



STORIES OF THE SEA



STORIES OF THE SEA

TOLD BY SAILORS.

By E. E. HALE.



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BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1880.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS is the second volume in a series of which the first was called "Stories of War Told by Soldiers." It is proposed to continue the series with "Stories of Discovery" and "Stories of Adventure."

The first volume has been kindly received by the public and by the press. But I have observed a certain misconception of the object in view, which shows that I ought to have stated the plan more distinctly than I thought necessary. In that flattering tone which is, perhaps, too frequent in the criticisms of our time, it has been intimated that if in the "Stories of War" there were not so many extracts from General Grant, General Sheridan, General Sherman, and the rest, it would be better. If Mr. Hale would have written the stories "in his own matchless style," — or "his crisp style" is a favorite phrase, whatever that may mean, — the book would be improved, it has been said.

To which suggestions this is to be replied: That the precise object of these little books is to show intelligent young people how they may seek for themselves for the best original narratives, and the best historical reading. The plan was suggested at the Librarians' Convention in Boston, in 1879. Every one of the distinguished gentlemen and ladies, engaged in the administration of libraries, who met there made the same complaint, —

that young people are fed on story-books, and do not easily find their own way to more reliable narrative. I urged, as best I could, the preparation, by some of the younger literary men, of books which should lead the way from story-books to history, by showing to the young reader how to pass from one to the other, and giving them a taste of the original narratives. I was met, as most reformers are, by the suggestion, sometimes kind and sometimes cynical, that I had better do this myself. This, after consultation with Roberts Brothers, I determined to do. These two books are the result.

The reader will understand, then, that we undertake to bring the narrative, as it was written by the actors, before young students, with a special reason. The few exceptions we are forced to make are still such as will carry such students to carefully written history, closely following the original authorities. It is an essential part of our plan that soldiers shall themselves tell the stories of war, and sailors tell the stories of the sea. The hope of collecting these extracts is that readers may "ask for more," and seek for it.

I believe intelligent young people will be glad of any hint, which will throw them back on the very best of literature, which is invariably the work of men and women who have themselves acted in the world's affairs.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, Nov. 1, 1880.

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STORIES OF WAR.

By EDWARD E. HALE.

16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

From the New York Evening Post.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale is one of the very few students of the subject who understands boy nature perfectly, and respects its strength too profoundly to fall into the common error of supposing that the boy love of adventure-stories can be safely suppressed. He is too sound a thinker and writer not to see that the evil quality of vicious juvenile literature is something other than its character as literature of adventure. He understands perfectly not only that stories of adventure are natural and wholesome food for the mind of boys, but that the demand for such food is peremptory; and he knows, therefore, that vicious literature of adventure can be supplanted only by wholesome literature of adventure.

Acting upon this conviction, Mr. Hale has begun a series of books which we cannot too earnestly commend to all buyers of books for youth. The first volume in the series, which is the only one yet published, is a collection of "Stories of War told by Soldiers." There is a prefatory chapter which introduces the fictitious personages among whom the stories are told, and with this setting of fiction various accounts of stirring scenes in our late war are presented, in the words of their writers, with connecting and explanatory dialogues among the fictitious personages.

The stories relate to the first battle of Bull Run, the fighting at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, General McClellan and the Peninsula, the West Virginia campaign, Antietam, Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Grant's advance on Richmond, Sheridan's ride, the Wilderness, Sherman's great march, Nashville, the siege of Richmond, the last week of the war, and the end of the struggle. The accounts are taken from various sources, the writers represented including Generals Grant, Sheridan, Imboden, Tyler, Schenck, Coppee, Colonel Keyes, Captain Wilkes, and a score or more of other participants in the struggle, some upon one side and some upon the other.

The interest of such a book, edited as it is with masterly skill, is apparent, and its value in awakening juvenile interest in history is not less so. The series will be continued by "Stories of the Sea told by Sailors," and "Stories of Adventure told by Adventurers."

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers - - BOSTON.

STORIES OF THE SEA

TOLD BY SAILORS.

I.

COLUMBUS'S RETURN FROM HIS FIRST VOYAGE.*

A VERY bright and jolly party of young people were in the habit of passing their summer vacation with Col. Frederic Ingham, in his house near the sea-shore, in Southern Rhode Island. In the book called "Stories of War" there has been some account of the way in which they spent their rainy days there. In Col. Ingham's old documents, and the memoirs which illustrated them, they found stories of battle and chivalry to their hearts' content. They learned how Mr. Jules Verne and Mr. G. P. R. James study for writing their romances, and boys and girls both found the raw material quite as entertaining as the manufactured article. Indeed, almost all of them formed a habit thus of gleaning in "grown-up" books, and often picked out more plums there than they did in the somewhat milky and watery volumes which, in very large type and with very bright covers, are published for children only.

* From Dom M. F. de Navarrete's "Relations des Quatre Voyages entrepris par Christophe Colomb, pour la découverte du nouveau-monde, de 1492 a 1504," cc., cc.

When September came, this happy company broke up. Those who went to school had to report at the beginning of the term. Some of the older girls had sensible mothers, who did not send them to school, but let them read steadily at home, and thus gave them a chance to ride at the riding-school, to take long walks in lovely autumn and winter days, and to grow stout and strong. Some of the boys were going into business life, and they went back to counting-rooms and wharves and offices. But, before they went, they all promised Col. Ingham that, whatever else happened, they would come and see him every Saturday evening. The colonel lived in winter in a roomy, old-fashioned house not far from Boston. It had been built more than a hundred years ago, for some West Indian nabobs, who used to come North to spend their summers, and eventually found themselves more comfortable here than in their own islands. When the Revolution came, these comfort-lovers had been afraid to trust themselves among the rebels. The house, indeed, had been confiscated, because the owner would pay no taxes except to the "best of kings," as it was the fashion then, in some circles, to call George the Third. And so, by one transfer and another, it had come to be Col. Ingham's home. It was without what are "modern improvements." But there were large fireplaces for hickory fires, there were queer old candelabra which lighted it when the colonel entertained his young friends, and the book-room had a series of wainscoted arches framed upon the original alcoves, and upon bay-windows, which different owners had added, and certain additions which one and another enlargement had made necessary, all of which made it the most picturesque room, not to say the most convenient for its purpose. It was in this book-room that Col. Ingham himself always held

court on Saturday afternoon and evening. The young people could not come too early. A large part of the rest of the house was open to them, and many of them were enough at home there to take proper advantage of their liberty. But there was always, from four in the afternoon till ten in the evening, a little court around Col. Ingham, in the book-room.

The colonel said himself that he preserved such relics of feudal life as the nineteenth century could be brought to endure. All young people like feudal institutions, and among the colonel's were some very pleasant ones. There was a certain Wilder, whose hair was now very white, whose face was very black, who had been in the colonel's employ in most parts of the world, — in Siberia, in Italy, in Mexico, and in Arizona. Whether he were now servant or master, Col. Ingham said it would be hard to tell. Indeed, he said this was not a bad definition of the feudal system, that you could not tell who was servant and who was master. Wilder certainly supposed that he directed everything which went on in this establishment. Among his other possessions was an excellent violin, which he had carried with him over three fourths of the world. Among his manifold accomplishments, which ranged from those of a perfect cook to those of a perfect nurse; from the power to call upland plover to the power of amusing a sick child; from the art of devising trout flies to the art of rigging boys' schooners, — among these accomplishments was the art of playing his beloved violin with feeling, — with real love of music, and with infinite fun. Fergus, Horace, and all the older boys loved Wilder with a regard that was fully returned, and it need hardly be said, that when the young people met on Saturday evening, after the "high tea" was disposed of, they almost always arranged matters so that Wilder and his violin were

summoned into Lady Oliver's drawing-room, and, for the two hours left, the young people had their fill of Germans, quadrilles, and contra-dances. But even this diversion never left Col. Ingham alone. Even the nicest girls would be found talking with him, or he would be showing them his old journals, or pulling down prints or maps or curiosities to explain what he was saying, until, at half past nine, a stormy crowd, a very "rabble-rout," would rush storming in upon him, and tell him it was time for a Virginia reel. And then the colonel would have to go out with them, and dance as Sir Roger de Coverley himself might have done, until they all went home.

It was in one of these long talks in the book-room, a little after Thanksgiving, that Horace said to the colonel that he had had no chance to talk with him about the winter's reading. "This is no time," said Horace. "Suppose I brought you my note-book. Suppose I were ill-bred enough to think I might bother you with this or that set of my questions,—when you are kind enough to let us all come. Why Stephen there, or Laura, or Fergus, might pitch in, with their fine art, or their Taine, or their fiddle-faddle, and they've just as good a right to their fiddle-faddle as I have to mine."

"You must come earlier," said the colonel.

"Is not that hard on you?" asked Horace, modestly enough. "I should think even you had some rights."

"I know my rights," said the colonel, laughing, "and knowing, do maintain them. When you come too early, you will find I am not in. Settle it among yourselves. Suppose we arrange that, while daylight lasts, you shall bother me about your books in any way you want. Those of you who want to read in any order, or to have any sense in your reading, can come as early as half past three. I shall have finished my nap before

then. Then I will 'expound and explain' to you hearts' content. And behind us here are five thousand books which we ought to know how to handle. In that matter, in the Public Library you have wellnigh three hundred thousand, and in the College Library nearly as many more, which you ought to know how to handle too. You all know something now about going to the original authorities."

"I saw that you printed the 'Stories of the War,'" said Horace.

"Yes," said the colonel, "I did. And though some people did not understand why we did it, the boys and girls did; that is, the bright ones did. I wanted them to find out, what you found out in those rainy days, that a great soldier will tell his own story better than anybody else can tell it for him. There is no such place to write your story in as your tent or your headquarters, and there is no such time as the time just after the battle. I knew you boys and girls had found out that there is no such fun in reading, as diving in and dipping for yourselves, or skimming for yourselves. There has been such an amount of writing done for boys and girls, and feeding them on gingerbread pap, which is one grade worse than the milk and water Paul condemned, that it takes some little time to teach them what a public library is for. But when I see my Legion of Honor here," said the colonel, "I take courage."

This was the beginning of a regular series of talks and readings, in which really the whole party clustered round the colonel on Saturday afternoons. The boys and girls all liked a frolic, and the charades, and private theatricals, and dancing in Lady Oliver's old parlors, went on as gayly as ever. But they were not fools.

And there was not one of them but had waded quite through the dime-novel grade of literary interest. Half past three having been set as the time of meeting, when the days were at the shortest, and the evenings longest, at half past three it remained. But as the days grew longer, the hour of meeting remained unchanged. Practically, they read or talked together till dark. Then some would go off to arrange the charades, or whatever else was on hand. But there would be, perhaps, a little circle keeping the same talk up much later. The result of the various tasks the colonel set them, and of their several excursions into the stories of various navigators, will be found, a good deal condensed, in this volume. Col. Ingham publishes them in the hope that no boy or girl who reads will be satisfied by these short extracts. Take your life in your hands, go boldly to the Public Library, and order down one of the books these brave men wrote themselves. Then there is no Act of Parliament, or of the State Legislature, which compels you to read through it. Dip; dip boldly, but sensibly. Read the very best things in the man's book, and you may be sure you will never forget; but you will know, from that time till you die, of what manner of man he was.

"Anyway," said Horace, rather doubtfully, that first evening, "how do they find out about Columbus, to make the books? Of course they had no daily newspapers at Seville, and I do not suppose any 'American correspondent' of the 'Grenada Times' went with him. Then I do not suppose that the navy department of Ferdinand and Isabella published any annual reports, like the reports we found of the fight of the 'Kearsarge' and 'Alabama' in."

“No!” said the colonel. “Literature was a good deal more picturesque. I think they gained in color, if they lost in detail. That thing slipped out first in letters. You find scraps of letters from foreign ambassadors, and from other men of note, telling of the first accounts. But now, you know, we have Columbus’s own journal.”

“I did not know it,” said Horace, frankly. For Horace had been well trained in the great rule, “Confess Ignorance.”

“Oh, yes, I say we have it; I am ashamed to confess that I do not own it. I ought to. But do you go to the Public Library and ask for Navarrete’s Voyages. You have a memorandum book? That’s right. One difference between a fool and a man of sense is that a fool has no place to write down what he wants to remember.”

So Horace wrote down, “Navarrete, Voyages of Columbus.” Before the week passed he went to the Public Library and he found he could have them in Spanish, which he could not read, in French, which he read badly, and that Mr. Kettelle had translated the first voyage into English. Fortunately for Horace, though he did not think so at the moment, the English translation was out. So he took the French and went round to show it to Laura. It was one of the “Theodore Parker books.”

All girls seem to know French better than all boys. Laura is always as good-natured as she is bright; and she and Horace spent two very pleasant evenings writing out the translation of Columbus’s return home from the first voyage.

They carried it to the first afternoon meeting at Uncle Fritz’s. And here it is.

“Would it not have been terrible,” said Florence,

“if they had gone to the bottom; where in the world should we all be now?”

“Perhaps they would have found the cake of wax,” said Alice.

“Did they ever find it, Uncle Fritz?”

“I never did,” said he. “But why Jules Verne, or Edgar Poe, or Mr. Hale never made a story to describe the finding it, all covered with barnacles, in the Sargasso Sea, I never knew.”

“What’s the Sargasso Sea?” asked Alice.

“Hush!” said Horace, and he began to read.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 14. — This night the wind increased still more; the waves were terrible. Coming from two opposite directions, they crossed each other, and stopped the progress of the vessel, which could neither proceed nor get out from among them; and as they began continually to break over the ship, the admiral caused the mainsail* to be lowered as quickly as possible, a movement that had no other consequence than that of removing his vessel from the midst of the fleet. She proceeded in this position during three hours, and made twenty miles. The sea became heavier and heavier, and the wind more and more violent. Seeing the danger imminent, he allowed himself to drift stern foremost in whatever direction the wind took him, because he could do nothing else. Then the tender, the “Pinta,” of which Martin Alonzo Pinzon was the commander, began to drift also; but she disappeared very soon, although all through the night the admiral made signals to her, and she answered as long as she could,

* Papahigo. They call *papahigo major* the large sail without cap and *papahigo menor* the mizzen-sail.

till she was prevented, probably by the force of the tempest, and by her deviation from the course which the admiral followed. The latter was driven this night fifty-four miles towards the northeast quarter-east, which made thirteen leagues and a half. After sunrise the strength of the wind increased, and the sea became still more terrible. The admiral all this time kept his mainsail lowered, so that the vessel might rise from among the waves which washed over it, and which threatened to sink it. The admiral followed, at first, the direction of east-northeast, and afterwards due northeast. He sailed about six hours in this direction, and thus made seven leagues and a half. He gave orders that every sailor should draw lots as to who should make a pilgrimage to Sainte-Marie of Guadeloupe, to carry her a five-pound wax candle. And each one took a vow that he to whom the lot fell should make the pilgrimage. For this purpose, he gave orders to take as many dry peas as there were persons in the ship, and to cut, with a knife, a cross upon one of them, and to put them all into a bag, and to shake them up well. The first who put his hand in was the admiral. He drew out the dry pea marked with the cross; so it was upon him that the lot fell, and he regarded himself, after that, as a pilgrim, and was obliged to carry into effect the vow which he had thus taken. They drew lots a second time, to select a person to go as pilgrim to Our Lady of Lorette, which is within the boundaries of Ancôna, making a part of the States of the church; it is a place where the Holy Virgin has worked and continues to work many and great miracles. The lot having fallen this time upon a sailor of the harbor of Sainte-Marie, named Pedro de Villa, the admiral promised to give him all the money necessary for the expenses of this pious journey. He decided that a third pilgrim

should be sent to watch one night at Sainte Clare of Moguer, and to have a mass said there. For this purpose, they again shook up the dry peas, not forgetting that one which was marked with the cross, and the lot fell once again to the admiral himself. He then took, as did all his crew, the vow that, on the first shore which they might reach, they would go in their shirts, in a procession, to make a prayer in some church in invocation of Our Lady.

Besides the general vows, or those taken by all in common, each man made his own special vow, because nobody expected to escape. The storm which they experienced was so terrible, that all regarded themselves as lost; what increased the danger was the circumstance that the vessel lacked ballast, because the consumption of food, water, and wine had much diminished the load. The hope of the continuance of weather as fine as that which they had experienced in all the islands, was the reason why the admiral had not provided his vessel with the proper amount of ballast. Moreover, his plan had been to ballast it in the Women's Island, whither he had from the first determined to go. The remedy which the admiral employed was to fill with sea-water, as soon as this could be done, all the empty barrels which had previously held either wine or fresh water; in this way the difficulty was remedied.

The admiral tells here the reasons for not fearing that our Saviour would allow him to become the victim of this tempest, and the reasons which made him hope that God would come to his assistance, and cause him to arrive safe and sound, so that intelligence such as that which he was conveying to the king and queen would not perish with him. The strong desire which he had to be the bearer of intelligence so important, and to prove

the truth of all which he had said, and that all which he had tried to discover had really been discovered, seemed to contribute precisely to inspire him with the greatest fear that he could not succeed. He confessed, himself, that every mote that passed before his eyes was enough to annoy and trouble him; he attributed this feebleness on his part to his little faith, and his lack of confidence in Divine Providence. On the other hand, he was reanimated by the favors which God had shown him in granting to him so great a triumph as that which he had achieved in all his discoveries, in fulfilling all his wishes, and in granting that, after having experienced in Castile so many rebuffs and disappointments, all his hopes should at last be more than surpassed. In one word, as this Sovereign Master of the universe had in the outset distinguished him in granting all his requests, before he had carried out his expedition for God's greatest glory, and before it had succeeded, he was compelled to believe now that God would preserve him to complete the work which he had begun.

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For which reasons he said he ought to have had no fear of the tempest that was raging. But his weakness and anguish did not leave him a moment's calm. He also said that his greatest grief was the thought of leaving his two boys orphans. They were at Cordova, at their studies. What would become of them in a strange land, without father or mother? * For the king and queen being ignorant of the services he had rendered them in this voyage, and of the good news which he was bringing to them, would not be bound by any

* Don Diego and Don Fernando Colomb, whom he left in Spain, where they were pages to Prince Don Juan, when he undertook a second voyage.

consideration to serve as their protectors. Full of this thought, he sought, even in the storm, some means of apprising their Highnesses of the victory which the Lord had granted him, in permitting him to discover in the Indies all which he had sought in his voyage, and to let them know that these coasts are free from storms, which is proved, he said, by the growth of herbage and trees even to the edge of the sea. With this purpose, that if he perished in this tempest the king and the queen might have some news of his voyage, he took a parchment and wrote on it all that he could of his discoveries, and urgently begged that whoever found it would carry it to the king and queen. He rolled up this parchment in a piece of waxed linen, closed this parcel hermetically, and tied it up securely; he had brought to him a large wooden barrel, within which he placed it, without anybody's knowing what it was. Everybody thought the proceeding was some act of devotion. He then caused it to be thrown into the sea. The sudden and heavy showers, and the squalls which followed some time afterwards, changed the wind, which turned to the west. He placed himself in the stern, and sailed thus during five hours with the foresail only, having always the troubled sea, and made at once two leagues and a half towards the northeast. He had lowered the main-topmast lest a wave might carry it away.

FRIDAY, *Feb.* 15. — Yesterday, after sunset, the sky began to show itself clean towards the western side of the horizon. It seemed that the wind was about to rise on that side. The admiral caused the studding-sails *

* They give the name of "bonnette" to the piece of sail or to the little sail which divides the miriane (foresail) one third of the way up, on the mainsail one quarter way up, and it is connected with the mainsail or the other by means of gaskets passed through

to be set on the mainsail ; the sea was still very heavy and very rough, but was becoming a little smoother. The ship made four miles an hour in the direction of east-northeast ; that is to say, thirteen leagues during thirteen hours of the night. At sunrise the crew saw land ahead. It seemed to them to be at the east-northeast ; some of them said it was the island of Madeira, others that it was the rock of Cintra in Portugal, near Lisbon. The wind was not slow to change to the east-northeast by the prow, and the sea was coming very heavy from the west ; there was almost five leagues' distance between the tender and the land. The admiral, according to his reckoning, considered his position to be among the Azores Islands, and thought that what he saw was one of them ; the pilots and the sailors thought themselves already, according to their belief, near the coast of Castile.

SATURDAY, *Feb.* 16. — The admiral sailed back and forth all this night, in order not to lose the land, which he recognized already as an island ; he took his course sometimes towards the northeast, sometimes towards the north-northeast, and so kept on until sunrise, when he took a southerly course to arrive at the island, which, in the great darkness, he could no longer see ; he caught sight from the stern of another island, which he conjectured to be eight leagues distant. From sunrise to nightfall he did nothing but beat about, in

eyelets of reefs, so as to move more quickly when the weather is good, or when there is little wind.

M. F. DE NAV.

The "bonnette" is a light sail which is used or not, at pleasure, says M. le Vice-Admiral Willaumez ; it is a small sail which can be hoisted upon the yards on the wind side to increase the size of the sails, and even can be hoisted on both sides at once, when the vessel has the wind behind. The "bonnettes" are fastened behind the topsails or outriggers connected in front with each of the yard-arms ; they can be lowered or hoisted at will.

D. L. R.

spite of the stormy wind and heavy sea, in order to arrive.

At the hour of the *Salve*, which is said at the beginning of the night, the sailors saw a light which seemed to be on the side against the wind, and they thought that this must mark the position of the island which they had seen the night before. The admiral passed all the night in beating to the windward, coming as near as he could, to see, if at sunrise, he could see any of these islands. This night the admiral took a little rest, because since Wednesday he had neither slept nor been able to sleep. He was stiff in his limbs because he had been exposed to the cold and water all the time, and had taken very little food. At daybreak * he sailed towards the south-southwest, and at night-time arrived at the island; but the darkness was so great that he could not know what island it was.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 18. — Yesterday, after sunset, he made the round of the island to see where it was best to anchor and to obtain information. The anchor was lost as soon as it was dropped; he betook himself, accordingly, to the sail, and tacked all night. After sunrise he arrived a second time on the northern side of the island, secured his position with a new anchor in the place which seemed to him most convenient, and sent the shallop to the shore. His people spoke to the inhabitants of the island, and learned from them that it was Sainte-Marie, one of the Azores. These last (the inhabitants) pointed out the harbor † where they ought to unload, told them that they had never seen a storm so terrible as that which took place fifteen days before, and that they were much astonished that they had escaped.

* This was Sunday, February 17. M. F. DE NAV.

† It is the harbor of Saint Lawrence (San Laurent).

The admiral said that these islanders gave God great thanks, and showed great signs of joy when they learned that he had discovered the Indies ; he added that his navigation had been very sure and his reckoning very exact, — a little in advance, even ; for this accordingly he gave great thanks to God, but he thought it certain that he was in the neighborhood of the Azores, and that the island he saw was one of the group. He said that he had pretended to come farther, in order to contradict and make false the reckoning of the pilots and sailors, in order to remain, as in point of fact he did remain, master of this route to the Indies, for none of them either knew or established his route in a manner certain, so that there is none of them who could be certain of the route to the Indies.

TUESDAY, *Feb.* 19. — After sunset three men of the island came to the shore and called ; the admiral sent them the shallop in which they came out with chickens and fresh bread ; it was a feast day. They brought, also, many other things, which the captain of the island, named Juan de Casteñeda, sent to the admiral, whom he said he knew well. He did not come to see him, because it was dark, but he announced that at daybreak he would come to him with fresh provisions, and that he would bring with him three men belonging to the ship who had remained on the island, and whom he had kept in order to enjoy the pleasure of hearing them tell the circumstances of their voyage. The admiral gave orders for the very honorable reception of the messengers from the governor, and gave them beds on board, so that they might pass the night there, because it was already late, and the town was distant. As on Thursday last, finding himself in the height of the storm, they had made, besides other vows already mentioned, that of going in their shirts in a

procession to offer prayers on the first land where there was a church under the protection of Our Lady, he resolved that half of the crew should go to carry into effect the aforesaid vow, to a hermitage which was situated on the shore of the sea, and that he would follow himself, with the other half of the crew. Certain that he was perfectly safe upon this island, and full of confidence in the offers of the captain, and also, since peace reigned between Portugal and Castile, he begged the three men to go to the town and to send for a priest to say mass for them. Half of the crew went accordingly, in their shirts, to the hermitage, to discharge their vow of pilgrimage ; but at the moment when they were at prayer, all the islanders, some on foot, some on horseback, with their captain at their head, attacked them suddenly and made them all prisoners. The admiral entertained no sort of suspicion, up to eleven o'clock in the morning, and he awaited the return of the shallop to go, in his turn, to fulfil his vow with the other half of the people ; but finding that those who set forth first did not return, he suspected that they were detained, or that the shallop was wrecked, because the whole island is surrounded by high rocks. Not having seen what took place, because the hermitage was behind a point, he weighed anchor, put everything in order, and took his course directly towards the place. He was not slow to observe a considerable number of men on horseback, who dismounted, and went fully armed on board the shallop, and took their course towards the caravel to get possession of it. The captain stood up in the middle of the shallop and asked the admiral to guarantee his personal safety ; the admiral answered that he granted it, but asked him, in return, why none of his people were to be seen in the shallop, and added that he begged him to come nearer and come on

board the caravel, and that he would do whatever he wanted. The plan of the admiral was to attract him by kind words, so that he might capture him and rescue his men ; and he did not think that in taking this course he broke the promise of safe-conduct which he had given to the Portuguese officer, because the latter had himself broken the offers of peace and safety which he had made. As the captain had a treacherous plan, he did not risk himself by entering. The admiral, seeing that he did not come nearer to the caravel, asked him to explain why he detained his crew, adding that the king of Portugal would regret the proceeding ; that the Portuguese people were warmly welcomed in the states of the king of Castile ; that they had the éntry there easily enough, and were as safe there as in Lisbon itself ; that the king and queen of Castile had given him letters of introduction for all the princes, lords, and men of the world, — letters which he would show him if he liked to come and see them ; that he was under their appointment, admiral of the ocean and viceroy of the Indies, which now belonged to their Highnesses, of which he could show him the terms and letters royal, signed with their names and authenticated by their seals. In point of fact he actually did display these proofs at a distance, adding that the king and queen of Castile were on the most friendly and intimate relations with the king of Portugal ; that they had directed him to treat the Portuguese vessels with as much distinction as possible when they happened to come in his way. He said also that, supposing he would not surrender the men, the admiral would not on that account be prevented from going to Castile, because he still had a large enough crew to work his vessel as far as Seville, and that if the captain persisted in this disagreeable course, he himself, as well as all his men, would be

severely punished. The captain and those in his company answered by saying that here they cared neither for the king nor the queen of Castile, nor for any of their letters ; that they feared neither king nor queen ; and they added, almost with threats, that they would make them understand what Portugal was. It was very disagreeable to the admiral to hear these words. They gave him reason to believe that since he sailed some differences might have arisen between the two kingdoms, and he could not bear that anybody should answer him in so unreasonable a manner. He could not fail to observe, moreover, that the captain on the other side again removed himself to a distance, and told the admiral to go to the harbor with his caravel, and that as for himself and for all that he had done or could do, he acted under the orders of the king, his master.

The admiral had for witnesses of this proceeding all the men who were on board the caravel. He summoned anew the captain on the other side and all his crew to give their parole, and assured them that he would not disembark from his caravel before he has seized a hundred Portuguese to carry to Castile, nor before he had depopulated the whole island. After which he returned to anchor in the harbor where he was before, because the weather and the wind were too unfavorable to allow him to do anything else.

WEDNESDAY, *Feb. 20.*—The admiral had everything put in order on board his vessel, and had the water-barrels filled with sea-water to ballast it, because he was in a very bad harbor, and had apprehensions that the people on the other side might perhaps cut his anchor-chains ; a thing which in point of fact actually happened afterwards, in consequence of which he set sail for the islands of Saint Michel, although there is not, among all the islands of the Azores, a good harbor

for such weather as is now prevailing ; but there was no other course open to him than to take flight to the open sea.

THURSDAY, *Feb.* 21. — The admiral sailed yesterday from the island of Sainte-Marie ; to go to the island of Saint Michel, to see if he could find a harbor there which would be safe in such bad weather as is now prevailing. In spite of the violence of the wind and the heaviness of the sea, he sailed until nightfall, without catching a glimpse of land on either side, on account of the fogs and the darkness arising from the wind and the sea.

The admiral said he was very much annoyed because he had not more than three sailors left who knew the sea, and that all the other people whom he had with him were new to the art of sailing. He continued to lay-to all night, exposed to the imminent dangers of a frightful storm. Happily, thank God, the sea, and what is more to the purpose, the waves, were not unfavorable except on one side ; for if the vessel took the cross direction, as in the preceding storm, it would have had a harder time. After sunrise, the island of Saint Michel not being in sight, the admiral determined to return to the island of Sainte-Marie, to see if he could recover his sailors, and also the shallop, and whatever might be left of the anchors.

The admiral said that he was surprised to have found such bad weather among these islands and in their neighborhood ; because in the Indies, where he had sailed all this winter without getting wet, the weather had always been very fine, and the sea had not failed for a single hour to be navigable, without exposing him to any danger, while now he had just escaped a horrible storm. He asked the people about him to take notice of the circumstance, he had had experience of a

storm nearly like it after leaving Spain, before arriving among the Canary Islands, but that, after passing those islands, he had always found both the wind and the sea in the greatest calm. The admiral finished his remarks in recalling to the attention of his hearers that the theologians and wise philosophers have said, with much justice, that the earthly paradise is on the edge of the east, because it is a region with a very mild climate ; moreover, he said the land which he had just discovered was on the edge of the east.

FRIDAY, *Feb. 22.* — The admiral* dropped anchor yesterday at the island of Sainte-Marie, in the same harbor and in the same place where he had anchored the last time. Immediately thereupon they sent him a man, who got up on a rock opposite the harbor and made signs with his cloak (*à copear**) to the caravel, to stop its course. The shallop was not slow in coming up with six sailors, two clergymen, and a notary. They asked pledge for their personal safety, and, as soon as the admiral had granted it to them, they came on board the caravel, and as it was now nightfall they slept on board, where the admiral made them as comfortable as possible. The next day they asked him to show them his credentials from the king and queen of Castile, so as to prove that he was sailing under their orders. The admiral understood that they took this course in order to be able to justify their previous proceedings, and to get rid of every suspicion of wrong ; and because they had not been able to make a prisoner of himself personally, which was their plan when they came with an armed shallop. When they saw they had gained nothing by this proceeding, they wished to repair their culpable want of fidelity, fearing that the admiral might hang

* *Copear* (Spanish), to make a sign with a cloak, to hail.

them, as in fact he had thought of doing, and which he could have done, in view of the threats which he had made to them, and which had inspired some fears in them. The admiral, to get back those of his sailors who were in the power of the other side, was willing to show them the circular of the king and queen, authorized to be shown to all princes and men of prominence, and was also willing to show them the other credentials, including the letters of the king which he had with him, and these he placed in their hands. They were satisfied, and returned to the land, leaving behind them the shallop and all the sailors who had rowed them out. The admiral was told by these sailors that if they had happened to take him prisoner they would never have set him free, because their captain felt sure that these were the orders of the king, his master.

SATURDAY, *Feb. 23.* — Yesterday the weather began to be better; the admiral weighed anchor and circumnavigated the island in search of a good anchorage, and to obtain wood and stone to ballast his vessel. He did not succeed in finding an anchorage until the evening, somewhat before the hour of compline.

SUNDAY, *Feb. 24.* — The admiral anchored last evening to take on board wood and stone, but as the sea was very rough, the shallop could not get to land. At the end of the first quarter of the night, a wind from the south and southwest began to blow; the admiral gave orders to get everything ready, in view of the great danger which exists among these islands, of awaiting at anchor while the south wind blows, and because the southwest wind, when it blows, is always immediately followed by the south wind. The weather being favorable for a voyage to Castile, he abandoned the plan of taking on board wood and stone, and steered towards the east, and proceeded slowly until sunrise, a period of

six hours and a half, which, at the rate of seven miles an hour, is equal to fifty-five miles and a half. From sunrise to sunset he made progress at the rate of six miles an hour, which amounts, in eleven hours, to sixty-six miles, which, added to the fifty-five and a half of the night-time, make a total of one hundred and eleven miles and a half, or twenty-eight leagues.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 25. — Yesterday, after sunset, the admiral continued to follow his course to the east, over a sea, thanks to God, smooth, and the same in all directions ; he advanced at the rate of eight miles an hour during the greater part of the night, and accomplished one hundred miles, or twenty-five leagues. After sunrise the wind slackened ; he tried a slanting course towards the east-northeast, and scarcely made eight leagues in that direction.

WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 27. — All last night, and all the day following, the admiral was pushed from his course by contrary winds, the strength of the waves, and the roughness of the sea. He found himself at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five leagues from Cape Saint Vincent, eighty leagues from the island of Madeira, and one hundred and six from the island of Sainte-Marie ; he was very much annoyed that so violent a storm had come up against his course, putting him in danger almost at the moment of reaching harbor.

THURSDAY, *Feb.* 28. — The admiral sailed this night in the same way as the night preceding, encountering many changes of wind, and veered to the south and southwest, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other ; in short, sometimes for a few moments to the northeast and east-northeast ; in this way he passed the whole day.

FRIDAY, *March* 1. — To-night the admiral pursued the course in the direction east-quarter-northeast, in which

he got over twelve leagues of distance ; during the day he proceeded twenty-three leagues and a half in the same general direction.

SATURDAY, *March* 2. — To-night the admiral pursued the course in the direction east-quarter-northeast, in which he got over twenty-eight leagues in the night, and twenty in the daytime.

SUNDAY, *March* 3. — After sunset, the admiral pushed the course to the east ; there arose a flurry of wind that tore all his sails, and put him in imminent danger ; but God was good enough to save him. He caused the crew to draw lots to send to *Notre Dame de la Cintra*, at the island of Huelva, a pilgrim who should come there in his shirt ; the lot fell upon himself. All the crew, including the admiral, vowed to fast on bread and water on the first Saturday which should come after the arrival of the vessel. He had proceeded sixty miles before the sails were broken ; then they went under masts and shrouds, on account of the unusual strength of the wind, and the roughness of the sea, which pushed them almost on all sides. They saw indications of the nearness of the land ; they were, in fact, very near Lisbon.

MONDAY, *March* 4. — The caravel suffered very much last night ; the waves, which pressed her on both sides, seemed strong enough to sink her ; the winds seemed to lift her into the air, rain fell in floods, and flashes of lightning lighted up the clouds. The sight was frightful ; but it pleased our Lord to help the admiral, and to show him the land, which the sailors saw after the first quarter, when, so as not to arrive on shore without knowing what land it was, nor without being sure that he could find a harbor or some other place where he could be at ease and save himself, he got the mainsail in readiness, having no other means

for advancing a short distance, in spite of the great danger which attended hoisting sail; but God protected them until daylight, although they passed the night in bitter anguish and in the fear of shipwreck. As soon as the day broke, the admiral knew the land, which was the rock of Cintra, situated near the river of Lisbon, into which he determined to enter, because he had no other safe way; so horrible was the fear which seized the city of Cascães, situated at the mouth of the river, he said that the inhabitants of this seaport were engaged all this morning in praying for them, and that when they had entered the river the whole population came out to see them, regarding it as a miracle that they should thus have escaped the danger which had threatened them. About three o'clock he passed near to Rastelo, situated in the middle of the river of Lisbon, where he learned, from the seafaring men who were there, that there had never been a winter so fertile to showers, that twenty-five vessels had been lost on the coasts of Flanders, and that there were others in the harbor of this province which, for four months, had been unable to get out. The admiral wrote immediately to the king of Portugal, who was nine leagues distant, to say that the king and the queen of Castile had directed him not to fail to enter the harbor of his Highness to buy in them whatever he might have need of; he begged the king to give him authority to proceed to the city of Lisbon with his caravel, so that robbers thinking that he was carrying a quantity of gold, might, not take advantage of the circumstance that he was in a harbor with a small population, to commit some theft. It was the purpose of his letter, also, to inform his Highness that he did not come from Guinea, but in fact from the Indies.

TUESDAY, *March 5.*—To-day Bartholomew Diaz, from

Lisbon, commander of the great ship of the king of Portugal, which was also at anchor at Rastelo, and who was, the admiral said, better equipped with artillery and other arms than he had ever seen any one before, came on an armed shallop and boarded the caravel, and summoned the admiral to come on board his boat and give account to the business agents of the king, and to the captain of the said vessel. The admiral answered that he was admiral of the king and of the queen of Castile, and that he had no account of this kind to give to officers of such rank, and that he would not leave the boats or the vessels in which he now was, at least not unless he was obliged to do so by force of arms. The commander, answering in return, told him to send the master of the caravel. The admiral replied that neither the master nor any other person whatever should leave the ship unless compelled by force, because he thought that to allow one of the men on board his ship to go there, or to go there himself, amounted to the same thing; and that the custom of the admirals of the king of Castile was to die rather than to surrender themselves or to deliver up any of their men. The commander moderated his pretensions, and answered, that since the admiral had come to this determination he was free to go wherever seemed best to him, but that he begged him to show him the letters of the king of Castile, if he had them. The admiral was good enough to show these letters to him, and the ambassador returned immediately to his own boat, and made a report to the captain, who was named Alvaro Dama. The last-named went then to the caravel in the best order, to the sound of kettle-drums, trumpets, and fifes. He treated the admiral with a great deal of consideration, entertaining him for some time with himself, and offered him to do for him everything he might ask.

WEDNESDAY, *March 6.* — As the news spread that the admiral had arrived from the Indies, so many persons came to-day from the city of Lisbon to see this navigator and the Indians, that it was a surprising thing. What was not less surprising was the strange expressions by which everybody manifested his astonishment. They gave thanks to our Lord, and said that the great faith of the kings of Castile, and the desire they had shown to serve God, were the reasons why his Divine Majesty had brought them this success.

FRIDAY, *March 8.* — The admiral received to-day, by the hands of Don Martin de Noroña, a letter from the king of Portugal, in which this sovereign begged him to come and visit him in the place where he was, since the weather prevented him from leaving with his caravel. The admiral, although he entertained some slight suspicions respecting it, nevertheless accepted this invitation, so as to avoid every suspicion, and he went to Sacauben to sleep. The king ordered his agents to give to the admiral, without taking payment for it, everything that the admiral required for his own use, for that of his crew, and for his ship, and to do everything he asked.

SATURDAY, *March 9.* — The admiral left Sacauben to-day to go to visit the king in the valley of Paraiso, situated nine leagues from Lisbon, where the prince then was. As it rained all day he was prevented from arriving at the residence of the Portuguese monarch until the beginning of night. This prince directed the principal officers of his household to receive the admiral with much honor, and gave him a very honorable reception; he entertained great respect for him, made him sit down, addressed him with great affability, and told him that he would give orders to have everything done for him that would be of use to the kings of Castile, and of

use to their service, with even more exactness than if it were for his own service. He declared that the happy success of the voyage gave him a great deal of pleasure; that he was delighted that it had been undertaken, but that since the treaty made between him and the kings of Castile, it seemed to him that this discovery and conquest belonged to him. The admiral answered to this that he had not seen this treaty, and that the only thing he knew was that the kings of Castile had directed him not to go to the gold mine nor to any part of Guinea, and that their Highnesses had caused this order to be made public in all the harbors of Andalusia before he set forth on his voyage. The king graciously answered him that there was no need of mediators between their Highnesses and himself to settle this matter. He gave for host the prior of Clato, who was the most considerable personage among all those who were at this residence. This lord gave a most cordial welcome to the admiral, and showed him the greatest attention.

SUNDAY, *March 10.* — To-day, after the mass, the king repeated to the admiral that if he had occasion of anything, he would cause it to be given to him at once. He talked with him a long time about his voyage, and asked him always to remain seated, overwhelming him with acts of politeness.

MONDAY, *March 11.* — To-day the admiral took leave of the king, who told him many things that he might report to the king of Castile, showing him, at the same time, a great deal of good-will. The admiral went away after dinner. The king caused him to be accompanied by Don Martin de Noroña, and all the personages of distinction who were at the court accompanied him on his return journey, and remained a long time with him, to show him honor. The admiral went immediately to a monastery of Saint Antony, situated near a village

called Villafranca, where he found the queen ; he proceeded to offer his homage to this princess, and to kiss her hands, because she had caused him to be asked not to go away without seeing her. The queen, as well as the Duke and the Marquis of Villafranca, who were with her, received the admiral in the most honorable manner. It was already night when the admiral left to go to pass the night at Llandra.

TUESDAY, *March 12.* — At the moment when the admiral was ready to quit Llandra to return to his caravel, there arrived an equerry of the king, who told him that if he liked to go by land to Castile, his Highness had directed him to accompany him, to furnish him with lodgings, with horses, and everything he had need of. When the admiral parted company with this equerry, the latter sent, on the part of the king, a mule for himself and another for his pilot, whom he had brought with him. The admiral adds that he was informed that this equerry made a present to the pilot of twenty espadinee, and he observed that they said that he could not be overwhelmed with so many marks of kindness on the part of their Highnesses, unless the king and the queen were informed of the circumstance. He did not reach his caravel until during the night-time.

WEDNESDAY, *March 13.* — The admiral to-day weighed the anchors at eight o'clock in the morning, by the high tide, and with the wind north-northwest, and set sail to go to Seville.

THURSDAY, *March 14.* — Yesterday, after sunset, he continued his course towards the south, and found himself before morning off Cape Saint Vincent, which is in Portugal ; he sailed immediately towards the east, to get to Saltes, and had nothing but a soft wind during the whole day, up to the moment of his arrival at the summit of Furon.

