

Journal

[9] **New York, February 22, 1849.** At twenty minutes before two o'clock, P.M., the schooner cleared from the dock, at the foot of Vesey street, amid the hearty cheers of friends and spectators, which were answered from on board by our whole company, and by several salutes from our cannon.

It is needless to say that this was an intensely exciting and interesting occasion for us all, or that every heart and pulse throbbed with the deepest emotions. We leave home and friends on a long and adventurous expedition. How long before we shall return, or who among our now hopeful and happy band will be numbered with the dead before that time arrives, is known only to Him who holds all destinies in His hands.

The canvass was soon spread upon the schooner, and all hands were mustered aft, where we were addressed by Captain Hanks, in a short but pithy speech on the nature of the voyage, and the enterprise in which we had embarked. He reminded us of the many deprivations which should be obliged to submit to during our long voyage and besought us to bear them patiently. He also reminded us of our obligations to the officers of the vessel, [10] and of the necessity of a strict and cheerful compliance with all their official commands.

This speech was listened to with the most profound attention by all, and on its conclusion, the success of our voyage was toasted with three times three.

We ran down the bay with a stiff N. East breeze, and the weather looking threatening, we came to anchor under the lee of Coney Island, for the night.

Friday, February. 23. Commenced with a fine morning, wind still N. E. After breakfast got under weigh and stood out to sea, with quite a fleet of vessels in company. This morning the steward was decidedly drunk, but a sound thrashing which was administered to him in the after cabin, essentially helped him. There is quite a sea on, and most of our company are seasick. Fared poorly for breakfast, dinner and supper, owing to the condition of the steward, who don't get quite sober yet, and every thing appears to be stowed away just exactly where it can not be got at. About the middle of the afternoon lost sight of the land. This is the first day at sea for the most of us, and so many seasick, myself among the number, makes it rather disagreeable for all. Never mind, better times coming.

February 24. Arose this morning not much refreshed. Spent a very disagreeable night on account of seasickness. Weather cloudy, wind E.N.E., sea rugged and cabin wet and uncomfortable. Could get but little to eat, and no appetite for even that. The seasickness is surely one of the most disagreeable sensations that man can be afflicted with, rendering him indifferent to all that is passing around him. The schooner has made good progress to-day, and we are now in the Gulf Stream. The water [11] in this stream is sensibly warm, and vessels generally meet a rough, cross sea in it. Wind N.N.E. and steering E.S.E., (Lat. 39°13'. Lon 72°15').

Sunday, February 25 A lovely morning; light wind and vessel making slow progress. It does not appear much like Sunday. The mate is breaking out in the after hold for provisions, the want of which some of us have felt very much. Our chests and wet clothing were taken on deck to dry. In the afternoon the weather began to look threatening, and every thing betokened a coming storm. Took a flying jib and double reefed the fore and main sails. (Lat. at noon 38°43' Lon. 70°29'). Before night it is blowing a heavy gale from the eastward. Cabin very wet, and the schooner rolling and pitching violently. (Lat. 38°43' Lon. 70°29').

February 26. A heavy gale and a rough sea all day. Wind S.E. Steering N.E. by N. Made a sail on our starboard bow, and came up with her very fast. She proved to be a brigantine. After coming within three or four miles of her she made sail and crawled away from us again. We kept under easy sail, in order to favor the men who were engaged in setting up rigging on the bowsprit. Afternoon the wind veered to the north, and we tacked and stood to the S.E. Gale increases, and makes it very uncomfortable for all hands. We have divided the company into two messes for our meals, Nos. 1 and 2. One man is appointed to head each mess for two weeks, after which he chooses his own successor. Mess No. 1 eats first one day and No. 2 eats first the next, and as alternating. I mess with No. 1. William H. Crowell and Doct. De Demerett head the messes for the first fortnight. We have also a committee of three, to be chosen once a fortnight, to see [12] that the cabin is kept in good order. (Lat. 37°28' Lon. 68°54').

February 28. Gale continues yet from N.E. We being to think we have seen about enough of the the "Elephant." Every thing is disagreeable on board. The forward cabin wet and dirty, and suffers for the want of ventilation. The fore scuttle can not be left open a moment, for the seas are constantly breaking over it. On deck every one has to watch his footing to prevent being pitched over board. In passing forward or aft we have to crawl along the best way we can, and frequently all hands get drenched by a sea coming on board.

The second mate saw a whale spout to-day to the leeward, but he went ojut of sight too soon for the rest of us to catch a look at him. Day closes with the gale stilol unabated. Schooner laying too under double reefed mainsail and storm trysail. (Lat. 35°32' Lon. 67°22').

