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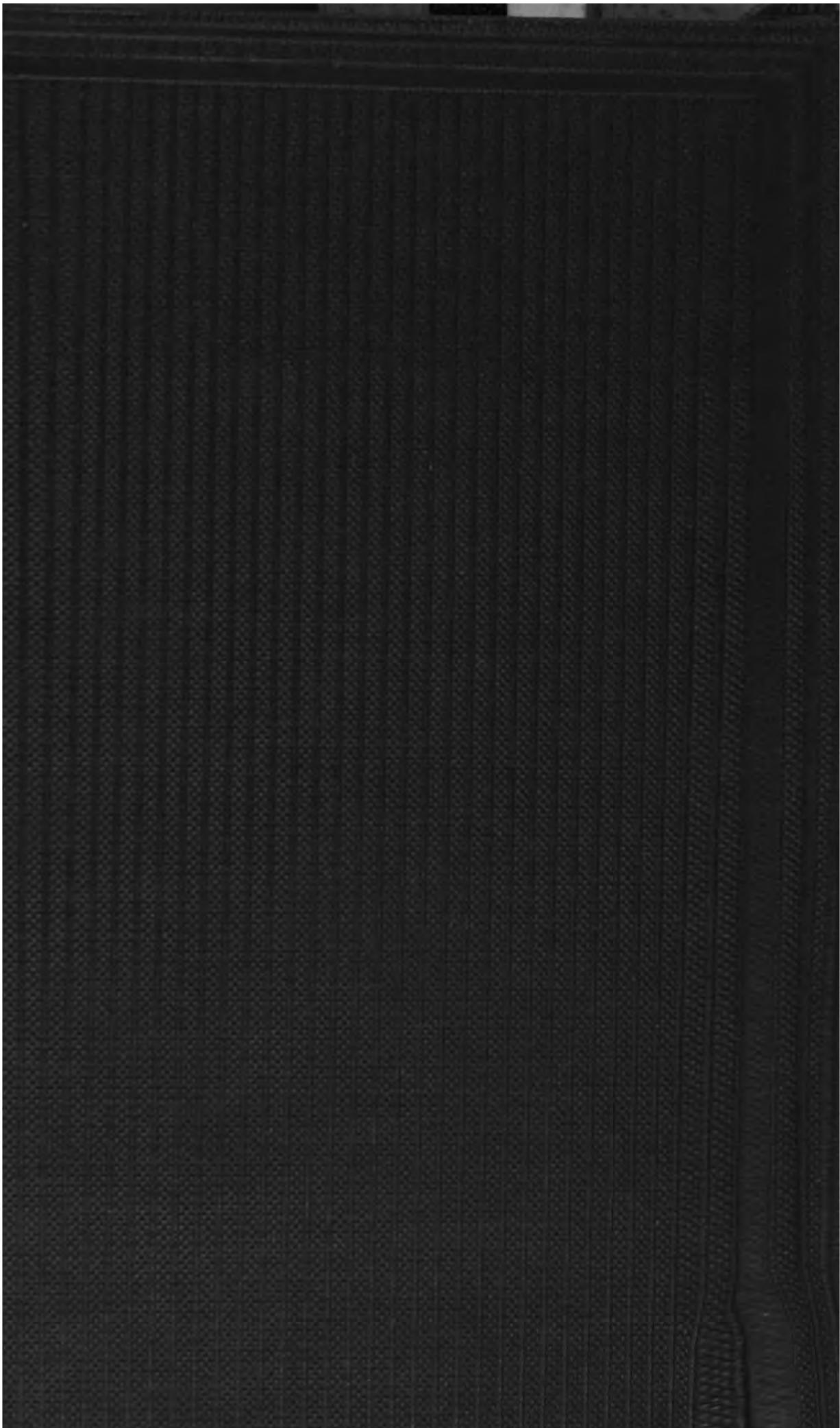
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THE JOLLY BOAT



THE
JOLLY BOAT

OR

Perils and Disasters

ILLUSTRATING COURAGE, ENDURANCE, AND HEROISM

IN THE

MERCHANT-MARINE SERVICE

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COAST GUARD," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.



THE title prefixed to these volumes has been suggested by the circumstance that the contributors of the various papers are—of some it must be said, were—members of a club, chiefly seamen, invalided by age or calamity, who were accustomed to meet and talk their perils over again at a quiet sea-side hostelry, the club-room in which contained a large picture representing a very “Jolly Boat” indeed, manned most jollily by the leading members. Judging by the portrait figure-heads thus represented, and supposing the artist has not grossly flattered, the boat’s crew look like men more capable of spinning sea-yarns with effect, than of encountering the perils and disasters which nearly all of them had endured. For myself, I must avow that I am only coxswain of the “Jolly Boat,” my duty being con-

fined to keeping her in trim, and steering a right course, so far as the launching and delivery of the present cargo of sundries are concerned. I have, however, performed an extra service by contributing one story, the "Quenching of the *Flame*," for which I entreat the reader's kindest indulgence.

R. WARNEFORD, R.N.

Southampton.

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THE JOLLY-BOAT



THE "RAINBOW" AND THE "MARY ROSE."

cd
THE naval fame of England rests in popular estimation too exclusively upon the great deeds of her "men-of-war." The eager glance of youth, the sober retrospect of age, searching through the dark backward and abysm of time, rivets itself upon the meteor-flag resplendent with the glory of a thousand victories, and an impression is created that only amidst the tumult and strife of battle is the maritime supremacy of the British race signally manifested; the fertility of resource, the indomitable energy, and disdain of death in the path of duty, which won the Nile and Trafalgar, seen in their highest development.

This is a still greater error than that which limits to a few famous men the praise of having opened up the ocean-highways of the earth, spanned its seas, defined its zones—in a word, discovered the globe. Yet nothing is more certain than that the Atlantic had been traversed, the Southern Ocean sailed upon, long before Christopher Columbus re-discovered America, or Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and that by mariners warring only with tempest, fire, pestilence, the sunken rock, the irons hore,—confronting in every shape the varied perils which they must dare, who go down to the sea in ships,—death has been looked as calmly in the face, bravery as brilliant, self-sacrifice as heroic, been displayed, as in any of the world-famous actions which illustrate the proud story of England's battle-life upon the seas.

Five centuries ago, when maritime enterprise had made few and unimportant conquests since the days of Herodotus and Strabo, tidings of new and strange countries, brought to Europe by obscure seamen, found but scant, incredulous audience; but

who will now dispute that it was those echoes of far-off adventure which, arresting the attention, and dwelling in the combining, generalising minds of the sagacious men who have monopolised the chief glories of what may be called the heroic age of maritime enterprise, incited them to ascertain and demonstrate to a doubting world the existence of regions of which the pioneers of discovery had gained and partially diffused an imperfect, fragmentary knowledge? One of the earliest of those pioneers was William Cummins, of Hull; and I cannot more fitly commence this record of "Perils and Disasters" than with his remarkable adventures, written chiefly by himself, so vividly illustrative are they of the bold enterprise, the unfaltering courage, the stern endurance which have always characterised the merchant-mariners of England.

Esto perpetua!

William Cummins, born at Hull in the year 1450, and left an orphan when but fourteen years of age, was bound apprentice by his uncle, a monk, to Thomas Kingsley, master-mariner, sailing from that port, and

owner of the *Speedy*, a schooner-brig, so-called — why, I know not — employed in the coasting trade; the boy, “a robust youngster,” having very early manifested a strong predilection for a sea-life. He served his time creditably, and was acting-mate of the *Speedy* when that vessel foundered during a terrific gale off Heligoland, and all hands perished except Cummins and a veteran seaman, also a native of Hull, of the name of Shepherd. These two, by holding on to a loose spar, kept themselves afloat till picked up, more than half-drowned, by the *Tyger*, a stout, well-armed ship, commanded by a notorious rover, Captain Jukes, who, in those troublous times, had for several years infested the narrow seas, making prize, without regard to its nationality, of any vessel he could overhaul and master. It was not till Henry VII., the real founder of the Royal Navy, took the matter seriously in hand, and despatched the *Garland* and *Swallow*, two fast sailers, in special pursuit of Jukes, that that worthy came to grief. The *Tyger* was fallen in with by the king’s ships off the Land’s End. A desperate

running-fight ensued, which was terminated at not less than one hundred miles from the nearest land, and some time after nightfall, by the blowing up of the pirate vessel by Jukes himself. Two hours previous to that she had been abandoned by her riotous crew; Cummins and Shepherd, whose lives Jukes had saved, and since behaved kindly to them, alone remaining with the captain. "This," remarks Cummins, "was not exactly an act on our part of grateful generosity. Shepherd and I hoped to be able to prove to the satisfaction of the king's officers that we were serving by compulsion, not choice, on board the *Tyger*; in which case, if justice were meted out, we should not be liable, as the real pirates would be, to be strung up like dogs at the yard-arm of one of the royal ships. There was another motive for remaining in the ship. The crew, finding escape from their pursuers hopeless, broke open the spirit-room, and were all, or nearly all, mad-drunk when they tumbled into the boats and shoved off. It was blowing half a gale of wind; there was a heavy cross-sea on, and it was not very likely, therefore,

they would ever reach shore. Neither of the boats, in fact, was ever, to my knowledge, again heard of."

The crew had not been gone many minutes, and the king's ships, which had ceased firing, were coming up with the crippled *Tyger*, hand over hand, when Jukes, who had been absent some little time below, came on deck, carrying a heavy box, which he desired Shepherd and Cummins to assist him in lowering into the only boat, which was drawn up close under the stern. That was done deftly; several bags of bread and kegs of spirits, a barrel of water, and a compass, were placed without accident in the boat; which done, Jukes told his companions to be smart as he should be in dropping into her, as he had fired a slow-train leading into the powder-room: in less than ten minutes the *Tyger* would be blown to the devil, and themselves with her, if by that time they were not a pretty good distance off. Cummins and Shepherd did not, we may be sure, require a second bidding. With Jukes they were over the stern in a jiffy, and at once rowed with might and main. They were

about two cables' length from the doomed ship, when she blew up with a tremendous explosion, lighting the ocean for miles around,—“her store of powder being very large.” I may here observe, that not only the royal cruisers, but Jukes's vessel was armed with cannon, although ordnance had not been very long generally used at sea by the English. The Venetians employed it against the Genoese so early as 1377; but the efficiency of cannon at sea, on account of the difficulty of taking correct aim, arising from the motion of the vessel, was long a vexed question with mariners.

To resume: spars, blocks, and the *Tyger's* light ordnance fell thickly, and from a considerable height, into the sea, in much too close proximity to the boat during the few moments of thick darkness which succeeded to the blinding glare of the explosion; and one heavy spar struck Jukes, who had nervously risen in the stern-sheets, on the head, killing him instantaneously, and, at the same time, staving in the water-cask. No further harm was done, and, luckily for the two survivors, they were not observed from

the king's ships, which, immediately after the blowing up of the *Tyger*, hauled their wind, and stood to the northward. The royal officers would not have cared to waste time in saving pirates, if any were perchance savable from drowning, merely to hang them a few hours afterwards. Jukes was not consigned to the deep till the next day's dawn came blushing o'er the sea—in compliance with a sailor-superstition of those days; and then with due ceremonial, William Cummins—whom his pious mother destined for a "clerk," and had caused, as long as she lived, and to the extent of her modest means, to be educated for that to him ungenial vocation—repeating the Latin prayer for the dead of the Roman Church.

Cummins gives this small matter in full detail, but he does not once again mention, except incidentally, the heavy box which he had assisted Jukes to lower into the boat. They must have been individuals of singularly sensitive consciences to have scrupled appropriating any amount of flotsam and jetsam, which had become legitimately theirs as the sole surviving representatives of the indi-

vidual they had just buried with orthodox funeral-rites.

The two mariners, after heavy toil, and suffering much from want of water, finally reached Penzance, all well, and soon afterwards Hull. Not a syllable was breathed of their enforced association with the pirate Jukes, or of that distinguished gentleman's strong-box. Such purely private matters were not for the public, who were simply given to understand that Cummins and Shepherd had been mercifully preserved when the *Speedy* went down, and, after painful wanderings in foreign lands, happily restored to their native town.

Finding himself so unexpectedly rich,—thanks to successful piracy, and that he himself was in at the death of the pirate,—William Cummins, a man of original and inquisitive mind, determined on attempting to realise a dream which had long haunted him—a dream first suggested by the gossip of an old sailor named Bevis, whom he had rescued from drowning when but a lad of some nineteen years of age, off Great Yarmouth. Bevis, who obtained a berth in the *Speedy*,

and ultimately went down with her, had once sailed in a whaling voyage to the North Atlantic, and persisted in asserting that the ship he was in, being driven by adverse winds many degrees farther south along the West Coast of Africa than any vessel had been known to reach, had doubled that continent, and reached a country where gold and ivory might be had for the merest trifle. The ship he belonged to was wrecked on the island of Madeira, and with her was lost all material evidences of the truth of his assertions—chiefly gold-dust and tusks of ivory. He alone of all the crew escaped with life, which he had again nearly lost off Yarmouth. Bevis must have first told this story to his eager listener in 1469, seventeen years before the celebrated Portuguese navigator, rounding the immense western projection of Africa, entered the Gulf of Guinea, where he had unquestionably been preceded by the whaler in which Bevis served, and probably by other vessels, the names of which and their captains are equally forgotten.

William Cummins easily persuaded his

friend Shepherd to join in the enterprise; the *Rainbow*, a stout coasting-vessel, having two masts, was purchased, and fitted in the best manner their natural sagacity and the treasured-up counsels of Bevis suggested for the contemplated voyage, which they gave out was to the nearest whale-fishery. His uncle the monk was consulted throughout; his encouragement, which was cordially given, much strengthening Cummins's resolution and anticipation of success. This relative had been a seafaring man himself in early manhood, and had, it was reported, taken to the cloister in fulfilment of a vow to the Virgin Mary which he had made when in imminent danger of shipwreck on the north-west coast of Africa. He appears to have been a person of much natural sagacity, spite of the aforesaid vow and his belief that it had insured him supernatural deliverance, was as good a geographer as perhaps any that existed in those days, and placed firm credence in Bevis's reports. He had himself conversed with mariners who declared that, in the prosecution of the whale-fishery, they had sailed southward for many weeks, reached

unknown seas, and landed on islands where was abundance of turtle and delicious fruits unknown to Europe; and there were others who declared that they had touched for wood and water at a coast where gold was as plentiful as sea-sand in England,—but, the black natives being inimical and ferocious, they had been driven away, glad to escape with their lives. The monk recommended that not only should a quantity of such showy stuffs—glass beads, knives, &c.—as the savages who roamed over the North-African coast were known to prize, be taken, but also a good store of powder and fire-arms, and that they should touch on going out at some port in Portugal where two cannon—of which there were none to be had in England—might be obtained at reasonable cost. The hopeful adventurers having at length completed their preparations, the *Rainbow*, William Cummins master, and carrying a crew of twenty-three men and boys, put to sea on the 8th of August 1475; about a month previous to which Cummins had been married to Jane Selby, to whom he had long been engaged.

The voyage out, of which few nautical particulars are extant, appears to have been a favourable one, upon the whole, as far as the weather was concerned; but the crew proved to be, for the most part, a set of irredeemable scamps, whom it was with the utmost difficulty that Cummins, Shepherd, and five sailors who remained faithful to their duty, could keep in tolerable order; and this, notwithstanding Cummins had early taken the precaution of placing every weapon on board beyond their reach. In accordance with the timid shore-hugging navigation of those days, the *Rainbow* coasted along the Morocco sea-board, never, if possible, losing sight of it; and, being caught in a violent gale from the westward, would, spite of the skilful seamanship of Cummins and Shepherd, and the weatherly qualities of their ship, have been driven upon that inhospitable shore, but for an almost sudden shift of wind to the precisely opposite point of the compass, blowing direct from the north-east, gradually increasing in violence,—so much so, that it afforded Cummins a plausible excuse for running well off

to sea westward—a course strongly urged upon him by his uncle the monk, and in accordance with the dictates of his own intuitive sagacity. So boldly was this course taken, that when another shift of wind to the northward would have enabled Cummins to again close with the African coast, he held on and passed so far westward of Teneriffe—which must have been the island he speaks of—that its peak, two miles and a half in perpendicular height, was barely visible from the *Rainbow's* mast-head. Cummins then changed his course to the southward, and ultimately rounded the northern horn of the Gulf of Guinea, afterwards named Cape Palmas. The primary object of his ambition was accomplished: he had reached the ivory and gold coast of Africa,—a great fact, soon to his mind placed beyond doubt by the black natives, with whom he appears to have found no difficulty in entering into friendly intercourse, offering him those precious commodities in exchange for bits of red cloth, glass beads, knives, &c. The *Rainbow* was not the first European vessel that had opened

up the Gulf of Guinea, and touched at that particular spot; for Cummins was shown several axes of, as he judged, Spanish or Portuguese manufacture, which had been left there ten months previously, as well as he could make out from the pantomime of the Negroes, by former voyagers.

Of course Cummins and Shepherd hugged themselves rejoicingly in so great a success, and nothing apparently remained but to reap the harvest for which they had so boldly ventured,—when their golden visions were rudely dispelled by the outrageous conduct of the rascally crew.

The men had, no doubt, suffered severely—but not more so than the captain and mate—during the long, tedious voyage, from the shortness and badness of provisions; and a number of them broke out at last into open mutiny, which it required very severe measures to repress. Cummins and Shepherd were not men to hesitate for a moment at the employment of such measures. The mutiny was put down with a strong hand, and the chief ringleader—who, imagining Cummins slept, crept into his cabin in the

dead of night armed with an axe, with the intention of murdering him—was hanged at the yard-arm. But though outwardly subdued, the spirit of mutiny raged as fiercely as ever in the breasts of the malcontents, and a plot was concerted to fall suddenly upon the captain and mate when they were on shore parleying with the natives. On these occasions none of the Europeans, to avoid giving umbrage to the blacks, were armed. Cummins and Shepherd disposed of, the mutineers had no doubt of being able to overpower the portion of the crew who remained faithful to their duty, and to obtain possession of the ship. The plot was rendered the less easy of execution by the precaution adopted by Cummins of always being accompanied on shore by such a number of the malcontents as would render it almost impossible for those remaining on board to overpower the loyal men and seize the ship. Another precaution taken by Cummins and his co-partner seems to have been unthought of by the plotters. Although the captain was anxious to give no cause of apprehension to the natives,

whose terror of fire-arms was so great that a hundred would have fled before one man armed with a fire-weapon, he, with Shepherd's concurrence, conveyed on shore, wrapped up in cloth, "two arquebuses, two pistolets, and two fighting-axes,"—the latter weapon, I presume, resembling the modern sailor's tomahawk. These were concealed in a tent wherein Cummins transacted his barter-business with the native chiefs, and were ready at hand if required—the fire-arms always loaded. The mutineers carried concealed knives about their persons, and unless for some strange accident, or that the treachery of one of their number revealed the diabolical plot to the skipper, success to them appeared certain. The opportunity soon offered itself. Ten of the plotters went on shore with Cummins and Shepherd, large quantities of ivory and gold-dust awaiting shipment. Suddenly, whilst Cummins and Shepherd were quietly bargaining in the tent with the natives, the mutineers burst in with ferocious shouts, but were prevented getting at their intended victims by the number of Negroes standing or squatting

before them, two or three of whom they, in their headlong fury, stabbed with their knives. The time so afforded enabled Cummins and Shepherd to seize their fire-arms, and, sheltering themselves behind some bales of cloth, to shoot dead at the first discharge two of the foremost assassins. Presently two more were sped; panic seized the rest, and they fled, cursing, to the concealment of the woods. Cummins and Shepherd lost no time in regaining the boat; and fortunately it was they did not, for, simultaneous with the attack in the tent,—the signal for action having, no doubt, been arranged between the two gangs of villains,—a fierce onslaught had been made upon the loyal sailors left on board, which was still undecided when Cummins and Shepherd reached the vessel. The mutineers were then driven below, several of them severely—one, as it proved, mortally—wounded. This ferocious villain, determined not to die alone, managed to ignite a large quantity of loose tow on board: the fire reached a tar-barrel, and in a few minutes the *Rainbow* was a mass of flame. Cummins, with ready presence of mind, and

whilst it was yet possible to do so, severed the cable with an axe in order to beach the ship, the wind blowing dead on shore, by which expedient her incombustible stores — that might thereafter be of invaluable use—would, he hoped, be saved. That done, he, with Shepherd, six sailors, and three boys, jumped into the long-boat, in which they had pulled off to the ship, and gained the shore in possession of their lives, but of little else.

The catastrophe was a terrible, overwhelming one; and for a time Cummins, bereft alike of heart and hope, abandoned himself to despair. Gradually, however, his courage revived, stimulated by the continued good-will of the native chiefs, manifested not only by their supplying him and his people with abundant food, but by hunting down and massacring the treacherous sailors who had fled to the woods. The possibility of reaching some civilised place at which European vessels occasionally touched, by means of the long-boat, was earnestly discussed; but how to stow sufficient provisions and water in her for eight men and three boys, for such a length of time as, under the most favourable

circumstances, would be consumed by such a voyage, was the problem to be solved. At first the idea was entertained of constructing a second boat from the wreck of the *Rainbow*, which, after burning to the water's edge, had been flung high up on the shelving shore. That, however, was found to be impracticable, and it was finally resolved that only half their number should embark in the long-boat. These were chosen by lot, which fell upon Shepherd, two sailors, and the three boys. Before embarking, Shepherd solemnly "pledged his soul" that, should he be fortunate enough to reach Europe, which he hardly dared to hope, he would not rest till he had found means of returning. That, he thought, there would be no difficulty about. The value of the gold he could take with him would go a long way towards purchasing or chartering a fitting vessel; and the evidence that gold would afford, that the supposed fabulous Dorado had really been discovered, would not fail to incite plenty of persons to join in so profitable an enterprise as the second voyage would almost certainly be found to be. Writing-materials

had been fortunately conveyed to the shore-tent, with which Cummins drew up a lucid set of instructions for the guidance of Shepherd on his return, and penned a touching letter to his young wife. Moved thereto by a sudden impulse, which he afterwards believed to have been inspired from on high, he made copies of both the instructions and the letter, and secretly intrusted them to John Darling; the eldest of the sailor-lads, with a solemn request that, should God permit him to reach England, he would proceed to Hull, and with his own hand give them to Mistress Cummins. Then, having done all that could be done, Cummins, resigned to the will of an all-wise Providence, addressed himself to the duty of providing, in the best manner open to him, for the well-being of his companions in misfortune. The weight of gold-dust, I must not omit to state, carried off in the *Rainbow's* long-boat was roughly estimated at five hundred ounces.

As before stated, the *Rainbow* sailed from Hull on the 8th of August 1475, and in the month of April 1476 Michael Shep-

herd returned to that city. He reported the foundering of the *Rainbow* off the Morocco coast on her return homeward; that he, Captain Cummins, and three of the crew reached the shore alive, were seized by Arabs, or savage men whom he conjectured to be Arabs, by whom they were held in such cruel bondage, that first the common seamen, and soon afterwards Captain Cummins, died in consequence of the usage they received: he himself had escaped almost by miracle. A boat from a Portuguese trader rowed to the part of the shore where he was working, with a slave-gang, in quest of water; and thinking it as well to be killed outright as to be slowly tortured to death, he burst away from his fellow-slaves, reached the boat, and was humanely taken off and conveyed on board the Portuguese vessel, which was bound for Lisbon. By the charity of the Portuguese captain and other good people of that great city, he was clothed, restored to health, and provided with a passage to London. This was the substance of the story told by Michael Shepherd, garnished, no doubt, by many equally veracious details.

He also very confidently declared that Captain Cummins had discovered the gold-region so often talked about; and that the *Rainbow* was returning richly freighted with gold-dust and ivory, when she unfortunately foundered off the north-west coast of Africa; and that he himself could pilot a ship with unerring certainty to the African Dorado. This story appeared to find believers capable of aiding him to revisit the country of gold, as he gave out, within a few weeks after his arrival in Hull, that he was ready to buy a stout vessel of about the tonnage of the ill-fated *Rainbow*, in which he intended to sail without delay for the land of promise. This was no idle boast, for he actually purchased and partly paid for a fine, well-built ship for those days, and forthwith proceeded to fit her out and enter a crew. The name of the vessel was the *Mary Rose*, and by the first week in June she was ready for sea.

Michael Shepherd must have lost, or in some way have dissipated, a considerable portion of the produce of the gold-dust which he had brought from the Gulf of

Guinea in the long-boat, for he was compelled to raise money on the bottomry-bond of the *Mary Rose* in order to complete her equipment. He had much difficulty in doing so, and at last applied to Captain Cummins's wife for a loan so secured, he having ascertained that that lady's mother, Mrs. Selby, a widow, had lately come into possession, by bequest, of a large sum of money. The young wife, who lived with her mother about ten miles out of Hull, he had never seen. He had once called at their place soon after his return, but had been received by Mrs. Selby only, her daughter not having recovered from her confinement with her first-born child. The dreadful news brought by Shepherd, the mother added, had been, and would continue to be, concealed from her daughter till she was better able to bear it, and she thought it would be prudent that Shepherd should not see her till that time arrived. To Mrs. Selby's inquiry if he had been intrusted with any message for the young wife by Captain Cummins, to be delivered in the event of his being fortunate enough to escape from slavery to England,

Shepherd replied in the negative; he was the bearer of no message, spoken or written, from his unfortunate friend Captain Cummins. It is true, in more senses than the literal one, that it is the bright day which brings forth the adder, and craves wary walking. This man Shepherd bore himself with sufficient uprightness, in the judgment of William Cummins, when he, Shepherd, was a poorly requited man of toil; and yet at the first dazzling glare of gold—no such very large amount either—within the reach of his stealthy, eager clutch, the slumbering serpent of greed awakes in his heart, and stings to death his all of healthful moral life. Possibly, now I think of it,—possibly some suspicion of Shepherd's true character may have flashed upon the mind of Cummins when they came jointly into possession of Jukes's treasure-trove, and induced him, more or less unconsciously, to send those duplicate documents to his wife by the hands of John Darling.

Michael Shepherd's application to Mrs. Jane Cummins, the respected widow of his late deeply lamented friend, met with a

prompt refusal. Mrs. Selby, writing in her daughter's name, informed Shepherd that Mrs. Jane Cummins had no money to risk on such ventures, did she feel an inclination to do so, which was not the case. The refusal embarrassed Shepherd; for, though the sum required was not a large one, the *Mary Rose* would not be allowed to leave the port till it was paid; and he was still casting about to obtain it, without success, when his uneasiness was suddenly dispelled, and in a very unexpected manner. A slim, delicate young gentleman, singularly handsome for a boy, well but not fashionably dressed, called upon him, and, giving the name of James Carr, offered to advance the money at once, upon condition that he should himself make the voyage in the *Mary Rose* as a passenger. He was evidently much agitated, and the reasons he gave for preferring such a request, he never having been at sea in his life,—a passion for visiting new and strange countries, a desire to leave his home for a time,—were confused and incoherent. That, however, mattered little to Shepherd; the bargain was struck at once, and, at his

own request, the young gentleman was conducted on board the *Mary Rose*, and accommodated with one of the best berths in the vessel. There being no further impediment to the departure of the *Mary Rose*, and the wind serving, she sailed the next day, June 24th (Midsummer-day), 1476. The pretended James Carr was Jane, William Cummins's wife. Not so very many years ago, according to a local historian, there existed a portrait of Mistress Jane Cummins, in tolerable preservation, which represented her as attired in the habiliments she wore on board the *Mary Rose*. The reasons which induced the devoted wife to take so rash a step were, to her mind, paramount and imperative.

A parcel had been forwarded to her from London by a coasting-vessel which had put in at Hull. That parcel contained the letter to her, and the set of instructions drawn up for Shepherd's guidance by her husband. These had been sent by John Darling, with a letter from himself, giving a number of particulars, and warning her not to trust implicitly in Michael Shepherd. He would,

in fulfilment of his solemn promise to Captain Cummins, have delivered the papers personally, but was unable, and should be for some time unable, to leave his bed, from the effects of the cruel suffering he had endured during over three weeks he had passed at sea in the long-boat, till picked up by a whale-ship. Two of the sailors and one of the boys died previously to that. What ultimately became of the others he did not know, with the exception of Shepherd—whom the captain also charged with the delivery of a parcel—who, a relative of his told him, had reached Hull.

What could be done to rescue her husband was, after the perusal of his letter, the one all-engrossing thought of that heroic wife. Her child was gone: God had taken him! And now—could she but a few hours previously have conceived it possible?—she rejoiced that that restraining bond had been snapped asunder by the hand of death! Instinctively the idea had seized upon her mind that she must sail in the same ship with Shepherd. She felt, too, that that idea would be scouted by her mother, who had

never very cordially approved of her marriage with William Cummins. The application for a loan from Shepherd, and the derisive contempt with which it was received by Mrs. Selby, recurred to her mind; showing at the same time the folly of consulting her mother, and a mode by which her own passionate resolve to once again behold, embrace, rescue, or, if it were so decreed, die with her husband, might be effectually carried out. She had access to the bureau in which her mother's hoards were deposited; the sum required was not so very large, yet sufficiently so to enable her to dictate conditions. A faithful servant would procure the necessary disguise: pursuit would be baffled—hopeless. She strongly suspected Shepherd. Why had he not delivered her husband's letter, intrusted to his hand? He had sold the jewel of his soul for the glittering dust consigned to his keeping. But there could be no doubt, the wife reasoned—not with very severe logic, it must be confessed—that Shepherd intended returning to the precise locality on the Gold Coast where he knew such riches were to be

obtained. But what were his intentions in regard to her husband? To leave him there to perish miserably, perhaps to murder him and his companions—dead men telling no tales; and who could fathom the depths of man's wickedness? At all hazards, she would venture. It might be her precious privilege to succour and avert peril from her husband; if not, why then—should the worst befall—one grave, as there had been one life, one hope!

Wearily, drearily meanwhile had passed the days, weeks, months with William Cummins on the Gold and Ivory Coast of Africa. One of the seamen left with him had died of the deadly fever of—to Europeans—that pestilential climate; and Cummins himself had been, as he believed, at the point of death, and was scarcely grateful that he had recovered to a life which was but lingering death. "Sorrowfully I meditated during the long silent watches of the night," wrote he, in the *Log of my Life*, published, in 1623, by Philip Cummins, a direct descendant of the bold mariner, carry-

ing on business in London as a printer,—
“Sorrowfully I meditated during the silent watches of the night upon our forlorn condition, and was fast sinking into uttermost despair, when, on the eve of the 17th of August, I bethought me that the morrow was my good mother’s birth-day and dying day—it having curiously happened that she died on the anniversary of her birth—and that it was her pious practice to keep vigil on that eve and through the night, and invoke the special protection of the Holy Virgin. I resolved to follow so pious an example; and, my two companions being of the same mind, we continued our devotions till the dawn of day. Our supplications were heard. As we wistfully gazed for the thousandth time over the vast surface of the solitary sea, Robert Maunders gave a loud scream of joy, and pointing in the direction of the sun, at that moment just rising from out the ocean, cried out, ‘A sail! a sail! Look! look!’ For some time I and James Batten were in doubt, trembling with fear that the speck which had first caught the eye of Robert Maun-

ders might be an illusion that would presently vanish from our sight. There was a strong breeze blowing; the speck fast grew larger, more distinct; and soon we knew it to be a ship with two masts, making swiftly for the shore! All three then fell on our knees, and, with tears of joy, gave thanks to God and the Holy Virgin for so great a deliverance."

The ship with two masts was, I hardly need say, the *Mary Rose*; though, remembering that she left Hull early in June, it is difficult to understand how her arrival at Cape Coast Bay—afterwards so named—could be deemed a special granting of prayers offered up the previous night. At all events, the *Mary Rose* had safely reached her destination, bringing with her the wife of William Cummins—her sex and secret still unguessed at, as she believed. She contrived first to see and speak with her husband when only themselves were present; and having, from closer observance of Shepherd, come to the conclusion that she had wronged him by suspecting he had entertained a thought of dealing treacherously

with Cummins, she refrained from hinting to her husband that she had ever harboured a suspicion of the kind.

The arrival of the ship having been long looked for by the always friendly natives, very considerable quantities of gold and ivory had been collected to be bartered for the articles she was expected to bring. Business consequently went on briskly, and was soon despatched; William Cummins acting as interpreter. By noon on the second day after the *Mary Rose* cast anchor in the bay, it was concluded, and gold and ivory to the estimated value of between three and four thousand pounds were safely shipped. This was nothing like so valuable a return cargo as Shepherd had hoped to obtain; and his determination, which had perhaps been shaken during the voyage, not to share profits with Cummins, returned in full force. He further resolved to leave behind his partner-passenger, whom he knew to be the wife of Cummins from that too-confiding seaman's own lips. He had, however, promised that her sex should not be made known to any of the ship's crew—a

pledge which he had no wish to violate. He should never himself return to that part of the coast, and there was little fear, he argued, of any other vessel touching there, during the life of Cummins at all events, whose health was already visibly broken by the pernicious climate. Three of his crew had already sunk under it, though it was only four days since the *Mary Rose* cast anchor in the bay. The husband and wife would therefore, he argued, be as securely out of his way as if knocked on the head—a proceeding which he might have found difficult safely and secretly to carry out. Neither was he desirous—though short of hands, from several having died of malignant scurvy during the voyage out—to take off Maunders and Batten. They were intelligent fellows, warmly attached to Cummins, and who, moreover, evidently regarded him, Shepherd, with dislike and suspicion. They also had been confidentially informed by Cummins that the little handsome lad, by whom he was so constantly accompanied, was his wife; the knowledge of which fact induced them to keep a watch-

ful guard over her, as over Cummins himself. Suspicion that Shepherd had fully determined to leave the captain and his wife, if not themselves also, to perish miserably in the pestilential climate of Africa, soon became certainty. They had overheard Shepherd chuckling over the contemplated iniquity with his confidential mate, Ruxby, and soon found that the hour for its perpetration was about to strike. Captain Cummins and his wife were on shore, paying a farewell visit to friendly native chiefs. The *Mary Rose* had been abundantly supplied with wood and water; her anchor was already atrip; a fair and fresh breeze was blowing, and they would start at once: it being the more urgent to do so, as some words let fall by Cummins appeared to indicate that he had divined his, Shepherd's, intention, and might be at that moment asking the Negro chiefs for men to seize him and Ruxby—a turning of the tables not to be thought of without a shudder. All the crew, except seven, were on board. These the mate would quickly get together, and bring them to the launch at the beach, where he, Shepherd,

would be waiting for them. Ruxby started off on his errand; and immediately afterwards, off sped Maunders on his: which was, to obtain possession of the launch, and so to prevent Shepherd and his co-ruffians from leaving the shore till such time as Captain Cummins, warned of what was going on, should reach the spot, and, with the help of the spear-armed natives, seize upon Shepherd and his gang.

