old Spaniards were iron if ever men were. But after all it was the search for *gold* that made them iron.

As Hood sings:

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary"——

CHAPTER XVII.

COOK'S VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES—ANSON'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD—THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY—PANAMA—INDIAN NAMES AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION—TUMBEZ—CALLAO AGAIN—LIEUTENANT DENNY, R. N.—THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—REALEJO—NICARAGUA—CHINANDEGUA—A VOYAGE IN A BUNGO—PANAMA AGAIN—COMMODORE J. B. MONTGOMERY—VALPARAISO—THE "LEVANT"—THE "LANCASTER"—SAIL FOR HOME—RIO JANEIRO—JOHN BROWN'S RAID—THE FRIGATE CONGRESS—ARRIVAL AT NORFOLK.

THE first English circumnavigator was Drake; and he was followed by Cavendish, Cowley, Clipperton, Anson, Byron, Wallace, Carteret and Cook. The last was the most celebrated, and made three voyages. He made many important geographical discoveries; but of all his discoveries the most important was his establishing the fact that it was possible for a ship to make a long voyage without losing half her crew by the scurvy; such had been the case up to his time. He was killed by the natives of Owhyhee, Sandwich Islands, in 1779.

But of all these early voyages, commend me to the history of Lord Anson's voyage, as related by the Chaplain of the *Centurion*. It is simply a romance from beginning to end. Anson left England September 18th, 1740, with eight vessels—the *Centurion*, *Severn*, *Gloucester*, *Wager*, *Pearl*, *Tryal*, and two store-ships,—the object of the expedition being to attack the Spanish vessels in the South Sea.

The vessels separated off Cape Horn, where they experienced frightful weather. Here the *Severn* and *Pearl* put back to England, and the *Wager* was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia, north of the Straits of Magellan. Byron, afterwards a commodore and a circumnavigator, was a midshipman on board, and wrote an account of the shipwreck and subsequent sufferings of the crew. His book, called "Byron's Narrative," is a

poem in itself. The survivors were conducted by the Indians to Chili, and got back to England in 1745. The shipwreck and sufferings of Byron and his companions are commemorated by Campbell in his "Pleasures of Hope:"

> "And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
> The hardy Byron to his native shore.
> In horrid climes, whence Chiloe's tempests sweep
> Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
> 'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
> Scourged by the winds and cradled on the rock,
> To wake each joyless morn, and search again
> The famished haunts of solitary men,
> Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
> Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;
> Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
> Pale, but intrepid,—sad, but unsubdued,
> Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
> The moon's pale planet and the northern star;*
> Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
> Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore,
> Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
> He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
> A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
> Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!"

The *Centurion* was three months trying to double Cape Horn, and finally succeeded in doing so, and made her way to Juan Fernandez with the loss of half her crew. The remainder were in so enfeebled a condition that it was with the utmost difficulty the vessel could be brought to an anchor. Though many had died from the effects of the unheard-of weather, yet the most fell by that fearful scourge of the early navigators, scurvy.

The commodore and most of his men were landed and buried up to their necks in the earth, this being the treatment for scurvy at that time. Indeed, I have known officers in my time who had experienced this treatment.

*"Hailing from afar the northern star" in this southern latitude, must be taken *cum grano salis:* it is a poetical license.

Bad as was the condition of the *Centurion* that of the *Gloucester* was worse, and when she made her appearance off Juan Fernandez men had to be sent to her to bring her in. The *Tryal* and one store-ship arrived in like condition. Having refitted his ships, Anson with his two frigates cruised along the coast of Peru. The *Tryal* was burned, and the store-ship sent back to England. He burned Payta, and then stood to the northward to Acapulco, in Mexico, with the intention to intercept the royal galleon, sailing between that port and the Philippine Islands.

The trade between Spain and the Philippines was at that time carried on by the way of Vera Cruz and Acapulco; the goods being shipped to Vera Cruz, and then sent overland to Acapulco. The Royal galleon sailed yearly, leaving Acapulco in April and arriving at Manilla in June, and leaving Manilla so as to arrive at Acapulco about Christmas—"never more than eight or ten days before or after," as old Dampier observes. The old Spanish books give very quaint descriptions of the galleons and their voyages, and their cargoes being immensely valuable great care was taken in selecting their commanders. The sailing directions for making the voyage to and fro were minutely drawn up and required to be strictly adhered to. In going to Manilla they had only to get into the "trades" and run them down to the Ladrone islands (where they stopped a few days to refresh), and thence to Manilla; but in returning it was far different, as it was necessary to stand to the northward to about the fortieth parallel in order to get the westerly winds. They then stood to the eastward until they made the coast of California which they ran down to Cape St. Lucas. Here they communicated with the shore to learn if any enemy were on the coast and so to Acapulco.