March 1. This morning the wind is more moderate, and the weather pleasant. Vessel making a little progress under jib, trysail, and mainsail; the sea a little smoother but still quite rough, and the wind hanging in the same old quarter with no prospect of change I think we have been thoroughly initiated into the dominions of rough old Neptune.

Saw two "Portuguese men o'war," as the sailors call them, [13] floating along side. They are a small animal, and look like a piece of light blue transparent paper, floating on the water.

Mr. Arrents, our sail maker, is making duff bags, and we have a prospect of having some duff.

This day our little dog Jack was taken with the dog distemper, and was killed and thrown overboard. Up to this time seven hats and capes have been lost overboard. (Lat. 34°43' Lon. 68°12').

March 2. Were all in hopes of a pleasant day to-day, but are doomed to disappointment again. This morning is very stormy and the seas high. The latter part of the day less rain, but the gale continues unabated. Laying too under double reefed foresail and storm trysail aft. All of us hoping anxiously for a change of weather, and almost discouraged. The boys, however, bear up under it patiently, and make but little complaint. We have got now so accustomed to pitching of the vessel that we do not so much mind it. Two or three are, however, still seasick. We spend our time during this weather as follows: after breakfast, we set around aft in the cold and wet, shivering, and waiting for the call to dinner; after which we wait again in same manner for supper. Few have any disposition to read, or employ themselves in any manner, except when sail is to be taken in or made, and then the boys render what assistance they can. We are all clumsy sailors as yet. The last one who came below tonight reports that there is some appearance of better weather. (Lat. 33°14' Lon. 67°22').

March 3. Still laying too under the same canvas, but the wind has veered more northward. About nine A.M. took in trysail and set close reefed mainsail and jib. Vessel steering E. by N. all day. Weather clear, and wind [14] and sea rather more moderate. A little sprinkling of rain to-day. We have seen rainbows every day since the gale commenced. I have been much interested to-day in reading the life of Lord Nelson. This noon we had apple pies with two crusts. The other day the steward gave us some with no under-crust: he called them tarts. (Lat. 32°41' Lon. 67°23').

March 4 Sunday. Weather this morning fine, with a good breeze, but an ugly sea on. Vessel making about nine knots, under fore and mainsails and jib. After noon the weather became heavy, and we had an ugly gale from the north, and much rain. Kept on our easter course, making nine or ten knots, with the wind abeam. This being the first Sunday of the month, I have thought much of home, and know that my friends at home will think of me to-day. They little dream how uncomfortably we are situated during this long and tedious gale. (Lat. 33°8' Lon. 64°18').

March 5. Have experienced a very bad night. The gale raged fearfully, and a great quantity of water came into the cabin, forward and aft. Every thing I have is wet, and no change to dry, or prospect of being one soon. Vessel still making good progress to the eastward. The seas run much higher to-day than I have ever before seen them, sometimes striking the schooner amidships and throwing the spray over the foresail. There is not a dry place on board to be got at, and all hands are wet, cold and discontented. If this is all the attraction of a sea life, I pray to be delivered from it as soon as possible. (Lat. 32°28' Lon. 60°41').

March 6. Have heard more grumbling this morning [15] than ever before, since the voyage commenced. The continued bad weather has made every one feel peevish and irritable. Weather this morning worse than ever, and schooner scudding under bare

poles, the seas running mountain high. After breakfast hove to under close reefed mainsail. Last night we shipped a sea which stove our largest grindstone into several pieces. Two or three are still seasick. I pity them from the bottom of my heart. It seems as if we had more than our share of bad weather. (Lat. 31°41' Lon. 58°37').

March 7. Better weather; wind and sea much abated. Wind from the north, and schooner making nine or ten knots to the eastward. The prospect of pleasant weather makes all hands cheerful and happy.

This evening two meteors were noticed, one of them the largest I ever saw. This noon while while our mess was at dinner, one of our pigs fell down the companion way among us, and to-night he has tumbled overboard, poor fellow. He will soon be food for sharks. (Lat. 31°11' Lon. 57°13').

March 8. All hands turned out this morning with cheerful countenances; weather promising. After breakfast set the square-sail and made good headway; wind nearly aft. A flying fish was picked up from the deck this morning, which had flown on board during the night. One of our pigs was killed this afternoon, and will be [16] severed up in a sea-pie to morrow. (Lat. 31°51' Lon. 52°50').