FRIDAY, *March* 15. — Yesterday, at the end of the day, the admiral continued his route, with a wind still weak and soft; at sunrise he was at the summit of Saltes, and he entered about noon, with the rising tide, by the bar of Saltes, as far as this harbor, which he had left the 3d of August in the preceding year. Here, he says, he finishes in this way this narrative, although it had been his plan to go by sea to Barcelona, where they told him were their Highnesses, and this with the purpose of telling them the history of his whole voyage, which our Lord, who had inspired him with the idea, had permitted him to finish well; for he knew, and was firmly persuaded of the fact, without the slightest doubt mixing with his conviction, that God does everything which is good, and that everything he does is far removed from sin, and nobody can think of or judge about anything without his consent. “More than this,” said the admiral, “I see by this voyage that God has wonderfully proved what I say, as anybody may convince himself, by reading this narrative, by the signal wonders which he has worked during the course of my voyage, and in favor of myself, who have been for so long a time at the court of your Highnesses, in opposition and contrary to the opinions of so many distinguished personages of your household, who all opposed me, treating my project as a dream, and my undertaking as a chimera; and I hope still, nevertheless, in our Lord, this voyage will bring the greatest honor to Christianity, although it has been performed with so much ease.”

These are the last words of the admiral Christopher Columbus, in the narrative of his first voyage to the West Indies, when he went to make the discovery of them.

The present narrative is a copy of that which exists,

written with his own hand by the Bishop Bartholomew, of Las Casas, in the archives of his Excellency Monseigneur the Duke of Infantado, forming a small volume in folio, bound in parchment, and containing seventy-six leaves in a handwriting very fine and very concise. There is in the same archives another old copy, a little later than that of the Bishop Bartholomew, of Las Casas, also in folio, bound in the same manner, and composed of one hundred and forty leaves. These two copies have been all the time under our eyes in the close comparison which we have made between them and ours; we the geography-writer-in-chief of the Indies, Don Juan Bantista Muñoz and I, this twenty-seventh February, 1791.

(Signed)

MARTIN FERNANDEZ DE NAVARRETE.

When the reading was done, Stephen asked how the people of Europe found out what had happened. "As Horace says," said he, "there were no newspapers, and no interviewers."

Uncle Fred asked one of the boys to bring him a great folio, which was in the "precious case,"—the one glass-doored case in the room. The young people knew that this had the curiosities.

"This book," said he, "is the Psalter in Latin. It was printed a very few years after Columbus's return. See where this mark is,—that shows a note, which is the first mention in the general literature of the world of the discovery. It is at the verse where our Bibles read, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

The young people puzzled over the Latin, and Uncle

Fred helped them. The next week, Laura brought him the translation which follows. He told them all, that as soon as Columbus had been presented at court, his "Letter to the Sovereigns," now a most precious pamphlet, was printed. It was by the circulation of that letter that the great news was first made known.

From the "Justinian Psalter."

"THEIR LINE IS GONE OUT THROUGH ALL THE WORLD."

"In our times, indeed, in which, by the wonderful daring of Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, almost a second world has been discovered and added to the company of Christians. And as Columbus often declared that he was chosen by God to fulfil this prophecy, I do not think it amiss to insert his life at this passage. Christopher, then, surnamed Columbus, a Genoese by birth, the son of mean parents, was he, who, in our age, by his own perseverance, explored, in a few months, more of the sea and land than almost all the rest of mankind in all the ages of the past. A wonderful thing, but now made certain by the testimony not only of ships, but of fleets and armies returning thence. He learned the first elements while a boy; as he grew up, he studied navigation, and then, after his brother had gone to Portugal and established at Lisbon the business of painting charts for the use of sailors, depicting seas, and harbors, and shores, he learned from him the bays and islands as he had received them from the large number of voyagers, who sailed annually, at the royal command, to explore the unvisited shores of the Æthiopians, and the remote parts of the ocean between the south and west. Christopher often conversed with these travellers, and

compared what he learned from them with the representations which he had pondered over in the maps and read in the cosmographers; and he thus at last came to the opinion that whoever should leave the shore of Africa, where it trends towards the south, and sail straight, between the west and the south, in a few months would either discern some island or the extreme lands of the Indies. When he had well learned these things from his brother, and seriously studied them out himself, he showed to some of the nobility of the king of Spain that it was in his mind, if the king would only furnish the necessary means, to penetrate regions unknown, and come upon new people and new lands more quickly than the Portuguese. Knowledge of this comes quickly to the king, who, excited both by emulation of the Portuguese, and by desire of new discoveries of this kind, and of the glory which would come to him and his posterity for such a discovery, after long dealings with Columbus, orders two ships to be fitted out, in which Columbus sails to the Fortunate Islands. [Then] he sailed by a course a little to the left of a western line, between southwest and west, yet far more distant from the southwest and very near the west. When he had sailed many days, and it was known by computation that he had advanced four thousand miles in the direct course, the others lost all hope; they insisted that they ought now to turn and sail back again. But he persisted in his undertaking, and promised, as much as he could by conjecture, that they were not more than one day's sail from some continents or islands. Nor were his words untrue; for the next morning, the sailors, seeing some unknown lands, announced it to him with praises, and placed the utmost faith in his declarations. The islands were, as afterwards appeared, almost innumerable, not far from certain lands

which had the appearance of continents. . . . [On his return] all the princes throng to meet him coming, and he is received with great joy as the discoverer of a new world. Without delay, other ships are prepared, far exceeding the first in number and in size, and filled with every kind of store. For Spain sends her poisons to the innocent world, vestments of silk and gold are heaped in, and, not satisfied with triumphing over this world of ours, she sends her luxuries to pure and innocent races. The woods, which could scarce satisfy our gluttony, almost exhausted by our incessant hunting, yet send their boars and their swine to the most distant shores to fill bellies ignorant of them before."

II.

THE CHANCELLOR VOYAGE.

WHEN the Columbus reading was over, the young people fell to talking with Col. Ingham about that great age of discovery, and lamenting, as young men of spirit always do, that in our times there are no worlds left to discover. Stephen said that if it were only a cocoanut-covered reef in the Pacific, he would rather have his name given to that than to any patent in the Patent Office.

“Stephen’s Island, — how nicely that would sound !” said Fanchon, who likes to twit him a little.

“And how the scholars at school would hate you,” said Alice. “Imagine Mr. Weston asking, — ‘Jones, what are the principal islands in the Southern Pacific?’ And Jones says, ‘Australia, once called New Holland ; Tasmania, once called Van Diemen’s Land ; and New Zealand.’ Then Mr. Weston says, ‘One more, Jones.’ And Jones hates the day he was born. And Smith does not know, and Brown does not know, — nobody knows till that hateful Jane Robinson puts up her hand, and says, ‘Stephen’s Island.’ And then Mr. Weston says, ‘Yes, always accurate, Miss Robinson,’ and she gets fourteen thousand credits and goes to the head. I am glad I was out of school before you discovered your old island.”

Still the boys all agreed that they should like to have islands of their own. Some of them, when they were small, had gone to Mrs. Heard's school, and had heard her describe her husband's discovery of Heard's Island; and they repeated what she had told them. There was hardly one of them who was not sorry he had not been able to go off with Kane or Hayes to try for the great Polar Ocean and the North Pole.

"I do not understand," said Will Withers, "what all this in the newspapers means about Prof. Nordenskiöld, if that is his name, discovering the northeastern passage to the Pacific. I thought that passage had been down on the maps for a hundred years."

Then Col. Ingham explained to them that as soon as the real proportions of the continents were made out, in the great century after Columbus, the navigating nations of Europe all observed that it would be much shorter for them to pass round the north of Asia to India, than to go round the Cape of Good Hope. Very resolute efforts were made in that direction, but nobody ever went through. Still men knew there was a northern ocean, because the great Siberian rivers flowed north, and must empty somewhere. After the Russian emperors became intelligent enough to care about such things, they sent overland expeditions down the Asiatic rivers to the sea. And sometimes in boats, sometimes in sleds over the ice, the explorers, by these expeditions, made out the land line as it is on the maps to-day.

"Why! that is the same way by which the north land line of America was made out, was it not?" asked Bob Edmeston.

"Just the same," said Uncle Fritz. "After the English had tired themselves with having their ships frozen up all winter, they took a leaf out of the Russian book of fifty and more years before. Some of the great

northern discoveries have been made on what we should call 'wood-sleds.' Well, now," he said, "this Swedish professor, in a little steamship, has fairly pushed through from European waters to the Pacific. He has circumnavigated Asia, and is the first man to do it."

"Just as Robert McClure was the first man to circumnavigate America."

"Exactly," said Col. Ingham. "I have a letter from him in the autograph book, which you will like to see some day."

Will Withers asked where they should find any of this northern discovery. Col. Ingham told them, and told them to bring what they liked about it the next Saturday. When Saturday came, he asked them what they had found. In the northern adventures in the exploration of the northeast passage, he had directed them to look in the great libraries for "Hakluyt's Voyages," Purchas's "His Pilgrims," and "Pinkerton's Voyages." He had said that when they had read these through, he would give them some other names.

"I can never tell, Uncle Fritz, when you mean to sell us. But we came to the Boston Public Library—to Bates Hall—Steve, and Robert, and I, and Maud and Fanchon joined us there. And we sent in our library cards so grand for Hakluyt and Purchas and Pinkerton, and the nice girl at the desk asked what volumes we wanted. I never was so ashamed. Why, there is reading enough in the three to last us ten years."

"And pray," said Col. Ingham, laughing, "who ever said that you were to read through all of these books? Here are some twenty of you. You would have been well enough employed if each of you had buckled down to a volume, dipped through it, all that afternoon, and then had come and told the rest of us where we should best read, and where we might forbear."

The young people laughed in turn, and Horace Feltham said that that was much what it ended in. He and Laura had joined the party at Bates Hall, and they had all taken possession of one large, oval table — each one with about three volumes — to dip and taste in at their pleasure.

“Bob and I,” said he, “got hold of the Hakluyt together. It is in old black letter, but we rather liked the fun of puzzling it out. And I tried, Uncle Fritz, to make them let me take it out and bring it here.”

“I think so,” said the old gentleman, quizzically. “And what did *they* say?”

“Say? They were mighty civil. But, after a good many messages back and forth, they gave me to understand that the King could not have it out. Why, uncle, it is a dear old book, with a vengeance, indeed! It seemed as if it were worth its weight in gold.”

“Not in gold, perhaps, my boy, but very near its weight in silver.* And what did you do then?”

“Do? Oh, we sat and read and skipped, and skipped and read; but we soon came to the voyages to the northeast; there are a great many of them. We read the whole of the ‘Chancellor Voyage.’”

“But, Uncle Fritz, what is Hakluyt, or who is Hakluyt, any way?”

“Hakluyt? — his name was Richard Hakluyt. Luckily for us, he was just as crazy about voyages and adventures as you boys are. And, luckily for us,

* The boys afterward took down “Lowndes’s Bibliographer’s Manual” from their uncle’s shelves. This is a handy book for any young book-fancier to have. It costs, in England, about six dollars for ten volumes. They found that at recent sales copies of their beloved Hakluyt had been sold for nine pounds and seven pence a volume. Nine English pounds of money once meant nine pounds’ weight of silver. It is now between two and three pounds’ weight of silver in avoirdupois weight.

he brought together ever so many pamphlets, which were very rare then, and published them in those very volumes — those black-letter volumes — that the city lets you rummage over. Thank God, boys, that you live in a place where they have sense enough to treat you so! To tell the truth, you showed your sense in hunting out that account of the Chancellor Voyage. I wish the rest could read it.”

Then Robert blushed, well pleased. And he said that the second time they went, they prepared themselves for this very service. He read the old black-letter to Horace, and Horace wrote down the Chancellor story in short-hand, and had it here. They had had to go two or three times, but they had a good many pages of it.

Col. Ingham was well pleased, also. He praised them both, told them this was what the short-hand was good for, and then he called the others together, and Horace read.

He made them notice, first, the quaint title of the old pamphlets. “I believe they liked sensation titles as much as the ‘Herald’ does now.” Here is one, — but they did not begin at the beginning after this title.

RICHARD CHANCELLOR.

CERTAIN NOTES IMPERFECTLY WRITTEN BY
RICHARD JOHNSON,

SERVANT TO MASTER RICHARD CHANCELOUR,

WHICH WAS IN THE DISCOVERY OF VAIGATZ AND NOVA
ZEMBLA WITH STEVEN BURROWE IN THE "SERCH-
THRIFT," 1556, AND AFTERWARDS AMONG
THE SAMOEDES, WHOSE DEVILISH
RITES HE DESCRIBES.

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After all this, the company growing to some silence, it seemed good to them that were of greatest gravity amongst them, to inquire, search and seek what might be learned and known concerning the easterly part or tract of the world. For which cause two Tartarians, which were then of the king's stable, were sent for, and an interpreter was gotten to be present, by whom they were demanded touching their country and the manners of their nation. But they were able to answer nothing to the purpose, being, indeed, more acquainted (as one there merrily and openly said) to toss pots than to learn the states and dispositions of people. And therefore it was thought best, by the opinion of them all, that by the twentieth day of May the captains and mariners should take shipping, and depart from Radcliffe, upon the ebb, if it pleased God. They having saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolks, and another his friends dearer than his kinsfolks, were present and ready at the day appointed, and, having weighed anchor, they departed with the turning of the water, and sailing easily, came first to Green-

wich. The greater ships are towed down with boats and oars; and the mariners, being all apparelled in watchet or sky-colored cloth, rowed amain, and made way with diligence. And being come near to Greenwich (where the court then lay), presently, upon the news thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore; the privy council, they looked out at the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers; the ships hereupon discharge their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of war and of the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners, they shouted in such sort that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. One stood in the poop of the ship, and by his gesture bids farewell to his friends in the best manner he could. And another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the mainyard, and another in the top of the ship. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort), in all respects, to the beholders. But alas! the good King Edward (in respect of whom, principally, all this was prepared), he, only by reason of his sickness, was absent from this show, and not long after the departure of these ships the lamentable and most sorrowful accident of his death followed.

But to proceed in the matter. The ships, going down with the tide, came at last to Woolwich, where they stayed and cast anchor, with purpose to depart there hence again, as soon as the turning of the water and a better wind should draw them to set sail. After this they departed and came to Harwich, in which port they stayed long, not without great loss and consuming of time, yet at the last, with a good wind, they hoisted up sail, and committed themselves to the sea, giving

their last adieu to their native country, which they knew not whether they should ever return to see again or not. Many of them looked oftentimes back, and could not refrain from tears, considering into what hazards they were to fall, and what uncertainties of the sea they were to make trial of.

Amongst the rest, Richard Chancellor, the captain of the "Edward Bonaventure," was not a little grieved with the fear of wanting victuals, part whereof was found to be corrupt and putrified at Harwich, and the hogsheads of wine also leaked, and were not stanch; his natural and fatherly affection also somewhat troubled him, for he left behind him two little sons, which were in the case of orphans, if he sped not well; the estate, also, of his company moved him to care, being, in the former respects, after a sort unhappy, and were to abide with himself every good or bad accident; but in the mean time, while his mind was thus tormented with the multiplicity of sorrows and cares, after many days' sailing, they kenned land afar off, whereunto the pilots directed the ships, and being come to it, they land, and find it to be Rost Island, where they stayed certain days, and afterwards set sail again; and, proceeding towards the north, they espied certain other islands, which were called the Cross of Islands.

From which places, when they were a little departed, Sir Hugh Willoughbie, the general, a man of good foresight and providence in all his actions, erected and set out his flag, by which he called together the chiefest men of the other ships, that, by the help and assistance of their counsels, the order of the government and conduction of the ships in the whole voyage might be the better, who being come together accordingly, they conclude and agree that if any great tempest should arise at any time, and happen to disperse and scatter them,

every ship should endeavor his best to go to Ward House, a haven, or castle, of some name in the kingdom of Norway, and that they that arrived there first in safety should stay and expect the coming of the rest.

The very same day in the afternoon, about four of the clock, so great a tempest suddenly arose, and the seas were so outrageous, that the ships could not keep their intended course, but some were perforce driven one way, and some another way, to their great peril and hazard. The general, with his loudest voice, cried out to Richard Chancellor, and earnestly requested him not to go far from him, but he neither would nor could keep company with him, if he sailed still so fast, for the "Admiral" was of better sail than his ship. But the said "Admiral," I know not by what means, bearing all his sails, was carried away with so great force and swiftness, that not long after he was quite out of sight, and the third ship, also with the same storm and like rage, was dispersed and lost.

The ship boat of the "Admiral," striking against the ship, was overwhelmed in the sight and view of the mariners of the "Bonaventure," and as for them that are already returned and arrived, they know nothing of the rest of the ships what was become of them.

But be it so that any miserable mishap have overtaken them, if the rage and fury of the sea have devoured those good men, or if, as yet, they live, and wander up and down in strange countries, I must needs say they were men worthy of better fortune; and if they be living, let us wish them safety and a good return; but if the cruelty of death hath taken hold of them, God send them a Christian grave and sepulchre. Now Richard Chancellor, with his ship and company being thus left alone, and become very pensive, heavy, and

sorrowful by this dispersion of the fleet, he, according to the order before taken, shaped his course for the Ward House, in Norway, there to expect and abide the arrival of the rest of the ships. And being come thither, and having stayed there the space of seven days, and looked in vain for their coming, he determined, at length, to proceed alone in the purposed voyage. And as he was preparing himself to depart, it happened that he fell in company and speech with certain Scotchmen, who, having understanding of his intention, and wishing well to his actions, began earnestly to dissuade him from the further prosecution of the discovery, by amplifying the dangers which he was to fall into, and omitted no reason they might serve for that purpose. But he holding nothing so ignominious and reproachful as inconstancy and levity of mind, and persuading himself that a man of valor could not commit a more dishonorable part than, for fear of danger, to avoid and shun great attempts, was nothing at all changed or discouraged with the speeches and words of the Scots, remaining steadfast and immutable in his first resolution, determining either to bring that to pass which was intended, or else to die the death.

And as for them which were with Master Chancellor in his ship, although they had great cause of discomfort by the loss of their company, whom the foresaid tempest had separated from them, and were not a little troubled with cogitations and perturbations of mind in respect of their doubtful course, yet, notwithstanding, they were of such consent and agreement of mind with Master Chancellor, that they were resolved, and prepared, under his direction and government, to make proof and trial of all adventures, without all fear or mistrust of future dangers, which constancy of mind in all the company did exceedingly increase their captain's

carefulness, for he, being swallowed up with like goodwill and love towards them, feared lest, through any error of his, the safety of the company should be endangered.

To conclude: when they saw their desire and hope of the arrival of the rest of the ships to be every day more and more frustrated, they provided to sea again, and Master Chancellor held on his course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far that he came at last to the place where he found no night at all, but a continual light and bigness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mighty sea. And having the benefit of this perpetual light for certain days, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certain great bay, which was of one hundred miles or thereabout over. Thereinto they entered, and, somewhat far within it, cast anchor, and, looking every way about them, it happened that they espied afar off a certain fisher-boat, which Master Chancellor, accompanied with only a few of his men, went towards to commune with the fishermen that were in it, and to know of them of what country it was, and what people, and of what manner of living they were; but they, being amazed with the strange greatness of his ship (for in those parts, before that time, they had never seen the like), began presently to avoid and to flee, but he, still following them, at last overtook them, and, being come to them, they (being in great fear, as men half dead) prostrated themselves before him, offering to kiss his feet, but he (according to his great and singular courtesy) looked pleasantly upon them, comforting them by signs and gestures, refusing those duties and reverences of theirs, and taking them up in all loving sort from the ground. And it is strange to consider how much favor afterwards, in that place, this humanity of his did purchase to himself. For they

being dismissed, spread by and by a report abroad of the arrival of a strange nation of a singular gentleness and courtesy, whereupon the common people came together, offering, to these new-come guests, victuals freely, and not refusing to traffic with them, except they had been bound by a certain religious use and custom not to buy any foreign commodities without the knowledge and consent of the king.

By this time our men had learned that this country was called Russia, or Moscow, and that Ivan Vasilwich (which was at that time their king's name) ruled and governed far and wide in those places. And the barbarous Russes asked likewise of our men whence they were, and what they came for, whereunto answer was made that they were Englishmen, sent into those coasts from the most excellent King Edward the Sixth, having from him, in commandment, certain things to deliver to their king, and seeking nothing else but his amity and friendship, and traffic with his people, whereby they doubted not but that great commodity and profit would grow to the subjects of both kingdoms.

The barbarians heard these things very gladly, and promised their aid and furtherance to acquaint their king out of hand with so honest and reasonable a bequest.

In the mean time, Master Chancellor entreated victuals for his money of the governor of that place (who, together with others, came aboard him), and required hostages of them likewise for the more assurance of safety to himself and his company. To whom the governors answered, that they knew not in that case the will of their king, but yet were willing, in such things as they might lawfully do, to pleasure him, which was as then, to afford him the benefit of victuals.

Now, while these things were doing, they secretly

sent a messenger unto the emperor, to certify him of the arrival of a strange nation, and withal to know his pleasure concerning them ; which message was very welcome unto him, insomuch that voluntarily he invited them to come to his court ; but if, by reason of the tediousness of so long a journey, they thought it not best so to do, then he granted liberty to his subjects to bargain and to traffic with them ; and further promised, that if it would please them to come to him he himself would bear the whole charges of post-horses. In the mean time, the governors of the place deferred the matter from day to day, pretending divers excuses, and saying one while that the consent of all the governors, and another while that the great and mighty affairs of the kingdom compelled them to defer their answer ; and this they did of purpose, so long to protract the time until the messenger (sent before to the king) did return with relation of his will and pleasure.

But Master Chancellor, seeing himself held in this suspense with long and vain expectation, and thinking that, of intention to delude him, they posted the matter off so often, was very instant with them to perform their promise ; which, if they would not do, he told them that he would depart and proceed in his voyage ; so that the Muscovites, although as yet they knew not the mind of their king, yet fearing the departure, indeed, of our men, who had such wares and commodities as they greatly desired, they at last resolved to furnish our people with all things necessary, and to conduct them by land to the presence of their king. And so Master Chancellor began his journey, which was very long and most troublesome, wherein he had the use of certain sleds, which in that country are very common, for they are carried themselves upon sleds, and all their carriages are in the same sort, the people almost not know-

ing any other manner of carriage, the cause whereof is the exceeding hardness of the ground congealed in the winter time by the force of the cold, which in those places is very extreme and horrible, whereof hereafter we will say something.

But now they having passed the greater part of the journey, met at last with the sledman (of whom I spake before), sent to the king secretly from the justices or governors, who by some ill-hap had lost his way, and had gone to the seaside, which is near to the country of the Tartars, thinking there to have found our ship. But having long erred and wandered out of his way, at the last, in his direct return, he met, as he was coming, our captain on the way, to whom he by and by delivered the emperor's letters, which were written to him with all courtesy, and in the most loving manner that could be, wherein express commandment was given that post-horses should be gotten for him and the rest of his company, without any money; which thing was of all the Russes in the rest of their journey so willingly done, that they began to quarrel, yea, and to fight also, in striving and contending which of them should put their post-horses to the sled; so that, after much aid and great pains taken in this long and weary journey, for that they had travelled very near fifteen hundred miles, Master Chancellor came at last to Moscow, the chief city of the kingdom, and the seat of the king, of which city, and of the emperor himself, and of the principal cities of Muscovy, we will speak immediately more at large in this discourse.

III.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

“UNCLE FRITZ, when you used to go to school did the boys ‘speak a piece’ in which it said, ‘Tell them how Spain sent forth a nation over the deep, and England and the elements overwhelmed it’?”

“To be sure,” said the old gentleman; “I do not know but I have ‘spoken’ it ten times myself, — I have heard it a hundred. I could repeat it now, merely from the hearing it.” And he struck a theatrical attitude.

Clem Waters said he always thought he could have managed that about “the elements” better; that if you were to brag, you had better brag squarely, — that modest bragging was impossible. And the boys fell to trying to adjust the speech so as to tell the truth and yet preserve a good face on the matter. But Uncle Fritz asked what set Bob to ask about it.

“Oh, because, we found in Hakluyt all about the Armada, and it is just splendid. It tells how they all pounded away, piece by piece, Hawkins, Drake, Lord Howard, and all the rest of them.”

“Hawkins is your grandfather’s great-grandfather’s great-grandfather, Sybil; do you know that?” said Mr. Ingham.

Sybil blushed, and said “No,” that she did not know much about genealogy.

“Yes,” said Mr. Ingham, “there is a good deal of the old sea-dog’s blood in New England. He invented

the slave-trade, and Queen Elizabeth knighted him for it. She permitted him to take for his device a blackamore chained, and three gold bezants. They were for the money he brought England by this valuable business."

Sybil shuddered, and said she was glad she was so far away from the old pirate.

"And so am I," said Col. Ingham. "We have fallen on better days. But I can remember the year when the last ship sailed in that horrid business; it was not till near the end of our war here. But, boys," he said, "have you brought us nothing about the Armada?"

Then Bob said that they had taken turns, day by day, and what with short-hand and long-hand they had made a long extract. "Perhaps it is too long to read this afternoon," he said. "But I did not know where to stop. I begin to find out what you mean by going to the originals; for really, uncle, I feel as if I had been in this fight; and I did not feel so before. I had read Mr. Motley's splendid description of it, too; but this made me feel at home in it."

The old gentleman smiled, well pleased. The boy had won him on one of his hobbies. He told Bob to begin to read; he said Horace could go on when Bob was tired; that for the rest, they might go off into the other room when they were tired; but I believe almost all of them stayed. Bob said he began at the beginning of the preparation, taking for granted that they all knew something about the why and wherefore.

"The court is supposed to know something," said Uncle Fritz.

THE ARMADA.

And for the same purpose the Catholic king had given commandment long before, in Italy and Spain,

that a great quantity of timber should be felled for the building of ships, and had, besides, made great preparation of things and furniture requisite for such an expedition, as, namely, in founding of brazen ordnance, in storing up of coins and victuals, in training of men to use warlike weapons, in levying and mustering of soldiers, insomuch that about the beginning of the year 1588 he had finished such a mighty navy, and brought it into Lisbon haven, as never the like had before that time sailed upon the ocean sea. The number of mariners in the said fleet were about 8,000; of slaves, 2,088; of soldiers, 20,000 (besides noblemen and gentlemen volunteers); of great cast pieces, 2,650. The foresaid ships were of a huge and incredible capacity and receipt, for the whole fleet was large enough to contain the burden of 60,000 tons. The galleons were sixty-four in number, being of a huge bigness, and very stately built, being of marvellous force, also, and so high that they resembled great castles, most fit to defend themselves and to withstand any assault; but in giving any other ships the encounter far inferior unto the English and Dutch ships, which can, with great dexterity, wield and turn themselves at all essays. The upper work of the said galleons was of thickness and strength sufficient to bear off musket-shot. The lower work, and the timbers thereof, were out of measure strong, being framed of planks and ribs four or five feet in thickness, insomuch that no bullets could pierce them, but such as were discharged hard at hand, which afterward proved true, for a great number of bullets were found to stick fast within the massy substance of those thick planks. Great and well-pitched cables were twined about the masts of their ships, to strengthen against the battery of shot.

The galeases were of such bigness that they con-

tained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits, and other commodities of great houses. The galleases were rowed with great oars, there being in each one of them three hundred slaves for the same purpose, and were able to do great service with the force of their ordnance. All these, together with the residue aforementioned, were furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensigns, and other such-like ornaments. Their pieces of brazen ordnance were 1,600, and of iron 1,000. The bullets thereto belonging were 120,000. Item of gunpowder, 5,600 quintals; of matches, 1,200 quintals; of muskets and calivers, 1,000; of halberds and partisans, 10,000. Moreover, they had great store of cannons, double cannons, culverins, and field-pieces for land services.

At length, when as the French king, about the end of May, signified unto her Majesty in plain terms that she should stand upon her guard, because he was now most certainly informed that there was so dangerous an invasion imminent upon her realm, that he feared much lest all her land and sea forces would be sufficient to withstand it, etc., then began the queen's Majesty more carefully to gather her forces together, and to furnish her own ships of war, and the principal ships of her subjects, with soldiers, weapons, and other necessary provisions. The greatest and strongest ships of the whole navy she sent unto Plymouth under the conduct of the Right Honorable Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, etc., under whom the renowned knight Sir Francis Drake was appointed vice-admiral. The number of these ships was about an hundred; the lesser ships being thirty or forty in number, and, under the conduct of the Lord Henry Seymour, were commanded to lie between Dover and Calais.

In the mean while the Spanish Armada set sail out of

the haven of Lisbon upon the 19th of May, *Anno Domini* 1588, under the conduct of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, directing their course for the bay of Corunna, *alias* the Groine in Gallicia, where they took in soldiers and warlike provision, this port being, in Spain, the nearest unto England. As they were sailing along, there arose such a mighty tempest that the whole fleet was dispersed, so that, when the duke was returned unto his company, he could not escry above eighty ships in all ; whereunto the residue, by little and little, joined themselves, except eight, which had their masts blown overboard. One of the four galleys of Portugal escaped very hardly, retiring herself into the haven. The other three were upon the coast of Bayonne, in France, by the assistance and courage of one David Groin, an English captain (whom the French and Turkish slaves aided in the same enterprise), utterly disabled and vanquished ; one of the three being first overcome, which conquered the two others, with the slaughter of their governors and soldiers, and, among the rest, of Don Diego de Mandrana, with sundry others ; and so those slaves arriving in France with the three galleys set themselves at liberty.

The navy having refreshed themselves at the Groine, and receiving daily commandment from the king to hasten their journey, hoisted up sails the eleventh day of July, and so holding on their course till the 19th of the same month, they came, then, into the mouth of the narrow seas, or English Channel, from whence (striking their sails in the mean season) they despatched certain of their small ships unto the Duke of Parma. At the same time the Spanish fleet was escried by an English pinnace, the captain whereof was Mr. Thomas Fleming, after they had been advertised of the Spaniards' expedition by their scouts and espials, which, having

ranged along the coasts of Spain, were lately returned home into Plymouth for a new supply of victuals and other necessaries, who, considering the foresaid tempest, were of opinion that the navy, being of late dispersed and tossed up and down the main ocean, was by no means able to perform their intended voyage.

Moreover, the Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, had received letters from the court signifying unto him that her Majesty was advertised that the Spanish fleet would not come forth, nor was to be any longer expected ; for, and therefore, that upon her Majesty's commandment he must send back four of her tallest and strongest ships unto Chatham.

The Lord High Admiral of England being thus, on the sudden, namely, upon the 19th of July, about four of the clock in the afternoon, informed by the pinnace of Capt. Fleming, aforesaid, of the Spaniards' approach, with all speed and diligence possible he warped his ships, and caused his mariners and soldiers, the greater part of whom were absent for the cause aforesaid, to come on board, and that with great trouble and difficulty, insomuch that the Lord Admiral himself was fain to lie without in the road with five ships only all that night, after the which many others came forth of the haven. The very next day, being the 20th of July, about high noon, was the Spanish fleet escried by the English, which, with a southwest wind, came sailing along, and passed by Plymouth, in which regard, according to the judgment of many skilful navigators, they greatly overshot themselves ; whereas it had been more commodious for them to have stayed themselves there, considering that the Englishmen, being as yet unprovided, greatly relied upon their own forces, and knew not the estate of the Spanish navy. Moreover, this was the most convenient port, of all others, where

they might, with greater security, have been advertised of the English forces, and how the commons of the land stood affected, and might have stirred up some mutiny, so that hither they should have bent all their puissance, and from hence the Duke of Parma might more easily have conveyed his ships.

But this they were prohibited to do by the king and his council, and were expressly commanded to unite themselves unto the soldiers and ships of the said Duke of Parma, and so to bring their purpose to effect, which was thought to be the most easy and direct course; for that they imagined that the English and Dutchmen would be bitterly daunted and dismayed thereat, and would, each man of them, retire unto his own province and ports for the defence thereof, and, transporting the army of the duke under the protection of their huge navy, they might invade England.

It is reported that the chief commanders in the navy, and those which were more skilful in navigation, to wit, John Martines de Ricalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, and divers others, found fault that they were bound unto strict directions and instructions, because that in such a case many particular accidents ought to concur and to be respected at one and the same instant; that is to say, the opportunity of the wind, weather, time, tide, and ebb, wherein they might sail from Flanders to England. Oftentimes, also, the darkness and light, the situation of places, the depths and shoals, were to be considered, all which especially depended upon the convenience of the winds, and were by so much the more dangerous.

But it seemed that they were enjoined by their commission to anchor near unto, or about, Calais, whither the Duke of Parma, with his ships and all his warlike provision, was to resort; and while the English and

Spanish great ships were in the midst of their conflict, to pass by, and to land his soldiers upon the Downs. The Spanish captives reported that they were determined, first, to have entered the river of Thames, and thereupon to have passed with small ships up to London, supposing that they might easily win that rich and flourishing city, being but meanly fortified and inhabited with citizens not accustomed to the wars, who durst not withstand their first encounter; hoping, moreover, to find many rebels against her Majesty and Popish Catholics, or some favorers of the Scottish queen (which was not long before most justly beheaded), who might be instruments of sedition.

Thus, often advertising the Duke of Parma of their approach, the 20th of July they passed by Plymouth, which the English ships pursuing, and, getting the wind of them, gave them the chase and the encounter, and so both fleets frankly exchanged their bullets.

The day following, which was the 21st of July, the English ships approached within musket-shot of the Spanish; at that time the Lord Charles Howard most hotly and valiantly discharged his ordnance upon the Spanish vice-admiral. The Spaniards, then well perceiving the nimbleness of the English ships in discharging upon the enemy on all sides, gathered themselves close into the form of an half-moon, and slackened their sails, lest they should outgo any of their company; and, while they were proceeding on in this manner, one of their great galeases was so furiously battered with shot, that the whole navy was fain to come up around together for the safeguard thereof; whereby it came to pass that the principal galleon of Seville (wherein Don Pedro de Valdez, Valques de Silva, Alonzo de Sayes, and other noblemen were embarked) falling foul of another ship, had her foremast broken, and by that

means was not able to keep way with the Spanish fleet ; neither would the said fleet stay to succor it, but left the distressed galleon behind. The Lord Admiral of England, when he saw this ship of Valdez, and thought she had been void of mariners and soldiers, taking with him as many ships as he could, passed by it, that he might not lose sight of the Spanish fleet that night ; for Sir Francis Drake, who was, notwithstanding, appointed to bear out his lantern that night, was giving of chase into five great hulks which had separated themselves from the Spanish fleet ; but finding them to be Easterlings, he dismissed them. The Lord Admiral, all that night following the Spanish lantern instead of the English, found himself in the morning to be in the midst of his enemy's fleet, but when he perceived it, he cleanly conveyed himself out of that great danger.

The day following, which was the 22d of July, Sir Francis Drake espied Valdez' ship, whereunto he sent forth his pinnace, and being advertised that Valdez himself was there, and four hundred and fifty persons with him, he sent him word that he should yield himself. Valdez, for his honor's sake, caused certain conditions to be propounded unto Drake, who answered Valdez, that he was not now at leisure to make any long parley, but, if he would yield himself, he should find him friendly and tractable ; howbeit, if he had resolved to die in fight, he should prove Drake to be no dastard.

Upon which answer Valdez and his company, understanding that they were fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, being moved with the renown and celebrity of his name, with one consent yielded themselves, and found him very favorable unto them. Then Valdez, with forty or fifty noblemen and gentlemen pertaining unto him, came on board Sir Francis Drake's ship.

The residue of his company were carried into Plymouth, where they were detained a year and a half for their ransom.

Valdez coming unto Drake, and humbly kissing his hand, protested unto him that he and his had resolved to die in battle had they not, by good fortune, fallen into his power, whom they knew to be right courteous and gentle, and whom they heard by general report to be most favorable unto his vanquished foe, insomuch that he said it was to be doubted whether his enemies had more cause to admire and love him for his great, valiant, and prosperous exploits, or to dread him for his singular felicity and wisdom which ever attended upon him in the wars, and by which he had attained unto so great honor. With that Drake embraced him, and gave him very honorable entertainment, feeding him at his own table, and lodging him in his cabin.

He, Valdez, began to recount unto Drake the forces of all the Spanish fleet, and how four mighty galleys were separated by tempest from them, and also how they were determined first to have put into Plymouth haven, not expecting to be repelled thence by the English ships, which they thought could by no means withstand their impregnable forces, persuading themselves that, by means of their huge fleet, they were become lords and commanders of the main ocean. For which cause they marvelled much how the Englishmen in their small ships durst approach within musket-shot of the Spaniards' mighty wooden castles, gathering the wind of them with many other such like attempts.

Immediately after, Valdez and his company, he being a man of principal authority in the Spanish fleet, and being descended of one and the same family with that Valdez which, in the year 1574, besieged Leydon in Holland, were sent captives into England. There were

in the said ship fifty-five thousand ducats in ready money of the Spanish king's gold, which the soldiers merrily shared among themselves.

The same day was set on fire one of their greatest ships, being admiral of the squadron of Guipuscoa, and being the ship of Michael de Oquendo, vice-admiral of the whole fleet, which contained great store of gunpowder and other warlike provision. The upper part only of this ship was burnt, and all the persons therein contained (except a very few) were consumed with fire. And thereupon it was taken by the English and brought into England with a number of miserable, burned, and scorched Spaniards. Howbeit, the gunpowder (to the great admiration of all men) remained whole and unconsumed.

In the mean season, the Lord Admiral of England, in his ship called the "Ark Royal," all that night pursued the Spaniards so near, that in the morning he was almost left alone in the enemy's fleet, and it was four of the clock at afternoon before the residue of the English fleet could overtake him. At the same time, Hugo de Moncada, governor of the four galeases, made humble suit unto the Duke of Medina, that he might be licensed to encounter the Admiral of England, which liberty the duke thought not good to permit unto him, because he was loath to exceed the limits of his commission and charge.

Upon Tuesday, which was the 23d of July, the navy being come over against Portland, the wind began to turn northerly, insomuch that the Spaniards had a fortunate and fit gale to invade the English.* But the Englishmen, having lesser and nimbler ships, recovered again the vantage of the wind from the Spaniards, whereat the Spaniards seemed to be more incensed to fight than

* That is, they had the weather-gauge of the English fleet.

before. But, when the English fleet had continually and without intermission, from morning to night, beaten and battered them with all their shot, both great and small, the Spaniards, uniting themselves, gathered their whole fleet close together into a roundel, so that it was apparent that they meant not, as yet, to invade others, but only to defend themselves, and to make haste into the place prescribed unto them, which was near unto Dunkirk, that they might join forces with the Duke of Parma, who was determined to have proceeded secretly with his small ships under the shadow and protection of the great ones, and so had intended circumspectly to perform the whole expedition.

This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all, in which the Lord Admiral of England continued fighting amidst his enemy's fleet; and, seeing one of his captains afar off, he spoke to him in these words: "Oh, George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?" With which words he, being inflamed, approached forthwith, encountered the enemy, and did the part of a most valiant captain. His name was George Fenner, a man that had been conversant in many sea-fights.

In this conflict there was a certain great Venetian ship, with other small ships, surprised and taken by the English.

The English navy in the mean while increased, whereunto out of all the havens of the realm resorted ships and men, for they all, with one accord, came flocking thither, as unto a set field, where immortal fame and glory was to be attained, and faithful service to be performed unto their prince and country. In which number there were many great and honorable personage, as, namely, the Earls of Oxford, of Northumberland,

of Cumberland, etc., with many knights and gentlemen; to wit, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Hatton, Sir Horatio Palanicina, Sir Henry Brooke, Sir Robert Carew, Sir Charles Blunt, Master Ambrose Willoughbie, Master Henry Nowell, Master Thomas Gerard, Master Henry Dudley, Master Edward Darcie, Master Arthur George, Master Thomas Woodhouse, Master William Harney, etc., and so it came to pass that the number of the English ships amounted unto an hundred; which, when they were come before Dover, were increased to an hundred and thirty, being, notwithstanding, of no proportionable bigness to encounter with the Spaniards, except twenty-two or twenty-three of the queen's greater ships, which only, by reason of their presence, bred an opinion in the Spaniards' minds concerning the power of the English fleets, the mariners and soldiers whereof were esteemed to be twelve thousand.

The 24th of July, when, as the sea was calm, and no wind stirring, the fight was only between the four great galeases, and the English ships, which, being rowed with oars, had great vantage of the said English ships, which, notwithstanding, for all that would not be forced to yield, but discharged their chain-shot to cut asunder the cables and cordage of the galeases, with many other such stratagems. They were now constrained to send their men on land for a new supply of gunpowder, whereof they were in great scarcity, by reason they had so frankly spent the greater part in the former conflicts. The same day, a council being assembled, it was decreed that the English fleet should be divided into four squadrons, the principal whereof was committed unto the Lord Admiral; the second, to Sir Francis Drake; the third, to Capt. Hawkins; the fourth, to Capt. Frobisher.

The Spaniards, in their sailing, observed very diligent and good order, sailing three and four and sometimes more ships in a rank, and following close up one after another, and the stronger and greater ships protecting the lesser.