As Maunders suspected would be the case, a man was in the launch to keep her afloat at a little distance off the shore. He must be made to believe that Maunders was the bearer of a message from Shepherd, since, if he suspected any thing wrong—and likely enough he knew that Captain Cummins and the young gentleman passenger were to be left behind—he would keep the boat well off till Shepherd and his gang came to embark. Arrived at the beach, Maunders beckoned the man to bring the launch close in shore, stating that he was to help to pull her round to an inlet where Captain Shepherd and the men were waiting for her. The man did as he was bidden, and not one moment too soon;

for Maunders was scarcely in her, when the loud, hoarse voice of Shepherd was heard hailing them, and the man, turning sharply round, saw the captain running at speed towards the beach, shouting and gesticulating furiously. At the same instant he felt himself suddenly seized from behind, and pitched headlong into the water. There was no danger of his drowning; and as soon as he rose to the surface, and could shake the sea out of his eyes, he was immediately aware of two startling facts—one, that the launch was under weigh, her masts being stepped, and nothing required to be done by Maunders except to loosen her sail, and steering already towards the inlet or creek; and that Captain Shepherd was stamping and storming like a maniac upon the beach, and devoting him, body and soul, to the devil, and promising, with many oaths, that he should be skinned alive as soon as they reached the ship.

It was not so easy to reach the ship, which had an offing of full half a league. Shepherd, fully conscious of the danger in which he stood, and feeling, as he did, quite sure that Maunders and Batten had in some

way discovered his design of abandoning them, with Cummins and his wife, and that Batten had sped off to seek the captain, wildly waved his cap as a signal for another boat to put off immediately from the *Mary Rose*. There must have been a careless look-out on board, or his signal must have been misunderstood, for quite half an hour passed before a boat was dropped into the water, and began, propelled by two sculls only, to pull for the beach. The boat was not half-way to shore, when furious cries and shoutings were heard, apparently at no great distance inland, and presently the English sailors, Ruxby with them, were seen running in terror towards the beach, pursued by a crowd of furious Negroes, armed with hatchets, spears, and clubs, and uttering ferocious cries. Cummins was not with them, nor was their object to seize Shepherd. Some of the English sailors, knowing they were to sail forthwith, and drunk with strong arrack, which they had purloined from the ship's stores and taken with them on shore to swallow on the sly, had not only offered outrage to some Negro girls,

daughters of chiefs, but had overturned and trampled some peculiarly sacred fetish shrine; not, perhaps, aware that they were committing a crime invariably visited, in the present day as then, with death.

There was no possible escape for the unarmed seamen, who were overtaken by the infuriated savages upon the beach, and there speared, hacked, smashed, trampled to death. Shepherd himself was killed in the indiscriminate massacre, as was also the sailor.

The horrid spectacle had been witnessed not only by the men in the approaching boat and the ship, but by Captain Cummins, his wife, Batten, and Maunders from the launch, which, just at the time, shot out of the creek. The Negro king was absent from his "palace," when Cummins arrived thereat, upon a hunting expedition, and would not be back for several days. Batten met Cummins and his companion about half-way on their return, and it was well he conducted them towards the creek instead of the beach, or assuredly they would have shared the fate of their countrymen at the hands of the infuriated Africans, who remained long after

their bloody work was done brandishing their spears, yelling, and dancing like triumphant demons. Cummins steered the launch sufficiently near to make his voice heard during a pause in the hell-burst of frenzied rage. The reply to his request to be told the cause of what he had witnessed was, if possible, a yet fiercer hurricane of horrible, inarticulate yells, and a shower of spears hurled at the launch, "one of which passed over us, warning me that I had approached too near the black devils, and I drew off quickly. I made out, however, amidst the howling tempest of curses, the cause of the outbreak, and knew that if the king had been present, he could not have protected me from the wild fury of his devil-worshipping people, who believed that, should they not avenge the insult offered to their Mumbo-Jumbo Fetish to the utmost of their power, Mumbo-Jumbo Fetish would torture them a thousand ways in this world, and for ever afterwards; at least, I so understood the blinded heathens' dark creed. I determined, therefore, upon steering direct for the *Mary Rose*, picking up the boat and two men as we went."

There was no overt objection made to the assumption of the command of the *Mary Rose* by Captain Cummins. Most of the sailors believed he was the only man, Shepherd being gone, who could safely make his way back to Europe; and all were impatient to find themselves in known, familiar latitudes. That once accomplished, they could take counsel together as to the best and most decisive way of putting aside the new captain's claim to the gold and ivory on board, which they imagined to be of immense value. If he were content to share and share alike, well; if not, dead men could tell no tales; and it would be hard indeed if thirteen stout fellows would not prove more than a match for the captain, his wife,—it was no longer concealed that the "passenger" was a woman,—Batten, and Maunders. The chief instigator of the contemplated revolt was William Ruxby, brother to the man who had so miserably perished on the beach of Cape Coast Bay. That was soon well known too, and borne steadily in mind, not only by Cummins himself, but by his two faithful seamen.

An hour after William Cummins stepped upon the deck of the *Mary Rose*, her anchor was brought home, and she sailed out of the bay, steering north.

The voyage was prosperous, and the crew showed no sign of open mutiny till the Tropic of Cancer was passed, and the *Mary Rose* had reached to about 27° of north latitude, and 12° of west longitude,—was sailing, that is to say, between the Canary, then called the Fortunate Islands—discovered by the Spaniards about half a century before—and the coast of Morocco. There a terrific squall, though brief in duration, struck the *Mary Rose*, casting the vessel at the first blast upon her beam-ends; and for a few startling moments it was thought she would not right again. She did, however, and tore through the yeasty sea in gallant style. A smart vessel, but not of very large tonnage, which they had spoken shortly before the fearful tempest burst, and was bearing up to speak the *Mary Rose* again when the squall struck her, had not, they feared, been so fortunate, as, looking for her,—the weather clearing suf-

ficiently to enable them to do so,—she was nowhere to be seen, and had foundered probably. She was the *San Josèf*, a Spanish vessel, from the largest of the Canary Islands to Cadiz. The captain had not only spoken the *Mary Rose*, but had supplied them with much-required water; he himself had gone on board the English vessel, and learnt from William Cummins—with whom he conversed in Latin, and who, as before remarked, was not so reserved in speech as he might have been—what part, or supposed part, of the world the *Mary Rose* was last from, and of what her lading consisted.

The wind fell almost as suddenly as it had arisen, and, as frequently happens in those latitudes, was succeeded by a dead calm, which lasted several days, during the first of which the *Mary Rose* was hailed at early dawn by a large boat containing six persons—three men, a lad, a woman, and her grown-up daughter. They were Spaniards, who had escaped, as by miracle, from a vessel, *El Pelago*, which had really foundered in the squall, affording them barely time to gain the boat, saving nothing but the clothes

they had on. The woman was the wife of the captain, who had gone down in the unfortunate *El Pelago*, with seven others. They had not eaten or drunk since, and were in a state of extreme exhaustion when received on board the *Mary Rose*. Food and wine, of which there was no lack, quickly restored their strength of body; and one of them, Señor Arguel, an officer on his passage from Cadiz to Madeira, Cummins found to be a very agreeable person; "he spoke Latin much better than I did;" and they were soon quite intimate friends. Cummins happening to mention the coming on board of the captain of the *San Josèf*, and his fear that that vessel had also foundered during the squall, Señor Arguel questioned him curiously as to the appearance of that vessel.

"The *San Josèf*, indeed!" exclaimed the señor, with animation; "thank your lucky stars for the sudden squall. The pretended Spanish captain is a renegade Frenchman, whose name I forget; but that of his piracy is the *Mogador*. He would not have attacked such a vessel as yours, carrying four pieces of ordnance and manned by a

crew of well-armed men, unless he had first ascertained that the prize would repay the peril. He was no doubt bearing down to attack you when the squall struck him and saved you. *El Pelago* was chased by him during a whole day, and escaped capture by the device of doubling upon her course during the darkness of night. I hope the *Mogador* has foundered! These seas will be safer if the devil has made that haul."

The señor was interrupted by the hurried entrance of Batten into the cabin.

"The plot is ripe!" he exclaimed, in English. "Captain, your wife, Maunders, and myself are to be seized within the hour, and dealt with according to the good pleasure of Ruxby and his fellow-ruffians. There is not a moment to lose. Can we count upon the Spaniards?"

Cummins explained the situation to Arguel, who promptly answered for himself and countrymen. The señor then went on deck to summon them quietly below, in order that they might be armed in the best manner possible before going on deck, and at once take the initiative in immediate resolute

action. Evidently, whichever party secured possession of the four pieces of ordnance, and the requisite powder and ball, would be victors in the strife. The decision of the mutineers had been more suddenly taken than either Batten or Maunders expected. The coming of the Spaniards on board had, they thought, decided Ruxby to act at once, before any other reinforcement arrived, particularly as the captain of the *San Josèf* might by possibility come again on board the *Mary Rose*.

“Ruxby is at the helm,” said Batten, in reply to the captain; “your wife is no doubt in her sleeping-cabin.” . . . Cummins sprang with the leap of a panther at Ruxby, clutched him in a grip of iron, and said, “Understand, that at the first sign of mutiny you die.” A rush was then made to seize the ordnance. That was easily done, but no powder or ball could be laid hands on. Mrs. Cummins had meanwhile gained the deck, and found her husband and his friends aft. The sailors, armed and ferociously resolute, clustered about the forecastle of the

ship. The contest was too unequal, and could end but in one way.

"Let me speak, captain," gasped Ruxby, who perfectly well knew that, though his friends would be victors in the strife, he himself—by far the most important consideration—would be flung to the fishes, and before many minutes had passed too; "let me speak, captain. It will be better for both parties."

A parley ensued, the result of which was, that Captain Cummins and his wife, Batten, Maunders, and the Spaniards, men and women, would leave the ship in two boats—the launch of the *Mary Rose*, and the large boat that had belonged to *El Pelago*—well supplied with provisions and all other needful requisites.

At that season of the year, and in such weather as seemed likely to prevail for some time, there could be no reasonable doubt that the boats would safely reach one of the Fortunate Islands, or even Madeira, from whence a passage, after more or less delay, could be obtained for either Spain or England. The alternative was certainly prefer-

able to that of killing and being killed, it being as sure as any event not actually accomplished could be, that victory would ultimately rest with the mutineers, however much their number might have been thinned by conflict. No doubt, moreover, that the presence of his young wife was an important element in forming the determination of Captain Cummins.

It was resolved to make one of the Fortunate Islands—the nearest; and, as the launch was capable of conveying twice eleven passengers, and stowing sufficient provisions for such a number for a month, they determined not to encumber themselves with the Spanish boat. One of the small Portuguese cannon, which had been purchased for the *Rainbow*, was also, at Captain Cummins's request, lowered into the launch, and mounted in the bow. They were also furnished with powder and ball, and, indeed, allowed to take any arms they pleased. The firing of the gun might secure them succour from any vessel they should sight, which might else pass on unobservingly.

The progress of the launch was very

slow, there being no wind; and when the sun rose on the following morning, it scarcely seemed that they were more than four or five leagues distant from the *Mary Rose*, still hopelessly becalmed :

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

With sunrise a faint cat's-paw breeze came rippling over the sea, bringing with it a three-masted vessel, which Señor Arguel first declared, and Cummins presently admitted, to be the apocryphal *San Josèf*—really the *Mogador*. Her deck was crowded with men, and she was evidently making for the *Mary Rose*. Should the light breeze she was bringing with her last, she would soon be up with the Hull vessel, passing the launch at the distance of about half a mile. Instantly, instinctively, so to speak, Cummins requested every one except two rowers to crouch down in the bottom of the launch, he doing the same after throwing a tarpaulin over the bright brass gun in the bow. They would then probably escape the pirate's notice, or, if seen, be taken for a fisher-boat—not worth his attention.

The faint breeze died away, and the

Mogador was as motionless as the *Mary Rose*. The launch, unobserved by the pirate, had meantime gained the concealment of the volcanic reef or rock called Lanza, distant about ten leagues from the island of Lancrete. From that hiding-place William Cummins watched the pirate with eager interest. Would her captain, knowing as he did the *Mary Rose* to have on board gold and ivory in large value, run the chance of losing her should a breeze spring up in the night? He thought not; and, moreover, judged that, if he attacked in boats, he would deem it but prudent to put forth all his strength. Three or four men would be enough to leave in the *Mogador*. The launch ought then to have something to say in the quarrel; for, if William Cummins did not greatly mistake the signs in the heavens, it would, when but a very few hours had passed, be blowing a gale that would render a stout-decked vessel a much more desirable habitat than an open launch.

It fell out as Cummins hoped, doubtfully anticipated. The pirate, fearful of losing so rich a prize, manned all his boats and pulled

lustily for the *Mary Rose*, distant about two leagues. The *Mogador*, when her boats cast off, was within one mile of the launch, and only five or six men had been left in her, who intently watched the progress of the boats. The *Mary Rose* soon took the alarm, and it was quite evident that a fierce fight was about to take place. The artillery of the Hull ship, if well pointed, would give the mutineers an immense advantage over the pirate's frail boats.

Those boats were a full league away from the *Mogador*, when the launch, gliding from her hiding-place, pulled quietly as possible for the pirate ship, and was close upon her before any of the seamen on board observed his approach. At last the officer in charge roared out, in bad Spanish, a request to know who they in the launch were, and what they wanted. The answer was sharp and sufficiently intelligible: a ball from the launch's bow-gun, which, smashing through the *Mogador's* bulwark, smashed also one of the pirates. Two minutes afterwards, the *Mogador* was prize to the *Mary Rose* launch.

That little affair neatly concluded, Captain Cummins and his friends could watch with serene interest the fight between the pirates and mutineers. It was a fiercely contested one; but numbers triumphed, as they usually do. The *Mogadors* were in possession of the deck, the red cross of St. George was being hauled down, when a pyramid of flame shot skyward, followed by the roar of a thousand thunders. The powder-room had been fired, and victors and vanquished blown to heaven or the other place simultaneously.

The *Mogador* arrived at Hull, all well. What became of the pirates, who had been compelled to work their passage to the Yorkshire port, William Cummins does not say. Rumours of gold-countries, discovered by him south of the equator, were for some time locally discussed with more or less interest; but all tangible evidence thereof having perished with the *Mary Rose*, the timorous and sceptical—always the silencing majority, if not opposed to acknowledged celebrities—affected to treat them as, if not

precisely fables, gross exaggerations, and the subject soon faded from even local memory.

Cummins, it appears, waxed wealthy by trading to the Levant, but never revisited the African gold-fields. One of his sons commanded a "victualler" attached to Drake's squadron in the running fight with the Spanish Armada. He was acquainted with John Cabot; but where he met and conversed with that celebrated navigator—whether at Bristol, Hull, or elsewhere—is not stated. There can, however, be no question that William Cummins rounded the western projection of Africa and entered the Gulf of Guinea several years before the Portuguese admiral whose fame rests upon that achievement. He was a fine exemplar of the mercantile mariners of England—the men by whom has been built up, and who to this day substantially sustain, the military marine of England. Your Rodney and your Nelson victories are the Corinthian capitals which overlooked and dazzled the world; but the granite which raised and holds aloft these capitals is the hardy race

whose daring enterprise, unchronicled and untrumpeted, whose perils and disasters at sea, have been the nursery-school of unsung, prosaic heroes, compared with whom the Scandinavian vikings were mere babes and sucklings.

BEVIS HILL, MARINER :

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1657).

I WAS picked up, and I dare say born, on Bevis Hill—so named after a giant famous in his day—on the 9th of June, in the year of our Lord 1622. Bevis Hill is about two miles distant from Southampton, on the Portsmouth road. Thomas Finch, who found me on the wayside, but poorly wrapped up, was an honest, God-fearing man, who gained his hard livelihood by boating folks over from Southampton to Hythe, a village opposite that port, and also by piloting vessels up and down the river. It was he who piloted the *Mayflower*, which embarked the Pilgrim Fathers, as they call them now, out to sea ; and very proud he was of having done it. He had a brimstone wife, but no children ; so they adopted me, calling me after the place where I was found. Mrs.

Finch was a spitfire, but not bad in reality, —could read and write pretty well, and taught me. Rather rough teaching, but perhaps that was the only way, for I was always a gnarled, cross-grained cub. I took to the sea naturally; so I did to girls—which did me good. Being a surprising swimmer for my age—fifteen—I was able to save the life of Miss Mary Linley, whose father was Mayor of Southampton; poor Finch being drowned, as were the mayor's brother and nephew at the same time. They hired our boat for a sail on the river, and when about half-way to Calshot Castle, which is about nine miles from the port, a sudden squall capsized us. I caught hold of the young lady's dress, and held her above water by one arm, swimming with the other. Finch could swim, but was getting feeble by reason of years, and after about a quarter of an hour's struggle—he kept on quite as long as that, being stout of heart—went down. I could not help him. The two gentlemen sank like stones at once. The tide, a spring-tide, was flowing; and well knowing its set, I reached the mid-current, and was floated on till I

gained hold of a boat fastened at the stern of a collier anchored off Southampton, having been two hours and more in the water. It was quite dusk when I climbed into the boat, and with much difficulty pulled in the insensible and, as I for some time feared, dead young girl. She recovered on board the collier-brig, but was not quite well for several months afterwards. This was thought to be a great thing on my part, though I didn't understand how any one who could have done what I did would not have done it. She was an only child, the apple of her father's eye. He was a rich man, and said I might count upon him for a friend through life. He kept his word. He made Mrs. Finch a weekly allowance, and apprenticed me to the master and owner of a collier-brig. Her name was the *Dolphin*; the master's, Bilton—Andrew Bilton; and a hard task-master, a dour villain he was, but a skilled, hardy seaman. The *Dolphin* hailed from Sunderland; and seven long and bitter years—close, at least, upon seven—I served in her. A rude school is the collier coasting-trade; feeling your way along the iron-girt coast on

long winter nights, when the frozen sails feel like sheets of copper, the ropes like bars of ice; the shore generally under your lee; easterly winds prevailing mostly at that season. But it is a school which turns out the hardiest, most fearless, reckless seamen in the world. Hundreds, thousands, perish in the seasoning; but those who survive are true, genuine sea-dogs. Spaniards, "Portungals" sailing south of the Line, where there was no peace, knew that full well. The pick of Drake's, Dampier's, Hawkins' men were trained in that man-making school. But I may not prate of such matters, nor dwell too long on the time of my youth, when I remembered not my Creator, or these evil days would not have come upon me. I have much to tell, and but few hours to tell it in. "Ephraim is given to idols: let him alone!" this is the terrible sentence long since fulminated against me, my idols being gold and vengeance. How often did the still, small voice within warn me that if I would save my soul alive, I must turn from those false gods, or perish. But the sands in the hour-glass are few, and pass swiftly. That which my

hand has found to do must be done without delay, for the darkness in which no man can work will soon pall me in its dunnest shroud. Regrets avail not to give back one bitter hour of the misspent past. What is done, is done; and the lost, vain lamentings which gather before us in our earthly pilgrimage but serve, like the stern-lamps of a ship, to throw a dreary light on the track over which we may never return.

Yet, searching through the dark backward and abysm of time,—I have read Shakespeare,—my gladdened gaze rests on some bright spots. The saving of Mary Linley's life is one; and an occurrence on board the *Dolphin*, on the night of the 12th of September 1641, is a yet brighter eye-mark.

There were troubles in the land. The king and parliament were in hot dispute, which all men said only the sword could decide. I recked not of such matters; but I knew that both parties were filled with fury towards each other. The *Dolphin* was once dismasted in the Wash during a terrible storm, and it was a special Providence that

she rode it out, two cables having parted during the night. A third, by God's mercy, held; and the weather having moderated, we went, soon after day broke, into Great Grimsby, to repair damages and get two new masts. There was on board at the time one Ravenshaw, who had been to the North on business, and had taken return passage in the *Dolphin*, which was bound for London. He was a proud, grand fellow; but I didn't at all like him from the first. He and skipper Bilton were thick as thieves. I could not understand why we brought up and anchored in the Wash—the wind, though dead east and rising, not being so fierce but we might have weathered Cromer very well, and continued our voyage. Three hours afterwards, it would have blown the horns off a bull. By God's mercy, as I have said, we got safely into Great Grimsby harbour. It was there—at least in the neighbourhood—that Ravenshaw had his dwelling. Rather a fine place. I visited it twice, the second time warned to do so by a dream. I don't say that I exactly believe in dreams—that angels, ministers of grace, specially visit and warn us during the hours

of slumber. Maybe no, maybe yes. In the case I am speaking of, it was, I dare say, some words I heard pass at the Elms—the name of Ravenshaw's place—between him and the skipper, that caused the dream; yes, I think so. There was a Mistress Feltham, a relation of Ravenshaw's, staying at the Elms—a young and likely wife, with a child-son. It seemed, so far as I could make out, that her husband had somehow got his head in the lion's mouth, and would have it lopped off for high treason, unless some powerful friend, whose wife Mrs. Feltham had been brought up with, could be gained over. That is what I understood, but I never was anxious about the ins and outs of the thing. I quite understood, however, that if the husband was made a head shorter, Ravenshaw would come into a large property, supposing the son should die too; and that the only chance of Mr. Feltham escaping a traitor's doom was the intercession of the great lady, who was staying at the time at Ipswich. The brig's repairs were at last complete; we should sail immediately, and land the wife and child at Ipswich. Some subterfuge

must have been invented, some story told, to prevent Mrs. Feltham journeying by land to that town; I supposed that. I overheard the skipper and Mr. Ravenshaw agree to finally conclude about Madam Feltham and her son the next evening. They were to consult together in the blue room, where there could be no listeners. I knew the blue room; and no doubt that conversation caused my dream, or helped, with other things, to cause it. So I went and hid myself in the blue room, in a recess concealed by a sliding panel. But no one came there, neither Mr. Ravenshaw nor the skipper. So I came away, and should have stepped on board the *Dolphin*, which was all ataxy, no wiser than when I left her, had I not, in stealing away from the Elms, passed, unobserved in the darkness, Bilton and Ravenshaw. It was raining hard, and they had taken temporary refuge under a large, leafy tree in the avenue. The thing was not mapped out quite clear, but I understood well enough that Mrs. Feltham and her child were somehow to be drowned during the passage to Ipswich. I was sure of that, though my

brain was muddled at the time, more so before I got on board, by drink. That has always been my failing. I should else have been—well, not here.

We sailed the next morning, standing well off from the coast. We made smart way, and soon after evening fell, the *Dolphin* lay-to; a boat was lowered,—the shore-light seemed about a couple of leagues distant, being, the skipper said, the beacon at the mouth of the Orwell river, leading up to Ipswich. There was but little sea on, and Mrs. Feltham and child would be rowed to land; the *Dolphin* to be kept lying-to till the boat returned after landing them. Two sailors, Johns and Sebright—unmitigated ruffians both, capable of any deed of villany—were to be the oarsmen. Johns had been tried at Shields for the murder of a young woman with whom he kept company. She had, no doubt, been killed with brutal violence: a child that, but a few days afterwards, would else have seen the light, died with her; but the crime could not be legally, it seemed, brought home to the murderer. Sebright was such another 'scape-gallows

villain; and these two ruffians had, I remembered, been in close consultation of late with Bilton. It was plain to me how the murder of Mrs. Feltham and child would be managed. They would never reach the shore; never again be heard of. Such deeds were not unfrequent. There was no echo to waft tidings thereof to the ear of authority. And what could I do? Warn the wife? Tell my suspicions to the crew? Folly! madness! Yet, come what might, I would not tamely suffer that gentle woman to be drowned—murdered! In my sea-chest were two pistols; I hastened down, secured them, but had only powder and ball for one. I was casting about for another charge of powder—it signified not for a ball; a metal button off my waistcoat would answer for that—when the harsh voice of the skipper, calling upon Johns and Sebright to be sharp, warned me that not another moment must be lost. I hurried upon deck, and seizing an opportunity, dropped unperceived into the boat, and crept under a tarpaulin which I had let quietly fall into her bow. The darkness of the night favoured me.

The wife, I could hear, was unwilling to trust herself and child in an open boat at night, so far from land; but there was a harshness in the captain's tones which convinced her she had no choice but to go. She and her son were lowered into the boat, which immediately shoved off. There was not much fear that I should be speedily missed, nor did I believe it likely that the intended murder would be committed till the boat was lost sight of by the crew of the *Dolphin*. That was in my favour, and I felt bold and confident. I have many failings; but being an Englishman, cowardice is not one of them. I never felt, that I remember, more happy or so proud. Nothing was heard but the lady's quick, hard breathing,—the visible yet shapeless presence of a great fear chilled, oppressed her,—and the measured dip of the oars, till the ship was but faintly discernible from the boat—the boat consequently invisible to those in the ship. I watched through a slit in the tarpaulin, which I held just sufficiently wide to do so with my left hand; the right was free, and grasped the loaded pistol. The murderers

muttered something, and each unshipped his oar. The moment of trial was at hand, and my thumb gently pressed back the pistol-lock to full-cock. "Stand up, ma'am," fiercely cried Johns, himself standing up; "come more forward." Upon her feet, with the child in her arms, she could be tossed overboard with ease. Mrs. Feltham did not move or speak, but clasped the child more tightly to her bosom, and looked with dumb terror in the ruffian's face; hers the faint starlight showed to be as white as stone. "You won't, eh?" savagely growled Johns. "Well, it's no matter; over you goes, any how." There was a struggle, a scream, cut short by a loud report, and the scattering of the assassin's brains by my pistol-bullet. Before Sebright could know where he was, or what had happened, he was stunned, knocked over by the brass but-end of that same pistol. Hurra! victory! I manacled his hands and his feet, spoke to the lady soothingly, and sculled for shore. It was safely reached. There were hearings before the Ipswich magistrates. I was much praised; there was some stir in the matter,

but the unquiet time pushed it out of hearing. The mother was grateful—would, with her husband's help (her lady friend procured his liberation)—have secured my permanent advancement in life; but the old vice marred my fortunes.

* * * * *

Again in Southampton. Mr. Linley and Miss Mary Linley did not believe for a moment that I was the reckless reprobate—my only good quality, disdain of death—that some collier-fellows from Sunderland and Shields had reported me to be; not they. It was true, nevertheless. I was, no doubt, the child of sin—literally conceived in sin. Well, it could not be my fault that I was basely born. Yes, the saving of Mrs. Feltham and her child is a precious memory.

I loitered years away, not growing better as they slipped past. I was nearly thirty years of age,—the king had been beheaded; Prince Rupert was on the seas,—and, urged by Mr. Linley, who was a stanch loyalist, I thought to join him. I might have hit upon the means of doing so, had not the devil found me other work. I had married;

a not so young, but very comely woman, living at Portswood—Portswood is a village near Bevis Hill—who had caught and fixed my fancy. She was a mother, but neither wife nor widow. Her daughter, Janet, was therefore base-born, like myself. I cared not for that. She herself was very poor. Had that not been so, she would not have gone to church with me ; she once told me so. Yet I loved her to distraction, with all the fire of my fierce nature. The father of Janet was, I knew, a mariner, like myself,—his name Simpson. That was all I knew concerning him.

It was an unhappy home ; and after a violent quarrel, I left it, as I thought, for ever. I had met with a seaman named Sykes, who was at hide-and-seek, having run from the *Stag*, one of Admiral Blake's ships. He had seen service as a buccaneer on the Spanish Main, and was always talking of the great gains to be made there. He awakened in me that serpent of the soul, the greed of gold—always, no doubt, latent within me, and which, once roused, gave me no rest. Were I rich, my wife would love

me. I *would* try for fortune on the Spanish Main—enrich myself with the Spaniards' spoil. But how get there? in what plight be when there? That was the question, suddenly resolved by the merest accident. I was lounging about on the Southampton quay, when a one-armed seaman came hurrying to the landing-steps, where a boat was fastened. He expected to find two of his men in her; but they were absent, not supposing he would return so soon. He was captain of the *Mermaid*,—a fine brig, anchored in the river, and which had been there some days picking up a crew. Sykes, the man who had run away from the *Stag*, came up, as the devil would have it, just at the time. Captain Edwards was impatient to go on board, and asked us if we would pull him off and back. We agreed to do so. This was at early evening. Edwards only wanted to fetch some papers,—which done, he immediately returned. There was only one man on board, the crew being ashore on leave, as the *Mermaid* would drop down the river with the ebb-tide the next morning. The brig mounted six brass can-

non, and we, both Sykes and I, had no doubt that what had been whispered about concerning her destination was correct. She was intended for the Main, and just the ship for that work. Captain Edwards gave us a Spanish silver piece, as it happened, bade us secure the boat, and himself went away quickly towards the High Street. The same wild idea had struck both of us; only a word or two was exchanged—quite enough; and the moment Edwards was out of sight, we shoved off and pulled for the *Mermaid*. Wind and tide were favourable; the brig in less than two hours would have turned Calshot Point, be out of sight, and successful pursuit out of the question. There was no craft in the river that could, if ordered to do so, overhaul the *Mermaid*.

“We shall easily get a crew,” said Sykes, “at Guernsey. I am known there, and acquainted with fellows of the right stamp, who won’t ask many questions if the rhino is all right,—and there is a bag full of the silver shiners, which the skipper has given us one out of in the cabin-lockers; and gold ones, too, depend upon it.”

That was how the matter was settled; and in about a quarter of an hour, or less, the *Mermaid* was dropping quietly down the river. The mooring-cable we had severed with an axe. The man on board was compelled to help us, under penalty of being flung overboard; so that we were able, the weather being fine and mild, to manage the sails well enough. The wind was due north; we made between seven and eight knots; by noon on the morrow we sighted Guernsey, and not long afterwards dropped anchor in the roads. The man belonging to the brig—I did not hear his name—had been disposed of during the night; not by my act, nor with my spoken consent, though I knew as well as Sykes that he could not be allowed to live. One crime always begets another, and the progeny is sure to be worse than the parent. That man's death sits even now heavy on my soul. Sykes went on shore, sculling himself in a small boat, taking plenty of shiners with him. He was to be captain, I first-mate, but to share and share alike. He had no difficulty in picking up a crew of the right sort. Most of them had

served in one of Prince Rupert's rovers,—the *Rose*, I think, which had foundered in the Channel not long before, a portion of the crew escaping with only their lives in a boat. We set sail the same evening, our immediate destination being the Scilly Islands. We had enough men to sail the ship, but not to fight her. Spanish galleons were not to be had for the asking; and we knew that nowhere could sea desperadoes be met with in more plenty than in the islands, which Sir Richard Grenville and Rupert would have turned into a stronghold of pirates, but for Blake's cannon.

I shall pass briefly over the next five years—years that I would fain blot from the tablet of memory, so stained and blood-spotted is the terrible record. Not without redeeming points: I it was who mainly helped to rescue—but self-praise is not the purpose of this writing. The reckoning, all mitigating circumstances weighed by Infinite Mercy, and to be summed up by Infinite Justice before another sun shall set, will be—must be—a fearful one!

I was rich at the end of those five years; I mean that my share of the spoil, fairly divided, was large. Yes; but I had to deal with a man whose lust for gold was greater, yes, greater, more ravenous than mine. We quarrelled. The crew took different sides, and a fierce, bloody fight ensued. I—my side—was victorious, but the triumph was short-lived and dearly purchased. Sykes, the fiend who tempted me to crime, felled me in the hurly-burly of the contest by a terrific blow on the face with an axe. He himself was killed immediately afterwards: that, however, I did not know till many days had passed. When I recovered consciousness, I was in New England. The *Mermaid* had by some accident caught fire during the contest; it was found impossible to extinguish the flames, and the crew took to the boats; a man who had once fallen overboard, and whom I had rescued from drowning, helped me into one, and some forty-eight hours afterwards we were picked up by the *Salem*, of Boston. I was treated with great kindness, and, when quite recovered, sailed in the *Nantucket* for England. All that was left

me of my ill-gotten gains was just six hundred pounds. That sum I had transmitted to London from Jamaica, through Captain Jonas Steele, one of the Cromwellian officers who had helped to wrest that West-India island from Spain. He was to deposit the money, in my name, at James Gregg's, a wealthy, well-known goldsmith, of Fleet Street—which volunteered service he faithfully performed.

A fearful judgment had fallen upon me. The blow with the axe dealt by Sykes had so disfigured me, so changed my features, that when I first looked into a mirror I could scarcely believe it was myself who stood before it. It was not so much the ugliness of the face which startled me, as that it was not I. No one could have recognised Bevis Hill.

I landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of July—five years and one month after piratically carrying off the *Mermaid*. I passed under the name of Sim,—by which name I was known to Captain Jonas Steele. I took the stage to London, ob-

tained my money—that officer having sent me a written receipt for the same, signed by James Gregg, which fortunately came to hand, and was upon my person when I was taken off the *Mermaid*. At Southampton I put up at the Tiger, a small hostelry near the Bargate, once a familiar rendezvous of mine. The landlady had known me and my wife well, but had not the faintest notion that she was speaking to Bevis Hill. In a roundabout way, pretending to have met with myself in distant parts some years before, I asked her about the stealing of the *Mermaid*—pretending that Bevis Hill had boasted to me of the exploit, the truth of which I had doubted. She said it was quite true; adding that Hill, though he had some good qualities, and was brave as a lion, had been a sad drunkard; and it was very fortunate for his wife—a very good sort of woman—that he was out of the way. The report was, that I had been killed in an attack on a Spanish galleon. I *had* been severely wounded. Mr. Linley, lately dead, believed it; so did Mrs. Finch, who had also departed this life. The widow of Bevis Hill, she said,

still lived in the old place at Portswood, with her daughter Janet; but she (the landlady) had not spoken with her for some months.