Dampier says that before reaching Acapulco they stopped off *Sallagua* to land the passengers for the city of Mexico; this I take to be what is now known as Navidad bay. This was before the days of chronometers which have only been in general use since the beginning of the present century; and the

longitude was found by lunar observations. It was often two or more degrees in error; so that the instructions to the returning galleons required them to be very careful to notice the color of the water, appearance of the sea-weed, and even a particular kind of fish in approaching the coast of California. Cuts of these vessels show that they carried large jars of water suspended from their rigging to lengthen their supply. The route from Manilla to Acapulco was first followed by Urdaneta in 1654, and was called for many years after "Urdaneta's Passage."

Anson arrived off Acapulco and saw the galleon in the harbor; but she was moored close to the shore, and the entrance being defended by a strong fort (another of those grand works of the early Spaniards which I have often visited) did not think it prudent to attack her. From the chaplain's narrative it is easy to locate, as I have myself done, the exact spot where the galleon was moored. After blockading the port for some time he went up the coast to Point Tejupan to water ship; he then returned to Acapulco and finding the galleon would not come out he at last bore away with his two ships for China. To show the fearful ravages made by the scurvy among his men he was actually forced to burn the frigate *Gloucester* on the passage to get men enough to handle the *Centurion!*

The *Centurion* stopped at Tinian, one of the Ladrone islands, and here again landed most of her officers and men for treatment against the scurvy. Whilst here it was discovered that an attendant of one of the officers was a female. She *may* have been the heroine of the old sailor-song of Billee-i-Taylor which says:

"Then she took a sword and pistols,
Took a pistol in each hand;
And she fell to shooting on Billee-i-Taylor
As he was walking along the strand.

"Which the captain when he heard it,
Very much approv'd what she had done,
And straightway made her First Lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder Bomb."

If Captain Luce has omitted this elegant production in his "Naval Songs" it is *à su disposicion.*

The *Centurion* being left with but few men on board was blown to sea in a gale of wind. The party on shore waited anxiously for her return and she not making her appearance they commenced building a schooner, on which the commodore worked with his own hands, to carry them to China. Fortunately the ship got back and they all embarked for Macao, where the ship arrived in 1743. The English flag was then hardly known in the East, and the authorities at Canton refused to furnish the ship with provisions, of which they stood in great need. When the Mandarins visited the ship, Anson to make a show had the marines drawn up on the quarter-deck; and so many of the guard had died that he supplied the deficiency by dressing some of his sailors in marines' uniform, much to their disgust no doubt. Upon the Mandarins refusing to furnish provisions, Anson told them he regretted their decision as his men *must* have meat; and if they could not obtain it in any other way they would seize the Chinese in their boats, and eat them! This brought them to terms and the supplies were forthcoming. It must be remembered that at this time the Portuguese had the trade with China, as the Dutch had with Japan.

After remaining a month Anson announced his intention to sail for England, *via* Batavia, and he actually took the mails on board. He sailed accordingly, and after getting out of sight of land he called up his crew and announced his intention to cruise off the Philippine islands and try to intercept the galleon from Acapulco. The men responded with three hearty cheers and the *Centurion* proceeded to cruise off Espiritu Santo in the hope of encountering her. To show how sanguine all hands were as to the result of an engagement it is recorded that the commodore having asked his steward why he did not have a certain turkey, or something of the sort, for dinner, he replied that he was keeping it to entertain the captain of the galleon when he dined with the commodore.

The galleon at last made her appearance, and although superior to the *Centurion,* was captured, and with her the largest sum of prize money ever taken in a single bottom.

The *Centurion* having sold her prize (worth two million dollars) in Macao, sailed for England, where she arrived June 15, 1744, after an absence of three years and nine months. Prize money to the amount of five million dollars was divided among her crew. The freaks of her discharged sailors, the reckless scattering of money, etc., were long remembered in England, and have been preserved in the songs of Dibdin and others.

