Dickson proved even better than his word to the four Tomkineses—one of whom was drowned, in the pursuit of his calling, within a twelvemonth. He rewarded them munificently.

I conclude this brief and altogether inadequate narrative of the brave deeds of these dwellers upon a dangerous coast, by the account of a great work achieved during a bleak, tempestuous night in February 1834, at the time when Lord Chancellor Brougham was showering his calumnies upon them.

The *Marys*, a ship of large tonnage, laden with a heavy cargo of sugar and coffee, from the British West Indies, had encountered such stormy and baffling winds in her passage across the Atlantic, that she had been given up for lost by her owners, who had been glad to effect insurances on ship and cargo at enormous premiums—as high with some underwriters as eighty per cent. One astute gentleman, it was re

ported—but what won't people report of a man who happens to make a grand hit?—one astute gentleman, it was reported, having by chance heard a Downs pilot state that he had boarded the *Marys* whilst she was labouring up Channel under jury-masts, but found she had a pilot already in charge, had immediately started post-haste for London, and bought up the greatest portion of the insurances for a song—the *Marys* by that time being quite despaired of, and no electric telegraph at work to flash intelligence of her safety to Lloyds.

The biter, cunning as he was, supposing the scandalous story to be true, was nearly being himself deeply bitten; the two or three thousand pounds for which he had contrived to purchase ship and cargo having been all but lost, even when his foully played-for argosy was within sight of port. The wind had risen soon after sunset so rapidly, that before an hour passed it was blowing a furious gale. The ship, from the great damage she had previously sustained, in a well-nigh unmanageable state, drifted helplessly upon the Goodwin. Every one

of her boats had been long before swept away, or otherwise rendered useless. No help was possible, except by the Deal boatmen; and no time was lost in summoning them, by firing minute-guns. These were no sooner heard booming through the thick, foggy darkness, than a number of boats were hastily manned, and launched with comparative ease, the surf being, in consequence of the set of wind and tide, tolerably slight.

There were on board the *Marys*, in addition to her regular crew, above thirty male passengers. These were chiefly persons who, despairing of the islands since the emancipation of the Negroes had been resolved on, and having realised to as high a figure as could be obtained in the calamitous condition of things in general, were returning to vegetate through the remnant of their blighted lives in Nigger-nursing England. They were not choice specimens of the English race. There were also nine females; four being widows, and five their daughters. The disgusted planters, or agents of planters, would appear to have been all either bachelors or

widowers, without offspring. There could not, therefore, have been fewer than eighty persons, all reckoned, on board the *Marys* when she struck upon the Goodwin.

Three of the Deal boats succeeded in getting alongside. The discipline of the ship must have been much relaxed, probably owing to the boisterous weather encountered, and the deaths of the captain and first-mate, who had been buried at sea during the early part of the voyage.

Whatever the causes, the crew of the *Marys* was in a state of mutinous insubordination—the greatest part mad-drunk. When the Deal boats were about attempting to take them off at the bow and stern, the struggle as to who should be first—the male passengers being as furiously selfish as the sailors—was such, that the boatmen, hailed to that effect by Stephen Royle, a fine, stalwart veteran, whose orders were law with his sailor-mates, drew off some distance, amidst a hurricane of curses, louder and more piercing than the howling wind or the roaring sea. Royle, shouting to the raving madmen on board the *Marys* through his trumpet, made

them distinctly understand that if order, such order as he should direct, were not observed, the boats would at once return to shore, and leave them to their fate. That order was, that the females, old and young, should be first rescued. His directions how that should be done were to be implicitly obeyed: after the women and girls would come the old men amongst the passengers; the crew next; the officers in command the last of all.

It being impossible to refuse obedience, the prescribed order of embarkation was carried out as well as might be in the dark night and raging sea. Some lives were lost—that was inevitable, but they were comparatively few; and after five hours' strenuous exertion, one boat returned to bring off the last lot—some fourteen or fifteen of the crew. These wretches, fancying they were abandoned, had drunk to such frightful excess, that they more resembled incarnate fiends than men. They leaped like madmen, as they were, some into the boat, others into the sea. Those who succeeded savagely attacked the boatmen; a fierce battle ensued, in which

poor Royle was killed. Out of the six Deal boatmen, exclusive of their captain,—who, though almost worn out by toil and exposure, had accompanied them in the last venture,—only two returned, bringing with them four of the *Marys'* crew, all of whom were more or less bruised or wounded. There was no legal inquiry instituted. Death is too familiar with Deal boatmen for any particular visitation to attract sustained attention. It is a thousand-times-told tale,—that of a few days' age doth hiss the speaker.

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### WILLIAM KIDD, THE PIRATE.

THE organisation of a police of the seas has been for very many years a vexed question, and seems to be as far from a satisfactory solution as ever. National pride is the main obstacle. It is an axiom of international polity, that, except by authorisation of a special treaty, the ships of one nation, whatever their character and pursuits, cannot be interfered with by those of another power. The ship is held to be an integral portion of the country whose flag she carries, and can no more be overhauled by the cruiser of any other power, than a notorious rascal could be pounced upon in the streets of London by a foreign police-officer. There is, no doubt, much to be said in defence of this maritime law ; and, but a few years since, our American cousins sought to give it a much wider interpretation. They persisted that if a ship had the stars and stripes

flying, the mere hoisting of that particular bunting, whether she were entitled to hoist it or not, protected her from the right of search. For example, a treaty prohibiting the trade in slaves existed and exists between Great Britain and America. It was admitted that under that treaty an English cruiser would have no right to detain a *bonâ-fide* American slaver, though she were crowded with stolen Africans. The absurdity of the American argument consisted in this, that the English slave-squadron had no right to ascertain whether the suspected vessel was really American or not—was, in fact, entitled to carry the stars and stripes. This monstrous proposition was conclusively disposed of by a model despatch of the Earl of Aberdeen, when Foreign Secretary in Sir Robert Peel's government; and a strictly limited right of search—that is, right of verification—is now recognised by all the maritime powers. But for the firmness of Sir Robert Peel's administration upon this vital point, the British cruisers upon the African coast would have been rendered utterly powerless. A British vessel engaged in the forbidden traffic would

only have to invest a couple of sovereigns in the purchase of an American ensign, and she might safely pursue her vocation under the very eyes of the English preventive officers. It amazes one that so monstrous a proposition could have been seriously entertained by a civilised government. It was, nevertheless, hotly contended for by not only American but French publicists. Scores of pamphlets issued from the Paris press, condemnatory of *le droit de visite*. It was an arrogant presumption, they contended—there was not, could not be, a police of the seas; the ocean highway was a sea sanctuary for all evil-doers, pirates, and the rest, who ran up a flag different from that carried by the pursuing ship.

Such transparent nonsense is no longer published or defended by serious writers; and although there is still much to amend in the maritime international code of the civilised world, we are certainly much in advance of the time when William Kidd pursued his lawless course, accumulated immense treasure, and might have died a natural death in his bed or berth, had he not, in the full-

blown insolence of success, forgotten that, if there were no recognised police of the seas, justice on land, if her feet were of lead, had hands of iron.

It is not so long ago that this audacious desperado lived, flourished, and died. There have been many fables invented concerning him, but the true career of the man required not the gloss of fiction. His adventures would furnish material enough, if artistically drawn out, to fill twenty volumes of sensationist coloured cobweb.

William Kidd was born either in London, Bristol, or Portsmouth—the honour of being the scene of his nativity having been claimed in his days of prosperity, and repudiated when the night of calamity fell upon him, by each of those places—towards the close of the reign of Charles II. Who his parents were, and what were their means of life, is an equally doubtful and unimportant question. That he was bred to the sea, and was a bold, skilful youngster, is very certain. Kidd was mainly employed in the trade between London and the new plantations in America. In New York he acquired a ruffling reputa-

tion whilst still in his nonage. That is quite true; though whether the following story related of him be strictly correct, may be doubted. There is, likely enough, a substratum of truth for its basis. It runs thus:

Kidd—then about eighteen years of age, and possessed of remarkable strength and activity; a first-rate swimmer, capable of supporting himself in the water for several hours together—was strongly addicted to gaming, though a tyro thereat. The *Mary Rose*, of which William Kidd was acting-mate, had brought a valuable freight to New York, had disembarked it, and was anchored off Staten Island with a return cargo, not quite completed, on board. The captain, Walter Redmond, was ill; and he, having confidence in William Kidd, gave him a written order to receive several sums of money, amounting in all to five or six hundred pounds, from merchants in New York. The money was received; and as Kidd's evil demon would have it, he met, whilst in possession of the money, with some of his gambling associates. The temptation was irresistible; and before the night was

nearly worn through, William Kidd was thoroughly cleaned out; the worst of all being, that the money of which he had been plundered was not his own. If the story be true, it was this terrible fact which gave the devil dominion over him. The Satan-seed fell upon a genial, prolific soil. William Kidd played on for yet higher stakes than he had before risked; giving written acknowledgments—probably in the nature of I O U's—for the fast-accumulating debt. He had thrice the money, he said, in the *Mary Rose*; his two opponents—Vanbrugh and Leysten, both Dutchmen—could go with him on board, and bring back their winnings, if they finally proved winners. He had a light boat at one of the wharves, which could take them off; one of the sailors would pull them back. The arrangement was quite satisfactory to the winners, and two hours or more before the dawn broke upon the dark night, the successful gamblers were pulled off by fleeced William Kidd in the direction of the *Mary Rose*. The boat was not fated to reach that vessel. William Kidd himself gained her deck in safety. He was



dripping wet, and so exhausted that he could scarcely make himself heard by the watch on deck, who at last, recognising the voice, flung him a rope, by which he clambered up the vessel's side. His story was as brief as terrible. The slight skiff or punt had capsized, through the fault of Vanbrugh and Leysten, who were both the worse for liquor. They were, no doubt, both drowned. Kidd was white as a sheet,—that, under the circumstances, was natural enough; so was the ague-shivering, remarked by the man who supplied him with a lantern and a strong dose of brandy, which he eagerly swallowed. Years afterwards, this man swore, though he was not known to have previously breathed a word upon the subject,—not, at all events, when the deaths of the Dutchmen occurred,—that there were red stains—blood-stains, he suspected—upon Kidd's hands, and upon his waistcoat, a buff-coloured one. The bodies of the Dutchmen never turned up, or, if they did, they were undistinguished from the many drowned corpses flung ashore in those days, when, in the unlighted entrance to New

York, there occurred so many wrecks. Those waters teemed with ravenous fish, which quickly made identification of corpses impossible. It is, however, pretty sure that the captain of the *Mary Rose* lost no money by William Kidd.