I then went away towards Portswood. Truly, as I live and must answer to God for what I state, it was my intention to have given my wife the whole of the six hundred pounds, except a sum sufficient to keep me till I could get a ship, and never molest her more. My love for her was ardent—more ardent than ever; it was all of healthful life remaining to me. Knowing that, and that she believed herself to be a widow, I ought to have made more exact inquiries before seeing her. Had I done so, I should have been told that she was about to wed with Simpson, the father of Janet, and that they were to embark in a few days for the American plantations, in the barque *Lily*, then moored off Southampton. Had I heard that, surely I should have sent her one-half at least of the six hundred pounds, pretendedly from her deceased husband, and foreborne to see her. I think so now, at all events.

She was at home, her daughter with her,

both much happier than ever I had seen them look. The very sight roused the devil in me. But I quelled him for a time. I said my name was Simkins; that I was the bearer of a message and money from Bevis Hill, her husband!

My wife started and changed colour,—she was far more comely than when I left Southampton,—and asked *what* message I had brought. The money she did not mention. I said, the message was one of love, and hope of forgiveness; the money was over five hundred pounds in gold, which I had brought with me; and approaching, I placed the bag containing it upon the table.

“Ill-gotten gold!” she exclaimed; “I’ll none of it! I forgave him long since, whilst supposing that I could never see him more; and I humbly trust he has found forgiveness at the dread judgment-seat, before which he must have appeared with the blood of piratical battle upon his already sinful soul. I shall not accept his money,—it would bring a curse upon me and mine. Take it away. Richard,” she added, springing up with joyful welcome, “Richard! see, your wife might

have a rich dowry!" and she repeated what had passed.

"You should not, with my consent, touch one piece of that blood-money! His gifts should have perished with him."

"You are harsh, Richard," said my wife gently; "we are all sinners. Keep the money yourself, my good man," she added; "we want it not. And take this glass of ale."

As I, choking, sipped that, he kissed her cheek. Ha! I did not kill her *then*.

I hurried off, muttering that the money was not mine. How was it? What savage feeling could be tearing at my heart, that I *would* force that gold upon them? I did not quite understand myself at the time, but a few days afterwards, when I saw her jauntily decked out, and wearing rich ornaments which that gold had purchased, I had a clearer conception of my devil-nature.

"Ha! ha!" I ferociously chuckled in the Holy Rood Church,— "ha! ha! I, the out-cast husband, have paid, my jaunty bridegroom, for your bride's wedding-finery! That debt will bear interest, and the day of

payment is not very distant. You will not have sighted the shores of the New World when it shall arrive."

Two days previously I had obtained a berth as foremast-man in the *Lily*. We should sail together.

All ready: the blue-peter is flying. The *Lily*, Captain Mosely, is ready to start. The anchor is hove short. A few more turns of the capstan, and it will be a-trip. We are only waiting for the yesterday-married pair and their daughter. They have slept late, of course; but here they come at last. And who is that coming off in the same boat? A Mr. and Mrs. Conway. I had seen the names in the passenger-list. But who is Mrs. Conway? Mary Linley, by all the fiends in hell!

To-morrow I shall be hanged for the murder of my wife upon the high seas. I *would* have killed Simpson, but was prevented. The details are well known. May the Lord be merciful to me a sinner!
(Written in Newgate.)

JACQUES CARTIER.

THE curt despatch of Francis I. of France to his queen, after his terrible defeat at Pavia, "Tout est perdu or l'honneur" (All is lost save honour), has become famous; and there is another expression of his which deserves to be recorded. His holiness the Pope, in the plenitude of his supreme pontifical authority,—not being well up in geography, and believing, with John Milton, by the way, that the earth was flat; desirous, moreover, of conciliating the rival claims of the kings of Spain and Portugal, both faithful sons of the Church,—declared by a bull—very truly a bull—that whenever there were conflicting claims to the possession of the New World by those potentates, all new countries which might be thereafter discovered to the east of the Azores should belong to the crown of Portugal, and all discovered west of the Azores to that of

Spain. His holiness no doubt imagined that, the earth being flat, the one nation going west, the other east, they could never by possibility come into collision. Now Francis I. had long looked with impatient jealousy upon the acquisitions of Spain and Portugal in the wondrous world, which seemed to have suddenly risen out of the sea to astonish and dazzle mankind; and he was heard to exclaim, "Can any one show me the will and testament of our father Adam, which disinherits me of my share in those possessions in favour of Spain and Portugal?" Francis I. was evidently not an Ultramontanist. These words of the king found echoes in the brave, aspiring hearts and brains of several Frenchmen. Jacques Cartier, a native of St. Malo, Brittany, had long meditated upon the same theme. He was a sailor by profession, and had not long finished his apprenticeship, when the idea which had gradually grown into distinctness in his mind matured itself. He had read and pondered on the great discovery which has immortalised the name of Magellan, or Magalhaens, a Portuguese by

birth, but in the service of Spain. This daring navigator, for reasons unnecessary to detail here, had quitted the service of his sovereign, and offered to evade the provisions of the Pope's famous bull by sailing, if possible, from the Atlantic Ocean into the South Sea, previously discovered by Balbao. He thought to find a passage through the mainland of South America, by the Rio de la Plata, or some other river debouching upon its eastern coast. Should he succeed, Spain would possess the East as well as the West Indies; since if, for example, the Portuguese Moluccas, or Spice Islands, were reached by way of the west, even though situated in the east, they would fall to Spain by the express terms of the Papal bull. Magellan did succeed in discovering the straits now called by his name, communicating between the Atlantic Ocean and the Southern Sea. This story, sinking with the king's words into Jacques Cartier's French heart, originated the idea which I have said was, at a very early age, matured in the brain of the ambitious mariner. His plan was to seek a passage to China and the

Spice Islands by the north of the western continent, and in the vicinity of the North Pole. France might then assert her right to a share in the explorations which were adding so enormously to the riches and fame of Spain and Portugal. This was the origin of the many efforts—recently crowned with a barren success—to discover the North-West Passage. Jacques Cartier was unquestionably the originator of that fascinating, fantastic project. He succeeded, after many disappointments, in laying his plans before Francis I., which enthusiastic monarch at once adopted Cartier's views. Two vessels, of about seventy tons each, were fitted out, and in May 1534 Jacques Cartier left St. Malo. This voyage was a rapid and prosperous one, but is only incidentally correlative with narratives of perils and disasters at sea. Cartier discovered Belle Isle Straits—passed through them into a gulf, which, in honour of the day of his discovery, he named the St. Lawrence. He discovered not only the insular character of Newfoundland, but many of the islands and headlands in the gulf, which to this day bear the

names he gave them. He had interviews with several of the native tribes, and took possession of many lands in the name of Francis I., King of France. Finding it impossible, on account of the prevalence of contrary winds, to ascend the St. Lawrence, he returned to St. Malo, after a rapid and fortunate voyage. So much for Jacques Cartier's first sea enterprise.

Francis I. was so delighted with Cartier's success, that he immediately caused three ships, neither of very large tonnage—mere cock-boats they would be called in the present day—to be despatched with young Cartier upon a second voyage of exploration; Cartier to have the title of royal pilot. He started in May 1535, and after a tempestuous voyage, extending over three months, reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence. He designated it by its Indian name of Hochelaga. He ascended the river in boats, and passed a collection of huts, of which the native name, as he heard and spelt it, was Stadacone. Stadacone, if that were its true Indian name, has now developed itself into the city of Quebec, above which tower the heights of Abraham,

the scene of Wolfe's great exploits—a sun-beam on the page of English history which does not pale its glory before any of the meteor splendours before or since achieved by British prowess. Arrived at another Indian village, called after the river Hochelaga, he renamed it, from a high mountain in the vicinity, Mont Real, now Montreal. He returned in safety, having contributed some brilliant pages to the history of geographical discovery.

But it is with Jacques Cartier's third and last voyage that this paper has chiefly to treat. This last expedition, consisting of six ships, sailed, early in 1541, for the scene of Cartier's discoveries. The French navigator returned in 1542, was enriched, and lived during ten years in the enjoyment of his honours and wealth. The narrative of this last voyage, said to have been penned by his own hand, was, till about eight years ago, believed to have been lost. A Ms., which purports to be that narrative, and is believed to be authentic, was discovered by M. Vigier in the archives of the Royal Library at Brussels in 1855, and has since

been published. That such a document, written by a Frenchman, should have found its way there, and been buried for upwards of three centuries, seems at the first blush of the matter surprising; but it is accounted for by the fact that a female relative of Cartier married a Flemish gentleman of the name of Kerjon, who was remarkable for his literary taste, if not for his literary ability. The Ms., it is suggested, may have been submitted to him for approval or revision; and death, or other of the ills which flesh is heir to, may have hindered the publication of the memoir till Cartier and his relative were shut up in their graves. For my own part, I incline to believe in the genuineness of the memoir. It is Frenchly egotistical in its tone, and there are incidental allusions, not only to circumstances which occurred during the previous voyages, but to certain celebrated and obscure personages of the time which could only have been written by a contemporary of those celebrated and obscure personages. If a forgery, it must have been committed whilst Cartier lived; and what motive can be assigned for the perpe-

tration of such a literary forgery? I merely give its substance.

In his second voyage, Cartier was desirous of bringing to Europe living proofs of his remarkable discoveries. For that purpose he kidnapped a Canadian chief, named Dinnaconna, and ten other Indians, all of whom he brought to Europe. They were exhibited, wondered at, and baptised. Not many months afterwards, they were in their graves. This act of Cartier's bore fruit after its kind, as most deeds do.

The St. Lawrence and Canada were the localities explored for the third time by Cartier. He must have gone much farther westward than on the previous occasion, for he speaks of vast lakes which poured their waters over falls of terrific height. Let us hear Cartier himself with reference to this passage in the story of his last adventures :

“Leaving the ships at anchor below the Indian village Stadacone (Quebec), I, with two boats, one belonging to *La Croix de Dieu* (the Cross of God), my own ship, the other to the *Ville de Bordeaux*, ascended the

river. We were in all fifty-seven men, and both boats carried in their bows a falconet. The *Ville de Bordeaux's* boat was commanded by Lieutenant St. Pierre.

“We had long passed Hochelaga, when a startling circumstance befell. It was getting dark ; and the men being much fatigued by rowing against the tide for so many hours, I determined to anchor for the night. I did so nearly in mid-stream, Lieutenant St. Pierre close to the shore, which to its edge was clothed with primeval forest—tall trees flashing with glory in the sunset, whose rays lingered on their tips, clinging with a last embrace to the beautiful.

“Night fell, black, moonless, starless; and the brute-life of the forest, hushed during the day, resounded on all sides in savage concert. Above all was heard the roar of the Canadian tiger (panther?). He no doubt scented prey. I knew, of course, that those fierce beasts could swim ; but we were sixty armed Frenchmen, and a match, under such conditions, for all the tigers in Canada. It was not long before the clouds which had shut out heaven passed away

like a scroll that is rolled together; and the veil withdrawn, the lamps kindled by the hand of God shed a silvery, subdued brightness around, there being no moon. The forest uproar (*mugissement*) continued, and swelled into an infernal concert. Evidently there were a considerable number of tigers, or similar beasts of prey, congregated very near to us on the edge of the forest, and chiefly on the right bank, near which was moored the boat commanded by Lieutenant St. Pierre.

“No apprehension of danger to him or his men crossed my mind, and I was composing myself to sleep, when a tremendous tiger-roar rang over the water, echoed by piercing screams of human agony. Two tigers (panthers) had leapt into the *Ville de Bordeaux's* boat, seized two men—one of whom was Lieutenant St. Pierre himself—and carried them both off. Muskets were snatched up, and fired at the ravening beasts, but it was supposed without effect. Tigers and victims vanished in the deep gloom of the savage wilderness, and we had only to resign ourselves to the decree of destiny.

“The *Ville de Bordeaux's* boat was by my order moved to mid-stream, close by ours, and strict watch was kept lest perchance the fierce brutes might venture upon another attack, and in numbers. The night passed without any further alarm, and at dawn we resumed our ascent of the river.”

(Here follows a long description of the landing of Cartier and his men, their careful concealment of the two boats, and subsequent journey inland; their sole dependence for food being their guns.)

“At length, after many days' journey, we reached a vast fresh-water sea or lake (Lake Huron?), and afterwards the wonderful falls of the mighty waters. Returning by the same way, we fell in with an encampment of Indians. It was a temporary village, the tribe being shifting or migratory—as, indeed, all Indian tribes are—always moving about in search of the best hunting-grounds for the time of year. A chief and several of the tribe recognised me as the white face who had carried off Dinnaconna and the ten Indians who afterwards died in France. That was done, I contend, by a perfectly

lawful stratagem, the intent being honourable, and for their own benefit and advancement. The savages, however, as I afterwards knew, believed we had murdered them. Had I known this, and recognised the chief and others as they did me, I should at once have continued our journey ; knowing enough, as I did, of Indian wiles to be sure that by some cunningly planned, treacherous scheme or other we should be entrapped in the toils, and suffer death by the cruellest and most prolonged torture. Sixty well-armed Frenchmen had nothing to fear, if not lulled into a fatal security, from a wilderness of savages ; but the weakest girl can slay a sleeping soldier.

“ The weather was delicious ; the surface of the vast lake upon the borders of which the Indians were encamped was one immense unruffled sheet of silver. The Indians had a number of canoes—huge trunks of trees, hollowed out by fire—very rude craft, but managed by them very cleverly. In these they fished after a primitive manner, but sometimes successfully. They did not, however, appear greatly to affect the taste of fish. We, on the contrary, greatly relished

the change of diet ; and being, moreover, much in need of rest for a while, gladly accepted the offer of the Indian chiefs to remain for a few days on the spot, and beguile the time by fishing for ourselves. Of course, when so engaged, we should, being unarmed, be at the mercy of the savages. The thought did not cross my mind. I had never experienced any thing but kindness, submissive kindness, on the part of the red people. Our fire-arms seemed to invest us in their eyes with the attributes of Him whose thunders and lightnings speak in awful tones to the universe. I did not reflect that familiarity would dispel that superstition ; that seeing us pour powder and shot into an iron tube, and explode the charge by the fire of a flint, would show the Indians—men endowed by God with acute perceptions and clearly reasoning intellects—that we were but ordinary mortals, after all ; our thunder and lightning a mechanical human contrivance, which they themselves could put in action as well as ourselves, had they the materials. The anxiety of several chiefs to be instructed in the art of loading the guns and firing them off

should have taught me caution, but did not. Happily for us, Jean Trébuchet, second of *La Ville de Bordeaux*, did not share my *insouciance*—my absurd confidence; was not, like me, lulled to sleep in a fool's paradise by soft words. To be sure, he could not understand the Indian dialect even slightly, as I did. He bluntly refused to trust himself in an Indian canoe, and so far infected me with his mistrust that I agreed that only one-half, or thereabout, of our fellows should fish at one time. The sport was not precisely—that is to say, not entirely—fishing. We amused ourselves by paddling, Indian fashion, about the lake, never venturing, however, far from the shore.

“On the fifth day of our sojourn with the Indians, the chief who had recognised me as the white-face who had carried off Dinnaconna, and by whom I could make myself tolerably well understood,—he could do the same with me,—proposed that we should go to some place on the borders of the lake, distant, as I understood him, about three hours, where fish were in great plenty, and, as he made out, wonderful objects to be seen. I agreed;

but at almost the very moment of embarking was seized with stomach-spasms, to which I had been long subject. I remained, therefore, in the Indian hut which had been assigned to me, with Trébuchet and seven others. The powerful medicine which had been prepared by the deservedly celebrated Docteur Portalis, principal physician to his majesty the king, soon relieved me; and in about two hours after the departure of the fishing expedition (thirty odd of our men—the unfortunates!—had joined it), I was as well as ever—but not too soon.

“Trébuchet, who had been absent some time, and who, when I was suffering great agony, I could not help noticing seemed to be more than usually disquieted, rushed into the hut or ‘vig-vam’ (*sic*), but checked himself at the sight of my pallid face, not knowing that the paroxysm had passed, but quite aware that sudden emotion frequently brought on again those terrible spasms, and choking back the words which were about to spring from his lips, he said, ‘Monsieur le Commandant is better, I hope?—nay, I am quite sure.’

“I said that was true—I was much better;

but his scared looks would bring on the spasms again, if a Frenchman were susceptible of fear. What is it? 'As to fear for myself,' retorted Trébuchet, with some heat, I can only say that I also am a Frenchman; but I fear for our brave companions. Thirty are gone fishing. They are unarmed; they are the fish that will be caught—perhaps eaten! Holy Blue! savages are usually cannibals. Well, never mind; to be killed is objectionable, but as to being eaten afterwards, that is nothing—at least, not to him who is dead. I would not, as a matter of taste, supposing myself—which is,' went on Trébuchet, crossing himself devoutly, 'an impious supposition for a baptised Christian to make—to be a cannibal by habit and inclination,—I would not, word of honour, eat some of our fellows: *Le vieux Bonsard*, for example, now—' 'Trébuchet,' I interrupted, '*Tu me fais mal au cœur*. You make me sick; you will bring on the spasms again. You are an inveterate *farceur*, I know, in season and out of season, or that idle *barardage* would dispel the alarm—well, not exactly alarm—but the forebodings of

your pale face and gleaming eyes. What is there to apprehend? Tell me *sans phrase*.' ' *Sans phrase*, then, Monsieur le Commandant, the knife is at our throats. Of all our gallant company, we only in this miserable vig-vam are left.' 'How?' I exclaimed, starting up. 'How! Where are the others?' 'Where are the others? Ask the accursed savages. They could tell you: I cannot; but this I know, that all have disappeared in the forest, and, as far as I can make out, are gone in small parties. That is their infernal Indian cunning. I myself have been for once off my guard. Ass that I am, a little spawn of Satan made me understand and believe that she could conduct me to a spot where the plant grows which cures the bite of snakes! I believe the red imp, fool as I am; go with her; she leads me a nice dance, and I have no more got the real plant, it's my belief, than I have got the *elixir vitæ*. I return and discover the situation, and know that, but for the help of God, the holy Virgin, and our muskets,—which all here will please load at once, or we are lost,—our scalps will be hung up in this very vig-vam,

most likely as trophies of the prowess of their braves. There is one consolation, meagre though it be,—they will find no powder. I have taken care of that, and all their cunningly acquired skill in fire-arms will avail little, I imagine, without that essential. Ha !' screamed Trébuchet, breaking suddenly off ; ' here come the accursed devils in hundreds ; and with the scalps of our brothers dripping from their waists.' This was true. The Indians had murdered our people, and were now intent upon immolating us. They came on with a frightful screeching yell, which those who have once heard can never forget. We seized our arms, rushed out of the hut, and delivered a volley, every bullet of which told."

Captain Cartier goes on to narrate that, the ground being favourable to the action of a few men armed with muskets against a crowd of savages, whose only weapons were clubs and spears, the small number of Frenchmen sufficed to drive off the Indians temporarily, and enable him better to prepare his men for retreat, or rather flight. This was ultimately accomplished, after the ex-

perience of much peril and suffering, with the loss of only one man. The boats were reached—one launched, in which the six self-rescued men embarked, dropped down the St. Lawrence, and regained the shelter of the ships. These immediately sailed. The voyage to Europe was checkered by calamity. The *Ville de Bordeaux* ran foul, during the night, of the *Francis 1st*, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was believed, the night being very dark, that the *Ville de Bordeaux* had gone down bodily; but Cartier determined to remain till daylight about the spot. His humanity was rewarded by saving some fifty poor creatures, who were floating on fragments of the wreck, expecting every moment to be washed off. “One sad incident,” says Cartier, “affected us all to tears. Madame St. Pierre, the young wife, widow of the lieutenant whose terrible fate it was to be carried off by the tiger as we ascended the St. Lawrence, was found upon one of the largest fragments of the wreck. She must have been lashed thereon by the friendly hands of some of our brave seamen, who had themselves been afterwards washed off and

drowned ; the night being not only black as a wolf's mouth, but tempestuous. She had two children, mere infants, with her : these were found fast locked in her arms ; she, a very delicate woman, whom the news of her husband's dreadful death had prostrated mentally and physically, was dead : at least, the slight pulsation which the surgeon detected, or fancied that he did, at her heart, quickly ceased ; but the children, strange to say, though both insensible when brought on board the *Bonne Aventure*, recovered, and are alive at this day. One, Mademoiselle St. Pierre, is, I hear, about to be married to Monsieur Charles de Crespigny, a gentleman high in favour with his majesty. Our chivalrous monarch felt much interest in the orphans so miraculously preserved."

Cartier, who had inscribed a brilliant chapter in the not very resplendent history of French maritime discovery, was, I have before mentioned, ennobled and enriched by Francis I. He enjoyed his honours and wealth about eleven years, when the once indigent sea-apprentice of St. Malo passed, we may hope, to his reward.

THE VOYAGE FROM TAHITI TO TIMOR.

IT is not very many years since the West-India interest was all-potent in Parliament, and it was gravely argued by the lords of the sugar-islands and their partisans, that the five millions a year, or thereabout, contributed to the English treasury by the British consumers of heavily taxed sugar, coffee, rum, &c., were really a sort of patriotic tribute paid by the West-India proprietors themselves to the financial necessities of the mother-country. Under cover of this ridiculous fiction, there was no end to the demands made upon the public purse by the great "interest." Amongst the least objectionable was its successful insistence that the Government should fit out a ship, at the nation's expense, to fetch bread-fruit plants from the South-Sea to the West-India Islands, where it was hoped the then much-talked-of tree might be acclimatised, and

made to feed the patriotic proprietors' slaves, at a much reduced cost to their owners.

A ship, the *Bounty*, of about four hundred tons burden, was accordingly fitted out, under direction of the sugar-merchant princes, in such a manner that between one and two thousand of the precious plants might, it was hoped, reach the favoured islands in a healthy state. The hold was fitted with a false floor, in which holes were cut—each hole so contrived, that it should keep steadily in its place a large garden-pot, however the ship might pitch or roll.

This was in 1787, and at the end of December in that year the *Bounty*—victualled for eighteen months, and laden with gew-gaw trinkets for the South-Sea Islands—left Deptford, under the command of Lieutenant William Bligh, for her destination, which she was to reach by way of Cape Horn.

A more unfortunate selection of an officer could not have been made for the command of such an expedition than the choice of Lieutenant Bligh; the chief reason for making it being, as it seems, that Bligh was acquainted with the navigation of the South

Seas, having sailed with the great Captain Cook in one of his voyages. No doubt, Bligh had fairly done his duty as a subordinate—who under the command of Cook would have dared neglect it? mild and just as was the rule of that heroic, adventurous seaman; but a man more unfitted by temper and other infirmities had rarely been appointed to the command of a British national ship,—which is certainly saying a great deal; not a few of the commanders in those days having been the most arrant brutes that ever presumed to call themselves officers and gentlemen. The creed of such men was, that the lash—unsparingly administered, at discretion, as bread is served out at French *tables-d'hôte*—was the only and sovereign panacea for all offences against discipline, all shortcomings in seamanship, all breaches of major or minor morals. There is no doubt, either, that in so conducting himself, Lieutenant Bligh was actuated by a sense of duty. He was unquestionably a sincerely religious man; believing as fervently in the dogmas of Christianity as in the efficacy of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

The voyage to Cape Horn was at last successfully accomplished, after full three months of tempestuous weather—a period of peril and privation which afforded Commander Bligh abundant occasion and excuses for the exercise of his iron, pitiless rule. He guessed not, recked not, of retribution—of the bitter hate in the hearts of his crew, which he was fast fanning to flame. Another stormy month was fruitlessly consumed in endeavouring either to double the Cape or thread the Strait of Terra del Fuego. Bligh, whose seamanship was of a high order, found it impossible to do so. The winds fought against him; but, resolved not to be baffled, Bligh sailed south, with the purpose of approaching the Polynesian group of islands, whereas he should have traversed that little-known southern sea from the west, instead of from the east. The daring navigator, worthy in that respect of the school of Cook, finally succeeded—reached and dropped anchor in a sheltered bay of Tahiti, or Otaheite, the principal island of the group.

Before communicating with the natives, he issued strict orders—the slightest breach

of which would entail the severest punishment—that no intimation was to be given that they, the English, were there to procure plants of bread-fruit trees. He must have supposed that the announcement would have raised the market-price of the article, and have unfavourably influenced the rate of exchange as between the trees and the trinkets he brought to barter for the plants from England. Lieutenant Bligh thought it best to bribe the Tahitian chiefs into good humour by making them presents of tin baubles, and when in that frame of mind persuading them that he was conferring distinction and favour—sure to be followed thereafter by large profit—by conveying specimens of Tahitian plants to the all-powerful monarch of Britain. His plan succeeded; the potting and shipment of the plants progressed rapidly, and by the end of March upwards of a thousand healthy plants had been safely stored in the *Bounty*.

Lieutenant Bligh determined to sail forthwith; but there was a difficulty in the way. The summons of the blue-peter flying at the fore for the sailors to come on board was

disregarded by the mass of them, who were determined to remain upon an island the climate of which was so balmy and health-giving, where the delicious fruits of the earth were of spontaneous growth,—every requisite, in fact, for sustaining lazy, luxurious life in that sunny clime, to be had in abundance. They had also formed *liaisons* with the Tahitian women, and were not at all disposed to exchange such a paradise for the hell of the *Bounty*, of which they had had such a woful experience.

Finding how matters stood, Lieutenant Bligh appealed to the king and chiefs for aid in hunting up the refractory seamen. It was readily granted; and so reinforced, the lieutenant and his officers had brought off every one of the crew—most of whom were taken singly, some after fierce resistance—by the 4th of April 1789, when he immediately set sail.

It was not likely that Commander Bligh's stern rule would be relaxed by the defiant insubordination of his crew. If he could not bend, he could break the men to his will, as horses are tamed; and the lash was

in more constant requisition than ever. There is a limit to endurance; and one of the most brutally treated of the men, named Christian, organised a conspiracy to seize Bligh, his officers, and the few men who, under all provocation, remained true to duty—in all, including officers, nineteen in number—send them adrift in one of the boats; then, masters of the ship, steer back to Tahiti, and take up their life-rest in that delightful island.

The conspiracy was entirely successful. The mutineers fell with such sudden unexpectedness upon Bligh and his officers, that no attempt at resistance could be made. He and they—in all, as I have said, nineteen—were bundled over the side into the launch, in which were placed one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, a small cask of wine, another of rum, half a dozen cutlasses, some pieces of pork, and a few coconuts. These are the quantities given by Lieutenant Bligh, in his published narrative of the voyage and mutiny; but as he had no scales in the launch, nor any liquid-measure, such precision of statement looks suspicious.

The first thing done, again according to Bligh's statement, was to engage in a religious exercise, returning thanks to God for having moved the minds of the mutineers to spare their lives, and imploring His protection during the perils to be encountered.

That duty done, Bligh carefully pondered all the circumstances of the pitiable case, and arrived at the conclusion that to go on shore in any of the islands near and around them—all inhabited by savages—would be to court destruction; though why he could not return to Tahiti is not very clear. At all events, he finally made up his mind—and, by the influence of habitual authority and confidence in his courage and judgment, induced his companions to agree with him—that there was nothing for it but to sail for Timor, where there was a European settlement, and from which they were distant, as nearly as he could calculate, 2500 miles. To have a chance of living through the time which, under the most favourable circumstances, would be consumed in traversing that immense distance, it was necessary to insist upon the severest economy

of food; and it was settled that each man should have one gill of water and one ounce of bread every twenty-four hours, and no more. These preliminaries decided upon, the launch, a boat about twenty-four feet in length, bore away across that vast, silent, solemn sea. Making full allowance for any exaggeration which defective memory, a not unnatural desire to paint himself in bright colours, and excite the sympathy and admiration of the world, as well as to compel the British Government, by force of public opinion, to reward himself, and spare no cost, no exertion, in seeking out and visiting with condign punishment the mutineers of the *Bounty*,—it must still be conceded that maritime annals contain nothing more marvellous than the story of the voyage from Tahiti to Timor, as told by Lieutenant Bligh. His account of the mutiny of the *Bounty* is, quite evidently, falsified in many particulars, and should be read only in conjunction with the statements of those amongst the mutineers who lived to give their own version of the story, treated as that version was at the time with incredulous contempt

by a public whose ear had been previously possessed and poisoned by the eloquent vituperation of Commander Bligh.

On the second day after the *Bounty* was lost to view, a severe gale arose, fortunately blowing from the right quarter. The launch ran before it, but, owing to a scarcity of canvas, not so swiftly as the waves; and there was great danger of the boat being pooped, as it is called—that is, of being filled and swamped with water breaking in over the stern. The sea did break over in large quantities, but incessant baling saved them from destruction. The biscuit, however, being in bags, was in danger of being soaked and spoiled. That would have been an irremediable calamity. So the carpenter's chest was emptied, the contents flung overboard, and the bread secured in that.

The most tantalising part of their sufferings must have been, that of constantly sailing by islands evidently fertile, covered with rich vegetation, and inhabited, but upon which they dared not land. The day was passed “in alternate prayer, dining off a morsel of damaged biscuit, and sipping a

thimbleful of rum.” “On grand occasions” (possibly the lieutenant meant Sundays, yet that could hardly be),—“on grand occasions I served out as the day’s allowance a quarter of a pint of cocoa-milk and two ounces of meat.” There being nineteen persons on board, it is evident that grand occasions must have been very rare, or “a few cocoa-nuts” would scarcely have sufficed. “I divided the men,” he goes on to say, “into two divisions. One-half slept whilst the other half watched. We could not stretch our limbs for want of room; we were dreadfully cramped, and at last the tortures of sleep became a heavy item in our catalogue of miseries. Fortunately, in answer, as I devoutly believed, to special prayer, a heavy thunder-shower fell, not only enabling us to quench our immediate thirst, but to increase our stock of water to thirty-four gallons. The only drawback was, it wet us through, and caused us to pass a cold, shivering night. The next day the bright southern sun shone out, and we stripped, and dried our clothes. I thought the men absolutely required additional comfort under such circumstances,

and I issued to each an ounce and a half of pork, an ounce of bread (weighed by guess), half a pint of cocoa-nut milk (!), and a teaspoonful of rum. A fishing-line was kept towing from the stern; but the fish were not to be caught. The bait probably was not very tempting."

The ascendancy which Bligh had acquired over the men—the ascendancy of fear, as I take it, the influence of which survived the power which had inspired it—was most extraordinary. The men began to complain of pains in the bowels; and nearly all had, to a certain degree, lost the use of their limbs. "At dawn of the twenty-second day," says Bligh, "some of the crew seemed half dead; their appearance was ghastly and horrible. Extreme hunger was evident in the faces of all; still no one suffered from thirst, thanks to a second most merciful thunder-shower. Nor had we much inclination to drink; that desire being, to some extent, satisfied through the skin. We all dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, gave no ease, no comfort; for my part, I lived without sleep."

Can we wonder that, so circumstanced, the men clamoured for extra allowances of pork and rum? Bligh sternly refused, and continued to administer his ounce of bread with inexorable exactness: not only this, but finding, upon examining, that the stock of bread, to the best of his judgment, would not be found more than sufficient to last thirty days; and knowing it might become necessary to avoid Timor and go on to Java, which could not possibly be reached in fewer than forty days,—he announced that supper would be thenceforth served without bread.

A group of islands, which, though belonging to that of the New Hebrides, had not been seen by either Cook or Bougainville, was descried, and their situation carefully set down by Lieutenant Bligh. He had, at all events, added to the store of geographical knowledge, should he survive to proclaim or print his discovery.

On the twenty-seventh day, a bird, about the size of a pigeon, was caught as it was flying past the boat; and not long afterwards a booby was captured, which was as large as a duck (goose?). This was a great

God-send,—the harbinger of yet more merciful dispensations. Lieutenant Bligh divided both, entrails included, into nineteen parts, which were eagerly devoured, bones and all, with salt-water for sauce. The blood was given to those of the men who were most distressed for want of food.

Land! land! which they may touch upon without fear of being slaughtered, and perhaps eaten,—Lenten fare, by the by, they would have made. On the thirtieth day of that memorable voyage, the keel of the launch grounded upon the shore of New Holland. Delicious oysters were found upon the rocks; a fire was kindled by means of a magnifying-glass; and, as the mutineers had pitched a copper boiling-pot into the boat, a delicious stew of oysters, pork, bread, and cocoa-nut was prepared. It is not likely that the recipe for such a concoction would find a place amongst the “plats” of Ude, Carême, or Soyer; but I doubt whether those celebrities ever produced a dish so thoroughly enjoyed as the “stew” devoured by those shipwrecked mariners on the desolate shore of New Holland on the

30th day of May in the year of grace 1789.

After laying in sixty gallons of water, and as many oysters as they could find, the poor fellows reëmbarked, and, coasting along the shore, landed from time to time in search of food. But on the 3d of June, having followed the north-eastern shore of New Holland so long as it lay in their route, Bligh was again compelled to launch into the open sea.

Eight days passed, and on Thursday, the 11th day of June, Bligh announced, to the great joy of the officers and men, that they were passing the meridian of the eastern point of Timor. The next day, at dawn, that island was discovered faintly visible in the west; and when the full day broke, the promised land was seen to be distant about six miles to leeward. Thus had been run, in forty-one days, in an open boat, two thousand six hundred and eighteen miles. The Dutch at Timor behaved with the utmost kindness. The health of the officers and men was soon completely reëstablished, and all reached England in safety.

Whatever may have been the opinions, favourable or otherwise, of individual members of the Government,—and it is certain that several of them did not accept as Gospel verity Bligh's version of the mutiny,—it was deemed of the first necessity to teach mutineers that in no corner of the globe could they be safe from the justly-incurred vengeance of the British Government; that the officer, whose delegated authority they had outraged, would be sustained and rewarded—themselves, if possible, be hunted out and hanged.

This was done: Lieutenant Bligh was made governor of New South Wales, and the *Pandora* frigate, Captain Edwards, was despatched to Tahiti in search of the mutineers.