March 9. About one o'clock last night carried away our square-sail boom in a squall. This morning weather cloudy, with frequent showers. Wind S.W. Steering S.E. At 12, noon, made a sail right ahead, which proved to be an English barque, steering N.W. We passed her in hailing distance, and she gave us her longitude 49°20'. All hands were on tip-toe at seeing her, being the first sail we have spoken since leaving port. She was a clumsy looking barque, of about 350 tons, under double reefed topsails, and was pitching along up and down lazily, in the sea. As near as we could make her name out, she was the Caledonia, of Newcastle, England, and probably bound for some souther port. This evening a squall threaten us from the southward, and the schooner was put under double reefed foresail. (Lat. 31°37' Lon. 49°19').

March 10. A fine morning; wind S.W.; steering S.E. Made a sail on the weather bow, standing to the westward. Squally towards night. (Lat. 31°26' Lon. 46°33').

March 11. Rain and wind from the S.W. and an ugly sea. Some part of the day pleasant, but squally again in the evening. At supper we had a regular stampede of dishes, every thing going to leeward in a lurch, dousing the lights, and leaving us in total darkness amidst the ruins. Never mind, "those who do down to the sea in" little schooners, just put up with much inconvenience. (Lat. 31°31' Lon. 44°1').

[17] **March 12.** The morning was not auspicious, but by noon it came off clear, and we had pleasant weather through the remainder of the day. About 4P.M. made a sail on our lee beam, which we ran down to. She proved to be the ship Francis, of Marblehead, from Oporto, bound to Havana. One who has never witnessed the speaking of vessels at sea, can scarcely imagine the interest and excitement of such an occasion. As an example I will here minute the manner in which we spoke this whip, which will save

particularizing hereafter. Capt. Hanks first made her out, and gave the cheering cry of "Sail ho!"

"Where away?"

"On the lee beam, a ship, standing on the same tack as ourselves."

We kept away for her, shook out our reefs and set the flying jib. We soon neared her, passed under her lee quarter, when she backed her topsails and her captain hailed us through his speaking trumpet.

"Schooner ahoy."

"Hallo."

"What schooner is that?"

"The General Morgan. from New York, bound to California. What ship is that?"

"The Francis, from Oporto, bound to Havana."

[18] "What weather have you had?"

"Very good until the last few days."

"How long have you been out?"

"Seventeen days from Oporto. How long since you left New York, and what weather?"

"We are eighteen days from New York, and have had very heavy weather."

"What is your longitude?"

"42°18'. What is yours?"

"42°6'."

"Are you bound through the Straits, or round the Horn?"

"Through the Straits."

"I will report you when I get in. I wish you good luck and plenty of gold."

Our company then gave three cheers, which were heartily answered by the crew of the ship, and we were soon far separate from each other. She was a fine ship, and made a splendid appearance, surging and plunging up and down the waves, with the glorious stars and stripes spread to the breeze. This event made us all really happy for the remainder of the day. (Lat. 29°29' Lon. 42°21').

March 13. This morning is pleasant, and our course S.E. by E. as yesterday. Wind S.W.

The steward killed on of our remaining pigs, and hung it up near the mainmast. It has been rather sickly, and made such a pitiable looking carcass, that Jim Hayden, not relishing the idea of having such ghostly looking fare for dinner, chucked the whole skeleton overboard. We have not but two left out of the six which we took with us, and only one has been eaten. Are expecting the north-east trade winds no daily. Has rained a little [19] to-day as usual, nor have we passed a day since we left New York without having more or less rain. Nineteen days out. (Lat. 26°22' Lon. 38°48').

March 14. Wind N.W. Steering south, and a pleasant morning. About noon a heavy shower passed over, from which we caught some water which tasted refreshing and pure. (Lat. 26°22' Lon. 38°22').

March 15. Calm all day. All hands drying clothing. The deck and rigging present quite a fantastic and domestic appearance, covered with clothing of all sorts, et cetera. The first rainless day we have had. The schooner rolls lazily in the sea, and the sails flap against the spars. (Lat. 24°44' Lon. 38°22').

March 16. Dead calm again all day, and the weather hot. Have now got into the torrid zone. The crew have been very busy upon the rigging; have send down the fore-topmast and shipped it again. Several dolphin were seen around us, and the "grains" were brought up ready for sport. We succeeded in taking two of them, which are to be served up for dinner to-morrow, under the culinary supervision of Mr. Parker. Taking these is was rare sport for the boys. They appear very beautiful as they are seen gliding and sparkling through the water. A bottle was seen to-day floating by, but we could not pick it up, as our boat was too snugly lashed astern.