Kidd was emphatically a man of action. Only about two years after the *Mary Rose* left New York, he was captain of the *Swiftsure*—a small, fast-sailing vessel, armed with four culverins, and having a crew of about sixty men—with which he preyed with great success upon French commerce. He captured the *Bonne Aventure*, a French ship, furnished with letters of marque, which had, a few days before, made prize of the *Garland*, a richly laden English ship, and, with the captured vessel under her guns, was, when the *Swiftsure* hove in sight, insulting the port of New York.

Kidd had, by some means, obtained possession of the book of private signals in use with the French navy, and signalled the *Bonne Aventure* that she was *La Pomone*, last from the Isle of France. *La Pomone* had been captured by the *Swiftsure*

not very long before, and burnt at sea. It is probable that from that source William Kidd obtained the private-signal set of instructions.

Be that as it may, the *Bonne Aventure* was completely taken in—believed she had a consort by her side—and was only undeceived when the *Swiftsure*, ranging up in the most amicable guise alongside, threw her men in a body upon the astounded Frenchman's deck. Utterly unprepared for such an assault, the *Bonne Aventure* could offer no effective resistance. This dashing exploit flashed the name of William Kidd vividly before the New Yorkers: he was voted to be one of the right sort by Governor Bellamont and Colonel Livingstone, who initiated a subscription, which realised six thousand pounds sterling, the object being to purchase an efficient war-ship, to be commanded by Kidd, whose special duty it would be to patrol the seas on the American coast-line, which were infested by numerous privateers or pirates. William Kidd's own name was down in the list for five hundred pounds,—which sum, he being a very fast

young man, notwithstanding his good luck with the *Bonne Aventure*, he could no more have raised than five hundred thousand. Colonel Livingstone paid the money for him; and the *Adventure*, a frigate-built vessel, pierced for thirty guns, was purchased in England, and placed under his command. The English Admiralty issued a commission, under the great seal, as it is said,—though how that should be, it is difficult to understand,—and signed by William III., of pious, glorious, and immortal memory, addressed to “our trusty and well-beloved Captain Kidd, commanding the good ship *Adventure*.” Kidd sailed from Plymouth in May 1697, and speedily arrived off the American coast.

He zealously fulfilled his mission. The pirates disappeared after a few had been captured, and the crews hanged: for a very prompt, decisive person was William Kidd. The New York House of Assembly voted him a reward of three hundred pounds sterling. So trumpery a recompense for really valuable services disgusted Kidd. He had immense capacity for spending; could find,

in a legitimate way, no remedy for the consumption of his purse; and finally arrived at the conclusion that, in a largely philosophic sense, the world, with its various seafaring population, was an oyster, which he with his sword would open.

What, after all, viewed from that largely philosophic stand-point, could it matter to him whether profitably plunderable ships carried one flag or another? What was in a name? English, French, Dutch, Venetian, Arab—what mattered? Nothing at all. The mind of William Kidd was decidedly made up. He would turn pirate on an impartial scale. There was little or nothing to hinder him from doing so. The maritime nations, who were passively content to allow the Algerines and others to seize ships and carry off Christian crews into slavery, would make no effort to put down a little bit of private piracy; not likely. All he had to do was to man well the *Adventure*, provide her with a formidable armament, and direct his course, in the first instance, towards the East. Hindostan and China were promising fields of action. William



Kidd would put his sickle into that exuberant harvest.

The man's preliminary measures were judiciously taken. He gave out that he had discovered the chief rendezvous of the freebooters who preyed upon American commerce, and could annihilate them at one blow, were his ship fully manned and armed. He was believed, and a further considerable sum of money was raised, enabling him to purchase cannon, powder, &c., and engage over one hundred additional men, making his crew about two hundred in all. Those selected by Kidd were about the most unscrupulous, raffish ruffians that could be picked up. Thoroughly equipped, and prepared to go any where or do any thing, Captain Kidd sailed from New York in 1696, and had been but three days out when he fell in with a New York ship, the *Resolution*, Captain Spinks, very richly laden. This was a fine opening to try his "prentice hand" at indiscriminate piracy, and was eagerly seized. The *Resolution* was brought to, and captured; and finding that the cargo could only be realised with safety at a distant port, Kidd



sent Captain Spinks and his men adrift in the ship's boats, fairly provisioned, to reach land as they best might; put a sufficient crew to navigate her on board the *Resolution*, and convoyed her to a South-American port, name not given, where he disposed of both ship and cargo "at good profit." That could hardly be otherwise, considering the prime cost to him of the property.

Captain Spinks and his men reached Boston after much and sore suffering. The boats must have taken a wrong course, as they had been twelve days at sea when they met with a Boston pilot-vessel, and had been more than twenty-four hours without water. The news, which quickly reached New York, that their chosen champion—fearless, dashing, patriotic Captain William Kidd—had, with the help of his admirers' money, set up for his independent self, and gone upon his own hook, as a modern New Yorker would say—excited unbounded indignation. If ever the villain should be caught in New York!—but there, of course he never would.

The *Adventure* sailed from the unnamed South-American port in company with the

*San Salvador*, a Portuguese brig, bound for Macao. She had on board General Quiros, his lady, retinue, and a large sum in specie. The precious metals were rarely, very rarely, sent out to the East; but for some especial reason it was so in this instance. General Quiros was the newly appointed governor of Macao, and might have required a large sum for immediate disbursement, as soon as he should arrive at the seat of government. Be that as it may, William Kidd—a very polite, soft-spoken young fellow, frank, sunshiny as a summer's day—had made the general's acquaintance, and gained his esteem; and it was with sincere gratification that the general received an intimation that the service upon which he was employed would authorise the commander of the *Adventure* to escort the *San Salvador*, not perhaps to Macao, but a great part of the distance thereto. The Portuguese mind in those days was haunted by dread of buccaneers—pirates of every hue and nationality; and a well-appointed warship of the King of England was a most desirable consort, the *San Salvador* mounting only four guns of trifling calibre.

A surprise awaited Don Quiros and his lady ; which no doubt extended to their attendants, and the officers and crew of the *San Salvador*, when the situation was rightly comprehended by them. Captain Kidd very politely intimated to the General, his lady, and the captain of the *San Salvador*, that, having devoted himself to the profession of a privateer, making war upon his own private account upon a liberal, impartial scale, he found himself under the necessity, in accordance with arrangements made for their mutual advantage between himself and crew, to take possession of the large sum in specie shipped in the *San Salvador*. He was also open to an offer for the redemption of the brig herself—a negotiable bond, executed by his excellency, with the collateral security of Madam Quiros' jewels and his excellency's superb service of family plate, so justly valued by him as a magnificent heirloom, because a gift to his ancestors, as he had frequently mentioned, of King Emmanuel, the greatest of Portuguese princes, would answer the purpose. The cool villany of Kidd made his excellency's hair stand on

end. "I could not," he wrote to his Government from Macao—"I could not believe that I heard aright; but soon found I was really in the power of a pirate—of an unscrupulous, determined ruffian, who could impose whatever terms he chose." This was a famous haul for Kidd—his own share of the plunder being over five thousand pounds.

The *San Salvador* was allowed to proceed on her voyage—a disastrous one. Some of Kidd's ruffians, it may be fairly presumed without their captain's knowledge,—for he was not a *cowardly*, sneaking miscreant,—had secretly filed away several copper bolt-heads with which the ship's timbers were fastened. This would not perhaps have endangered the ship whilst calm weather lasted; but the strain of a storm would inevitably cause the butts to start, and the foundering of the vessel would certainly follow, and quickly; it so fell out. The *San Salvador* was caught in a tempest, or typhoon. General Quiros, his lady, and about twenty others, had barely time to take to the boats, when the *San Salvador* went down. The cause of the catastrophe was

revealed three years afterwards by Xavier Munos, a Spaniard, when under sentence of death in Lisbon for stabbing to death some person in a gaming-house, whom he falsely accused of having cheated him. Xavier was one of the miscellaneous rascals whom Kidd had shipped at New York. The boats of the *San Salvador* were picked up not many hours after the foundering of the ship by *L'Eclair*, a French merchant-ship, which conveyed General Quiros and his companions to Macao.

The *lever du rideau* upon Mister Kidd's life-drama was encouraging enough. Something like ten thousand pounds must have been netted by the first two hauls. The devil—who, according to Pope, being wiser than of yore, tempts by making rich, not making poor—was dragging Kidd to destruction by a massive golden chain.

Is it of necessity, in accordance with some general immutable law, that the easy acquirement of riches not only excites an insatiable desire for more wealth—one can understand that,—but converts a man of average sensibility—I say of average sensi-



bility, ignoring the ugly story of the two Dutchmen drowned off Staten Island—into an incarnate fiend; that the lust of gold extinguishes all generous emotions, and renders the man possessed of it stone-deaf to the pleadings of humanity? It would really seem so. Nothing reliable is known of William Kidd's infancy and nurture; but surely he had not been cradled in iniquity—the child could not have been the father of the God-and-world-defying man. He was brave, contemptuous of death; and the virtue of courage in man, like that of chastity in woman, supposes, according to the common canon of opinion, many other virtues. And yet—but this is idle speculation. William Kidd's actual exploits, perils, and disasters need only engage our attention in these pages.

Arrived off the Malabar coast, he lavished his attentions upon every vessel, whatever its nationality, that came within his reach—and he had a long arm. Were ships not to be met with, Captain Kidd would land with a well-armed party, seize rich, influential persons, hold them in bondage till large



ransoms were paid for their redemption, and if ransoms were not forthcoming, the prisoners were remorselessly put to death. Forcing them to walk the plank was one of Kidd's favourite modes of execution. There is one anecdote which seems to prove that the fellow was not all bad. He had taken an Arab ship; for his cruises had a wide range, from the coast of India and the Red Sea to the West Indies. There happened to be on board of the captured vessel a very holy Mussulman, one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca from Benares three times. His sanctity could not be doubted. He was known to be very rich, and avaricious as rich. He was accompanied by his daughter, Ayesha, so named after the Prophet's favourite wife or concubine. She was beautiful, according to Indian or Arab ideas of beauty. Kidd demanded a heavy ransom from the rich Mussulman. A written order upon his agent or man of business at Benares, to be realised before he himself was released, would suffice. The sum was large; the holy man would part with his life sooner than give such an order. This fanaticism of greed, if such an expres-

sion be permissible, could not be overcome. The wealthy pilgrim had noticed that Captain Kidd had shot glances of desire upon Ayesha. No doubt the holy man loved his daughter; but the Oriental idea of the relation of man to woman differs much from our Western notions. Thrice-sanctified Thali proposed a transaction. Part with his beloved gold he would not; but with Ayesha, yes! True, she was betrothed to a worthy young man, and would have been espoused to him when they returned from Mecca; still, the harem of a rich, powerful feringee would not be without its advantages. The old, sanctified scoundrel's proposition, William Kidd declared, inspired him with profound contempt and disgust. Nevertheless, he felt a strong admiration for Ayesha; but when the interesting damsel, informed of the bargain which her rascally old father was about to conclude, threw herself upon that pirate's mercy, Captain William Kidd not only forbore to take advantage of the weeping maiden, but sent both her and the abominable father on shore at the nearest point where they could reach the sacred cities.