As governor of New South Wales, Bligh exhibited himself in his true colours. His tyrannies, his persecutions of the poor wretches at his mercy, were iniquitously cruel, and soon became intolerable. Bligh lieutenant of the *Bounty*, and Bligh governor of New South Wales, are companion portraits. The real lineaments of the man can

only be discovered by viewing them in connection with each other.

The *Pandora* found only ten of the mutineers at Tahiti. These were seized and brought to England; they had a formal trial, and were hanged. The other mutineers, wisely counselled by John Adams, who knew how far the strong arm of England could reach, had left Tahiti,—destination unknown,—before the *Pandora's* arrival. They settled upon Pitcairn's Island, burned the *Bounty* after taking every thing out of her that would be useful to themselves, and settled down permanently, with their Tahitian wives, as cultivators of the soil. Adams lived till the year 1829; and in 1856 the descendants of the original settlers, having increased so much as to outgrow the resources of their tiny island-home, transferred themselves to an island situate in a westerly direction from Pitcairn's Island towards New South Wales. Their new home contains about twenty thousand acres, for the most part fertile, has a fine healthy climate, and is well wooded and watered. The offspring of English fathers and Tahitian mothers exhibit, it

is said, some peculiar characteristics, which may do something towards solving certain ethnological questions. And thus the curtain falls upon what may be termed the episodical last act of a drama, the main interest of which is concentrated in that extraordinary voyage from Tahiti to Timor.

THE "OLD KING COLE."

NOT the Old King Cole who was a merry old soul, and called for his fiddlers three, but a fine barque-rigged ship, measuring between 300 and 400 tons, so named by John Bradley, mariner, chief owner and skipper, and hailing from the port of Plymouth. The *Old King Cole*, chartered for Jamaica, carried a heavy miscellaneous cargo; and it was not intended, the barque being a clipper for those days, and fully insured against war-risks, that a convoy should be waited for. There was a fine breeze blowing from the eastward, and no one on board except the skipper himself could possibly understand why it was that Captain Bradley, soon after the pilot left the ship, changed her course and finally brought up at Spithead. To do so without necessity was, of course, to vitiate the insurances effected upon the ship and cargo. But the skipper was a reserved

man, little given to speak his thoughts—whom nobody presumed to question. He had, it was presumed, reasons satisfactory to himself for what he had done; and the why and wherefore would, no doubt, be known to all on board in good time. Could the mutiny at Spithead have any thing to do, the seamen asked themselves, with the changing of the ship's course? It certainly looked like it.

The mutiny at Spithead had all to do with it. It was the end, or near the end, of April 1797. The fleet at Spithead was in a state of mutiny, and active negotiations were going on between the mutineers and the Ministry relative to the redress of grievances—which were flagrant enough, Heaven knows!—demanded by the men. On board the *London*, of ninety-eight guns, which carried the flag of Vice-Admiral Colpoys till it was hauled down and replaced by the red flag of the mutineers, was Robert Bradley, twin brother to the captain of the *Old King Cole*, and, though wide as the poles asunder in character, deeply beloved by him. Robert was just as wild, devil-may-care sort

of a fellow as John was steady, prudent, and careful. Robert, his brother knew, was one of the most active of the mutineers; and as he believed that the outbreak could not but terminate fatally for the revolted crews, he had determined to run a large money-risk in the endeavour to save Robert from dangling, as he feared would else be the case before many days had passed, for an hour from the yard-arm.

Robert's young wife was on board the *Old King Cole*, and by leave of the, for the moment, triumphant mutineers, she was allowed to go on board the *London* and have a private interview with her husband. Mrs. Robert Bradley left the *Old King Cole* in a despondent state, well knowing, as she did, that her husband, though flexible as wax in some things, was obstinate as a mule in others, especially if he had passed his word to do a certain thing, however much he might afterwards regret having done so. He had been ever deaf to remonstrance. There was but one hope, one chance, John Bradley and his sister-in-law agreed, of overcoming his obstinacy and getting him on board the *Old King*

Cole. Their little girl, whom Robert had never seen, but, as his letters proved, passionately longed to see, died about a fortnight before the *Old King Cole* left Plymouth. The bereaved mother must put off her mourning attire, and ask Robert to come and see Rosa, who was too ill to be removed from her cot. Surely that plea would prevail to get him on board his brother's ship. Once there, all difficulty would be over; the husband would be saved.

The false pretence, surely one of the very whitest of fibs, did prevail. Robert must, would, see his perhaps dying child, spite of the resolution come to by the mutineers, that no one should, on any pretence, be allowed to leave the ship. It was arranged that soon after dark—there would be no moon—a boat from the *Old King Cole*, propelled by muffled oars, should be rowed under the *London's* starboard bow, into which Robert Bradley would quietly descend by means of a rope—be taken on board the *Old King Cole*—see and embrace his child—and be rowed back to the *London* before, it was hoped, his absence had been discovered.

The boat from the *Old King Cole* got under the *London's* bow without being seen. Robert Bradley dropped into her, and she was pulling away, when some awkwardness occurred on the part of one of the rowers, who had, in nautical phrase, "caught a crab" with his oar, thereby making a splash in the water. The sound reached the ear of the officer of the watch; he ran forward, saw the boat making off, and gave orders to the marines on duty to fire upon her. This was done. The *Old King Cole's* men gave way with a will, and the boat in a few minutes disappeared in the darkness. Almost the last shot fired struck Robert Bradley. It entered and passed completely through his chest, going out at the back. It was thought he was killed. That, however, was not so. Human judgment, guided by the event, would say it would have been a mercy had the marine's bullet killed him outright. He was insensible when hoisted on board the *Old King Cole*, the anchor of which was immediately brought home, and away she sped with a favourable breeze round by St. Helen's to sea.

Robert Bradley's wound brought on a fever, which kept him suspended between life and death for many days. Thanks, however, to skilful medical treatment and his wife's affectionate attendance, he was pronounced convalescent,—meaning that all immediate danger had passed away, but that he would for a long time be weak and helpless as an infant. He asked to see his child, and soon with such ceaseless importunity, that his wife was at last obliged to tell him the truth, tenderly as possible. "I dreamt so," murmured Robert Bradley; "and I shall soon sleep soundly as she does."

The voyage was about half over, when the weather, till then all that could be wished, suddenly changed. Storm and tempest set in, and continued to rage with great violence for several days. The theory of storms was not so well understood then as now, and the *Old King Cole*, there being plenty of sea-room, continued to run before the wind, and was consequently driven much out of her course. The barque, a capital sea-boat, and well handled, suffered but little

damage, and that was quickly remedied after the abatement of the tempest. *Old King Cole* was all right again ; the skipper was enabled to take an observation and ascertain the barque's whereabouts : her bows again pointed Jamaica-ward, and she went bowling along at an average of seven knots. All on board—there were three passengers—except poor Robert Bradley down below, his wife, and the strongly sympathising brother, were in high spirits. The voyage was nearly over ; the blue hills of Jamaica would, in less than forty-eight hours, according to the skipper's calculation, be visible from the mast-head, and Port Royal itself be made the day afterwards.

Never by the *Old King Cole* would Port Royal be made, confidently as the clipper barque dashed onwards in that direction. "We were rejoiced," wrote Mr. Lovegrove, one of the passengers, a large sugar-grower in Jamaica who had been to England upon business, to a friend of his, in a letter now before me—"we were rejoiced to hear the serious, saturnine captain, whose words—very few, but very weighty words—were

always carefully considered before being put into circulation—predict so confidently our speedy arrival at the English Queen of the Antilles. Already, in imagination, I embraced Maria and our children. ‘Vanity of vanities: all is vanity,’ especially when at sea, at the mercy of winds and waves and hostile cruisers. I was gazing eagerly through one of Dollond’s best glasses, when its field embraced an object which, as it rose distinctly out of the water, caused me to look much bluer than the bluest of the Jamaica hills. The skipper, I saw,—and that gave me an additional heart-quake, or rather added to the intensity of that which I had for some half-hour been experiencing,—the skipper, I say, after a long, steady look at a sail which was rapidly approaching,—in fact, we were going to meet it,—shut his glass with a snap. His mind was made up. The stranger was a French cruiser—a privateer probably. This he was satisfied of, not because the tricolour flew out defiantly at her foremast-head—bunting can lie as freely as a Christian—but by the cut and set of her sails, and the ship’s spar carpentry, which

were unmistakably French. I spoke with him. 'There is no doubt about it,' he said; 'the stranger is a French fighting-ship, whether a regular ship of war, a pirate, or privateer—each word has about the same meaning—I cannot say; we cannot fight, that is certain, and must therefore try and run.' This was all he said; but though slow and chary of words, Skipper Bradley was prompt in act. The course of the *Old King Cole* was immediately changed, so as to avoid, not meet, the stranger; every thing was done that might afford a chance of escape. A poor chance from the first—soon to become desperate. The *Old King Cole* was close hauled upon the larboard tack—her very worst point of sailing; but there was no help for it, and the Frenchman gained upon us sensibly. Jamaica, the farm, wife, sons, and daughters, faded rapidly from view; and in their stead grew gradually into distinctness a French prison, with blue-coated, red-legged French soldiers lounging about the gates.

"It was not long before the Frenchman opened fire. Why he did so, I cannot ima-

gine, as he was quite sure of coming up with us in less than half an hour. We were several times hulled; three of our boats were smashed; and Captain Bradley, seeing that escape was just impossible, was about to haul down the British flag in token of surrender, when his attention was called by the first-mate to another sail to windward, which was coming on under press of canvas at great speed.

"The skipper's glass was again in requisition. A very brief look through it sufficed. 'An English sloop-of-war, by all that's lucky! Hurrah!' I had never seen Captain Bradley so demonstrative before. The crew and passengers echoed the skipper's hurrah with a will, you may be sure. Alas! we are all short-sighted mortals. The appearance of the English man-of-war proved to be the greatest misfortune that could have befallen us.

"Mister Frenchman saw the new stranger almost as soon as we did, and had no more doubt of his true character than had Captain Bradley. It was now his, the Frenchman's, turn to take to his heels; and it was soon pretty plain that, though he might ultimately

be overhauled, the chase would be a long one.

“‘What ship is that?’ roared the captain of his Majesty’s sloop-of-war the *Hornet*, as she swept past within hail.

“‘The *Old King Cole*, last from Plymouth, bound to Jamaica; Robert Bradley master,’ was the reply.

“‘All right! The Frenchman won’t have you this time.’

“The two ships were both hull down; we were thankful for so narrow an escape, and were watching the chase with joyous interest, when the first-mate, who had gone below, reappeared upon deck evidently much agitated, his face white as chalk. ‘One or more of the Frenchman’s shot must have struck the ship betwixt wind and water,’ said the man; ‘there is already five feet of water in the hold, and it is coming in like a sluice.’ Greatly startled, as you may suppose, I looked anxiously at Captain Bradley, so instinctively, when confronted by sudden danger which you cannot yourself deal with, does one turn towards a man of proved skill and nerve, to learn from his aspect the de-

gree and imminence of the menaced peril. The skipper changed countenance, and his eager eyes flashed with surprise, excitement, terror, not for himself alone, or chiefly, I was sure. The outward signs of emotion passed away in a moment.

“‘Have the pumps rigged at once, Jones,’ he said in his usual calm tones; ‘and do not look before the men as if you had seen a ghost. I will go below, and ascertain for myself all about the matter. There are many modes of getting a leak under.’

“The skipper was gone about ten minutes, during which time the two pumps had been set to work, and were in full play. I liked his aspect on his return still less than before. It was grave, solemn, anxious; but he gave his orders with perfect calmness. In a few minutes the ship was lying-to, the helm lashed amidships, and all hands were available for pumping, repairing two of the least-damaged boats, and getting ready several old sails, which were hauled up from below. These were to be thrown overboard, in the hope, as I understood, that the indraught of water through the leak or leaks might suck the

canvas into the apertures, and choke them up. Such an expedient had often, the captain assured me, been adopted with complete success.

“The men, passengers included, made fully aware, by the preparations going on, of the gravity of the peril, worked with a will. I, who had always been fond of amusing myself with amateur carpentering, helped at the repair of the boats. Captain Bradley’s considerate, just, but very firm dealing with his crew, enabled him to maintain nearly as strict a discipline as that of a man-of-war. Absolute silence, except the giving of necessary orders, was enforced. We were all doing our best. The issue was in the hands of God.

“Previous to pitching the sails over the side, the depth of water was again sounded, in order to ascertain if the pumps were making head against the indraught. The reverse was the disheartening fact. The depth of water had sensibly increased. This was judiciously concealed from the the crew. ‘You are doing bravely, men,’ said the captain; which was true enough. ‘Stick to it,

lads.' The sails were thrown overboard, and the effect which that might have was anxiously waited for. Excepting the boats, it was our only chance.

"With the jerk and creak of the pumps, and the noise of sawing and hammering, there suddenly mingled the sound of cannon. Captain Bradley's glass was instantly in his hand—so was mine. 'The English sloop-of-war,' said the skipper, closing his glass, 'is firing her bow-guns to prevent the Frenchmen's escape by, if possible, knocking away some of his spars. It is a chance if they succeed in doing so. A stern chase is a long chase; and, however it terminates, we shall not see either the sloop or brig again. It was an unfortunate thing that the English cruiser should have come to our assistance. At the worst, we had a French prison to fear; bad enough, no doubt. I wish poor Robert and his wife were not on board,' added John Bradley, with tremulous voice, tears welling up into his eyes; 'but God's will be done.'

"This was said in so low a tone, that I only could catch the captain's words. My

heart sank down into my shoes. John Bradley evidently despaired of our safety.

* * * * *

“The water in the hold was again sounded. The depth had not increased. The canvas thrown over the side had, to some extent, choked the leak. There was surely hope in that. But such exhausting labour could not be long endured. Captain Bradley must have been of the same opinion. The *Old King Cole* was got under command again; sail was made upon her, and she slipped, or, more correctly, laboured, through the water at the rate of about one knot and a half. ‘The nearest land,’ said the captain, ‘is St. Domingo, and that is distant nearly one hundred miles. The wind is fair, what there is of it. Either,’ added John Bradley, addressing me in a kind of side whisper—his face was turned away seaward; no one, two or three yards off, would have supposed him to be speaking,—‘the faint breeze will die away, and we shall be becalmed for several days, if we could keep afloat so long; or the temporary lull will be followed, and this is likeliest,

by a tropical tempest. But we are in the hands of One who doeth all things well.'

"Captain Bradley then went below for a few minutes by the companion-stairs, as he had done several times since the danger the ship was in had become known—no doubt to speak words of consolation to the brother and sister-in-law.

"Returned upon deck, he examined our progress with the boats. All we could do had been done. Two had been repaired—cobbled, I should say; at all events, they would float, and in a very calm sea might live for a time, if not overcrowded. The prospect, you will confess, was not a cheerful one.

"The depth of water again sounded: it had increased rapidly; and to finish us up, as it were, one of the pumps became choked.

"'Lower the boats,' said Captain Bradley. 'Now, no hurry, men. We shall have plenty of time to get away, if you are not only smart but steady. Hurry is another word for hindrance. I repeat—and you know that I would

deceive no man—that there will be plenty of time to stow the boats with all that will be required to support us till we reach land, if God wills that we should reach it. Now, then, to work like true sailors, who can look danger steadily in the face, and, if it be possible to do so, beat it back; if it be not possible, calmly shake hands with death.’ This was a singularly long speech for the captain to make. It had, however, a salutary effect upon the men. The boats were let fall into the water, and the important business of stowing them with a good supply of biscuit and water, spirits in small quantity, and about four pounds of meat to each man, was set about with method and despatch. I need hardly say, that compass and sextant were not forgotten. Eight muskets—all the armament carried by the *Old King Cole*, now about to go down for ever in her early prime—a couple of bags of powder, ditto of shot, were secured, and impartially divided between the two boats.

“All being in readiness, Captain Bradley again gauged the depth of water, surveyed the actual condition of the doomed vessel,

calculated how long she would float, making large allowance for errors in calculation, and made up his mind that there was, at the very least, half an hour to spare. He told the men so; and then, to reward their very praiseworthy conduct, spliced the main-brace handsomely.

"Whilst that, to sailors, most interesting manipulation of imaginary cordage was going on, Captain Bradley quietly drew me aside :

" ' You have,' he said, ' I know, some influence with poor Robert. He is unwilling—refuses, in fact—to leave the vessel. His course, he says, is run; and he may as well go down with the ship as be tortured by removal into the boat, without a chance of saving his life for more than a few miserable hours. His heartbroken wife has as yet failed to change his resolution.'

"I willingly complied with Captain Bradley's request; and yet, when I contemplated the worn face, the attenuated figure, of the evidently dying man, who at intervals suffered fearfully from some internal malady, which had been but recently developed,—I

asked myself if it were not positively cruel to keep him longer stretched out upon the rack of this harsh world.

“Still I did utter words of entreaty, of encouragement. I talked in vain; and it was not till his pretty, sobbing wife, finding him inexorable, exclaimed with a look and tone which showed that she was in downright passionate earnest: ‘Then I will remain and die with you; you will be responsible before God, not only for your own, but for my death!’ that he yielded, and we carried him, well wrapped up, upon deck. The sailors vied with each other in assisting the poor emaciated sufferer into the stern-sheets of the boat; arranged pillows for him, and at once set up an awning which would, in some degree, protect him from the tropical night dews. There is no professed sister or brother of mercy in the world who is more tender with invalids than the British sailor. It was done at last. The wife seated herself, her hand in his, by the side of her husband; the men entered the boats, John Bradley last, and we pushed off.

“It was time; poor *Old King Cole* was

fast settling down into her sea-sepulchre. The boats, by the skipper's order, pulled to a distance of about three hundred yards, so that we might not be endangered by the down-draught of the sinking ship when she made her final plunge. It was not long delayed. The sails had been let go by the crew, and the tall spars and intricate tracery of the dark rigging, relieved against the glowing light of a tropical sunset, had a singular, weird, solemn effect upon us all,—at least, I can answer for myself,—possibly because the thought was tugging at our hearts that we too should in all probability, before a few hours more or less had passed, be whelmed in the Atlantic wilderness of waters, in which all the nations of the earth might sleep in uncrowded graves. Captain Bradley's eyes were filled with tears. A familiar ship is not to a seaman a mere mass of timber, iron, cordage, canvas, &c. She has a distinctive being for him, and he often loves her—yes, loves her with a passionate enthusiasm. The devotion of Long Tom Coffin for the *Ariel*, portrayed in Cooper's 'Pilot,' is not more than a permissible exaggeration

by the novelist of a genuine sentiment. It is all over at last with the *Old King Cole*—the barque goes down bows foremost. There is a splashing, heaving of the waters as they close over her; the boats rock with the surge of the sea; and the gallant ship has disappeared.

“The solitariness of our situation—two tiny specks upon the vast expanse of sea—was brought more vividly home to us by the vanishing of the barque, which, whilst it floated, seemed to be in companionship with us.

“The sun was just on the point of setting when the *Old King Cole* went down. As it disappeared beneath the horizon, darkness fell at once, like a pall, over the sea—there being no twilight in the tropics. The suddenness of the contrast was, by the conjuncture of circumstances, really appalling. One could not help fancying that we had suddenly passed into the region of the shadow of death.

“‘Now, my hearties,’ exclaimed John Bradley, assuming a cheerfulness which he could not feel, ‘give way with a will, and

we shall be saved. I am coxswain of this boat, Jones of the other. If this fine calm weather lasts, as it seems likely to do, we shall make Saint Domingo. Stay,' he added solemnly, 'let us offer up a prayer to the Almighty Being whose will the winds and waves obey, and in whom alone we can have trust.' The captain recited a solemn prayer from the Church Service, in a grave, sonorous voice; and at its conclusion, not one present, I think, but responded with a soul-felt 'Amen.' Then the oars fell into the water, and we proceeded on our course. How that terminated, and what subsequently befell the crew and passengers, you are already acquainted with from the narrative written and published by Captain Bradley. It is most truthfully written, with this exception—that the captain has done but scant justice to himself. Under Providence, it was to his skill, foresight, and courage, that the survivors were indebted for their lives. John Bradley, I must inform you, was educated at the High School, Exeter."

Captain John Bradley's narrative of the loss of the "Old King Cole," barque-rigged ship, of Plymouth, and of the subsequent perils and sufferings of the crew and passengers.

“The barque *Old King Cole*, which whimsical name was given her by my uncle, Tobias Bradley, of Devonshire, went down in about, according to my reckoning, 20° of north latitude, and 75° east longitude—the island of Saint Domingo bearing almost due east, Cuba north, and the nearest point of the first-named island, for which the boats shaped their course, being distant from eighty to a hundred miles. There was some error in the calculation, owing, as I believe, to the chronometer on board not being as perfect as it should have been. Should the weather continue calm for the next forty-eight hours, I had no doubt we should reach land in safety, notwithstanding the crazy condition of the boats. The men were even more hopeful than myself; but I put a good face upon the matter, spite of secret misgivings, as I knew that if but a moderate gale came on to blow,

it would be all over with us in this world. We had a chance, too, of being seen and picked up by some passing vessel. To increase that chance, I caused a slight spar to be set upright in the bow of each boat, at the summits of which two Jacks, upside down, were fastened. There was not enough wind to blow them out, except when occasional slight puffs came; but it was a precaution not to be neglected. Should a vessel near us, we had the means, moreover, to attract attention by discharging our muskets singly or in a volley, as might be determined. I spoke of these things to the men, in order to keep their hearts up, upon which every thing, under God, depended. Pulling the heavily laden boats was very hard work, but we all in turn submitted to it cheerfully.

“The night passed without accident, or without any thing occurring which requires notice, except that towards morning my sister-in-law, leaving her husband for a moment—I was pulling the stroke-oar at the time—told me, in a low voice, that poor Robert’s periodical fit of agony was coming on. From long watching, she knew the

warning symptoms well. The ship's surgeon — whose name I shall not mention, since, though he himself has passed to his account, he may have relations and friends in England to whom I might give pain in doing so — was not in my boat. I hailed the other boat: we quickly neared each other, and I desired Jones to ask the surgeon to hand me the phial of medicine — laudanum, I believe — which was the only thing that relieved the patient's agony. The answer was, that Mr. — was lying in the bottom of the boat, dead-drunk. He was a reprobate, which I knew not when we shipped him. Only a few hours before we lifted anchor at Plymouth, our own tried surgeon had been seized with sudden illness. Being a scoffer, the shadow of death chilled and terrified him. 'I will see,' said Jones, a rough but well-meaning man, 'whether a few hearty snicks will wake him up.' 'Don't do that,' said I; 'it would be useless. Better hand me the medicine-chest.' 'There is no medicine-chest in the boat,' presently said Jones. 'The drunken brute has neglected to bring it off. He was, I noticed, groggy when he

came over the side into the boat. He has, I think, some liquor now concealed about his person.' This was a sad thing: Robert, as I well knew, being often delirious with the internal agony, till relieved by laudanum; and when in that condition having, for a few minutes, the strength of five or six men. In such a state he would be most dangerous in a frail boat, overladen with men and provisions. Jones searched again, at my request; no medicine-chest was to be found. I had myself to blame. I should not have trusted to the surgeon to see it safely stowed in the boat. Such carelessness on my part was inexcusable.

"The threatening symptoms had abated somewhat, Caroline told me some nine or ten minutes afterwards. The attack might not come on till after we had reached land. Once before, she remembered, it had gone off.

"The morning dawned brightly and calmly. We had made considerable way during the night; our hearts beat with strengthened hope, and our devoutly-felt orison was a fervent thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great mercies. Break-

fast was served out, and we all made a hearty meal, with the exception of Robert and his heart-stricken wife. Better that I had left him on board the *London*; the mutiny, as I knew from a fast, outward-bound ship, which we spoke ten days after we left Spithead, having been amicably settled. We are truly short-sighted mortals; 'there is no help in us.'

"A disagreeable sight now presented itself, to sailors especially—who are more superstitious, I believe, than any other class of men. For example, we had forgotten to bring off the cat, a docile animal, and a great favourite on board the *Old King Cole*. She must have been engaged in watching for a rat or a mouse whilst we were embarking in the boats, and was consequently not seen. Whilst we lay on our oars, sorrowfully waiting to see the last of the barque, the cat came on deck, and sprang upon the bulwarks, mewing pitifully. We were all half-minded, spite of the manifest danger, to return to the ship and bring off the cat, a sailor holding that to kill a cat, or suffer it to perish if you can prevent it, is sure to entail calamity upon both ship and crew:

there can be no luck afterwards. We had, however, no time to decide upon risking our lives—and an imminent risk it would have been—as two minutes after the cat sprang upon the bulwark the barque made her final plunge, and all was over with both vessel and cat. The incident created quite a panic, which I had some difficulty in allaying by reasoning with the men, if indeed I did, except outwardly, allay it.

“The morning’s panic was caused, not by a cat, but by those horrible monsters, sharks, one of which sea-devils was steadily following in the wake of each boat. Sailors, many of them at least, believe that the shark, guided by a mysterious instinct, persists in following a ship or boat which will in the end afford it human prey. After a time, seeing the effect produced upon the men, I took a musket, loaded it with ball, and, hailing Jones to do the same, waited for an opportunity of discharging it at the pursuing shark. My ball took effect, though the shot from Jones’s piece did not. I might as well have saved the charge, as in a few minutes there were at least a dozen

sharks in the place of that which I had wounded, if not killed, as was proved by the blood which stained the water where the monster sank. Perhaps it was the scent of blood which attracted the sharks in such numbers. I put by the piece, made light of the matter, and the men, who had rested on their oars for a few moments, recommenced pulling. At least a dozen sharks continued to wait upon us. My successful shot had only increased the panic.

“ ‘Robert is getting bad again,’ whispered my sister-in-law—‘very bad.’ I went to him: he had become very excited. His eyes glared, he was writhing in agony, and foam gathered upon his lips. The paroxysm increased rapidly in violence. He sprang up, hurled me off, uttering as he did so terrible maledictions. He knew not what he said. He was delirious—mad. Standing up in the stern-sheets of the boat, throwing his arms wildly about, screaming, cursing, his eyes rested for a moment upon the sharks. A dreadful laugh broke from him. ‘Ha! ha!’ he shrieked, ‘here come

my friends at last,' or some such words ; and before it was possible to prevent it, he sprang into the water. I pulled my sister down, and I myself dared not look up to face the bright, calm day for several minutes. It was horrible—very horrible, and for a brief space my faith in God was darkened. The light of prayer dispelled that darkness. But we could scarcely keep life in poor heart-broken Caroline ; her burden was more than she could bear.

“ We rowed on in silence, broken only by the dip and jerk of the oars. Presently there came a hail from Jones's boat, which the sharks—after the horrible catastrophe just related, they had ceased, strange to say, to swim in our wake—continued to follow.

“ ‘The surgeon,’ he said in a hushed voice—for the terrible death of Robert had been witnessed by him and his mates, the boats being not many yards apart,—‘ the surgeon is dead—has died in his drunken sleep. What shall I do ?’

“ ‘ Are you sure he is dead ?’ I asked.

“ ‘ Quite sure ; he is as dead as stone.’

“ I told him to bring his boat alongside.

I stepped into it; and, sure enough, the unfortunate wretch was dead.

“ ‘ Shall I throw the body overboard?’ whispered Jones; ‘ the men think we ought to do so. They have got it into their heads that the devils yonder’—pointing to the sharks—‘ will leave us then,—that they will not follow us when they have got all they are waiting for.’

“ I was loth to give the order, and yet what could it signify? I would have given orders to sew up the body in canvas, and attach a heavy weight thereto, in order that it should sink quickly. But we had no canvas, no cannon-ball or other weight in the boats. The body was thrown overboard, and Jones’s boat, like mine, was deserted by the sharks. I do not attempt to explain this circumstance; I merely relate a fact. The minds of the men were much relieved—I saw that.

“Towards the close of day, one of the men in the bow of Jones’s boat suddenly shouted, ‘ Land! land! right ahead!’ This caused a joyful stir in both boats, and we all looked

eagerly ahead,—I through a glass. No land! That which the sailor mistook for land was a fog or mist bank. I told the men so, and they, though much disappointed, resumed their labour.

“ I did not tell them all I knew, or was apprehensive of. According to my experience, that bank of vapour betokened wind, a gale, perhaps a hurricane; and we were yet far from land.

“ A few minutes afterwards I felt a faint cat's-breeze right aft. That would be no indication as to the quarter in which the gale or hurricane would break, but we might take advantage of it to increase the speed of the boats. I ordered a rude kind of square sail to be hoisted in both boats; this was smartly done, they bellied out in the increasing breeze, and we slipped through the water, with the help of oar and sail, at the rate at least, I calculated, of four knots. Should the favouring breeze continue for twelve or fourteen hours, we might esteem ourselves safe.

“ We made good way during the night, and at earliest dawn I was at the bows, glass in hand. I gazed long and eagerly. Surely

it was land, high bluff-land, I saw. The belief, the hope, soon became certainty, and, closing the glass, I shouted, 'Land, ho! land!' Scarcely one cared to ascertain for himself the truth of the announcement: they knew I would neither deceive myself nor them; and a wild 'Hurrah!' burst forth, giving proof of how keen was the pent-up anxiety which filled their bosoms. And here let me observe that the crew of the *Old King Cole* were not rough, swearing, devil-may-care seamen. They had been carefully selected by myself, and though not saints—certainly not—were, in the main, God-fearing, serious, thoughtful men. No doubt there may have been knaves and hypocrites amongst them—it would be difficult to pick up a crew of twenty-eight sailors in which there were not a few fellows of that sort; but, taken altogether, they were as I have described them.

“The land, I judged, could not be less than fifteen miles distant. To traverse that space, at our actual rate of speed, would require four hours at least,—an age to us when such signs of heavy weather were swiftly gather-

ing overhead, and the heave and moan of the fast-darkening ocean seemed mournfully to presage the coming tempest.

“ ‘ We shall have it presently, sir,’ said the third-mate, addressing me in a low voice, ‘ and no mistake. Had we not better unstep the make-shift masts and sails ?’

“ ‘ Not yet; we must wait till we know from which point the gale will break upon us; if it strikes us astern, our only chance of not being swamped will be to run before it.’

“ By this time black masses of lurid clouds, piled upon each other, had completely overspread the heavens. We could scarcely see each other’s faces, not even the delicately white one of my worn-out sister-in-law. She had not strength to pray audibly to mortal ears, but He who readeth the thoughts of men heard her. First pouring a little brandy down her throat, and wrapping her up as snugly as possible, I bade her be of good cheer: God had before brought me out of as great peril as that. She smiled—a sweet, sad smile; and I addressed myself to the performance of my duty.

“ The light breeze still continued to blow

in the same direction, and we were making fair way, every nerve of the oarsmen being strained to the utmost. Suddenly it died away; then I knew the tempest was about to burst. The third-mate drew my attention to a break in the clouds,—what seamen call the wind's eye. 'It's coming from that quarter, and the Lord have mercy upon us! Amen! But we must not give way to despair whilst life remains. I changed the course of the boat three or four points. Jones, who followed our example, did the same.

“‘Pull, men, for your lives,’ I shouted, so that the other boat's crew might hear. ‘Get swift way upon the boats!’ The men did pull for their lives. It was our only chance. The tempest, which would, I judged, strike us directly abaft, would not meet with a large resisting surface, and might not travel at less than at the rate of thirty miles an hour during its first fury; the waves, propelled by such a force, would move, according to my experience, at about one-sixth or one-seventh the speed of the wind. If the boats could be forced along by sails and oars at about

the same rate, we might reach the land—in all probability, to be dashed upon it with fatal violence. Still, a few might reach the shore alive. That was the forlorn hope left to us.

“A terrible flash of lightning, kindling as with lurid fire both sea and sky, and instantly followed by deafening tropical thunder, which those who have only heard heaven’s artillery in northern latitudes can form no just conception of, heralded the tempest, which swept over the sea, lashing it into crested waves, with terrific speed. Our tiny masts bent before it like willow wands; but, being sound ash-poles, were not snapped off, as I greatly feared they would be. The first gust passed, there was some slight chance for us. The men continued to pull with all their might, the little make-shift sails helping us wonderfully. Though expecting every moment that we should be whelmed by the furious sea, I, trumpet in hand, went to the bows of the boat, to endeavour, if she lived so long, to beach her in as favourable an opening on the cliff-shore as might present

itself. Jones's boat followed close in our wake.

“ We neared the black, frowning shore, its jagged outline revealing itself distinctly in the almost continuous lightning glare; and I perceived a narrow, very narrow fissure between two overhanging cliffs. What that opening might lead to, I knew not—possibly to a barrier of rocky cliff; if so, we should only be dashed in pieces, as would certainly be the case if we did *not* try that opening. The shore was truly an iron one. The rock-cliffs arose perpendicularly from the sea; there was no shelving shore, consequently no beach.

“ ‘Helm a-starboard!’ I shouted; ‘hard a-starboard!’ The order was promptly obeyed. We shot into the inlet, exactly followed by the companion-boat—ran on guided by my trumpet, myself by the lightning, for perhaps five hundred yards. There was a sudden curve: the fissure made a sharp elbow, as it were. I had barely time to again shout out, ‘Starboard! hard a-starboard;’ and in five minutes—less perhaps, for one can take no count of time under such circumstances—both

the boats were in land-locked water, calm almost as a mill-pond. It was the harbour of Trincomalee, upon a very, very tiny scale. It was some time before we could believe the evidence of our senses, and realise that the Almighty had wrought out for us so great a deliverance. Never was more earnest thanksgiving sent up to the Throne of Grace than by us shipwrecked, forlorn mariners that night. We had witnessed the terrors of His might, and the terrible tempest. We now basked in the sunshine of His mercy.

“There was one drawback in addition to poor Robert’s sad fate. For the surgeon there was not much commiseration felt: he had slain himself. Thomas Sawkins, the *Old King Cole’s* carpenter, belonging to Jones’s boat, a native of Plymouth, where he had left a large family of young children—an honest, mild-tempered man—had been swept overboard, and of course drowned. He had for some purpose stood up in the stern-sheets just as Jones, who was steering, put the helm, or tiller, hard a-starboard, in order to follow my lead as closely as pos-

sible. The sudden whirl of the boat toppled him over : he was gone.

“I decided to remain in the boats all night, and we made ourselves as comfortable as might be. Robert’s widow had borne up wonderfully : women, I have noticed, often display greater powers of endurance than men.