This forenoon I got stung smartly by a "Portuguese man o'war." I was out on the bob-stay, and in trying to catch him with my a=bare foot, as he came floating along, he instantly gave we a severe sting, which laid me up the rest of the day. The pain fro it was very severe.

This evening our company was divided into three [20] watches, starboard, larboard and middle. I belong to the middle watch. The starboard watch go on duty to-night at eight o'clock, for four hours, and the other watches then succeed in order, four hours each. Killed our two remaining pigs to-day (Lat. 24°38' Lon. 38°6').

March 17. Last evening between eight and nine o'clock, a good breeze sprung up and has continued all day. We have now got into the trade winds, and expect steady weather. Too my first trick at the wheel to-day. Made a sail at three o'clock on the lee beam; a barque steering N.W. but distant from us. (Lat. 23°22' Lon. 37°39').

March 18. Stiff trade wind from east and a rough sea. The forward cabin is getting wet again, which causes some grumbling. Toward night carried away our flying jib. Schooner now under jib, foresail and single reefed mainsail. (Lat. 20°46' Lon. 36°39').

March 19. Our bad weather seems to continue; the trade winds blow regularly from the east, but heavy, and the schooner ship a great deal of water. The forward part of her is constantly clouded with spray, and there is no wway of passing on deck forward or aft without a [21] thorough drenching, and either creeping along on "all fours" or holding on the booms and rigging. Just at night saw a barque, which passed us three or four miles off, steering N.W. How I wish I could get a few lines aboard of her. She is doubtless bound for happy home, with a fair wind. God speed her on her course. While I write the water comes spattering down the scuttle, and sprinkling my paper, so I will

stop hoping that my next record will be made under more comfortable circumstances. (Lat. 18°15' Lon. 35°20').

March 24. Since the 19th we have a noble run as our latitude and longitude will show. Wind has been steady from the eastward, and weather pleasant. Have now got as far to the eastward as we wish, and are steering south or S. by W. The sun at noon is directly overhead, and we shall soon leave him behind us to the north. Our little schooner presents now a noble appearance as she goes tearing along through the water, "like a thing of life," under all the canvas which she can spread, mainsail, foressail, fore and main gaff topsails, maintopmast staysail, squaresail, jib, flying jib, and jib topsail. She leaves a long track of foam and suds in her wake. At night the water, as we pass through it, sparkles as if filled with diamonds, owing to those phosphorescent animalcula. [22] which have so much interested naturalists. Had a fine shower towards night, with gusts of wind. Saw a brig to leeward, steering north. All hands now sleep on deck, the weather is so warm and pleasant. (Lat. 3°14' Lon. 30°1').

Sunday, March 25. A lovely day, with breeze moderate from the north-east. Took a porpoise before breakfast, and had a part of him cooked for dinner. Relished very well; flavor a little like beef.

At half past ten, A.M. those who were so disposed were invited to assemble aft, under the shade of the mainsail, where we had morning services from the prayer book. There were about fifteen who joined in the exercise and paid strict and serious attention. The VIIth Psalm and CXVIIIth Hymn were sung, and altogether we had an interesting service. (Lat. 2°6' Lon. 29°42').

March 26. Dead calm all day, and the weather oppressively hot. The sun is so directly vertical at noon that a man makes no more shadow than his feet can cover. To-day saw several boobies, a large sleepy looking bird, of the duck species, one of which we shot. While in the boat after the booby, the appearance of our little schooner as she sat in the water under her canvas, was exceeding noble and beautiful, and I have been occupied all day in painting her in this scene. We have glorious scenes as the sun rises or sets, and the skies have a singularly brilliant and beautiful appearance. (Lat. 0°52' Lon. 29°40').

March 30. Since the 26th the weather has been generally pleasant, with light breezes, and occasional squalls and showers. We crossed the equator on the 27th, at [23] twenty minutes after twelve o'clock, noon, but without seeing the equatorial line. Yesterday morning saw what we supposed to be breakers, to the westward. We are now steering S.S.W., with a light breeze from the S.E., and every day in pleasant weather, we boys assist the sailors in the duty, one of us taking the wheel, and the rest making sennit, marling ropes, &c., &c. There is no end to the work of a sailor; every day has some duty to keep all hands busy. To-day they have been setting up the shrouds, and rattling down the rigging; to-morrow some other job will turn up. For several days we have seen great numbers of "MOTHER CAREY'S chickens," or "storm-

petrels," a small bird, appearing and skimming just over the surface of the water, much like a common swallow. (Lat. S2°1' Lon. 29°5').