This, I need hardly say, is Kidd's own version of the occurrence. I am not quite sure that Mahomedan females make pilgrimages to Mecca or Medina. Perhaps they remain outside the sacred precincts.

William Kidd's next recorded adventure illustrates the daring devilism of the man more vividly, I think, than the other.

The *Coromandel*—a large East-Indiaman, the first of her great tonnage, built of teak in Bombay—was encountered at no great distance from the Pointe de Galle by the *Adventure*. According to his usual tactics, Captain Kidd spoke the Indiaman, went on board,—almost a dead calm prevailing at the time,—was hospitably received by Captain Wainwright, and invited that unsuspecting gentleman and his chief officers to an entertainment on board the *Adventure*; entrapped them, and managed to obtain possession of the *Coromandel*. She was a ship of much larger tonnage than the *Adventure*, and well adapted for a predatory cruiser. Kidd transferred his cannon, stores, &c., to his new prize; and having stripped the *Adventure* of every thing not absolutely required

for the sustenance of Captain Wainwright and his men, who had been transferred to the brig, set sail for the island of Madagascar.

Madagascar has been from time immemorial governed by a stupid and sanguinary superstition. Thomas Carlyle remarks upon the courage of Queen Radama in very modern days, who, having emancipated her mind from early prejudices, and brought herself to the conviction that the burning mountains or volcanoes on the island were not the abode of infernal deities, summoned her people to meet her at the mouth of the most sacred of those fountains of fire, upon an especial festival-day held in honour of the god of that particular volcano. Queen Radama—I quote from memory—Queen Radama, surrounded by priests and other Madagascar magnates, told them it was all nonsense to suppose that a fiery, avenging demon vomited forth those flames. “Nothing of the kind, you foolish people! Look, I defy this pretended demon. I cast my slipper across the opening of the fierce furnace, and defy the fiend to do his worst.” Certainly this was an act of great courage; and as illustrating, or

indicating, the gross denseness of the superstition which prevailed in Madagascar at the close, or towards the close, of the seventeenth century, will show Captain Kidd in a favourable light—a passing brightness, which perhaps will not bear closely looking at.

Madagascar was well situate as a station from which a pirate could securely watch his opportunity of pouncing upon homeward or outward bound ships. It was necessary, however, for that pirate to make himself secure at home. He required a land-locked, easily-defended harbour: for although the armed police of the seas was, in a general sense, ridiculously inefficient, there were rumours afloat that William III.'s government had determined to make an effort to put down piracy,—not in the Mediterranean, that was too mighty a task,—but in the South Atlantic and Indian Seas. The *Greyhound* sloop-of-war had already been detached on the service. Captain Kidd, a hardened disbeliever in supernatural agencies of whatever kind, determined to show the natives that destroying, vengeful fire was not a myth, but a reality. It was of primary importance



that he should not only render himself secure from foreign enemies—meaning by that phrase vessels-of-war which might chance to find themselves near the scene of his predatory enterprise, and which *might* make themselves the police of the seas, with or without regular authorisation—but as against the natives. Kidd first chose an inlet, “the entrance to which was so narrow and land-locked, that two pieces of common ordnance laid even with the calm waters, about three hundred yards within the entrance, would destroy any vessel that should try the passage; and this chiefly because of the shoals and rocks just below the surface, which made it impossible for a ship to enter, except towed by boats, and sounding all the way.”

Having thus found a fairly secure pirate-hold against the assailment of ships, it was, I repeat, essential to guard against the natives. The site of the stronghold had been selected because of its combining the desiderata of being under judicious management, and impregnable, having regard to the kind of foes he would have to



apprehend. The "station" could only be approached landward through a rough and narrow gorge, which two pieces of ordnance could enfilade. Those two pieces of ordnance Kidd placed in position, and was heartily glad when a large number of native warriors essayed to march through the rocky defile to exterminate him and his fellows. The reception they met with was a lesson the effect of which, Captain Kidd was quite satisfied, would prevent, on the part of the Madagascar warriors, any further molestation during his time, which he meant to be as brief as possible; and, with a mind at ease, he set sedulously to work on his mission of indiscriminate piracy.

It would take a large volume to sketch but in miniature outline the ruthless exploits by which William Kidd increased, in those latitudes, the perils and disasters of the seas. Instinct of greed, indifference to human life and suffering, grew with him rapidly into gigantic proportions. All pity was lost by custom of fell deeds. Lying in ambush, with watchers on eminences overlooking the ocean, he would dart out of his den, and

seize and plunder any vessel he could overhaul. His piracies were not limited by the sea. He, as before stated, made inland incursions, burned settlements, and seized and tortured the wealthiest persons he could lay hands on, placing a price upon their lives at the utmost amount which he thought their relatives could pay. One peculiarly atrocious incident stands prominently out in the record of Kidd's career of crime.

The *Kedagh*, a large merchantman, not many days from Bombay, was captured by Kidd. She was an English ship; her crew, with two or three exceptions, Englishmen. The name of the captain was Lawrence, and he had his wife and two children with him. They were returning to England; the climate of India, where they had intended to remain some years longer, having proved dangerously detrimental to their health. The mother, whose maiden name was Pennefather, must have been a woman of energetic will, of fierce resolve. Captain Lawrence offered for the redemption of his ship seventy thousand rupees. This rash, foolish offer, seeing that the proposed sum was actually on board in

specie, was pretendedly accepted by William Kidd as a full and complete ransom for his prize. The money was produced. It had been shipped in what appeared to be a common water-cask. That there was such a treasure was unknown to any one in the ship except Captain Lawrence and his wife. It was under consignment to the owners of the ship, cargo, &c., in London; which ship and cargo, apart from the rupees, were worth treble that sum. Captain Lawrence thought, no doubt, that he made the best bargain possible for the owners. That would have been so, if he had had to deal with a man of mere decent honesty. This was not the case, unfortunately for poor Lawrence. The sight of the specie but inflamed Kidd's lust of lucre. He believed there was much more treasure concealed on board. This belief was confirmed by the second-mate of the *Kedagh*, who, for some reason, had a personal grudge against Lawrence. Where the treasure—diamonds chiefly—was concealed, he knew not; but that it had been shipped at Bombay he was positive. A conversation which he had overheard be-

tween Captain Lawrence and a great jeweler-merchant left no doubt of that upon his mind. Thomas Kirby, the mate, was a vindictive, lying scoundrel. There were no diamonds or other precious stones of considerable value in the *Kedagh*. Kidd believed the mate; and not finding them after a vigorous search, told Lawrence that he must produce them, or "walk the plank." Vainly did the wretched man protest that he knew of no diamonds or other precious stones; a plank was rigged out, Lawrence was compelled to step upon and along it by the sharp points of the seamen's swords, at each step Kidd demanding to know where the jewels were hidden. It is possible that Kidd did not mean to murder Lawrence. Let us charitably hope so. He, fully believing that the coveted treasure was somewhere concealed, may have thought that the terror of imminent death would force the secret from Captain Lawrence. This walking of the plank was done in the enforced presence, I must state, of the victim's wife and daughters. Kidd's purpose was, no doubt, to impress Captain Lawrence with a keener sense of the

value of the life which, did his lips remain unsealed, would in a few moments close upon him for ever. The device did not succeed, simply because Captain Lawrence had no jewel-secret to reveal. With a scream of rage, malediction, and despair, the captain of the *Kedagh* sprang from the plank into the sea. There were sharks close to the ship.

It was said that Captain Kidd afterwards disposed of the *Kedagh* for many thousands of rupees, but not till he had over and over again ransacked the ship in search of the fabulous jewels. He, at all events, summarily disposed of Kirby, "moved thereto," remarks one of his apologetic biographers—"moved thereto by discovering the lying deceit played off upon him by Kirby, who was the real murderer of Captain Lawrence." Some time afterwards, Kidd had an opportunity of sending off Mrs. Lawrence and her daughters by a Brazilian vessel. No outrage had been offered them; and they are said to have been handsome. Kidd did not, after all, quite reach the high Byronic standard of a pirate cut-throat.



At last the devil of sensuous self—a terribly real devil—beckoned him away from that secure island den. Had he not accumulated treasure enough? Was there any pleasure, any enjoyment, in the civilised world which, by means of that wealth, he could not command? Was not gold the god of man and womankind? The finger of Mephistopheles invitingly beckoned William Kidd to his well-deserved doom.

He reached Long Island, America, in 1700, after contriving to satisfy his ravenous associates as to their share of plunder, reserving to himself, of course, half a dozen lions' shares. It was believed that he had possessed himself of more gold and silver than had ever fallen to the lot of man. This rumour, or this truth, disquieted him; and he—so common fame avers—secretly buried a large portion of his vast wealth. Very many attempts have since been made to discover Captain Kidd's buried treasure; but, setting aside two or three trifling and doubtful exceptions, without result. The burying of the gold, silver, and precious stones was thought to have been adopted by Kidd to conceal



from the searching inquisition of his fellow-rascals the amount of the booty acquired.

William Kidd had turned over with his bloody fingers a new leaf in life, as he supposed: that, however, could not be; the red trail of crime could not be effaced, could not be hidden. Previously to embarking for England, he aired himself, so to speak, in his new character of a leisured gentleman, in the rising cities of the New World. Notwithstanding its rigid Puritanism, its severe prohibition of ungodly games of chance, there was no lack of "hells" in the city founded by the Pilgrim Fathers. To these William Kidd resorted as a matter of course, and, in the aggregate, won largely. He passed in Boston under the name of Richards. One Mathews, of whom he had won fairly, or unfairly, a considerable sum of money, had recognised him, and knew him to be the William Kidd for whose apprehension Governor Bellamont, of New York, had offered a large reward. Mathews, smarting under his losses at play, started for New York, and communicated with the governor; and Stephen Richards, *alias* William Kidd,

was soon afterwards arrested in a gambling-house. Some brief formalities were gone through, and Captain William Kidd was despatched to England, to be there tried for piracy on the high seas.

The trial, which excited much interest, came off during the March Sessions at the Old Bailey, in 1701. Kidd was pertinaciously defended by heavily fee'd counsel; and it is possible that the technical objections urged might have succeeded, but for the testimony of Mrs. Lawrence, whom the agents of Kidd had vainly endeavoured to prevent attending to give evidence by the offer of heavy bribes. He was executed on the following 12th of May.