“Night and storm had passed away, and the dawn broke bright and beautiful, as on the preceding morning. We had made, I soon ascertained, a wild, uninhabited part of Hayti, or St. Domingo. The land for miles around, as far as the eye could reach from the summit of one of the tallest trees to which I climbed, was a dense forest of gigantic trees and thick jungle or underwood, through which it would be impossible, I feared, to force a way to the abodes of Haytian civilisation, such as it was.

“We should be obliged to have recourse to our boats again ; but, coasting round the island circumspectly, and in calm weather only, there would not be much danger. Upon the first symptom of storm, we should be able to land. There was no danger of starvation. Cocoa-nut and banana trees, the

fruit fully ripe, were in abundance. There were also nutritious esculents, of various kinds, growing wild. No fear for a long time on that score; especially as our own provisions were nothing like exhausted, and a plentiful run of sweet water was found a few hours after we landed.

"The boats required to be overhauled and repaired. Poor Sawkins had brought away a box of carpenter's tools, nails, &c.; and we should be able to repair them handsomely. As soon as the stores had been taken out, the boats were hauled up high and dry, and the job was forthwith set about.

"We were hard at work on the following day, when a cry was heard—a shriek, more correctly—from some one of our party; whether of terror or pain we could not, of course, at the moment determine. Eagerly we looked out, and presently saw the lad Perkins, a promising youngster about seventeen years of age, feebly staggering towards us, and uttering doleful cries, becoming momentarily weaker. We threw down our tools, and hastened to his assistance; but he had dropped before we reached him.

“‘Poor fellow! he has been bitten by some venomous reptile,’ said Jones. ‘See how his leg—his body—is swelling. Can nothing be done?’

“‘Nothing—nothing!’ murmured the lad. ‘I am dying: my poor mother! Take care of yourselves,’ he added with a determined effort; ‘take care of yourselves. You are watched by a hundred black savages, at the least. I saw them—was running back to warn—to warn—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!’ With these words, his spirit, at peace with God, I humbly trust, fled to its Creator.

“In a quarter of an hour or less, the body, then a mass of corruption, was consigned to mother earth.

“We knew there were no ‘savages,’ in the usual acceptation of the word. The Negroes, I had heard, were in open mutiny against their French and Spanish masters. A revolution had either broken out, or was upon the point of breaking out: I knew not which. There were also, I was aware, in the most tranquil periods of Haytian history, a vast number of runaway Negroes conceal-

ing themselves in the woods, whose hands were against every man—every man's hand against theirs.

“The ‘savages’ were, in all probability, a party of these runaway blacks. We were ‘whites,’—quite sufficient reason for apprehending an attack; especially as they might naturally desire to get possession of our ammunition, and the muskets which they saw piled in our little encampment. The boats would be an additional temptation, as would our stored provisions, which the water-casks would induce them to believe us much more plentifully provided with than we really were.

“It was necessary, at all events, to take precautions: it was well we did. The two sentries I had posted at points from which any enemy—or friend, for that matter—approaching would be distinctly visible, gave warning simultaneously, by the discharge of their muskets. The reports were echoed by a savage yell. We were instantly on our feet, and received the Negroes—as they attempted, armed only with rude spears, blades of knives fastened to stout sticks, and clubs, to break through a slight palisade we had hastily constructed—

with a volley of eight muskets, each one, at such close quarters, carrying a life. They ran off, yelling still more hideously than at their onslaught. I was sorry we were, though in strict self-defence, obliged to kill them. If they were runaway slaves, they had no doubt been driven to revolt by cruel oppression. The bodies of the Negroes were very emaciated, almost skeletons; and I wondered how that could be where the coconut and the banana were so plentiful.

“Desirous of avoiding another combat with the Negroes, I hurried our departure. We embarked in high spirits, and had not been more than five hours at sea, when we sighted a brig carrying the Stars and Stripes. She heard our muskets, and presently stood towards us. She was the brig *St. Louis*, from Jamaica to New Orleans. We were kindly received on board by Captain Gregson, and hospitably entertained. The southern capital of America was soon reached, and about a fortnight afterwards we shipped in the *Mermaid*, Captain Johns, direct for Liverpool, where we safely arrived on the 18th of August 1797, all well.”

FROM FAYAL TO THE LAND'S END.

THE sloop *Peggy*, David Harrison master, sailed from Fayal, one of the Azore Islands, on the 24th of October 1765, bound for New York, with a full cargo of wines and brandies. Her crew consisted of the master, a mate, five seamen, and a Negro slave. The vessel was ill-appointed, badly manned, and scantily provisioned. The *Peggy*, however, did very well whilst fine weather lasted—five or six days only; but the first storm encountered, tore her rotten sails to rags, and so completely crippled her, that she was a mere log upon the water, drifting at the mercy of winds and currents. She had also sprung a leak, which kept the men constantly at the pumps. A whole month was passed in this way without making any sensible progress, by which time all their provisions, except three bags of biscuits and a few casks of water, were consumed. It was full time to

economise their scanty stores, and the daily allowance to each man was reduced to a quarter of a pound of biscuit, a quart of water, and a pint of wine. The weather had, moreover, set in tempestuously,—so much so, that it was impossible to communicate with either of several vessels which passed them at that time; and the condition of things on board the hapless *Peggy* became desperate. The allowance of biscuit and water was still further reduced; but at last every scrap of biscuit was devoured, and only a small quantity of filthy water in the bottom of a cask remained. This was assigned to the captain, who was laid up with rheumatic fever; the rest betaking themselves to undiluted wine and brandy. The dreadful consequences may be imagined. The frenzy caused by hunger was heightened by that of drunkenness, and with the bitter moanings of distress mingled curses, howlings of blasphemy, and despair. In the midst of those horrors, a gleam of hope shone for a moment upon the unfortunate wretches, as if to mock their misery: a sail was sighted, which, after a short time, came within speaking

distance, and they were able to communicate their situation. What followed would be so monstrously incredible, were it not vouched for by the sworn attestation of Captain Harrison himself, that I must give it in that gentleman's own words, or nearly so.

“The captain of the strange ship promised them all the relief in his power,—which, however, only extended to a scanty supply of bread,—he himself being short of every other requisite. The biscuit, however, he delayed, with ominous indifference, upon the absurd pretence that he was making an observation which it was necessary to finish. The famishing crew waited upwards of an hour in the most torturing suspense, yet unable to believe that the promised supply would be withheld. Captain Harrison himself, unable to remain so long on deck, went below and lay down, expecting every moment to hear that the biscuit was come on board; instead of which, his people presently came running down with the terrible intelligence that the strange vessel had made sail, and was leaving them under crowded canvas. Scarcely believing what he heard, Captain

Harrison crawled upon deck, and could no longer doubt that they were abandoned to despair.

“As long as the poor creatures, whom the vile captain of the strange sail had consigned to distraction and famine, could retain the least trace of the vessel, they hung about the *Peggy's* shrouds, ran from one part of the sloop to the other with frantic gestures and ghastly looks, rending the air with their cries as long as there was the least chance of their being heard. It was all useless; the stranger vessel continued her course, and was speedily lost to view.”

What was to be done to mitigate temporarily the maddening bitterness of such a disappointment? Captain Harrison feared for the reason, the lives of his men; that, in their rage and despair, they might slay themselves; and he proposed that, as it was Christmas-day, they should dine off two tame pet pigeons of his. The pigeons were killed and eaten, but being scarcely a mouthful each for the eight ravening men, the dinner was supplemented by the cat—superstitiously careful of that animal as sailors have ever

been. The cat was divided into eight parts ; and, the head falling to the skipper's share, he declares that a more delicious meal he never ate. One can almost agree after that, with the French saying, that, seasoned with the sharp sauce of hunger, *on mangeroit son père*.

The next day, the crew took to scraping the *Peggy's* bottom, as far down as they could reach to windward, for barnacles ; but these delicacies were few, and soon exhausted. The poor fellows were too weak to hang long over the sloop's side ; but they could drink and smoke—stifle for a time, in the thick fumes of intoxication, the raging pangs of hunger. The captain, meanwhile, subsisted upon the filthy water at the bottom of the cask ; one half-pint of which, qualified by a few drops of Purlington's balsam, he made suffice for twenty-four hours.

“In that condition,” he deponed, “I awaited death ; the approach of which I could have contemplated with unconcern, but that I remembered the troubles and difficulties into which my decease would have plunged my wife and children.”

The captain was lucky enough to find, when not searching for any thing of the kind, a box of peppermint-lozenges, one half of which he gave to the men, reserving the other half for himself, and using the lozenges sparingly. He still buoyed himself up with the hope that another vessel, whose captain was not a fiend in human form, might sight the *Peggy*, and take off her crew; but that relief, to be effectual, had need be speedy, not only because they had no food, but because the men were too weak to work the pumps and keep the leak under. Another aggravation of their calamity was, that having devoured every bit of candle and every drop of oil on board, they passed sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—it being midwinter—in total darkness, except the faint light of a fire they kept up. Still, with the help of their only sail, they made some little way; but three days after Christmas a storm arose, which blew that to rags, and the sloop was wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves. How they subsisted for the next sixteen days the captain does not say. The last bit of meat they had tasted was the cat

eaten on Christmas-day ; candles and oil were long since devoured ; of barnacles there were none. Yet on the 13th of January they were all alive.

On the evening of that day, the crew, headed by the mate James Doud,—all mad, savage, drunk,—went, after holding cannibal counsel together, to tell the captain plainly that they neither could nor would hold out any longer. Their tobacco was gone ; they had eaten not only their shoes, but the leather belonging to the pump ; and the only resource left, dreadful as that might be, was to cast lots which of them should die to sustain the lives of the others till succour came. Harrison—a humane, religious man—recoiled with horror from the proposition, strove to soothe them, recommended that they should try and get a little sleep, and said that, if Providence did not speedily interpose in their favour, he would talk with them further upon the subject.

The captain's endeavours to divert them from their purpose only the more excited their rage and steeled their resolve. They swore that what must be done should be done

at once; that it mattered nothing whether he gave his consent or not, though they had paid him the compliment of asking it; and that he himself must take his chance with the rest: the general misfortune, they said, putting an end to all personal distinction. Harrison could, of course, offer no resistance. He said, if they so resolved, they must of course do as they pleased; but that, whatever the consequence, he would never, for himself, consent to the death of the man upon whom the lot might fall. "Upon that, they left the cabin and went to the steerage, were gone a few minutes only, and came to say that they had cast lots for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the Negro, who was a slave, and formed part of the cargo."

The captain, no doubt justly, suspected that they had not dealt fairly by the poor Negro, who presently, knowing what had been determined, ran to Harrison, begging him to save his life. The captain would have done so, we must believe, had he possessed the power; but that not being the case, the miserable wretch was forthwith dragged into the steerage, and there

shot. The next day all of the body which had not been devoured was pickled for future use. Three days afterwards Arthur Campbell, one of the crew, died raving mad. This the others attributed to his having eaten a portion of the flesh raw. Campbell's body was thrown overboard.

* * * * *

Thirteen days passed ; they were at the 29th of January, when the mate and crew again waited upon the captain to inform him that it was become necessary to cast lots for a second victim. It was better to die separately, they argued, than all at once, as some might then survive till a ship took them off. The captain declares that he again endeavoured to reason them out of their purpose, but finding it impossible to do so, and considering that, if they managed the lottery without him, the lot would, in all likelihood, *les absents ayant toujours tort*, fall upon himself, consented to preside thereat, and having, with great difficulty, raised himself up, "he caused the lots to be drawn in the same manner that lottery-tickets were drawn at the Guildhall, London."

The lot fell upon one David Flat. When the announcement was made, the rest, by whom Flat was much esteemed, remained silent and motionless for some time. At last the victim himself, who appeared perfectly resigned to his fate, said, "My dear friends, shipmates, and fellow-sufferers, all the favour I have to ask is, that you finish with me as speedily as we did with the Negro, putting me to death with as little pain as possible." Then turning to James Doud, the mate, who had shot the Negro, he added, "It is my desire that you should shoot me," to which Doud consented. Flat then begged a short time to prepare himself for eternity; and every one willingly agreed. During that interval, they seemed disposed not to insist upon his death; but knowing there was no alternative except to perish with him, and having deadened the natural feeling of horror which the killing of a friend and messmate, under such circumstances and for such a purpose, excited, they finally determined that the execution should take place.

Yet, as the dreadful moment approached, their compunction increased, and friendship

and humanity obtained the mastery for a time over hunger and death. It was resolved that Flat should live till at least eleven the next morning, in the hope that Divine Mercy would, in the mean time, send them some other means of relief; to strengthen which hope, "they requested the captain to read prayers—a task which he was just, and barely, able to perform."

As soon as prayers were over, they went to their friend Flat. The captain could hear them discourse to him with great earnestness and affection, repeating their hope that God would interpose for his preservation, and telling him that, though they had never been able to catch or even see a fish, they would put out all their hooks again, to try if in that way relief could be procured. Their expressions of good-will, sympathy, and regret produced a singular effect upon Flat, who, at first, had appeared so resigned to death. Before midnight he had become quite deaf; by four, raving mad. Whereupon his shipmates debated as to whether it would not be an act of humanity to shoot him forthwith; but a majority decided upon adhering to their

resolution of sparing his life till eleven in the forenoon.

“About eight in the morning,” says Captain Harrison, “as I was ruminating on the fate of poor Flat, who had then but three hours to live, two of the men came hastily down, with uncommon ardour in their looks, and, seizing both my hands, fixed their eyes upon me without uttering a word. Recollecting that they had thrown Campbell’s body overboard, notwithstanding their necessities, for fear lest, if they ate it, they should catch his madness, I concluded they feared to eat Flat for the same reason, and were come to sacrifice me in his stead.” This supposed change in the programme not being at all to the captain’s liking, he disengaged himself by a violent effort, snatched up a pistol, and stood on his defence. “The men, guessing my mistake, made shift to tell me that their behaviour was merely the effect of surprise and joy; that a sail was in sight, which had so overcome them, that they were unable to speak. They added, that the sail appeared to be a large vessel; that it was to windward, and standing towards the sloop in as

fair a direction as could be wished. Others of the crew coming down immediately afterwards, confirmed the report that a ship was in sight, but said that she seemed to bear away from them upon a contrary course.

“The report of a ship being in sight of signals, on whatever course steering, affected me with such tumultuous joy, that I was near fainting under it. As soon as I could speak, I ordered the men to make every possible signal of distress; the sloop, indeed, was herself a very striking signal, but I feared that the people at a distance might fancy there was nothing alive on board, and for that reason stand away without coming near us. My orders were zealously obeyed, and as I lay in my cabin, hearkening eagerly, I had presently the inexpressible happiness of hearing the men jumping, stamping, screaming upon the deck, and shouting, ‘She nears us! she nears us! She is standing this way! Huzza! huzza!’”

The approach of the ship being more and more manifest every moment, the exultation of the crew became almost furious, but in the midst of it they did not forget their unfor-

tunate shipmate Flat, deeply lamenting that he could not be made sensible of the coming deliverance. Nor did they forget themselves. A can of “‘joy’ was voted to be forthwith served round, meaning a can of half brandy, half wine. This the captain, being informed thereof, strenuously objected to; and at length, though with some difficulty, convinced them that their deliverance might, in a great measure, depend upon the seemliness of that moment’s behaviour.” All but the mate gave up the can, and he went below to have the “can of joy” to himself—a proceeding which went near to bring his temporary joy to lasting grief.

“After observing the slow progress of the vessel for several hours, with much tumult and agitation of mind, I had the mortification to find the breeze totally die away, so that the strange sail was becalmed quite two miles off. We did not, however, suffer long by that accident, for in a few minutes we saw a boat put out from the ship’s stern and row towards us, fully manned, and with vigorous despatch. As we had before been twice confident of deliverance, and still con-

sidered ourselves—at least, I did—tottering on the verge of eternity, the conflict between our hopes and fears during the approach of the boat may be conceived by persons of sensibility.”

At length the boat came alongside ; but the appearance of the crew was so ghastly, that the men rested upon their oars, and, with looks of amazement, asked what they were. Being quickly satisfied that they were human beings, they begged the crew to be quick in leaving the wreck, as there were signs of a gale of wind coming on. The captain was so weak that they were obliged to let him down into the boat with ropes ; the rest followed, poor Flat amongst them, still raving ; when one bethought him of the mate just as they were pulling off. He was immediately called ; the “can of joy” had just left him sufficient power to crawl to, and raise himself to peer over, the bulwark with a look of idiotic astonishment, having, as it seemed, forgotten all that had happened. He was got into the boat, which instantly pulled off, and in about an hour reached the ship—the *Susannah*, of London, Captain

Thomas Evers, engaged in the Virginian trade, and then returning from Virginia to London. The crew of the *Peggy* were received and treated with the greatest kindness and humanity. It came on to blow very hard soon afterwards, and the sloop, in all probability, foundered during the night, as by day-dawn she was nowhere to be seen. The *Susannah* proceeded on her voyage, and reached the Land's End on the 2d of March. James Doud, the mate, and Warner, one of the crew, died during the voyage; David Flat reached England alive, but still raving mad, and some time afterwards expired in that state.

QUENCHING OF THE "FLAME."

MOST of us have heard of the bold smuggler Will Watch, who flourished in the days of heroic contrabandists—fine, dashing fellows, generous to a fault, especially to their sweethearts. They must have been contemporary with the Horse Marines, and, like them, have chiefly frequented high, inaccessible latitudes. Mythical heroes or not, they shine in song and blue-fire melodramas. A ditty of Dibdin's, I believe, laments, in elegiac verse, the untimely fate of the brave Will Watch before mentioned, who one morning, when a stiff nor'-wester was blowing, kissed his Susan serenely, took helm, and to sea boldly steered out again. This was to have been the bold smuggler's last trip, if sufficiently successful, in a money point of view, to enable him to amend and enjoy his life: in this particular—and in this particular only—resembling James Pinch, the subject of

this sketch, master of the *Flame*, clipper-brig, and for a long time one of the luckiest sea-scamps I have known—and I have known many. Both the genuine and the sham smuggler forgot, when they should have specially remembered it, that it is always at the last throw of the dice the devil wins his prize.

My introduction to James Pinch took place under peculiar circumstances, of which presently. I was very ill. Not that I was suffering under any positive, tangible ailment. A depressing *malaise* weighed upon my spirits. I had recourse to all sorts of remedies—tonics of every kind—and was about to try the cold-water cure, which had just come into fashion, when, as we were talking the matter over, my wife remarked that, in her opinion, and in that of the only medical man she had thought well of, the *salt-water* remedy would be by far the most efficacious. The advice was the most sensible I had heard for a long time. Salt water! blue water! excellent! The bare mention of such a course of treatment was exhilarating.

“Yes, to be sure,” said I, much fluttered

by the proposal. I should hardly have dared to give utterance to it myself, though the notion had glanced across my mind more than once,—“Yes, to be sure; but how is it to be managed?”

“I have thought of that,” said Mrs. Warneford promptly. “Your friend, Commander Rollestone, is appointed to the *Reindeer* steam-sloop, now fitting for foreign service—the Mediterranean, it is supposed. He would be glad, I am sure, to give you a passage—take charge of you, I mean.”

“Of course he will. No question of it. I will write to him by this evening’s post.”

On the day after the morrow, I received Commander Rollestone’s answer. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have me on board the *Reindeer*, as long as I chose to remain. He did not know to what part of the globe he was bound, nor should he till at the last moment. I would have to take my chance of that. The *Reindeer* was nearly ready for sea, and I had better lose no time in joining her.

Within twenty-four hours of the receipt of my friend’s letter, I was dining with him

in the *Reindeer's* cabin. The steam-sloop would leave Portsmouth on the following day. She had been inspected by the port-admiral, and Rolleston believed her destination, in the first instance, would be Halifax, British America. It proved so; and away we sped about noon under canvas, carrying with us a rattling breeze. We had a first-rate run of twelve days, and only part of the time under steam. Commander Rolleston was the bearer of important despatches for the admiral on the station. That duty performed, the *Reindeer* was to remain in port awaiting further orders. Those orders soon came, and remarkably pleasant orders they were. The *Reindeer* was to be temporarily attached to the slave squadron on the West Coast of Africa, to replace the *Eolus*, which had been dismasted and suffered such damage in a storm, that she had been compelled to make the best of her way to Port Royal, Jamaica.

“It’s a sweet business, this, Warneford,” said Commander Rolleston. “Do you go with us?” “I don’t know,” said I; “feeling so much better as I do—a renovated man,

in fact, or at least in course of renovation—I should be loth not to complete the cure." The end of it was, that I agreed to accompany Rolleston on his "nigger" cruise. I was desirous of seeing with my own eyes how the game of *blanc-et-noir* was being played on the coast of West Africa. Rolleston was pleased that I had so resolved. It would be easy enough, when I was perfectly recruited in health, or was seriously seized with a fit of home-sickness—symptoms of which had already shown themselves—to speak some homeward-bound vessel, that could land me at Sierra Leone, or any other of the British stations on the African coast, from which a passage to England might always be obtained.

I did not remain long enough on board the *Reindeer* to be able to appreciate correctly the exertions of the British slave squadron to prevent, by hampering and harassing, the trade of men-and-women stealers; but I saw enough to perfectly convince me, that if the squadron were withdrawn, Negroes would be supplied to slave-holding countries in any number, sent to order as regularly as bales

of Manchester goods from Liverpool to Halifax or Hindostan. The nonsense which philanthropic gentlemen in the Houses of Parliament and elsewhere pour out respecting the inefficiency of the African squadron, is quite ludicrous. Do those persons ever take into consideration that the money-value of Negroes in the slave-markets of Cuba and Brazil, for example, would fall perhaps 80 per cent, were the British preventive squadron withdrawn? and do they not know that the treatment of the Negro by his owner depends upon the slave's money-value, and upon the cost of replacing him?

This is beside my present subject, but I could not help touching very slightly upon it in passing.

The *Reindeer* was very lucky—luck which she owed to her speed: three slavers were captured in less than three weeks after we reached the common cruising ground. The prizes were sent to be adjudicated by the mixed commission sitting at Sierra Leone. Prize-crews were, of course, put on board the captured vessels, diminishing the number on board the *Reindeer* by

between thirty and forty men and three officers. The sloop would, however, soon bear up for Sierra Leone, and recover her men.

My health was, I may say, completely restored, and I was anxiously watching for an opportunity to return home. A strange chance afforded me that opportunity. I was up early, and pacing the deck in a somewhat impatient, cankered mood, when the look-out at the mast-head suddenly sung out, "Sail, ho!" "Where away?" was the response of the officer of the watch. "On the weather-bow—a two-masted ship."

The stranger loomed large through the morning mist; but as we closed with, in order to speak her, it was seen she was a schooner, of not more, at the utmost, than about one hundred and fifty tons burden. In answer to our hail, her captain said she was the *Susannah* of Bristol, Pinch master. There was fever amongst the crew of a bad sort. No notice was taken of the fever dodge, it was too old a trick; and Captain Rollestone, who had turned out and come on deck upon hearing that a strange

sail had hove in sight, ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, in order to ascertain the schooner's real character. The smallest of the sloop's boats, which had been used for fishing the previous evening, was towing astern; Rollestone, remembering that, said, "Take the boat astern, it will save trouble; four hands will suffice." A whim seized me to go on board the *Susannah*. I said so. "With all my heart, Warneford; jump in at once, and be back in no time. There's a squall and a sneezer brewing yonder, or I am much mistaken," he added, pointing to windward. "Never mind about arming yourselves," he added; "the *Susannah* is under the sloop's guns."

James Pinch, one of the most comical-looking captains I had ever seen, received us with a growling, grim civility.

"You seem to be short-handed," I remarked—there were but nine or ten men visible on deck and in the tops. "Down with the fever, no doubt?"

"Ay, ay; you may laugh as wins," rejoined Captain Pinch, in a half-savage, half-jocular tone. "I hardly supposed that ex-

cuse would wash. I tell you what, sir," he went on,—“I tell you what, sir, I'm above-board, straight for'ard when I can't help myself, I am, and I own to you that this is a slave ship, chuck full of niggers; but we captured her, sir, ourselves, I and my mates did, off Cape Patmos. Cuss it! why couldn't you leave us alone? it was all going so prime. Now there'll be no end of 'fendin' and provin', and the land-sharks of lawyers will have the oysters, we the shells. You don't want so much jaw, eh?—must see the papers and overhaul the ship. Well, of course you must, the cursed smoker's guns being ready to smash us into chips. This way, then: I'll show you the papers.”

Pinch led the way into the cabin, and produced the ship's papers, after a considerable time spent in pretended search for them.

“This vessel,” said I, “if these papers are to be believed, is the *Susannah* of Bristol, Captain Richards, bound to the West Coast of Africa, to trade with the natives for palm-oil and ivory. Your name, you say, is Pinch?”

“Yes, so it be—Pinch. Didn't I tell

you, sir, that I and my mates captured the *Susannah*? Listen to me, sir—”

The boom of one of the *Reindeer's* heavy guns interrupted him. We both hurried to the deck. It was a warning gun. A fierce storm—a tropical tornado, rather—was about to burst upon us.

“Let fly the main-sheet,” shouted Pinch; “let all the rest go by the run. By ——, we shall catch it before we can say Jack Robinson. Be smart, men—here it comes.”

It *did* come with a vengeance. The *Susannah* was thrown at once upon her beam-ends, and it was only by cutting away both her masts that we—of course I and the four men with me assisted to the best of our ability, for our own sakes—could right her. This was not accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour, during which the roaring of the tempest, mingled with the yells of the Negroes confined below, was deafening and appalling. The sea burst over the vessel after she had righted in such volumes, that one of ours and two of Pinch's men were swept overboard, and no one, except by lying down and holding on to some fixed object,

could avoid the same fate. I myself was flung into the lee-scuppers, where I lay till the violence of the tempest had in some degree spent itself. This was not very soon. When it had sufficiently subsided to enable us to keep our feet, a dismal spectacle presented itself. The *Susannah's* weather bulwarks had for the most part been carried away, the binnacle swept overboard, and the captain's cabin was half full of water. Fortunately, the main-hatchway had been securely battened down; had it not been, no one would have lived to tell the story of the lost *Susannah*.

The *Reindeer* was nowhere to be seen. Had she gone down, or been compelled to run before the tempest? We should know, ourselves surviving, some day or other. Meanwhile, how about the actual situation as regarded ourselves? We were in a charming predicament, the rude reality of which was bluntly brought home to us by the captain of the *Susannah*.

"Now, my noble gentlemen," he said, with a grin,—“who came out for to fleece, and will go home, if they are ever lucky

enough to get there, which may be doubted, nicely shorn,—please to look alive, and make yourselves useful. The boot's on t'other leg now, lieutenant. The smoker's nowhere; and I am all here, I am. There's plenty of work for all, and we had better set to at once if we don't want to feed the fishes."

This was sensible advice, though the devil gave it. I and the remaining *Reindeer's* men quickly acted upon it. Fortunately, the weather rapidly moderated; before sundown, the wind had died away to a light breeze, and the sea was becoming smooth as glass. By noon on the morrow, two jury-masts had been set up, extemporised sails bent, the ship thoroughly cleared of water,—every thing, in short, made ship-shape, so far as circumstances permitted; and we were slipping along at the rate of about three knots, steering nor'-nor'-west—the compass, swept overboard with the binnacle, had been replaced by one found below—our destination, as I had rightly judged, being Cuba. Four Negroes, out of one hundred and seventeen cooped up below, who had died when the tornado struck the ship, were flung over-

board; the others were seen to, after the fashion of such attendance in slave-ships, and order reigned on board the *Susannah*.

I was gazing wistfully over the wide expanse of sea, when Captain Pinch tapped me on the shoulder.

"Can't see the smoker comin' our way, Lieutenant Warneford?"—one of the *Reindeer's* men had told him my name. "Can't see the smoker comin' our way, Lieutenant Warneford, eh? That's lucky for me, and not very bad for you. Let's go down—dinner is about ready; and if you are as sharp set as I am, 'twill be welcome."

"Not bad prog that, eh, my noble lieutenant?" said Pinch, after we had dined and taken a cigar each. "First-rate, I call it; these cigars and the Schiedam, too, are prime. Leave Richards alone, thief of the world as he is, for laying in a good stock of creature comforts, as the canting old sinner used to call 'em. Your health, most noble."

"You speak of the Captain Richards who formerly commanded this vessel?"

"The very identical fluke. I took the liberty of superseding him three days ago,

and at just about this time. The varmint little thought that Jim Pinch would be now enjoying himself in his state cabin, and makin' free with his choice Havannahs and Schiedam. He'd just bust himself with fury if he could just clap his one eye—I settled t'other for him years agone—upon our blessed selves. Ho! ho! ain't it a game? If, as I hope, we don't meet with another of your infernal cruisers, and get safe to Cuba, I shall send the old fellow a letter, with my respects, thanking him for having made me such handsome amends by presentin' me with a smart craft, which, though she had lost her sticks in a gale of wind, will bring me a thousand pounds at least, besides what one hundred and thirteen—deducting the four that's gone—likely Negroes will bring; and there ain't a better judge of black flesh than Richards in the trade;—taken one with t'other, a hundred pounds each—these'll be pretty near the figures; to say nothing of the prime private stores he himself left for my particular use. Oh, ain't it a game, though?" chuckled the delighted reprobate, smacking his lips with thorough enjoyment,

as he tossed another glass of Schiedam grog down his hardened throat.

"Captain Richards is alive, then?" I asked.

"Alive! I should think so, and cursin' and swearin', I'd go bail, enough to raise the weather. He can let out, he can at times, making up for when he's ashore in England, and you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, the grisly old hypocrite! Shouldn't I like to see his mahogany phiz when he's readin' that little billy-dux of mine. Ho, ho! that's one for his nob and two for his heels, that is."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have forcibly deprived Captain Richards of his ship and cargo? Of course, I have no right to put such a question under present circumstances."

"Every right, under any circumstances, my noble lieutenant; I'll tell you the whole story, if you'd like to hear it: payin' out such a yarn as that is like livin' the story all over again. But, first, I'll step on deck to make sure the smoker ain't trying again to put salt upon the *Susannah's* tail."

“All right,” said Captain Pinch, with a chirrup, as he reëntered the cabin; “the wind’s still fair and freshening. We shall have a steady breeze aft before long. Now, my noble,” he continued, helping himself to another glass of Schiedam punch and a cigar, —“now, my noble, I’ll tell you how it came to pass that the schooner *Susannah*, A 1, of Bristol, suddenly changed owners off Cape St. Paul’s, on the Gold Coast. It’s a most interestin’ story, I can tell you—uncommon.

“To run it clean off the reel, I must try back for a long distance—twenty years, or thereaway, when I first fell in with Ebenezer Richards — Ebb. Richards, we used to call him. He was first, and I the second mate, on board the *Neptune*, of London, trading from that port to the West Indies. He was first and I second, not because he was a better seaman, nor half so good as me, for that matter, but that he was a better scholar than I, besides bein’ always togged off slap up. I was never particular, as you may see, as to clothes. Then he had the smoothest gab I’d ever heerd,—soft and milky as a gal when she’s a bein’ spliced in

church ; that is, when talkin' to any body he wished to curry favour with, you know. He was a Scotchman ; and a man in a play I once seed in London, who was always booin', booin', just minded me of him. It was owin' to that—the play, I mean—that Richards and I had a downright shindy. Some hottish words sprung up between us—that was nothing new ; but as he began to ride the high horse uncommon strong, I, bein' a little sprung, I mind, at the time, told him, plump and plain, that he was a great lubberly, lyin' coggin'—Mac—something,—the name of the booin' fellow in the play ; I forget it now."

"Sir Pertinax Macsycophant?"

"Ay, that's the name. Didn't that rile him grand ! I should think it did, rather. He was a precious sight bigger, if not stronger, than I ; and he runs full butt at me, like a mad bull. I jumped out of the way, and gave him a stunner on his nob, that made it ring again. Thereupon up he snatches a belayin'-pin, and makes at me again desperate. We had a tussle for the pin. I got it away from him at last, and

somehow, in doing so, hit him a precious dig in the left eye with the pointed end of it, whereby that precious member was extinguished for life. Good heavens! how he roared with rage and pain! I wasn't sorry, nor exactly glad of it. There was a deuce of a rumpus made about it. It couldn't be denied that he fell foul of me with the belayin'-pin; yet, as it was proved that I had given him the very roughest side of my naturally roughish tongue, besides which that I was a leetle sprung at the time, I got fined five pounds, or six weeks. Of course it was pounds. How Richards did like me after that! I met him several times afterwards in Redcliffe Street—in fact, I did it on purpose—on his way to chapel, with his spouse,—when I always touched my hat, and asked him to pray for me, which, bein' a very pious man ashore, he no doubt did. I don't know how exactly it was, but we were somehow always turning up together afterwards. Once we had a shindy at Liverpool,—a regular turn up; a ring made. Of course, though I was handsomely sprung,—considerable groggy, in fact,—a man with

one eye couldn't have much chance with a fellow that had two. So I give him a regular lickin'. But the varmint always got over me before the bigwigs. This time it was a month, 'athout option of fine. Warn't I riled! didn't I, when travellin' up them everlastin' stairs, — didn't I promise and vow all things in my name, that I'd some day take it all out of him—and with good interest, too! And I've done it at last," shouted Pinch, with hilarious glee; "and I've done it at last. This is what it is makes this Schiedam so delicious. I never tasted any to come up to it in my life, never. Here's your health," added the, by this time, quite half-seas-over captain of the *Susannah*, "here's your health"—looking to what I concluded to be a likeness of the deposed skipper (it had but one eye), hung up in the cabin—"your *very* good health—hiccup—your very good health, you old cock-eyed gunner, that shot—shot all the birds that died last summer; and in your own ex—excellent Schiedam. I say, old fellow, one good turn deserves another, eh? And now it's my turn. Stop! I think I'll

lie down a bit, most—most noble. All right in about half an hour !”

I should think Pinch had not swallowed fewer, in about an hour, than fourteen or fifteen strong tumblers of hot Schiedam grog. The fellow’s head, like his throat, must have been made of iron, for the half-hour had not expired when he was, to use his own expression, “right as a trivet” again, and both eager and able to spin out to the end his rigmarole yarn.