The 25th of July, when the Spaniards were come over against the Isle of Wight, the Lord Admiral of England being accompanied with his best ships, namely, the "Lion," captain whereof was the Lord Thomas Howard; the "Elizabeth Jonas," under the commandment of Sir Robert Southwell, son-in-law unto the Lord Admiral; the "Bear," under the Lord Sheffield, nephew unto the Lord Admiral; the "Victory," under Capt. Barker, and the galleon "Leicester," under the forenamed Capt. George Fenner, with great valor, and dreadful thundering of shot, encountered the Spanish admiral, being in the very midst of all his fleet, which, when the Spaniards perceived, being assisted with his strongest ships, he came forth and entered a terrible combat with the English, for they bestowed each on the other the broadsides, and mutually discharged all their ordnance, being within one hundred or one hundred and twenty yards one of another.

At length the Spaniards hoisted up their sails, and again gathered themselves up close into the form of a roundel. In the mean while Capt. Frobisher had engaged himself into a most dangerous conflict. Thereupon the Lord Admiral, coming to succor him, found that he had valiantly and discreetly behaved himself, and that he had nicely, and in good time, given over the fight, because that after so great a battery he had sustained no damage.

For which cause the day following, being the 26th of July, the Lord Admiral rewarded him with the order of knighthood, together with the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, Mr. John Hawkins, and others.

The same day the Lord Admiral received intelligence from Newhaven, in France, by certain of his pinnaces, that all things were quiet in France, and that there was no preparation of sending aid unto the Spaniards, which was greatly feared from the Guisian faction, and from the Leaguers ; but there was a false rumor spread all about that the Spaniards had conquered England.

The 27th of July the Spaniards, about the sun-setting, were come over against Dover, and rode at anchor within the sight of Calais, intending to hold on for Dunkirk, expecting there to join with the Duke of Parma his forces, without which they were able to do little or nothing.

Likewise the English fleet, following up hard upon them, anchored just by them within culverin shot. And here the Lord Henry Seymour united himself unto the Lord Admiral with his fleet of thirty ships, which rode before the mouth of the Thames.

As the Spanish navy therefore lay at anchor, the Duke of Medina sent certain messengers unto the Duke of Parma, with whom, upon that occasion, many noblemen and gentlemen went to refresh themselves on land, and amongst the rest the Prince of Alcoli, being accounted the king's base son, and a very proper and towardly young gentleman, to his great good, went on shore, who was by so much the more fortunate in that he had not opportunity to return on board the same ship, out of which he was departed, because that in returning home it was cast away upon the Irish coast, with all the persons contained therein.

The Duke of Parma, being advertised of the Spanish fleet's arrival upon the coast of England, made all the haste he could to be present himself in this expedition for the performance of his charge, vainly persuading himself that now, by the means of Cardinal Allen, he

could be crowned king of England, and for that cause he had resigned the government of the Low Countries unto Count Mansfield, the elder; and having made his vow unto St. Mary, of Hall, in Henault (whom he went to visit for his blind devotion's sake), he returned toward Bruges the 28th of July.

The next day, travelling to Dunkirk, he heard the thundering ordnance of either fleet, and the same evening, being come to Dixmud, he was given to understand the hard success* of the Spanish fleet.

Upon Tuesday, which was the 30th of July, about high noon, he came to Dunkirk, when, as all the Spanish fleet was now passed up, neither durst any of his ships in the mean space come forth to assist the said Spanish fleet, for fear of thirty-five warlike ships of Holland and Zealand, which there kept watch and ward under the conduct of the Admiral Justin of Nassau.

The aforesaid thirty-five ships were furnished with most cunning mariners, and old expert soldiers, amongst which were 1,200 musketeers, whom the States had chosen out of all their garrisons, and whom they knew to have been heretofore experienced in sea-fights.

This navy was given especially in charge not to suffer any ship to come out of the haven, nor to permit any zabraes, pataches or, other small vessels of the Spanish fleet (which were more likely to aid the Dunkirkers) to enter thereinto, for the great ships were not to be feared by reason of the shallow sea in that place. Howbeit the Prince of Parma, his forces being as yet unready, were not come on board his ships, only the English fugitives, being seven hundred in number, under the conduct of Sir William Stanley, came in fit time to have been embarked, because they hoped to give the first assault against England. The residue showed

* As we say, "bad success."

themselves unwilling and loath to depart, because they saw but a few mariners, who were, by constraint, drawn into this expedition, and also because they had very bare provision of bread, drink, and other necessary victuals. Moreover, the ships of Holland and Zealand stood continually in their sight, threatening shot and powder, and many inconveniencies unto them; for fear of which ships, the mariners and seamen secretly withdrew themselves both day and night, lest that the Duke of Parma his soldiers should compel them by main force to go on board, and to break through the Hollanders' fleet, which all of them judged to be impossible, by reason of the straightness of the haven.

But it seemed that the Duke of Parma and the Spaniards grounded upon a vain and presumptuous expectation, that all the ships of England and of the Low Countries would, at the first sight of the Spanish and Dunkirk navy, have betaken themselves to flight, yielding them sea-room, and endeavoring only to defend themselves, their havens, and sea-coasts from invasion. Therefore their intent and purpose was that the Duke of Parma, in his small and flat-bottomed ships, should, as it were, under the shadow and wings of the Spanish fleet, convey over all his troops, armor, and warlike provision, and, with their forces united, should invade England; or while the English fleet were busied in fight against the Spanish, should enter upon any part of the coast which he thought to be most convenient, which invasion (as the captives afterward confessed) the Duke of Parma thought first to have attempted by the river of Thames, upon the banks whereof, having at his first arrival landed twenty or thirty thousand of his principal soldiers, he supposed that he might easily have won the city of London; both because his small ships should have followed and assisted his land forces, and

also for that the city itself was but meanly fortified and easy to overcome, by reason of the citizens' delicacy and discontinuance from the wars, who, with continual constant labor, might be vanquished, if they yielded not at the first assault. . .

Then, as therefore the Spanish fleet rode at anchor before Calais, to the end they might consult with the Duke of Parma what was best to be done, according to the king's commandment and the present state of their affairs, and had now (as we will afterward declare) purposed upon the 2^d of August, being Friday, with one power and consent to have put their intended business in practice, the Lord Admiral of England, being admonished by her Majesty's letters from the court, thought it most expedient either to drive the Spanish fleet from that place, or leastwise to give them the encounter; and for that cause (according to her Majesty's prescription) he took forthwith eight of his worst and basest ships which came next to hand, and, disburdening them of all things which seemed to be of any value, filled them with gunpowder, pitch, brimstone, and with other combustible and fiery matter; and, charging all their ordnance with powder, bullets, and stones, he sent the said ships, upon the 28th of July, being Sunday, about two o'clock, after midnight, with the wind and tide, against the Spanish fleet, which, when they had proceeded a good space, being forsaken of the pilots, and set on fire, were directly carried upon the king of Spain's navy, which fire, in the dead of the night, put the Spaniards into such perplexity and horror (for they feared lest they were like unto those terrible ships which Frederic Senebelli, three years before, at the siege of Antwerp, had furnished with gunpowder, stones, and dreadful engines, for the dissolution of the Duke of Parma, his bridge, built upon the river Scheldt) that,

cutting their cables whereon their anchors were fastened, and hoisting up their sails, they betook themselves very confusedly into the main sea.

In this sudden confusion the principal and greatest of the four galeases, falling foul of another ship, lost her rudder ; for which cause, when she could not be guided any longer, she was, by the force of the tide, cast into a certain shoal upon the shore of Calais, where she was immediately assaulted by divers English pinnaces.

And, as they lay battering of her with their ordnance, and durst not board her, the Lord Admiral sent thither his long boat, with an hundred choice soldiers, under the command of Captain Amyas Preston, upon whose approach their fellows, being more emboldened, did offer to board the galeas ; against whom the governor thereof, and captain of all the four galeases, Hugo de Monçada, stoutly opposed, himself fighting by so much the more valiantly, in that he hoped presently to be succored by the Duke of Parma. In the mean season, Monçada, after he had endured the conflict a good while, being hit on the head with a bullet, fell down stark dead, and a great number of Spaniards also were slain in his company ; the greater part of the residue leaping overboard into the sea, to save themselves by swimming, were most of them drowned. Howbeit there escaped, among others, Don Antonio de Manriques, a principal officer in the Spanish fleet (called by them their Veador-General), together with a few Spaniards besides, which Antonio was the first man that carried certain news of the success* of their fleet, into Spain. This huge and monstrous galeas, wherein were contained three hundred slaves to lug at the oars,

* The word "success" then meant fate, or destiny, — as we still speak of "good success" or "ill success."

and four hundred soldiers, was, in the space of three hours, rifled in the same place ; and there were found, amongst divers other commodities, 50,000 ducats of the Spanish king's treasure. At length, when the slaves were released out of their fetters, the Englishmen would have set the said ship on fire, which Monsieur Gourdon, the governor of Calais, for fear of the damage which might thereupon ensue to the downe and haven, would not permit them to do, but drove them from thence with his great ordnance. Upon the 29th of July in the morning, the Spanish fleet, after the aforesaid tumult, having arranged themselves again into order, were, within sight of Greneling, most bravely and furiously encountered by the English, where they once again got the wind of the Spaniards, who suffered themselves to be deprived of the commodity of the place in Calais Road, and of the advantage of wind near unto Dunkirk, rather than they would change their array or separate their forces now conjoined and united together, standing only upon their defence.

And albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there twenty-two or twenty-three among them all which matched ninety of the Spanish ships in bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Therefore the English ships, using their prerogative of nimble stirrage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they lifted, came oftentimes very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder, and continually giving them one broadside after another, they discharged all their shot, both great and small, upon them, spending one whole day from morning till night in that violent kind of conflict, until such time as powder and bullets failed them ; in regard of which want,

they thought it convenient not to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great advantages of the English, namely, for the extraordinary bigness of their ships, and also for that they were so nearly conjoined, and kept together in so good array, that they could by no means be fought with all, one to one. The English thought, therefore, that they had right well acquitted themselves in chasing the Spaniards first from Calais, and then from Dunkirk, and by that means to have hindered them from joining with the Duke of Parma his forces, and getting the wind of them, to have driven them from their own coasts. The Spaniards that day sustained great loss and damage, having many of their ships shot through and through, and they discharged, likewise, great store of ordnance against the English, who, indeed, sustained some hindrance, but not comparable to the Spaniards' loss, for they lost not any one ship or person of account. For very diligent inquisition being made, the Englishmen, all that time wherein the Spanish navy sailed upon their seas, are not found to have wanted above one hundredth of their people; albeit Sir Francis Drake's ship was pierced with shot above forty times, and his very cabin was twice shot through, and, about the conclusion of the fight, the bed of a certain gentleman, lying weary thereupon, was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet. Likewise, as the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Charles Blunt were at dinner upon a time, the bullet of a semi-culverin broke through the middle of their cabin, touched their feet, and struck down two of the standers-by, with many such accidents befalling the English ships, which it were tedious to rehearse. Thereupon it is most apparent that God miraculously preserved the English nation, for the Lord Admiral wrote unto her Majesty that in all human reason, and

according to the judgment of all men (every circumstance being duly considered), the Englishmen were not of any such force whereby they might, without a miracle, dare once to approach within sight of the Spanish fleet; insomuch that they freely ascribed all the honor of their victory unto God, who had confounded the enemy, and had brought his counsels to none effect. The same day the Spanish ships were so battered with English shot, that that very night and the day following two or three of them sunk right down, and amongst the rest a certain great ship of Biscay, which Capt. Crosse assaulted, which perished even in the midst of the conflict, so that very few therein escaped drowning, who reported that the governors of the same ship slew one another, upon the occasion following. One of them which would have yielded the ship, was suddenly slain. The brother of the slain party, in revenge of his death, slew the murderer, and in the mean while the ship sunk. The same night two Portugal galleons, of the burden of seven or eight hundred tons apiece, to wit, the "Saint Philip" and the "Saint Matthew," were forsaken of the Spanish fleet, for they were so torn with shot that the water entered into them on all sides. In the galleon of "Saint Philip" was Francis de Toledo, brother unto the Count de Orgas, being colonel over thirty-two bands, besides other gentlemen, who, seeing their mast broken with shot, they shaped their course, as well as they could, for the coast of Flanders, whither, when they could not attain, the principal men in the ship, committing themselves to their skiff, arrived at the next town, which was Ostend, and the ship itself being left behind with the residue of their company, was taken in by the Dutch.

In the other galleon, called the "Saint Matthew," was embarked Don Diego Pementelli, another camp-

master and colonel of thirty-two bands, being brother unto the Marquis of Tammars, with many other gentlemen and captains. Their ship was not very great, but exceeding strong, for of a great number of bullets which had battered her, there were scarce twenty wherewith she was pierced or hurt; her upper work was of force sufficient to bear off a musket-shot; this ship was shot through and pierced in the fight before Grenling, inso-much that the leakage of the water could not be stopped, whereupon the Duke of Medina sent his great skiff into the governor thereof, that he might save himself and the principal persons that were in his ship, which he, upon a halt courage, refused to do; wherefore the duke charged him to sail next unto himself; which the night following he could not perform, by reason of the great abundance of water which entered his ship on all sides, for the avoiding whereof, and to save his ship from sinking, he caused fifty men to labor continually at the pump, though it were to small purpose. And seeing himself thus forsaken and separated from his admiral, he endeavored, what he could, to attain unto the coast of Flanders; where, being espied by four or five men of war which had their station assigned them upon the same coast, he was admonished to yield himself unto them; which he refusing to do, was strongly assaulted by them altogether, and his ship being pierced with many bullets, was brought into far worse case than before, and forty of his soldiers were slain. By which extremity he was enforced, at length, to yield himself unto Peter Banderdeufs and other captains, which brought him and his ships into Zealand, and that other ship also last before mentioned, which both of them, immediately after the greater and better part of their goods were invaded, sunk right down.

For the memory of this exploit, the foresaid Captain

Banderdeufs caused the banner of one of these ships to be set up in the great church of Leyden, in Holland, which is of so great a length, that being fastened to the very roof, it reached down to the ground.

About the same time another small ship being by necessity driven upon the coast of Flanders, about Blaukenberg, was cast away upon the sands, the people therein being saved. Thus Almighty God would have the Spaniards' huge ships to be presented, not only to the view of the English, but also of the Leslanders; that at the sight of them they might acknowledge of what small ability they had been to resist such impregnable forces, had not God endued them with courage, providence, and fortitude, yea, and fought for them in many places with his own arm.

The 29th of July, the Spanish fleet being encountered by the English (as is aforesaid), and lying close together under their fighting sails, with a southwest wind, sailed past Dunkirk, the English ships still following the chase. Of whom the day following, when the Spaniards had got sea-room, they cut their mainsails, whereby they sufficiently declared that they meant no longer to fight, but to fly. For which cause the Lord Admiral of England despatched the Lord Henry Seymour with his squadron of small ships unto the coast of Flanders, where, with the help of the Dutch ships, he might stop the Prince of Parma his passage, if, perhaps, he should attempt to issue forth with his army. And he himself, in the mean space, pursued the Spanish fleet until the 2d of August, because he thought they had set sail for Scotland. And albeit he followed them very near, yet did he not assault them any more, for want of powder and bullets.

But upon the 4th of August the wind arising, when as the Spaniards had spread all their sails, betaking

themselves wholly to flight, and leaving Scotland on the left hand, wended toward Norway (whereby they sufficiently declared that their whole intent was to save themselves by flight, attempting for that purpose, with their battered and crazed ships, the most dangerous navigation of the northern seas), the English, seeing that they were now proceeding into the latitude of fifty-seven degrees, and being unwilling to participate that danger whereinto the Spaniards plunged themselves, and because they wanted things necessary, and especially powder and shot, returned back for England, leaving behind them certain pinnaces only, which they enjoined to follow the Spaniards aloof, and to observe their course. And so it came to pass that the 4th of August, with great danger and industry, the English arrived at Harwich, for they had been tossed up and down with a mighty tempest, for the space of two or three days together, which it is likely did great hurt unto the Spanish fleet, being (as I said before) so maimed and battered. The English, now going on shore, provided themselves forthwith of victuals, gunpowder, and other things expedient, that they might be ready, at all assays, to entertain the Spanish fleet, if it chanced any more to return; but being afterward more certainly informed of the Spaniards' course, they thought it best to leave them unto those boisterous and uncouth northern seas, and not there to hunt after them.

The Spaniards seeing now that they wanted four or five thousand of their people, and having divers maimed and sick persons, and likewise having lost ten or twelve of their principal ships, they consulted among themselves what they were best to do, being now escaped out of the hands of the English, because their victuals failed them in like sort, and they began also to want cables, cordage, anchors, masts, sails, and other naval

furniture, and bitterly despaired of the Duke of Parma his assistance (who, verily hoping and undoubtedly expecting the return of the Spanish fleet, was continually occupied about his great preparation, commanding abundance of anchors to be made, and other necessary furniture for a navy to be provided), they thought it good at length, as soon as the wind should serve them, to fetch a compass about Scotland and Ireland, and so to return for Spain.

For they well understood that commandment was given throughout all Scotland that they should not have any succor or assistance there. Neither yet could they in Norway supply their wants. Therefore, having taken certain Scottish and other fisher boats, they brought the men on board their own ships, to the end they might be their guides and pilots. Fearing, also, lest their fresh water should fail them, they cast all their horses and mules overboard, and so touching nowhere upon the coast of Scotland, but being carried with a fresh gale between the Orcades and Fearilles, they proceeded far north, even unto sixty-one degrees of latitude, being distant from any land at the least forty leagues. Here the Duke of Medina, general of the fleet, commanded all his followers to shape their course for Biscay, and he himself, with twenty or twenty-five of his ships which were best provided of fresh water and other necessaries, holding on his course over the main ocean, returned safely home. The residue of his ships, being about forty in number, and committed unto his vice-admiral, fell nearer with the coast of Ireland, intending their course for Cape Clear, because they hoped there to get fresh water, and to refresh themselves on land. But, after they were driven with many contrary winds, at length, upon the 2d of September, they were cast by a tempest aris-

ing from the southwest upon divers parts of Ireland, where many of their ships perished. And amongst others, the ship of Michael de Oquendo, which was one of the great galeases, and the great ships of Venice, also, namely, "La Ratta" and "Belanzara," with other thirty-six or thirty-eight ships more, which perished in sundry tempests, together with most of the persons contained in them. Likewise some of the Spanish ships were the second time carried with a strong west wind into the channel of England, whereof some were taken by the English upon their coast, and others by the men of Rochelle, upon the coast of France.

IV.

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

UNCLE FRITZ was a good deal surprised, and a good deal pleased, to see the interest which the young people took in the Armada. He said it showed that there were a good many things in history of which the memory did not die, and he advised boys and girls to look up Col. Creasy's book called "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

"To be sure," said he, "in one sense everything is decisive. A boy in a ship-yard gives a rotten treenail to the builder instead of a sound one, and the workman, because he is lazy, does n't walk ten paces for another. And some day, because of their laziness, that plank gives way, and that ship goes to the bottom. On that ship is the particular case of hashish, which would have saved Gen. Grim from the toothache. Gen. Grim takes bad hashish instead, and advances his right flank unduly in the great battle of Bomb-Bomb-Bomb. And so the peace of the world is destroyed, and all civilization postponed because of a lazy boy and a lazy man in a ship-yard.

"In a certain sense everything is central. And I think the archangels see all these threads, and are interested in all the failures and all the successes that follow. But for you and me it is different. There are very few points from which we can trace the successes and failures, and

you can see very well why those points have an interest all their own. It would have been a very different thing for you boys and girls, and you can see it would, if Philip had landed that Spanish army on the coast of England; and if there had been a Spanish or Roman Catholic succession there, I should not have been in this chair, and you would not have been grouped so nicely round my fire."

So he told them to be ready, before the next Saturday, with some account of Philip's naval enterprises, and to find out, if they could, how he thought he was master of the seas, or had any such navy as this which they had seen ruined in the English Channel. And so it happened that the next Saturday the young people were all full of the story of the invasion of Europe by the Turks. They had never thought much of it before, and they were very much excited to think by how narrow chances the rest of Europe was saved from the fate which has devastated this wretched Turkey.

On land that struggle lasted till the year 1686, when the Hungarians drove the Turks to their lairs. "I remember that date," said Oliver Furgerson; "it is on a bit of old Hungarian plate which we use at the Communion at our church. The Hungarians sent it over for a present, and it was a piece of the oldest plate, for the Turks had stolen all they had before."

"But," said the colonel, "as you have found out, the Turkish power had been broken at sea a hundred years before. They had to fight the Pope, and Venice, and Philip of Spain. The allies had three hundred vessels. Their commander was Don John, of Austria. He was half-brother of Philip the Second, and was only twenty-four years old. They say the Turks had a hundred and twenty thousand men. They had two hundred and fifty galleys of the largest size, and many

smaller vessels. On both sides they understood very well that this was wellnigh decisive for Cross or Crescent, — and it was no boy's play. But I will not tell you the story. Florence, dear, do you bring us Prescott's 'Philip the Second,' and read it to us."

And Florence read it very prettily. Her voice is on a nice low register, and she does n't scream. She reads fast, but not too fast, and you never once think that it is a lesson at school.

LEPANTO.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the captain-general of the League, was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, Viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader; the left by Uluch Ali, Dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean. Ali Pasha had experienced a difficulty like that of Don John, as several of his officers had strongly urged the inexpediency of engaging so formidable an armament as that of the allies. But Ali, like his rival, was young and ambitious. He had been sent by his master to fight the enemy, and no remonstrances, not even those of Mahomet Sirocco, for whom he had great respect, could turn him from his purpose.

He had, moreover, received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians, for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Ætolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer, and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, he still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those

around him with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christian captives ; and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner : " If your countrymen are to win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it ; yet if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me."

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle, by separating his wings farther from his centre, thus conforming to the dispositions of the allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun, discharged by Ali, was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn moment a deathlike silence reigned throughout the armament of the confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze, still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by the contrary winds. It was nearly noon ; and as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for mortal combat.

The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on

board of the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen, armed *cap-à-pie*, standing on the prow of the "Real," anxiously awaiting the conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with his people on that day. His example was followed by the whole fleet. Officers and men, all prostrating themselves on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the "Real," put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in every vessel, and each man, as he rose to his feet, gathered new strength, as he felt assured that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.*

When the foremost vessels of the Turks had come within cannon-shot, they opened their fire on the Christians. The firing soon ran along the whole of the Turkish line, and was kept up without interruption as it advanced. Don John gave orders for trumpet and atabel to sound the signal for action, which was followed by the simultaneous discharge of such of the guns in the combined fleet as could be brought to bear on the enemy. The Spanish commander had caused the galeases, those mammoth war-ships, of which some account has been already given, to be towed half a mile ahead of the fleet, where they might intercept the advance of the Turks. As the latter came abreast of them, the huge galleys delivered their broadsides right and left, and their heavy ordnance produced a

* This fact is told by most of the historians of the battle. The author of the manuscript so often cited by me further says, that it was while the fleet was thus engaged in prayer for aid from the Almighty that the change of wind took place. — *Citation in Spanish.*

startling effect. Ali Pasha gave orders for his galleys to open their line, and pass on either side, without engaging these monsters of the deep, of which he had had no experience. Even so their heavy guns did considerable damage to several of the nearest vessels, and created some confusion in the pasha's line of battle. They were, however, but unwieldy craft, and, having accomplished their object, seem to have taken no further part in the combat.

The action began on the left wing of the allies, which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and, darting by with all the speed that oars could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without availing himself of his defensive armor, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

Far on the Christian right, a manœuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the Dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavored to turn the right wing of the confederates. It was in this quarter that

Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right, indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself, that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailant. These were soon detected by the eagle eye of Uluch Ali, and like the king of birds swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great "Capitana," of Malta, in triumph as his prize.

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the allies, both on the right and on the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League; the other, the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it no less than twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field unless the grand seigneur or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pasha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began. Don John's chief strength consisted in some three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was provided with an equal number of janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve*. He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with the other Moslems.

The pasha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect; for the Turks were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels; and the troops, crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemy's balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards; and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most valiant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna and the veteran Veniero, who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. In this way a little squadron of combatants gathered round the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time. Still the chiefs did not lose sight of one another, but, beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto. The volumes of vapor rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together, presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand-to-hand contests, there was an enormous

waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle, where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a moment before were so proudly riding on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly in the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.

The left wing of the confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned. Several of his galleys had been sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts, they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand, they carried one vessel after another. The Capuchin was seen in the thickest of the fight, waving aloft his crucifix, and leading the boarders to the assault. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters, and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately, the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk; and, though extricated from the water himself, it was only

to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight, they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest the land endeavored to escape by running their vessels ashore, where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Yet many of the fugitives, before gaining the land, perished miserably in the waves. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who was still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and, uttering a few words expressive of his gratitude to heaven, which had permitted him to see this hour, he breathed his last.

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry, that enveloped them like "a martyr's robe of flames." The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. Still their superiority in the use of fire-arms would have given them a decided advantage over their opponents, if the loss they had inflicted had not been speedily repaired by fresh reinforcements. More than once the contest between the two chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. They soon, however, returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. In such a contest even Philip must have admitted that it would be difficult for his brother to find, with honor, a place

of safety. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed until the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. It was more successful than the preceding. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the janizaries. Ali Pasha led them on. Unfortunately, at this moment he was struck in the head by a musket-ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short, but ineffectual struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered, and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers, who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him; but the disabled chief, having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose by pointing out the place below where he had deposited his money and jewels; and they hastened to profit by the disclosure before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavored to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar, and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any treasure would be worth

so much as the head of the pasha. Without further hesitation, he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then, returning to his galley, he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. But he had miscalculated on his recompense. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired of what use such a present could be to him; and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said the head was stuck on a pike, and raised aloft, on board of the captured galley. At the same time, the banner of the Crescent was pulled down; while that of the Cross run up in its place proclaimed the downfall of the pasha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of "Victory" which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing of the Moslems, might be said to be annihilated.

Still the fight was lingering on the right of the confederates, where, it will be remembered, Uluch Ali, the Algerine chief, had profited by Doria's error in extending his line so far as greatly to weaken it. Uluch Ali,

attacking it on its most vulnerable quarter, had succeeded, as we have seen, in capturing and destroying several vessels, and would have inflicted still heavier losses on his enemy, had it not been for the seasonable succor received from the Marquis of Santa Cruz. This brave officer, who commanded the reserve, had already been of much service to Don John when the "Real" was assailed by several Turkish galleys at once, during his combat with Ali Pasha; for at this juncture the Marquis of Santa Cruz arriving, and beating off the assailants, one of whom he afterwards captured, enabled the commander-in-chief to resume his engagement with the pasha.

No sooner did Santa Cruz learn the critical situation of Doria, than, supported by Cardona, general of the Sicilian squadron, he pushed forward to his relief. Dashing into the midst of the *mêlée*, the two commanders fell like a thunderbolt on the Algerine galleys. Few attempted to withstand the shock; but in their haste to avoid it, they were encountered by Doria and his Genoese galleys. Thus beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes and provide for his own safety by flight. He cut adrift the Maltese "Capitana," which he had lashed to his stern, and on which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence. As tidings reached him of the discomfiture of the centre and of the death of Ali Pasha, he felt that nothing remained but to make the best of his way from the fatal scene of action, and save as many of his own ships as he could. And there were no ships in the Turkish fleet superior to his, or manned by men under more perfect discipline; for they were the famous corsairs of the Mediterranean, who had been rocked from infancy on its waters.

Throwing out his signals for retreat, the Algerine was soon to be seen at the head of his squadron,

standing towards the north, under as much canvas as remained to him after the battle, and urged forward through the deep by the whole strength of his oarsmen. Doria and Santa Cruz followed quickly in his wake. But he was borne on the wings of the wind, and soon distanced his pursuers. Don John, having disposed of his own assailants, was coming to the support of Doria, and now joined in the pursuit of the viceroy. A rocky headland, stretching far into the sea, lay in the path of the fugitive, and his enemies hoped to intercept him there. Some few of his vessels were stranded on the rocks ; but the rest, near forty in number, standing more boldly out to sea, safely doubled the promontory. Then quickening their flight, they gradually faded from the horizon, their white sails the last thing visible, showing in the distance like a flock of Arctic sea-fowl on their way to their native homes. The confederates explained the inferior sailing of their own galleys, on this occasion, by the circumstance of their rowers, who had been allowed to bear arms in the fight, being crippled by their wounds.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky, which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action. He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighboring port of Petala as affording the most secure and accessible harbor for the night. Before he had arrived there, the tempest began to mutter and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

V.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

LEPANTO and the Spanish Armada set the best readers in the little circle to work on the rivalry between Spain and England. Some of them had read Charles Kingsley's novel of "Amyas Leigh," and were alive with its hearty inspiration. It describes a young Englishman who was brought up in the days of that happy education, when it was left to men to study books, but when boys were simply taught to read, to work, to tell the truth, and to fight the Spaniard. "To fight the Spaniard" was a short phrase for opposing to the death falsehood, lust, cruelty, and bigotry in every form. The young men who did this best, such men as Amyas Leigh is represented to be,—such men as Raleigh, and Sidney, and Spenser, and Richard Grenville,—kept their bodies pure, kept their minds clear, and, for their souls, read their Bibles and prayed to God. I think it was Maud Ingletree who brought round to the meeting, after the Lepanto-reading, Tennyson's spirited poem about Sir Richard Grenville's fight off the Azores, and she read it as her contribution.

THE REVENGE: A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
 "Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
 We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
 But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
 I should count myself a coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down below;
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
 To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and fight,
 And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather-bow.
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly?
 Good Richard, let us know,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again, "We be all good Englishmen.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
 For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
 The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right, and half to the left were seen,
 And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and
laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft.
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like "San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us, with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud,
Whence the thunder-bolt will fall,
Long and loud.
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard, and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came, with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off, as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the sum-
mer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and
flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and
her shame.
And some were sunk, and many were shatter'd, and so could fight
us no more, —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?

For he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"
Though his vessel was but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest, he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out fair on the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,

And they watch'd what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life

In the crash of the cannonades, and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;

And the masts and the riggings were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried, in his English pride,

“ We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day, less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die, — does it matter where?

Sink we the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”

And the gunner said, “ Ay, ay,” but the seamen made reply:

“ We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow.”

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last;

And they praised him to his face, with their courtly foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried, —

“ I have fought for Queen and Faith, like a valiant man and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!”

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap,

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few.
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew.
 But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
 And they mann'd the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own,
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan;
 And or ever that evening ended, a great gale blew,
 And a wave, like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls, and their sails, and their masts, and their
 flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of
 Spain;
 And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags,
 To be lost evermore in the main.

This set the others on the alert to know where Ten-nyson read up for that; and, with some condensation, here is the story. Grenville has a special interest for us, because he landed the first colony of emigrants in North Carolina, — the unsuccessful colony, under Lane, in 1585. That was the colony which Sidney wanted to join.

A REPORT

OF THE

TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF
 AZORES THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591,

BETWIXT

*THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS,
 AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN,*

PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the

last of August, in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Capt. Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the islands, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land, with such things as they could, either for money or by force, recover. By reason whereof our ships being pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable, for in the "Revenge" there were ninety deceased; in the "Bonaventure," not so many in health as could handle her mainsail.

For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as follows: the "Defiance," which was admiral, the "Revenge," vice-admiral, the "Bonaventure," commanded by Capt. Crosse, the "Lion," by George Fenner, the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour, and the "Crane," by Duffild, the "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships; only the other were of middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Ra-leigh," were of victuallers and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some

of them were driven to let their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather-bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and engage those of Sivil to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons, who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the "Biscaines," a very mighty and puissant ship, commanded by Brittona. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth, right out of her chase, besides those of her stern-ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Phil-

ip," four others boarded her ; two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip," having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners ; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders, and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble," of London, having received some shot through her, by the armadas, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being one of the victuallers, and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted, and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks, both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime,

from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight ; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing, was again shot in the head, and, withal, his chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killegrue of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight ; the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides, and aboard her, so that ere the morning, from three o'clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her ; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were, by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so ours decreased ; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts, for none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship, called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings,

and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms, and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply of either ships, men, or weapons, the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defence. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that the ship and himself must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round him (the "Revenge" not being able to move one way or other but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing so in many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three sail of men of war to perform it withal, and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others, but the captain and mate were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the

Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same ; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was, besides, so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the " *Revenge* " (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was conveyed aboard the " *General Don Alphonso Baçan* " ; who (finding none over hasty to enter the " *Revenge* " again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving, by the report of the master of the " *Revenge*," his dangerous disposition), yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended, as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville ; whom, for his notable valor, he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dis-

suade men from death to life. The master gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld, and locked in his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge"; and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard, thus over-matched, was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood, and bodies of dead and wounded men, like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and revived again, desiring the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being with them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn towards so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was, by the "Lion," of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the armada was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Brittandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and fly-boats were commanded by Luis Continho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies, and two special

commanders,— Don Luis de Saint John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga — as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The admiral of the hulks and the “Ascension of Sivil” were both sunk by the side of the “Revenge”; one other recovered the road of St. Michael, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself into the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the “General,” and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

VI.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

ONE of the girls confided to Uncle Fritz, in a half-aside, that she had only just now found out that Robinson Crusoe was not shipwrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez, opposite Chili.

Uncle Fritz took "Robinson Crusoe" from the movable shelf by his side. It was one of seven books which belonged there. The others were Shakespeare, in one volume, Epictetus, a volume of the "Arabian Nights," Cruden's "Concordance," the English Bible, and the Greek Testament. He read aloud from the title-page, "The life and strange, surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, mariner, who lived twenty-eight yéars all alone in an uninhabited island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great river Oroonoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last as strangely delivered by pirates. Written by himself."

"There," said he, "that is the original title-page, and should be still the title of every edition of 'Robinson Crusoe'; but half the boys and girls of the world, not to say the men and women, though they have read the book, have not read the title-page. So they all suppose he was wrecked where Alexander Selkirk was

wrecked, because of a ridiculous passage in all school geographies. I could gabble it off once, as fast as the wisest of you." He nodded at Fanchon, who fell into his joke, and, with the real school-girl twang and manner, rattled off, —

"It is celebrated for having been the solitary residence, for four or five years, of Alexander Selkirk, on which incident is founded the popular tale of Robinson Crusoe."

"The truth was," said Uncle Fritz, "that to be left alone on an island was no such very unique adventure then, nor is it now, indeed. The hint was given to Defoe, who needed such hints very little, by half a dozen adventures of that time. Selkirk — you will find a memorandum on the blank page of my "Robinson Crusoe" there — was left on the island; here it is, in 1705, and he stayed there until 1709, four or five years, Fanchon, as your accurate geography says.

"Dear Uncle Fritz," said Fanchon, "if you only knew how those two words 'Robinson Crusoe' lighted up that page of the geography. I longed for it for months before we came there, and so hoped I might be the girl to say it."

"Yes," said Emma Fortinbr, as "it was like hearing the minister, in his sermon say, 'The girl with her doll,' instead of saying the 'inherent improbability of a conclusion so irrational.' You waked up at once and hoped there would be more like it."

"Well," said Uncle Fritz, not displeased, though he himself holds forth in the Sandemanian Chapel, sometimes, "I am glad if it has done you any good. Only remember that Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on an island in the mouth of the river Oronoco; in the old editions there is a careful map. Alexander Selkirk was left, not shipwrecked, on Juan Fernandez, the other side

of South America." Then he bade Tom Rising bring him the "Harleian Miscellanies," the fifth volume. He said, "You will find a mark at the place"; and so Tom did. And then Tom read, —

PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED ;

OR,

A VERY SURPRISING ACCOUNT OF ONE MR.
ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

MASTER OF A MERCHANT-MAN CALLED, THE "CINQUE-PORTS" ;

who dreaming that the Ship would soon after be lost, he desired to be left on a desolate Island in the *South-Seas*, where he lived Four Years and Four Months, without seeing the Face of Man, the Ship being afterwards cast away as he dreamed. As also, How he came afterwards to be miraculously preserved and redeemed from that fatal Place, by two *Bristol* Privateers, called, the "Duke" and "Duchess"; that took the rich *Aquapulco* Ship, worth one-hundred Ton of Gold, and brought it to *England*. To which is added, An Account of his Birth and Education. His Description of the Island where he was cast; how he subsisted; the several strange Things he saw, and how he used to spend his Time. With some pious Ejaculations that he used, composed during his melancholy Residence there. Written by his own Hand, and attested by most of the eminent Merchants upon the *Royal-Exchange*. *Quarto*, containing twelve Pages.

"That narrative," said Uncle Fritz, "is what you find in the Preface of some copies of 'Robinson Crusoe,' though they do not print this edifying introduction." But most of the children had not read it, so they passed round the book and read, in turn.

THE NARRATIVE.

In the voyage of the "Duke" and "Duchess" privateers, belonging to Bristol, who took the rich "Aquapulco" ship, they came to an island called Juan

Fernandez ; where, sending their pinnace on shore, she returned, after some time, bringing with her a man clothed in goat-skins, who seemed as wild as the goats themselves.

Being brought on board the "Duke," he said, he had been on the island four years and four months, having been left there by Capt. Stradling, in a ship called the "Cinque-Ports," about the year 1705, of which ship he was master ; and Capt. Dampier, who was then with him, and now on board the "Duke," told Capt. Rogers he was the best man then on board the "Cinque-Ports," who immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board the "Duke." His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, and the manner of his being found there was by his making a fire the night before, when he saw the two privateers aforesaid, judging them to be English, by which, judging it to be an habitable island, they had sent their boat to see ; and so he came miraculously to be redeemed from that solitary and tedious confinement, who otherwise, in all probability, must have miserably ended his life there.

He said that, during his stay there, he had seen several ships pass by, but only two of them came in to anchor, which he judged to be Spaniards, and retired from them, upon which they fired at him ; had they been French, he said, he would have submitted himself, but chose rather to hazard dying on the island than to fall into the hands of the Spaniards in those parts, because he believed they would either murder him, or make him a slave in their mines.

The Spaniards landed so near him, before he knew where they were, that he had much ado to escape ; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed up to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they made water, and killed several goats just by, but went off without discovering him.

He told them he was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth.

The reason for his being left on this melancholy island was a difference betwixt him and his captain, which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay there than to go along with him at first, and, when he was at last willing to go, the captain would not receive him. He had been, he said, on the island to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months, till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South Sea ships.

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a fire-lock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could, but for the first eight months he had much ado to bear up against melancholy and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place.

He built two huts with pimento-trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound, and, that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude, or than he was afraid he should ever be again.

At first he never eat anything, till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer; the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him

both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell.

He might have had fish enough, but could not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness, except crawfish, which are there as large as our lobsters, and very good; these he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goat's flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours; he kept an account of five hundred that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go.

When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot, for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humors, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bulldog which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats, but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back.

He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him, so that he fell with the goat down the precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life, and, when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him. He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came, at last, to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and, in the season, had plenty of

goodturn ips, which had been sowed there by Capt. Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento-trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found there also a black pepper, called Malagita, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping of the guts.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through the woods, and at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he ran everywhere without annoyance, and it was some time before he could wear shoes, after we found him, for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself, sometimes, by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from the ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes, while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goat's flesh ; by which many of them became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and, to divert himself, would now and then sing and dance with his cats ; so that by the care of Providence, and vigor of his youth, being now but about thirty years old, he came, at last, to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy.

When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail, and, when his knife

was worn to the back, he made others, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and it was some time before he could relish our victuals.

He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except small black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at, the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento-trees are plenty here, and we saw one sixty feet high, and about two yards thick; and cotton-trees higher, and near four fathom round in the stock.

The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year. The winter lasts no longer than June or July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost and a little hail, but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate, and there is not much thunder or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creature on the island, nor any other sort of beast but goats, etc., as above mentioned, the first of which had been put ashore here on purpose for a breed, by Juan Fernando, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families for a time, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which, being more profitable,

tempted them to quit this island, which is capable of maintaining a good number of people, and of being made so strong that they could not be easily dislodged.

Ringrose, in his account of Capt. Sharp's voyage, and other buccaneers, mentions one who had escaped ashore here, out of a ship which was cast away with all the rest of his company, and says he lived five years alone, before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Capt. Dampier talks of a Moskito Indian, that belonged to Capt. Watlin, who, being hunting in the woods, when the captain left the island, lived there three years alone, and shifted much in the same manner as Mr. Selkirk did, till Capt. Dampier came hither, in 1684, and carried him off. The first that went ashore was one of his countrymen, and they saluted one another, first by prostrating themselves by turns on the ground, and then by embracing.

But, whatever there is in these stories, this of Mr. Selkirk I know to be true, and his behavior afterwards gives me reason to believe the account he gave me, how he spent his time, and bore up under such an affliction, in which nothing but the Divine Providence could have supported any man. By this one may see that solitude and retirement from the world is not such an unsufferable state of life as most men imagine, especially when people are fairly thrown into it unavoidably, as this man was, who, in all probability, must otherwise have perished in the seas, the ship which left him being cast away not long after, and few of the company escaped.

We may perceive, by this story, the truth of the maxim, that "Necessity is the mother of invention," since he found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually, as we are able to do with the help of all our arts and society. It may like-

wise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigor of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety, as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility.

“It is very curious,” said Horace Feltham, “and very interesting, but it is not much like ‘Robinson Crusoe.’”