What romance exceeds in interest the story of the Mutiny of the Bounty? Lady Becher has written a full and interesting account of it; but I believe I can add a few particulars not to be found in her book. The brig *Bounty,* Lieutenant Commanding Bligh, sailed from England in December, 1787, for the Society Islands, the object of the voyage being to take a number of bread-fruit trees to the West India Islands. [This was afterwards done.] The vessel met with unusually rough weather off Cape Horn, and Captain Bligh finally determined to proceed by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, which he did, and arrived safely at Otaheite. Here he took on board the trees and sailed for the West Indies in April, 1789. Three weeks after sailing the crew mutinied under the officer next in command to Bligh—one Christian, a mate. Captain Bligh and eighteen men were put in an open boat, with a scant allowance of food and water, and set adrift. He made a most remarkable voyage. The *most* remarkable *boat* voyage probably ever made. He sailed from the Friendly Islands to the island of Timor, a distance of nearly 4000 miles, and arrived without the loss of a man. It was only by the utmost firmnesss in keeping his men on a proper allowance of food and water, and refusing to land on unknown and probably unfriendly islands that he accomplished this. From Timor he got back to England with his party. In the meantime the mutineers under Christian,

twenty-five in number, returned in the *Bounty* to Otaheite, and here most of the men determined to remain, among them a young midshipman named Heywood. Christian, Midshipman Young and eight men took on board a number of Otaheitan men and women (four men and eleven women) and sailed away to the eastward. For some years nothing was heard of them.

As soon as Captain Bligh reported the facts to the ministry the frigate *Pandora,* Captain Edwards, was sent to look for the mutineers. She proceeded to Otaheite and there took on board Mr. Heywood and thirteen others; but all search for the *Bounty* proved ineffectual. The mutineers were treated with unnecessary severity on board the *Pandora,* (their place of confinement was afterward called the "Pandora's Box,") and to add to their sufferings the vessel was wrecked and some of them were drowned. The others finally arrived in England and were brought to trial in 1792. Captain Bligh who was a tyrant and one of the last men who should have been put in authority over others, (he was afterwards made Governor of Australia, and for his tyranny was deposed by an insurrection in 1808), was also one of the most vindictive of men. He did his utmost to have every man, old or young, hanged. Midshipman Heywood was a mere lad—he knew nothing of the projected mutiny; but when in the morning he was offered the choice to remain on board or go in the boat he elected to remain: *no doubt because he did not fully comprehend the situation.* His youth and ignorance of the plans of Christian and his associates would account for this. He was, however, condemned to be hanged with the rest, and Captain Bligh tried to have it carried into effect. Fortunately he had influential friends, and his case being properly presented to the throne he was pardoned with two of the men—the others were hanged. Heywood lived to become a captain in the navy, and devoted his whole life to expiating what he considered his crime; but what others considered an error of judgment. He was at sea twenty-five years out of twenty-seven years in the service, and

I was told by an officer who knew him that never was a man so passionately loved by his officers and crew. One of the men pardoned with him never left him afterward; he went with him on all his cruises as his coxswain, and at the end of the cruise lived at the captain's home. Captain Heywood died universally beloved and esteemed, which is more than can be said of Captain Bligh.

Nothing more was heard of the *Bounty* until 1808 when Captain Folger of Boston touched at Pitcairn's island in the Pacific expecting to find it uninhabited. As he approached it he was much surprised at seeing a canoe coming off with two men in it, and still more surprised at hearing one of the men exclaim as he got alongside the ship, in good English, "throw us a rope." When he came on board the captain asked him his name, and he replied: "Thursday October Christian."

Captain Folger found upon the island one of the mutineers who called himself John Adams, but who is supposed to have been Alexander Smith, who gave an account of the colony. He was the only survivor of the *Bounty's* crew. Christian had destroyed the vessel soon after their arrival. A few years afterwards the English were all killed by the Otaheitans except three who concealed themselves. The Otaheitan men quarreled among themselves and were all killed or died of their wounds. Two of the Englishmen died soon after, and Adams or Smith with several women and children remained the only inhabitants of the island. Adams described Christian's remorse to have been extreme. The whole story is most agreeably told by Lady Becher, who is a grand-daughter of the late Captain Heywood.

In 1814 the island was visited by the British frigates *Briton* and *Tagus*. The visitors thus described the inhabitants at that time: "This interesting new colony consists of forty-six persons, mostly grown up young people, besides a number of infants. 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."