“It were years before I again set eyes upon the fellow,” resumed Pinch; “not till about three weeks ago, in the Gulf of Guinea. You must know that I, after the confounded gettin’ up-stairs in the Liverpool House of Correction, turned over a new leaf; the old one had too many scratches and blots upon it. I even went, to make sure of keepin’ steady, the desperate length of gettin’ spliced to a young woman I had known a long time. Well, the remedy was perhaps worse—no, I won’t say that. Martha is a very good wife, and were it not that she is so *very* liberal with chin-music—”

“Chin-music! what is that?”

"Oh! how green we are! Why, much too free of ringin' the changes with that red rag of hers, commonly called a tongue, to be sure. She is a very industrious woman, is Martha, in every thing; but, bless you! that particular member of hers never tires nor stops to rest; however, that is neither here nor there. The Schiedam is a *little* heady, don't you think? but delicious—so delicious! Your health again, old cock-eye; and wishin' you had been still luckier than you was in swoppin' your Brummagem beads, hatchets, red shoddy, and rum, for strong, healthy niggers. You might have packed twenty more at least, you mean old curmudgeon, into the hold of this ship,—which would have been twenty hundred pounds more put into the pockets of your friend Pinch and his mates. You are a rascally skinflint, after all's said and done. However, we'll stow that for the present.

"Well, my noble, as I was sayin', I turned over a new leaf—two—one in the Prayer-Book beginnin' with, 'Dearly beloved,' which was perhaps too much of a good thing so quick one upon the other.

The long and the short of it was, that I got to be, when ashore, a steady-goin' fellow—never was drunk except at home, at which times Martha always locked me up, like the prudent wife which she was and is; and sometimes I went to church of a Sunday morning. Bein' known to be a prime seaman—self-praise, accordin' to copy-books, is no recommendation; I know better than that: it's a first-rate card, played well—bein' known to be a prime seaman, and seen to be a reformed character, I got on uncommonly well,—was made skipper of the *Emerald Isle*, a brig trading between Bristol, Belfast, and Dublin. Conduct highly approved of. Certificates to show the same.

“Now I'm comin' to the kernel of the story. 'James Pinch,' said one day to me one of my owners, 'thee art, I believe, I know, a trustworthy fellow, and bold as a lion. Now listen: there is a ship of ours—a brig, I should say—which we have named the *Enterprise*. This vessel, launched about six weeks ago, is now lying at Glasgow, picking up her crew, shipping her cargo, and will be ready for sea in one week from to-

day. I am authorised to offer thee the command of her. She measures about two hundred tons, is copper-fastened, and well found in every respect. She will clear for the West Coast of Africa, to there exchange the merchandise she will carry out for palm-oil and ivory. Dost thee understand?' 'Yes,' says I, 'tisn't much of a millstone to see through; but where am I to get the staves for water-casks, and other fittings?' 'That will be all arranged—is all arranged,' said the gentleman with a pleasant smile. 'Come to my house to-morrow, between ten and eleven; and now, understanding each other upon the main point, all mere details will be easily settled.' 'You will take care to be insured,' says I, 'in a sum that will fully cover ship and cargo? The English cruisers, especially now they've put steamers on the station, make the trade terribly risky. I may have to run the *Enterprise* ashore—lose her, in fact.' 'To be sure, to be sure,' said my owner, rubbing his hands. 'Thee understandest the business perfectly, I see that. A smart trade to be done out there, we are credibly informed; and since it will be done,

thee knowest—’ ‘To be sure,’ says I, solid as brass, and lookin’ steadily into my smug gentleman’s sharp gray eyes—I wasn’t sprung then, havin’ turned over two new leaves, as I’ve told you—‘to be sure, since it will be done, why shouldn’t we help to do it?’ ‘Quite so,’ says he; ‘I was quite sure thee wert our man.’ ‘But about the insurance?’ says I. ‘Oh, ah, yes; that will be seen to—be sure of that.’ ‘Farewell.’ ‘One word,’ says he, turning back for a moment. ‘I may not remember to speak to thee of it to-morrow. There will be muskets and gunpowder and ball on board, for exchange, you know; but there must be no strife, no fighting with the Royal cruisers, no bloodshed. Better, as thee said just now, to run the *Enterprise* ashore, or upon a rock or shoal, care being taken that lives be not jeopardised, so that she will be a total loss.’ ‘I understand,’ says I again. ‘Total loss is always best when one is well insured.’ The part-owner winked uncommon cunnin’, and went his way. A clever fellow was friend——, I mean the part-owner: one of the chaps that get other people to pull the chest-

nuts out of the fire for themselves to eat. Your health again, my noble."

"You are spinning a very long yarn, Captain Pinch, and not particularly interesting to me so far. I want to hear about—"

"How I came to supersede Captain Richards in the command of the *Susannah*. Well, I am just coming to that. The *Enterprise* had a capital run out; forty days only from Glasgow to the Gulf of Guinea, where off the Dahomey coast—southward, as you know, of Cape Coast Castle—we fell in with the *Susannah*, Captain Richards, bound upon the same errand as ourselves. I had a boat lowered, and went on board the *Susannah*. Gosh! wasn't I, wasn't both of us, brought up with a round turn when I, asked to step down into the cabin, found myself face to face with Richards. 'You scoundrel, you here?' roared Richards, starting up. 'You one-eyed humbug, you here?' says I. 'Evil communications corrupts good manners. I sha'n't demean myself by talking to such a fellow as you. The back o' my hand to you,' says I—I learned this in Ireland—'and I should like uncommonly to poke that

other eye out; but it ain't of much account, so it may as well remain where it is. Good by, Ebenezer. May you be as happy as I wish you to be! Good by.' Now, wasn't it, as the song says, 'a coincidence queer,' that I should meet with my old friend Ebenezer in the Gulf of Guinea?"

"Nothing very remarkable in that, Captain Pinch."

"Well, I thought so. Certain it is, as things have turned out, that my angel must have reigned at the time. The *Susannah*, I soon found, was fast fillin' up with niggers; and till Richards had his full complement, we should have but little chance of grabbing a single darkey. Still, bein' there in the market, the value of ebony rose considerable,—which, I was told, terribly aggravated my friend Ebenezer. I could easily believe that. Still, as the *Eolus* smoker had been compelled to leave the station, I might have a chance of shipping, and getting safely off with a good black cargo."

"To what port did you propose to carry the unfortunate Negroes?"

"Unfortunate! be hanged! Wherever I

carried them, they would be better off than if left to the tender mercies of the King of Dahomey, as missionaries call the savage, ochred brute. For choice," added Pinch, "I should have taken Cuba—prices rule pretty high there; but the run across to some port in Brazil was shorter, and more out of the track, generally speaking, of the confounded cruisers."

"But the Brazilian Government has prohibited the importation of Africans, though it has not abolished African slavery in its dominions."

Captain Pinch's reply was placing the tip of his thumb to his nose, making a fan of the fingers, and the vulgar phrase, "Tell that to the marines, my noble lieutenant. But I must finish up, and quickly, and go on deck. The *Enterprise* and the *Susannah* were both anchored at about half a mile from the shore, and not more than five or six cables' lengths apart. The weather was calm; but very dangerous it is to count upon such weather lasting. Both vessels rode at two anchors; and as there was good holding-ground, it would be hard if we couldn't

safely ride out any thing short of a hurricane. The third day, towards sunset, it came on to blow great guns from west-sou'-west; still, as we were in some sort shielded by a projecting curve of the coast, there was, I felt, nothing to fear: our cables would endure any strain to which they were likely to be exposed; and I turned in for the night all serene and confident. Fancy, then, my astonishment when I was awoke about midnight by the devil's own hullabaloo; the *Enterprise* had suddenly parted with her cables, and was driving on shore. I hurried on deck, just in time to be pitched off my feet sprawling upon deck, by the brig striking upon the beach. The night was not very dark; there was a faint starlight: and all on board got safely, one way and the other, to land. The *Enterprise* was, however, a total loss. Bumping all night and part of the next morning upon the beach, her bottom was first knocked in, and at about noon she went to pieces. That was well for the owners: the underwriters were nicely in for it. The *Susannah* was riding all the while safely and snugly at her

anchors. Didn't that make me swear and grind my teeth! And how the deuce was it that our cables, both cables, parted so suddenly, whilst the *Susannah's* held on? I was not long in unravelling the mystery. Upon examining the parted cables, I saw that both had been cut by an axe, or some other sharp instrument, close up to the hawse-holes. 'My enemy has done this,' was my immediate thought. There could be no doubt about it.

"As to redress, none was obtainable. The chiefs about there were friendly enough, especially as I made no objection to their makin' free with the spoils of the wreck. It would have been folly to do so. Captain Richards, the varmint, sent his kind regrets by the first-mate of the *Susannah*, offering his services. I had half a mind to kick his messenger, but I pulled up with a jerk; that would never have done. There was something more in my head even then.

"I gave out my intention of making the best of my way, as soon as possible, to the English establishment at Cape Coast Castle. As sure as a gun, Richards went near,

without knowing it, to spoil my game. He was short-handed, and offered berths to as many of my crew as chose to ship with him. The offer was accepted, with the exception of twelve stanch fellows, and even them I was obliged, much against the grain, to make confidants of, or they might have yielded to what was really an almost irresistible temptation.

“At last the *Susannah* was filled up. There would be great feasting on shore, to which the chiefs invited the captain and crew of the ill-fated *Enterprise*. That atrocious hypocrite, Richards, asked me, well knowin’ I wouldn’t go.

“We struck our tent,” continued Pinch, giving way, and becoming greatly excited again—“we struck our tent on the eve of the festival, and departed for Cape Coast Castle, marching by the sea-side till we had gone about six miles. I called a halt. The place I had chosen before. We enjoyed a hearty meal, and lay down comfortable to rest, thinking hopefully of the morrow.

“I and Charles Pearce, my first-mate, were the outlying scouts, our men followin’

up within easy signal distance, and being well concealed by trees and jungle. Noon came and passed; the day was more than half over; and I began to fear that Richards—the wind being favourable—would sail without payin' his promised visit to the chiefs. I frightened myself without cause. About three, two boats full of men put off from the *Susannah*, and rowed towards the shore. I counted them, and knew that not more than two could have been left in charge of the schooner. The niggers, of course, had been safely secured; and Richards did not, I was sure, intend to be long away.

“The boats grounded on the shore, were pulled up high and dry, and the feasters marched off to the rendezvous with the chiefs about a quarter of a mile, not more, inland. Cautiously we all crept towards the boats, keeping well under cover till we could do so no longer, then ran for'ard, seized one boat, dragged it to the water, launched it, tumbled in—who but we?—and pulled off with a hearty hurrah, you may be sure. My noble captain—lieutenant, I mean—here's your health. Prime, wasn't it?”

“ Well, not a very *new* dodge. About the other boat?”

“ Oh, that would have taken some time to get afloat. It was the heavy jolly-boat, and had been pulled very high up on the beach. One was enough for us; so we just smashed in the jolly-boat’s bottom, and hooked it as fast as possible: not a minute too soon. Somebody must have given the alarm directly we showed ourselves; for we hadn’t pulled more than a hundred yards or so when down came Richards and his fellows, screamin’ and swearin’ like mad. Almost every one carried a loaded musket. So, keepin’ well beyond range, we lay on our oars, just to have a delicious bit of chaff. ‘How are you, Captain Richards?’ shouted I. ‘Much obliged for cuttin’ my cables, which has laid me under the obligation of cuttin’ yours. Tit for tat’s fair play, all the world over.’ ‘Pinch,’ gasped the captain, ‘I’ll give you a thousand pounds, upon my soul I will, if—’ ‘Do you see any thin’ green here, most noble captain?’ says I. ‘Why, them niggers you’ve been kind enough to pick out

for me will fetch eight times that, my noble, to say nothing of the schooner—A 1, you know, eh? Good by. We are off to Cuba. Any commands?" Didn't they swear, and dance about upon the beach, and fire off their muskets at us, though knowing it was no use! Just as they were at the worst, lieutenant, dang me if the first-mate didn't strike up, like a good 'un, a song I had heard just before we sailed, only he altered it a bit:

'O Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm goin' to Cuba Island, with my niggers on my knee.'
Well, then, I really thought I should have split my sides. But there is a time for all things, even to pick up stones, the Bible says; the breeze might die away, or a hurricane from the westward spring up, or a cruiser heave in sight; so I gave the word; the oars fell into the water; in ten minutes the *Susannah* was ours: in ten minutes more we were standing out to sea, all sails set; the first-mate, who had found a fiddle on board, playin' 'O Susannah,' with might and main. Was it not precious fun, my noble, eh?"

“To you, no doubt; but death, or something almost as bad, to Captain Richards and his crew. Certainly the temptation was very great. I dare say most men, situated as you were, and having the nerve, would have done as you did. Richards and his men are safe enough, I suppose?”

“Safe! Lord bless you, yes. They are at Cape Coast Castle long afore this, if Richards haven’t hanged himself. Well, I must go on deck. All this is upon honour, you know, most noble. Mum’s the word.”

“Certainly, Mr. Pinch. Your confidence, though not asked for, will not be betrayed to your injury.”

The *Susannah* reached Saint Jago del Cuba in safety, after, all things considered, a swift run. There was no difficulty in disposing of the human cargo, which realised a much larger sum than even Pinch had anticipated. The schooner also realised a high price. Pinch, after handing over their share of the booty to his mates, boasted to me that he was a four thousand pounds man. He disappeared suddenly from Ha-

vannah,—which hasty flight, to the United States probably, a paragraph in the *Gazette de Cuba* clearly explained: "Arrived here on the 27th instant, the brig *Juan de Sevilla*; last from the coast of Africa, whence she brought off a Captain Richards and the crew of his ship, the *Susannah*, disposed of but the other day, it is said, at St. Jago, by an English pirate, who by some means contrived to obtain unresisted possession of the vessel and cargo. Captain Richards has lodged a formal claim for the restitution of his property with the authorities—an utterly absurd proceeding." Captain Richards called upon me. I briefly explained how it happened that I found myself on board his vessel; but could, of course, give no information as to where he would be likely to fall in with Pinch. The man—whose figure-head was not the most prepossessing I have met with—was almost beside himself with rage, and swore he would follow the villain to the ends of the earth. Before leaving Cuba in the *Star of the North*, Captain Buller, bound for London, I had the pleasure of knowing that the *Reindeer* had

brought up safely at Sierra Leone, after the tempest which had so nearly settled the *Susannah*. The steamer herself had sustained considerable damage.

Between three and four years afterwards, I was sojourning for a few months, with my wife and family, in the neighbourhood of Penzance, Cornwall. I lodged in the same house with Lieutenant Penrose, an invalid officer of the coast-guard; a very worthy man, who had been severely wounded in an attempt to board from a boat an armed and fast smuggler, called the *Flame*, and commanded by a desperado of the name of Jones. The *Flame* did not confine her attention to the coast of Cornwall; the whole southern and eastern sea-board of England was favoured with her capricious visits, and all attempts hitherto to overhaul her, by a vessel of sufficient force to effect her capture, had up to that time proved fruitless. Her time was, however, close at hand, Penrose believed. Information had been received from a sure source that the *Flame* would, on a given and not distant

night, be found in St. Michael's Bay, not far from the Mount. It had been arranged that the revenue-steamer, lying in Penzance harbour, should, on the afternoon of the day named, leave ostensibly for the westward, intelligence having reached her that the *Flame* could be found off an indicated part of the Devonshire coast. This was mysteriously bruited about by the coast-guard, they knowing perfectly well that Jones's confederates thereabouts would contrive to let him know that the coast would be clear.

"Are you certain," I asked, "that your information is correct?"

"Positive. Our informant, one Richards, a captain in the merchant-service, has a deadly feud with Jones—not the fellow's real name, by the by—that of course not; and has tracked him for many months like a sleuth-hound."

"Richards! Richards! I have heard the name. Do you know him personally?"

"I saw him once only; a repulsive looking fellow."

"Had he lost an eye?"

“Yes; do you know him?”

“I don’t know much about him; like you, I only saw him once. The steamer hopes to return, I suppose, just in the nick of time, and put an extinguisher, once for all, upon the *Flame*?”

“Exactly; and I hope, please Heaven, to be present when she is snuffed out. I shall go on board the *Harpy* steamer to-morrow afternoon.”

I said I should like to make one on board myself. Penrose assured me there could be no possible objection, and at the agreed time I went on board the *Harpy* with Penrose. Steam had not been got up, and we sailed westward, with a pleasant breeze, under canvas.

We had not long cleared the harbour, when a man in scrupulously neat merchant-captain’s togs came on deck. “Ah, Captain Richards!” I exclaimed; “you here?” The man did not recognise me at first; he did presently.

“I remember you now, sir. Didn’t I tell you,” he added, with a dark, vengeful smile, “that I would pursue that villain

Pinch to the ends of the earth? I have done so; and, please Heaven, his hour has come. Jones, captain of the *Flame*, is James Pinch! Yes, yes;" and the vindictive man rubbed his hands and grinned with gleeful exultation. "I have the viper at last! I am sure of him this time—sure. He will be hanged, the scoundrel,—hanged!" he added, with ferocious triumph. "There can be no doubt of that—hanged! He has not only fired upon the British flag, and wounded Lieutenant Penrose, but killed one of the coast-guard. Hanged! yes, hanged! no doubt about it."

As soon as evening fell, the steamer doubled on her course, and made the best of her way back, under a full head of steam, giving the land wide berth, so as to afford no chance of her being seen, even through a night-glass, by the shore-friends of the famous smuggler.

"There she is, Captain Marsh," said Richards excitedly; "there, in the shadow of the Mount. Why, she has taken the alarm! Too late, too late, James Pinch; your hour has come. Thank Heaven!"

The *Flame* had, no question, taken the alarm; but all too late, unless indeed she could, with the two pieces of ordnance—twelve-pounders—she was known to carry, smash one or both of the steamer's paddles. Pinch, an utterly desperate man, literally fighting with a halter round his neck, essayed that game. Two bright jets of flame flashed forth simultaneously from the smuggler's deck, the balls from which, coolly aimed, struck and almost demolished the *Harpy's* larboard paddle.

"That's your game, eh!" said the commander of the *Harpy*. "Well, two can play at that. Take sure aim, men," he added to the attentive gunners. "One dose ought to be sufficient. Fire!"

Quite; more than sufficient. We were to windward. The steamer's shot must have struck her low down, for she almost instantly filled, and in three or four minutes had completely disappeared.

Boats were immediately lowered to pick up the drowning crew; all of whom that could be saved were brought on board the *Harpy*. Amongst them was the commander

of the *Flame*, Samuel Jones, *alias* James Pinch. He had been mortally wounded by a splinter—was dying.

“Open your eyes, Jim Pinch,” exclaimed Richards, with savage, gloating triumph. “Do you know me—me, Richards, who have hunted you to death?”

The expiring sailor unclosed his eyes, but there was no speculation in them. He did not recognise his triumphant enemy; and murmuring feebly, “The last time, Martha; I tell you, it shall be the last time,”—died.

THE "DOLPHIN" SLOOP-OF-WAR.

THE last voyage of the *Dolphin* sloop-of-war is a remarkable chapter in the grand epic of England's naval glory. To obtain but an approximate knowledge of the incidents of that voyage requires long and patient search through forgotten pamphlets, ancient fragmentary newspapers, and other contemporary or retrospective memoranda. I have gone through that labour, and here is the result. The story is as complete as possible. It is imperfect—very imperfect, but will nevertheless interest all Englishmen whose pulses beat in unison with the national heart. Several of the details have been gleaned from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The *Dolphin* had possibly done good service in her time, but that time was apparently over with her. She lay a sheer hulk in Portsmouth harbour—had been laid up there for years. She was a constant

object of contemplation to Adam Coombes, an old wooden-legged, weather-beaten veteran, who had served under Captain Pierson in the *Serapis*, and was present at the celebrated action between that frigate and *Le Bon Homme Richard*, commanded by the celebrated, or rather the notorious, Paul Jones. Coombes had been master-gunner of the *Dolphin*, and it was in a smart action with a French ship of war, *L'Aigle*, of about equal force, that he lost his leg. It was not surprising, therefore, that he contemplated the crazy old craft with such intense interest. She resembled himself, with this difference—that she had no consort. In an evil hour Adam Coombes had got spliced to a dreadful virago, who married him for his pension, and allowed the unfortunate mariner no peace of his life. To stroll about Common Hard, and gaze with painfully lack-lustre but tender eyes upon the old *Dolphin*, was the only solace left to the declining years of the battered old salt. A rumour went forth that she was to be broken up. The bare mention of such a catastrophe excited quite a poem of pathetic,

regretful sentiment in the bosom of Coombes, to which nothing was wanting but expression—I mean, appropriate poetical expression—for we may believe the peculiar expletives by which a sour old salt gives vent to his rage when moved to anger, were copious and abundant enough.

Coombes's character, his peculiarities, his doting affection for the old craft, were known not only to the gossips about Common Hard, but to the officials of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer being then the First Lord.

To make use of—*exploiter*, as the French say—the wooden-legged veteran and his beloved *Dolphin* was, it seems, the suggestion of the then Secretary of the Admiralty. The plan was clever enough.

“Coombes,” said one day a hanger-on and tool at the Admiralty—his name was Davis—who had many years previously been master of the *Scylla*, ten-gun brig,—“Coombes, I have heard a little bird whisper that the *Dolphin* is going to be fitted out for ‘particular service.’”

“Particular service be ——! She's no more fit for particular service than I am.”

"Quite right, mate. No more fit than you are ; but both of you are fit for the particular service which the nobs at the Admiralty wish to be carried out. In two words, old fellow, will you accept a commission and take command of the *Dolphin*, to be refitted and made ready for sea in less than three weeks?"

"Will a duck swim? Confound you, Davis! what do you mean by dazzling one's eyes in this way? Will I accept a commission, and take command of the *Dolphin*? Who the plague that hasn't got a wooden nut upon his shoulders instead of a head, would ask such a question? But it's all gammon, of course."

"No gammon at all. The people at the Admiralty know you are a chap that would face the devil, with his horns and tail on, without winking, and so they have resolved to employ you. If it be so, my man, you will sign articles."

"I'll sign a bond to Beelzebub!"

"I said so. Now, just let us understand each other. This, I am instructed to say, will be a very perilous adventure."

“Peril be —— ! What do I care about peril ?”

“Not much, I believe, old brick. The *Dolphin* was, you know, a regular tub : not much more than five knots to be got out of her if old Nick himself, in the shape of a gale of wind, kicked her end-wise.”

“I don’t know about her being a tub, Master Davis. She wasn’t, maybe, so fast as some of your smart, new-fangled craft, but a capital sea-boat. And as she never wanted to run away, what signified that she took time to do her work ?”

“Well, never mind about that. She’s going to be made into a fire-ship, and is to be rebaptised the *Constellation*, hailing first from Boston, United States, last from London, with three hundred barrels of powder on board.”

“To be rebaptised the *Consternation*—”

“*Constellation*; it’s a fine Yankee name.”

“Well, to be rebaptised the *Constellation*, first from Boston, United States, and last from London, with three hundred barrels of powder on board. What devil’s yarn is this you are a-spinning of, Davis ?”

"No devil's yarn at all. You have heard of the flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne and Brest, which are to bring over Bonaparte and his veterans to conquer old England?"

"Conquer England! That song has been often sung by bigger fools than Bonaparte. Well?"

"The *Constellation*, you must understand, will be an old war-sloop converted into a store-ship. There is a real *Constellation*, mark you, of the character. The French know that as well as we do. The *Constellation* will sail into the harbour of Boulogne or Brest, take a berth as nearly as possible in the midst of the crowded craft there, and suddenly catch fire; the master and crew taking care, of course, to have plenty of time to get clear away before those three hundred barrels of powder explode. Do you begin to comprehend?"

"Yes. A queer business; but I shall go through with it. I shall see the Secretary, I suppose?"

"Certainly; one day next week. Meanwhile, hold yourself in readiness."

“The nobs” at the Admiralty had not made Davis their confidant; it was not at all likely that they should have done so. The plan was to send the *Dolphin*, instead of breaking her up, to sea, rebaptised the *Constellation*; but with such evidences on board, that upon being overhauled by a French cruiser—as there was no doubt she would be—her character and destination as a British fire-ship would be manifest beyond doubt. But the main object was a far higher one. There would be found in the *Constellation* a copy of the new secret signals to be used by the British fleets, and an official report of the whereabouts and the instructions given to those fleets, which Master Commander Coombes, it would appear, had been ordered to place in the hands of the commander of the first English ship-of-war he might meet with. Those instructions were of course fictitious, manufactured for the express purpose of misleading the French Government and its sea-officers; in which “particular service” Coombes and the *Dolphin* would, in Admiralty opinion and phrase, be very profitably “expended.”

It needed not the authority of Robert Burns to inform us that "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley." In this particular instance the failure was complete—a thorough *fiasco*, with regard to the original programme. The *Dolphin*—converted into the *Constellation*, rendered sufficiently seaworthy for a short summer voyage, and looking quite youthful in her fresh paint, and white No. 1 wings—left Portsmouth in the month of June, and, when fairly in the Channel, hoisted the stars and stripes. She had a crew of about seventy men, for the most part dare-all devils—the sweepings and scum of the great English war-port, who would at any moment have bartered their salvation for a can of grog, and chuckled over the bargain. Right sailor-stuff, for all that—ay, and capable of great things, as we shall see. By great things, I don't merely mean that they could fight a desperate battle against any amount of odds: all our genuine sea-dogs can do that. I mean, that in the hour of bitter trial was found in their rude bosoms, latent but not extinguished, the fire of humanity kindled by the

breath of God when man became a living soul.

Master Commander Coombes, though he had accepted the mission offered him by the Admiralty, was not in love with his task. It seemed rather a cowardly piece of business. In the first place, sailing under false colours, and especially under the Yankee flag, riled him. He hated Yankees. His father had been killed in an action between an armed merchant-ship, the *Eudoxia*, of Liverpool, and a Yankee privateer, during the war of American Independence.

He had, besides, his own peculiar views. The French bilboes, which he could hardly expect to escape, did not, in his opinion, harmonise with the fitness of things. Neither did Mrs. Coombes. He would be glad to give both a very wide berth. How to do so was a knotty problem, upon the best mode of untying which he was fain to consult one Jennings, a Common Hard gentleman, whom he had himself shipped as second in command, by leave, of course, of the Admiralty.

Coombes and Jennings took counsel together, and the result was rather a singular

decision. The barrels of gunpowder were contraband of war, which the American ensign, supposing it to be the ship's genuine flag, would not protect. It would be presumed by the French authorities that the powder was being conveyed in an American bottom, for greater security, to some British possession—Malta, perhaps. The best thing under such circumstances was to pitch the powder overboard, and sail boldly into Brest or Boulogne in ballast. The papers manufactured—forged would not be a decorous word to apply to English officials—the papers manufactured, a common practice in those days, would support in that case the character of the vessel as belonging to the American national navy. They would be able to get her thoroughly repaired, and even arm her, drawing boldly upon Uncle Sam for the cost. Who at Boulogne or Brest would know that Coombes was *not* Captain Roberts? he, William Jennings, Richard Jardine, first officer of the genuine *Constellation*? Of course there would be some risk; but audacity would in all likelihood win, as audacity generally does.

It was so settled : all the powder, except the quantity required for the supply of such a ship, was flung overboard ; and the *Constellation*—Captain Roberts—made Brest Harbour in safety. The American consul there, Mr. Beeston, received Commander Roberts and his lieutenant, Jardine, with effusive cordiality—a curious coincidence being, that the real Roberts had a wooden leg as well as the sham one. What plausible lies Jennings, who seems to have done all the talking, must have told, we need not inquire. They were plentiful and bold—no doubt of that. The chief difficulty, the one harassing fear, was, that some one of the seventy scamps composing the crew of the *Constellation* would, in vulgar parlance, let the cat out of the bag. That peril was escaped, and just seventeen days after entering the port of Brest, the *Constellation* left it, carrying sixteen guns, and in other respects fully armed ; the cost of which had been paid by bills drawn upon Uncle Sam by Commander Roberts, and indorsed by the American consul, Mr. Beeston. This will be an old story to seamen familiar with the occurrences of that

time, but may be new and amusing enough to the readers of the present generation.

The *Constellation* had no sooner gained a sufficient offing than she lay-to; a boat was lowered, "*Constellation*" was effaced, and a few hours afterwards "*Dolphin*" painted in its stead. The stars and stripes were hauled down, and the old meteor-flag run up in its stead. It was then only that the veritable cruise of the *Dolphin* may be said to have commenced.

On the fourth day after leaving the French port, Master Commander Coombes fell in with the *Phæbe*, a water-logged three-masted ship, from Quebec to London, laden with lumber. The crew were in great distress; for though, the cargo being timber, the ship floated, and would continue to float, the provisions on board were so completely saturated with sea-water as to be unfit for food. The crew, forty-seven in number, nearly half of whom had been rescued from the *Albemarle*, a brig which had foundered a few hours after the *Phæbe* took the men off, were in a state of extreme destitution; and as it was impossible to urge the

Albemarle through the water at half a quarter of a knot per hour, she was abandoned, and the men, with two or three exceptions, took service under the pennant. This was one of those chances which are called providential. If providential for Captain Coombes, it certainly was not so for the two French privateers, *L'Espègle* and *La Flèche*, which the *Dolphin* fell in with about a week subsequently.

This once-much-talked-of action was fought off Ushant. Luck and daring, as often happens, gave Coombes the victory. That sagacious old salt, who had not the slightest desire to meddle or make with hungry privateers, would gladly have avoided the combat, could he have done so. He did try to drop those two ugly customers, each being of pretty nearly equal force with the *Dolphin*, but they would not let him; and as needs must when a certain potentate drives, Commander Coombes, suddenly as fiercely, turned upon his nearest pursuer, *La Flèche*, Captain Deslandes, who found, to his great surprise, that he was chasing a tiger. The "tiger" doubled on his track, and long before

L'Espègle could come up to the rescue, *La Flèche* was completely disabled. It was the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii over again. *La Flèche* disposed of, as far as means of offence against the English enemy went, the *Dolphin* engaged *L'Espègle*. It was a gallant fight. Admiral Ducrés, the then French Minister of Marine, remarks, in a note addressed to the publisher of *Les Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, that "nothing in the history of the French royal and imperial navies—the glorious coronal-wreath of which, though cypress is largely intermingled therewith, can well compare in real splendour with the diadem of British naval supremacy—equals the action of the *Dolphin* and *L'Espègle*, in lustrous heroism the most renowned exploit recorded in those glorious annals." This is merely bunkum, though it must be admitted that M. Souday, commander of *L'Espègle* fought his vessel gallantly, and sealed his devotion to the tricolour by the calm acceptance of death, when it might have been avoided. The audacious figment, unwittingly indorsed by Carlyle in the first edition of his pictur-

esque history of the French Revolution, that the *Vengeur* went down on the 1st of June (Lord Hood's victory), with her colours flying, preferring so to perish rather than to strike them, is in some degree true of *L'Espiègle*. The *Dolphin* having obtained the weather-gauge, as it is called, of the French ship, the latter was—especially as a stiff breeze was blowing—necessarily more exposed to being struck betwixt wind and water by the enemy's balls, the inevitable consequence of which is an inrush of sea, which, if no instant remedy is available, will sink the vessel. *L'Espiègle* was so struck several times, and down she went with her ensign flying. Whether that was by express order—a desperate resolution to die sooner than surrender—or an accident due to the suddenness of the catastrophe, is a moot point, upon which I beg respectfully to differ in opinion from the distinguished contributor to *Les Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*,—whose version of the affair may, however, be the correct one. At all events, *L'Espiègle* was sunk, and the utmost exertions of the boat's crew

of the *Dolphin* could only rescue from a sea-sepulchre fifteen out of a crew originally numbering seventy-eight able seamen. The captain of *L'Espègle* was amongst the drowned; he had been previously wounded. The fifteen rescued seamen were treated with the utmost kindness on board the *Dolphin*—which kindness they, it will be found, repaid after a very queer fashion. I admit, certainly, that English seamen have done the same thing in like circumstances.

No sooner were the surviving sailors of *L'Espègle* safe on board the *Dolphin*, than smoke was seen to ascend from *La Flèche*, and presently bright jets of flame leapt up from the hold. *La Flèche* was on fire; and her own boats having been shattered by the shots of the *Dolphin*, it was necessary to bring the crew off in those of the English sloop. This was done with a will: but few of the men of *La Flèche* had fallen in the fight; she was considerably the largest of the two French privateers, and fully manned. The number of prisoners on board the *Dolphin* now much exceeded the sloop's crew. Honest, guileless Commander Coombes con-

tented himself with requiring the Frenchmen's words of honour that they would remain prisoners of war, and not make any attempt whatever to effect their own deliverance by force or stratagem. Surely Coombes was a very simple sailor. The understanding appears to have been, that the French seamen were to be sent ashore either on the coast of France, or of some country friendly with France, at the first opportunity, they having first again pledged their "words of honour" that they would not fight against Great Britain during the actual war. That, indeed, was a very small matter.

Let me confess I do not quite comprehend what was the governing motive-power, if I may so express myself, in the restless brain of that ancient mariner, Commander Coombes. I fancy it must have been a sort of crazy idea to keep afloat, and do something that would enable him to brave the censure of the Admiralty. After all, it is needless to speculate about motives,—the result was as great a deed of daring; not the straw on fire of impulsive rage, but the white-hot steel of manly determination and courage,—which is

not, I repeat, surpassed in the heroic story of England's life upon the seas.

Coombes and his officers were completely thrown off their guard. The amenity of the French seamen, their ardently expressed gratitude for the liberal treatment they received,—not in words—that, with the exception of a few, would have been impossible—but by grateful grimaces, warm pressure of hands, tears even,—disarmed suspicion.