“I like to hear you say that,” said Uncle Fritz. “There have been so many ‘Robinson Crusoes’ written, and they have done so many things, that a boy is to be excused now if he cannot pass an examination on them. But, to tell the truth, some grown-up boys have blundered.” Then he sent for the “Curiosities of Literature.”*

“Here is a book,” said he, “which I shall leave out on the table, because I should like to have you all fond of it. It is a sort of a scrap-book, made by the father of Lord Beaconsfield, whose life you have read in “Justin McCarthy,” and in “Punch’s Cartoons.” Sybil, dear, will you read what Isaac D’Israeli writes of Alexander Selkirk? He had the passage already marked. And Sybil read, —

“In this artless narrative we may discover more than the embryo of Robinson Crusoe. The first appearance of Selkirk ‘a man clothed in goat skins, who looked more wild than the first owners of them.’ The two huts he had built, the one to dress his victuals, the

* “Curiosities of Literature.” First and Second Series. By I. D’Israeli, Esq., D. C. L., F. S. A.

other to sleep in ; his contrivance to get fire by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together ; his distress for the want of bread and salt, till he came to relish his meat without either ; his wearing out his shoes, till he grew so accustomed to be without them that he could not for a long time afterwards, on his return home, use them without inconvenience ; his bedstead of his own contriving, and his bed of goat-skins ; when his gun-powder failed, his teaching himself, by continual exercise, to run as swiftly as the goats ; his falling from a precipice in catching hold of a goat, stunned and bruised, till, coming to his senses, he found the goat dead under him ; his taming kids to divert himself by dancing with them and his cats ; his converting a nail into a needle, his sewing his goat-skins with little thongs of the same, and, when his knife was worn to the back, contriving to make blades out of some iron hoops."

While Sybil read this aloud, the eyes of two or three of the boys fairly snapped with surprise and indignation. They would not interrupt. They were far too well-bred for that. But, when Sybil had finished, there was a general outcry.

"Robinson Crusoe never danced in his life."

"Robinson Crusoe never had any trouble about bread."

"He never fell off a cliff and was stunned."

"He never had any trouble about fire. He never rubbed two pieces of pimento wood together."

"He never wore his knife to the back."

"No," said Uncle Fritz, almost sadly, "if Mr. D'Israeli meant that he did, it is one of the melancholy cases of a literary man's forgetfulness. In short, given the two facts that Selkirk was on an island alone, and that Crusoe was on an island alone, nothing can well be more unlike, from beginning to end, than the stories

of Selkirk and of Robinson Crusoe. Probably Mr. D'Israeli was not so familiar with dear Robinson Crusoe as you and I are."

One of the boys said that his uncle had landed at Juan Fernandez, and that they still show a cave there which is called Selkirk's Cave. It is a convenient point to touch at for water, and at one time the Chilian government had a penal settlement there. This set them to looking for pictures of the island, and Col. Ingham gave them some more references. The reader will see what they made of them in the next chapter.

VII.

THE BUCCANEERS.

THE young people had been referred to Capt. James Burney's "History of Discovery in the South Sea," which is a book in five handsome quarto volumes. They had found more than one copy of this. Stephen had had the good luck to make a visit to Providence, and there one of his friends introduced him to Mr. Bartlett, who kindly took him to the John Carter Brown Library, which is one of the most valuable, as it is one of the most beautiful private libraries in the world. Stephen had a chance to see there the very rare originals of the quaint old tracts which describe the proceedings of those worthies, the buccaneers.

Sir Francis Drake, who relieved Lane's colony in North Carolina, and helped in fighting the armada, as you know, had led the way for the English into the Pacific, or, as men then said, the South Sea. From that time till near the end of the seventeenth century, that is, for more than a hundred years, whatever was the state of Europe, there was always war on the South Sea. It was anything but a Pacific ocean. When the young people were talking about it, Theodora repeated from Scott's Rokeby : —

“ Panama's maids shall long grow pale,
When Risingham inspires the tale ;
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.”*

* Rokeby, Canto VI., 21.

Besides Burney's book they had prowled through Esquemeling's "History of the Bucaniers," more edifying, as Walter declared, than "The Pirate's Own Book" itself. From these different treasures Stephen had copied out some passages from Master Edward Ringrose's narrative, mostly because they renewed the story of Alexander Selkirk.

FROM EDWARD RINGROSE'S NARRATIVE OF
SHARP'S VOYAGE.

THEY FIND CAPT. COX, WHOM THEY HAD LEFT. The next morning, being early as we came under the aforesaid Isle of Plate, and here unexpectedly, to our great joy, we found at anchor the ship of Capt. Cox, with his whole company, whom we had lost at sea for the space of a whole fortnight before.

We found they had reached this island, and had been there at anchor four days before us, being now just ready to depart from thence. About seven we came to an anchor, and then the other vessel sent us a live tortoise and a goat to feast upon to-day, telling us, withal, of great tortoises to be found ashore upon the bay, and of much fish to be caught thereabouts.

The island received its name from Sir Francis Drake and his famous actions. For here it is reported, by tradition, that he made the dividend or sharing of the vast quantity of plate which he took in the armada of this sea, distributing it to each man of his company by whole bowls full. The Spaniards affirm, until this day, he took at this time twelvescore tons of plate, — sixteen bowls of coined money to each man, his number being then forty-five men in all. Hence this island was called by the Spaniards themselves the Isle of Plate, for this great dividend, and by us, Drake's Isle. . . .

Here our prisoners told us, likewise, that in the time

of Oliver Cromwell, or the Commonwealth of England, a certain ship was fitted out from Lima, with seventy brass guns, having on board of her no less than thirty millions of dollars, or pieces of eight; all which vast sum of money was given by the merchants of Lima in sense, as a present unto our gracious king, or rather his father, to supply him in his exile and distress; but that this great and rich ship was lost by keeping the shore along in the Bay of Mante, or thereabouts. What truth there may be in this history, I cannot tell. At least it seemeth to me as scarcely deserving any credit.

“There,” said Col. Ingham, “if you want to dredge for imaginary treasures, boys, there is your chance. Only I would consider, first, what likelihood you think there is that the merchants of Lima should pass round a hat, and contribute thirty millions of dollars for the relief of Charles the First. I am afraid they would not have done it for Queen Elizabeth.”

The next extract described a buccaneer’s battle.

AN ACTION.

As soon as we had tacked we happened to espy a sail north-northeast from us. Hereupon we instantly cast off from the other vessel which we had in tow, and stood round about after them. We came very near the vessel before they saw us, by reason of the darkness of the night. As soon as they espied us they immediately clapped on a wind and sailed very well before us, inso-much that it was a pretty while before we could come up with them, and within sail. We hailed them in Spanish, by means of an Indian prisoner, and commanded them to lower their topsails. They answered they would soon make us lower our own. Hereupon we fired several guns at them, and they as thick at us, with their

arquebuses ; thus they fought us for the space of half an hour or more, and would have done so longer had we not killed the man at the helm, after whom none of the rest dared be so hardy as to take his place. With another of our shot we cut and disabled the maintop halyards. Hereupon they cried out for quarter, which we gave them, and entered their ship. Having entered the ship we found in her five-and-thirty men, of whom four-and-twenty were natives of old Spain. They had not fought us, as they declared afterwards, but only out of a bravado, having promised ashore so to do in case they met us at sea.

The captain of this vessel was a person of quality, and his brother, since the death of Don Jacinto de Barahma, killed by us in the engagement before Panama, was now the head admiral of the armada, and with him he took also in this vessel five or six other persons of quality. They did us, in this fight, by their shot, very great damage in our rigging, by cutting it to pieces. Besides which they wounded two of our men, and the third man was wounded by the negligence of one of our own men, occasioned by a pistol which went off unadvisedly.

The next day being August 26th, in the morning we stood south. That day we counted out all our plate (silver), and found it amounted to 3,276 pieces of eight,* which was accordingly divided by shares among us. We also punished a friar, who was chaplain to the bark aforesaid, and shot him upon the deck, casting him overboard before he was dead. Such cruelties, though I abhorred very much in my heart, yet here I was forced to hold my tongue, and contradict them not, as having not authority to overstay them.

* Dollars, each of which is eight *reals*.

“And here, Uncle Fritz, they come to Juan Fernandez, and there is a lovely picture. There are pictures of all the islands.”

Friday, Dec. 24.—This morning we could descry the island itself of Juan Fernandez, south by east, it being at sixteen leagues' distance when we saw it yesterday. . . .

Here, therefore, are two islands together, the biggest whereof is three leagues and a half in length, nearest northwest and southeast; the other and lesser is almost one league and no more in circumference.

On the 28th, in the morning I went on shore with ten men of our company and two canoes, to fetch water from the land. Being come there, and having filled our jars, we could not get back to the ship, by reason of the easterly wind that blew from off the ocean, and hindered our returning. . . . This being done, we ventured out again both canoes together, but the winds were yet so high that we were forced to throw all our jars of water overboard to lighten our boats, otherwise we had inevitably perished. We ought to bless and praise God Almighty for this deliverance, for in all human reason the least wave of that tempest must have sunk us. . . . Hereupon, not knowing what to do, we went ashore and hauled up our canoes dry. Having done this we ascended higher into the island along a gully, for the space of half a mile, there to clear ourselves from the noise and company of the seals, which were very troublesome near the shore. Here we kindled a fire and dried our clothes, and rested ourselves all night, though with extreme hungry bellies, as having eaten very little or nothing all the day before. On many sides of the hill under which we lay, we observed many holes, like coney holes. These holes are the roosting-places of multi-

tudes of birds that breed in these islands, called by the Spaniards *pardelas*. One of these birds, as we lay drying and warming ourselves, fell down into the fire. . . .

The next day there came a canoe from on board the ship with provisions for us, they fearing lest we should be starved. In like manner the launch came with men to cut wood. Night being come, we made our bed with fern, of which there is large plenty in this island, together with great multitude of trees, like unto our English box, the which bear a species of green berries, smelling like unto pimento or pepper. . . .

On the 3d of January we had terrible gusts of wind from the shore every hour. This day our pilot told us that many years ago a certain ship was cast away upon this island, and only one man was saved, who lived alone upon the island five years before any ship came this way to carry him off. The island has excellent land in many valleys belonging thereunto. . . .

On Thursday, Jan. 6, our dissensions being now grown unto a great height, the mutineers made a new election of another person to be our chief captain and commander.

[They deposed Capt. Sharp, whom they protested they would obey no longer. They chose, therefore, one of our company, whose name was John Watling, to command in chief, he having been an old privateer and gained the esteem of being a stout seaman. The election being made, all the rest were pressed to give their consent to it, and Capt. Sharp gave over his command, whereupon they mutually made articles with Watling and signed them.]

The following day, being the 7th, we turned and followed the starboard side of the ship. In this bay, where we now anchored, we found a cross cut in the bark of the tree, and several letters beside. Hereupon,

on another tree up the gully, I engraved the two first letters of my name with a cross over them.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—This day was the first Sunday that ever we kept since the loss and death of our valiant commander, Capt. Hawkins. This generous-spirited man threw the dice overboard, finding them in use on the said day.

Wednesday, Jan. 12.—This morning our canoes returned from catching of goats, firing of guns as they came towards us to give us warning. Being come on board they tell us they had spied three sail of ship, which they conceived were men-of-war, coming about the island. Hereupon we immediately slip our cable and put to sea, taking all our men that were ashore at the time. Only one William, a Mosquito Indian, was then left behind on the island, because he could not be found at our sudden departure. . . .

The following day we could describe one of the fore-mentioned men-of-war under the leeward side of the island, and we believed that the rest were at an anchor thereabout. At ten we stood on towards the island, making as if we intended to be one with them, but in the afternoon our commander propounded the question unto us whether we were willing, now that the fleet was to windward, to bear away from them. Unto this we all agreed with one consent. And hereupon, night being come, we stood away northeast by north, thus giving them handsomely the slip, after having outbraved them this day and the day before.

“We turned over the book,” said Horace’s friend, “and we had no time to copy more. But you will like to know what became of those precious rascals.”

END OF SHARP'S VOYAGE.

We came about the south of Antego (Antigua) and sent a canoe on shore for to get tobacco and other necessaries that we wanted, and also to ask leave of the governor to come into the port. The gentry of the place and the common people were very desirous to receive us, but on Wednesday, the 1st of February, the governor denied us entry, at which all the gentry were very much grieved, and showed themselves very kind to us. Hereupon we agreed among ourselves to give away and leave the ship to them of our company who had no money left them of all their portions in this voyage, having lost it all at play, and then to divide ourselves into two ships which were now bound for England. Thus I, myself, and thirteen more of our company went on board Capt. Robert Porteen his ship called the "Lisbon Merchant," and setting sail from La Antigua, on Feb. 11, landed in Dartmouth, in England, March 26, 1682.

Col. Ingham looked at the queer little outlines of the island of Juan Fernandez with great interest. He then sent one of the boys for "Hawksworth's Voyages," and after a little hunting they found Carteret's picture, taken from the same anchorage a hundred years after.

Cartwrite says (1767), "As I did not know the Spaniards had fortified this island, I was greatly surprised to see a considerable number of men upon the beach, with a house and four pieces of cannon near the water-side, and a fort about three hundred yards above."

"That speaks well," said he, "for the accuracy of both the draughtsmen. You may be sure neither of them ever saw the work of the other."

VIII.

PAUL JONES AND RICHARD PEARSON.

EMMA FORTINBRAS was more apt to make good, genuine blunders than anybody else in our little party. All the more, perhaps, the colonel made her a little of a pet. But she had that wretched, gushing way, which he never could quite break her of, of sitting on a footstool, and trying to take one of his hands, and looking up in his face, which some very foolish girls had taught her, and asking questions which she thought would please him.

“Uncle Fritz,” she said, one evening, “did you know Paul Jones? Will you tell us about Paul Jones?”

“Oh, that is too bad!” said Uncle Fritz, and the others tried hard not to scream. “That is worse than the young lawyer who asked Mr. Field if he knew Alexander Pope.”

Poor Emma is used to plunging into waters too deep for her and too hot for her. She blushes very red, but she does not retreat gracefully, and she said she was sure it said, in Col. Ingham’s life, that he fought with Paul Jones. As for dates, they all knew she was not good at them.

Will Withers pretended to take her side. “Yes,” said he, “it says Uncle Fritz was a midshipman, and that Paul Jones’s legs were shot off, and all the other officers were killed; and Uncle Fritz was the only sur-

vivor on their side, and that he received all the Englishmen's swords, — forty-three swords in all."

But Uncle Fritz would not let them laugh. "No, Will, no!" said he, "remember there is no joke when it is not true." Then he turned to Emma, whom he wanted to get out of her scrape, and said: "What you remember is in the 'Ingham Papers,' but not in my life. It is my account of the battle, as I made it out from my grandfather's papers.* But Paul Jones had been dead twenty years when I was born. I am glad you asked about him. It is time for you all to read about later times than the buccaneers. Ah me! there were plenty of people in Paul Jones's time who counted him as bad as any of them. But this was because the ox was gored this time, and not the bull."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean that England did not grieve so much at the wickedness of spoiling Spaniards in the Pacific, as she grieved at Paul Jones's wickedness when he landed on the coast of Scotland and carried off the plate of the Earl of Selkirk. Observe Selkirk again. And, by the way, when the pieces were sold, Jones bought that plate, and sent it as his own present back to Lady Selkirk. Queer it is! I noticed in Charles Reade's novel of 'Foul Play,' that when on a desert island they found a box of jewels which belonged to a Spanish viceroy, they kept the jewels for themselves, because they found them in the Pacific. If they had found them in Hyde Park, they would have exhausted diplomacy till they found the rightful heirs.

"But let us go back to Jones. It is worth your while to read both accounts of the 'Poor Richard's' fight with the 'Serapis.' The 'Poor Richard' was his ship,

* Paul Jones and Denis Duval, p. 20, "Ingham Papers."

the 'Serapis' was the English ship. Both these accounts were written by men who meant to tell the truth. Compare them with each other, and you will see how hard it is to read history. Then you may read my account of that fight in the 'Ingham Papers.' Mr. Thackeray would have written it for us, had he lived longer. It is just there that his novel of 'Denis Duval' breaks off."

So the colonel sent for the "Annual Register for 1779," and for Miss Taylor's "Life of Paul Jones." Bob Edmeston read "Jones's Despatch."

PAUL JONES'S NARRATIVE OF HIS FIGHT WITH THE "SERAPIS."

On the 21st we saw and chased two sail off Flamborough Head; the "Pallas" chased in the northeast quarter, while the "Bon Homme Richard," followed by the "Vengeance," chased in the southwest; the one I chased, a brigantine collier in ballast, belonging to Scarborough, was soon taken, and sunk immediately afterwards, as a fleet then appeared to the southward. This was so late in the day, that I could not come up with the fleet before night; at length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her to run ashore between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Soon after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging to Sunderland, and at daylight the next morning, seeing a fleet steering towards me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be a convoy bound from London for Leith, which had been for some time expected. One of them had a pendant hoisted, and appeared to be a ship of force. They had not, however, courage to come on, but kept back, all except the one which seemed to be armed, and that one also kept to the windward, very near to the land, and on the edge of dangerous shoals, where I could

not with safety approach. This induced me to make a signal for a pilot, and soon afterwards two pilots' boats came off. They informed me that a ship that wore a pendant was an armed merchantman, and that a king's frigate lay there in sight, at anchor, within the Humber waiting to take under convoy a number of merchant ships bound to the northward. The pilots imagined the "Bon Homme Richard" to be an English ship of war, and consequently communicated to me the private signal which they had been required to make. I endeavored by this means to decoy the ships out of the port, but the wind then changing, and with the tide becoming unfavorable for them, the deception had not the desired effect, and they wisely put back. The entrance of the Humber is exceedingly difficult and dangerous, and as the "Pallas" was not in sight, I thought it imprudent to remain off the entrance, therefore steered out again to join the "Pallas" off Flamborough Head. In the night we saw and chased two ships until three o'clock in the morning, when, being at a very small distance from them, I made the private signal of reconnoissance, which I had given to each captain before I sailed from Groix; one half of the answer only was returned. In this position both sides lay to till daylight, when the ships proved to be the "Alliance" and the "Pallas."

On the morning of that day, the 23d, the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to, to windward. About noon, we saw and chased a large ship that appeared coming round Flamborough Head, from the northward, and at the same time I manned and armed one of the pilot-boats to send in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing north-northeast. This induced me to

abandon the single ship which had then anchored in Burlington Bay; I also called back the pilot-boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase.* When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two ships of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the "Alliance" showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening,† being then within pistol-

* This pilot-boat contained sixteen of the best hands on board the "Bon Homme Richard," well armed, under the command of Mr. Henry Lunt, the second lieutenant. She did not pay ready attention to signals, which obliged Jones to remain to windward some time after he had made the signals to chase the fleet. When the "Serapis" and "Countess of Scarborough" stood from the shore, Jones crowded all sail to overtake them, leaving the "Vengeance" to windward, with orders to bring down the pilot-boat as fast as possible, and tell Lieut. Lunt to board the "Bon Homme Richard," and enter the men on the left side, after the battle was ended. So that with the men lost on the coast of Ireland, and sent away in the prizes, Jones was weakly manned, and thinly officered.
— *Journal for the King.*

Lieut. Lunt says in his certificate that he could not approach the "Bon Homme Richard" until the action was raging, when, it being night, he did not think it prudent to go alongside.

† As soon as it was night, the enemy tacked, and steered with full sail towards the shore. Capt. Jones, seeing this motion by the help of his night glass (for the moon was not yet risen), made the necessary disposition, and altered his course to get between the enemy and the land. The captain of the "Pallas" seeing the "Bon Homme Richard" alter her course, concluded that the crew had revolted, and killed Capt. Jones. This idea had long prevailed in the squadron, and the "Pallas," in consequence, hauled close by the wind. Capt. Jones found the "Alliance" lying-to, out of cannon shot, on the enemy's weather quarter. The enemy, having every sail set, would have escaped and got under Scarborough

shot, when he hailed the "Bon Homme Richard." We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle being thus begun was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the "Bon Homme Richard," gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the "Bon Homme Richard" athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the "Bon Homme Richard's" poop by the mizzen-mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation,* which, by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails,† forced her stern close to the "Bon Homme Richard's" bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's.‡

Castle, had not Capt. Jones crossed the bow of the "Serapis" and begun the action within pistol-shot. — *Journal for the King*

* Mr. Stacy, the acting master, not having returned with the hawser, Capt. Jones, with his own hands, made fast to the mizzen-mast of the "Bon Homme Richard" the ropes that hung from the enemy's bowsprit. — *Journal for the King.*

† The captain of the "Serapis," imputing the position of the two ships to accident, let fall an anchor from the larboard bow, fearing that Capt. Jones would rake him, and expecting to get disentangled, and thereby recover his superiority. — *Ib.* See also Lieut. Dale's account.

‡ Here the enemy attempted to board the "Bon Homme Richard," but were deterred from it, on finding Capt. Jones with a

When this position took place, it was eight o'clock, previous to which the "Bon Homme Richard" had received sundry eighteen-pound shots below the water; and leaked very much. My battery of twelve-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieut. Dale and Col. Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shot in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Col. de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon (nine-pounders) on the quarter-deck that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterwards played three pieces of nine-pounders upon the enemy. The tops

pike in his hand at the gangway, ready to receive them. They imagined he had, as they said, a large *corps de reserve*, which was a fortunate mistake, as no man took up a pike but himself. — *Journal for the King.*

Capt. Pearson speaks, in his official account, of an attempt to board, at a later period of the action, after the carpenter had called for quarter. The boarders returned, saying they had discovered a superior number laying under cover, with pikes in their hands ready to receive them. Probably both commanders refer to the same incident, and the concealed men were the imaginary *corps de reserve*.

alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the maintop, where Lieut. Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck, but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shot under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon-ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the "Bon Homme Richard" had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear,

as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the "Bon Homme Richard."

At last, at half past nine o'clock, the "Alliance" appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the "Bon Homme Richard."* We

* In the Journal for the King, it is said that when the "Alliance" appeared for the first time, after the beginning of the action, she fired a broadside with grape-shot "into the bow of the 'Bon Homme Richard,' and the stern of the 'Serapis,' which then made but one small object." Jones alludes in the text to her second appearance, when, after Landais had paid a visit to Captain Cottineau, who had captured the "Pallas," at the urgent request of the latter, that he would either go to assist the "Bon Homme Richard" or remain to take care of the prize, he "got into a position to rake with a second broadside the 'Bon Homme Richard' and 'Serapis,' the first in the stern, the other in the bow." It was then they cried out to him for God's sake to stop, etc. "Jones begged Landais to cease firing, or to lay the 'Bon Homme Richard' alongside, and assist with some men from the 'Alliance.' He disobeyed. Having passed along the off side of the 'Bon Homme Richard,' he was again absent for some time, and then returned, in a position to rake her the third time. He discharged this last broadside into the stern of the 'Serapis,' and head of the 'Bon Homme Richard.'" — *Journal for the King.*

Captain Pearson speaks in general terms of the "Alliance" sailing round, during the whole action, and raking him fore and aft, and eventually determining him to strike, by coming across his stern and pouring in a broadside. The weight of evidence is, that the "Alliance" fired only three broadsides altogether within gunshot. The charges against Landais, from thirteen to twenty-one inclusive, well attested by all the officers on board the "Bon Homme Richard," and corroborated by the captains of the "Pallas" and "Vengeance," and by Lieutenant Lunt, who was in the pilot-boat, confirm the above statement. The eighteenth states that "he never passed on the off side of the 'Serapis,' nor could that ship bring a gun to bear on the 'Alliance' at any time dur-

called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the "Bon Homme Richard," yet they passed along the off side of the ship and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the "Bon Homme Richard," there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the "Bon Homme Richard" were all black, while the sides of the prize were all yellow. Yet, for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the "Bon Homme Richard's" head, stern, and broadside, and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men* and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle only.† My situation was really deplorable. The "Bon Homme Richard" received various shot under water from the

ing the engagement." Captain Pearson only speaks of being "raked," and having a broadside poured into his stern. The shot received by the "Bon Homme Richard" on the off side *must* have come from the "Alliance." The fact of the "Alliance" firing into the "Bon Homme Richard" is also attested by the old log-book of the "Bon Homme Richard," in the possession of Mr. George Napier, advocate, in Edinburgh.

* Agreeably to report. *Note by Jones.* "The furious cannonade from the upper and lower batteries of the 'Serapis' occasioned many who had been skulking below in the 'Bon Homme Richard' to come on deck. They were exposed to the grape-shot of the 'Alliance,' while the enemy's men were under cover. It was, therefore, difficult to tell how many men on board the 'Bon Homme Richard' were killed and wounded by the shot from the 'Alliance.'" — *Journal for the King.*

It was attested by half a dozen officers that Landais said, next morning, he had raked with grape-shot, which he knew would scatter.

† So in two different MS. copies and three in print. He means the only efficient officer in the forecastle.

“Alliance,” the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed.* I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy’s mainmast began to shake,† their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half an hour past ten o’clock.‡

* This must have ruined Capt. Jones, had not the prisoners been terrified out of their senses. Capt. Jones availed himself of their fears and placed them to work the pumps. — *Journal for the King*

† It went by the board, Capt. Pearson says, just as he was striking. Jones says the same. Jones notices it as very remarkable how well the three light quarter-deck guns were served during the whole action, and the confusion that ensued when the water was gaining below, the ships alternately catching fire from each other, the “Alliance” firing at the “Bon Homme Richard,” and the prisoners set loose. “He got one of the off-guns over soon after the ‘Alliance’ raked the first time, but could never muster strength sufficient to bring over the other. In the clear moonlight, the enemy’s mast being painted yellow, the flames of the main shrouds, etc., made the mainmast a distinct mark. Capt. Jones took aim at it with double-headed shot.”

‡ There was no occasion for a boat or bridge between the two ships. Capt. Pearson stepped on board the “Bon Homme Richard” and delivered up his sword to Capt. Jones, who returned it to him because he had bravely used it. He then heard, and the next morning saw, with astonishment, the inferior force and mangled condition of the “Bon Homme Richard.” — *Journal for the King*.

Mr. Goldsborough, in his “Naval Chronicles,” p. 21, retails the following ridiculous anecdote:—

“When Capt. Pearson was about delivering up his sword to Capt. Jones, he observed, ‘I cannot, sir, but feel much mortification at the idea of surrendering my sword to a man who has fought me with a rope round his neck.’ Capt. Jones received his sword,

This prize proved to be the British ship of war, the "Serapis," a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the Britons; I mean fire and water. The "Serapis" was attacked only by the first, but the "Bon Homme Richard" was assailed by both; there was five feet of water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the "Bon Homme Richard," the rudder was entirely cut off, the stern frame and transom were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower decks, especially from the mainmast towards the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eye-wit-

but immediately returned it, with the remark, 'You have fought gallantly, sir, and I hope your king will give you a better ship.'

Capt. Pearson was a gentleman as well as a brave officer. Though it appears by his autographic notes that in "reading and writing" he was not as well taught as Jones. He would have been guilty of no such nonsense as is above charged to him. Had he been so, Jones would probably have given the sword to the man at his elbow, and interchanged no superfluous compliments with his vanquished customer. Such absurdities should not be a part of what is called "The Naval Chronicles of the United States."

ness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin which everywhere appeared.* Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences.

After the carpenters, as well as Capt. Cottineau and other men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship (which was not finished before five in the evening), I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the "Bon Homme Richard" afloat so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase, it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the "Bon Homme Richard" afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. For that purpose the first lieutenant of the "Pallas" continued on board, with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting, ready to take them on board, in case the water should gain on them too fast. The wind augmented in the night, and the next day, the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon

*The "Bon Homme Richard" received little damage in her masts, but was *cut entirely to pieces between decks*, especially from the mainmast to the stern. In that space there was an *entire break on both sides*, from the gun-deck almost to the water's edge; so that towards the end of the action almost all the shot of the "Serapis" had passed through the "Bon Homme Richard," without touching. The rudder and transoms were cut off, and here and there an old rotten timber, besides the sternpost, was the only support that prevented the stern from falling down on the gun-room deck. Eight or ten of the "Bon Homme Richard's" men took away a fine cutter boat that had been at the stern of the "Serapis" during the action, and landed at Scarborough. Some others were so much afraid as to swim on board the "Alliance" after the action. — *Journal for the King.*

her till after nine o'clock ; the water was then up to the lower deck ; and a little after ten, I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the "Bon Homme Richard." No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores, of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers, and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

Having thus endeavored to give a clear and simple relation of the circumstances and events that have attended the little armament under my command, I shall freely submit my conduct therein to the censure of my superiors, and the impartial public. I beg leave, however, to observe that the force put under my command was far from being well composed ; and as the great majority of the actors in it have appeared bent on the pursuit of interest only, I am exceedingly sorry that they and I have been at all concerned.

Capt. Cottineau engaged the "Countess of Scarborough," and took her after an hour's action, while the "Bon Homme Richard" engaged the "Serapis." The "Countess of Scarborough" is an armed ship of twenty six-pounders, and was commanded by a king's officer. In the action the "Countess of Scarborough" and the "Serapis" were at a considerable distance asunder ; and the "Alliance," as I am informed, fired into the "Pallas" and killed some men. If it should be asked why the convoy was suffered to escape, I must answer that I was myself in no condition to pursue, and that none of the rest showed any inclination ; not even Mr. Ricot, who had held off at a distance to windward during the whole action, and withheld, by force, the pilot-boat, with my lieutenant and fifteen men.* The "Alli-

* This is founded on a report that has proved to be false ; for it now appears that Capt. Ricot expressly ordered the pilot-boat to board the "Bon Homme Richard," which order was obeyed. — *Note by Jones.*

ance," too, was in a state to pursue the fleet, not having had a single man wounded, or a single shot fired at her from the "Serapis," and only three that did execution from the "Countess of Scarborough," at such a distance that one stuck in the side, and the other two just touched, and then dropped into the water. The "Alliance" killed one man only on board the "Serapis." As Capt. Cottineau charged himself with manning and securing the prisoners of the "Countess of Scarborough," I think the escape of the Baltic fleet cannot so well be charged to his account.*

I should have mentioned that the mainmast and mizzen-topmast of the "Serapis" fell overboard soon after the captain had come on board the "Bon Homme Richard."

After the reading was over, the young people asked, eagerly, what became of Landais. Col. Ingham told them that on his trial he was dismissed from the service of the United States. He died within a year or two, hopelessly insane, and may have been crazy on the night of the battle. King George knighted Pearson for his courage. When Jones heard this, he said, "If I meet him again, I'll make a lord of him."

Will Hackmatack then read aloud Pearson's account of the same battle.

* It was a thick fog all the morning. When it began to clear up, the enemy's merchant ships had got safe into their harbors, and not a sail appeared along the shore. — *Journal for the King.*

RICHARD PEARSON'S REPORT OF HIS FIGHT WITH
THE "BON HOMME RICHARD."

"PALLAS," FRENCH FRIGATE, IN CONGRESS SERVICE,
TEXEL, Oct. 6, 1779.

Sir, — You will be pleased to inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that on the 23d ult., being close in with Scarborough about eleven o'clock, a boat came on board with a letter from the bailiffs of that corporation, giving information of a flying squadron of the enemy's ships being on the coast, and of a part of the said squadron having been seen from thence the day before, standing to the southward. As soon as I received this intelligence I made the signal for the convoy to bear down under my lee, and repeated it with two guns, notwithstanding which the van of the convoy kept their wind, with all sail stretching out to the southward from under Flamborough Head, till between twelve and one, when the headmost of them got sight of the enemy's ships, which were then in chase of them; they then tacked, and made the best of their way under the shore for Scarborough, etc., letting fly their topgallant sheets, and firing guns, upon which I made all the sail I could to windward, to get between the enemy's ships and the convoy, which I soon effected. At one o'clock we got sight of the enemy's ships from the masthead, and about four we made them plain from the deck to be three large ships and a brig, upon which I made the "Countess of Scarborough's" signal to join me, she being in shore with the convoy; at the same time I made the signal for the convoy to make the best of their way, and repeated the signal with two guns. I then brought-to, to let the "Countess of Scarborough" come up, and cleared ship for action. At half past five the "Countess of Scarborough" joined me, the enemy's

ships then bearing down upon us, with a light breeze at south-southwest, at six tacked and laid our head in shore, in order to keep our ground the better between the enemy's ship and the convoy, soon after which we perceived the ships bearing down upon us to be a two-decked ship and two frigates, but from their keeping end on upon us, on bearing down, we could not discern what colors they were under ; at about twenty minutes past seven, the largest ship of the three brought-to on our larboard bow, within musket-shot ; I hailed him, and asked what ship it was ; they answered, in English, the "Princess Royal." I then asked where they belonged to , they answered evasively, on which I told them if they did not answer directly, I would fire into them ; they then answered with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside ; and after exchanging two or three broadsides he backed his topsails, and dropped upon our quarter within pistol-shot ; then filled again, put his helm a-weather, and run us on board upon our weather-quarter, and attempted to board us, but, being repulsed, he steered off, upon which I backed our topsails, in order to get square with him again, which, as soon as he observed, he then filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid us athwart hawse ; his mizzen shrouds took our jibboom, which hung him for some time, till it at last gave way, and we dropped alongside of each other, head and stern, when, the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half past eight till half past ten, during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and in short, into every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the

ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable, at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks.

About half past nine, either from a hand grenade being thrown in at one of our lower deck ports, or from some other accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, the flames of which running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast, from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action, and I fear the greatest part of the people will lose their lives. At ten o'clock they called for quarters from the ship alongside, and said they had struck; hearing this, I called upon the captain to know if they had struck, or if he asked for quarters; but no answer being made,* after repeating my words two or three times I called for the boarders, and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on board her they discovered a superior number laying under cover, with pikes in their hands, ready to receive them, on which our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns again till past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and in short impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success; I therefore struck (our mainmast at the same time went by the

* Pearson did not hear Jones's answer; but the answer was, "I have not begun to fight."

board). The first lieutenant and myself were immediately escorted into the ship alongside, when we found her to be an American ship of war, called the "Bon Homme Richard," of forty guns and three hundred and seventy-five men, commanded by Capt. Paul Jones; the other frigate which engaged us, to be the "Alliance," of forty guns and three hundred men; and the third frigate which engaged and took the "Countess of Scarborough," after two hours' action, to be the "Pallas," a French frigate of thirty-two guns and two hundred and seventy-five men; the "Vengeance," an armed brig of twelve guns and seventy men, all in Congress service, and under command of Paul Jones. They fitted out and sailed from Port L'Orient the latter end of July, and came north about; they have on board three hundred English prisoners, which they have taken in different vessels in their way round, since they left France, and have ransomed some others. On my going on board the "Bon Homme Richard" I found her in the greatest distress, her quarters and counter on the lower deck entirely drove in, and the whole of her lower deck guns dismantled; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and the next day, till they were obliged to quit her, and she sunk with a great number of her wounded people on board her. She had three hundred and six men killed and wounded in the action; our loss in the "Serapis" was also very great. My officers and people in general behaved well, and I should be very remiss in my attention to their merit were I to omit recommending the remains of them to their lordships' favor. I must at the same time beg leave to inform their lordships, that Capt. Piercy, in the "Countess of Scarborough," was not in the least remiss in his duty, he having given me every

assistance in his power, and as much as could be expected from such a ship, in engaging the attention of the "Pallas," a frigate of thirty-two guns, during the whole action.

I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened, — that of losing his Majesty's ship I had the honor to command ; but, at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes that their lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but, on the contrary, that every exertion has been used to defend her ; and that two essential pieces of service to our country have arisen from it : the one in wholly oversetting the cruise and intentions of this flying squadron, the other in rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of the enemy, which must have been the case had I acted any otherwise than I did. We have been driving about in the North Sea ever since the action, endeavoring to make to any port we possibly could, but have not been able to get into any place till, to-day, we arrived in the Texel.

Herewith I enclose you the most exact list of the killed and wounded I have as yet been able to procure, from my people being dispersed amongst the different ships, and having been refused permission to muster them ; there are, I find, many more both killed and wounded than appears on the enclosed list, but their names, as yet, I find impossible to ascertain ; as soon as I possibly can, shall give their lordships a full account of the whole.

I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

R. PEARSON.

P. S. I am refused permission to wait on Sir Joseph Yorke, and even to go on shore. Abstract of the list of killed and wounded : killed, 49 ; wounded, 68.

IX.

NELSON AND TRAFALGAR.

ALL New England boys and girls have the old Norse blood in them. At the bottom of their hearts they love the sea. They may be sea-sick when they go fishing for the first time on the ocean, but the love of adventure that sent their fathers here has not died out of them.

Jones and Pearson, the "Bon Homme Richard," the "Serapis," and the "Alliance," set them all thinking and talking of the great naval battles of the last century. The grandfathers of some had lost their all in the consequences of the war with which this century began. The grandfathers of others had made fortunes in the same wars. One of the girls brought a candlestick which was a part of a prize taken by a Salem privateer; and the colonel told them that the great clock in the hall came from another. So they worked up, among them, with a good deal of care, the crushing out of the French navy by the English, and, a fortnight after the reading in the last chapter, the colonel sent Herbert into the other room to find Southey's "Life of Nelson"; and then Laura read aloud the battle of Trafalgar.

TRAFALGAR AND THE DEATH OF NELSON.

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred, by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the "Leviathan" and the "Téméraire," which were sailing abreast of the "Victory," be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the "Victory" continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson

from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz; our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead.

The French admiral, from the "Bucentaure," beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing, — Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line, — and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the "Victory," and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Capt. Prowse, of the "Sirius," to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that if, by the prescribed mode of attack, they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the

hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again!"

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the "Royal Sovereign," as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the "Santa Anna," three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side, — "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the "Victory" to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Capt. Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the "Victory," till they saw that a shot had passed through her main top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in

the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the "Santisima Trinidad," Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the "Victory" to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the "Victory."

The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell ; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them ; upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other ; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The "Victory" had not yet returned a single gun ; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her boom-mast, with all her studding-sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships ; Hardy

informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the "Victory" ran on board the "Redoubtable," just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterward fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Capt. Harvey, in the "Téméraire," fell on board the "Redoubtable" on the other side; another enemy was in like manner on board the "Téméraire"; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the "Victory," seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the "Téméraire." And because there was danger that the "Redoubtable" might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the "Victory" from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the "Bucentaure" and the huge "Santissima Trinidad."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoubtable," supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensa-

tion in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the "Victory" huzzaed, and at every huzza a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of the most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the 'Victory.' I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast,—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out

some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Capt. Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast" — putting his hand on his left side — "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Capt. Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen, at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order other-

wise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied, Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and, being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him — forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall be gone soon" Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner"; and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, ("Thank God, I have done my duty!") These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, about fifty of the "Victory's" men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle, and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable." One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the "Victory's" poop;

the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he! that's he!" and pointed at the other who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The "Redoubtable" struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire, in her forechains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fire-balls and other combustibles, — implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honor and humanity, have laid aside, — which add to the sufferings of the wounded without determining the issue of the combat, which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the "Redoubtable," to some ropes and canvas on the "Victory's" booms. The cry ran through the ship and reached the cockpit, but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion; the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized. They extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the "Redoubtable" had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the "Victory," for though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great

space between their gangways, and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of the men went to Lieut. Quikan and offered to swim under her bows and get up there, but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the "Santissima Trinidad" did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the "Victory," whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard and swam to the "Victory," and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with great firmness. The "Argonauta" and "Bahama" were defended until they had each lost above five hundred men; the "San Juan Nepomuceno" lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amid his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead, but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer, doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive,

and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action, and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the "Victory" and "Royal Sovereign" as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships, and they were seen to back their topsails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived; it was such that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the "Argonauta," in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master to man the guns against any of the French ships, saying that if a Spanish ship came alongside they would quietly go below, but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honor, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower-deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled; they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French government. Under Bonaparte it was sure of impunity, and perhaps might be thought deserving of reward. But if the Spanish court had

been independent it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck, but as it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined, a gale came on from the southwest; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore, one effected its escape into Cadiz, others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, on assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not perhaps have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honor of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war, and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

When Laura ceased reading, they all broke out into questions.

“Do you believe Napoleon killed him?” cried Horace Feltham.

“Not I,” said the colonel, “and I do not love Napoleon any too much. That is one of Mr. Southey’s absurd insular jealousies or exaggerations. It belongs to the habit of caricature, in which the English represented George III. as the giant King of Brobdignag, holding the puny Napoleon as Gulliver on his finger. Even Walter Scott, whose prejudices are as great as his genius, and whose life of Napoleon is as bad a biography as was ever written, does not pretend that he killed Villeneuve. Villeneuve stabbed himself to the heart. The story is, that when he was found dead there was an anatomical book open before him, where he had stuck a needle in the picture of the heart, just where his dagger was found in his own.”

Pauline asked when it was that Nelson gave the celebrated signal, “ENGLAND EXPECTS EACH MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.”

The colonel sighed. “There is not a word about it in any of the despatches. All the same,” he said, “it is now the received history. When I went on board the ‘Resolute,’ Arctic exploring ship, after she had drifted down from the north, the first thing I noticed over the wheel was this inscription. I do not know if they do, but I should think the English would place it in all their vessels.”

X.

THE ENGLISH NAVY.

“I SUPPOSE,” said Col. Ingham, when they next met, “that most of you have read ‘Peter Simple,’ and the rest of Marryat’s sea novels. Then there is ‘Tom Cringle’s Log,’ ‘The Cruise of the Midge,’ and, indeed, quite a little literature of that sort.”

The boys were quite well posted on Marryat’s novels.