Piracy in the American waters did not disappear with Captain Kidd. The coasts of the New World continued to be infested by freebooters for a quarter of a century after his death. The cupidity of the rovers had been excited in the first instance by the exaggerated accounts published of his enormous gains. One of his imitators, Captain Johns, after committing many depredations on the sea-board of the Carolinas, sailed for

Kidd's rendezvous at Madagascar, and found it; but not possessing Kidd's caution or courage, came to grief very speedily at the hands of the natives. It was said, either truly or not, that his Majesty of Madagascar, who thought he had got the original offender in his power, put Johns to death with torture, roasted and ate, or helped to eat, his carcass, and made a drinking-cup of his nicely bleached skull.

In 1724 a decisive blow was struck against the freebooters. The *Greyhound*, British man-of-war, and one of the fastest vessels of the time, captured the pirates with such facility and success, that scores of them were hanged in one batch in Rhode Island and at Newport. The American waters were thenceforth comparatively safe: not so the Eastern Seas. It was many years before a sufficient maritime police was established in those regions. Mr. Cobden has told us that we ought not to keep vessels of war in distant seas to put down piracy; his reason being, that at Lloyds the risk of an English merchant-ship being assailed and captured, and its crew murdered, does not, to

any sensible extent, increase the rates of insurance. Neither, I suppose, do murders in the United Kingdom sensibly increase the rates of life-assurance.

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### THE "WATER-WITCH."

NOT Fenimore Cooper's *Water-Witch*, or a parody thereof. The vessel whose disastrous fortunes I am about to sketch was a genuine craft, quite innocent of green or otherwise coloured ladies, built by a substantial Scotch firm, long established in business on the Clyde, and commanded for a time by a God-fearing captain, David Forsyth by name, who, when ashore, officiated as elder or deacon in one of the principal Glasgow kirks. Honest David, whose belief in witches was limited to the lady of Endor, objected to the name of the fine new clipper-craft of which he was offered the command: it was not canny. The owner was, however, unshakable upon that point; and the *honorarium* being ample, and some seven young Forsyths and their dam to be provided for, Skipper Forsyth waived his scruples, and the *Water-Witch* cleared for Halifax, with an

assorted cargo of soft goods, which it was believed would suit the market of British America.

David Forsyth was a first-rate seaman, and thoroughly acquainted with the North-American sea-board from Labrador to New Orleans, he having served in the United States coasting marine from the age of about thirteen to thirty-five. His father had emigrated from Glasgow to the States when David was some five years old. At the death of Forsyth senior, his widow returned to the dear land o' cakes; and David, her only living child, determined, that being so, to cast in his lot with the old country, where his well-earned reputation as a skilful mariner and conscientious, trustworthy man procured him, almost immediately, the command of the *Hamilton*, a brig of about one hundred and fifty tons burden, generally employed in the Scotch and English coasting-trade. It was while so employed that he, at the peril of his vessel and life, succeeded in rescuing the crew of the *Bustard*, an English schooner, on the point of foundering in the Channel. Captain Forsyth married a Glas-



gow cousin, Miss Elspeth Ritchie ; and, living as he did in the atmosphere of a brave self-respect, acquired the solid esteem of all who knew him. Upon ordinary occasions a staid, self-contained man, when controversial topics were discussed in his presence he always spoke warmly with respect to the contest raging between the Northern and Southern States of America. Captain Forsyth was a zealous, not to say bitter, partisan of the North, an enthusiastic Abolitionist, and had expressed himself in that sense at more than one public meeting. It was for that very reason that an agent of the Southern Confederacy had ordered the construction of the *Water-Witch*, and offered him the command of that vessel. She was a highly favourable specimen of Clyde ship-building: her high-pressure engines were of first-rate excellence; and it was believed that, whether under steam or sail, few vessels, if any, would be able to overhaul her. Her scantling was of much greater strength than was usual for vessels of her pretended character. Her measured burden was over eight hundred tons; and folks remarked that the *Water-Witch*, had she but

a few guns, would prove an ugly customer for a Federal gun-boat, especially as she would be able to fight or flee as exigency prompted. These rumours and guesses would, it was feared, reach the ears of Earl Russell, always so redoubtable when fighting is not in question, and an embargo might in consequence have been placed upon the *Water-Witch*. The danger was at once dissipated by the appointment of Captain David Forsyth to the command of the mischievous-looking craft. The very last man he, in all broad Scotland, to be engaged in the service of the slave-holding States. The sinister rumours were set at rest, and the *Water-Witch* sailed, as before stated, for Halifax, with a stiff breeze. Her steaming-powers, with a view to economise the cost of the vessel, were only to be used upon special occasions.

Almost on the eve of sailing, Captain Forsyth heard for the first time that a number of male passengers had engaged berths for Halifax, for whom make-shift accommodation would be provided: these gentlemen, who might not arrive till the last moment,

having agreed to pay heavy prices for their passage; the sum so netted, it was represented to David Forsyth, was acceptable to the owners, who had incurred so large an outlay in fitting-out the *Water-Witch* for sea.

Captain Forsyth, it would seem, was taken considerably aback by such an intimation, conveyed to him at the very last moment. Unpleasant doubts—echoes of the whispered rumours I have spoken of—crossed his mind; with some difficulty he dismissed those doubts—and all the more readily, as he was told the passengers spoken of would not, in all probability, arrive in the Clyde on or before the day upon which the *Water-Witch* was appointed to sail, and that there was no intention of waiting for them. This was reassuring; and as the talked-of passengers did *not* arrive in time, Captain Forsyth slipped his moorings with a mind freed from all forebodings.

There had been indecision in the Confederate council held in Glasgow. The main object was to get the *Water-Witch*, a vessel so admirably adapted for the service in which

she was to be employed, clear off; and the success of that design could not be on any account risked. It had, therefore, been finally settled that the *Water-Witch* should be followed by a slight, swift paddle-steamer, the commander of which would be furnished with a private signal, ordering the commander of the *Water-Witch* to lie-to till she, the *Zephyr*, came up, and communicated with Captain Forsyth. This was not to be done till the *Water-Witch* was well out to sea—beyond danger. The *Zephyr* was a London boat, of slight build, which had dropped anchor the day before in the Clyde, where she was well known. No attention was paid to her.

The *Zephyr* got up steam immediately after the *Water-Witch* sailed; but followed so slowly, that the sailing-ship was well at sea when the fleet smoker put on her full head of steam, and rapidly neared the *Water-Witch*, with the private signal flying. In obedience thereto, Captain Forsyth, surprised, and much troubled with renewed misgivings, lay-to. The *Zephyr* steamed alongside, and threw thirty stout fellows upon the deck of

the *Water-Witch*. That done, and before David Forsyth quite comprehended what had passed or was passing, the *Zephyr*, her well-paid errand accomplished, was off again.

“Captain Forsyth,” said a brisk, Byronish, devil-may-care-looking seaman, who was evidently in authority over the new-comers, —“Captain Forsyth, I have the honour to hand you a letter from the gentleman with whom you signed articles in Glasgow.”

David Forsyth tore open the letter—found it curt and decisive — comprehended, to quote his own expression, “that he had been used,”—and, no doubt remembering the brood of juvenile Forsyths in Glasgow, accepted, in French phrase, the situation, with mental reservations. He invited the deliverer of the letter to go with him below—a request at once politely acceded to.

“Mr. Bligh,” began Captain Forsyth, “you are, as I understand, to be captain—to command this ship?”

“Not exactly that,” said Mr. Bligh. “You, if such be your pleasure, will remain in command of the *Water-Witch*: I am supercargo—nothing more; which of neces-



sity involves a power to direct the ship's course to such a port as would appear to be the likeliest, the most eligible place for the disposal of said cargo."

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Bligh. There is no occasion to beat about the bush with David Forsyth. The goods on board are not to pay customs' duty at Halifax?"

"That is quite correct; in fact, the Canadian tariff is, you will admit, scandalous. Think of a colony levying such duties upon goods manufactured in and shipped from the mother-country. Most unfilial conduct, I call it; you will agree with me there, Captain Forsyth?" Captain Forsyth said he was not a man of words, but a plain, blunt seaman. The cargo was to be run somewhere upon the British-American coast; it was believed that he, Captain Forsyth, knew as well as any man alive where that could be safest and most easily done. Which was perhaps true. The goods, not having paid duty, were to be smuggled into the States. The thousand miles and more of frontier-line offered abundant facilities for that. "The venture will, likely enough, be a profitable



one, thanks to the absurd Morill tariff. I am quite willing to give a helping hand so far; I shall be justified to myself in so acting. But I will *not* lend myself to any thing further. I see the game very clearly. It is folly to attempt humbugging me more than you have already—not you, but your employers. It will be long, if ever, before I recover my self-respect.” This was about the essence of Captain Forsyth’s outpouring of wrath, delivered in stern, broad Scotch, upon finding how egregiously he had been done—“used.” It made no impression upon elastic Mr. Bligh, who laughingly assented to all angry David Forsyth asserted or hinted; concluding with the profound remark, that what could not be cured should be endured; and he had no doubt they should get on very well together. It would be folly to waste time and space in going into the *minutiæ* of the business. Enough that David Forsyth, thoroughly comprehending his position, and, like a sensible man, deciding to make the best of it, agreed to run the cargo at some part of the coast of British America which knew not custom-houses

or officers, and within reasonable distance of, and access to, the lakes. This little bit of smuggling done, Captain Forsyth would wash his hands of the *Water-Witch*, and get back to honest Scotland with all possible speed. A free-trader by conviction, smuggling a few tons of soft goods did not sit near the good man's conscience; and were not his friends the Northerners in great want of those same goods? from the proceeds of which, the immediate proceeds—this was a distinct understanding—Captain Forsyth was to be paid the full sum for which he had signed to take the *Water-Witch* to Halifax, and back to Glasgow, London, or any other British port.

Mr. Bligh, of course, having at his command such a number of reckless ruffians—all well armed, by the way—was the real master of the ship. Still, he behaved with courtesy towards Captain Forsyth, who was not ostensibly interfered with. The soft goods were cleverly run—the cash received; David Forsyth paid himself and his (original) crew, and held himself well quit of the affair. The Glasgow men elected, with his

leave, to seek their fortunes in independent fashion, where they found themselves.

David Forsyth was not to be so lightly parted with. In the inventory of his qualifications, the knowledge he was known to possess of the coast of America figured largely. There could scarcely be a more civil gentleman than Mr. Bligh; he was an excellent seaman too, but unacquainted with the American seaboard,—a deficiency which the necessity of things compelled him to supply in the best way he could.