All that came very suddenly to an end. At dawn of day the *Dolphin* found herself becalmed in the Mediterranean, being then about seventy miles distant from Minorca, in the direction of Lyons. The summer light, as it came blushing over the sea, revealed a large merchant ship, with the tricolour flying—drooping rather—at the main, in the same predicament. She was about three leagues away, and to leeward, if such a term could be applied when scarcely a cat's-paw of wind breathed upon the calmly heaving waters. Coombes determined to attempt her capture. Though not an argosy, there was pleasant promise of a goodly cargo in her large tonnage, and the depth of water

which she drew—*very* pleasant and promising. The launch and the jolly-boat were at once lowered, manned by about forty of the *Dolphins*, fully armed; and away they pulled with a will for the prize. Man proposes, God disposes—not an entirely new observation, but true as an eternity past and to come. Man proposes, God disposes; and just as the *Dolphins* were almost within reach of their prey, a lively breeze stirred the bright summer air and rippled the blue glassy sea; the Frenchman's white wings swelled as if with exulting life; and *La Joséphine*, which name the *Dolphins* were sufficiently near to read with unassisted vision upon her stern, glided gracefully away with a speed which no oar-propelled boat could match. Dreadfully aggravating, no doubt; but growls and curses would not help them; and the discomfited *Dolphins* were fain to double back upon the sea-path they had traversed with such sanguine hopes of gain, flavoured with a slight, very slight, dash of glory. But, heaven and earth! could they believe their eyes? The *Dolphin* was herself under full sail, with the tricolour flaunt-

ing in the stiffening breeze at the fore, and steering a course which would soon enable her to drop the two boats. For the matter of that, she could, had the calm continued, have sent them both to the bottom of the sea as soon as they approached within cannon-range. The terrible truth was, that the Frenchmen had risen upon the comparatively few and entirely unsuspecting *Dolphins* left on board, mastered them,—two being killed in the affray,—and having obtained possession of the sloop, immediately filled and made sail for Toulon.

Fortune and the Frenchmen had played Commander Coombes and his men a cruel trick. There was not a drop of water, not an ounce of biscuit, in either of the boats; no quadrant, no compass, not a shred of sail. "We looked in each other's faces," says the narrator of the voyage, "and each recognised in his comrade's the image of his own dismay and despair. The sun, high up in the heavens, poured down from his cloudless disc rays of scorching power; the men—already fatigued, almost exhausted, with their exertions to reach the French

merchantman before the breeze, which most of us felt to be coming, should strike her—were panting for a draught of water, liquid of any kind. And there was at least a distance of sixty miles to pull before land could be made. Sixty miles! which meant, in our actual condition, thirty hours, supposing it possible that human nature could endure thirst and hunger, and retain effective strength, for that time. That was clearly impossible. Before *twelve* hours had passed, we all should be frenzied with thirst. The only one who retained his calm and self-possession was Commander Coombes. ‘Hark ye, friends,’ said the veteran, as nearly as I can recollect—he spoke of course only to the men in the launch, the jolly-boat being a good way off—‘Hark ye, friends; we are deserted by men: delivered over to a cruel death by fiends in human form, whom we have dealt honestly by,—in that doing no more than our duty; and Heaven will not, I trust, forsake us. That is, if, instead of cursing and blaspheming, we pray reverently for mercy and succour. Let every man do so after his own fashion. God hears

the silent petition of the heart as distinctly as the loud talk of the tongue. We shall all be the stronger and better, and more fit to do our duty here below, till we are piped aloft!' These were true and solemn sentences, and they had a good effect for a while—not for long. It was determined to go westward, in the hope of reaching the coast of Spain, somewhere about Barcelona; but our progress was slow—miserably slow. The fierce day had not perceptibly declined, I mean in light and heat, when the majority of the two boats' crews were overcome by thirst and fatigue. Some lay down to die in the bottom of the boats; others cursed Heaven, themselves, and the hour of their birth. One man jumped out of the jolly-boat, and was drowned. I have read of ship's crews cast adrift upon tropical seas, who have endured thirst for some forty, nay, sixty hours—meaning that no drop of liquid had moistened their lips and throats during that time; but I cannot *believe* it. Hunger may be endured for as long, or maybe a much longer period, but not thirst. Two men in the launch, Rogers and Curtis, and one in the

jolly-boat, whose name I do not remember, drank sea-water. This, I well remember, was just as night fell, and the early stars glinted forth. Before midnight they were all three raving mad. They were secured, or they would have done fatal mischief to themselves or others. I do not pretend to explain the physiological effect of salt water in such cases; but I know they died of those draughts, though not immediately—not, indeed, till late on the following day. I shall never forget that dreadful night. The pall of a black, hopeless despair enveloped us; the rage of a consuming thirst dried up our blood: no help, no hope! when, with the suddenness with which atmospherical changes often occur in the Mediterranean, the bright stars were blotted out by dense, dark clouds, lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and down came the blessed rain in pailsful. The delight of deliverance abundantly compensated for the misery, the torture we had endured. True, we were still at least twenty hours distant from the nearest point of the coast of Spain, or any other land. Still the intervention of a beneficent, gracious Providence

had been so palpable, so timely, that not one doubted we should be finally preserved. The commander, with hot tears streaming down his cheeks, offered up a thanksgiving to Almighty God, eloquent in its fervent truth and homeliness. We had no vessels in which to collect the precious water; but the boats were well found—not the slightest leak in either of them; and though the water so deposited and preserved would no doubt have somewhat of a tarry flavour, it would be for us as nectar for the gods.

“The rain-storm passed as quickly as it broke. Again the sky was spangled with stars; the wind fell, and a dead calm settled over the sea. The rowing was resumed, and we made fair way—a knot and a half the hour, perhaps; the boats were heavy, the rowers faint and weak, though wonderfully refreshed by the rain. We were still in evil case. That conviction tugged at the heart of every man after the first ecstasy of relief had subsided. At last—joy, joy! as the pencillings of light shot upwards on the eastern horizon, the outlines of a fine

brig, totally becalmed and motionless, loomed through the morning mist. The air cleared, and we plainly made out the stranger to be a schooner-brig, not of such large dimensions as we had at first supposed—not, perhaps, more than two hundred and fifty tons measurement; but a fine vessel, new, I judged, and finely finished in graceful lines by French ship-carpentry, which in those days was much superior to ours. We have changed that. None of us required to see the tricolour to know that we were within hail of a fine French brig.

“The mode of action was instantaneously resolved upon. *This* Frenchman was not going to give us the slip as *La Joséphine* did. No, no! Sharply the oars struck the water, and in less than ten minutes—considerably less—we stood victors upon the deck of *Le Castor et Pollux*, last from the Mauritius, and bound for Toulon.

“It was not a victory over which to blow a flourish of trumpets. The crew of *Le Castor et Pollux*, not much more in number than half the *Dolphins*, were taken

unaware and unarmed. In fact, no resistance was offered. We were rescued by the luckiest chance in the world from almost certain destruction, and placed in possession of a ship worth, with its cargo,—spices chiefly,—about five thousand pounds, more or less. Hurrah!

“Once in safety—in plenty—we were very quickly ourselves again. The jolly old wooden-legged commander himself was nothing like so pious, so reverential, over the splendid claret we found in the cabin of *Le Castor et Pollux* as he was in the launch, when there was water, water, every where, but not a drop to drink. The world and its vain shows looked to better advantage. After all, as Father O’Leary said to the bishop who protested against purgatory, we might go farther and fare worse.

“This was all very well, for, say, four-and-twenty rollicking hours—very well indeed. But cool reflection must come at last. The case, simply stated, was this: the *Dolphin* sloop-of-war was gone, and in exchange we had got, by great good fortune—no merit of our own—a merchant-brig

with a middling cargo of spice. That would be a very pretty story to tell my Lords of the Admiralty!

“Commander Coombes, Jenkins, and I held frequent counsel together, but found no end, ‘in wandering mazes lost,’ our dominant thought being where to find and recover the *Dolphin*; till, on the fifth day after the capture of *Le Castor et Pollux*, and whilst we were still almost helpless, drifting about, with but intermittent, faint claws of wind to help us, we spoke his Britannic Majesty’s twenty-gun brig, the *Britomart*. She had chased, and after a not very obstinate fight recaptured, the *Dolphin*, landed the French seamen in the island of Sardinia, and despatched the *Dolphin* to Malta for repairs, in charge of merely a prize crew. Unfortunately, the hapless *Dolphin*, as the *Britomart* people were informed by the captain of an Italian fishing-smack, was overhauled and made prize of by the French corvette *Cyane*, of eighteen guns, in the Strait of St. Boniface, between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia; and the Italian skipper happening to know that the *Cyane* was bound for

Ajaccio, Corsica, no doubt the *Dolphin* would be found there too.

"Here, now, was hard, positive fact upon which to deliberate; and we did deliberate long and earnestly. The truth is, we were fanatics with respect to getting our own again—that is to say, repossession of the *Dolphin*. The upshot was a resolve which, translated into action, will speak briefly and clearly for itself.

"The crew of *Le Castor et Pollux* were sent off in the brig's largest boat, well provided in every respect, and there was little fear that they, in such weather, would not safely make the French coast. We afterwards knew that they did, somewhere adjacent to Perpignan. The next care was to paint out *Le Castor et Pollux*, and paint in the *Columbia*, of Boston. Whilst that little matter was in progress, I, Jenkins, and the captain were busy manufacturing fictitious ship's papers—there was no great skill required to do that effectively—which papers plainly proved that the *Columbia*, of Boston, Captain Johns, last from the Spice Islands, had been chartered for the conveyance to

Europe of a miscellaneous cargo to any port—one in the Mediterranean, it was suggested, would be preferable—which, in Captain Johns' judgment, would offer the likeliest chance of disposing of the whole or a part thereof at remunerative prices. Our preparations perfected, we steered boldly for Ajaccio—not, perhaps, a very eligible place for the disposal of such merchandise; but an American captain, new to Europe, might easily fall into a greater error than that!

“The port of Ajaccio was safely and speedily reached; and there, sure enough, was anchored the dear old *Dolphin*, within a hundred yards of the *Cyane*. The sloop, like our brig, had undergone a sea-change. She was now *Le Requin*, had already shipped a numerous crew, and would sail in a few days, we were told, as consort of the *Cyane*.

“I, for one, by no means admired the aspect of things in general, viewed from our stand-point,—the cutting out of the *Dolphin*, or *Le Requin*, by the former's crew—forty-five men, all counted, officers inclusive. The enterprise, closely looked at,

seemed an utterly desperate one. The *Requin* herself had a crew of one hundred and twenty men; the *Cyane* three hundred at least; and both ships, moreover, were close under the guns of the Torre de Capitello, completely restored since it was taken and blown up by Captain Bonaparte (Napoleon I.) when he, with forces commanded in chief by Admiral Truquet, landed in Corsica to put down Paoli, and was compelled to retreat with precipitation and large loss.

“Fortune usually favours the bold and brave. The cargo of the newly named *Columbia* was disposed of at tolerable prices, and the men were held in readiness for any chance which might present itself for seizing and getting away with the British sloop-of-war, a large portion of the crew of which—they being nearly all Corsican sailors—were sometimes on shore on short leave. A dark night and a leading wind might afford one. We waited with impatience—feverish, hardly hopeful impatience—for that chance. Meanwhile we received on board thirty-seven seamen, calling themselves Ameri-

cans, but genuine English seamen, every mother's son of them (as was and is generally the case with American crews)—the survivors of two wrecks of Yankee merchant-vessels. These men were to be conveyed to America—Boston, whither the *Columbia* was bound, would be as well as any other port—by order of the American sub or vice consul, and, of course, at the expense of Uncle Sam. This was a perfect God-send addition to our strength, as there could be no doubt that, matters being explained, the men would go in, heart and soul, for a shindy with the Frenchmen.

“The chance came not one day too soon, for we could scarcely have delayed our departure much longer without exciting suspicion. An English sloop-of-war, subsequently known to be the *Eurydice*, insulted the port, as the phrase goes, and the *Cyane* weighed anchor, with the intention of avenging the insult, with her consort's aid. The *Requin* was not ready so soon as the *Cyane*—or possibly the commander of the frigate wished not to show too overpowering a force at first, lest the Englishman should decline

the combat. Be that as it may, the *Cyane* was at least a league at sea before the *Requin* lifted anchor and followed. As she did so, the *Columbia* got under weigh, and kept close in *Le Requin's* wake. One great point in our favour was quickly ascertained: with one-third less canvas spread than the *Dolphin* or *Requin*, we could well hold our own with her. The sloop was a stout, well-found vessel, but, as before stated, by no means a clipper. There could be no doubt, consequently, that if an opportunity offered, we could easily enough run alongside the *Requin*, and throw our fellows in one mass upon her deck. That, I hardly need say, was our only chance, and not a bad one, brave as the Corso-French sailors might be. The suddenness of the assault would be worth fifty men to us. I must not omit to mention that the Anglo-Americans, when addressed in a neat, seamanlike speech by Commander Coombes, touching the little business in hand, or soon to be so, manifested great delight at the near prospect of such a fight; and each man at once set about getting his 'tools' ready and in good order for the tussle, which, how-

ever, no one believed would be a very tough one.

“The *Cyane* had sailed about ten in the forenoon, the *Requin* and *Columbia* full half an hour later. The engagement between the *Cyane* and the *Eurydice* had begun before even the *Requin* hove in sight, so that her character could be made out by the English sloop. It was a game at long balls, seldom, in those days of happy-go-lucky marine artillery practice, more than a slightly damaging business. The *Eurydice*, it must be borne in mind, was much inferior, both in number of guns and weight of metal, to the *Cyane*.

“As soon as the *Eurydice* clearly made out that the *Requin* was a French sloop-of-war, she hauled her wind, and went off in a direction that would soonest enable her, as she hoped, to shake off her pursuers. The *Cyane* crowded sail in pursuit, signalling her consort to do the same. Now was the time for our ‘swashing blow.’ For us to crowd sail and continue much longer close in the wake of *Le Requin* would infallibly arouse suspicion, and *Le Requin*’s guns—we having

none—would have made chips of the *Columbia* in just no time. We accordingly ran up a-beam of the *Requin*—soon to be the *Dolphin* again—closed, grappled, and before the French crew could realise the situation, as they would say, had carried her, with but slight loss to ourselves. The French and American colours were at once hauled down, British ensigns run up at the fore of both vessels, and the *Dolphin* speeded in support of the *Eurydice*.

“ It had been settled that as soon as *Le Requin* was carried, and her crew secured, I should return to and take command of the *Columbia*. By an unfortunate chance for himself, Commander Coombes also remained on board the brig. Brave as a lion, he, spite of the impediment of his wooden leg, attempted to leap with the boarders upon the deck of his old ship, missed his footing, and fell back from the top of the *Columbia's* bulwark. Immediately carried below, it was ascertained that he had received a severe injury on the back of his head, which, at his age, might have fatal consequences. This was a sad business, completely damping the

exultant joy of victory, so beloved by every one on board was the gallant, good-natured veteran. He had been completely stunned by the blow; and no sooner had he come to himself than he insisted, spite of all remonstrances, upon being carried upon deck. 'I have not many hours to live,' he faintly exclaimed,—'it may be, not one; I feel that; and must see how the old ship plays her part in the coming fight.' He was accordingly borne with all possible care and tenderness upon deck, and placed, propped up by bedding, upon the poop, in such a position that all three vessels—the *Cyane*, *Eurydice*, and *Dolphin*—were distinctly seen by the naked eye—to our eye, I mean; but it was evident from the remarks he made—idle comments, which in his, as in other similar cases, too surely foretold the ending of mortality—that he saw them not, except in distorted mind-vision. It was better so; the brave old heart, in a few minutes to be stilled for ever, was spared a bitter pang.

"The *Eurydice*, suspecting the change of ensigns on board the *Dolphin* and *Columbia* to be a snare—I, at least, supposed it to be

so—held on her flight. The *Cyane*, which, being at a much less distance from us, must have seen what had occurred, changed her course, edging away so as to intercept her new antagonist; nothing doubting, we may be sure, of again taking possession of the English sloop.

“I watched with breathless interest the fast nearing of the ships to each other, for the *Dolphin* unhesitatingly accepted battle, great as were the odds against her—of course relying upon the *Eurydice* coming to her assistance directly she was assured—and the fight would quickly assure her—that, by whatever strange means it had been effected, the French ship had been really transformed into a British man-of-war. That would probably have been the case, but for the catastrophe which overtook the ill-fated *Dolphin*, when two broadsides only had been exchanged between her and the *Cyane*.

“My eager, anxious observance of the unequal fight, and muttered maledictions, deep if not loud, of the *Eurydice*—which, or my eyes deceived me, was busy taking in

and clewing up her sails,—were interrupted by a respectful pressure on the arm by Richard Burbage, one of the Anglo-Americans, and a very intelligent man.

“‘ Look, sir !’ said he, pointing towards the south-west horizon, where a clear circle of light, strongly in contrast with the gray, misty dulness which had rapidly overspread the heavens in that quarter, was visible— ‘ Look, sir ; the Mediterranean mistral is about to burst upon us. If I were you, I would let all go by the run ; if not, the chances are that this ship will turn turtle directly the mistral strikes her.’

“ I had heard of the much-dreaded mistral, and immediately gave the necessary orders. It was too late—not too late to save the ship, but to prevent disaster. The furious hurricane rushed over the waters, and tore every sail we had not been able to let go or furl to shreds, and flung the ship so completely over on her beam-ends, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. She did, however, bravely. The spanker-boom had been carried away; one of the boats was stove in;

and the fierce, leaping sea broke in immense volumes upon the deck, sweeping every thing not securely lashed overboard or into the lee-scuppers. Poor Coombes was washed with much violence against the binnacle, and when picked up—which was not till some few minutes had elapsed, so great was the confusion and bustle—was found to be dead. Poor Coombes! I was gazing with mournful interest upon the white face of my old friend and commander, when Burbage again came up.

“ ‘The *Dolphin* is gone, sir!’ he said in a hoarse voice, trembling with emotion. ‘The *Dolphin* is gone, sir! She turned over when struck by the mistral, and went down at once. Every soul on board must have perished. The *Cyane* herself is dismasted.’

“The words had scarcely left his lips, when a spar snapped, and in falling, one of the blocks struck me on the head. It was some days before I recovered consciousness, and when I did so, was quite unable to assume command of the ship, which Burbage had taken upon himself. The damage inflicted by the mistral had, he said, been

repaired, and the *Columbia* was well on her way to Halifax, North America. He had steered for that port, as he himself and the men on board—all but one of whom, as it chanced, were Anglo-Americans, as I have termed them—were desirous of getting back, as soon as might be, to the United States. It would have availed nothing to have demurred to Burbage's decision: I intimated acquiescence; and after a passage unvaried by any notable incident, safely reached the British North-American port."

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE greatest of circumnavigators, Captain Cook, having reached $59^{\circ} 13' 30''$ south, when he discovered the islands which he termed Sandwich Islands, in honour of the then First Lord of the Admiralty, and Southern Thule, "because it is the most southern land that has ever yet been discovered," was rash enough to venture into the regions of prophecy, and record his opinion that "no man will ever venture farther than I have done, and that the lands which lie to the south will never be explored,—lands doomed by Nature to perpetual frigidness, never to feel the warmth of the sun's rays; the horrible and savage aspect of which I have not words to describe." Subsequent events have falsified Captain Cook's prophecy. Daring enterprise has unveiled many of the secrets of the mysterious Antarctic Region, and obtained glimpses, faint and indistinct, of the

region immediately about the South Pole ; but it is not the less true now, as throughout the historic ages of the world, that the solitudes of the extreme south are undisturbed by the presence of man ; the penguin and the seal crowd the desolate shores in unmolested life ; the screams of the petrel and albatross, and the roar of perpetual storms and crash of ice, alone break the dead silence. As the volcano shoots aloft its columns of fire, and the hills of ice and snow enlarge themselves, the mighty agencies of frost and fire will continue their appointed work, until, as geologists predict, the Polar Regions shall again (?), in the wondrous cycle of terrestrial change, share in the beauty and fertility of the zones now gladdened and vivified by the sun !

Let us not indulge in a foolish, vacant laugh at such dreams. The mists of familiarity blind us to the incomprehensibilities in which we all live and move and have our being ; but they who go down to the sea in ships do indeed behold with awe and wonder the works of the Lord ; and nowhere more strikingly than in that great solemn Southern Ocean, into whose soundless depths, as I am

about to show, so many gallant English ships have gone down. Consider for a moment that it is there the tidal wave which flows over the globe upheaves itself every twelve hours. Let us watch its course. The resistless movement, originating in the Antarctic Circle, quickly reaches New Zealand and other islands of the Circumpolar Seas. Say that it passes Van Diemen's Land at noon; in twelve hours more, so swift is its progress, that it will have swept past the western shores, and a short time after it will be rushing, a furious wave, up the great rivers of Southern India. It was this wave which so astonished the Macedonian conqueror, dashing as it did into the Indus, at a crested height of forty feet. To him who had only witnessed the feeble tides of the Mediterranean, it was a terror, a mystery, an instance of the supernatural marvels of the East.

Another division of the same wave, taking a westerly course, reaches the Cape of Good Hope, and, sweeping round the promontory, careers along the vast valley of the Atlantic. In another twelve hours the southern wave

has made high water at Newfoundland. Then it turns eastward, and eight hours afterwards is giving high water at Cherbourg and the Cove of Cork. Then another separation takes place. One stream makes up the Channel, and at about the thirty-sixth hour from the first upheaval in the Southern Sea, it is high water in all the British harbours. In some waters this miraculous wave—there is no other phrase which can characterise it—is called a “bore.” This is easily distinguishable when the mighty tidal wave reaches shallow water. When the wave forces its impetuous way along the Bristol Channel, it mounts higher and higher as the depth diminishes, and at last rushes into the Severn a wave ten feet in height.

Such are a few—a very few—of the phenomena exhibited by the great tidal wave; and when we reflect that a continuous series of these waves—no intermission, no pause, and exactly twelve hours apart—are on their way from the south to the north, the wondrous and provident Power by which the movement is initiated and sustained dazzles and confounds us with its might, its mystery.

Into that marvellous region, that solemn sea, which till lately in the life of the world remained unknown, since "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy," I am about to introduce the reader.

It may not be uninteresting to add, by the way, that Alexander Dalrymple, a contemporary of Cook's, had long entertained a belief in the existence of a Southern continent, and often pestered the Government to fit out an expedition to colonise the undiscovered continent. Unmindful of Mrs. Glass's celebrated axiom, to catch your hare before determining how to cook it, Dalrymple turned legislator for the *terra incognita*, and drew up a regular Code-Dalrymple for its government, the salient principles of which were, that women were to have equal political privileges with men; all lawyers, upon discovery of their profession, to be forthwith consigned to gaol for life; bachelors and maids who perversely refused to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony were to pay all the taxes; there was to be only copper money; and the public expenses were to be audited at the churches and chapels every

Sunday. Ah, well! there have been as amiable simpletons as Alexander Dalrymple: Robert Owen and Company to wit. Dalrymple, who would seem to have been only mad when the wind was southerly, was hydrographer to the Admiralty, and fairly acquitted himself in that capacity.

I must introduce the voyage of the *Condor* and the *Reindeer* by a few further preliminary observations, illustrative of Michellet's assertion, that it is the sealsmen and whalers who have really discovered the globe. After Captain Cook's last voyage, not much advance was made in Antarctic exploration till the first years of the present century. In 1819, Captain Smith, whilst sailing from Monte Video to Valparaiso, saw a long line of coast in latitude 62°. He forwarded a report to the captain of the *Andromache*, then lying at Valparaiso, who sent an expedition to verify Smith's report and survey the land. It was found to consist of a group of twelve principal islands, encircled by numerous rocks and rocky islets. These are now known as the South Shetlands. In 1820 James Weddell discovered the South Orkneys. Powell and

Palmer made discoveries about this period. In 1822 two small vessels, respectively commanded by James Weddell and Thomas Brisbane, one of 160 tons burden, the other of 60, sailed on a sealing voyage to the South Seas. These mariners proved the non-existence of an imaginary continent connecting Sandwich Island and the South Shetlands. Weddell anchored at South Georgia in March. There he and his fellow-skipper speedily filled their vessels. It was an El Dorado. "In the course of a few years," writes Weddell, "South Georgia furnished more than a million of seal-skins and 30,000 tons of oil to the London market, and Kesquelin Island proved quite as profitable. During the time these two islands have been resorted to by traders, more than three thousand tons of shipping, and upwards of five hundred seamen, have been engaged in the traffic."

Attracted by these reports, Messrs. Enderby sent out a brig and cutter, the *Tula* and *Lively*, commanded in chief by Captain Briscoe. In January 1831 he discovered an island in latitude $58^{\circ} 25'$, which he describes

as terrific, being nothing more than a complete rock covered with ice, snow, and dense clouds, so that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. But that desolate climate had its compensation, so far as the eye and the imagination were concerned. "In the night an aurora borealis shone forth over our heads in the form of splendid columns, then changing to the semblance of the fringe of a curtain, and shooting across the sky like a glittering serpent, not, apparently, many yards above us. It was the most magnificent phenomenon of the kind I had ever seen; and though the ship was in considerable danger, running with a stiff breeze, and much environed with ice, the crew could not be kept from looking to the heavens instead of attending to the course of the ship."

Great efforts were made to reach land, but the opposition of winds and currents was too powerful. The health of the crews suffered from cold and exposure: many died. The purpose of the voyage was, however, well achieved,—the vessels were laden with skins and seal-oil, and were sailing homeward,—when the *Lively* suddenly foundered

during a dark night. She was about two leagues distant from the *Tula*, but no cry was heard from the sinking ship, and the only token of the disaster was that the light she carried suddenly disappeared. This might have been variously accounted for, but it excited the anxious solicitude of Captain Briscoe, who lay-to during the remainder of the night. It was well he did so, though he succeeded in saving only two lives, one of which was that of Robert Chenies, afterwards captain of the *Condor*, whaling-ship, and the hero of some of the most extraordinary adventures that ever befell a human being. But that Alexander Selkirk and Defoe lived and wrote long before his time, one might suppose that the world-known Robinson Crusoe had been suggested by his experiences. Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road, by the way, was partly built by him, and named by himself in his own honour.

Chenies, mate of the *Lively*, and a man whose name is not recorded, were found, scarcely alive, clinging to a spar. All the rest of the crew had perished. They both

reached England in the *Tula*, and a firm of ship-owners, named Collard and Company, to whom Chenies obtained an introduction, were so charmed with his natural shrewdness, and his clear insight into things which had come within his observation, especially with his account of the vast profits to be obtained in the South Seas by sperm-whale fishing, that they appointed him commander of the *Condor*, a brig of large tonnage, belonging to the firm, and confided to him the fitting out of the ship. The *Condor* was of four hundred tons burden, lying at the time in the Medway.

The equipment of the *Condor* has served as the model of all subsequent whale-ships, especially those destined to seek their prey in the Pacific or the South Seas: the capture of the sperm-whale, or *cachelot*—the largest whale known, upon an average twice the bulk of the Greenland whale—being a much more difficult and dangerous business than the capture of whales in the North Seas. And here I may be permitted to remark, that the throat of the sperm-whale is in proportion to the bulk of

the animal, and quite capacious enough to swallow a London alderman at midnight on the 9th of November. If sceptics have nothing better to object to relative to the Jonah miracle than that North Sea whales have small gullets, they had better hold their tongues.

The *Condor* was provided with five boats, from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, lightly constructed, with stern and bow shaped alike—that is, very sharply—in order that, when in dangerous proximity to the formidable *cachelot*, the boat might be backed with greater facility. This young Chenies had evidently a seaman's eye and brain. These boats, to insure swiftness, were, as I have said, constructed of slight scantling, and could therefore be easily smashed by the fins, flukes, and especially by the tail of the great sperm-whale. To obviate this danger, Chenies contrived a very simple and effective expedient. He had life-lines fixed on the gunwales of the boats; and if the boat were struck such a blow as would cause her to fill, the oars could be promptly lashed athwart by aid of those lines, and although

the boat itself might be quite submerged, she would not sink, but would bear up the crew till rescue arrived. It could scarcely happen that a boat would swamp so rapidly that there would not be time to lash oars athwart her gunwales. Many other expedients were devised by the young seaman for the successful prosecution of the South-Sea whale-fishery; and all being completed, the *Condor* sailed for the Pacific, with provisions for three years, and a first-rate crew, all, or nearly all of them, A.B's. The wages were high; and that is a bait which, as our Transatlantic cousins know, is all-potent with the British seaman. Chenies may now tell the story of his strange life in his own words. He, I must state, was a man of fair education, and had passed several years at Christ's Hospital:

“I, from the first,” he says, in his work, which may be seen in the British Museum, —“I, from the first of my experience in the Pacific and the South Seas, saw that the seal-fishery was as nothing compared with the sperm-whale fishery. The idea took complete possession of my mind. One cir-

cumstance more than any other imprinted it on my memory in characters of fire. A Nantuchet whaler had a full ship. An immense sperm-whale (a mule) had been captured, and what is called 'trying-out' was going on. 'Trying-out'—a stupid phrase—is melting the blubber of the whale. The cutting-up of the whale at the side of the ship usually occupies from ten to twelve hours, when the stripped skeleton is allowed to drop into the sea. The blubber has been carefully separated from the flesh, which flesh, yielding an intense heat, supplies the furnaces. This process on a dark night is a sight to see. There is the ship—the *Jane and Mary*, of Nantuchet—sailing slowly in the misty, moonless, starless night, her furnaces jetting forth flames, which illumine with lurid light the surrounding sea; and if within two or three marine leagues, you may see the men busily passing to and fro. It was on a densely dark night that I, on board the *Lively*, four days before she foundered, beheld that sublime spectacle. Well, it struck me as sublime. Herman Melville was not the first man who

mentally compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, so engaged, to an orgie of demons, busy in the celebration of some devilish rite. At all events, the circumstance greatly impressed me, and, so to speak, burnt into my mind the enormous value of a fishery which men would encounter such hazards to engage in. For, be it remembered, and I knew whilst watching the proceedings on board the *Jane and Mary*, that the slightest mischance—water falling into the boiling oil, wet blubber by accident or carelessness thrown into the caldrons—and the ship would be instantly in flames. This has often happened. Many a full ship, in the very heyday of success, has been burned at sea during the operation of ‘trying-out,’ and not left a wrack behind, except it may be a few charred timbers, washed hither and thither by the restless seas.

“This, however, has little to do with my voyage in the *Condor*, except that it made me enthusiastic in the enterprise. There was romance, to my excited imagination, in the venture, and a splendid romance truly it turned out to be in my own case.

“ We sailed on the 9th of April, which happened to be on a Friday. The owners were enlightened gentlemen, who laughed at unlucky days ; and, both wind and tide being favourable, there was no reasonable excuse for delay, and we slipped our moorings.

“ We arrived ‘ all well ’ in the Pacific, the men in high, rollicking spirits. The *Condor* was a model of what a whale-ship should be from stem to stern, from try-works to cutting-falls. Our boats can be dropped into the water at a moment’s notice ; sharp eyes sweep the sea in all directions, and all listen eagerly for the cry of ‘ There she spouts ! ’ knowing, as we do, that sperm-whales are not far off. It is not we only who are aware of the business we are upon, and the probable success which will attend our efforts. Countless flocks of birds hover round the ship, aware, by some mysterious instinct, that they will soon be provided with abundance of food. But the fish just beneath the surface of the sea are far more numerous than the birds. For half a mile on every side the water is literally blackened with albacores. They will

wait upon the ship for weeks, and, unless a gale should rise and force the vessel along at the rate of something like nine knots, will keep up with her. An albacore is about a yard in length, is easily caught, and is excellent eating. The poor flying-fish are frightened into taking their feeble flight in the air, where, if not snapped up by the birds, they are instantly seized and devoured by the hungry albacores the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea. How true it is that all nature is at war! for the albacore has a terrible enemy in his turn—the sword-fish, namely, many of which free-lances of the deep make a rush in column, as it were, upon the albacores; transfix them, often two together, with their projecting swords or lances; then shake off the victims, and devour them. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his sword into, and sometimes through, a merchant-vessel's side.

“On the 19th of October, our look-out man hailed, in a stentorian voice, the officer on deck, who happened to be myself:

‘A large school of whales, sir!’ ‘Where away?’ ‘Off the weather-bow, sir, about three miles distant.’

“In a moment the ship is brimming over with eager life. The boats are let fall manned, all is ready, and away we start upon a chase far more animated—the excitement stimulated by the well-known danger—than ever fox-hunter followed. I will give but one example of a whale-hunt. We have not traversed half the distance from the ship to the school of whales, when the huge monsters take the alarm, and are off at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. They spout clouds of vapour, which ascend like steam from the valves of a hundred steam-boats, and each leaves a foamy track behind it equal to that made by a ship of moderate tonnage.

“Presently one fine fellow—a male, we are sure, from his tremendous bulk—leaps up and displays himself in the air, possibly to reassure the cows and calves—that is to say, female and youngster whales—by the view of their immense protector, the cow-whale never reaching to half the

size of the bull-whale. That vain-glorious exhibition is an ill-advised one. We select him for our day's sport and prey; and a splendid day's fishing it will be if we secure him,—the experienced harpooner venturing a confident opinion that he cannot be less than sixty feet in length and half that in girth. Fancy a fish measuring eighteen hundred feet in bulk!

“The men bend exultingly to the oars; we skim over the water like sea-birds, and come up with our friend hand over hand. We are within striking distance, and a vigorously thrown harpoon pierces deep into the *cachelot's* side. Another and another follows. The wounded animal springs with convulsive strength into the air, then, with a crash and a whirl of foam, falls back into the sea, and makes off with astonishing speed. The whale-line in our boat, about one hundred fathoms, is soon run out, but another is bent on; and though the monster *sounds*—that is, dives to an immense depth—we contrive, by bending on a fresh line, to keep our hold of him. He cannot remain more than half an hour, at the utmost, beneath the

water. Probably he will reappear in about ten minutes. He does so. We pull towards him quietly, and a few strokes of the lance finish him. He now spouts life-blood, crimsoning the sea for many yards around. Soon he turns over, and the cheers of our men proclaim an easy victory. We were destined on the same day to experience a terrible reverse of fortune. The huge whale we had killed was towed by the other boats towards the ship, and we were following leisurely, when one of the men roared out, 'There she spouts; there she blows!—another big 'un, too!' We were instantly in chase. Two sperm-whales in one day would be marvellous luck. We were soon up with the monster, and our harpooner struck his weapon vigorously into the whale, which received the blow with a plunge which half-filled our boat with water. The next moment he sounded. It was another huge male—we knew that from his size—and it was with difficulty we paid out rope fast enough. The whale-line, as I had contrived it from observation of other whale-vessels, ran through a groove lined

with tin, to prevent its getting on fire with the swiftness of running out. Two hundred fathoms of line were very soon gone; a second and third were bent on. By and by our enraged captive reappeared at the surface, and tore on at a furious rate. For nearly an hour, I should think, he continued with unflagging speed; but despairing, as it seemed, of escape, and resolved on revenge, he suddenly turned, and, with bellowing roar and distended jaws, rushed back as if to devour us. We shouted, and waved our oars, to deter him from attacking us. He heeded not; and when he was near enough, raised his enormous tail into the air, and with one blow thereof smashed our boat to pieces, leaving us all struggling in the water, except the unfortunate harpooner, who, caught in the coils of the harpoon-rope, was carried off by the furious fish.