“If you want to see what the English navy really was in those days, there is a book of capital essays, which will really remind you of Dana’s ‘Two Years Before the Mast,’ which was written long after. It is Basil Hall’s ‘Fragments of Voyages and Travels.’ I think they were first published as magazine articles. He was an officer in the English navy. He held a light pen, and wrote pleasant books. Among others he wrote a book of travels in this country, in the old dark ages, when we were sensitive about the opinions of English travellers, and had not learned to laugh at the ‘condescension to bē observed in all foreigners.’ ”

The boys put down in their note-books the name of the book. But when they returned the next week, it proved the book was in none of the public libraries of Boston.

“So soon forgotten?” asked Col. Ingham. “Then we must put up some bright publisher to reprinting an

abridgment of it." He sent Oliver for the book, and then lent it to him. He told the boys to mark what should be read aloud the next Saturday, and they made these selections.

MIDSHIPMEN'S PRANKS — HISTORY OF SHAKINGS.

During the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the Peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle and the busy, among all classes of the "Leander's" officers, was shooting; that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe, popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Capt. Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth.

In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away among the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his Majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs, formed by cutting up his Majesty's musket bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England

some fine dogs, high-bred pointers ; while the middies also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own, they recked very little of what breed, but some sort of an animal they said they must have.

I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage, but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as anything could possibly be. His color was a dirty reddish yellow ; and while one part of his hair became knotted and twisted into curls, another portion hung down, quite straight, almost to the ground. He proved utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but was quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun, when they went on shore, in chasing pigs, barking at old white-headed negresses, and other amusements suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers.

People will differ about the merits of dogs, but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him Shakings. Now it must be explained that "shakings" is the name given to small fragments of rope-yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards ; in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was, perhaps, bestowed on our beautiful favorite in consequence of his color not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp, while the resemblance was daily increased by many a dab of pitch, which, in the hot weather, his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck.

If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was at least

the most companionable of dogs ; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers returned on board, after each shooting excursion, Master Shakings lost no time in applying to his fellow-dogs for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters, the officers, who could not bear to see "such an abominable cur," as they called our favorite, at once "so cursedly dirty and so utterly useless," mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as the above ; then it came to an occasional kick on the stern, or a knock on the nose with the but-end of a fowling-piece, and, lastly, to a sound cut across the rump with the hunting-whip.

Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, or, at all events, soon learned it, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part, while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised towards an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the showy dogs in the ward-room put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs, for bulkheads have ears as well as walls. To their great horror and indignation, one of their lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly polished boot, called out, one morning, —

"Man the jolly-boat, and land that infernal, dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen !"

“Where shall I take him to, sir?” asked the strokesman of the boat.

“Oh, anywhere; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He’ll shift for himself, I have no doubt.” So off went poor, dear Shakings.

If a stranger had come into the midshipmen’s berth at that moment, he might have thought his Majesty’s naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, and subordination seemed utterly cancelled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending “nobs,” who, we declared, were combining to make our lives miserable. Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage, and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service unless justice were obtained; but as he had been known to swear to the same thing half a dozen times every week since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of the pledge. Another declared, upon his word of honor, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country. At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances.

While we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to “furl sails!” upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived.

A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulman, was afterward, concocted. The midshipmen who went on shore

in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering-place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends.

In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honored by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired "to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again." Of course this particular youngster did not bring the dog off; but, before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away in grand chorus, with his more fashionable friends, the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer's cabin whose beautifully polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning, — an offence that had led to his banishment.

This second return of our dog was too much. The whole *posse* of us were sent for on to the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression, was once more landed among the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore; but how or when he found his way off again, no one ever knew; at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there anything like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters at this meeting. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures,

actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage. Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-timed show of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had only kept his paws to himself, and staid quietly in the dark recesses of the cockpit, wings, cable-tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which, known only to the inhabitants of our submarine world, all might yet have been well.

We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings's restoration, and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out, and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks.

Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched everywhere, interrogated the coxswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the forecastle, gangways, and poop, but all in vain! no trace of Shakings could be found.

At length the idea began to gain ground among us that the poor beast had been put to an end by some diabolical means, and our ire mounted accordingly. The suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts.

This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the

whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore among us the pet name of Daddy, and certainly he was as a father to those of us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid, that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-hearted can brook. Our worthy friend, accordingly, with all his abilities, taste, and acquirements, never seemed at home on board ship ; and unless a man can reach this point of liking for the sea, he is better on shore. At all events, our old friend Daddy cared more about his books than about the blocks, and delighted much more in giving us assistance in our literary pursuits, and trying to teach us to be useful, than in rendering himself a proficient in those professional mysteries which he never hoped to practise in earnest himself.

What this very interesting person's early history might have been we never could find out, nor could we guess why he entered the navy, nor conjecture how it came that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite contented to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters, who occasionally bullied them. In all cases of difficulty we never failed to cluster round him, to tell our grievances, great and small, with the certainty of finding in him that great desideratum in calamity, — a patient and friendly listener.

It will easily be supposed that our kind Daddy took

more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He felt, like us, sadly perplexed when the dog was finally missing, and for some days afterwards he could afford us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed that, as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all.

“There can be no harm, however,” he at last exclaimed, in his dry and slightly sarcastic way, which all who knew him well recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, — “there can be no possible harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend Shakings; for, whatever has become of him, he is lost to them as well as to you, and his memory ought to be duly respected by his old masters.”

This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked to procure badges of mourning. Each of the pointers was speedily rigged up with a large bunch of black, tied in a bow upon his left leg just above the knee. The joke took immediately, and even the officers could not help laughing; for though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, these gentlemen showed themselves (except in this instance) the best-natured and most indulgent persons I remember to have sailed with. They ordered the crape, however, to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that “as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks.”

Off we scampered, to consult old Daddy what was to

be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs.

“Put the pigs in mourning!” he said.

All our crape had been expended by this time, but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the memory of the departed Shakings, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle; and thus supplied, away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief.

The row which ensued in the pig-sty was prodigious, for in those days hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war, — a custom most wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we intermitted not our noisy labor till every one of the gruntings wore his armband of such crape as we had been able to muster; then, watching our opportunity, we opened the door and let out the whole herd of swine on the main deck, just at the moment when a group of the officers were standing on the forepart of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers now became excessively provoked, for they could not help seeing that these proceedings were affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew. The men, of course, took no part in this touch of insubordination, but they (like the middies) were ready enough, in those idle times of

the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or deviltry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommelling their enemies.

The matter, therefore, as a point of discipline, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of young culprits being sent for on the quarter-deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the end of the plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called "toe-the-line matches." We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavoring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult, as most difficult we found it, to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such, at least, is the fair inference from these two experiments, the only ones perhaps on record; for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour, to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their sable badges.

All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black bunting

to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black.

On these fresh offences being reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the masthead as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the topgallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman, being perched at the jibboom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell.

Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, set seriously to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him that if the dog had indeed been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the ship's butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder; accordingly he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place:—

“Well, Butcher, will you have a glass of grog to-night?”

“Thank you, sir, thank you. Here's your honor's health!” said the other, after smoothing down his hair and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth.

Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the rogue took his glass, and, mixing another a good deal more potent, placed it before the fellow. He then continued the conversation in these words:—

“I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher, you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say; but if required, you know well that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs.”

“Surely, sir.”

“Or upon dogs either?” suddenly asked the inquisitor.

“I don’t know about that,” stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback.

“Well, well,” said Daddy, “here’s another glass for you, — a stiff northwester. Come! tell us all about it, now. How did you get rid of the dog? Of Shakings, I mean?”

“Why, sir,” said the preaching scoundrel, “I put him in a bag, — a bread-bag, sir.”

“Well,” what then?

“I tied up the mouth, and put him overboard, out of the midship lower deck port, sir.”

“Yes, but he would not sink?” said Daddy.

“Oh, sir!” cried the fellow, now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade, “I put a twenty-four pound shot into the bag along with Shakings.”

“Did you? Then, Master Butcher, all I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged. There, drink your grog and be off with you!”

Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast in the ward-room, the door of the captain of marines’ cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out with a paper in his hand.

“Here!” he exclaimed, “is a copy of verses which I found just now in my basin. I can’t tell how they got there or what they are about, but you shall judge.”

So he read aloud the two following stanzas of doggerel: —

When the Northern Confederacy threatened our shores,
 And roused Albion’s lion, reclining to sleep;
 Preservation was taken of all the king’s stores,
 Not so much as a *rope-yarn* was launched in the deep.

But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather ;
The stores may be d——d, and humanity too,
For *Shakings* and *shot* are thrown o'erboard together !

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cockpit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight. About midnight an urchin, who shall be nameless, was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin.

The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by ; but, as angry people are seldom judicious, they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him, —

“ Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines ? ”

“ I am, sir,” he replied, after a little consideration.

“ Then all I can say is,” remarked the captain, “ they are clever enough in their way, but take my advice, and write no more such verses.”

So the matter ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and confined his pen to topics less repugnant to discipline.

In the course of a few months the war broke out, and there was no longer time for such nonsense ; indeed our generous protector, Daddy, was sent off to Halifax, in charge of a prize. His orders were, if possible, to rejoin his own ship, the “ Leander,” then lying at the entrance of New York Harbor, just within Sandy Hook lighthouse.

Our good old friend accordingly having completed his mission, and delivered up his charge to the authorities at Halifax, took his passage in the British packet sailing from thence to the port in which we lay. As this ship sailed past us, on the way to the city of New York, we ascertained, to our great joy, that our excellent Daddy was actually on board of her. Some hours afterwards the pilot-boat was seen coming to us, and, though it was in the middle of the night, all the younger mids came hastily on deck to welcome their worthy messmate back again to his home.

It was late in October, and the wind blew fresh from the northwestward, so that the ship, riding to the ebb, had her head directed towards the Narrows, between Staten Island and Long Island; consequently the pilot-boat (one of those beautiful vessels so well known to every visitor of the American coast) came flying down upon us with the wind nearly right aft. Our joyous party were all assembled on the quarter-deck, looking anxiously at the boat as she swept past. She then luffed round, in order to sheer alongside, at which moment the mainsail jibbed, as was to be expected. It was obvious, however, that something more had taken place than the pilot had anticipated, since the boat, instead of ranging up to the gangway, being brought right round on her keel, went off upon a wind on the other tack. The tide carried her out of sight for a few minutes, but she was soon again alongside, when we learned, to our inexpressible grief and consternation, that on the main-boom of the pilot-boat swinging over, it had accidentally struck our poor friend, and pitched him headlong overboard. Being incumbered with his great-coat, the pockets of which, as we afterwards heard, were loaded with his young companions' letters brought from England by this packet, he in vain

struggled to catch hold of the boat, and then sunk to rise no more.

CAPTURE AND RECAPTURE.

Very shortly after our new captain joined the "Leander," we got ready for sea, and started on the 13th of February, 1805, from Bermuda, in company with one of the crack frigates of the station; a ship which had always proved herself a better sailor, and had been more fortunate in taking prizes than we had been. Upon the strength of this good luck, they generally held our old ship in the greatest contempt. We were, therefore, hardly out of sight of land before she parted company, probably on purpose, and from thinking that where we were there could be no success. Away we dashed, however, alone, and, if I recollect rightly, due south from Bermuda. The winds were light, and we steered on for upwards of a week, every day adding to the genial warmth of the weather, as we hourly raised the sun in the heavens and brought new stars within our ken, in the bright evenings which form the delight of those temperate regions bordering on the Tropic of Cancer. Even there, occasional clouds, accompanied by a thick haze, block out the sky, and prevent a cruising ship from seeing beyond half a mile on any side. But well-directed vigilance masters even such untoward circumstances as these. What does it not master? In spite of the fog and rain, our new commander relaxed nothing of what may be called the discipline of a cruising ship, however thick the weather might be. At the masthead there was perched a lookout man, with a glass in his hand, ready to peer into any of those curious openings which, like fairies' avenues, cut across the wilderness of mist, for an instant, and straight are

closed again. These transient breaks, which are called by the sailors "fog dogs" (I know not why), are generally considered good symptoms of the weather clearing. It was about midday of the 24th of February that a momentary glimpse of the southern horizon was afforded us on the lee-beam, down one of these singular vistas.

"Keep a bright lookout there in the clear!" cried the captain to the man standing on the jacks, a little iron cross-trees on which the heel of the royal-mast rested, with his arm twisted round the spar, and his eye glued to the telescope.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the fellow; and instantly afterwards roared out, in a voice that was heard even in the lowest depths of the cockpit, "I can see two large vessels standing to the eastward!"

His words came so fast out of his mouth, that, to a stranger's ear, what he said would hardly have been intelligible, but to the quick, professional, experienced organs of the veteran officer they were addressed to, they sounded like the sweetest music, and full of meaning.

"Up with the helm, Mr. Falcon!" said the captain to the officer of the watch; and, catching the bright eye of the delighted boatswain, he called out, "Hands make sail, Mr. Cedar! Set the stunsails low and aloft; shake all the reefs out!"

And then, while three hundred pair of well-directed hands were busy in spreading sail after sail upon the old tub, as she was ironically but fondly called, and the foam began to hiss and splash in broad streaks on each side of her, the captain again applied to the lookout man aloft, and asked, "Where are the two ships now?"

"I can't see them, sir; the fog has filled up the hole again through which I saw them only for one moment."

"Confound the fog! What did they look like?"

“Very large, sir; they loomed in the haze like armed ships. I think I saw a tier of ports in each of them. They are not far off, sir. We shall be close aboard of them directly.”

“Beat to quarters!” was the next order; for by this time, although only a few minutes had elapsed, the topsails were at the masthead, and the steering-sails smartly run up to the yard-arms, and well stretched out to the boom ends, so as not to lose a single puff of the breeze, were making the good ship tremble and spank along, like an old hunter conscious of the game. There was not much to do at the guns, as everything necessary for action was kept at all times in such a state of preparation that the men merely took their places, cast loose the tackle-falls and breechings, and were ready to have dashed right alongside of an enemy without the delay of one minute. This constant readiness for action of every kind, day and night, coupled with that matchless dexterity in the manipulations which long and unceasing practice alone can give, is in no department of life more decidedly conspicuous than in the profession of which I am speaking. At first sight, indeed, the sources of disorder and variety at sea appear so numerous, arising out of the state of the weather, the very nature of the ship, the particular description of service she is employed upon, the uncertain hours of the day or night when the crew may be called upon to act, the different characters of the officers, the rude training of the sailors, the diversity in climate and country, all so liable to be abruptly changed, that one would think it almost impossible to bring a body of men so desultory in their habits as seamen to adapt themselves to these rapid fluctuations. Experience shows, however, that under a certain well-understood course of training, pretty complicated, I grant, even these inconstant ele-

ments may be turned to the best account towards the establishment of a steady system of action, equally applicable to all times and to all circumstances.

In the course of half an hour the fog cleared away entirely, and we discovered the chase to be two frigates, one totally, and the other partially, dismasted. On our coming nearer, the largest of them displayed on her jury-mainmast a huge French ensign, then the standard of Bonaparte, though once the well-known tricolored banner of the Revolution, and the same which is now (1831) again hoisted as the national flag of the French. It consisted of three equal portions of blue, white, and red, in vertical stripes, the blue being next the staff. It is the same as the Dutch flag, only different in position; the Dutch stripes being horizontal, with the blue undermost.

The smaller ship of the two showed the unpleasant signal of capture, the French flag being hoisted over the ensign of England; and we soon recognized in her one of our own squadron, the "Cleopatra," a thirty-two gun frigate. She had been taken about a week before, after a tough action with the "Ville de Milan," a forty-four gun frigate of the largest class. What resistance the Frenchman might have made to us, had he not previously got pretty well peppered by the gay little "Cleopatra," I shall not presume to say; but, hammered as he had been, he did not appear to like our double row of teeth, and at once struck, on our firing a shot across his forefoot. We had, therefore, only to secure our guns again, and be content with a good fat prize, without the honor and glory of a scuffle, but with the great additional satisfaction of rescuing our countrymen and their ship from the hands of their enemy.

I must say, however, without affectation, that it was impossible, even in the midst of our joyous success, not

to feel for the mortification of our enemies. They had captured, in fair fight, a goodly prize, and were spanking away with her to France, when pop we came upon them, and not only robbed them of their prey, but lugged them off to prison, and there shut them up for eight or ten long years, like criminals. Yet the only crime of these brave men was that of being ill commanded, or, to speak less enigmatically, their misfortune was to serve a hard-hearted master, whose stern policy it had become seriously to alter the aspect of modern warfare amongst civilized nations, by throwing every obstacle in the way of an exchange of prisoners. The effect was to expose many of his most deserving subjects, men of honor and high character, indiscriminately with those of lower pretensions, to some of the severest of the penalties due only to crime; the shabby excuse, totally unworthy of such a man, being, that he subjected a certain number of his enemies to a similar course of suffering, while the inevitable effect was to deepen and embitter all the horrors of war, not only in the case of his foes, but on the heads of those very persons, his countrymen, who were the most deserving of favor at his hands.

A LONG CHASE.

In the course of the afternoon we perceived from the masthead, far astern, a dark line along the horizon, which some of our most experienced hands pronounced the first trace of a breeze coming up. In the course of half an hour this line had widened so much that it could easily be perceived from the deck. Upon seeing this the whistlers redoubled their efforts, and whether, as they pretended, it was owing to their interest with the clerk of the weather office, or whether the wind, if

left alone, would have come just as soon, I do not venture to pronounce; but, certain it is, that long before sunset our hearts were rejoiced by the sight of those numerous flying patches of wind scattered over the calm surface of the sea, and called by seamen "cat's-paws," I presume from the stealthy, timorous manner in which they seem to touch the water, and straightway vanish again. By and by the true wind, the ripple from which had marked the horizon astern of us and broken the face of the mirror shining brightly everywhere else, indicated its approach by fanning out the sky-sails and other flying kites, generally supposed to be superfluous, but which, upon such occasions as this, do good service by catching the first breath of air, that seems always to float far above the water. One by one the sails were filled; and, as the ship gathered way, every person marked the glistening eye of the helmsman when he felt the spokes of the wheel pressing against his hand by the action of the water on the rudder. The fire-engine had been carried into the tops, and, where its long spouts could not reach, buckets of water were drawn up and thrown on the sails, so that every pore was filled, and the full effect of the wind was exerted on the canvas.

The ship now began to speak, as it is termed; and on looking over the gangway we could see a line of small hissing bubbles, not yet deserving the name of spray, but quite enough to prove to us that the breeze was beginning to tell. It was near the middle of November, but the day was as hot as if it had been summer, and the wind, now freshening at every second, blew coolly and gratefully upon us, giving assurance that we should have no more calms to trouble us, whatever might be our other difficulties in catching Monsieur Frenchman.

Of these difficulties, the greatest by far was that of keeping sight of the brig after it became dark. We overhauled him, however, so fast, that we had great hopes of getting near enough to be able to command him with the night-glasses, in which case we made pretty sure of our prize.

As the twilight, the brief twilight of winter, galloped away, a hundred pair of eyes were almost just jumping out of their sockets in their attempts to pierce the night, while those who had glasses kept scrubbing them without mercy, as if they imagined more light would be let into the tube the more they injured the lenses. One person, and only one, continued, as he asserted, to see the chase faintly strung, like a bead, on the horizon. I need not say that this sharp-sighted gentleman was nailed to his post, and ordered on no account to move his head, fatigue or no fatigue. There happened to be a single star directly over the spot in which this fortunate youth was directing his view with as much anxiety as Galileo peered into the heavens in search of a new planet. This fact being announced, a dozen spy-glasses were seen wagging up and down between this directing star and that part of the horizon, now almost invisible, which lay immediately below it. Many were the doubts expressed of the correctness of the first observation, and many the tormenting questions put to the observer as to which way the brig was standing; what sail she had set; whether we were drawing up with her or not; as if the poor youngster had been placed alongside of the vessel. These doubts and fears were put an end to, or nearly so, by bidding the boy keep his eye fixed on what he took to be the chase, and then, without acquainting him with the change, altering the ship's course for half a minute. The experiment had scarcely

been commenced before he cried out, "I have lost sight of her this very moment. I saw her but an instant ago!" And when the ship's head was brought back to the original course, he exclaimed, "There she is again, by jingo! just to the right of the star."

This star served another useful purpose at the same time. The man at the wheel could see it shining between the leech of the foretop-sail and that of the topmast studding-sail, and was thus enabled to steer the ship with much greater steadiness than he could possibly have done by the compass alone. Before midnight, as the breeze had freshened greatly, and we were going at the rate of nine knots an hour, we had drawn up so much with the privateer, that every one could see her with the naked eye; and the gunner, with his mates and the marksmen, who had lost their credit on the preceding night, were fidgeting and fussing about the guns, eager to be banging away again at the prize, as they now began, rather prematurely, to call her, little knowing what a dexterous, perservering, and gallant little fellow they had to deal with, and how much trouble he was yet to give us.

It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within good shot of him; and as it had been alleged that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the utmost attention was now paid to laying them properly; and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled, till the person looking along the gun felt confident of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like, invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her to cry "peccavi," nor bring down a yard, nor top off a mast or a boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge mon-

ster as the "Endymion" tearing and plunging after her, like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying-fish.

In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig ; for as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect, and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence. The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her sails, till we had reached within musket-shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman, and every one else on her deck. This, however, was not our captain's plan, or probably he became impatient ; at all events, he gave orders for the whole starboard broadside to be got ready ; and then, giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his wretched victim !

Not a mortal on board the frigate expected ever to look on the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little cocky gliding away more merrily than before. As far as good discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the Frenchman's gallantry. In the next instant, however, this sound was converted into hearty laughter over the frigate's decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a six-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonist's prowess.

Instead of gaining by our manœuvre, we had lost a good deal, and in two ways : in the first place, by yawing out of our course we enabled the privateer to gain several hundred yards upon us ; and secondly, his funny little shot, which had excited so much mirth, passed through the lee foretop-sail yard-arm about six feet inside the boom iron. Had it struck on the wind-

ward side, where the yard was cracking and straining at a most furious rate, the greater part of the sails on the foremast might have been taken in quicker than we could have wished, for we were now going at the rate of eleven and a half, with the wind on the quarter.

Just as we made out where his first shot had struck us, another cut through the weather main top-gallant sheet; and so he went on, firing away briskly, till most of our lofty sails were fluttering with the holes made in them. His own sails, I need scarcely add, were by this time so completely torn up by our shot, that we could see the sky through them all; but he still refused to heave to, and, by constantly firing his single stern-chaser, was evidently resolved to lose no possible chance of escape. Had one or two of his shot struck either of our topmasts, I really believe he might have got off. It therefore became absolutely necessary that we should either demolish or capture him without further loss of time. The choice was left to himself, as will be seen. But such a spirited cruiser as this was an enemy worth subduing at any cost; for there was no calculating the mischief a privateer so admirably commanded might have wrought in a convoy. There was a degree of discretion, also, about this expert privateersman, which was very remarkable, and deserving of such favor at our hands as we had to spare. He took care to direct his stern-chaser so high that there was little chance of his shot striking any of our people. Indeed, he evidently aimed solely at crippling the masts, knowing right well that it would answer none of his ends to kill or wound any number of his enemy's crew, while it might irritate their captain to show him less mercy at the last moment, which, as will be seen, was fast approaching.

The breeze had now freshened nearly to a gale of

wind, and when the log was hove, out of curiosity, just after the broadside I have described, we were going nearly twelve knots (or between thirteen and fourteen miles an hour), foaming and splashing along. The distance between us and the brig was now rapidly decreasing, for most of his sails were in shreds, and we determined to bring him, as we said, to his senses at last. The guns were reloaded, and orders given to depress them as much as possible; that is, to point their muzzles downward, but not a shot was to be fired till the frigate came actually alongside of the chase. Such was the poor privateer's sentence of death; severe indeed, but quite necessary, for he appeared resolved never to yield.

At all events, we were resolved to make him surrender, or run him down; such was our duty, and that the Frenchman knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taffrail, and that the narrow space between us was filled with a confused boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows, and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports and along our deck, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave signal of surrender.

The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and characteristic as any part of his previous conduct. The night was very dark, but the ships were so near to one another that we could distinguish the tall figure of a man mounting the weather main rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hands held out at right angles from his body. Had this light not been seen, or its purpose not understood, or had it been delayed for twenty seconds longer, the frigate must, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him, and the salvo of a double-shotted

broadside would have done the last and fitting business over the Frenchman's grave.

Even as it was, it cost us some trouble to avoid running him down ; for although the helm was put over immediately, our lee quarter, as the ship flew up in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing we ordered him to bring-to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room ; though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manœuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had was blown, in one moment, clear out of the bolt-ropes. His halyards, tacks, and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that everything not made of canvas remained in its place ; the yards at the mastheads, and the booms rigged out, while the empty leech and foot ropes hung down in festoons, where, but a minute before, the tattered sails had been spread.

We fared, comparatively speaking, not much better. . . . The gale increased before morning to such a pitch that, as there was still a doubt if any boat could live, the intention of boarding our prize was of course further delayed. But we took care to keep close to her, a little to windward, in order to watch her proceedings as closely as possible. It did not escape our notice in the mean time, that our friend (for he was no longer our foe, though not yet our prisoner) went on quietly even in the height of the gale, shifting his wounded yards, reeving new ropes, and bending fresh sails. This caused us to redouble our vigilance during the morning, and the event showed we had good need for such watchfulness. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up and set off once more right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize, and such a hubbub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before.

“Where is she? Who was looking out? Where did you see her last?” and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths were poured out in abundance; some on the privateer whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance, some upon those who, by their neglect, had given him the opportunity; and many imprecations were uttered merely to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this stupid loss of a good thing, which had cost so much trouble to catch. All this passed over in the first burst; sail was made at once, the topsails close reefed were sheeted home like lightning, and off we dashed into the thick of the squall, in search of our lost treasure. At each masthead and at every yard-arm there was planted a lookout man, while the fore-castle hammock-netting was filled with volunteer spy-glasses. For about a quarter of an hour, a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the utmost, for no one knew exactly where to look. There was indeed no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the foretop, who had perched himself on the jib-boom end, calling out with a voice of the greatest glee, —

“There he goes, there he goes right ahead, under his topsails and foresails!”

And, sure enough, there we saw him springing along from wave to wave, with his masts bending forward like reeds, under the pressure of sail enough to have laid him on his beam ends had he broached to. In such tempestuous weather a small vessel has no chance whatever with a frigate; indeed, we could observe that when the

little brig fell between two high seas, her foresail flapped to the mast, fairly becalmed by the wave behind her.

In a very few minutes we were again alongside, and doubtless the Frenchman thought we were at last going to execute summary vengeance upon him for his treachery, as we called it. Nothing daunted, however, by the style in which we bore down upon him, the gallant commander of this pretty little eggshell of a vessel placed himself on the weather-quarter, and with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, indicated by gesticulations a wish to be heard. This could not well be refused; and we steered as close as we could pass along, without bringing the two vessels in contact or risking the entanglement of the yards when we rolled towards one another.

"I have been compelled to bear up," he called out in French, "otherwise the brig must have gone to the bottom. The sea broke over us in such a way that I have been obliged, as you may perceive, to throw all my guns, boats, and spars overboard. We have now several feet of water in the hold, in consequence of your shot, — which, you may likewise observe, have nearly destroyed our upper works. If, therefore, you oblige me to heave to, I cannot keep the vessel afloat one hour in such weather."

"Will you make no further attempt to escape?" asked the captain of the "Endymion."

"As yet I have made none," he replied firmly. "I struck to you already. I am your prize, and, feeling as a man of honor, I do not consider myself at liberty to escape, even if I had the power. I bore up when the squall came on as a matter of necessity; if you will allow me to run before the wind along with you till the weather moderates, you may take possession of the brig when you please. If not, I must go to the bottom."

Such was the substance of a conversation very difficult to keep up across the tempest, which was now whistling at a great rate. To have brought the ships again to the wind, after what had been said, would have been to imitate the celebrated *Noyades* of Nantes, for the privateer must have been swamped instantly. Therefore, although we grievously distrusted our companion, we sailed along most lovingly together, as if we had been the best possible friends, for about sixty or seventy miles. During the greater part of this interval, the frigate had scarcely any sail set at all, and we sometimes expected to see our little friend pop fairly under the water, and so elude us by foundering, or escape by witchcraft, by the protection of which, in the opinion of the Johnnies, he had been so long kept from us. At eight o'clock in the evening it began to moderate, and by midnight we succeeded in getting a boat on board the prize, after a run of between three and four hundred miles. Such is the scale of nautical sport. And where now, I beg to ask, is there fox hunting or anything else more exciting than this noble game?

XI.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

I THINK it was because the girls said there had been quite too much of this fighting, and that it was a shame that all stories of the sea should be the stories of buccaneering and butchering, that Col. Ingham told them all to look up the "History of Pitcairn's Island." It is more fascinating than most romances, and more romantic and improbable than any. It begins with piracy, slave-holding, and battle, and ends with perfect peace. And of this change the only account that can be given is that human nature, though not at its best, and one copy of the English Bible, were put together in a lonely island, and permitted to work out their own way for twenty years.

"Which of you know where is the Terrestrial Paradise?" said Uncle Fritz.

Nobody answered at first, but then Laura, who is always modest, said that Dante thought it was just opposite Jerusalem, and that Columbus went to look for it there. "We found it," said she, "in one of Columbus's letters to Ferdinand and Isabella."

"Very good," said the colonel, well pleased; for this is one of his hobbies. "Now will one or two of you go to the globe, and see where that spot will come out in the South Seas?"

Will Withers and two of the girls went and brought the terrestrial globe with them.

“Jerusalem is in north latitude $31^{\circ} 46'$, east longitude $35^{\circ} 13'$.” Will had his pencil on the opposite point in the Pacific.

“What is the nearest land?” said the colonel.

“Why, yes,” said Will, a little awe-struck, “it is Pitcairn’s Island.”

“Remember that,” said the colonel, laughing, “as an aid to memory, that Pitcairn’s Island is the nearest approach to the Terrestrial Paradise which men have yet succeeded in making. Pitcairn’s Island was discovered by Capt. Carteret, or rather it was discovered by an officer of his fleet named Pitcairn, after whom he named it. And, by the way, this Pitcairn was the uncle of our Major Pitcairn, who began the American Revolution at Lexington, who was killed at Bunker Hill, and was or was not buried under Christ’s Church. You will find an account of Philip Carteret’s discovery in Hawksworth’s voyages.”

Emma Fortinbras, half under her breath, sang,—

“Lucy Locket lost her pocket
In a rainy shower;
Philip Carteret, he ran after it,
And found it in an hour.”

And she asked if this Philip Carteret was that Philip Carteret.

The colonel was not in the least shocked by the interruption, but praised her for remembering. “I wish I knew,” said he, “and it is worth looking up. But I think not. I think that Philip Carteret was governor of New Jersey at the very time when this Philip Carteret was in the South Seas naming our Pitcairn’s Island.

“Pitcairn’s Island,” he went on, “was left a desert till the mutineers of the ‘Bounty’ ran their vessel ashore there in 1789. If you want to know about the ‘Bounty,’ and her cruel captain, read Bligh’s ‘Voyage of the Bounty.’ Nothing was heard of the mutineers for twenty years. Then it happened that one day Capt. Folger, of Nantucket, — yes, Sybil, he was your grandfather’s cousin, and was Ben Franklin’s cousin, somehow, too, — when he was on a sealing voyage, stopped at the island, thinking it uninhabited. To his surprise a canoe came out, and the men in it hailed him in English. This was the first of a series of visits, running through fifty years, which gave the rest of the world the knowledge of one of the simplest and happiest communities which have ever been known. You will find on the shelves there Lady Belcher’s pretty book That brings the story down to 1870. And, Bob, bring that book next to it; that is Schillibeer’s account of the Briton’s voyage, a few years after Capt. Folger discovered the islanders.

“The poor people were sadly afraid, at first, that they should be punished for the sins of their grandfathers. But Bligh had in the mean while proved himself the worst sort of a tyrant, as governor of New South Wales. A little before Folger’s narrative came to England, Bligh came there himself, under arrest, having been sent home, disgraced, by his own colleagues. The English have always shown a sentimental interest in the islanders. They have always had good friends in England, foremost among whom is this Lady Diana Belcher, the wife of Admiral Belcher. In one fit of misguided sentiment the English government sent them all to Norfolk Island, and you will find an account of that emigration in Lady Belcher’s book.”

This was enough to set all the young people on Pit-

cairn's Island, and when they came out to Lady Oliver's parlor the next week, they were full of it. After they had read from their various note-books, the colonel opened a drawer in the curiosity case, and said, "And now I will show what none of you have found, and what I think is the most curious of all. Miss Cobb has been kind enough to lend me this journal of Capt. Knowles, — one of those brave, intelligent, and modest Cape Cod sailors who carry our good name to every land. This is only five-and-twenty years ago, and I believe Capt. Knowles is still living. See what he had to go through with, and see what it is, boys, to be a thorough-bred seaman."

Capt. Knowles's journal made the reading for that afternoon.

WRECK OF THE "WILD WAVE.

THE CRUSOES OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. THE DIARY OF
CAPT. JOSIAH N. KNOWLES.

On Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1858, I sailed from San Francisco in the ship "Wild Wave," a fine clipper of 1,500 tons, with a crew of thirty, all told, and ten passengers. It was a beautiful morning, and the wind fair from the Golden Gate, — an event quite unusual. We were accompanied outside by a number of friends, who, on leaving, wished us Godspeed and a pleasant voyage. Nothing of note transpired during the day, and the same may be said of several days succeeding:

On Wednesday, the 17th, at dark, the ship going at the rate of twelve knots per hour, we were startled by the cry, "Man overboard!" Owing to our great speed, we were unable to get the ship around in time to save the man, though we saw him several times when struggling

in the water. From this date until March 5, our voyage was not at all eventful. On the above-mentioned day, at 1 A. M., the ship at the time going at the rate of thirteen knots per hour, to our great astonishment and alarm the lookout reported "breakers under the lee." So close was our proximity to the rocks, and so great our speed, that it was impossible to avoid running upon them, and in less than five minutes the good ship was on a coral reef, full of water, and the sea breaking all over her. Our first thought was to save ourselves and our provisions, though it seemed, at times, as though to do either were impossible. Our masts were snapping and cracking at a fearful rate, and the copper from the bottom of the ship flying off in whole sheets, and falling on deck with a great crash. Our situation was truly one of great peril, we being in great danger of serious injury from falling spars and sheets of flying copper. The excitement among the passengers and crew was intense. They came rushing to me, seeming to think that I could save or assist them at once. It being very dark, we were unable to determine whether we were near land or on a lone rock, but at daybreak we discovered that we were on the coral reef of Oeno Island, a low strip of sand about half a mile in circumference, covered with a scanty growth of shrubbery, and surrounded, at a distance of about two miles, by coral reefs. We first set about devising means for landing, the sea having gone down and the ship having worked higher up on the reef. Our first fear was that the island was inhabited by cannibals, as were many of the neighboring islands, but upon close inspection we found that our source of alarm was groundless. I sent my first officer, Mr. Bartlett, ashore, with five men, having a shovel, with which to dig in search of water, that being our first care, as we wished to save all that was on board the ship. In a

short time Mr. Bartlett returned, having found water, which, though brackish, was drinkable, but no signs of inhabitants. We immediately set about securing our provisions, fearing the ship might break up, in which case we should lose all. Occupied all day boating provisions ashore, though at great risk of swamping our boat in the heavy surf. Took ashore sails with which to make tents, having part of the crew at work building them. By sunset all were landed, and nearly all our stores. I left the ship in the last boat, the surf, at the time, being very high, and rising. Soon after leaving a heavy roller caught us, and, receding, left us on a coral reef, staving a hole in the boat. Fortunately the coral broke off and remained in the side of the boat, keeping the water out, which would otherwise have filled the boat. We finally landed, and found two tents had been built, — one for the officers and passengers, the other for the sailors. My feelings, as I looked off to the ship, were of the saddest character. There lay my fine ship of yesterday, now a useless wreck. Cast away upon a desolate island, my only chance of rescue being in the possibility of attracting the attention of some passing vessel, or taking to the boats in the attempt to reach some inhabited land. I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings as I thought of home and friends, for words would fail me to express what I felt when thinking of the long months of painful suspense that my friends must suffer, unless tidings of us reached home. The steward, in the mean time, had been busy, and soon placed supper before us. It was truly a cheerless meal. I passed the night in sleepless anxiety as to our probable fate, while the continual roar of the surf seemed to remind me constantly of our utter desolation. Our beds were laid on boxes and barrels from the ship; but had any of us been disposed to sleep,

the vigorous attacks of the land-crabs and rats would have prevented it. You may think it very strange that I found rats on this desert island. On landing I saw some spars and other wrecked stuff, and concluded that at some previous time some other ship had met the fate of ours, and, as far as we knew, the rats were sole survivors. It was providential that the ship struck where she did, on the smoothest part of the reef. Had it been at another point I fear these details would never have been written.

On the morning of the next day the ship lay as on the day before, though we feared she would break up. I took a walk around the island and found it a dreary waste of sand, with hardly enough vegetation to deserve the name. Found plenty of water, sea-birds' eggs, and fish. We were, therefore, in no danger of starvation, with these and our provisions from the ship. The sea-birds seemed to regard us as intruders, and would attack us as we attempted to take their eggs away. I sent the boats to the ship to bring off more provisions, and our live stock, consisting of sheep, pigs, and fowls, which were turned loose, as they would always be within reach. I took observations to-day and found that this island is twenty miles out of the way, as laid down on my chart. After consultation with Mr. Bartlett, my first officer, as to the chances of our being taken off, I finally concluded to make my way to Pitcairn's Island, lying eighty miles south. This would double our chances of being rescued, as I thought, knowing that whalers often touched there for supplies. We immediately set about rigging a boat in which to start off as soon as the surf would enable us to cross the reef.

SUNDAY, *March 7* — Blowing hard from the north, with much rain, thunder, and lightning. Everything

seemed combined to make us miserable both in body and mind. The men busied themselves to-day in laying out a vegetable garden, but I regarded it as labor thrown away.

MONDAY, *March 8.* — Weather like that of yesterday, though we had more rain, and were obliged to remain in the tents nearly all day. Could not reach the ship on account of the heavy surf. Finished work on our boat, and were all ready to start for Pitcairn's Island. Caught and cooked a number of birds, making a very palatable stew for all hands. The sailors had been very quiet and orderly, much to my gratification.

TUESDAY, *March 9.* — Blustering day, with rain, thunder, and lightning. Sea higher than ever, at times completely burying the ship, which is truly a forlorn-looking object. Her spars nearly all gone, sails hanging in tatters from those that remain, I feared she would go to pieces; but, to my great joy and surprise, she held together. I had many things on board to remove, and I could only hope she would hold till they were landed. I could get but little sleep, owing to the attacks of land-crabs. These torments crawl around in a large conch-shell, and often in a cocoanut-shell, to which they retreat on being molested. At night they crawl under us, and if we attempt to dislodge them they will bite deep into the flesh, having claws or nippers like those of a lobster. During this day caught lots of fish and several pearl oysters, one of which will make a meal for a number of persons.

WEDNESDAY, *March 10.* — Another day of storm and heavy sea. The ship remained as yesterday. I began to be very impatient to get away, and hoped that the next day would afford an opportunity. Everything wet through.

THURSDAY, *March 11.* — A pleasant day, but, sad

to say, a tremendous surf. We were obliged to stay ashore all day, but had the satisfaction of drying our clothing. I should say that to-day we pulled around the island in search of an opening in the reef, but found none except near the ship, where we came in. Truly this life is dreary. I cannot divert my mind from the one subject, — home and friends. Nothing whatever relieves the monotony of the scene.

FRIDAY, *March* 12. — Could not reach the ship or start off. Dreary and desolate as ever, and nothing important to record.

SATURDAY, *March* 13. — A pleasant day, but hot. Not much surf on. In the morning I mustered all hands on the beach, and selected my boat's crew, consisting of my mate and five men. At noon, having on board all our provisions, we set out for Pitcairn's Island, previously leaving instructions with my second officer, whom I left in charge, to join me there in four weeks if I did not return. I took several setting sea-birds from their nests, intending to use them, on my arrival at Pitcairn's Island, as bearers of despatches to my men left behind on Oeno Island. I knew that, immediately on being set free, they would seek their nests. My intention was to attach to their necks pieces of leather, with any instructions that I thought proper written upon them. As we left the beach they gave us three cheers. The steward and a boat's crew accompanied us to the ship, where I had upwards of \$18,000 in gold, which I took on board my boat, and at twelve started from the ship, watching a favorable opportunity to cross the reef in smooth water. We went out in good shape, and at once made sail on our frail craft and headed for Pitcairn's Island. A good breeze soon took us out of sight of Oeno. We now began to realize the utter helplessness of our situation. Out on the broad ocean, no land

to be seen, and in an open boat, our situation was even more desolate than when on the island. Night soon overtook us, and with it came rain, thunder, and lightning. The wind rapidly increased, and the sea, having risen a good deal, at times nearly filled our boat, obliging us to keep hard at work baling. We were finally obliged to reduce sail. By the light of a lantern we endeavored to steer by our compass, but the motion of the boat was so great that it was quite impossible to tell whether we steered right or wrong. At daybreak the weather moderated and the sea went down a good deal. We finally got sight of Pitcairn's Island, distant thirty miles. The sight of the island inspired us with hope, though it was a very uninviting-looking shore.