Few sea-captains are more reasonably abstemious than was Captain Forsyth. No doubt he indulged now and then, in reason, in a glass or two of toddy, but never to excess; and being jocund of heart, things having turned out much—very much—more favourably than he expected, he accepted the invitation of Captain Bligh—the mask so far had been flung off—to dine on board the *Water-Witch*, about to sail for Bermuda. The dinner passed off pleasantly. The ladies—Mesdames Cardon and Barlow, wives of the gentlemen-smugglers who had purchased the cargo of the *Water-Witch*—

graced the feast, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. Captain Forsyth was in high good-humour; he not only drank somewhat more freely than usual, but volunteered one of Burns's songs—a *lapsus* he had not been guilty of for many a year. The applause was obstreperous, and Captain Forsyth remembered that it was ringing in his ears when he dropped off in his old berth, fully intending as he did, when he accepted Captain Bligh's kind invitation, to sleep on shore. David Forsyth had been hocused.

It was high noon when the ex-commander of the *Water-Witch* regained his senses. Where was he? That was not long a matter of doubt. He was not only afloat, but steaming in some direction at a rapid rate. The rotation at highest pressure of the paddle-wheels, and the wash of water, were conclusive of that fact. Captain Forsyth turned out at once. He had not long to wait for an explanation. Mr. Bligh accosted him, with the pleasant intelligence that the *Water-Witch*, bound for Nassau, was going ahead at the rate of ten knots,

it being essential, in the interest of the Confederate Government, that an effort should be made to run a large consignment of rifles, percussion-caps, gunpowder, and other war-materials, collected at that port. Ex-skipper Forsyth was not much surprised at hearing that; what it behoved him, David Forsyth, to know was, why he should be walked, or sailed, off to Nassau; also—and a yet more important query—what had become of his pocket-book, containing sundry bills on London, which he was perfectly sure was safe in the breast-pocket of his overcoat when he came on board. The overcoat was there, but the pocket-book had disappeared. To both of the questions addressed to him Mr. Bligh's response was decided, if not satisfactory. It was deemed essential that the services of Mr. David Forsyth should be secured in running the blockade, his intimate acquaintance with the southern seaboard of the once United States rendering those services peculiarly valuable. As to the pocket-book, and the bills on London contained therein, they were quite safe, and would be faithfully returned upon the arrival



of the *Water-Witch*, with her cargo of rifles, &c., at a Southern port.

David Forsyth, though a deacon of the Church, stormed, raved, and we fear swore—youthful reminiscences probably surging up, and finding their way to his tongue in the excitement of the moment; but storming, raving, swearing—if he did swear—availed nothing. Mr. Bligh was very civil and very firm. He put the question fairly before his outraged auditor. It was of imperative necessity that the war-stores should reach the Confederates. Their armies were in pressing need of those particular articles. Mr. Forsyth could, if it so pleased him, do much to effect that desirable object; and, in order that he should please to do so, security had been taken in the shape of his person, pocket-book, &c. The exigency of the situation, Mr. Bligh urged, was quite sufficient justification of what, upon the mere face of it, seemed to be unjustifiable, &c.

Captain David Forsyth, after the first heat of wrath had subsided, cooled down rapidly, and thought he had better turn in again; the state of his head probably weigh-



ing with him—it was heavy enough—in coming to that calming conclusion. He would think over the situation. There were many elements in the calculation to be considered. Still, the profound dismay of Captain Forsyth, an elder of the kirk, a prominent member of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, at finding himself kidnapped—if such a term can be applied to a middle-aged adult—could scarcely be described, except pictorially.

Guns, powder, small arms, *armes de précision*, were embarked at Nassau, under the nose of the authorities, spite of the remonstrances of the American consul, which were treated with silent disregard. Captain Forsyth did not land at Nassau, for the very sufficient reason that he was not permitted to do so. At last all was ready, and Mr. Forsyth was informed, in the usual bland style of Captain Bligh, that he was expected to take the ship into Wilmington. The stores which had been shipped would be invaluable just then to the Confederates, and every resource of skill would be called into action to secure their possession.

David Forsyth, resigning himself to the eternal necessity of things, accepted with more or less of protest, mental and verbal, the gift of an inexorable fate. The *Water-Witch*, under his able guidance, *eight* times ran the blockade successfully, without suffering material damage, till the final run from Wilmington. This was to be Forsyth's last compelled service in the cause of the Confederates. The "flesh-pots of Egypt" are savoury in the most pious nostrils; and one can well understand that the kirk elder or deacon felt consoled, in a mitigative sense, by the solid fact that he would be nearly three thousand pounds in genuine coin—not flimsies or greenbacks—a better man, in the vulgar City sense of the word, when he got back to Glasgow, than when he left it. That was something, at all events.

The *Water-Witch*, laden with cotton, steamed out from Wilmington on a dark night, and, showing no lights herself, threaded the Federal blockading squadron, guided by *their* lights, with promising success, till, whether from pure accident or criminal carelessness, a spirit-cask in the hold

took fire, and the *Water-Witch* was speedily a mass of flame. Two Federal vessels within point-blank shot of the *Water-Witch*, to capture or sink which mischievous craft they had been anxiously watching for many days and nights, not only forbore to fire upon the blazing ship, but lowered their boats with all possible speed to rescue the crew. The peril had come so suddenly, that only one boat could be lowered with sufficient speed. In that Captain Forsyth might have been saved; but, with that self-denial, self-sacrifice, or whatever you may choose to call it, which is expected of all British men in charge of ships,—to be the last to abandon the vessel,—David Forsyth (no more than did Bligh or the other officers) made no attempt to thrust himself into the crowded boats; and he must have perished with some dozen others, but for their Federal “enemies.” As it was, David Forsyth, maimed, but not permanently disabled, it is hoped, landed from the *Persia* upon the quay at Liverpool about two months after the catastrophe of the *Water-Witch*, worth the clothes he stood upright in, a few sovereigns which had

chanced to be in his pocket, and a heavy claim upon the Confederate agent at Glasgow,—which, if he wishes to enforce, he must sue for in the courts of the Confederacy. Earl Russell, in acknowledging through Mr. Layard the receipt of a memorial from the scandalously ill-used Scotchman—who, with a looseness of logic very excusable, but not common to his countrymen, urged that the British Lion ought in some way to vindicate his wrongs—generously admitted that Captain Forsyth was a very ill-used person—a sagacious remark, in which the reader will no doubt agree. Mr. Layard added, by implication, that the British Lion was quite powerless in the matter.

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### A CHRISTIAN HERO.

HE only is a true Christian gentleman of the highest type who, guiding his life and conversation by the strict line of duty, as traced by the revealed will of God, refuses to be diverted from it either by the blandishments of power or wealth, or, far harder to resist, the scoffs of polite society, and the *persiflage*, the covert sneers, if he should happen to belong to one of the "services," of his military or naval brethren. General Havelock was one of these true heroes; but I venture to affirm that the coronal which will shine in fadeless glory round the brows of that great soldier and greater man, when the breath of truth shall have dimmed more glittering glories, was not of brighter lustre than that which, had the nobility of his life, the grandeur of his death, been displayed upon a loftier social eminence, would have been awarded to Captain

Frobisher by the suffrages of all who in that case would have become familiar with the heroic story. When Charles Frobisher calmly accepted the gift of a severe fate, he was a mere civilian captain—the skipper of a merchant barque. It was not in battle, nor did a tempest give the shock, when that young paladin, in an infinitely higher sense than is conventionally attached to the word, gave up his life, not in misanthropic disdain of the sublime God-gift, but because—simply because—duty required the sacrifice. What a fine unconscious eulogy, by the way, is that passed upon the Duke of Wellington by an eloquent French historian, who has remarked, that whilst the word “duty” frequently occurs in the Duke’s despatches, the word “glory” does not once appear! This was meant as a sneer.

Charles Frobisher was born in the Isle of Wight, somewhere about the neighbourhood of Bonchurch; his father, Martin Frobisher, claimed, whether truly or not, to be a lineal descendant of Frobisher, the great seaman of Elizabeth’s time. He was owner and master of a coasting schooner, and ap-



pears to have been a rough-grained but good sort of man. The death of his son Martin when a mere youth soured his never very sweet temper. Charles, his only surviving child, he loved ardently, but felt strong doubts that "he should ever make a man of him," what with his naturally placid, gentle disposition, and the teachings of his mother. Mrs. Frobisher was a meek-tempered Christian woman, strongly attached to her rough, boisterous partner. Her love for him originated in gratitude. She had embarked with her mother, the widow of Mr. Cunningham, whom they had accompanied to the Azores, in the fond hope that consumption, which had nearly accomplished its work, would be arrested by the wooing, balmy air of that delicious climate. The vessel in which the widow and daughter sailed for England after the death of Mr. Cunningham was wrecked during a terrific gale at the back of the Wight. Martin Frobisher, one of the most daring mariners afloat—not by his unaided exertions; but he was the guiding, controlling spirit of the rescuers—brought off in safety, and after almost incredible exertions,

the whole of the passengers, and, with three exceptions, the crew. Mrs. Cunningham and her daughter were taken to Martin Frobisher's house, tenderly ministered to, and—though their state was a precarious one when they were brought on shore, from exposure, terror, and drenching by the sea, which broke furiously over the stranded ship—recovered in a few weeks their pristine, though not at any time very vigorous, health. Mrs. and Miss Cunningham remained in the Isle of Wight, and settled near Yarmouth. But a few months elapsed before Julia Cunningham was Mrs. Frobisher, with the full consent of her mother. Not many weeks afterwards, that tender mother was carried to her long home, and the mourners went about the streets.

Martin Frobisher was a sensible man in a general way; but he had one particular craze. In virtue of his real or imaginary descent from Elizabeth's gallant sailor-knight, he claimed, though only himself the skipper of a coasting schooner, to be in all respects entitled to the privileges of a *gentleman*—the privilege of the *duello* especially. Once, be-

fore his marriage, he had claimed and exercised that right; he had gone out with and grievously wounded his antagonist, Lieutenant Plover, of the *Racehorse* brig-of-war, with whom he had had a tavern-quarrel. It was this peculiar gentleman-mania which finally terminated his career by a pistol-bullet, and killed his wife by consuming sorrow for his loss. Before, however, we relate the circumstances of that tragedy, it will be well to return to the story of the son Charles—the first chapter of that story, I mean.

The father's opinion of the milksoppishness of his surviving son was much modified by that son's daring exploit in jumping into the sea during a furious storm, and in the night, to save a man who had fallen overboard. The lad succeeded, and henceforth Martin Frobisher inclined to the belief that Charles would, circumstances favouring, reach a higher rank in the maritime social scale than he had before deemed possible. There was, he was convinced, unmistakable seaman-stuff in him, the ring of true metal, though not of the devil-may-care type of which he himself was an exemplar.