“The accident was witnessed from the towing-boats, and two were immediately detached to the rescue. We were picked up, and taken back to the ship—of course, with the exception of poor Tomkins. The fish, I hardly need say, escaped for the time.

“The captured whale was cut up,—the blubber converted into oil; the spermaceti carefully eliminated, and put safely away. This operation lasted quite ten hours. However, our work was done. The skeleton of the huge sea-mammal was dropped into the sea, to sink or float as chance or the sharks directed. A task successfully accomplished is a great joy. I slept soundly. All my preparations and devices had succeeded well.

“I turned out early. Morn rose in beauty. It was a cloudless dawn which came blushing o’er the sea; and before I had been ten minutes on deck the look-out in the crow’s nest—a slight fabric lashed to the cross-trees, to protect the watcher in some degree from foul weather—shouted, ‘Whales on the lee bow! There she spouts! there she flukes!’

“I did not pipe up the crew. There was but one whale in sight, and I felt almost sure it was the gentleman who had played us such a pretty trick the previous evening. One boat only was let fall manned, and we were off ‘in a jiffy.’

“It was as I expected. The wounded

whale still lived, but was jetting forth its life-blood. The animal was in its *flurry* when we neared it; and—how exactly it happened I know not, and cannot distinctly remember—the tail of the whale again struck the boat, not smashing it, as in the former instance, but turning it bottom upwards. There were twelve in the boat, and all perished but four—amongst which four was myself. I mean that I was happily saved, though for weeks and months subsequently I often wished that I had been one of the drowned.

“The four who survived were, myself (Robert Chenies), Richard Young, James Travers, and Henry Smith. We with vast effort gained the bottom of the boat, and tried to save our friends. One, Edward Thornley, an oldish man, I caught by the hand, but could not hold my grasp. He was gone with the rest. God pity them!

“We could not right the boat, but by and by it drifted close to the dead whale, floating belly upwards. We got upon the monster, and, pulling upon the harpoon-rope, fished up poor Tomkins, partly devoured. It

was a night of horror! But soon real, not fanciful, terrors shook our souls.

“The cloudless blue of the southern sky—which, when we left the ship, lit up the bright waves, adding to the dazzling whiteness of their surging crests and to the radiance of the gem-like spray—became, as often happens in those latitudes, suddenly and as rapidly overcast. A hurricane—a tornado—set in; the sea roared in foaming billows; the *Condor* was shut out of view in the thick blackness, and poor Travers was washed off by the furious sea. I shall never forget his cry of agony as he was swept amongst the sharks which beset us, and had already begun to devour the dead whale. It was a terrific, maddening shriek. I myself almost envied Travers; he was past fearing death—bitter, horrible, yet brief, as had been his passage from life to eternity. But for us!—

* * * * *

“The boat again drifted close to the whale, and by almost superhuman exertions we contrived to right her. Most fortunately, four oars were saved by the contrivance I have described. We got into her, and were

so far rescued from immediate death—yes, from immediate death!—but our fate was apparently merely postponed. The boat could hardly live amid that waste of raging sea; wilder, fiercer waxed the storm, and louder roared the foaming waves; we knew not whither we were being driven. Night at last closed over us, aggravating the horrors of the tempest. We ceased at last to pull or to struggle, abandoning ourselves in sullen despair to the mercy of the winds and waves. It chanced that myself and Smith had each a closely corked brandy-flask in our pockets. That alcohol was our salvation; without it we could not have survived the night and storm, nor have lived to witness, to hail the bright dawn, which broke from the glorious southern sky, and kissed into roseate beauty the still-heaving but fast-calming sea.

“But where were we?—whither had we drifted or been driven? The *Condor* was not in sight. We were alone upon that vast ocean—alone, without a drop of water (the brandy was long since spent) to quench our raging thirst, without an ounce of

food to still the ravening pangs of hunger! Happily, as the horizon lightened beneath the cloudless sun-smile, land was seen at no great distance; an island—one of the Bal-lenys, we conjectured. It did not seem more than about three marine leagues away, and we should hope to reach it before thirst had driven us mad, or hunger rendered us incapable of exertion. Peopled by savages, no doubt; but death by the torture of hunger and thirst was a more terrible fear than to front the possible enmity of even cannibals.

“The distance seemed to increase as we tugged at the oars. Very soon, failing strength compelled us to work by relays, one resting, two pulling. Our progress was very, very slow; and but that about noon we were caught in a strong current setting direct for the island, we should never, I think, have reached it. Blessed, thrice-blessed moment of life, when the boat’s keel grounded on the shelving beach of an island abounding in cocoa-nut trees, turtles innumerable, and, as it seemed, unpeopled. The fruit was ripe; and never shall I forget the ecstasy, the sense of recreated life, which ran through

every artery, every vein of my body, as I quaffed the delicious, thrice-delicious cocoa-milk !

“ We returned God hearty thanks, and, being filled, lay down to rest, after pulling our boat up high and dry. We slept soundly, sweetly ; I, at least, can answer for myself. I know not what particular noise awoke me, but opening my eyes, and having, not without difficulty, recalled to mind all that had passed since the previous day-dawn, saw that we—I and my companions—were in presence of two men, evidently sailors, armed with muskets, and ragged and forlorn in attire. They were silently watching us, and seemed to have no hostile intent. Had they meant us harm—death or bondage—their purpose could easily have been accomplished whilst we slept. I spoke first, calling loudly, so that my sailors might awake and spring up, as I did. One of the strangers answered me in French, a language I knew well. He assured us that we were in the presence of friends, and that only himself and companion were the habitants—human habitants—of the island.

They were shipwrecked mariners, and had been on the island more than a twelvemonth. They had seen your boat approach from the look-out, whence one of them was always searching the ocean for a sail. Many had been seen, but not one had touched at the island, or noticed the signals they hoisted, or heard their musket-shots. It was *not* one of the Balleny Islands; they knew not its proper designation; but they had named it 'Turtle Island.' There was no lack of food, they said,—game was in abundance as well as turtle,—but the wilderness was alive with beasts of prey. We had fortunately been cast upon a part of the coast which the more formidable animals did not frequent, or we should have been devoured as we slept; 'But,' added Lefranc, which was the elder Frenchman's name, 'we will talk further by and by. Come with us to our place, on ship-board—a ship with the bottom stove in; but our breakfast will not be so bad. Roast game,—a kind of elk,—sweet water, and excellent brandy. *Allons*, friends!' Considering all things, we were certainly very lucky fellows.

“The habitation of our French friends was the cabin of the *Sylphide*, a whaler from Marseilles, which had been abandoned by the crew during a terrific storm. They believed she would soon founder, and took hastily, much too hastily, to the boats. But that is the failing of French mariners—they are prone to panic. Land was in sight, and, like the man in the play, they preferred a dry death. That, however, was vouchsafed to but few of them. Of the four boats in which the sailors quitted the ship, all but one were swamped by the wild sea. If they had stuck to the vessel, they would not have lost their lives—not, at least, by drowning. The *Sylphide* was driven ashore by the hurricane, and must have been lifted by a tremendous surf-wave to a great height, and let fall as it receded upon a bed of sand and gravel. Except such another hurricane came on, the vessel was safe enough, though her bottom was smashed in.

“*Our* tale was soon told to our sympathising friends; theirs was a much longer and a far more romantic history; indeed, there was no romance, not the slightest,

about ours. I shall relate theirs as briefly as I can, taking for granted—which I have no reason to doubt—that we were told the truth.”

The Cruise of “La Sylphide.”

“Monsieur le Capitaine Grégoire—Charles Grégoire, I think Lefranc said was his baptismal name—Monsieur le Capitaine Charles Grégoire had passed in the mercantile French marine as a captain ‘*au long cours*’; that is to say, he obtained a certificate from the official Board of Examiners that he was capable of navigating a ship to distant—no matter how distant—parts of the globe. Every thing in France is regulated by the Government, and no owner of a ship above a certain tonnage would be permitted to send his vessel to sea except commanded by a certificated captain. The system may have its conveniences, but real seamen do not ‘grow’ under it. That, however, is beside the subject just now in hand.

“Captain Charles Grégoire, accepting the version of his character as given by Lefranc

and his mate—whose name, unfortunate man, was Dupont—must have been a capital fellow (*bon enfant*), as well as a good seaman, and simple-hearted as worthy : soft-hearted would be the more appropriate words. When a mere youth, he had been fascinated by the charms of one Estelle Dujardin, the daughter of the proprietor of a *café* on one of the quays. The girl, who was about the same age as Charles Grégoire, though singularly handsome, was no better than she should be—which, indeed, is the case with most of us, in a general sense. In Mademoiselle Dujardin's instance the phrase had a more especial signification. Grégoire was, however, blind to her faults or vices. Soon after he had passed the Board of Examiners, and, in virtue of his certificate of competency and excellent character, been appointed to the command of the *Sylphide*, fitting out for a whaling-voyage in the South Seas, he married the jade. Her acquaintance amongst the seafaring population of Marseilles—as, from her father's business and her own personal attractions, could not be otherwise—was extensive, and not, perhaps, very discrimi-

native. One young seaman, named Bon-jean, first-mate of *La Sylphide* — a berth obtained for him by Grégoire at her request — she had been very intimate with; so much so, that gossips gave out that they were, would, should, or ought to be, man and wife. He was a good-looking fellow enough, according to Lefranc and Dupont; not, perhaps, innately badly disposed, but enthralled and made subservient to the wicked will of Mademoiselle Dujardin, now Madame Grégoire, which newly espoused lady determined to accompany her husband in the South Sea expedition. She had a lively curiosity, it seemed, to witness the wonders of those distant seas, and to be spectatress at a *cachelot* chase — of which she had heard such exciting accounts. Besides, M. le Médecin, who had always attended her when she was ill, had assured her father that nothing would be so beneficial to her health as a long sea-voyage, during which she would have to be provided with every comfort and luxury it was possible to have on shipboard. In that respect there was no lack; and Madame Grégoire had a female attendant to wait upon her.

“*Eh bien !*” continued Lefranc, “there was much gossip amongst us, plenty of half words, respecting Bonjean and Madame Grégoire,—shrugging of shoulders, and winking of eyes. Monsieur le Capitaine was blind to all; he lived—brave, simple man—in a fool’s paradise. His eyes were unsealed at last, but it was the cruel hand of Death which unsealed them. We arrived out in these latitudes—had begun to fill up slowly, very slowly—when a terrible tempest burst upon us. It was during the night; thunder roared, lightning flashed, the wild sea swept the ship from stem to stern. Two leaks were sprung, and so swiftly did the water gain upon us, that it was feared a but had started. That, however, was hardly possible, the *Sylphide* being copper-fastened. There was great confusion on board; the men were seized with panic, and talked of trying to save themselves in the boats. It is at such times, and only then, that I recognise the superiority of the British seaman. He is always cool, if you can only keep him away from the liquor-stores, and prefers sticking to the ship as long as

there is half a chance of her continuing to float. That bull-dog obstinacy and imperturbable *sang-froid* has saved scores of ships and thousands of lives. I served once on board the *Amphitrite*, an English merchant-ship—that is, I worked my passage to Europe in her from Ceylon, where I had been wrecked. The voyage was a trying one; storm, tempest—tempest, storm—almost continuously, till we passed the Azores. We were dismasted, and reached England at last under jury-spars, and steered by a cable veered out astern; for rudder and rudder-post had been carried away—part at least of the rudder-post. It was then I saw the stuff your sailors were made of, and understood the causes of your almost constant successes at sea. To be sure, Captain Williams was a seaman of the first rank, and had taught the crew both to love and fear him. But all this is mere *bavardage*. I was speaking of *La Sylphide*. Yes, and the Capitaine Grégoire was also a skilful, noble seaman. He reasoned with our men, and, strengthened by the support of some half-dozen,—friend Dupont and I amongst the

number,—succeeded in preventing them from leaving the ship, and induced them to continue at the pumps. The foremast had gone by the board—been cut away with its torn sails and top-hamper. It was a providence, for the canvas sucked into the leaks partially plugged them; and the storm abating, we fast diminished the depth of water in the hold.

“ Well, the danger was passed, the day breaking calm and clear, when the cry rang through the ship that the captain had disappeared, and must have been swept overboard. There was a great uproar, for the captain was much beloved. Presently fierce, ominous threats circulated amongst the crew, emphasised by flashing looks, and ‘*sacres!*’ ground out through the clenched teeth. The wife and her servant had been seen on deck near Charles Grégoire during the very height and fury of the hurricane. They would not stop below, fearful that the boats might depart without them. Bonjean was in close attendance upon Madame Grégoire—that was observed; but it was nothing extraordinary, and for the moment called forth no

comment. And now the good Grégoire was gone—had disappeared, no one had seen how—and the first-mate, Bonjean, ruled in his stead: a bad change of masters.

“Still we could only *grincer les dents*, and mutter our suspicions to each other. Holy Blue! how could it be that le Capitaine Grégoire, who had *le pied marin*—what you call sea-legs—if ever sailor had, how should he have been swept overboard by the rushing waves, which had not carried away any other individual, not even a boy—not the two young women who had remained on deck till the fag-end of the tempest was subsiding. He had been hurled overboard: that was the firm but not quite outspoken conviction raging at our hearts.

“Soon to be confirmed. Exhausted by toil, I had crawled rather than walked to my hammock, and had slept, or nearly so, my first heavy sleep. I was awakened by a rude shaking. You must understand that I was *acting* second-mate, the first having become, by the death of Grégoire, captain. It was Louise Bertrand, Madame Grégoire’s attendant, who so roughly awakened me.

‘Silence! silence!’ she whispered, as soon as she saw I was sufficiently awake to comprehend her—‘silence, and come quietly on deck; I must speak with you.’ The woman was pale as her chemisette, and her dark eyes—she was a native of southern France—flamed with revengeful fire. I replied at once, that I would follow on deck without delay.

“ Louise Bertrand had not long to wait. Her first words, which I had instinctively divined, were, nevertheless, a stroke of thunder.

“ ‘Le Capitaine Grégoire was murdered last night!—murdered!—pushed—as he all unsuspectingly stood close to the broken bulwarks—pushed into the raging sea. He had not time to syllable a prayer, to utter a cry.’

“ ‘Great God! and the murderer was Bonjean?’

“ ‘Yes, Bonjean. The wife saw the deed done as distinctly as I did. I do not know that she counselled it; but she is now in the assassin’s arms! The proof of that is easy; you can assure yourself. Go and see.’

“ ‘Do the miscreants know that you witnessed the crime?’

“ ‘No; I was at some little distance from them at the moment, and have since shunned them both, cowering with terror; but finally resolved to speak with you.’

“ ‘It was well done; and I, too, shall do my duty.’

“ Ten minutes had not passed before the attentive, silent, and determined crew knew all. The fire of vengeance burning at their hearts needed not the flame flashing from my eyes to kindle theirs to equal fierceness.

“ Bonjean was fairly tried. Seized in the arms of his almost equally guilty accomplice, he was dragged before the crew, his judges, a fettered prisoner. The woman’s presence was dispensed with. The trial was summary. The captain—by grace of murder, captain—protested against our jurisdiction. He talked to the winds. The woman Bertrand repeated her testimony; it could not be shaken. Sentence: ‘Death, with immediate execution.’ We resolutely shut our eyes to any penal consequences that we might incur by constituting our-

selves the ministers of *bonne et briève justice*. He died like a dog; in less than half an hour the felon was swinging at the yard-arm. I rejoice, for one, in my share of that righteous deed.

“It was not, perhaps, a strictly justifiable act,” continued Lefranc, after a somewhat lengthened pause, and twice freshening his nip with the really excellent brandy on board,—“It was not, perhaps, a strictly justifiable act; but it occasions me no remorse. Holy Blue! if ever felon deserved death, it was that adulterer and assassin; yes, that is certain. But we had no luck afterwards. Fish were seen, but we failed to capture one; and eleven men were drowned, the boat being dragged down into the depth by the sudden *sounding* of an enormous *cachelot*. Soon after came the tempest, during which, believing *La Sylphide* would go down from one moment to another, we left the ship, very foolishly. English mariners would not have done so. In the boat—one boat—the only one which lived through the sea and surf—was that guilty, wretched woman, Madame Grégoire. We got her safely to shore,

and she lived with us in this ship for three months. She seemed to feel no shame nor remorse—simply a passionate longing to get back to France. But the just God had passed sentence upon her; the earthly expiation was horrible. Dupont, who witnessed it, will relate the manner of her death. A cold shudder runs through my veins when I think of it. Certainly she was very beautiful; and though it may not be logical—for, sacred Blue! a woman is a woman, whether she be handsome or not—the fact that she was beautiful seems to add to the horror of the manner of her death. Tell it, Dupont; it may prove a warning to our English friends.”

“It is soon told,” said Dupont, a taciturn, reserved man, who sometimes broke out in overflow. “It is soon told. We call this Turtle Island,” he continued. “It would be as rightly named Snake Island; we have those reptiles in great variety, and all venomous: some, of course, more deadly than others. For example, we have a charming variety of the cobra—the spectacled snake. To send you to heaven or the other place is

with him a mere *bagatelle*, the affair of a moment. And there are worse than he or she. I am not sufficiently skilled as a naturalist to distinguish their genders, nor profound enough as a theologian to understand why the cursed creatures were created; perhaps they are the progeny of the Father of Mischief; I incline to think so: who knows? I was saying there were many deadly devils in the shape of serpents and snakes. It was a serpent, you know, that pitched Paradise into perdition. In this blessed island, I say,—and bear it in mind, Messieurs l'Anglais,—there are deadlier snakes than even the cobra: one, a small gentleman or lady, springs at you backwards. I have seen more than one of this family, not very distantly related, at the *Cap de Bonne Espérance*. There they call the devilish thing the puff-adder.”

“Thou wilt never pay this story out, incorrigible *bavard* that thou art,” interrupted Lefranc. “Say thy say, and have done with it. The soup,—genuine turtle,—monsieur, is ready.”

“*Ventre St. Gris!* it is soon told. I

was coming to it. Amongst those cursed serpents—though but few in number, *Dieu merci!* I have seen but two. Pass the brandy, Lefranc; the thought of it makes me sick.

“These serpents I am speaking of are boas—enormous devils, which coil round and crush you to pulp. They slaver and swallow you. Faugh! Well, that unfortunate Madame Grégoire, who was always pensive—*languissante*—weighed down by a presentiment that she should never see *la belle France* again—which, holy thunder! is my own impression as to myself—always, I say, pensive and languid, she lay down upon the thick carpet of grass, just within the fringe of the forest, and fell asleep. *La pauvre femme!* The soup was ready: there were then still six of us, beside Madame Grégoire. I and Jean Trichard went off in search of her. He was an old lover of hers at Marseilles—not a favoured one; and she had scores. He was *bon enfant*, was Trichard; sensible, too, except about Madame Grégoire. *Eh bien!* I went one way, he another, feeling, as I did, a strange foreboding; Jean

was pale as a sheet of paper, and trembled in every limb, as I have seen poor fellows do in hospital when suffering with ague. Holy Blue! we used to cure that by *order*. I remember well that in Algiers an order came from General Bugeaud to cure the ague patients in forty-eight hours, under penalties well understood — quinine being plentiful. And it was done, too—”

“Finish—finish, *mon ami*, wilt thou, about Madame Grégoire?” again broke in Lefranc.

“Ah—well—yes. Jean—*pauvre* Jean! —was, I have said, pale, trembling. We had been diverging from each other, seeking Madame Grégoire, when I suddenly heard screams, cries, shrieks of torture, of despair. I hastened in the direction of the sounds, and—Sainte Marie!—what do I see? My eyes are for some moments blinded with horror. A veil, as of a black, inexpressible terror, has fallen over them. I look again: the shrieks, the screams, recall my fleeting senses, and I see that Madame Grégoire, that Jean Trichard, are enveloped in the folds of two enormous boas. Ah, it was

horrible! Jean must have rushed forward to save Madame Grégoire; for there was, I thought, a bloody knife in his hand. That was afterwards proved to have been the case. As for me, what could I do? I had not even a knife—nothing but my naked hands. I could do nothing but speed back as fast as the life, which seemed ebbing from my heart, permitted, to my comrades. Ah, *sacristie!* we were soon racing to the fatal spot, with muskets in hand. Too late! *les misérables* had perished: been crushed and swallowed. The monsters, I need not say, were killed. But what did that avail! Ah, it was too horrible—awful! How could *le bon Dieu*, as we, echoing the babblings of infancy, name the Creator of life, call such hideous monsters into existence? I have not prayed since. When I was a pupil of the Polytechnic,” added Dupont, in a tone of profoundest sadness, “from which I was expelled, as thou knowest, Lefranc, for a mere offence against discipline, I went to see a cast of the Laocoon. I little then supposed I should live to witness it in action in a yet more frightful form. For there was a

woman — a young, beautiful woman—and my friend, my good friend, simple-hearted Jean Trichard, enclosed in those serpent folds. A cup of brandy, *de grâce*. I will never tell this sad story again.”

“It was right that we should hear that terrible story. It would be a grave lesson to us. The island, still known as Turtle Island, is perhaps more thickly infested with venomous reptiles and beasts of prey than any place in proportion to its dimensions, except Ceylon. And it is not precisely a locality where one would *primâ facie* expect to meet with an exuberance of venomous animal life. The fact, however, is certain, and various ingenious theories have been invented to account for it. I myself saw a *cheetah* — a yellow, demon-eyed, tiger-like animal—which I had supposed to be aboriginal only in Southern India. The beast may, however, have been of a different, though cognate species. I did not care to observe it closely, always making myself scarce as speedily as possible.

“ Every one except Lefranc and Dupont, who had landed in the one boat of *La Sylphide* which reached the shore, had perished, and all but one, who had died of fever, had been killed—devoured by serpents, and other animals of prey. Such a state of things suggested wary walking, and our French friends gave us precautions which were not neglected.

“ Meanwhile, to leave Turtle or Snake Island, get back again to Europe, to the abodes of home, of peace, and love!—that was the question. Repairing *La Sylphide* was not to be thought of; for if we could patch up her bottom—which was exceedingly doubtful—we should never be able to launch her. The only hope was in our whale-boat. That might be repaired and made seaworthy. The *Sylphide* boat, much damaged by being flung on the shore by the furious surf, had been scorched, withered up by the blazing southern sun, and fallen to pieces. Only her skeleton ribs, and they rotten, were extant. Yes, our sole dependence was the partially dilapidated whale-boat. We should have to make

her water-tight, step a mast, fit sails, and then, as there was a compass on board *La Sylphide*, we might hope to reach some civilised shore.

“ We went heartily to work. The Frenchmen were very good fellows; but they lacked stamina, and were not up to the work in hand; they even thought, in moments of discouragement (and they were frequent enough), that it might perhaps be better to bear the ills they had, than fly to others which they knew not of. We often talked of Defoe’s *Robinson Crusoe*, which they had read in Madame Guizot’s translation; and, with curious prophetic feeling, if it may be so called, they constantly returned to that passage in the book where Robinson Crusoe is described as having been drifted away from the island he had been so morbidly anxious to quit, and how bitterly he bemoaned his rashness in casting off from the place where life was at least tolerably secure and endurable.

“ The Britons have no such whimsies. A genuine English sailor is, without figure of speech, a really amphibious animal. He

has, I think, much more confidence in the ocean and ships and boats, than in turnpike-roads and cabs and railway-carriages. All we wished was to get afloat again, for we were becoming sadly weary of turtle-soup and elk—I suppose it was elk.

“ We worked hard ; and being bunglers, much of the work had to be done over again three or four times. We were, however, pretty near the end of the job, when an adventure befell me, the recollection of which, reproduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of terror. I have seen it told, not quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some one who had heard it directly or indirectly from me. It thus fell out : The sail, a lug-sail, did not set well. I, believing I had more *nous* upon the subject than the others, remained by the boat whilst my mates went back to the ship, turned in, and made themselves comfortable. I worked on till I had thoroughly wearied myself—for the southern night, with its glorious moon and patines of splendid stars, was brilliant as the day, though cold for the clime, a chill wind hav-

ing set in immediately after sunset. This, with, no doubt, the work I was engaged in—cutting and stitching the sail—did not induce warmth, so that I partook more freely than it was my wont to do of the excellent brandy before spoken of. At all events, tired, vexed,—for I could not so set the sail as to bend it on ship-shape,—and perhaps more than half-seas over—I was not an abstemious man in those days—I lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few extra pulls at the brandy-flask, and dropped off to sleep. Sleep! yes, the sleep of devils. Frightful, horrible dreams oppressed me. I was stifled, crushed with nightmare: that was the impression on my half-unconscious mind. At last I fully awoke. Good Heavens! the icy chill which ran through my veins when I discerned, by the brilliant moonlight, the cause of the nightmare which was stifling me! The fetid, horrible smell of serpents was in my nostrils, and I saw that two cobras, one the largest I had ever seen, were lying on my breast,—where they had no doubt crept for warmth,—twined together, and, being quite motionless, were, I judged,

asleep. To stir, to awake them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if I were bitten ever so slightly, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralysed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, but feeling that the dreadful suspense could not be long endured—that I must soon start up, and cast off the horrible reptiles at any risk. They were evidently asleep, and might be flung to a distance before being able to make use of their fatal fangs. But, merciful Heaven! they begin to stir, to wriggle from each other. I am lost! Ha, is that the snapping, chirping bark of our pet mongooses (ichneumons) which alarms the reptiles?

“Let me explain. A mongoose is the natural enemy of snakes, and in a combat with one is sure to be victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal,—merely makes it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating some herb growing amongst the grass; but this is a disputed point. However it may be, the mongoose swiftly returns to the attack, and the snake, as I am told, is in-

variably killed. The island furnishes ichneumons almost as plentifully as snakes. Lefranc and Dupont managed to tame and domesticate three of them—not a very difficult task—knowing that not one of the serpent tribe will approach where they are, or have been recently, any more than a cockroach will venture out of its hole into a kitchen where a hedgehog keeps watch and ward. Our ichneumons were special pets of mine; and were they, scenting the serpents, coming to the rescue?

“Yes, by Heaven! the quick ears of the serpents have recognised the rapid approach of the dreaded mongooses; their horrible snake-glances glow with fear and rage, their hoods dilate, as they untwist themselves, and glide off me, in the hope of escape, but finding that impossible, to fight. The ichneumons desire nothing better. They spring upon the serpents, bite them on the back part of the head, and carry on the battle, of which I am a delighted spectator, with a spirit—a cheerful, chirrupy vigour—which is, I feel, though I had never actually witnessed such a combat before, a sure augury of suc-

cess. The battle is not a protracted one—the snakes are dead; and my pets, running after and leaping up at me, appear to know that they have rescued me from death, and will have in reward an even more plentiful supper than usual. They are not mistaken. Our French friends and my fellows were painfully excited by the incident, which had, however, so happily terminated; and for my part, I was not myself for several days. I never slept in the open air again.

“Our boat was at last serviceably fitted. We took abundance of provisions on board, water included, to last a month, and set sail, steering north-east, with a favouring breeze. Our ichneumons were left behind. I regretted they could not be taken with us, but the thing was impossible,—they would have died in a few days. Our hope was to fall in with a whale-ship, failing which we should endeavour to make one of the Balleny Islands, where American fishing-stations had of late years been established.

“We did not cast off in very jocund spirits. A sense of coming calamity hung

like a pall over me, as well as upon the two Frenchmen. Their gloom depressed my usually buoyant spirits. The others were not infected; one reason being, that they could not understand the language in which Lefranc and Dupont expressed, by quickly recurring fits and starts, their superstitious fears. An image of the Virgin Mary, which the two Frenchmen regarded with intense veneration, had been accidentally let fall into the water by one of my fellows; and thenceforth, in the foreigners' opinion, nothing but evil fortune awaited us. The catastrophe was somewhat antagonistic to poor Dupont's notion, that it was to the mischance which had befallen the image of the Virgin that we owed our disasters—he, who was perpetually muttering *Ave Marias*, crossing himself, and counting some rude beads—a rosary, they call it. The accident happened in this way: We had been at sea about forty-eight hours only, when it began to blow stiffly, and there was soon a rough, tumbling sea on. A long, narrow boat rolls terribly in rough weather, and so much so did ours,—a lug-sail, even when properly

fitted, is but slight stay to a boat,—that the best sea-legs in the British navy would not have kept their footing for a moment, had the owner attempted to stand upright. This was the case just at evening-fall with our friend Dupont. He had been, I have said, suffering under extreme discouragement, to relieve which he copiously availed himself of the plentiful supply of brandy we had embarked. He stood up, as if to look about him—for what purpose it were hard to tell—and in a moment toppled overboard. Need I say that in the Pacific sharks are always near at hand? Have they, as hundreds of sailors believe, some mysterious instinct, which lures them on in the sure expectancy of prey? Maybe. At all events, Dupont was no sooner in the water than twenty fins glanced in the strong setting sunlight, and, before a helping hand could be given, he was torn to pieces and devoured.

have never forgotten that cry of agony—
of horror!

“Those who go down to the sea in ships soon become so accustomed to death in all its shapes, we may assume, that they at

last look him calmly in the face, and, metaphorically, shake hands with him. It is as well to be friends even with the King of Terrors!

“The wind increased in violence; the sea broke over us in such quantities, that baling the boat left us no respite during many hours—thirty at the least; and when the blinding storm abated, we knew not where we were, nor had we any means of ascertaining; the sextant and compass having both been smashed to pieces, by whom or what no one could say. Accident, no doubt—it had unquestionless been accidentally done—but there was no remedy.

“Many mournful days and miserable nights passed away. We fell in with no whaling or other ship. Heartily—how heartily!—we wished ourselves back to Snake or Turtle Island. Yes; far better to have borne the ills we knew, than have flown to others which we knew not of. This was after-wit—a very worthless commodity. Giant Despair held us in his hand, and with a fast tightening clutch.

“Our *munitions de bouche*, as Lefranc

called our stores, were fast dwindling, as we tossed to and fro in that vast expanse of water. Where, where, could we hope to find rest for the soles of our feet? At last all was gone. We were not temperate in eating or drinking. I had no moral, much less physical, authority over the men. I may have been as bad as any of them: quite likely. I do not remember much about the last three or four days, except that we gazed at each other with wolfish eyes, whilst a horrible cannibal craving gnawed at our hearts.

“ Nature could no longer hold out. We cast lots; the fatal lot fell upon me. I was indifferent in the matter. All in the boat were, I felt, doomed to die, and a little sooner or a little later would not matter much. My mates were more horrified at the thought of slaying and eating me than I was myself. It was determined to wait till morning; for the dice of death had been thrown at about midnight, by the light of the splendid southern coronal of night.

“ ‘ Land! land!’ exclaimed Smith, the least feeble of us all, when the day-dawn

broke. That cry had so often proved illusive, that it scarcely stirred the languid pulse of life in our veins; at least, I can answer for myself. The world and all which it inherits had passed from me. I had no wish, not the faintest, to delay the moment of deliverance.

“It *was* land!—a tiny island of coral formation, the greater part of which was clothed with vegetation. We landed—crawled a few yards up the shelving beach; but so utterly helpless were we, that though cocoa-nut trees abounded, we could not even throw a pebble with sufficient force to bring down one nut. There might be—were, indeed—*fallers* scattered about in the rank grass, but we had not strength to seek for them.

“Judge, then, of our wonderment when the grunt of a hog struck upon our ears; and we saw presently the animal itself, unmistakably of European origin, make its appearance, eyeing us curiously. A minute after—less, it may be—a strange figure made his appearance. This was no other than James Chandler, who made such a noise in

London for a few months after our return to England with his lies and bombast. But I ought not to speak ill of him,—he had good qualities, and rendered us good service; he was, in sooth, the saviour of our lives.

“He was a strange, uncouth-looking creature, clothed in skins of the kangaroo, very bunglingly cut and sewed together. His complexion was of a tawny hue, no doubt from long exposure to a southern sun; and we at first took him for a stalwart savage. His first words endeared us to him—they were English words, and words of rapture—rapturous in expression, and kindled rapture in our fainting hearts. He busied himself, seeing our condition, to supply us with water and solid food, both in small portions at first. We regained strength; were told his story with much fewer exaggerations than he has since spiced it with, for the entertainment of Cockneys. An interesting tale enough in its simplicity.

“The *Jason*, Captain Moggridge, a ship of four hundred tons burden, was freighted on private account for the Polynesian Archipelago. The return cargo, as in the case

of the *Bounty*, was to be in plants of the bread-fruit tree, to be conveyed to the Leeward Islands, in which the owners, members of the Society of Friends, held property. She carried with her swine and goats, destined to be exchanged for the plants, and to propagate in Polynesia. The *Jason* must have been driven strangely out of her course, for she was wrecked upon a coral-reef within about a league of the island, and went to pieces, not immediately, but in about twenty-four hours. The only persons who succeeded in reaching the shore were Captain Moggridge and James Chandler, with several swine and goats. The captain died of injuries he had received in reaching land, and Chandler was left alone with his swine and goats. These multiplied so that he was abundantly supplied with hogs, goat-flesh, and milk. The island was uninhabited, and free, or nearly so, of venomous animals. Chandler had lived nearly seven years in the desolate place, and despaired of deliverance, though often tantalised by the appearance of ships in the distance, not one of which saw, or at all events heeded, the signals he made,

but continued on their course. We were destined to the same fate for full three wretched years; but at last, through God's mercy, were rescued by the whaler *John Danby*, of Hull, in which we safely reached England."

END OF VOL. I.

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