At 10 A. M. the wind increased to a gale, and, blowing off shore, obliged us to take in sail and pull. We were fifteen miles from the island, and the longer we pulled the farther the land seemed from us. At times the men gave up in despair, and it was only by the most vigorous effort on my part, and that of Mr. Bartlett, that they could be induced to renew their exertions. About 6 P. M. we reached a sheltered place under the lee of the island, each one of us being completely used up, having pulled eight hours without cessation. We could find no landing-place, and were obliged to lie on our oars for the night. Part of us were permitted to lie down and rest, leaving two to look after the boat. Having myself done but little manual labor for many years, my hands were in such a condition that blood ran from my fingers' ends.

MONDAY, *March 15.* — Rowed round the island, but could not get in at Bounty Bay, the proper landing-place. We finally effected a landing, and removed our stores, etc. Hauled our boat up as high as possible, and started for the settlement over the mountain. This

was a laborious tramp, we being obliged to crawl on all fours up the almost perpendicular heights, but finally reached the houses. To our great astonishment we learned that the former residents had all left for Norfolk Island. Notices to that effect were posted in many of the houses. Thus we were again on an uninhabited island, but our situation here was infinitely preferable to that at Oeno. We found fruit in great abundance, such as oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, etc.; also a good deal of live stock, sheep, goats, bullocks, and chickens, the latter in abundance. We returned to the boat after a long and weary tramp, took our supper, consisting of preserved meat, crackers, etc. Having had no rest for fifty-six hours, we laid down to sleep, Mr. Bartlett and I each having under our heads a box of gold coin. Mr. Bartlett and I were covered by my oil-skin coat; and, though it rained all night in torrents, and streams of water flowed over and under us, still we slept soundly till morning. During the night I dreamed of being restored to home and friends, and on waking could hardly realize that it was only a dream, so vividly had all the home scenes been presented to my mind. I should have stated that, on our arrival off the island, we let go the birds which we brought from Oeno. They first flew high into the air, then into the water, but soon rose again, and after describing a few circles in the air, sped away toward their distant home. Truly it was a strange and wonderful instinct that taught them which way to go, as they had been in a box ever since we left Oeno, and had not seen daylight even.

TUESDAY, *March 16.* — A pleasant day, but so heavy surf that we were unable to get our boat around to Bounty Bay. I expected she would be stove where she was, but we hauled her up as high as possible on the rocks, and could only trust to fortune for her safety. I

laid on the beach nearly all day, my men being in the mountains in search of fruit. I felt very lame and stiff, and could hardly walk, but my mental trouble was much greater than my physical. Our living consisted mostly of fruit, though we had some bread and preserved meats. We were obliged to carry all our stores from the boat over the mountain to our house, and with much hard labor. We kept on hoping that the surf would go down and enable us to land all our stores at the bay. Slept on the rocks, and used our boat-sail for a shelter.

WEDNESDAY, *March* 18. — Raining. Put all our things in the boat and made ready to pull around to Bounty Bay; but after all our labor had to land them again, owing, as usual, to a heavy surf. Hauled the boat as high as possible, and started for "town," as we called it. Cleared out a house to live in, and looked about for cooking utensils. Caught several chickens by running them down, and, having found an old pot, made a good stew. This was our first hot meal since leaving Oeno. Mr. Bartlett and one man went off to the boat this morning, — Mr. Bartlett to sleep on my gold. I remained at the house with the men. These houses have berths like those of a ship, which are filled with dried leaves, making a rough bed, but more comfortable than bare rocks. My feelings to-day are anything but pleasant. Had to spend the evening in darkness, having no lights. It was gloomy and dreary enough.

THURSDAY, *March* 18. — Clear and pleasant. Sent the men on to assist Mr. Bartlett. Stayed at home and made a stew. Our cooking apparatus was very rude and inconvenient. Our kettle hung upon two forked sticks, with the fire blazing under it. Mr. Bartlett remained by the boat all day. In the afternoon she was stove by the surf, but we hope to patch her up.

Kept a sharp lookout, as usual, and with the usual result ; not a sail to be seen. Gathered up many useful things among the houses, — knives, forks, etc. Broiled chickens for supper. Our gridiron is a sharp stick, on which a fowl is placed and held over coals.

FRIDAY, *March 19.* — Clear and pleasant. All hands went over to the boat. Mr. Bartlett caught a goat. All took a load from the boat, but very little at a load, as our road is nearly all the way about perpendicular. Brought over the gold among other things. I had frequent occasion to regret that our steward was not with us to look after our food. None of us are good cooks, and we get along as we can, without any high living or extra good cooking. Tired out at night, and glad to go to bed.

SATURDAY, *March 20.* — Clear and warm. Mr. Bartlett took all the men out to set up a signal-staff ; and, taking advantage of their absence, I took the gold and buried it under a flat rock on the beach. Mr. Bartlett went to the boat in the afternoon and brought back my chronometer and compass. Occupied the time in clearing up and looking over my wardrobe. Went hunting and saw cattle, but too shy to get near to. Sat outdoors in the evening, in conversation with Mr. Bartlett regarding our future movements and home matters. That word "*home*" is a great source of anxiety to me.

SUNDAY, *March 21.* — Washed clothes in the forenoon. During the day found squashes and pumpkins. We seem to be blessed with an abundance of vegetable food of the best kind. Looking for a sail to-day, but in vain.

MONDAY, 22. — Cut down trees in front of our house to get an unobstructed view of the sea. Attempted to shoot goats with my pistol, but was unsuccessful, to my regret, as goats are hard to catch by running down.

Found a terrapin to-day. This relieved, in some measure, the monotony of our living. Found a lot of axes to-day, and a gun barrel, which we rigged up as well as possible under the circumstances ; but it always took two men to fire the gun. Having no lock, one of us held the gun while another touched it off with a match. Our stock of these indispensables was now very low, obliging us to use flint, steel, and tinder in making our fires.

TUESDAY, 23. — I went hunting to-day, and was gone all day, with fair success. Every day of this strange life seemed longer to me, and I earnestly hoped with each day that it might be the last of my stay on this lonely island. Had I not been in almost daily expectation of relief I should long since have started for Tahiti, lying fifteen hundred miles northwest from here.

WEDNESDAY, 24. — Rained hard, and on such days it was only with difficulty that we could get about, owing to the clayey nature of the soil. Mr. Bartlett and I went to our landing-place, intending to repair the boat, but, to our surprise, she had been stove, and not a vestige of her was in sight. We had determined to leave the island in her, but this put a damper on our plans in that direction. We were left only one chance,—to attract the attention of a passing vessel. Our prospect of getting home remained as gloomy as ever, and thoughts of the great anxiety of friends at home was the source of great sadness to me.

THURSDAY, 25. — Rain kept us at home and enabled us to wash our clothes, which were getting ragged. This sort of life used them up fast. Found a lot of books, including "Jane Eyre," which I read to-day. During the afternoon found an aged porker. He must have been the grandfather of all the hogs that ever lived on this island. I fired at him with the usual result,—hog vanished speedily, unharmed.

FRIDAY, 26. — Gathered several useful things to-day from some of the houses ; among them some tools and canvas. Mr. Bartlett went over to the wreck of our boat with two men, and brought back the oars, sail, and mast. It is three weeks ago to-day since we were wrecked on Oeno Island, and it has been to me the longest three weeks of my life.

SATURDAY, 27. — Generally employed. Our bill of fare was goat, goat, goat, which we had eaten nineteen times during the week, the monotony being varied only by chicken and fruit. Expected the second mate to-day. Made a hen-house of a dwelling, and at night caught several chickens as they roosted on trees near our house.

SUNDAY, 28. — Read, walked, and thought of home.

MONDAY, 29. — I thought to-day of building a small vessel, and looked about for suitable timber. Found some that would answer my purpose.

TUESDAY, 30. — Went up the mountain to-day as usual, on the lookout, but with no success. In the afternoon built an oven, so that we might roast some meat. By digging a hole in the ground and lining it with stones, and kindling a fire, we have a first-rate hot oven. Some of the men to-day made a sugar-press.

WEDNESDAY, 31. — I dreamed of home last night, and my feelings to-day are far from cheerful. I could only hope that my dreams might some time be fulfilled, but it seemed as though I could not have patience to wait.

THURSDAY, *April* 1. — We decided to-day to build a boat and sail for Tahiti, as we almost despaired of ever being found here. Some of our party thought the idea was a foolish one, and seemed reluctant to set at work, but finally the counsels of myself and Mr. Bartlett prevailed, and all were agreed.

FRIDAY, *April* 2. — Spent the day collecting our

tools and other articles useful to us in boat building. Our stock of tools was fortunately large. Six axes, two hatchets, three planes, two chisels, a hammer and a spike gimlet, — enough to build such a vessel as we wanted, provided we had plenty of suitable wood.

SATURDAY, *April 3.* — Found a gun-lock, to our great gratification. We hoped to be able to shoot some cattle now that our arms were in tolerably good order. The principal thing was to get near enough, which we had thus far been unable to do.

MONDAY, *April 5.* — Took an early breakfast. Left one man to cook, another to hunt, and the remainder started for the woods to hew timber for our boat. Cut out a keel, stern and stem post, and some timbers.

TUESDAY, *April 6.* — On the lookout in the morning, with the usual result. All worked on the boat to-day, but my hands were so blistered that I could hardly hold my axe.

THURSDAY, *April 8.* — Finished cutting timber to-day, and begun hewing planks out of logs. Very tedious and hard work. Late in the day hauled the timber to the beach. Finished getting out our materials excepting the planking.

SATURDAY, *April 10.* — Four weeks to-day since I left the ship. I expected my second mate here every day, and was very anxious to have him come, as I wanted his boat to leave this lonely place.

SUNDAY, *April 11.* — Literally a day of rest after a week of hard, wearing toil. Spent nearly all day reading.

MONDAY, *April 12.* — One man sick to-day. All the rest hard at work.

TUESDAY, *April 13.* — One man sick, one cooking, and one hunting. Our force was small, and accomplished less than usual. I could do but little, and got very tired. Was very glad to lie down and rest.

WEDNESDAY, *April 14.* — Had a smart shower last night. The air to-day was very cool, enabling us to work very comfortably.

FRIDAY, *April 16.* — Cloudy and frequent showers, but all hands at work. My hands have hardened to the work day by day, and I am now able to swing my axe for hours, without inconvenience or pain.

SATURDAY, *April 17.* — Washed clothes as usual, and worked on the boat. At 5 P. M. finished a very hard week's work.

SUNDAY, *April 18.* — Took an observation to-day. Found that Oeno Island is incorrectly laid down on the chart. What a host of troubles that blunder of *somebody's* had made for me nobody will ever know.

TUESDAY, *April 20.* — Had a most familiar dream last night. As usual, it carried me home and among friends. On the lookout for sails to-day. It seemed as though navigators shunned this locality as men would a pestilence.

WEDNESDAY, *April 21.* — Severe attack of blues to-day — as usual — after dreaming of home. In the afternoon, owing to the heavy rain, we were forced to stop work. Spent the remainder of the day at home, variously employed.

THURSDAY, *April 22.* — This day we experienced very chilly and cold weather; the most so of any since our arrival. Having taken cold, I was nearly used up by a severe rheumatic attack.

FRIDAY, *April 23.* — Seventy-five days since I sailed from San Francisco. Folks at home by this time, I feared, getting anxious, not hearing of my arrival in Valparaiso.

SATURDAY, *April 24.* — Two of us planing and three hewing plank for our boat. Our clothing all but used up. We have patched and darned to the last, but it

seems that we must soon take to goat-skins, after the style of Robinson Crusoe. Our shoes long since gave out. We have been barefooted for a long time. We accomplished a good deal on the boat during the week, but fear that our allotted time for building her is too short.

SUNDAY, *April 25*. — Tried to shoot some cattle to-day, but, as usual, we could not get near enough to them. Lived on goat and chicken, and heartily sick and tired of both. Our fruit, which we had in great abundance, made up, in a great measure, for many deficiencies in our bill of fare.

MONDAY, *April 26* — The long boat had not arrived up to this date. I very much feared that the boat and occupants had met with disaster, supposing that the second mate, in compliance with my instructions sent by sea-bird post, had left Oeno for this island. Their non-arrival gave me great anxiety. Part of the day engaged on the boat, but, rheumatism having attacked me, I was obliged to stop work and remain at home. This complaint had troubled me a good deal, and I feared it would disable me before we could get away.

TUESDAY, *April 27*. — To-day the veteran hog previously alluded to met his death after a long and severe struggle. Some of the party, who were out hunting with our improved gun, saw the savage animal on a hillside, where, owing to rain, the ground was soft and slippery. Whenever we met him he charged upon us furiously, and we lost no time in climbing the nearest tree. This day, however, his situation was almost one of helplessness, as he wallowed about half embedded in mud and clay. One of the men was enabled to get near enough to shoot the creature just as he had his mouth open and was ready for a charge upon us. After quite a battle he gave up, being almost riddled with

bullets. He was a monstrous fellow, with tusks several inches long. He was brought home in triumph, and hailed as a welcome addition to our larder.

WEDNESDAY, *April 28*. — Cut up and salted our hog. We got an abundance of salt from the rocks after a heavy surf had been running, leaving a deposit of salt water which soon evaporated, leaving a crust of salt upon the rocks all around the island. In the evening Mr. Bartlett and I held a consultation regarding our situation, future movements, and prospects.

THURSDAY, *April 29*. — Finished our planks to-day and laid them up against the church to dry. In the afternoon laid the keel of our boat and began to set her up, though with great inconvenience from the want of tools. We had n't even a single saw, and had to use an axe instead, thus wasting much lumber and taking much valuable time.

SATURDAY, *May 1*. — Heavy rain in the morning and thick clouds all day. I was visited by the blues to-day, and felt utterly broken down as I thought of the great anxiety and suspense that must exist at home.

WEDNESDAY, *May 5*. — The frame of the boat being up, we set about planking her, and did a long day's work. In the evening picked oakum, having on hand scraps of rope picked up here and there. Large pieces we unlaied and made into yarns with which to make rigging for the boat now building.

FRIDAY, *May 7*. — Making sails to-day from rags of every hue and fabric that we could find — cotton, woollen, silk or linen, from heavy canvas to the thinnest sheeting.

SATURDAY, *May 8*. — Collected bread-fruit to-day. It is about the size of the largest apple, which it somewhat resembles. The only necessary preparation is baking, after which, on removing the outer shell or husk,

the fruit is ready for the table. It has a taste very much like that of new bread. All these fruits are to be had only by an expert climber. By this time, after long practice and much destruction of clothing, I was quite a proficient, and by grasping a cocoanut-tree in my hands, could walk up, after the style of a monkey, with perfect ease.

MONDAY, *May 10.* — Very cool to-day. After our boat building we gathered about a fire built outdoors, and picked oakum. I did not think I should ever get down to that again, but so it was after all.

TUESDAY, *May 11.* — Finished planking our boat to-day.

WEDNESDAY, *May 12.* — On a general hunt for nails, or anything of metal that could be made into fastenings for the boat. We even burned houses to get nails, but hardly got enough then.

FRIDAY, *May 14.* — To-day we used up the last of our boards, and were obliged to set at work to hew out more. This, by the way, is a long and laborious process. We had to take a log and hew it down to the thickness of one and a quarter inches. Our only tools to do this work are axes, but luckily we had planes to smooth the plank. Every day some one of us gathered a lot of green cocoanuts, the milk of which was almost the only thing we had to drink.

MONDAY, *May 17.* — Gradually finishing up the boat. We lacked some very necessary things, particularly in the way of iron for fastenings, and our progress was thus necessarily slow.

FRIDAY, *May 21.* — In the church at work picking oakum. I don't think that edifice was ever used for such a purpose before or since. Mr. Bartlett and a man hunting for cattle to-day. As usual, burned much powder, and made a great racket, but spilled no blood.

WEDNESDAY, *May 26.* — My twenty-eighth birthday.

On my last I but little expected to be situated as I was on this day. I hoped on my next to be at home and amongst my friends, who, by this time, I thought, had given up all idea of ever hearing from me again.

THURSDAY, *May 27*. — Set fire to a house to-day to obtain nails for our boat. The man who started the fire, went off and left it in flames. After a time we noticed heavy smoke pouring over the hills, and on going over to the house found that not only one, but four houses had been destroyed. Worst of all, in one of them was a quantity of clothing which we could ill afford to lose.

SATURDAY, *May 29*. — Devoted the day to making a charcoal-pit. We shall need a good deal of fuel when we start off, and it seems to me that charcoal is the most convenient we could carry. Our stock of gun-powder run very low, but in hunting around found nearly a keg of it, but in one solid lump. This, after being dried and crushed, answered our purpose very well.

WEDNESDAY, *June 2*. — Began work on a rope-walk, it being necessary to make ropes to use in rigging our boat now building.

THURSDAY, *June 3*. — Still at work rope-making, and between three or four of us make forty-five fathoms, such as will suit us very well. Still eating goats and drinking cocoanut milk. We had up to this day eaten twenty-nine goats, five sheep and a hog. All things considered, we have lived very well.

FRIDAY, *June 4*. — Our boat to-day was finished, that is, her hull. Our spars are not yet made and we have some calking to do, but the hull we can say is done, as far as wood-work goes. The boat is thirty feet long, eight wide, and four deep, having a cabin. She carries three sails and is schooner-rigged. Part of the sails made from our old sails, but the remainder of

old rags of every sort. We put a pump into the boat to keep her clear of water in case she leaks. Had we plenty of good provisions should go to San Francisco, but as we have not we intend to go to some of the islands that are inhabited nearer to us.

SATURDAY, *June 5.*—Made a calking iron to-day and picked oakum; afterward spun it into rolls.

THURSDAY, *June 10.*—Calking and laying seams to-day. Using tar and paint instead of pitch, both of which we found in one of the houses.

MONDAY, *June 14.*—Took down the flag-staff to-day, intending to use it for a mast. Some of the men have been spar-making for several days. Engaged also salting down goat meat to take to sea. Tried to shoot cattle, but without success.

TUESDAY, *June 15.*—Our boat, being built of green wood, had shrunk so as to require calking again.

THURSDAY, *June 17.*—All day calking the boat, and had her nearly ready for sea.

SATURDAY, *June 19.*—We have only to step our masts, rig our spars, and bind sails, to be ready to go to sea. We feared, however, that the sails would hardly last us long, being very rudely made of frail stuff.

THURSDAY, *June 24.*—Fitted the spars, but could do only half a day's work owing to heavy rain. Began building a skiff, to be used as a tender to the larger boat.

THURSDAY, *July 1.*—Mr. Bartlett and I found several old barrels, which we repaired, and sent to the landing to be used as water casks on board our boat. Finished the small boat to-day.

SATURDAY, *July 3.*—Busy to-day cutting wood for fuel, and carrying it to the beach. Nearly ready to leave, and expect every day to get away the next.

SUNDAY, *July 4.*—Wrote several letters, intending

to leave them on the island, giving an account of my adventures, etc.

MONDAY, *July 5.* — Took the small boat and made soundings of the channel in which to launch our boat. Jammed my hand very severely in moving large rocks, but was greatly relieved by the application of Perry Davis's pain killer, which I found on the island.

FRIDAY, *July 9.* — All hands down to the beach getting the boat ready for launching. Hard day's work it was, too. Stove the boat slightly in turning her.

TUESDAY, *July 13.* — Three of the men, regarding the staving of the boat yesterday as a bad omen, to-day declined to go to sea in her. I made no objections, feeling that the less in the boat the greater comfort for each one.

THURSDAY, *July 15.* — Found the boat on her beam ends, the heavy surf having washed away the shores. This is the highest point that the surf has reached since our arrival on the island.

FRIDAY, *July 16.* — Wind northwest, strong in the morning. Sea much lower than yesterday. Carried provisions to the boat, intending to start off next day. In the afternoon wind southwest, with rain keeping us at home.

SATURDAY, *July 17.* — Strong winds from the south-east. It was very trying to one thus to wait day after day, now that we were ready to go. In the afternoon carried twelve hundred oranges on board, also our stove, which was made of an old copper kettle.

WEDNESDAY, *July 21.* — Made an ensign to-day from red trimming on the church pulpit, white cotton from an old shirt, and blue dungaree. Called our boat the "John Adams," after one of the original settlers of Pitcairn's Island.

FRIDAY, *July 23.* — Bid good-by to our old home and

started for the landing. At twelve o'clock we launched the boat without disaster or mishap, and anchored her off shore. Our anchor was an old anvil. Mr. Bartlett and I went ashore and dug up my money, which had been all this time directly under the boat while building. Soon after noon weighed anchor and started out to sea, being accompanied a mile or two by our men who proposed remaining on the island. They left us with three cheers. At first we had a light wind from the west, and before morning a heavy gale, obliging us to shorten sail. My intention was to steer for Tahiti, but the wind being against us, we headed for the Marquesas. Mr. Bartlett, myself, and the crew very seasick, and had our boat swamped during the night, it would have been a great effort for us to have saved ourselves.

SATURDAY, *July 24*. — Fresh gales from the northwest, with heavy sea. Our boat very uneasy, having a peculiar motion, very different from that of the ship. She goes along much better and easier than I expected, and after the trial of last night, I could but feel more confident of her. Mr. Bartlett and two men still very sick. We intended to have passed close to Oeno Island, but there being a contrary wind, we were unable to do so. Made up to this noon (twenty hours from Pitcairn's Island), eighty-one miles.

SUNDAY, *July 25*. — Throughout the day fair, but some rain squalls. Strong breezes from the northwest and a heavy sea on. Boat very uneasy, but going along dry. Feel much better to-day, and getting used to the motion of the boat. Made last twenty-four hours one hundred and twenty-seven miles.

MONDAY, *July 26*. — Moderate wind from the southwest, and very pleasant generally, though early in the day somewhat squally. Got our stove on deck. Killed and cooked a few chickens, having two dozen in a coop

on deck. Seasick people entirely recovered, and everybody in good spirits. Made one hundred and twelve miles.

TUESDAY, *July 27*.—Trade winds from the south-east. Long, heavy swell on, making our boat very uneasy. Obligated to crawl on all fours. Lived on chicken and goat to-day, both well cooked, and palatable. Dried our clothes on deck. Very warm and growing more so every day. Made one hundred miles this day.

WEDNESDAY, *July 28*.—Fair day and warm, with light southeast trade winds. Going along nicely, and as dry as can be. Cooked breakfast this morning myself, it being my watch on deck. Boiled potatoes and fried bananas, and had a good meal. Most too warm for comfort, but we are too well off to complain. Made one hundred and fifteen miles to-day.

THURSDAY, *July 29*.—Pleasant, with fresh trade winds from the east-northeast. I am troubled to-day with a bad headache, which is rather aggravated by the motion of the boat. Made one hundred and twenty-four miles.

FRIDAY, *July 30*.—Fair, with moderate wind from the east-northeast. Sun pouring down upon us, hot, and we are unable to get a shade from it. One week since leaving Pitcairn's Island, and have done well. Made over one hundred miles each day; this day one hundred and fourteen.

SATURDAY, *July 31*.—Moderate southeast trades. Sea smooth. Making good progress, but too hot for comfort. Our stove answers our purpose very well, and cooks our goat and chicken very nearly to perfection.

SUNDAY, *Aug. 1*.—Trades from the southeast. Almost melting hot, and we suffer a good deal. Our limbs are getting cramped and stiff, as we have no

opportunity to move about. Made one hundred and eighteen miles.

MONDAY, *Aug. 2.* — Very light trades and pleasant. In the afternoon made the island of Dominique and two others. At night hove to off the islands. Made to-day eighty-five miles.

TUESDAY, *Aug. 3.* — Fair day. Close into the island of Ohitahqo, one of the Marquesas. We could see the natives ashore very plainly. Sailed around the island, and stood in to Resolution Bay. Having seen houses there, we thought that there might be a European settlement there. The natives came off in their canoes, and finally surrounded us. Found that there are no Europeans on the island. They were anxious for us to anchor; but I was quite as anxious to get away, as they were a savage-looking set. Stood over to the island of Ohevahoa, but the wind was light and we were unable to reach it, and stood for Nukahiva. Made about one hundred miles to-day.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug. 4.* — Fair, and fine breeze. In the morning saw the island of Nukahiva. Not having any chart, we had to sail all around the island to find the harbor, and had about given up the idea of finding a settlement. We had taken account of our provisions, and had determined to go to the Sandwich Islands, some two thousand five hundred or three thousand miles away. We rounded the point of the harbor, and to our great joy and surprise there lay at anchor an American man-of-war, the only vessel in the harbor. So great was our joy that we were unable to speak for some time, but could only sit and look at this, the first ship we had seen since leaving San Francisco six months before, and this one flying the stars and stripes. As soon as we could command our feelings, we stood for the ship and hoisted our ensign. In about an hour we

anchored within a few rods of her and were hailed. We gave them in response an account of ourselves, stating our ship's name and nationality. The captain sent his boat off with his compliments and a request for us to come on board. In the boat was a sailor who had been with me a year before, who at once recognized me. I put on my best clothes, consisting of a ragged coat, a shirt and pants all dilapidated, and went on board, taking my gold. The ship proved to be the U. S. sloop-of-war "Vandalia," which had only reached here the day before and was about to leave. No American ship had been here for nearly five years. A French settlement was on the island, so that had I not seen the "Vandalia," I should have been sure of protection. I was kindly received on board the "Vandalia" in the mess-room by the captain and all his officers and guests, including the governor of the island. I gave them an account of my adventures, and stated the whereabouts of the remainder of the crew and passengers. I was supplied with clothing and all necessary comforts. All hands were ordered on board to prepare to go to sea in the morning early. Capt. Sinclair gave me every assistance in his power and took me into his cabin.

THURSDAY, *Aug.* 5. — On board the "Vandalia" as comfortable as can be. During the morning I sold my boat to one of the missionaries, receiving for her two hundred and fifty dollars. I was sorry to part with her, as many pleasant associations are connected with her. At 10 A. M. left the harbor and sailed for Oeno and Pitcairn's Island, by way of Tahiti, where we intended to stop for wood and water. Reading home papers to-day, but am hardly yet accustomed to this change.

TUESDAY, *Aug.* 10. — After a very pleasant voyage in every respect, we arrived at Tahiti. Time hangs heavily on my hands, as I have nothing to do, and much

to think of, besides being very anxious to be on my way home. Called at the American consul's and found that nothing had been heard from my crew, and believed them to be still at Oeno. Found that a French frigate was to start for Honolulu in about ten days, and expected to be obliged to take passage in her.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 11. — The "Vandalia" left for Oeno, Mr. Bartlett being on board, he having joined her as an officer. Received a very polite note from the French governor, offering me a passage in the sloop-of-war "Eurydice," which I thankfully accepted. I was quite impatient to get away, and hoped her sailing day would not be long deferred.

TUESDAY, *Aug.* 19 — Sailed from Tahiti bound for the Sandwich Islands. After a pleasant passage of sixteen days, arrived at Honolulu. During the passage the officers seemed to exert themselves in every possible way to promote my comfort, and I left the ship almost with regret, though the monotony of the voyage was most tedious. On going ashore I found the American bark "Yankee" loading for San Francisco, to sail in about ten days. Engaged passage in her, but could hardly muster patience to wait for her sailing. It seemed as though I was delayed on every hand in my endeavors to reach home. After spending thirteen days in Honolulu, having no news from home, but reading in the papers of the loss of the "Wild Wave" with all on board, which only increased my anxiety to reach home and contradict this report in person.

WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 15. — Sailed for San Francisco, previously having called on board the "Eurydice" to pay my parting respects to the officers. As we sailed by the "Eurydice," she manned her yards and gave us three cheers.

WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 29. — Arrived in San Francisco.

On coming to anchor, numerous shore boats came off ; among others, my old boatman who took me off to the ship on the 9th of February preceding. He looked at me in perfect amazement, and exclaimed, " My God ! is that you, Capt. Knowles ? " He took me ashore, when I immediately started for the Bank Exchange to see my old friend Parker. This was a gala day in San Francisco, the citizens being engaged in celebrating the laying of the first Atlantic cable. I met there many of my old friends, who welcomed me in a most hearty manner, they having long since given me up as among the missing. This was a gala day to me, meeting, as I did, so many of my old friends, and at the close I was nearly worn out with excitement. I wish above all things that there was an overland telegraph, that I might at once communicate with my friends. I heard from home that I had a daughter there about seven months old ; but other than this, nothing of interest.

WEDNESDAY, *Oct* 6. — I left San Francisco on the steamer " Golden Gate " for New York, where I arrived on the 28th, having been ill most of the passage. Went immediately to the Astor House, and then called on my friend, John Simpkins, who was indeed an astonished man to see me, who had long since been counted among the missing. Here I heard from home direct for the first time, and at once telegraphed to my wife at Brewster, and friends in Boston. This caused great excitement among my many friends ; in fact, I did not know how many I had until I became so great a hero.

Next day received a despatch from my wife saying, " All well."

FRIDAY, *Oct*. 30. — Left for Boston, and on Saturday started from Boston for home, where I arrived at noon. I was met at Yarmouth by Mr. Cobb, with his turnout, and carried to Brewster in triumph. Found my wife in

a feeble state of health, but the baby well and hearty. My mother, also, was in poor health, she among others having had many anxious moments on my account. The meeting with my family was quite affecting; such a meeting seldom takes place. Every one had long since given me up as lost. I was indeed glad to be at home and at rest. The hard, wild life of months past had told severely on my health, and the intense anxiety had assisted to wear me out. I settled myself quietly at home, and truly appreciated home comforts while trying to regain my health.

About two months after my arrival home, I was visited by my mate, Mr. Bartlett, who had left the "Vandalia" in San Francisco. After leaving Tahiti, she sailed for Oeno Island, there finding forty men, — one having died. They had evidently quarrelled among themselves, as they each one lived in a separate tent. On leaving them, they were living quietly together in twos. They had built a boat from pieces of the ship, but had built so large a craft that they could not launch her. They had had anything but a pleasant time, according to the account of the steward, who was a faithful man, and had taken excellent care of my effects, and delivered them to Mr. Bartlett. After taking the men from Oeno, the "Vandalia" sailed for Pitcairn's Island and took off three men left there. After visiting several islands, and being engaged in frequent skirmishes with the natives, she sailed for San Francisco.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER.

In the month of February, 1872, fourteen years after the events just narrated, I sailed from San Francisco in the ship "Glory of the Seas." of Boston, bound to Liverpool. On the 7th of March, at 4 A. M.,

came in sight of Pitcairn's Island, and at twelve could distinguish the houses and the English flag flying from the staff. At 2 P. M. we lay becalmed under the island, and being about giving up seeing any of the people, sighted a boat coming off. In it was a party of men seven or eight in number. They soon hailed us and came on board, bringing with them a large quantity of fruit. The captain of the party, who was the chief magistrate of the island, introduced himself to me. Then I made myself known to him, at which he seemed to have lost his senses. He yelled to his party, "Capt. Knowles of the 'Wild Wave!'" "Are you really Capt. Knowles? but they say he is dead. Are you really Capt. Knowles, of Cape Cod?" They seemed to doubt my word till I described my hen-house to them, and gave them other details of my life on the island, at which they were satisfied. They insisted on my going ashore with them, — which I declined to do. At 4 P. M. they left us, taking with them quite a load of books, papers, etc., promising to come off again in an hour or two. At 6 P. M. they came off, bringing a heavy cargo of fruit, etc., and some fowl, and a gift of some sort from nearly everybody on the island. My arrival had apparently created no little stir ashore, and the whole population regretted I had not paid them a visit and remained longer. At 9 P. M. they left us, with their boat well loaded with a variety of useful things, including a pig. At 9 50 we took a fine breeze from the east, and in two hours Pitcairn's Island was far out of sight. The wind seemed made to order for us on this day, dying away calm on our arrival, and springing up strong just at dark, as the boat was leaving us. The supply of fruit on board was very large, and we enjoyed watermelons and bananas off Cape Horn, and oranges nearly all the way to Liverpool, where we arrived in May, 1872.

The following letter from Capt. Knowles, to a friend in San Francisco, describing the state of affairs existing at Pitcairn's Island on his second visit, and many years after his enforced residence thereon, will serve as an appropriate and interesting conclusion to the captain's diary. — *Ed. Golden Era.*

SHIP "GLORY OF THE SEAS,"

AT SEA, Wednesday, May 7, 1873.

Dear Sir, — I have not forgotten that I promised to write on my way to Liverpool, and if I fulfil my promise it is about time to commence. . . .

I am now one hundred and twelve days at sea, and some distance from my port yet. Was in hopes to have been there before this, but have had nothing but light winds and calms. . . . Thirty-five days out I made Pitcairn's Island, and was soon up with it. It was a pleasant day and a little breeze. Some time before I got up to the island the boats were off alongside, and were very glad to see me, or at least pretended to be, and I guess they were. They were very anxious for me to go on shore, so I went, and was well paid for going. On the rocks at the landing stood about twenty-five or thirty women and children, all of them barefooted, and a great many of them inclosed in rather scanty wardrobe. As soon as the boat came in, they rushed out to me and would have taken me on shore in their arms; but I took the hand of one buxom lass and sprang on the rocks dry shod, and on the very rock which I built my boat on. They gathered around me as thick as flies. "And is this really Capt. Knowles?" I expect they would have kissed me if I had made an advance, but you know I am a diffident youth in the presence of ladies. Miss Rosa Young, the belle of the island, presented me with a huge bouquet, which took several men to carry.

After greeting them there we started up the hill. After a hard climb we arrived at the top, rather fatigued. There another group, — an old woman looking as if she went in the “Bounty,” and a dozen or so almost naked children. I asked her if all those children were hers. No, she said, they were her grandchildren. Then we took some refreshments, — cocoanut milk and oranges. Then we went on to the settlement. Everything looked very natural to me, other than seeing so many about there, and the houses occupied. Went into all the houses. They did not look as if they had many luxuries, nor as if they were very industrious ; but it had been a very dry season, and they were short of almost everything. Went into my house. It looked as natural as could be. Everything just as I left it, — the table I ate off all the time I was there was in the same place as I left it. It is occupied by Mr. Moses Young, who had twin daughters fifteen years old, and as pretty as pinks, and if dressed as our young ladies are, they would take the shine from a great many who pass for belles. After walking about for an hour, looking at my old resorts, we started for the landing. You ought to have seen our escorts. Not every king has had such a one. Webb (a young gentleman who is with me) and I headed.

Then in order came followers : Mary Young, one of the twins, with a bottle of cocoanut oil ; her sister, with a bottle of syrup ; Mrs. Young, with two hens under her arms ; Alphonso Young, with figs ; Moses, with a large bunch of bananas ; woman, with a lot of ducks ; man, with a sheep ; woman, with a pumpkin ; and so it went, every man, woman, and child having something, enough to load the boat. It looked good to me to see my ship lying off there to take me away, and it brought to my mind the many hours and days I spent there, always

looking off, hoping to see some ship coming to take me off, but no such good sight did we see.

Then we had to leave them, after an affecting parting, and the last I saw of them they were waving their hats, or anything they could find to wave at me. I shall long remember the day spent there. Got lots of fruit, of which we have a lot now. So ended my visit. I gave them lots of things, and promised to call again when I passed there. Wish you could have been with us.

Yours, etc.,

JOSIAH N. KNOWLES.

“Uncle Fritz, there is a Nantucket boy at our school. He told me how they caught a shark last summer.”

“Is his name Folger, or Macy, or Mayhew?” asked the colonel, gravely.

“Why, how did you know, uncle? His name is Macy, — Arthur Penrhyn Macy. Do you suppose he would know about Capt. Folger and his discovery?”

“I suppose you might ask him,” said the colonel; and accordingly Bob asked, — if it were Bob. And Arthur Macy wrote down to Nantucket. And, in reply, they got, not the original documents, but copies of them as they were printed in the English journals of the times. Capt. Folger returned to Nantucket, and when Admiral Hotham, of the English Navy, was blockading the ports on our South coast, in 1813, Capt. Folger sent him the account.

HISTORY OF THE MUTINY.

From the accounts given by these men, as well as from some documents that were preserved, it appeared that as soon as Lieut. Bligh had been driven from the ship, the twenty-five mutineers proceeded with her to

Toobonai, where they proposed to settle ; but the place being found to hold out little encouragement, they returned to Otaheite, and having there laid in a large supply of stock, they once more took their departure for Toobonai, carrying with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, natives of Otaheite. They commenced, on their second arrival, the building of a fort ; but by divisions among themselves, and quarrels with the natives, the design was abandoned. Christian, the leader, also very soon discovered that his authority over his accomplices was at an end ; he therefore proposed that they should return to Otaheite ; that as many as chose it should be put on shore at that island, and that the rest should proceed in the ship to any other place they might think proper. Accordingly they once more put to sea, and reached Matavai, Sept. 20, 1779.

Here sixteen of the twenty-five desired to be landed, fourteen of whom, as was learned afterwards, were taken on board the " Pandora " ; of the other two, as reported by Coleman (the first who surrendered himself to Capt. Edwards), one had been made a chief, killed his companion, and was shortly afterwards murdered himself by the natives.

Christian, with the remaining eight of the mutineers, having taken on board several of the natives of Otaheite, the greater part women, put to sea on the night between the 21st and 22d of September, 1789 ; in the morning the ship was discovered from Point Venus, steering in a northwesterly direction ; and here terminate the accounts given by the mutineers, who were either taken or surrendered themselves at Matavai Bay. They stated, however, that Christian, on the night of his departure, was heard to declare that he should seek for some uninhabited island, and, having established his party, break up the ship ; but all endeavors

of Capt. Edwards to gain intelligence either of the ship or her crew at any of the numerous islands visited by the "Pandora" failed.

From this period, no information respecting Christian or his companions reached England for twenty years; when, about the beginning of the year 1809, Sir Sidney Smith, then commander-in-chief on the Brazil station, transmitted to the Admiralty a paper, which he had received from Lieut. Fitzmaurice, purporting to be an "Extract from the log-book of Capt. Folger, of the American ship 'Topaz,'" and dated "Valparaiso, Oct. 10, 1808."

About the commencement of the present year, Rear-Admiral Hotham, when cruising off New London, received a letter addressed to the Admiralty, together with the azimuth compass, to which it refers:—

CAPT. FOLGER'S LETTER.

NANTUCKET, March 1, 1813.

My Lords,— The remarkable circumstance which took place on my last voyage to the Pacific Ocean will, I trust, plead my apology for addressing your lordships at this time. In February, 1808, I touched at Pitcairn's Island, in latitude $25^{\circ} 2'$ S., longitude 130° W. from Greenwich. My principal object was to procure seal-skins for the China market; and from the account given of the island, in Capt. Carteret's Voyage, I supposed it was uninhabited; but, on approaching the shore in my boat, I was met by three young men in a double canoe, with a present, consisting of some fruit and a hog. They spoke to me in the English language, and informed me they were born on the island, and their father was an Englishman, who had sailed with Capt. B.igh.

After discoursing with them for a short time, I

landed with them and found an Englishman of the name of Alexander Smith, who informed me that he was one of the "Bounty's" crew, and that after putting Capt. Bligh in the boat, with half the ship's company, they returned to Otaheite, where part of their crew chose to tarry, but Mr. Christian, with eight others, including himself, preferred going to a more remote place; and after making a short stay at Otaheite, where they took wives and six men servants, they proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, where they destroyed the ship, after taking everything out of her which they thought would be useful to them. About six years after they landed at this place, their servants attacked and killed all the English, excepting the informant, and he was severely wounded. The same night the Otaheitan widows arose and murdered all their countrymen, leaving Smith with the widows and children, where he had resided ever since without being resisted.

I remained but a short time on the island, and, on leaving it, Smith presented me a timepiece and an azimuth compass, which he told me belonged to the "Bounty." The timekeeper was taken from me by the governor of the island of Juan Fernandez, after I had it in my possession about six weeks. The compass I put in repair on board my ship, and made use of it on my homeward passage, since which a new card has been put to it by an instrument-maker in Boston. I now forward it to your lordships, thinking there will be a kind of satisfaction in receiving it, merely from the extraordinary circumstances attending it.

(Signed) MAYHEW FOLGER.

CAPT. STAINES'S NARRATIVE.

At about the same time, a further account of these interesting people was received from Sir Thomas

Staines, of his Majesty's ship "Briton," in the following letter:—

"BRITON," VALPARAISO, Oct. 18, 1814.

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that, on my passage from the Marquesas Islands to this port, on the morning of the 17th September, I fell in with an island where none is laid down in the Admiralty or other charts, according to the several chronometers of the "Briton" and "Tagus"; therefore hove to until daylight, and then closed to ascertain whether it was inhabited, which I soon discovered it to be, and to my great astonishment found that every individual on the island (forty in number) spoke very good English. They proved to be the descendants of the deluded crew of the "Bounty," which, from Otaheite, proceeded to the above-mentioned island, where the ship was burnt.

Christian appeared to have been the leader, and the sole cause of the mutiny in that ship. A venerable old man, named John Adams, is the only surviving Englishman of those who last quitted Otaheite in her, and whose exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born in the island have been reared, the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their young minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them, to whom they look up as the father of the whole, and one family.

A son of Christian was the first born on the island, now about twenty-five years of age (named Thursday October Christian); the elder Christian fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of an Otaheitan man, within three or four years after their arrival on the island. They were accompanied thither by six Otaheitan men and twelve

women ; the former were all swept away by desperate contentions between them and the Englishmen, and five of the latter have died at different periods, leaving at present only one man and several women of the original settlers.

The island must undoubtedly be that called Pitcairn's, although erroneously laid down in the charts. We had the meridian sun close to it, which gave us $25^{\circ} 4'$ S. latitude, and $130^{\circ} 25'$ W. longitude, by chronometers of the "Briton" and "Tagus."

It is abundant in yams, plantains, hogs, goats, and fowls, but affords no shelter for a ship or vessel of any description ; neither could a ship water there without great difficulty.