Martin Frobisher determined that his son should, by recognised social status, be a "gentleman." He had influence, however acquired, with John Wilson Croker, then Secretary of the Admiralty; and a midshipman's warrant was easily obtained for the youth. The vocation was not to Charles Frobisher's taste, nor to that of his mother; but the father's will was paramount, and the young man entered on board the *Sibyl* sloop-of-war. He did his duty, perfected himself in seamanship, and passed as lieutenant, just as the giant war with France and her allies was wrestled down. With hundreds of others he was flung upon the world, without a shilling from the Government to help his scramble through it. An undoubted gentleman, nevertheless, technically as well as really.

He immediately took steps to obtain employment in the British mercantile marine, and at one time thought of accepting service in the commercial navy of America. He would have had no difficulty in doing so; his testimonials as to skilled seamanship and strictly steady conduct being unexception-

able; but his father objected. Like many of his class, he had an unreasoning contempt for all other sea-services than that of Great Britain. The result was, that Charles Frobisher, passed as competent to fulfil the functions of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, accepted the post of first-mate of the barque *Mendip*, trading between London and the West Indies. Lucky for the owners of the *Mendip* and her cargo—or, at all events, for the underwriters who had insured the *Mendip* and her cargo—was it that he did so. On the return voyage, the barque having encountered a terrible gale, which dismasted her, and the general look of things—two ugly leaks amongst its most repulsive features—the general look of things, I say, being dismal in the extreme, the captain lost his head, took to drinking furiously, and abandoned the charge of his ship, which, of course, devolved upon Charles Frobisher. He proved himself fully equal to his responsibilities; and the *Mendip*, under jury-masts, anchored at the Nore all safe, except the sticks which had been carried away. The first-mate's conduct was so highly appreciated by the



owners of the *Mendip*, that he was at once offered the command of her, which offer he of course accepted. The *Mendip* would not, however, be ready for sea in less than a month at the earliest, which month he would spend with his parents in the Isle of Wight.

A terrible month it proved: his father, being at Portsmouth, had a dispute—trifling or serious does not matter—which led to a bloody, fatal arbitrament. A meeting was arranged to take place forthwith on South-sea Common; and at the first fire, Martin Frobisher fell to the ground stone-dead. His brain had been pierced by the adversary's pistol-bullet. The tragical catastrophe completely shattered Mrs. Frobisher's always trembling health. She was laid in the same grave with her husband, within three weeks after the mournful words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," had been pronounced over him. Almost with her last breath she adjured her son never, under any provocation, to fight a duel. He gave that solemn promise without reluctance; for he had long since come to the resolution never, for the avengement of a personal injury or insult, to



run the hazard of breaking into that holiest of holies, the tabernacle of human life.

Death claims its prey—life its duties. Charles Frobisher was not one to neglect them ; and before the *Mendip* was quite ready for sea, he was in actual command of her. She had moored in the West-India Docks, but was finally chartered for Lisbon. The cargo was a miscellaneous one, amongst which was about twenty barrels of gunpowder. In those days, when the agency of steam was only applied in an infinitesimal degree to marine transit, it was frequently the case that the Government would pay highly remunerative sums for the conveyance of officers and others whom it was desirable to send off to foreign stations. In the instance of the *Mendip*, twelve cabin and thirty-four steerage berths had been secured. The cabin passengers were Augustus Mervyn, an *attaché* of the British Embassy at the Portuguese Court ; Lieutenant Burt, of the *Sibyl* sloop, in which Frobisher had served, and not long before recommissioned for the Mediterranean station ; and six officers, with the

wives of four of them, belonging to the Gibraltar garrison. The steerage-passengers were soldiers, also bound for Gibraltar. There were with them eight women (wives) and their children. Total of passengers on board the *Mendip*, twenty-four men, twelve women, and ten children. Her crew consisted of twenty men and boys. It was intended, after touching at Lisbon, to go on to Gibraltar, whence Lieutenant Burt could easily find an opportunity to join his ship. This man had always been the bitter enemy of Charles Frobisher. There was a daily beauty in the young man's life which made his ugly. It was somewhat strange that these two should have again been thrown together under such changed circumstances.

The *Mendip* had dropped down the river, and anchored off Gravesend. Several of the cabin-passengers, amongst them the *attaché* and his lady, had not embarked at London ; and it was imperative to await their arrival. Lieutenant Burt and four of the military officers preferred to remain on shore during the ship's detention, Captain Frobisher promising to give them ample warning when the

*Mendip* would lift anchor. They all five took up their quarters at the Royal Hotel; the ladies having decided to remain on board. The next day the two remaining officers came off to the ship, and finding the *attaché* might perhaps have to be waited for some days longer, they also went on shore, and joined their comrades.

Augustus Mervyn, Esquire, having at last put in an appearance, Captain Frobisher, who had some trifling business to transact in Gravesend, went himself on shore to apprise his passengers of that important fact, and that the *Mendip* would sail, wind and weather permitting, at an early hour the next day.

The officers were just sitting down to dinner, when Captain Frobisher reached the Royal Hotel. Naturally he was invited to join them, and, being a man of social disposition, at once accepted the invitation. They were a frank, jovial party, with the exception of Lieutenant Burt, who looked more than usually gloomy, saturnine, and repellant. He had been unlucky at play, and had lost during the afternoon a large sum of money. He was in a mood to quarrel for a straw.

The dinner, however, passed off quietly ; but the wine had not been long in brisk circulation, when the mask—a thin one—of courtesy which Burt had worn when casually spoken to by Charles Frobisher was flung rudely aside, and he addressed the captain of the *Mendip* in such language as no gentleman would use—none tamely submit to. Lieutenant Sutledge, who sent the story to the newspapers, does not mention what the insult precisely was which caused the final outbreak, and got the better of Captain Frobisher's temper, except that "it was a grievous, most exasperating insult." The reply to it was a glass of wine flung in the brutal fellow's face by the merchant-captain.

In those days such an act would usually, amongst gentlemen, be followed by a duel. The officers present, though they had taken part with Captain Frobisher in the dispute, whatever it was, which provoked the outrage, felt there was no alternative. It was proposed that, as the *Mendip* would weigh anchor early on the morrow, the affair should come off at once. Burt agreed, and one of the officers offered the loan of pistols, which the

naval lieutenant accepted. A minute or two sufficed to restore Captain Frobisher's rarely disturbed self-possession.

"There will be no occasion for pistols," he calmly said. "I am no duellist, and shall certainly not fight Lieutenant Burt. He provoked me beyond bearing; but I was not justified, even for that, in throwing the wine in his face. I ask his pardon."

A shout of derisive scorn followed these words, high above which rang out the voice of Lieutenant Burt.

"I told you the fellow was a white-livered poltroon—one of the most miserable cowards that ever disgraced his Majesty's uniform."

"Captain Frobisher," said the eldest of the officers, in a grave tone, "you must be jesting; you, who rank as lieutenant in the Royal Navy, refuse to give honourable satisfaction for the gross outrage which, under the impulse of sudden, uncontrollable passion, no doubt, you have committed! Impossible! No apology in such a case can be accepted."

"I repeat that I am no duellist, and will not fight Lieutenant Burt," said Captain Frobisher, rising and putting on his hat.



“I deeply regret, and again apologise, for having in a moment of anger forgotten myself. The *Mendip*,” he added, “do not forget, will weigh anchor soon after dawn to-morrow. Good evening, gentlemen.”

The officers came off in sufficient time, and shortly afterwards the *Mendip* sailed, both wind and tide favouring. No one who observed the handling of his ship by Captain Frobisher could doubt that he was a hardy, skilful seaman; and the alacrity and cheerfulness with which his orders were carried out by the crew testified to their confidence in and respect for him.

Captain Frobisher presided, as was his right, at the cabin-dinner. But his position must have been hard to bear: perhaps the sneering smiles of the ladies were the worst part of the infliction. The captain did not, however, betray any emotion. He was not likely again to lose his self-command.

Towards evening, the weather being fine and warm, with a gentle breeze blowing, the cabin-passengers came on deck, and remained some time. The *attaché* and Lieutenant Burt, who were acquaintances, walked apart



with each other; and Burt, excited by the wine he had drunk after dinner, indulged in open loud insult towards Frobisher, the *attaché* joining in the hilarious abuse. They were brought up with a round turn, and sharply. The lieutenant's glee was checked by a grip of steel upon his arm, accompanied by words which effectually put a stopper upon his mocking merriment:

“Lieutenant Burt, this is a merchant-ship; I am absolute master on board—responsible only to her owners and the law—and I warn you once for all—I shall not speak twice upon the subject—that if you dare attempt, by word or gesture, to weaken my authority over the crew and passengers, I will place you in irons, and keep you in irons till the end of the voyage. The same warning applies to you, Mr. Augustus Mervyn. I will not permit any one in this ship, whatever his rank, to excite a spirit of contempt for me, and consequent insubordination amongst the crew. You are warned—be careful; or make up your mind to endure the penalty of your insolence!”

This was spoken in a loud tone, so that

all might hear; and as it was quite evident the captain meant what he said, there was no longer fear that he would be again openly molested by his male passengers. They were quite aware that the use of language tending to excite disrespect towards the captain would justify him, in a legal sense, for having recourse to the extreme measure which he had threatened. The ladies could not be so dealt with, and it was from the lips of their better-halves that the officers launched the arrows of a thinly veiled, contemptuous irony.

The weather after the first few days grew stormy—storm gradually deepening into tempest; and the officers could not look without astonishment and admiration at the cool, active bravery displayed by Captain Frobisher in his battle with the hurricane. Whilst the tempest raged he was never, but for the briefest possible time, absent from the deck either night or day, and every especially perilous task which he directed to be done, he himself set the example of achieving it—leading, inspiring, as well as controlling his

men. A revulsion of feeling towards the commander of the *Mendip* took place. It seemed that they must have mistaken the character of the man. They were destined to witness a yet stronger proof that a man may fear God, and not fear death.

During the tempest, two out of the four ship's boats had been stove in. This was an uneasiness to Captain Frobisher, who had endeavoured to procure another boat before sailing, there being seventy human beings on board; but for some unexplained reason he had not succeeded. The two remaining boats could not by possibility hold all, and who could say at any moment that the boats might not be the sole refuge of the passengers and crew? At Lisbon, Captain Frobisher could obtain a full complement of boats; and when the storm had gone down, the *Mendip* was not more than fifty miles from the mouth of the Tagus: the danger of the voyage seemed to be over. Alas! it had not begun.