March 31. Light breeze from S.E. Weather fine but very warm. Early this morning we made a sail on our weather bow, a barque, standing the same course that we are. Overhauled her slowly, as we are bending some new sails. Got up new fore and mainsails, jib and maintopmast staysail. This afternoon made another sail ahead, a ship steering also the same course. Could just discern her from off deck at sunset.

After sundown came up with the ship; all hands singing merrily,

"oh California, don't you cry for me," &c.

She proved to be an Englishman, from London, bound to Pernambuco. We exchanged cheers as we passed her, and soon left her far behind us. She was a good looking ship, and had fore and main royals set, but must have been very slow, for the rate at which we passed her (Lat. 3°53' Lon. 29°43').

April 1849

Sunday, April 1. The past night we had very light airs, or calm, but this morning we have a gentle breeze, which promises to last through the day. The ship and barque seen yesterday, have been in sight all day, but quite distant, sometimes nearing us and then receding from us. We have gained on the barque which is still ahead, but the ship astern rather gained on us during last night. Towards night the wind veered more to the south and the barque tacked and stood to the eastward. She is doubtless bound around the the cape of Good Hope. At sunset both vessels are out of sight and we are alone again. (Lat. 4°52' Lon. 30°14').

April 2. Clear weather and a fair breeze from S.S.E. Saw a barque, which passed us several miles to leeward, steering N.W.

To-day is election day at home, and politics has been the prominent topic with us on board. Last evening we held a caucus, on t=which occasion Commodore Has made a fine speech. To-day the ballot-box was opened in due form for our voters, and upon counting the ballot, the following wast the state of the vote:

Thomas H. Seymour, for Governor	18
Thomas S. Parker	4
Joseph Trubull	1
Blank	2

The announcement of this result was received with nine cheers for Seymour, and a committee to wait upon his Excellency and inform him of his election, was proposed, [26] but postponed for the present until we could hear from a few more towns. During the evening the returns kept coming in from the adjacent towns, and were announced from the committee room, creating quite a sensation. The grand result we have not yet

obtained, and will have to wait patiently for the desired information, but if the other portions of the State have done w=as well as we have, there can be but little doubt as to the the issue. (Lat. 6°22' Lon. 32°).

April 3. We have a stiff breeze from S. and S.S.E. and the schooner is making good headway, although kept close-hauled on the wind. The Brazilian coast must be within seventy or eighty miles of us, and we may be in sight of it to-morrow if the wind holds so far to the south. To-day a great number of Mother Carey's chickens have been following in our wake. (Lat. 8°18' Lon. 33°24').

April 4. Fine trade winds, steering S.S.W. and pleasant wether. Commenced painting the schooner; shall paint her black, with one red stripe; intend to make her shine by the time we arrive at Rio. Some of the men are making fancy man-ropes to hang each side of the gangway, to hold on to in coming on board, up the sides of the vessel. All of us except the crew lead a very idle and lazy sort of life, basking and lolling around the decks in the shade of the sails; some reading, others playing chess, checkers, cards, backgammon, &c. Each of our watches furnish a an at the wheel during the day, and we all occasionally lend a hand but in general we have nothing to do The weather is now most delightful, the temperature exactly right for comfort, with once in a while a cool, refreshing shower, and a breeze that sends [27] the little schooner along spinning. (Lat. 10°13' Lon. 34°17').

April 5. Continuance of the same lovely weather. This forenoon a barque passed us far to the windward, steering N.W., and after dinner another barque passed also far to windward in the same direction.

Our company do not devote very nice attention to their personal appearance on board, and I wish I could just make a picture of the group, showing their various costumes as they now appear. COMMODORE HANKS wears a California hat, striped calico shirt and duck trousers, and has altogether quite a free and easy appearance. He seldom leaves the precincts of the quarter deck.

CAPTAIN FALKENERG has nothing very peculiar about his dress or personal appearance, but is a pretty good looking man.

OUR PRESIDENT has not shaved since we left New York, and therefore shows a formidable whisker and mustache, California hat, red flannel shirt, and duck trousers.

CROWELL pays some attention to his appearance, and shaves and shirts regularly. GHe adorns his had with a tasty red plume; striped shirt and duck trousers, and wears a black silk neckerchief.

DOCTOR KELLOGG appears in a picturesque costume. In wet weather he wears an India ribber over coat. but generally sports a California hat, red shirt, buttoned down before, with the flaps outside, and duck trousers. He has rather a peculiar looking red mustache and whisker.

SAGE has a most ferocious mustache and whisker, and his pants are rather the worse for wear.