I cannot refrain from offering my opinion that it is well worthy the attention of our laudable religious societies, particularly that for propagating the Christian religion, the whole of the inhabitants speaking the Otaheitan tongue as well as English.

During the whole of the time they have been on the island only one ship has ever communicated with them, which took place about six years since by an American ship, called the "Topaz," of Boston, Mayhew Folger, master.

The island is completely iron bound with rocky shores, and landing in boats at all times difficult, although safe to approach within a short distance in a ship.

ENGLISH NARRATIVE.

We have been favored with some further particulars of this singular society, which, we doubt not, will interest our readers as much as they have ourselves. As the real position of the island was ascertained to be so far distant from that in which it is usually laid down in

the charts, and as the captains of the "Briton" and the "Tagus" seem to have still considered it as uninhabited, they were not a little surprised, on approaching its shores, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and huts or houses more neatly constructed than those of the Marquesas Islands. When about two miles from the shore, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through a heavy surf, and paddling off to their ships; but their astonishment was unbounded on hearing one of them, on approaching the ship, call out in the English language, "Won't you heave us a rope, now?"

The first man who got on board the "Briton" soon proved who they were. His name, he said, was Thursday October Christian, the first born on the island. He was then about twenty-five years of age, and is described as a fine young man, about six feet high; his hair deep black, his countenance open and interesting, of a brownish cast, but free from all that mixture of a reddish tint which prevails on the Pacific islands; his only dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. "With a great share of good-humor," says Capt. Pison, "we were glad to trace in his benevolent countenance all the features of an honest English face. I must confess," he continues, "I could not survey this interesting person without feelings of tenderness and compassion." His companion was named George Young, a fine youth of seventeen or eighteen years.

If the astonishment of the captains was great on hearing their first salutation in English, their surprise and interest were not a little increased on Sir Thomas Staines taking the youths below and setting before them something to eat, when one of them rose up, and placing his hands together in a posture of devotion,

distinctly repeated, and in a pleasing tone and manner, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

They expressed great surprise on seeing a cow on board the "Briton," and were in doubt whether she was a great goat or a horned sow.

The two captains of his Majesty's ships accompanied these young men on shore. With some difficulty, and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their conductors, they accomplished a landing through the surf, and were soon after met by John Adams, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who conducted them to his house. His wife accompanied him, a very old lady, blind with age. He was at first alarmed, lest the visit was to apprehend him; but on being told that they were perfectly ignorant of his existence, he was relieved from his anxiety. Being once assured that this visit was of a peaceful nature, it is impossible to describe the joy these poor people manifested on seeing those whom they were pleased to consider as their countrymen. Yams, cocoanuts, and other fruits, with fine fresh eggs, were laid before them; and the old man would have killed and dressed a hog for his visitors, but time would not allow them to partake of his intended feast.

This interesting new colony, it seemed, now consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, besides a number of infants. The young men, all born on the island, were very athletic, and of the finest forms, their countenances open and pleasing, indicating much benevolence and goodness of heart; but the young women were objects of particular admiration, tall, robust, and beautifully formed, their faces beaming with smiles and unruffled good-humor, but wearing a degree of modesty and bashfulness that would do honor to the most virtuous nation on earth; their teeth, like ivory,

were regular and beautiful, without a single exception, and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features. The clothing of the young women consisted of a piece of linen reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ankles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and the weather, as it was frequently laid aside, and then the upper part of the body was entirely exposed; and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than they exhibited. They sometimes wreath caps or bonnets for the head, in the most tasty manner, to protect the face from the rays of the sun; and though, as Capt. Pipon observes, they have only had the instruction of their Otaheitan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females.

Their native modesty, assisted by a proper sense of religion and morality, instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, has hitherto preserved these interesting people perfectly chaste and free from all kinds of debauchery. Adams so trained them that they all labor, while young, in the cultivation of the ground, and when possessed of a sufficient quantity of cleared land, and of stock to maintain a family, they are allowed to marry, but always with the consent of Adams, who unites them by a sort of marriage ceremony of his own.

The greatest harmony prevailed in this little society; their only quarrels, and these rarely happened, being, according to their own expression, *quarrels of the mouth*; they are honest in their dealings, which consist of bartering different articles for mutual accommodation.

Their habitations are extremely neat. The little village of Pitcairn forms a pretty square, the houses at the

upper end of which are occupied by the patriarch John Adams and his family, consisting of his old blind wife and three daughters, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and a boy of eleven ; a daughter of his wife by a former husband, and a son-in-law. On the opposite side is the dwelling of Thursday October Christian ; and in the centre is a smooth verdant lawn, on which the poultry are let loose, fenced in so as to prevent the intrusion of the domestic quadrupeds. All that was done was obviously undertaken on a settled plan, unlike anything to be met with on the other islands. In their houses, too, they had a good deal of decent furniture, consisting of beds laid upon bedsteads, with neat covering ; they had also tables, and large chests, to contain their valuables and clothing, which is made from the bark of a certain tree, prepared chiefly by the elder Otaheitan females. Adams's house consisted of two rooms, and the windows had shutters to pull to at night. The younger girls are generally, as before stated, employed with their brothers, under the direction of their common father, Adams, in the culture of the ground, which produced cocoanuts, bananas, the bread-fruit tree, yams, sweet potatoes, and turnips. They have also plenty of hogs and goats ; the woods abound with a species of wild hog, and the coasts of the island with several kinds of good fish.

Their agricultural implements are made by themselves from the iron supplied by the "Bounty," which, with great labor, they beat out into spades, hatchets, etc. This was not all. The good old man kept a regular journal, in which was entered the nature and quantity of work performed by each family ; what each had received, and what was due on account. There was, it seems, besides private property, a sort of general stock, out of which articles were issued on

account to the several members of the community ; and, for mutual accommodation, exchanges of one kind of provision for another were very frequent, as salt for fresh provisions, vegetables and fruit for poultry, fish, etc. ; also, when the stores of one family were low, or wholly expended, a fresh supply was raised from another, or out of the general stock, to be repaid when circumstances were more favorable, — all of which were carefully noted down in “John Adams’s Journal.”

XII.

NAVAL BATTLES.

THE narratives about Pitcairn's Island brought them all down to such recent times, that the young people besieged Uncle Fritz to tell them stories of his own experiences. Emma Fortinbras, with her usual want of tact, asked him if he did not take the "Guerriere" from the English. But Harry whispered to her that that was sixty-seven years ago, and that Uncle Fritz was born in the very year it happened. The colonel told them, however, some good stories of blockading exploits in the Rebellion, and of his long cruise in the "Florida," after she had been captured.* The eyes of the boys sparkled a little at these, for they had some doubts whether that whole voyage was not apocryphal. But he was very careful, even in chaffing Emma a little, not to pass his own line of absolute veracity.

Walter said that when you read the official report of a battle, you always wanted to read between the lines, and find out whether the man expected to beat or to be beaten, from the beginning.

"I think the truth is," said Uncle Fritz, "that these naval gentlemen have a very stiff etiquette, which compels them to make their reports very short. You say,

* See "The Last of the Florida," in "The Man without a Country."

'we met a frigate and sunk her,' as if it were quite a matter of course, as you might say, 'we spoke a schooner,' or 'we saw a porpoise,' as if you sunk frigates every day. In the old time, you see, they could not write very well. Now, in the old war, — in the Revolution, — the State of Massachusetts alone had far more guns afloat than the United States government has to-day. The men who fought the ships were regular old Norsemen, wild for fight, but not very enthusiastic about literature. I laid out for you to-day this report, which I copied in the Archive Room of this State, of a battle which was undoubtedly very well fought on both sides; but you see how modestly the captain tells his story. I have no doubt that he would rather fight another battle than write that letter. Just observe that his ship is the 'Tyrannicide.' They gave good stiff names to their ships. There were the 'Protector' and the 'Oliver Cromwell,' and other intimations that the necks of kings were not sacred.

THE "TYRANNICIDE" TAKES THE "REVENGE."

IN LATITUDE 28° 30' N., LONGITUDE 68° 25' W.,
AT SEA, on board the "Tyrannicide,"

March 31, 1779.

I have the pleasure of sending this to you by Mr. John Blanch, who goes prize-master of the prize the privateer brig "Revenge," lately commanded by Capt. Robert Fendall, belonging to Granada, but last of Jamaica, mounting fourteen carriage guns, six and four pounds, four swivels and two cohorns, and sixty able-bodied men, which ship I took after a very sharp and bloody engagement, in which they had eight men killed and fourteen wounded, the vessel cut very much to pieces by my shot, so that they had no command of her

at all. Among the killed was the lieutenant and one quartermaster ; amongst the wounded is the captain and second lieutenant. I captured her as below.

On the twenty-ninth instant, at 4 P. M., I made her out about four leagues to windward coming down on us, upon which I cleared ship and got all hands to quarters, ready for an engagement, and stood close upon the wind, waiting for her. About half past 6 P. M., she came up with me and hailed me, and asked me where I was from. I told them that I was from Boston, and asked them where they were from. They said from Jamaica, and that they were a British cruiser. I immediately told them I was an American cruiser, upon which they ordered me to strike, and seeing that I did not intend to gratify their desires, they ranged up under my lee and gave me a broadside. I immediately returned the compliment, and then, dropping astern, I got under their lee and then poured in our broadsides into her from below and out of the tops so fast and so well directed, that in an hour and a quarter we dismounted two of her guns, and drove the men from their quarters, and compelled them to strike their colors. During the whole engagement we were not at any time more than half pistol-shot distance, and some part of the time our yards were locked with theirs. I had eight men wounded, only two of whom are bad.

I intended to man her and keep her as consort during the cruise, but having twenty men wounded on board of my own men and prisoners, I thought best to send her home. . . .

ALLEN HALLETT.

“Now that little story is all there is of an action as fit to make ballads of as any of them.” (This to Master Horace, who is suspected of rhyiming sometimes.)

“It is worth your while to note how hard it is to reconcile the account of the man who is beaten with that of the man who succeeds. This is hard enough in land battles. But at sea, I notice that old seamen cannot tell how much their own ship moves, and how much the enemy’s moves. You notice that when there is a collision at sea, it is always the other vessel which makes the mistake.”

So the colonel sent one of the boys for the English Annual Register for 1813, and Niles’s Register for the same year. They had found out long before that there was always first-rate reading in the Annual Register. Clem Waters read aloud Capt. Bainbridge’s report of the capture of the “Java,” when she was taken by the “Constitution.”

THE “CONSTITUTION” AND “JAVA.”

CAPT. BAINBRIDGE’S REPORT.

UNITED STATES FRIGATE “CONSTITUTION,”

ST. SALVADOR, Jan. 3, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that on the twenty-ninth ultimo, at 2 P. M., in south latitude $13^{\circ} 6'$, and west longitude 38, about ten leagues distant from the coast of Brazil, I fell in with and captured his Brittanic Majesty’s frigate “Java” of forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men, commanded by Capt. Lambert, a very distinguished officer. The action lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes, in which time the enemy was completely dismasted, not having a spar of any kind standing. The loss on board the “Constitution” was nine killed and twenty-five wounded, as per the inclosed list. The enemy had sixty

killed and one hundred and one wounded certainly ; among the latter, Capt. Lambert mortally. . . .

For further details of the action, I beg leave to refer you to the inclosed extracts from my journal. The "Java" had, in addition to her own crew, upwards of one hundred supernumerary officers and seamen to join the British ships-of-war in the East Indies ; also Lieut.-Gen. Hislop, appointed to the command of Bombay ; Major Walker and Capt Wood of his staff, and Capt. Marshall, master and commander in the British Navy, going to the East Indies to take command of a sloop-of-war there.

Should I attempt to do justice by my representation to the brave and good conduct of all my officers and crew during the action, I should fail in the attempt ; therefore, suffice it to say, that the whole of their conduct was such as to merit my highest encomiums. I beg leave to recommend the officers particularly to the notice of government, as also the unfortunate seamen who were wounded, and the families of those brave men who fell in the action.

The great distance from our own coast, and the perfect wreck we made of the enemy's frigate, forbade any idea of attempting to take her to the United States. I had, therefore, no alternative but burning her, which I did on the thirty-first ultimo, after receiving all the prisoners and their baggage, which was very tedious work, only having one boat left out of eight, and not one left on board the "Java."

On blowing up of the frigate "Java," I proceeded to this place, where I have landed all the prisoners on their parole, to return to England, and there remain until regularly exchanged, and not to serve in their professional capacities in any place or in any manner against the United States of America, until said exchange is

effected. I have the honor to be, sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

“Observe,” said Uncle Fritz, “the old sea-dog does not say a word of his being wounded himself. But if you will look at the ‘List,’ you will find ‘William Bainbridge, Esq., commander, severely.’

“Poor Lambert died a few days after. As to that matter of the comparative strength of the vessels, there has been no end of discussion among naval men to this day. Somewhere, — here it is, — in Niles’s Register, you will find an officer’s reply to Lieut. Chads’s statement, if indeed that statement were not added to the letter in the Admiralty Office.

“Here it is, — ‘A true statement of the relative force of the “Constitution” and the “Java.”’ ”

CONSTITUTION.		JAVA.	
	Guns.		Guns.
Gun-deck	30	Gun-deck	28
Quarter-deck	16	Quarter-deck	14
Forecastle	8	Forecastle	6
	—	Shifting gun	1
	54		—
			49

WEIGHT OF SHOT IN BROADSIDE.

“*Constitution.*” — Gun-deck, 15 guns, 22 lbs. each, 330 lbs. Quarter-deck and fore-castle, 11 carronades, 29 lbs. 7 oz. each, 325 lbs. 5 oz. Fore-castle, one long gun, 22 lbs. Total, 677 lbs. 5 oz.

“*Java.*” — 14 guns, 19 lbs. shot each, 266 lbs. Quarter-deck and fore-castle, 9 carronades, 32 lbs. 10 oz. each, 303 lbs. Fore-castle, 1 long gun, 12 lbs. Shifting gun, 24 lbs. Total, 605 lbs.

“Look a little further, Clem, and you will find Bain-

bridge's journal account, which he inclosed. It is terse and grim." So Clem read on : —

CAPT. BAINBRIDGE'S JOURNAL ACCOUNT.

At 1.26 P. M., being sufficiently from the land, and finding the ship to be an English frigate, took in the mainsail and royals, tacked ship, and stood for the enemy. At 1.50 P. M. the enemy bore down with an intention of raking us, which we avoided by wearing. At 2 P. M., the enemy being within half a mile of us, and to windward, and having hauled down his colors, except a Union Jack at the mizzen-mast head, induced me to give orders to the officer of the third division to fire one gun ahead of the enemy to make him show his colors, which, being done, brought on a fire from us of the whole broadside, on which the enemy hoisted his colors and immediately returned our fire. A general action with round and grape then commenced, the enemy keeping at a much greater distance than I wished, but could not bring him to close action without exposing ourselves to several rakes. Considerable manœuvres were made by both vessels to rake and avoid being raked. The following minutes were taken during action : —

At 2.10 P. M. commenced the action within good grape and canister distance, the enemy to the windward, but much farther than I wished.

At 2.30 our wheel was shot entirely away.

At 2.40 determined to close with the enemy, notwithstanding his raking ; set the fore and the main sail, and luffed up to him.

At 2.50 the enemy's jib-boom got foul of our mizzen-rigging.

At 3 the head of the enemy's bowsprit and jib-boom shot away by us.

At 3.05 shot away the enemy's foremast by the board.

At 3.15 shot away his main-topmast just above the cap.

At 3.40 shot away gaff and spanker-boom.

At 3.55 shot away his mizzen-mast nearly by the board.

At 4.05 having silenced the fire of the enemy completely, and his colors in the main rigging being down, supposed he had struck, then hauled aboard the courses to shoot ahead to repair our rigging, which was extremely cut, leaving the enemy a complete wreck. Soon after discovered the enemy's flag was still flying. Hove to to repair some of our damage.

At 4.20 the enemy's main-mast nearly by the board.

At 4.50 wore ship, and stood for the enemy.

At 5.25 got very close to the enemy in a very effectual raking position, athwart his bows, and was at the very instant of raking him, when he most prudently struck his flag, for had he suffered the broadside to have raked him, his additional loss must have been extremely great, as he laid an unmanageable wreck upon the water.

After the enemy had struck, wore ship and reefed topsails, then hoisted out one of the only two remaining boats we had left out of eight, and sent Lieut. Parker, 1st, of the "Constitution," to take possession of the enemy, which proved to be his Britannic Majesty's frigate "Java," rated thirty-eight, but carrying forty-nine guns, and manned with upwards of four hundred men, commanded by Capt. Lambert, a very distinguished officer, who was mortally wounded. . . . The force of the enemy, in number of men, at the commencement of the action, was no doubt considerably greater than we have been able to ascertain. The officers were extremely cautious in discovering the number. By her quarter-bill she had one man more stationed to every gun than we had.

“Now you may read the English account,” said Uncle Fritz. “You will find it in the Annual Register.”

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, April 20, 1813.

Letters of which the following are copies and extracts have been transmitted to this office by Rear-Admiral Dixon, addressed to John Wilson Croker, Esq., by Lieut. Chads, late first-lieutenant of his Majesty's ship “Java.”

UNITED STATES FRIGATE “CONSTITUTION,”
OFF ST. SALVADOR, Dec. 31, 1812.

Sir, — It is with deep regret that I write you for the information of the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty that his Majesty's ship “Java” is no more, after sustaining an action on the 29th instant, for several hours, with the American frigate “Constitution,” which resulted in the capture and ultimate destruction of his Majesty's ship. Capt Lambert being dangerously wounded in the height of the action, the melancholy task of writing the details devolves on me.

On the morning of the 20th instant, at eight A. M., off St. Salvador (coast of Brazil), the wind at north-east, we perceived a strange sail; made all sail in chase, and soon made her out to be a large frigate; at noon prepared for action, the chase not answering our private signals, and tacking towards us under easy sail; when about four miles distant, she made a signal, and immediately tacked and made all sail away upon the wind. We soon found we had the advantage of her in sailing, and came up with her fast, when she hoisted American colors; she then bore about three points on our lee bow. At fifty minutes past one P. M., the enemy shortened sail, upon which we bore down upon her;

at ten minutes past two, when about half a mile distant, she opened her fire, giving us a larboard broadside, which was not returned till we were close on her weather bow. Both ships now manœuvred to obtain advantageous positions, our opponent evidently avoiding close action, and firing high to disable our masts, in which he succeeded too well, having shot away the head of our bowsprit with the jib-boom, and our running rigging so much cut as to prevent our preserving the weather gauge.

At five minutes past three, finding the enemy's raking fire extremely heavy, Capt. Lambert ordered the ship to be laid on board, in which we should have succeeded, had not our foremast been shot away at this moment, the remains of our bowsprit passing over his taffrail; shortly after this the main-topmast went, leaving the ship totally unmanageable, with most of our starboard guns rendered useless from the wreck lying over them.

At half past three, our gallant captain received a dangerous wound in the breast, and was carried below; from this time we could not fire more than two or three guns until a quarter past four, when our mizzen-mast was shot away; the ship then fell off a little, and brought many of our starboard guns to bear; the enemy's rigging was so much cut that he could not now avoid shooting ahead, which brought us fairly broadside and broadside. Our main-yard now went in the slings, both ships continued engaged in this manner until thirty-five minutes past four, we frequently on fire in consequence of the wreck lying on the side engaged. Our opponent now made sail ahead out of gun-shot, where he remained an hour repairing his damages, leaving us an unmanageable wreck, with only the mainmast left, and that tottering. Every exertion was made by us during this interval to place the ship in a state to

renew the action. We succeeded in clearing the wreck, our masts from our guns, a sail was set on the stumps of the foremast and bowsprit, the weather-half of the main-yard remaining aloft, the main-tack was got forward in the hope of getting the ship before the wind, our helm being still perfect ; the effort, unfortunately, proved ineffectual, from the mainmast falling over the side, from the heavy rolling of the ship, which nearly covered the whole of our starboard guns. We still waited the attack of the enemy, he now standing towards us for that purpose. On his coming nearly within hail of us, and from his manœuvre perceiving he intended a position ahead, where he could rake us without a possibility of our returning a shot, I then consulted the officers, who agreed with myself that our having a great part of our crew killed and wounded, our bowsprit and three masts gone, several guns useless, we should not be justified in wasting the lives of more of those remaining, who, I hope, their lordships and the country will think have bravely defended his Majesty's ship. Under these circumstances, however reluctantly, at fifty minutes past five, our colors were lowered from the stump of the mizzen-mast, and we were taken possession of, a little after six, by the American frigate "Constitution," commanded by Commodore Bainbridge, who, immediately after ascertaining the state of the ship, resolved on burning her, which we had the satisfaction of seeing done as soon as the wounded were removed. Annexed I send you a return of the killed and wounded, and it is with pain I perceive it so numerous ; also a statement of the comparative force of the two ships, when I hope their lordships will not think the British flag tarnished, although success has not attended us. It would be presumptuous in me to speak of Capt. Lambert's merits, who, though still in danger from his wound,

we entertain the greatest hopes of his being restored to the service and his country.

It is most gratifying to my feelings to notice the gallantry of every officer, seaman, and marine on board. In justice to the officers, I beg leave to mention them individually. I can never speak too highly of the able exertions of Lieuts. Hevingham and Buchanan, and also of Mr. Robinson, master, who was severely wounded, and Lieuts. Mercer and Davis of the royal marines, the latter of whom also was severely wounded. To Capt. John Marshall, R. N., who was a passenger, I am particularly obliged for his exertions and advice throughout the action. To Lieut. Aplin, who was on the main deck, and Lieut. Saunders, who commanded on the fore-castle, I also return my thanks. I cannot but notice the good conduct of the mates and midshipmen, many of whom are killed, and the greater part wounded. To Mr. T. C. Jones, surgeon, and his assistants, every praise is due, for their unwearied assiduity in the care of the wounded. Lieut.-Gen. Hislop, Major Walker, and Capt. Wood, of his staff, the latter of whom was severely wounded, were solicitous to assist and remain on the quarter-deck. I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my grateful acknowledgments, thus publicly, for the generous treatment Capt. Lambert and his officers have experienced from our gallant enemy, Commodore Bainbridge, and his officers.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

H. D. CHADS, *First Lieutenant*
of his Majesty's late ship "Java."

P. S. — The "Constitution" has also suffered severely both in her rigging and men, having her fore and mizzen masts, main-topmast, both main-top, sail-yards, spanker-boom, gaff, and try-sail mast badly shot, and

the greatest part of the standing rigging very much damaged, with ten men killed; the commodore, fifth lieutenant, and forty-six men wounded, four of whom are since dead.

FORCE OF THE TWO SHIPS.

"JAVA."

Long 18-pounders	28
Carronades, 32-pounders	16
Long 9-pounders	2
	—
Guns	46
Weight of metal	1,034 lbs.
Ship's company and supernumeraries	377

"CONSTITUTION."

Long 24-pounders	32
Carronades, 32-pounders	22
Carronade, 18-pounder	1
	—
Guns	55
Weight of metal	1,490 lbs.
Crew	480

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON."

"That was a victory," said Uncle Fritz. "Now we must find a defeat." So they hunted in the Registers till they found the capture of the "Chesapeake" by the "Shannon," off Boston Harbor.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, July 10.

Copy of a letter from the Hon. Capt. Capel, of his Majesty's ship "La Hogue," to John Wilson Croker, Esq., dated at Halifax, June 11, 1813.

Sir, — It is with the greatest pleasure I transmit you a letter I have just received from Capt. Broke, of his

Majesty's ship "Shannon," detailing a most brilliant achievement, in the capture of the United States frigate "Chesapeake," in fifteen minutes. Capt. Broke relates so fully the particulars of this gallant affair, that I feel it unnecessary to add much to his narrative, but I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure I feel in bearing testimony to the indefatigable exertions, and persevering zeal of Capt. Broke, during the time he has been under my orders. Placing a firm reliance on the valor of his officers and crew, and a just confidence in his system of discipline, he sought every opportunity of meeting the enemy on fair terms; and I have to rejoice with his country and his friends at the glorious result of this contest; he gallantly headed his boarders in the assault and carried all before him. His wounds are severe, but I trust his country will not be long deprived of his services.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

THOMAS BLADEN CAPEL,

Captain and Senior Officer at Halifax.

"SHANNON," HALIFAX, June 6, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you, that being close in with Boston lighthouse, in his Majesty's ship under my command, on the 1st inst., I had the pleasure of seeing that the United States frigate "Chesapeake," whom we had long been watching, was coming out of the harbor to engage the "Shannon." I took a position between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and then hove to for him to join us. The enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three American ensigns flying. When closing with us, he sent down his royal yards. I kept the "Shannon's" up, expecting the breeze would die away. At half past five P. M. the

enemy hauled up within hail of us on the starboard side, and the battle began, both ships steering full under the topsail. After exchanging between two and three broadsides, the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizzen channels locking in with our fore-rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed to that service immediately rushed in, under their respective officers, upon the enemy's decks, driving everything before them with irresistible fury. The enemy made a desperate but disorderly resistance. The firing continued at all the gangways, and between the tops, but in two minutes' time the enemy were driven, sword in hand, from every post. The American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated triumphantly over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below, and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action.

I have to lament the loss of many of my gallant ship-mates, but they fell exulting in their conquest.

My brave first-lieutenant, Mr. Watt, was slain in the moment of victory, in the act of hoisting the British colors. His death is a severe loss to the service. Mr. Aldham, the purser, who had spiritedly volunteered the charge of a party of small-arm men, was killed at his post on the gangway. My faithful old clerk, Mr. Dunn, was shot by his side. Mr. Aldham has left a widow to lament his loss. I request the commander-in-chief will recommend her to the protection of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. My veteran boatswain, Mr. Stephens, has lost an arm. He fought under Lord Rodney on the 12th of April. I trust his age and services will be duly rewarded.

I am happy to say that Mr. Samwell, a midshipman of much merit, is the only other officer wounded besides myself, and he not dangerously ; of my gallant seamen and marines, we had twenty-three slain and fifty-six wounded. I subjoin the names of the former. No expressions I can make use of can do justice to the merits of my valiant officers and crew. The calm courage they displayed during the cannonade, and the tremendous precision of their fire, could only be equalled by the ardor with which they rushed to the assault. I recommend them all warmly to the protection of the commander-in-chief. Having received a severe sabre wound at the first onset, whilst charging a part of the enemy who had rallied on their fore-castle, I was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete, and then directing Second-Lieut. Wallis to take charge of the "Shannon," and secure the prisoners, I left the third lieutenant, Mr. Falkiner (who had headed the main-deck boarders), in charge of the prize. I beg to recommend these officers most strongly to the commander-in-chief's patronage, for the gallantry they displayed during the action, and the skill and judgment they evinced in the anxious duties which afterwards devolved upon them.

To Mr. Etough, the acting master, I am much indebted for the steadiness in which he conn'd the ships into action. The lieutenants, Johns and Law, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions. It is impossible to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men ; but I must mention, when the ship's yard-arms were locked together, that Mr. Cosnahan, who commanded in our main-top, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the main-yard arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that sit-

uation. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our fore-top, stormed the enemy's fore-top from the fore-yard arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it. I particularly beg leave to recommend Mr. Etough, the acting master, and Messrs. Smith, Meake, Clavering, Raymond, and Littlejohn, midshipmen. This latter officer is the son of Capt. Littlejohn, who was slain in the "Berwick." The loss of the enemy was about seventy killed and one hundred wounded. Among the former were the four lieutenants, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers. Capt. Lawrence has since died of his wounds.

The enemy came into action with a complement of four hundred and forty men; the "Shannon," having picked up some recaptured seamen, had three hundred and thirty. The "Chesapeake" is a fine frigate, and mounts forty-nine guns, eighteens on her main deck, two-and-thirties on her quarter-deck and fore-castle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order; their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

(Signed)

P. B. V. BROKE.

To CAPTAIN, THE HON. T. BLADEN CAPEL, *etc.*, *Halifax.*

Then the boys read the American narrative.

LIEUTENANT BUDD'S ACCOUNT.

HALIFAX, June 15, 1813.

Sir, — The unfortunate death of Capt. James Lawrence and Lieut. Augustus C. Ludlow has rendered it my duty to inform you of the capture of the late United States frigate "Chesapeake."

On Tuesday, June 1, at 8 A. M., we unmoored ship,

and at meridian got under way from President's Roads,* with a light wind from southward and westward, and proceeded for a cruise. A ship was then in sight in the offing which had the appearance of a man-of-war, and which, from information received from pilot-boats and craft, we believed to be the British ship "Shannon." We made sail in chase and cleared ship for action. At half past four P. M. she hove to, with her head to the southward and eastward. At five P. M. took in the royals and top-gallant sails, and at half past five hauled the courses up. About fifteen minutes before six P. M., the action commenced within pistol-shot. The first broadside did great execution on both sides, damaged our rigging, killed, among others, Mr. White, the sailing master, and wounded Capt. Lawrence. In about twelve minutes after the commencement of the action, we fell on board of the enemy and immediately after one of our arm-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the enemy's ship. In a few minutes one of the captain's aids came on the gun-deck to inform me that the boarders were called. I immediately called the boarders away and proceeded to the spar-deck, where I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us and had gained possession of our quarter-deck. I immediately gave orders to haul on board the fore-tack, for the purpose of shooting the ship clear of the other, and then make an attempt to regain the quarter-deck, but was wounded and thrown down on the gun-deck. I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but in the mean time the enemy had gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down into the cock-pit, I there found Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow both mortally wounded, — the former having been carried below previously to the ship's being

* In Boston Harbor.

boarded, the latter was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. Among those who fell early in the action was Mr. Edward J. Ballard, the fourth lieutenant, and Lieut. James Brown of marines.

I herein inclose to you a return of the killed and wounded, by which you will perceive that every officer, upon whom the charge of the ship would devolve, was either killed or wounded previous to the capture. The enemy report the loss of Mr. Watt, their first lieutenant, the purser, the captain's clerk, and twenty-three seamen killed, and Capt. Broke, a midshipman, and fifty-six seamen wounded.

The "Shannon" had, in addition to her full complement, an officer and sixteen men belonging to the "Belle Poule," and a part of the crew belonging to the "Tenedos."

I have the honor to be, with very great respect, etc.

GEORGE BUDD.

"Old men and women in Boston will tell you," said Uncle Fritz, "how they looked from high cupolas, or from Nahant, to see the 'Chesapeake' bring in the 'Shannon,' and how their hearts came up in their throats when the firing ceased so soon, and no 'Chesapeake' came back. If you will give me the 'Georgian Era,' Laura, next your hand there, you will find how they took it in England."

So he found the place, and Laura read,

FROM THE LIFE OF "SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE."

After other similar services he proceeded towards Boston Harbor, where he discovered and challenged to battle the American ship "Chesapeake," promising that no other English vessel should interfere. Before, however, the challenge could be conveyed, the action

commenced, and continued for some time with great animation on both sides. Towards the close of the battle, Broke leaped on board the enemy's ship, and having saved the life of an American seaman, who called for quarter, received the stroke of a cutlass on the back of the head from the wretch whom he had spared. This wound had nearly proved fatal, and from its effects he never afterwards recovered. His assailant was immediately cut in pieces by the sailors of the "Shannon," and the "Chesapeake" became a prize to the English. The action, which only occupied fifteen minutes, was one of the most bloody and determined ever fought between two ships of their class in so short a time.

The loss on board the "Shannon," out of three hundred and thirty men, was three officers and twenty-three men killed; Capt. Broke, two officers, and fifty-eight men wounded.

The "Chesapeake," out of a crew of four hundred and forty men, had the second lieutenant, the master, marine officer, some midshipmen, and ninety seamen and marines killed; Capt. Lawrence, the first and third lieutenants, some midshipmen, and one hundred and ten men wounded.

For this brilliant achievement, Capt. Broke received a gold medal, as well as the formal thanks of the lords of admiralty, besides a sword of the value of one hundred guineas, accompanied by the freedom of the city, from the citizens of London.

The people of the county of Suffolk subscribed more than one hundred pounds, to be laid out in the purchase of a piece of plate; and a club at Ipswich presented him with a silver cup of the value of one hundred guineas.

On the 2d of November, 1813, he was raised to the

dignity of a baronet, and on his return to England, the "Shannon" being condemned as unfit for further service, he was tendered the command of another ship, which the effect of the wound he had received would not allow him to accept. On the 2d of January, 1815, he was made a knight commander of the Order of the Bath.

Uncle Fritz asked them to notice the awful havoc in these battles, the loss of life being so much larger in proportion to the numbers engaged, than in almost any battle on land. "You see," he said, gravely, "no man can dodge or run away. The proportion of killed and wounded at Bunker Hill perhaps approaches that in these battles. But I remember no other considerable action of modern times of which that can be said. And you must notice, also, how soon an advantage tells, when it has once been gained. But you want to hear something about the Rebellion."

So he told them they might bring the "Rebellion Record" and the "Army and Navy Journal." Almost all the boys knew where to find them. And the rest of the little *matinée*, which was all spent after dark, as most winter *matinées* are, was occupied by dipping into their treasures. Here are the two official accounts of the destruction of the "Alabama" by the "Kearsarge."

THE "KEARSARGE" TAKES THE "ALABAMA."

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "KEARSARGE,"
ENGLISH CHANNEL, July 30, 1864.

Sir, — In obedience to instructions of the department, I have the honor to make the following supplementary report of the action between the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama": —

On the morning of the 19th ult., the day being fine, with a hazy atmosphere, wind moderate from the westward, with little sea, the position of the "Kearsarge" at ten o'clock was near the buoy which marks the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, and distant about three miles from the eastern entrance, which bore to the southward and westward. At twenty minutes after ten o'clock, the "Alabama" was descried coming out of the western entrance, accompanied by the "Couronne" (iron-clad). I had, in an interview with the admiral of Cherbourg, assured him that, in the event of an action occurring with the "Alabama," the position of the ships would be so far off shore that no questions could be advanced about the line of jurisdiction. Accordingly, to perfect this object, and with the double purpose of drawing the "Alabama" so far off shore that, if disabled, she could not return, I directed the ship's head seaward and cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard. Having attained a point about seven miles from the shore, the head of the "Kearsarge" was turned short around, and the ship steered directly for the "Alabama," my purpose being to run her down, or, if circumstances did not warrant it, to close in with her.

Hardly had the "Kearsarge" come round before the "Alabama" sheered, presented her starboard battery, and slowed her engines. On approaching her at long range of about a mile, she opened her full broadside, the shot cutting some of our rigging and going over and alongside of us.

Immediately I ordered more speed ; but in two minutes the "Alabama" had loaded and again fired another broadside, and followed it with a third, without damaging us except in rigging.

We had now arrived within about nine hundred yards

of her, and I was apprehensive that another broadside — nearly raking as it was — would prove disastrous. Accordingly I ordered the “Kearsarge” sheered, and opened on the “Alabama.” The position of the vessels was now broadside and broadside; but it was soon apparent that Capt. Semmes did not seek close action. I became then fearful lest after some fighting, that he would again make for the shore. To defeat this I determined to keep full speed on, and with a port helm to run under the stern of the “Alabama” and rake her, if he did not prevent it by sheering and keeping his broadside to us. He adopted this mode as a preventive, and as a consequence the “Alabama” was forced with a full head of steam into a circular track during the engagement.

The effect of this measure was such, that at the last of the action, when the “Alabama” would have made off, she was near five miles from the shore, and had the action continued from the first in parallel lines, with her head in shore, the line of jurisdiction would no doubt have been reached. The firing of the “Alabama” from the first was rapid and wild; toward the close of the action her firing became better. Our men, who had been cautioned against firing rapidly without direct aim, were much more deliberate; and the instruction given to point the heavy guns below, rather than above the water line, and clear the deck with lighter ones, was fully observed.

I had endeavored, with a port helm, to close in with the “Alabama”; but it was not until just before the close of the action that we were in position to use grape. This was avoided, however, by her surrender. The effect of the training of our men was evident; nearly every shot from our guns was telling fearfully on the “Alabama,” and on the seventh rotation in the cir-

cular track she winded, setting fore-trysail and two jibs, with head in shore. Her speed was now retarded, and by winding, her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing; and having been able, as I learned afterwards, to shift over but one. I now saw that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but, a white flag having been displayed over the stern, our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the "Kearsarge" was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time the "Alabama" went down, her mainmast, which had been shot, breaking near the head as she sunk, and her bow rising high out of the water as her stern rapidly settled.

The fire of the "Alabama," although it is stated she discharged three hundred and seventy or more shell and shot, was not of serious damage to the "Kearsarge." Some thirteen or fourteen of them had taken effect in and about the hull, and sixteen or seventeen about the masts and rigging. The casualties were small, only three persons having been wounded; yet it is a matter of surprise that so few were injured, considering the number of projectiles that came aboard. The shot passed through the ports in which the thirty-twos were placed, with men thickly stationed around them, one taking effect in the hammock netting, and the other going through the port on the opposite side, yet no

one was hit, the captain of one of the guns being only knocked down by the wind of the shot, as supposed.

The fire of the "Kearsarge," although only one hundred and seventy-three projectiles had been discharged, according to the prisoners' accounts, was terrific. One shot alone had killed and wounded eighteen men and disabled a gun; another had entered the coal bunkers, exploding and completely blocking up the engine-room, and Capt. Semmes states that shot and shell had taken effect in the sides of his vessel, tearing large holes by explosion, and his men were everywhere knocked down.

Of the casualties in the "Alabama," no correct account can be given. One hundred and fifteen persons reached the shore, either in England or France, after the action. It is known that the "Alabama" carried a crew, officers and men, of about one hundred and fifty, into Cherbourg, and that while in the southern ocean her complement was about one hundred and seventy; but desertions had reduced this complement. The prisoners state that a number of men came on board at Cherbourg, and the night before the action boats were going to and fro, and in the morning strange men were seen, who were stationed as captains of the guns. Among these there was one Lieut. (Sinclair) who joined her in Cherbourg.

The "Alabama" had been five days in preparation. She had taken in three hundred and fifty tons of coal, which brought her down in the water. The "Kearsarge" had only one hundred and twenty tons in; but as an offset to this her sheet-chains were stowed outside, stopped up and down, as an additional preventive and protection to her more empty bunkers.

The number of the crew of the "Kearsarge," including officers and sick men, was one hundred and sixty-three, and her battery numbered seven guns,—two

eleven inch, one thirty-pounder rifle, and four light thirty-two-pounder guns.

The battery of the "Alabama" numbered eight guns, — one heavy sixty-eight, of 9,000 pounds ; one one-hundred-and-ten-pounder rifle, and six heavy thirty-two-pounder guns.

In the engagement, the "Alabama" fought seven guns and the "Kearsarge" five, both exercising the starboard battery, until the "Alabama" winded, using then her port side with one gun, and another shifted over.

The collateral events connected with this action have already been laid before the department.

I inclose a diagram, showing the track which was described during the engagement by the rotary course of the vessels.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. A. WINSLOW,

Captain.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

SEMMES'S ACCOUNT.

SOUTHAMPTON, June 21, 1864.

Sir, — I have the honor to inform you that, in accordance with my intention, as previously announced by you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg, between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer "Kearsarge," which had been lying off and on the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbor, we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at a distance of about seven miles. We were three quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously piv-

oted my guns to starboard, and made all my preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy, he suddenly wheeled, and bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the engagement became active on both sides.

The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common centre, and preserving a distance from each other of from a quarter to half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action, our spanker-gaff was shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen-mast head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship.

Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid shot firing, and from this time onward attended [alternated?] with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes, our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded within our sides and between decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity.

For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast ; for which purpose I gave the

ship all steam, and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress, the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors to prevent the further destruction of life, and despatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition.

Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally.

We now turned all our exertions towards saving the wounded, and such of the boys of the ship who were unable to swim. These were despatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me, the waist-boats having been torn to pieces.

Some twenty minutes after my furnace fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard and endeavored to save himself.

There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy, after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam yacht "Deerhound," owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, Eng., Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told.

About this time the "Kearsarge" sent one, and then, tardily, another boat.

Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the

“Deerhound.” The remainder, there is reason to hope, were picked up by the enemy, and by a couple of French pilot-boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy’s ship with the wounded, that her midship section, on both sides, was thoroughly iron-coated, this having been done with chain constructed for the purpose placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water’s edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship’s side. She was most effectually guarded, however, in this section, from penetration. The enemy was much damaged in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to tell. It is believed he was badly crippled.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship, they have not lost honor.

Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularize, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action, with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment as the fight proceeded.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad.

Our total loss in killed and wounded is thirty, namely, nine killed, twenty-one wounded.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient,
R. SEMMES, *Captain.*

There was time for only one more reading, though boys and girls made no end of side explanations. The next reading aloud was

FARRAGUT'S ENTRY INTO MOBILE BAY.

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD,"
MOBILE BAY, Aug. 12, 1864.

Sir, — I had the honor to forward to the department, on the evening of the 5th instant, a report of my *entrée* into Mobile Bay, on the morning of that day, which, though brief, contained all the principal facts of the attack.

Notwithstanding the loss of life, particularly on this ship, and the terrible disaster to the "Tecumseh," the result of the fight was a glorious victory, and I have reason to feel proud of the officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron under my command, for it has never fallen to the lot of an officer to be thus situated and thus sustained.

Regular discipline will bring men to any amount of endurance, but there is a natural fear of hidden dangers, particularly when so awfully destructive of human life as the torpedo, which requires more than discipline to overcome.