The night was calm and still; scarcely a breath of air stirred the surface of the water; the firmament was fretted with golden stars.

Captain Frobisher was in his cabin writing, when a cry of "Fire, fire!" rang through the ship. Frobisher was on deck in an instant of time, and immediately dived below. How the fire originated was never ascertained; but the hold was a mass of flame, to attempt extinguishing which would be simply absurd—death, in fact, to all on board. Ten minutes at the most the captain reckoned would elapse before the fire reached the powder-barrels, and all would be over. "He had, I rejoice to believe," says the writer of the narrative, "a better opinion of me than of most others on board; and when I, starting out of my berth at the dread summons, and hurrying upon deck, met him as he emerged from the hold, he whispered: 'Ten minutes, not more, depend upon it, is given us to save the women and the children. Go and bid the ladies dress themselves in all haste. I will attend to the steerage-passengers. Now, men,' he added, in tones as calm as if he were calling them to a banquet,—'Now, men, be steady, smart. Let fall the boats in just no time! No panic, no hurry; but be smart as well as steady.' 'Ay, ay,

sir,' was the response of the men, who drew hope and courage from the captain's composure; 'ay, ay, sir.'

"In a few minutes the deck was crowded by the terror-stricken passengers, most of them screaming and praying in all the wildness of panic fear; the noble *attaché* conspicuous amongst them all for an abjectness of fear which caused him to forget he had a wife on board. 'Captain,' he screamed and stuttered, 'the Government will hold you responsible for my safety. I am the bearer of despatches that—'

"'Hold your tongue, sir! Where is your lady? we shall save *her*, if possible. *We* must take our chance—a poor one, I am afraid. Better try to remember some prayer that I suppose your mother must have taught you, than to scream and gesticulate after that frantic, foolish fashion.'

"The boats were by this time alongside, and the crews in them. 'Men,' said Captain Frobisher, 'it is our first duty to save the women and the children.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,—and you; we must save you.'

“‘That depends upon God’s will. What I wish you distinctly to understand is, that no man or boy is allowed to enter the boats till every woman and child are safe in them. Hold on with your boat-hooks; and should any man attempt to precede them, drop the selfish coward into the water.’

“‘Ay, ay, sir; never fear.’

“‘The women must each take a child upon her knee. Now, then, be smart and steady.’

“Under the influence of the captain’s order to his crew, and the certainty that they would obey it, the embarkation of the ladies, the wives of the private soldiers, and the children, was safely and swiftly accomplished.

“‘Now, then, for as many of us as the boats will float. Back, sir!’ he shouted to the *attaché*, who rushed forward to be the first *man* saved. ‘Back! Age before rank, if you please. Here, you gray-haired veteran,’ he added, speaking to a sergeant, ‘it is your first turn.’

“The transfer from the mined hot deck went on rapidly. Lieutenant Burt, who could not be less than fifty, rather hung back



than pressed forward ; actuated, I suppose, by an indefinite feeling of shame and remorse.

“ A much younger man stepped forward before him. ‘ No, sir ; wait a minute, if you please. Lieutenant Burt, it is your turn.’

“ Was ever insult, contumely, more nobly avenged ?

“ ‘ God bless you, sir !’ gasped Burt ; ‘ God bless you ! You are a glorious fellow, and I a miserable fool ; but—’

“ ‘ This is no time for words, sir. Now, then !’

“ I was the last who embarked, and there were seven of the youngest men still standing on the deck of the doomed ship, the *attaché* one of them, though he could scarcely support himself, when a preliminary explosion in the hold warned Captain Frobisher that not one moment must be lost, if the people in the boats were to have a chance of life.

“ ‘ Cast off !’ he shouted, ‘ and pull for your lives ! You have barely, very barely, time to save them.’

“ ‘ We will save you, captain,’ shouted the crew. ‘ We must, and will save *you*.’

“ ‘ No, my lads, that is impossible. The

captain must be the last man to leave his ship. Push off, I say, at once, and pull vigorously, or all will perish. Begone ; and God bless you all.'

"The oars fell into the water, the men pulled with a will, and not, as that heroic man warned us, a moment too soon. We were not more than fifty yards from the ship when the *Mendip* blew up with a tremendous explosion. The boats rocked fearfully, and it was God's mercy that some of the spars or other timber of the ship, which from an immense height fell into the water, did not strike and sink one or both of the boats.

"As soon as we could breathe, we endeavoured, but without hope, to ascertain if any of the unfortunates left on board had, by some miraculous accident, been saved, and still floated. Not one ! the remorseless sea had devoured all.

"For ourselves, we reached the Tagus in about six hours ; and when landed at Lisbon, our troubles and dangers were at an end."

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### THE "ANDROMEDA."

ON the 7th of August 1807, the *Andromeda*, Captain Gilmore, a fine barque of 400 tons burden, left Liverpool for Quebec, Lower Canada. She was chartered by a Mr. Robert Leister, and carried out 107 emigrants, of whom forty-eight were agricultural labourers, nine carpenters, and three smiths; the tale of 107 being made up by the wives and children of such amongst them as were married.

This emigration had been organised by the exertions and at the cost of Mr. Leister, the fourth and youngest son of a Cumberland farmer, one of those restless, enterprising Englishmen, whose ardently embraced vocation is to go forth, subdue, possess, and people the wildernesses of the earth, and to whom it is mainly owing that the British drum-beat ceases not throughout the year to salute with its *réveillé* the rising

sun. He had married very early, and at nine-and-twenty years of age was the father of eight children, seven boys and one girl, with an unclouded prospect of being yet more abundantly happy, as he, we are taught by the highest authority, will always be who has his quiver full of such blessings. It is not surprising that Robert Leister, finding himself so favoured, should anxiously cast about to discover the best means of preserving those actual and prospective God-gifts, nor that the transfer of himself, wife, and them to the New World suggested itself as the likeliest mode by which that desirable object could be attained. This had been, we are told, his fixed idea for a long time; and at last, towards the close of the year 1805—just about when the echoes of the cannon of Trafalgar were wakening Europe from its stupor of despair—a very considerable legacy bequeathed by a female relative, consisting chiefly of cash in Consols, enabled him to carry out his idea upon a tolerably extensive scale. His intention was, it seems, to settle in the United States; and desirous of personally ascertaining where he might locate

himself with the fairest prospect of permanent success, he took passage in the *Oneida*, an American packet-ship, bound for New York, on the 17th of November. The voyage was prosperous enough till the *Oneida* reached the latitude of New Brunswick, when she was overtaken by a terrific hurricane from the east-south-east. She was dismasted; and it was "with much joy of heart, and seven feet of water in the hold," that they at last made the British port of Halifax. There Mr. Leister met with persons by whom he was persuaded to visit Upper or Western Canada, especially the country about Lake Huron, which they asserted to be equal, if not superior in its agricultural capabilities, to any of the Western States of the Republic, and where the land, upon one sole condition,—that he should bring out a sufficient number of labourers from Europe to clear, in a given number of years, so many thousand acres,—would be transferred to him, in fee-simple, for nothing. Robert Leister listened to the voice of those charmers—Government agents, he afterwards knew, for the settlement

of Western Canada—found his way, accompanied, both officially and officiously, by Messrs. Umphleby and Sellis, to the Huron country; and finally concluded a bargain with the authorities for something like one hundred thousand acres of forest in the vicinage of what is now the flourishing city of London, which city was even then mapped out and in embryo existence. Peculiarly notched trees marked out its future boundaries; the landmarks of Mr. Leister's magnificent estate were equally primitive; and three log-huts gave ocular evidence that the London of Western Canada had fairly budded into being. There could, in truth, be no question of the ultimate prosperity of a country possessing soil so richly fertile, and a climate so well suited to animal life, especially British animal life; nor that those who could contrive to live and work whilst the grass grew would be able to lay with their bones the foundations, broad and deep, of delightful homesteads for their children's children. Mr. Robert Leister, in his journal, says he was quite aware of, and cheerfully accepted, that condition of the future,—which



shows, at all events, that he was a singularly self-denying, affectionate father.

The purchase completed, Mr. Robert Leister lost no time in making his way back to England. Arrived at his father's place in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, he immediately set to work to hire labourers and mechanics, by whose exertions he hoped to realise, no doubt, in spite of all his disclaimers, in his own lifetime, magnificent results. The men engaged themselves for five years; he himself was to supply not only necessaries during the voyage, but also for those five years, and be at the expense of implements, tools, seeds, &c. At the end of the stipulated period of service, each emigrant would be placed in absolute possession of fifty fertile acres of cleared land and a log-house. Flimsy cobweb such as that sufficed, and still suffices, to catch and hold bigger and, one would, *à priori*, suppose, more sensible flies than those Cumberland mechanics and labourers, who sailed for the promised land in the highest spirits, and with "Cheer boys, cheer!" though not then written in words, singing, rioting gleefully through their veins.

Besides Mr. Robert Leister, his wife, and eight children, the cabin-passengers were Mrs. Anstey, a young wife, going out, with two daughters, to join her husband, a Government *employé* at Toronto. The crew numbered twenty-six men and boys—rather a short complement for an emigrant-ship of so large tonnage as the *Andromeda*, or "Dromedary," as the sailors named her, exclusive of the captain and his two sons, men grown, who were first- and second-mates, their father himself being the largest owner of the barque. Mr. Robert Leister's experience in the *Oneida* had not been lost upon him. The *Andromeda* was furnished, at his instance, and partly at his cost, with two large extra boats. To this day, and spite of Government supervision, emigrant-ships are rarely well supplied in this particular, although boats are the only wings with which the crew and passengers of a foundering, disabled, or burning ship can hope to escape from a sea-sepulchre to safety.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that in 1807 England was at war; and although the regular war-navy of France

had been so far swept from the seas that great sea-fights—fleets encountering fleets, squadrons opposed to squadrons—were things of the past, it was impossible in those steamless days to blockade so constantly the French ports, that single ships could not steal out, and, thanks to their admirable construction,—with the sole view to speed,—often pounce upon and capture British merchantmen. French privateers, moreover, expressly built for the service—and more efficient vessels, as far as ship-carpentry went, never floated—were numerous in the narrow seas; whilst the largest and best-appointed would take long swoops out on the North Atlantic, not unfrequently venturing far southward; and if not themselves taken by men-of-war would be sure to pick up all unfortunate stragglers from convoy-ships, or slow sailers.