BILL ROGERS, alias "Boatswain," alias Boomtackle," alias "Midshipman," appears in a great variety of costume. He shows a taste for Dutch dress, a Dutch pipe, &c., generally appears in straw hat, red shirt and duck [28] pants. This morning he was embellished with a Dutch cap, Dutch overcoat, and meerschaum, and tight breeches. He is a jolly dog.

HARRY EAKINS would hardly be recognized by his old friends. Has had his head shaved close, and wears blue overalls, and red flannel shirt outside. In this costume, with his bare head, he looks so much like a Chinese, that he is called "Loo Choo," and sometimes "Rat". It is never difficult to find him; his voice will always show where he is.

NED CROWELL also adorns his hat with a red plume, and appears much like his brother, except that he has also had his head close shaved. He is full of fun and wit.

JIM HAYDEN is a queer fellow, and answers generally to the name of "Mose." He is a good fellow, but sleeping in the boat astern with the President and Stanley, has made him feel rather big.

GEORGE PEASE is captain of the larboard watch, and is an active, stirring chap, with a close shaved head. The other day he covered his face with tar, and made a queer appearance.

UNCLE TOM is the same old picture, and looks just as he did at home, except that the sun has burnt his nose, whereby the skin peels off, which he replenishes with tar.

MR. ARRENTS, our sail-maker, alias "Sails," alias "Duff Bag," is a worthy, industrious man, but likes funny tricks. To-day he came on deck with red flannel shirt and drawers, close, glazed "percussion" cap, mounted with a tall red plum, flourishing a broadsword furiously.

HARRY TRACY has a head shaved, but exhibits nothing else peculiar. Commodore Hanks says he and Davis are noisy, but I don't think so. We call him "Fagan."

JUSTUS FRANCIS has not shaved until lately, but is just now inclined to the genteel, since he shed his hair.

JASE BURR is growing fat and "chuncked," and looks much the sailor. Wears blue juniper shirt, blue man-of-war trowsers, glazed cap, and a sheath knife.

CORBEN, BISHOP, STANLEY, STANNARD and DAVIS, all shave and shirt regularly, and do very well generally, though Davis sometimes wears rather a long beard.

MR. POND is fond of long stories, but has nothing peculiar about his appearance. Neither has ROBINS, CARY, or McDERMOT.

As for myself I go about in a straw hat, striped shirt and pants, without shoes.

The above respectable gentlemen compose the Connecticut Mining and Trading Company. May they all return from their adventures safely, and live to "tell their stories to the grand-children," as Uncle Tom says. It is now late and I must "Knock off," and "turn in" for the night. (Lat. 12°35' Lon. 35°18').

April 6. Trade winds and fine weather. After noon the wind hauled more to the east, and we eased off the sheets a little.

The boys have amused themselves a little to-day in looking over my sketches of them yesterday. Most of them "acknowledge the corn." Last night I was roused up about twelve o'clock to attend a *picnic*. Several had been up until then, skylarking and playing tricks upon the sleepers, till all were wide awake, and the festivities were wound up with a *picnic*. The eatables consisted of a codfish and hard ship bread, after partaking of which with a good swig at the water cask I went to bed again. (Lat. 15°12' Lon. 36°24').

April 7. Pleasant, with a good breeze, steering S.S.W., close-hauled. (Lat. 17°56' Lon. 37°24').

April 8. This Sunday is Easter, and all Christian people throughout the world are commemorating the resurrection of our blessed Saviour. How many on board this vessel have their thoughts directed to the great event, I know not. We have had, however, the services in the prayer book appropriated to the day, read and listened to with attention, by a great part of our company. May the Almighty make our meeting instrumental in suppressing the profanity, which I am sorry to say is too prevalent on board.

The weather is delightful, and we are progressing rapidly towards our next stopping place, to which we are all now looking forward with pleasant expectations. WE expect to be in sight of land to-morrow, and with good luck shall reach Rio by Tuesday morning. Several are writing letters to be ready to send home from Rio on our arrival. I have several which I designed to have sent by some homeward bound vessel ere this, but have had no opportunity. (Lat. 20°25' Lon. 39°5').

April 9. Weather fine; schooner going along bravely with the wind aft, and all hands in good spirits. This morning made a sail on our weather bow, which remained in sight all day, and at sunset could just be seen astern. At noon made another sail to leeward, which was supposed to be a coasting vessel, with rather a peculiar rig. Seeing her indicates that we are nearing Rio. She was on the same tack with us, but we soon left her far astern. this afternoon made two other sail, which could just be seen from off deck, one on the lee and the other on the weather bow. [31]

Our observation at noon makes us about sixty miles from Cape Frio. We shall doubtless raise the light tonight about twelve o'clock." Just after sunset the joyful cry of "land ho" was given from aloft. All eyes were immediately directed towards the much desired object, and we could all perceive amid the fading tints of a beautiful sunset, what appeared like land, although it was difficult to distinguish it from the many little clouds of the same color which were poking their heads above the horizon. Some of us this evening are doubting whether it was land, and think we were deceived in its appearance, but I feel confident that we have really seen *bona fide* solid land.