An English officer who had visited Pitcairn's island told me that when the British frigates arrived there in 1814, old Adams thought they had come for him, and that he would be taken to England and hanged. When the captain of the frigate landed, Adams stood on one side with his hat off, as is the custom of English sailors in the presence of an officer, and his long, white hair flowing over his shoulders. The government, however, if it did not pardon him, never took any notice of his crime. He died in 1830. The officer told me that Adams kept a journal which he had read—after telling of the killing of the Otaheitans, and there being but three white men left—it went on to say: "It was observed of Jack B. that his conduct was strange, and we feared he might kill us in our sleep; it was therefore decided to put him to death, which we accordingly did *with an axe!*" The Pitcairn islanders were removed to Norfolk Island in 1856. A few years after, some of them returned to Pitcairn's Island, where they still are.

But avast! Should I go on with these reminiscences I will exhaust the patience of my reader. The truth is, that being very fond of this kind of reading I had, during my four years' stay at the naval academy, taken advantage of an excellent library to read up the early voyages of the Spanish, English, and French in these seas; and now, being on the spot, I was in the habit of recalling these incidents during many a weary night's watch.

We left the *Merrimac* in Payta. From Payta we went to Panama, and here, being within eight days' sail of New York, we felt almost like returning home after our long voyage around Cape Horn. Old Panama was founded soon after the discovery of the Pacific. It was built principally of cedar. About 1673 it was sacked and burned by the buccaneers under Morgan. The present city is situated about four miles west of the old town. It is a walled city, and was in its day strongly fortified. The bay of Panama, in spite of what the "sailing directions" usually say, affords good anchorage. Vessels cannot lie very near the shore, 'tis true, and southerly gales sometimes blow.

I have known it *well* for twenty-five years, and have never in that time heard of a ship dragging on shore.

Should Lesseps succeed with his canal (and I think he will), he will find no difficulty as to making a harbor at Panama. The anchorage under Perico Island is now a perfectly safe one; and a moderate sum spent in building breakwaters will make a basin large enough to hold all the vessels that will ever want to use it.

The name *Panama*, it is said, means in the Indian language "a place abounding in fish;" (it *should* be filth). I confess I have no great faith as to the rendering of these Indian names into English. When Cordova, in 1517, landed on an unknown coast he asked the name of the country, and was answered by the natives: "*Tectetan;*" meaning "I do not understand you;" and this the Spaniards corrupted into *Yucatan!* And on the same voyage Bernal Diaz says the natives came off to the ship in their canoes, and tried to induce them to land, saying: "Con Escotoch," meaning "Come to our town:" and from this we get Cape *Catoche!* It has long been a wonder to me how Mungo Park managed to translate the touching song of the negro woman in Africa: considering that he did not understand the language! *Verb umsap.*

From Panama the *Merrimac* went to the south coast again, touching at Tumbez, on the Guayaquil river, and Payta, on the way. At Callao I met my friends Moore and Denny of the English steamer *Vixen.* Moore had accompanied Captain Prevost in his attempt to cross the isthmus. Denny had served in the *Baltic* under Admiral Napier during the Crimean war, and used to relate many interesting particulars of it. He was telling me one day of their raising a torpedo (or "*infernal machine*" as we called them *then*) and taking it aboard Vice Admiral Seymour's ship. The admiral who was walking the deck with a cane professed to "know all about it;" so he attempted to explain how it was made, and in so doing gave it a rap. It exploded; killed some men, and the admiral lost an eye. "What a dreadful thing!" said I; "Oh no! not at all," said

Denny: "He gets a pension; he is laying back in Greenwich hospital—two-six a day!" "but," he continued in the same breath, "There was a poor beggar of a marine officer had his shin knocked off; *he* didn't get anything." I *could* have said to Denny "a pension covers a multitude of shins;" but I regret to say I did not. It was one of those vexatious *arrière-pensées.*

This was the same Denny who told me of the fight at Simonoseki, where he was wounded. He was not promoted as he thought he should have been and this was his "grievance;" "for," he would say in a melancholy tone, "perhaps I shall never have another chance to get hit!"