The *Andromeda*, with nine other merchant-vessels, sailed under convoy of H.M.S. *L'Aigle*, Captain Wolfe—a fast ship, captured the year previously from the French, and added to the British navy by the same name. There was no more vigilant and

skilful officer in the service than Captain Wolfe; and yet the *Sapphire*, a slow-sailing brig, was boarded, captured, and carried off by *La Flèche*, a French privateer, during the night, a very dark one, of the 14th of August, whilst in the North Channel, and at no great distance from Belfast. The privateer, moreover, desirous of crippling the vessels she could not hope to capture, fired repeatedly at the straggling merchantmen, the whereabouts of which were sufficiently marked by their binnacle-lights, twice hulling the *Andromeda*, killing one and wounding three seamen, and inflicting such injury, that the barque was obliged to bring up in the port of Belfast to repair damages. Nearly three weeks were thus consumed, during which Mr. Robert Leister, warned by the surprise of the *Sapphire*, procured from the Government stores—by payment, it must be presumed—two small iron howitzers, a sufficient number of muskets to arm his men, and the necessary ammunition. Previously he had on board only about twenty fowling-pieces, intended for service in the Huron forests in pursuit of

game. It also occurred to him that, although it was not likely the Huron Indians, who were generally favourable to the British rule, would wantonly attack so large a settlement as he should be able to form at the outset, the possession of two pieces of artillery would be a great additional security—savages notoriously having a very sincere and wholesome dread of cannon.

On the 6th of September the *Andromeda* continued her voyage, this time without convoy. For the first few days the weather was mild, the wind favourable, and considerable progress was made. At daylight on the 8th, the look-out proclaimed a sail on the weather-bow. The stranger, whose hull was rising fast out of the water, was soon made out to be a long, low vessel, with two sharply raking masts—a very mischievous-looking craft indeed, and quite evidently determined upon a near, speaking acquaintance, if nothing further, with the English barque. Before long it was seen that she was full of men, and had a heavy swivel-gun mounted amidships. Neither Captain Gilmore nor Mr. Leister doubted that she



was a French privateer, if not a regularly commissioned war-vessel of that nation. An anxious consultation ensued, and it was resolved to run for it—literally to run for it, in the first instance—and afterwards fight, if fighting could not be avoided. The Frenchman, who, disdainng disguise, had run up a tricolour, was fore-and-aft rigged, and, upon a wind, would slip through the water two feet to the *Andromeda's* one. The conditions would be reversed if the barque, a square-rigged ship with the exception of the mizen, was put before the wind; and though to do so would take the *Andromeda* out of her course, the wind blowing freshly from the south-east, it was determined without much hesitation to do so at once. The night would be long, probably dark; and during it the pursuer might be dropped, or otherwise evaded. At all events, that mode of escape was worth trying. It *was* tried, and for a time it seemed with every prospect of success. The Frenchman, who gave eager chase, rather lost than gained upon the *Andromeda*, till about 2 p.m., when a shift of wind favoured her, and she soon percep-



tibly lessened the distance between her and the English barque. Night fell, but not so dark as was hoped. The clouds had lightened, so that the brightness of the northern stars rendered the pursued and the pursuer distinctly visible to each other. At about midnight, the Frenchman, having come up within cannon-shot, opened fire. It was then found that, in addition to the swivel-gun, she carried four others, eighteen-pounders at the least, if not twenty-fours. The *Andromeda* was hulled repeatedly, whilst the shot from her two six-pounder howitzers fell miserably short of the privateer. What could be done? Consider the terrible position of Robert Leister, when—and no doubt at his vehement, peremptory instance—the expedient was resorted to which alone offered a chance of getting rid of the enemy. It was quite plain that the privateer would not *board* the *Andromeda*—would not sufficiently near the barque to give even her tiny howitzers the chance of being used with effect. “Sink or strike” was the message sent by every cannon-flash of the privateer. Now, to strike or surren-

der was for Robert Leister to accept the utter defeat of his life. Every penny he possessed in the world was embarked in the *Andromeda*. The barque bore also his rich hopes; and was it in man, at all events in the ordinary run of men—lofty-souled heroes, whom one is always reading of, but never shakes hands with, are quite exceptional creations—tamely to submit to such ruin, if it could be avoided? I think not!

The wind had risen to a gale; there was a heavy sea on; and, by consequence of the shift of wind, the privateer was to leeward, as well as—choosing to be so—considerably astern. The *Andromeda* was, I have said, a strongly built vessel, of more than four hundred tons burden; the privateer, the name of which has never been decisively ascertained,—she was either the *Espiègle*, *Josephine*, or *Austerlitz*, all three of which sailed from Bordeaux, and must have foundered or been otherwise lost at sea in the spring of 1807, never having been afterwards heard of,—the privateer could not, Captain Gilmore thought, be more than about one hundred and twenty, or from that

to one hundred and fifty, tons burden. Her scantling, he also judged, was very slight, from her disinclination to come within the range of the *Andromeda's* popguns. That was the case, indeed, with the majority of French privateers, every thing being made subordinate to lightness, and consequent speed.

“Strike or sink!” The *Andromeda struck*. The British ensign was lowered in token thereof. After that, I admit that it was dishonourable, according to the axioms of legitimate, honest war, to make further resistance—there can be no question of that. Still, “a man’s a man for a’ that;” and if, seized by the throat by a merciless ruffian more powerful than yourself, you, pretending to give up the watch and purse, find an opportunity of tripping his heels up, do you think an Oxford casuist would have much difficulty in proving the *ruse* to be a perfectly justifiable one? It is true that such an incident and that which I am about to relate do not quite run upon all fours; still the principle, it seems to me, is analogous in both cases.

However, the question addressed to the *Andromeda*, and very plainly put, was, I repeat, "Strike or sink!" The *Andromeda* struck—hauled down the Jack in token thereof. Whereupon the privateer ceased firing, and ranged up to leeward, abeam of the barque. The *Andromeda*, not being absolutely obliged to do so, did not at once shorten sail or lie-to. That she did not, ought, however, it seems to me, to have excited the Frenchman's suspicions. Perhaps it did; but too late. An order ran through the privateer commander's trumpet for his prize to lie-to, and send a boat with the captain on board the victor.

"Ay, ay, mounseer," was the mocking response of Captain Gilmore, who, however, preferred to board his conqueror in the barque herself, rather than in one of her boats. The helm was at once put hard-a-weather; the *Andromeda*, driven to bay as it were, turned upon the pursuer, and, with every sail drawing, rushed stem-on upon her enemy at swiftest speed. Frantic cries, orders, curses, arose from the privateer's officers and crew the moment they compre-

hended the treacherous trick resorted to by *le perfide Anglais*; but there was no chance of avoiding the collision. On came the comparatively enormous mass of the *Andromeda*, tearing with momentarily increasing swiftness through the waters, and presently striking the slightly scantled privateer about midships, literally cut her asunder, and passing on, luffed as soon as possible; it was evident that the work was very effectually done. The privateer had disappeared. Two boats were lowered to pick up such of the crew, if any, as might be floating upon some fragment of the wreck, some loose spar, or by their own power of swimming; but not one was found. The operation of lowering boats under such circumstances is a tedious and dangerous one—or rather, was a tedious and dangerous one; it is quickly done now—and, I have said, there was a wild sea on.

The Frenchman had been disposed of; but the far mightier elements could not be so rebuked and silenced. The wind continued to rise, and again veering towards the south-



east, drove, in its tempest-fury, the *Andromeda* still farther out of her course.

The privateer's shot had in one instance, it was found, struck the *Andromeda* between wind and water; the stern-post had been loosened, the barque leaked fearfully; and it was necessary to keep the pumps in constant action. The weather was so thick, that no observation was possible; and where she might actually be, or whither driving, was problematical. To swift destruction, it was soon but too apparent. Towards the close of the second day after the sinking of the French privateer, an electric storm broke upon the unfortunate emigrant-ship; the mainmast was splintered, destroyed; the second-mate, one of Captain Gilmore's sons, and James Turner, a smith, were killed. After this, the *Andromeda* made water so fast, that it became evident that the only resource, unless some port were speedily made,—and this was a forlorn hope,—would be the boats; and boats could hardly live in that furious sea. Happily, the violence of the wind abated; and though it could scarcely be expected that any exertion or device could keep



the *Andromeda* many days from foundering, there would be time enough to provision the boats; and should an observation—when it could be taken—show them that land was within a moderate distance, they would make for that.

It would only be at the last moment, and when it was impossible else to escape with life, that Robert Leister would abandon a ship in which his all was embarked. He had unfortunately not insured the stores, implements, arms, &c., he was taking out—and the thought occurred and clung to him, that it might have been as well, perhaps much better, to have surrendered to, instead of drowning, those hapless Frenchmen. However, that was past regretting. An observation was at last obtained, and it was found that the *Andromeda* was in about  $49^{\circ}$  of north latitude, and  $76^{\circ}$  east longitude; that is to say, off, and at no great distance from, the coast of Labrador. The wind, which had fallen to a moderate breeze, was easterly; and if the *Andromeda* could be kept afloat till she could be bedded in one of the muddy inlets to be found along that, in the main, iron

shore, his carpenters might soon render her sufficiently sea-worthy to sail through the Belleisle Strait into the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. At all events, the cargo, stores, &c. would be saved. The boats, if the *Andromeda* were past repair, would safely convey passengers and crew to Newfoundland, or other civilised portion of British America, where a vessel could be obtained to fetch off all that had been left behind. Every exertion, consequently, was made to keep the *Andromeda* from going down,—Leister taking his turn at the pumps with the rest; and on the morning of the 13th of September, which rose bright and clear, land was descried about four leagues off to the southwestward. Captain Gilmore believed it to be Belle Island, at the entrance of the strait of that name; but the observation first taken, and subsequent ones, must have been incorrectly calculated—the land seen being really part of the Labrador coast, some hundred miles westward of Belle Island. The *Andromeda*, in fact, had entered and sailed some distance up Davis's Strait, and was

slowly approaching the desolate north-western coast of Labrador.

Still, land was land, desolate as it might be: the pulse of hope again beat high on board the unlucky emigrant-ship, and boats were manned to accelerate the slow progress of the barque by towing.

This had some effect ; but the shore was still at least two leagues distant, when a gale arose with a suddenness as common in those high latitudes as in the tropics, though rarely so fierce and violent. It did not require a violent gale to send the already sinking *Andromeda* to the bottom. There was barely time, long as the catastrophe had been expected and prepared for, to take to the boats before the barque made her final plunge. Every one was, however, safely taken off—a large quantity of provisions had been secured, as well as a number of implements and tools—and about three hours afterwards, all but one of the boats shot safely into a comparatively sheltered inlet, some miles westward of Cape Webeck. After enduring many hardships, the survivors got safely to

St. John's, Newfoundland ; and Mr. Leister finally established himself as a farmer, though on a more modest scale than he had intended, in the vicinage of London, Canada West.

THE END.

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