It is now forty-five days since we lost sight of the "Highlands of Neversink," and before another night we hope to be safely at anchor in the noble bay of Rio de Janeiro.

This evening was the "Magellan clouds" for the first time, though we could have seen them before had it not been for the light of the moon. They are two small white, stationary spots, resembling clouds, which are always to be seen bearing south after crossing the line, and seem to be a kind of antipode to the "north star." There is also a black spot resembling a dark cloud to be seen in the milky way in this latitude. (Lat. 22°34' Lon. 40°50').

April 10. This morning before sunrise, I went aloft to get a sight of land, and saw a ship pass us far to the windward. As the day began to break, we could see the land stretched out to the northward of us, looming up in the haze, above the horizon, like huge clouds. We passed Cape Frio light last night without seeing it; probably it [32] was obscured by the haze. Several vessels in different directions were in sight, all centering to the the great South American mart. Passed quite near a couple of brigantines. This forenoon the wind died away to nearly a calm. About ten o'clock we overhauled and spoke the brig Arcadian, sixty-four days from Boston, bound to California, with passengers.

Ahead of her was a barque, which lowered her boat, and her mate and one passenger came on board of us. She was the barque Toulon, fifty-nine days from New York. It was pleasant to see and speak with these strangers, after being for forty-six days deprived of all society but our own.

To the left of the entrance of Rio, there is a high land, called from its outline resemblance to a human profile, "Hood's nose," and another high rock called the "Sugar loaf," forms "Hood's foot;" the land between very well representing in its outline the form of a huge giant stretched out upon his back.

Upon approaching nearer, the appearance of the land becomes more and more beautiful. Numerous little fairy islands spring into view, their sides covered with lively rich green verdure, and their tops crowned with tall, slender and graceful cocoanut trees, presently altogether the most enchanting scenery I ever beheld.

Numerous little white cottages peep out from among the green foliage, while sharp peaks and frowning precipices rise high above them, blending sweetly the beautiful with the sublime. [\[plate of Rio harbor\]](#) [\[35\]](#)

Continuing to approach, the mountains in the back ground assume a more sharp and pinnacled appearance; old Hood's nose and Sugar loaf, with the intervening peaks, protruding their rough and jagged outlines, high up into the heavens. Never did I behold any thing in nature more attractive to the eye, and never was I in better mood to enjoy it: no pencil can do justice to a scene like this. Nature, as she here displays herself, would shame any attempt to imitate her magnificence by human art.

We stood in towards the harbor, with a moderate breeze, and soon after sunset came up with the great castle of Santa Cruz, from which we were hailed. Further on we came abreast of another fort, where we rounded too and anchored. Just before we came to anchor we passed and spoke the ship Magnolia, sixty-six days from New Bedford, and exchanged cheers with her.

After anchoring and getting our sails furled, we had time to look about us. Ships were lying in every direction; numerous lights glittered along the shore, and the dark, high peaks loomed up in all their majesty, while the stillness and quiet of our little schooner presented a change to us truly gratifying.

At eight bells we could hear the heavy bell from the city sounding out the hour, and then the booming sound of a gun from the fort near by. followed rapidly by the little ship's bells all around us, striking their four peculiar double strokes. Never was a company more animated or in better spirits than ours, and we soon got out the drum and struck up Yankee Doodle in good style.

We were soon hailed from another ship, and when they found we were bound for California, they gave us three cheers, which were answered by us, and then taken up [\[36\]](#) and prolonged by several other ships, all filled with merry Californians. The ship Robert Browne, which lay at a little distance from us, soon sent her boat alongside but as we had not been boarded by the custom-house boat and the health officers, the regulations of the port prohibited the boat's crew from coming on board. The Robert Bowne was sixty days from New York. Some of our boys found old acquaintances in the boat and had hearty and sailr-like shakes of the hand.

Several other boats were soon alongside, all eager for the latest news from home, not the least interesting of which seemed to be the result of the fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan. We kept up the music, bot vocal and instrumental, till a late hour, and exchange cheers all round several times; one ship commencing, then another and another, till it passed through the jolly fleet. Our boys fee gratified with having made so quick a passage thus far. All the vessels here sailed before we did, and many others that left before us have not yet arrived.