Preliminary to a report of the action of the 5th, I desire to call the attention of the department to the previous steps taken in consultation with Gens. Canby and Granger. On the 8th of July, I had an interview with these officers on board the "Hartford," on the subject of an attack upon Forts Morgan and Gaines, at which it was agreed that Gen. Canby would send all the troops he could spare to co-operate with the fleet. Circumstances soon obliged Gen. Canby to inform me that he could not despatch a sufficient number to invest

both forts, and, in reply, I suggested that Gaines should be first invested, engaging to have a force in the Sound ready to protect the landing of the army on Dauphin Island, in the rear of that fort, and I assigned Lieut.-Com. De Krafft, of the "Conemaugh," to that duty.

On the 1st instant, Gen. Granger visited me again on the "Hartford." In the mean time, the "Tecumseh" had arrived at Pensacola, and Capt. Craven had informed me that he would be ready in four days for any service. We therefore fixed upon the 4th of August as the day for the landing of the troops and my entrance into the bay, but owing to delays mentioned in Capt. Jenkins's communication to me, the "Tecumseh" was not ready. Gen. Granger, however, to my mortification, was up to time, and the troops actually landed on Dauphin Island.

As subsequent events proved, the delay turned to our advantage, as the rebels were busily engaged during the 4th in throwing troops and supplies into Fort Gaines, all of which were captured a few days afterward.

The "Tecumseh" arrived on the evening of the 4th, and, everything being propitious, I proceeded to the attack on the following morning.

[After mentioning the disposition of the vessels outside the bar, which were destined to participate in the engagement, and stating that they were all under way by forty minutes past five in the morning, the admiral proceeds:—]

It was only at the urgent request of the captains and commanding officers that I yielded to the "Brooklyn's" being the leading ship of the line, as she had four chase guns and an ingenious arrangement for picking up torpedoes, and because, in their judgment, the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. This I believe to

be an error, for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and, as will appear in the sequel, such attempt was very persistently made, but Providence did not permit it to be successful.

The attacking fleet steamed steadily up the main ship-channel, the "Tecumseh" firing the first shot at forty-seven minutes past six o'clock. At six minutes past seven, the fort opened upon us, and was replied to by a gun from the "Brooklyn," and immediately after, the action became general.

It was soon apparent that there was some difficulty ahead. The "Brooklyn," for some cause which I did not then clearly understand, but which has since been explained by Capt. Alden in his report, arrested the advance of the whole fleet, while, at the same time, the guns of the fort were playing with great effect upon that vessel and the "Hartford." A moment after I saw the "Tecumseh," struck by a torpedo, disappear almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her her gallant commander and nearly all her crew. I determined at once, as I had originally intended, to take the lead; and after ordering the "Metacomet" to send a boat to save, if possible, any of the perishing crew, I dashed ahead with the "Hartford," and the ships followed on, their officers believing that they were going to a noble death with their commander-in-chief.

I steamed through between the buoys, where the torpedoes were supposed to have been sunk. These buoys had been previously examined by my flag-lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, in several nightly reconnoissances. Though he had not been able to discover the sunken torpedoes, yet we had been assured by refugees, deserters, and others, of their existence; but

believing that, from their having been some time in the water, they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion.

From the moment I turned northward, to clear the Middle Ground, we were enabled to keep such a broad-side fire upon the batteries of Fort Morgan, that their guns did us comparatively little injury.

Just after we passed the fort, which was about ten minutes before eight o'clock, the ram "Tennessee" dashed out at this ship, as had been expected, and in anticipation of which I had ordered the monitors on our starboard side. I took no further notice of her than to return her fire.

The rebel gunboats "Morgan," "Gaines," and "Selma" were ahead; and the latter particularly annoyed us with a raking fire, which our guns could not return. At two minutes after eight o'clock I ordered the "Metacomet" to cast off and go in pursuit of the "Selma." Capt. Jouett was after her in a moment, and in a hour's time he had her as a prize. She was commanded by P. V. Murphy, formerly of the United States Navy. He was wounded in the wrist, his executive officer, Lieut. Comstock, and eight of the crew killed, and seven or eight wounded. Lieut.-Com. Jouett's conduct during the whole affair commands my warmest commendations. The "Morgan" and "Gaines" succeeded in escaping under the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan, which would have been prevented had the other gunboats been as prompt in their movements as the "Metacomet"; the want of pilots, however, I believe, was the principal difficulty. The "Gaines" was so injured by our fire that she had to be run ashore, where she was subsequently destroyed, but the "Morgan" escaped to Mobile during the night, though she was chased and fired upon by our cruisers.

Having passed the forts and dispersed the enemy's gunboats, I had ordered most of the vessels to anchor, when I perceived the ram "Tennessee" standing up for this ship. This was at forty-five minutes past eight.

I was not long in comprehending Buchanan's intentions to be the destruction of the flag-ship. The monitors, and such of the wooden vessels as I thought best adapted to the purpose, were immediately ordered to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on, at full speed ; and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

The "Monongahela," Com. Strong, was the first vessel that struck her, and in doing so carried away her own iron prow, together with the cutwater, without apparently doing her adversary much injury. The "Lackawanna," Capt. Marchand, was the next vessel to strike her, which she did at full speed ; but though her stern was cut and crushed to the plank-ends for the distance of three feet above the water's edge, to five feet below, the only perceptible effect on the ram was to give her a heavy list.

The "Hartford" was the third vessel which struck her, but, as the "Tennessee" quickly shifted her helm, the blow was a glancing one, and as she rasped along our side, we poured our whole port broadside of nine-inch solid shot within ten feet of her casement.

The monitors worked slowly, but delivered their fire as opportunity offered. The "Chickasaw" succeeded in getting under her stern, and a fifteen-inch shot from the "Manhattan" broke through her iron plating and heavy wooden backing, though the missile itself did not enter the vessel.

Immediately after the collision with the flag-ship, I directed Capt. Drayton to bear down for the ram again. He was doing so at full speed, when, unfortunately, the

"Lackawanna" ran into the "Hartford" just forward of the mizzen mast, cutting her down to within two feet of the water's edge. We soon got clear again, however, and were fast approaching our adversary, when she struck her colors and ran up the white flag.

She was at this time sore beset. The "Chickasaw" was pounding away at her stern, the "Ossipee" was approaching her at full speed, and the "Monongahela," "Lackawanna," and this ship were bearing down upon her, determined upon her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steering-chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving tackles, and several of her port-shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the "Hartford" struck her until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the "Ossipee," Com. LeRoy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and that vessel immediately stopped her engine, though not in time to avoid a glancing blow.

During this contest with the rebel gunboats and the ram "Tennessee," which terminated in her surrender at ten o'clock, we lost many more men than from the fire of the batteries of Fort Morgan.

Admiral Buchanan was wounded in the leg, two or three of his men were killed, and five or six wounded. Commander Johnston, formerly of the United States Navy, was in command of the "Tennessee," and came on board the flag-ship to surrender his sword, and that of Admiral Buchanan. The surgeon, Dr. Conrad, came with him, stated the condition of the admiral, and wished to know what was to be done with him. Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, who was on board the "Hartford" during the action, commiserating the sufferings of the wounded, suggested that those of both sides be sent to Pensacola, where they could be properly cared for. I therefore addressed a note to Brig.-Gen. R. L. Page,

commanding Fort Morgan, informing him that Admiral Buchanan and others of the "Tennessee" had been wounded, and desiring to know whether he would permit one of our vessels, under a flag of truce, to convey them, with or without our wounded, to Pensacola, on the understanding that the vessel should take out none but the wounded, and bring nothing back that she did not take out. This was acceded to by Gen. Page, and the "Metacomet" proceeded on this mission of humanity.

I inclose herewith the correspondence with that officer. I forward also the reports of the commanding officers of the vessels that participated in the action, who will no doubt call attention to the conduct of such individuals as most distinguished themselves.

As I had an elevated position in the main-rigging, near the top, I was able to overlook not only the deck of the "Hartford," but the other vessels of the fleet. I witnessed the terrible effects of the enemy's shot, and the good conduct of the men at their guns; and although no doubt their hearts sickened, as mine did, when their shipmates were struck down beside them, yet there was not a moment's hesitation to lay their comrades aside, and spring again to their deadly work.

Our little consort, the "Metacomet," was also under my immediate eye during the whole action, up to the moment I ordered her to cast off in pursuit of the "Selma." The coolness and promptness of Lieut.-Com. Jouett throughout merit high praise. His whole conduct was worthy of his reputation.

In this connection I must not omit to call the attention of the department to the conduct of Acting-Ensign Henry C. Neilds, of the "Metacomet," who had charge of the boat sent from that vessel when the "Tecumseh" sank. He took her in under one of the most galling

fires I ever saw, and succeeded in rescuing from death ten of the crew, within six hundred yards of the fort. I would respectfully recommend his advancement.

The commanding officers of all the vessels that took part in the action deserve my warmest commendations, not only for the untiring zeal with which they had prepared their ships for the contest, but for their skill and daring in carrying out my orders during the engagement. With the exception of the momentary arrest of the fleet when the "Hartford" passed ahead, to which I have already adverted, the order of battle was preserved, and the ships followed each other in close order past the batteries of Fort Morgan, and in comparative safety, too, with the exception of the "Oneida." Her boilers were penetrated by a shot from the fort, which completely disabled her; but her consort, the "Galena," firmly fastened to her side, brought her safely through, showing clearly the wisdom of the precaution of carrying the vessels in two abreast. Com. Mullany, who had solicited eagerly to take part in the action, was severely wounded, losing his left arm.

In the encounter with the ram, the commanding officers obeyed with alacrity the order to run her down, and without hesitation exposed their ships to destruction to destroy the enemy.

Our iron-clads, from their slow speed and bad steering, had some difficulty in getting into and maintaining their position in line as we passed the fort, and, in the subsequent encounter with the "Tennessee," from the same causes, were not as effective as could have been desired; but I cannot give too much praise to Lieut.-Com. Perkins, who, though he had orders from the department to return North, volunteered to take command of the "Chickasaw," and did his duty nobly.

The "Winnebago" was commanded by Com. T. H.

Stevens, who volunteered for that position. His vessel steers very badly, and neither of his turrets will work, which compelled him to turn his vessel every time to get a shot, so that he could not fire very often, but he did the best he could under the circumstances.

The "Manhattan" appeared to work well, though she moved slowly. Com. Nicholson delivered his fire deliberately, and, as before stated, with one of his fifteen-inch shot broke through the armor of the "Tennessee," with its wooden backing, though the shot itself did not enter the vessel. No other shot broke through the armor, though many of her plates were started, and several of her port-shutters jammed by the fire from the different ships.

XIII.

SHIPWRECKS.

“UNCLE FRITZ,” said Clara, “we have been reading Jules Verne’s ‘Castaways.’ Of course I know it is a story, but all his stories seem so true. He must have had something to make the Grants’ shipwreck from.”

“To be sure he did,” said Uncle Fritz. “I do not know if he saw any of the ‘Strathmore’s’ people, but I think he had read their journals.”

“Why, who were the ‘Strathmore’s’ people?”

“The ‘Strathmore’s’ people were the passengers and crew of the ‘Strathmore,’ a passenger ship which sailed for New Zealand from England, four years ago, in 1875. They had been at sea rather more than two months, when they were lost on one of the Crozet Islands. Take the globe and throw the South Pole on top, and you will find them east of the Cape of Good Hope, and south of it. There they had to stay six months, and from their stay there, I think, your good friend Jules Verne got some for the hints for his story. If nobody has brought anything else for an afternoon’s reading, you may take down a volume of ‘Chambers’ and read me the story.”

So Clara read:—

THE WRECK OF THE "STRATHMORE."

The "Strathmore" was an iron vessel of one thousand four hundred and ninety-two tons, and acknowledged to be as fine a ship of her class as ever left the port of London. Her commander, Capt. Macdonald, besides being a worthy man, was an experienced and careful seaman. His first officer, Mr. Ramsay, was also a sailor of the right type; but of the crew generally that could not be said, although there were some good men among them. We mustered a crew of thirty-eight, men and boys; passengers of the three classes, fifty-one: in all, eighty-nine souls. This was the clipper's first voyage, and our destination was Otago, New Zealand. The ship's cargo was principally railway iron, but along with other things we had candles and spirits, and a still more inflammable item, immediately to be mentioned. We left the docks on the 17th of April, 1875, and dropped down the river below Gravesend, to complete our cargo, by taking aboard twenty tons of gunpowder, which, having been stored, all the arrangements for sailing were complete; and, heaving anchor, we bade farewell to England, about midnight of the 19th of April.

We got very pleasantly out of the Channel, and, owing to the course we steered, we in a great measure avoided that landsman's terror, the swell of the Bay of Biscay. A head wind now came on, which continued for a fortnight, driving us right across towards America. When that had ceased we had a fair wind, but so slight, at times, we did not make more than a quarter of a mile an hour. After a time more fitting breezes blew; we had now somewhat settled down to life on board ship; the weather had become exceedingly hot, and we betook ourselves to such light amusements as suited the tem-

perature, — some to reading, some to whist and backgammon, others “spinning” or listening to a yarn.

I and three friends occupied one cabin, — Fred Bentley, and two brothers, Percy and Spencer Joslen. Our meals were always welcome, agreeably breaking the monotony of life at sea. When we had been out about ten days the routine was rather unpleasantly varied by the discovery that the crew had broken into the cargo and abstracted a couple of cases of spirits. This might not have been so soon found out, had the knaves not got so helplessly drunk that they were incapable of work. For a day or two they were insubordinate, and the passengers had to assist in working the ship. This matter, however, blew over, and things fell into the ordinary course. *So reckless were these men, that they were seen (as we afterwards learned from a third-class passenger) in the vicinity of the gunpowder with a naked candle!

On the 20th of May we had a thunder-storm so terrific, that, from its exciting effects, some of the ladies were confined to their berths nearly all next day. To me and my companions it was a scene grander of the kind than we had ever witnessed in our northern latitudes. No ordinary language could describe it.

On the following day, May 21, we were hailed by the “Loch Maree,” homeward bound, and short of provisions, latitude $4^{\circ} 20'$ north. Our captain having supplied this ship with such stores as he could spare, we sent letters home by her. We were spoken by the “Borealis” on the 27th of May, and for the last time by the “Melpomene,” on the 8th of June. We had this vessel in sight for two days.

Passing over the amusements incidental to crossing the line, nothing of importance occurred while proceeding in a southeasterly direction, till we had rounded the

Cape of Good Hope, and got fairly into the Southern Ocean. This vast expanse of sea, between latitude 40° and 50° , is dotted with several groups of small desolate islands, requiring to be shunned with all the care of the navigator. At midday of the 30th of June we were eighty-seven miles from one of these dangerous groups, called the Crozet Islands; and running at the rate of six knots an hour, we expected them to be in sight by next morning, the 1st of July. A good lookout was kept. But two circumstances baffled every precaution; there was an error in the compass,* and a fog settled down on the horizon; the result being that the captain believed we were ten or fifteen miles farther south than we really were. Hence the dreadful fatality that ensued. At a quarter before four in the morning of the 1st of July, when in my berth, I felt the ship strike on one of these wretched Crozet Islands. I hurriedly dressed, and my friend Bentley went to warn the ladies, whom he already found up and hastily attired. The ship had got wedged in a cleft in the rock. This, our partial escape from destruction, appeared to us little short of a miracle, for had she struck a few feet on either side, our ship, good though she was, must inevitably at once have gone down. She hung by the forepart, with a list to starboard, her stern being submerged in deep water.

Bentley and I, with others, made for the port-quarter boat, but we could not get it off the davits, as a sea broke over us and washed us forward to the handrail of the poop. All from the poop forward was now rapidly

* The error may have arisen from the proximity of the ship to the Crozets, whose rock-bound coast abounds in compass-deranging ironstone. Or the compasses of the ship — which perhaps was not properly “swung” before leaving port — may have been affected by her cargo of iron.

getting under water to midship. The captain, seemingly greatly distressed, yet with characteristic disregard of self, gave orders as to the boats, directing that the women should be looked to first; his chief officer, Mr. Ramsay, another fine fellow, also doing all that was possible in the short time left to them. Unhappily for them and for us, the second or third wave that washed over the ship carried away these good men, all of whom were respected and lamented. A number of the people got into the port lifeboat, including Mrs. Wordsworth (the only lady saved), and Messrs. Bentley and Spencer Joslen. A sea came and took this boat off the chocks. She fell back and partly stove in her bottom, but rose and floated across the poop, and finally left the ship, to the wonder of every one, without capsizing. It was in endeavoring to leap into this boat that our poor friend Percy Joslen was lost. The gig, with others of the crew and passengers, followed in charge of the second mate; and after her the dingey, in charge of the third mate, about nine o'clock A. M.

To resume my personal experience. The boats left us going towards the rocks, which we saw in front of us about one hundred yards off, rising like a wall several hundreds of feet out of the water. I should have mentioned that, for the time, having parted company with Bentley, I, to save myself, took to the mizzen rigging. There I remained with others until daybreak, by which time the ship had gone under water, all but the fore-castle-head. On day breaking, I got along the mizzen top-gallant stay to the mainmast; and from there, down the mainstay, to the roof of the deck-house. There was a heavy swell, but every wave did not break over us. Several others scrambled to the same place. We then went on to the fore-castle.

Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away

five passengers whom we had not before seen, and who had been clinging to the mizzen-top. They went off, and we were left shivering in the cold, the lateness of the day rendering it impossible for the boat to return. We passed a miserable night. Our position was one of great peril, as we felt the vessel rising and falling with the flowing and receding wave; we not knowing but that the next wave would liberate and sink our ill-fated ship,—as was the case a few hours after we left her. We had nothing to subsist on but a few biscuits, and were almost frozen by the wet and extreme cold. About ten A. M. of the second day, the gig returned, bringing back the hope of life which had almost left us. This boat took us all off, the last remaining being myself, another passenger, and nine of the crew. The sea had now become more calm, and we got to the landing-place, about a mile and a half to the southeast of where our ship had struck; this place had been discovered by the first boat, and a rope had been fixed to the cliff, by which we climbed up the rock.

As the morning of the wreck was nearly pitch dark, and the incidents were too crowded, many occurred which did not come under my personal observation. Miss Henderson was swept from the deck by an early wave; her brother survived, to die a more lingering death on the island. Mrs. Walker fell a victim to her maternal feelings, as she would not enter the boat without her child. It had been taken by the second mate, and placed in charge of the second steward in the rigging. One of the ship's apprentices, much to his credit, gave up, on request, a life-buoy to one of the passengers. Terrible as the circumstances of this sad morning were, it is surprising the outward composure that was maintained throughout. I did not hear even one scream from the women. Mrs. Wordsworth showed great self-

possession. When all landed and collected, we found forty lives had been lost, including one entire family of ten. George Mellor, a third-class passenger, died ashore, of exhaustion, the second night, and was buried in the sea.

Upon landing, I was regaled with a leg of a young albatross (of which and other birds there was fortunately a considerable store on the island), roasted ; and after having been thirty hours on the wreck, I need scarcely say that I never tasted anything sweeter. A glance at the sterile rock on which the fates had driven us, and on which we were to live if we could for an indefinite time, showed that, compared with it, Crusoe's island was as the Garden of Eden. We were on Apostle Island, which, to judge by the guano deposit, must have been the home of sea-birds for ages, and on which, very probably, the foot of man had but seldom if ever trod.

Before entering on the subject of our life on the island, it may be as well to give a brief account of the group of islands of which ours was one. The Crozet Islands are a volcanic group to the south of the Indian Ocean, lying between Kerguelen's Land on the east and Prince Edward's Island on the west. They take their name from Crozet, a French naval officer. Apostle Island, on which we were, was the largest of the reef of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, forming part of the group. Large and small, islands and rocks inclusive are twenty-six in number.

We spent the first and second nights ashore very miserably, owing to the cold and damp. My first night — the second since the wreck — I, along with five others, lay under a rock ; next night we all got into a shanty which had been built, but we were so closely packed that it was not possible to sleep. Therefore, next night,

Bentley, Henderson, and I went back to the rock, under the ledge of which we slept for several weeks. Before we got more sheltered, by building up a wall of turf, we were sometimes, in the morning, when we awoke, covered with two or three inches of snow. Little of any value was saved from the wreck ; some clothes were got out of the fore-castle, and a passenger's chest, containing sheetings, blankets, table-covers, knives, forks, spoons, and a few other things, was picked up on return to the ship by the life-boat. The boats picked up floating, a cask of port wine, two cases of gin, two cases, of rum, one of brandy, one of pickles, some firewood, and a case of ladies' boots, which were not of much use to us ; also a case of confectionery, the tins of which became very serviceable as pots for culinary purposes.

Two barrels of gunpowder also were found, and matches ; also some deck planks and other pieces of timber were secured, which were useful for our fires. When the wood was exhausted, we discovered that the skins of the birds made excellent fuel. During the night of the 3d of July, the boats moored to the rocks broke away and were lost. This was greatly deplored at the time ; but I consider it a fortunate circumstance, for, the ship having sunk, the only flotage that would have been recoverable was spirits, which perhaps we were better without. And for another reason : with the boats we might have been tempted to visit, and perhaps remain on Hog Island, which appeared about six miles off. We should have had a greater variety of food there, and probably altogether less privations and discomfort than we were subjected to on Apostle Island ; but we would have been more out of the course of ships going to Australia or New Zealand, so that our rescue might have been much longer delayed.

The want of controlling authority was soon apparent

in our small community. There was no one capable of exercising that influence which, by judgment, firmness, and a sense of justice, supported by the well-disposed, would have kept in check the troublesome spirits, who, however, were a small minority. Disciplinary power being wanting, the turbulent element was on the ascendant for some weeks after our landing. At length matters subsided into comparative order; but there never was perfect confidence. It was found advisable, for the general advantage, that we should be separated into parties; subsequently, into as many as six squads. This segregation was effected by a kind of natural affinity in the combining elements.

Mrs. Wordsworth lived for a considerable time in the large shanty, until a smaller one was given up for the sole use of her and her son. This lady was ill during nearly the whole time of our sojourn on the island, but bore the privations she was subjected to with great fortitude. Little could be done to alleviate the hardships she suffered; she received such attention as the limited means at hand afforded, and was, throughout, treated with general respect. For instance, when dinner was served, each man passed his hat for his share of fowl; Mrs. Wordsworth's was handed to her on a piece of board.

A Bible had been saved, which was read aloud, and psalms sung from time to time with great fervency; and early teachings, which had lain long latent, were revived with great force in their application to our present condition. These readings had a peculiar solemnity when we were laying our dead in their graves. The emotions thus produced were, with some, probably transient, although at the time heartfelt; with others the impressions may be more lasting.

We found our island to be about a mile and a half

long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it; indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalk at first, and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled, sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that be admitted, I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster, Bill, who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favorable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions, we used, in lieu of soap, the yolks of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred of the albatross, young and old; and, notwithstanding the warning of the ancient mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundred of graybacks (knot), a very few small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of "whalers" (ivory gull) and divers, — birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black-feathered, and coated with fat, which, even raw, we

considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August; there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed others came in; in all, there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think, on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been, from time to time, fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent impression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that "holds its holiday in the stormy gale," I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Capt. Carmichael (Linn. Trans., Vol. XII.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often failing in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground they

march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invaders, as they seem to think. They sit for about two months apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles, are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears quite in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates, and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks, too, fine large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily despatched, but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and, though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times showed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs, which lay in hundreds around us, were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table-articles, such as gin and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders, and penguin-skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long hollow bone, and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin bags to keep. My other boot was

used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the spring for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the food took a long time to prepare, and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy ; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop iron from a gin-case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder-keg, the other side from the blade of an oar, riveted with wire from the rigging, the washers being made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot ; also hands for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot, — all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms, and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape was. The island was ever more or less tempest-beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe ; in fact we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succor, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home, yet in our shanty, at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday-evening concerts, — the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favorite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that all our sweethearts would be married by the time we got home ! We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near ; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship

made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he *did* see us, but did not even report that he had, when he got into port. This behavior on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch ; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitterly cold nights. Our day on the lookout, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions, — five in all since we came ashore. Mr. Stanbury, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July, of lockjaw. Mr. Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 3d of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Husband, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas day Mr. Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies, after death, were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet, or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shown somewhat curiously. It was rumored that one of the dead had been buried with a comb in his pocket ; and one of our party wishing to obtain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January, 1876, had now come. In view of the future, we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many penguin-skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatized, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking utensils, our kitchen-ware being nearly worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used as frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flag-staffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket, to attract the attention of ships that might come near us.

Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high, square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the lookout. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop-iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavorable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

Jan. 21 was an eventful day; deliverance was at hand. About six o'clock in the afternoon, we were all startled by a cry from the man on the lookout, "Sail, ho!" We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flag-staff; we hoisted two flags, consisting of a piece of canvas and a blanket, one on the flag-staff and one on the unfinished tower; we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals; we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became greatly excited, some, in their delight, cutting strange

antics, — in fact a genuine “breakdown.” When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail-maker leaped into the water, and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Capt. Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on, he told us that he could not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore, he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs. Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope, for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings, and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing taken from the ship's stores. Mrs. Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs. Giffard, the captain's wife. The ship which relieved us was the “Young Phœnix,” of New Bedford, an American whaler, commanded by Capt. Giffard. Of this kind-hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to

speaking in terms too laudatory; we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th of January we sighted the "Sierra Morena," of Liverpool, Capt. Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the "Young Phœnix," Capt. Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon, where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Capt. Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England; on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Capt. Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius; but on the afternoon of the day we left, falling in with the "Childers," bound for Rangoon, the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely ever to forget the attention we received.

I am again in England, and at home, endeavoring to look back upon the wreck of the "Strathmore" merely as an unpleasant dream.

After the reading the little party broke up into groups, and fell into animated conversation. They were all too well bred to interrupt while the reading went on; even Emma Fortinbras kept to herself her

exclamations, suggestions, improvements, and criticisms. But they were not at all afraid of Col. Ingham, and so it was with perfect ease that Will Hackmatack said to him, "Uncle Fred, Jules Verne's book was printed before the 'Strathmore' was wrecked. He must have taken the idea somewhere else." The colonel was well pleased at the correction, because it showed that the young people were careful, and because it was made at the proper time. He laughed, and said that he was not so perfect in Jules Verne as they were. He walked to the book-case, in which are his later books of voyages, and in a moment handed down to the boys *Les Naufragés des Auckland Iles*, "The Shipwrecked Men of Auckland Island," by F. E. Raynal. Laura read aloud to the others, from the French, the account of the wreck of the "Grafton" on one of those lonely islands. It was here that the shipwrecked men spent nearly two years, in a real Robinson Crusoe way; and this seems to be the hint given to M. Jules Verne for the experiences of Capt. Grant. The next week the boys found a translation of *Les Naufragés*, in one of the libraries. In the English translation the book is called "Wrecked on a Reef."

WRECK HARBOR.

We soon saw that we were in the worst situation possible; so long as the wind remained in the west the danger was imminent. In fact, we were anchored so close in shore, that we had scarcely space to veer upon our anchors without going upon the rocks. We at first thought of cutting our cables and beating out into the open channel until the gale was over, but we were not long in recognizing that we could not do it without exposing ourselves to a still greater danger, for a little

lower down was a projecting point on which the schooner would infallibly drift before she obtained sufficient way to answer readily to her helm. We preferred, therefore, to remain where we were until day-break, which might probably bring with it a change of weather, or at least enable us to realize our situation more plainly.

Every now and then it seemed as if the wind, which blew with great violence, would sink a little, but it never failed to spring up again with even more than its former fury.

At 10.30 P. M., after one of those intervals in which the genius of the storm seems to rest a moment, only to take breath, a hurricane of excessive fury, bringing with it a tremendous rain, or rather a water-spout of salt water, which it had gathered up in passing, struck the schooner heavily. At this moment I heard the voice of Alick in the fore-castle, exclaiming that one of the chains had broken. This news plunged us into profound consternation. Thenceforth, a single anchor (we had no other to let go) being insufficient to hold us, we began to drift ashore.

It was at midnight that we felt the first shock; it was slight, but those which succeeded became stronger and stronger as we advanced towards the rocks. Each new collision struck home to our hearts; it was the more indubitable announcement of the melancholy fate reserved for us.

Yet there was still a gleam of hope. We had touched at low water, and the flow, which now rose rapidly, every moment brought more water under our keel. The storm, too, somewhat subsided during the few hours that the tide lasted. Moreover, the "Grafton" was so well built, and her framework was so solid, that, in spite of the terrible blows it had already received, her hulk had not shown, as yet, the slightest sign of leaking.

Alas! this last hope was soon snatched from us; instead of diminishing, the storm increased, the wind blew a hurricane, which, as the tide rose, drove us nearer to the coast.

After a few seconds, a shock more terrible than any of its predecessors made the vessel shiver from stem to stern; a frightful crash fell upon our ears; the disaster so much dreaded had come about. The keel had struck against a rock, which had carried away a portion of it; the next day we found its fragments on the beach. The sea, pouring in through the gap, very quickly filled the interior of the vessel, which thenceforth remained fixed in its position.

But, on the other hand, the waves dashing furiously against her broadside, and leaping upwards, swept clean her decks or carried away some portion of her bulwarks. We had scarcely time to bring up from below the small supply of provisions still remaining, our instruments of navigation, and private effects. These articles were fastened firmly against the hatchway of the poop cabin, which was the least exposed part of the vessel. We covered them with a sheet of pitched canvas, under a fold of which we five, wet and benumbed, sat huddled up together, waiting anxiously for daybreak.

As it was still the very heart of the southern summer, we had the satisfaction, at the end of an hour, of seeing the first rays of the morning.

An hour! It is but a trifle to him who spends it in the security of ordinary life, but in our horrible situation, exposed every moment to be torn from our refuge and hurled into the sea, — in other words, infallibly drowned or dashed against the rocks — with what hopeless slowness lingered away the minutes!

As soon as day broke, my comrades crept from un-

derneath the sail to cast a glance around. The wind was raging with undiminished fury; the rain continued to fall, or rather to smite, and lash, and strike almost horizontally. At intervals, a strong gust raised up enormous billows and carried the foam in a dense cloud to the height of several feet. On either side of the schooner the wild sea leaped and tumbled, to dash its waves against the rocky shore, from which we were distant not more than sixty yards. In the narrow channel which separated us from the land, it was less agitated; the "Grafton," now reduced to a mere waif and stray, barred the passage of the waves, which she received upon herself, and thus protected that part of the coast to some extent from their fury.

Our boat, a frail shell, about thirteen feet long by four and a half broad, and some two feet in depth, built of planks of cedar less than an inch in thickness, was slung by stout ropes above the main scuttle of the schooner, its usual place. Though of light construction, being slung with its keel uppermost, it had formed a solid arch, and defied the assaults of the billows. We had now to unmoor it and get it afloat, that we might row ashore. This task was full of danger, but it offered us our only chance of safety; for we trembled every moment lest the "Grafton" should yield to the persistent efforts of the waves, which seemed bent on shattering her into atoms.

Without worse accidents than a few contusions, my companions succeeded in launching it overboard. A moment after, she was floating securely under the lee of the vessel.

Though I was of no more use than the shattered wreck they were on the point of quitting, my companions would not abandon me. As soon as they had put on board the skiff a portion of the articles saved from

below, they assisted me into it, and then took their own places.

Musgrave now selected one of the longest ropes he could find and fastened it to an iron ring fixed in the "Grafton's" broadside ; this he allowed to uncoil and slip between his hands until we had arrived sufficiently near the rocks ; then he knotted it to the stern of the boat in such a manner that the latter, spite of the wind and sea which forced her towards the shore, could not go any farther. This done, Alick took a second rope, one end of which he attached to the boat's bow, and having fastened the other end round his body, at the peril of his life he leaped into the waves.

This was a moment of terrible anxiety, for our safety wholly depended on Alick's skill and strength ; but the latter, under his apparent inertness, concealed a valiant heart, and, like most of his countrymen, was a good swimmer. The sea tumbled and boiled around him, yet we could see that he never lost his presence of mind ; he gave the wave time to expend itself, and then, with two vigorous strokes, he reached a rocky point, to which he firmly clung. As soon as the wave receded, and before another could overtake him, he climbed to a more elevated rock, above the reach of the waters. A moment afterwards, his rope was securely wound about the trunk of a tree standing near the shore.

From this tree to the boat, the cord, when fully stretched, was rather abruptly inclined. By means of a pulley, to which were fixed two ends of rope, one of which was thrown to Alick and the other retained in our skiff, we first passed to our comrade the pitched canvas ; this he arranged round the trunk of a tree, in the form of a tent, and under it he deposited the various articles which we kept sending up to him.

At length my turn came. Musgrave took me on his back, where he bound me firmly, and, seizing the pulley, he sprang over the gunwale.

Considerably heavier than any of the packages which had preceded us, we caused the rope to sink to a great extent, yet not so much but that it kept us above the breakers. The traject, or rather the ascent, was not accomplished without difficulty and danger; at one moment, Musgrave, exhausted with fatigue, was on the point of letting go his hold, and, being tied together, both of us must have perished, had not Alick hastened to our assistance, and helped us to climb the rocks.

Finally, George and Harry joined us by the same troublesome route. As for the boat, we left it where it was, securely moored to the rope.

Inasmuch as it could hold only a small number of articles, we took with us simply the most indispensable; the others remained on the deck of the "Grafton," fastened to the hatchway, and covered with a piece of tarred sail-cloth. They consisted of several bags of salt; Musgrave's chest, containing his charts, instruments of navigation, and the greater portion of his effects; mine, in which were my gun and sextant; a chest we had filled with useful domestic articles, such as plates, knives and forks; and a large iron pot, originally intended to melt the fat of the seals we felt so sure of killing.

Naturally, we had carried with us, in preference to these, what remained of our supply of provisions; a small cask, containing nearly one hundred pounds of biscuit; nearly two pounds of tea, and three of coffee, enclosed in a couple of tin boxes; a little sugar, say one dozen pounds; a small quantity of salt meat, half a dozen (at the most) pieces of beef and two of pork;

half a bottle of mustard, nearly a pound of pepper, a little salt, six pounds of American tobacco, which belonged to Musgrave and myself, but which we shared impartially with our companions, and a small iron teakettle, which Harry, our cook, made use of for boiling fresh water.

After this had been read, and one or two other extracts, there was a general clamor to know how they got away.

“It is just like the way the Cape Cod men got away from Pitcairn’s Island. These men built up their boat into a little sloop, with the wreck of the “Grafton.” They taught themselves to be blacksmiths, and, after it was too dark for them to saw and chop, they ‘stinted’ themselves to make fifty nails a night at the forge before they went to bed.”

Then Col. Ingham took the book and read the voyage of the “Rescue.” This was the name they gave to their boat.

THE “RESCUE’S” VOYAGE.

On the 19th of July a southwest wind began to blow; the weather was clear, though cold; it was mid-winter. The hour of departure had arrived; we were on the point of separating from two of our companions (as the boat was too small for all, and they preferred to stay), from George and Harry, who, for nineteen months, had shared, day after day, our struggles and our sufferings, with whom we had lived as brothers. We were all of us profoundly moved.

For the last time, assembled together in our hut, we joined in prayer to God, imploring His assistance for those who in a frail bark were about to confront a

stormy sea, and those who remained on the rocky isle to wrestle alone against want and despondency.

A moment afterwards we were clasped in a parting embrace, and Musgrave, Alick, and I set sail.

"Observe Musgrave," said Clem afterwards, "he is in Verne's book by name."

About 1. o'clock A. M. we sailed between the two capes which make the entrance of Port Carnley. As soon as we were fairly at sea, a cold wind from the pole filled our sail, and the boat bounded over the open water of the Pacific. Though small and weak, she behaved well and justified her name. Her seams were not as tight as we hoped, and this obliged us to keep our pump going almost all the time, while the others were working the boat. In every other regard she showed herself seaworthy, and we became proud of our work and confident. The wind changed, however, as evening came on; it increased, and became a hurricane. We were all used to the sea, but in this little craft we were all terribly seasick. We could not eat, and could hardly drink a little water. Night came on, and with it the wind increased, and a terrible squall of ice and snow. We had taken in two reefs before, but had to shorten sail again.

The next day was no better. But we had fasted thirty hours now, and ate a little. But we could not eat the roast seal we had prepared; it had putrefied, and we had to throw it into the sea.

By six in the evening the sea was so rough that we dared not keep before the wind. The noise of the waves, as they broke, was awful, and we were covered with their shining foam. We had to lie-to, with the head to the waves as far as possible, for her sides were not strong enough to bear them; before we had lain so for half an hour, a wave higher than the rest crashed

heavily upon us, and she and we were engulfed together. She rolled like a cork, or rather spun like a top. We screamed out together with what seemed to be our last cry. If we had not been fastened into the boat by our sail-cloth casing, it would have been the end of us. But the ballast kept its place. The wave passed; the boat righted, and we, though half suffocated, found ourselves alive in the air, and regained our senses.

July 21. Bad weather. The storm continued. Between two squalls we made a little progress. The night was very bad. Between eleven and twelve we were again caught and tossed about—twice within half an hour—as we were last night.

Even on the fourth day we had not passed through all our misfortunes. We had not closed our eyes. We were faint for want of food, and the little water we drank did not mend matters. We were watching the horizon, seeking in the north some sign of relief,—hoping to sight land,—but seeing nothing. In all misfortune I kept my journal in a little book I had made, and a pencil. When the rain ceased, and at night, by our lantern, I made my log, noting the weather and our progress. It was on the morning of the fifth day, July 3, that we saw land. It was Stewart Island, the smallest and most southerly of the three islands which make up New Zealand.

Here they were summoned to tea. And here, as it happened, the readings for the winter ceased; for the next Friday the wind came into the southwest. Every boy and girl of them all received a postal from Uncle Fritz, asking them to rally at the Providence station, and go down with him to Little Crastis, and hunt for May-flowers. The next Saturday came in the week of the battle of Lexington, and they all

walked to Lexington from Cambridge with him. The next week they went to the Blue Hills, and found saxafrage and liverwort, and so, as it proved, the readings for that winter were over.

“But I hope you learned,” he said, as they came back from Cheese Rock in Stoneham, on May day, “that men’s books are as much better than boys’ books as a piece of hot roast beef is better than a slice which has been cut off and laid in the china-closet; and that, if you want to drink, it is well to drink at the fountain.”

WHEN they heard that Uncle Fred thought it best to print their extracts in this book, the young people copied them for the printer’s use. And Laura, and Esther, and Tom Rising came to Lady Oliver’s parlor on his birthday, with a birthday present. They told him that Mr. Carlyle had said that any man should be hanged who printed a book without an index. So they had prepared an index for his book, in the hope that he might escape. Then Uncle Fritz blessed them, and told them that they had won the golden spurs of knighthood, and might be trusted forever to be leaders and benefactors of mankind.

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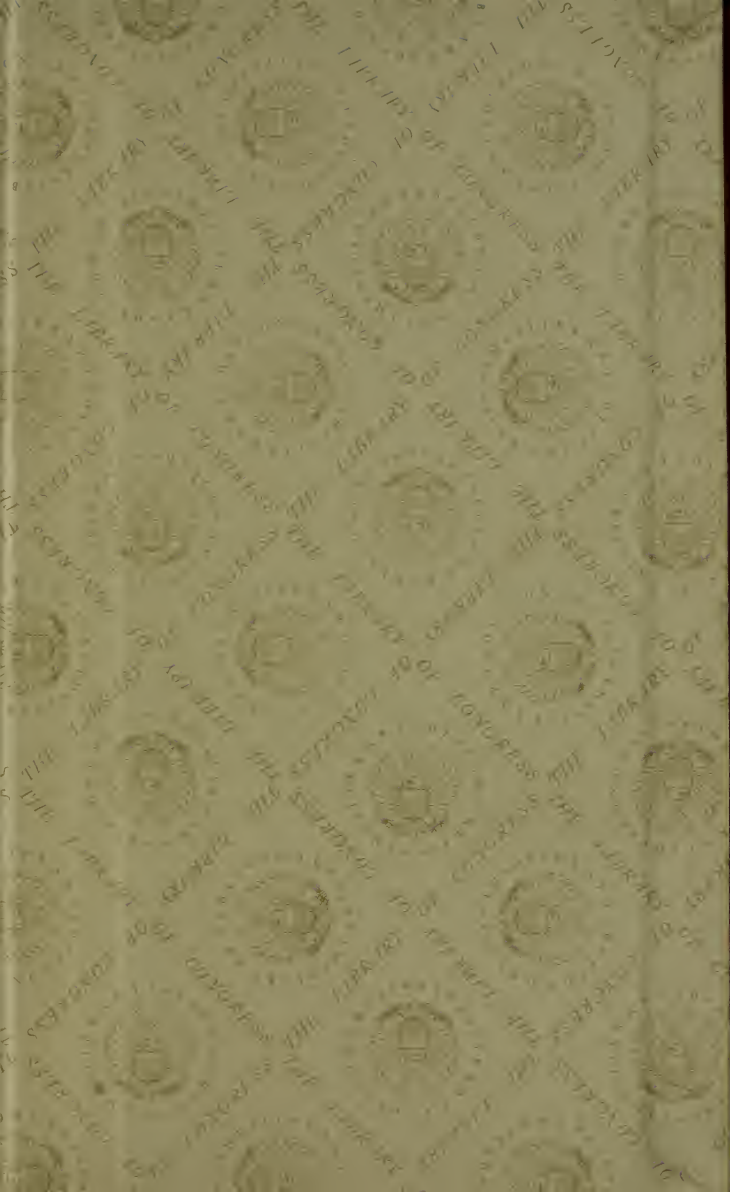
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