In September, 1858, we sailed from Callao for the Sandwich islands, and arrived at Honolulu in October. Here our commodore went on shore for the first time since leaving Boston. In inspecting the ship there he fell down a hatchway and injured his leg. During the entire cruise he passed his days seated in a chair with his leg propped up. The Sandwich islands were named by Cook for Lord Sandwich. The English claim that Cook discovered this group, but the Spaniards knew them a century before his time. The islanders *were* an amiable race, and though they have been accused of being cannibals it is not probable. The early voyagers were very fond of scoring men down as man-eaters; in some cases—notably the Indians of Alaska—because it was the custom to keep the bones of their ancestors in their huts. There are few pure-blooded islanders to be seen now, and the decrease in the population since Cook's time is simply frightful—in another century there will be none left to tell the tale. The natural result of the intermixture of races. The little *Dolphin*, Captain Percival, was the first American man-of-war to visit these islands, I have been told.

We had expected to remain some time at Honolulu; but the unsatisfactory relations existing between the United States and Nicaragua called us there. One cannot wonder that the expeditions of the filibusters under Walker had caused bad feeling in Nicaragua. Indeed Nicaragua and Costa Rica

appealed to the great European powers for protection in May of this year. We arrived at Realejo in December. We anchored off what is now called Corinto, Realejo being in fact situated on a small creek seven miles distant. It shows the terror caused by the buccaneers on this coast—most of the towns were located away from the shore. The squadron assembled here in January, 1859; and we had a visit from the President of Nicaragua and his cabinet. We were here about three months. The harbor is an excellent one and the climate tolerably good. We took advantage of our long stay to land our battalion of small-arm men frequently, and have what the marine officer in Cooper's "Pilot" so often longed for: "a good steady drill." The *Merrimac's* crew were the smartest men at their guns, great and small, I have ever seen. The ship passed an excellent ordnance inspection upon her return home, and I doubt if her "time" in transporting, dismounting, and general handling of guns has ever been equalled.

The town of Realejo is small, and is now an insignificant place, though one can see the ruins of an old stone cathedral and other public buildings. We used to go to the town of Chinandegua occasionally for a few days' stay. I met there an American doctor, from Tennessee, who kept a hotel or boarding-house; he had married a native and had a large family. Asking him how he happened to find himself in the place, he told me his history. In 1849 he started for California to dig gold. Upon reaching Panama he found it crowded with "gold searchers," and no vessels in port to carry them on their way. He and a number of others bought a *bungo* (a large canoe), and in it actually started for San Francisco, a distance of more than three thousand miles. The party chose for leader one Chris. Lilly, a pugilist, who had just before killed a man named McCoy in the prize ring. They coasted along the shore, landing frequently for provisions and water. Upon landing at Realejo the doctor left; he said he had enough, and I suppose he is in Chinandegua now. Inquiring about this *bungo* subsequently, I was told that she got past

Cape St. Lucas, and was wrecked. The party, still under Lilly, made their way to San Francisco on foot. This voyage of over two thousand miles in a *bungo* almost, if not quite, equals Captain Bligh's.

About March, 1859, we went to Panama, and here Commodore Long was relieved by Commodore John B. Montgomery—a most estimable man and gallant officer. He served with distinction on the lakes in the war of 1812. In the summer the *Merrimac* went to Valparaiso to await the arrival of her relief—the new ship *Lancaster*. We found here the *Levant*, Commander Wm. E. Hunt. She was afterwards lost at sea, as I have before mentioned. She had a fine set of officers, and not a vacancy in her complement when lost.

In October the *Lancaster* arrived, and we sailed for home. Our captain made great preparations for rounding Cape Horn; he considered the ship "top heavy," and everything was sent below that could be stowed there, even the oars of the boats! At my earnest solicitation the oars were kept in *one* boat, in case of a man falling overboard! We had a good passage to Rio de Janeiro, and no bad weather off the Cape. In fact we did not experience a gale of wind during the entire cruise. We heard in Rio of John Brown's raid against Harper's Ferry. It created great excitement and some warm discussion, but not an officer on board justified it.

We found in Rio the frigate *Congress*. The *Merrimac* was to meet this vessel in Hampton Roads not many months after, under far different circumstances. We arrived at Norfolk in December, 1859, after a monotonous cruise of 26 months. I wrote "Naval Light Artillery" during this cruise, which was adopted by the Navy Department, and has ever since been the text-book at the Naval Academy. I also translated the French "*Tactique Navale*," which was also used at the Academy.