April 11. Woke early this morning to take a look at the famed city of Rio. It lays before us like a splendid picture, reminding me of the drop scene to a theatre, so enchantingly romantic does it appear. We had to wait some time for a custom-house boat to board us, and after the customary forms were gone through, we took a boat and were soon landed on *terra firma*.

Everything wears a novel and strange aspect here to me. Multitudes of queer looking negroes were passing and repassing with huge loads upon their heads; some with buckets filled with water. Many negro women dressed in a unique but very simple costume, were [37] lounging about the fountain near where we landed, chattering away in a strange gibberish like so many monkeys, and apparently the happiest set of mortals in the world.

We first went up to the Hotel "Pheroux" where we got breakfast, and from thence strolled over the city. I went into the chapel of the Empress, a magnificent edifice, gorgeously gilded and embellished with rich drapery, statuary and painting. The altar was loaded with silver candlesticks, among which there was one six feet in height. This chapel is about 250 years old. From a high hill which we ascended, and which overlooks the city, the prospect was truly magnificent. The hill itself was surpassingly beautiful, and crowned with massive, venerable looking and romantic old buildings and castles, which were formerly nunneries and abbeys, but are now forsaken and dilapidated. Upon another hill we had a view of a large aqueduct; after which we entered some barracks and witnessed the evolutions and exercises of the soldiery, and thence strolled down to the market, where we bought some bananas and oranges.

The current coin here is a copper piece, called a "dump," twenty-one of which are given in exchange for fifty cents. At about seven o'clock in the evening we went off to the schooner, well tired with our ramble, but highly gratified with our most interesting day's observations.

April 12. To-day has been rainy, and I have spent my time on board, in writing letters to my friends at home. The United States frigate Savannah came into port to-day forty-one days from Boston. The United States sloop of war St. Louis, and man-of-war brig Perry, [38] a French corvette, a Portuguese corvette, and a Brazilian corvette, are also now in port here.

April 13. After breakfast went on shore with Burr and Carey, and took a ramble up to the Brazilian navy yard, which we found to be an extensive establishment. Strolled around till midday, when we got a good dinner at the Hotel Pheroux, and then took the ferry-boat for Rio Grand, a village opposite to Rio. Around this village we wandered among orange and banana groves and plantations, and went on to an island called Boa Vigera, which appeared to be occupied as a naval school for boys. It was indeed a most lovely and picturesque spot, connected with the main land by a light wooden bridge. A neat little chapel and an old ruin stand near together on the top of a hill, and there is also on each margin of the stream which separates the island, what appears to be the ruins of an ancient stone bridge. We saw a number of the boys. They were

dressed very neatly in sailor rig. One of the resident gentlemen presented us with some very fine oranges.

The city of Rio presents a grand and imposing appearance as you enter the bay. It stands on the southern [39] shore, and near the entrance of the bay of Rio Janeiro, a noble sheet of water one hundred miles in circumference, and beautifully dotted here and there with numerous little evergreen islands.

On the right, as you pass up to the anchorage, is Fort Santa Cruz, at the foot of Signal Hill; on the left is Fort St. Lucia, on an island near the mail-land; beyond this, in the same direction, is Sugar Loaf Hill--an isolated rock one thousand feet high, around whose lofty crest the white, fleecy clouds forever linger; and further on, are the notched and uneven peaks of Gavia and Corcovado. In front is the busy and thriving capital of the Brazilian Empire, --a forest of tapering masts and spars in the foreground, and richly decorated churches, glittering facades, and massive tiled roofs, in the rear. Behind these are the blooming environs of the city, gay gardens, cool, shady groves and verdant forests, stretching far away into the interior,-- a constant succession of beautiful objects meeting the eye, till the view is bounded in the west by the towering pinnacles of the Organ Mountains, boldly penciled against the pure azure of a tropical sky.

The first prominent object that meets the eye after ascending the rickety flight of stairs at the usual landing place, is the city palace, where the Emperor holds his levees. It stands on the Rua Direita, the broadest street in the city, and is a heavy stone structure in the shape of a parallelogram. It has a front of one hundred and fifty feet, and extends about two hundred feet to the rear. The main centre building is three stories high, and the wings two stories. On one side of the court, in the centre of the palace, is the Senate House, and on the other a splendid church belonging to the Carmelite friars, near [40] which is the Queen's chapel, a pretty little *bijou* of a thing erected by the mother of the Emperor.

Rio abounds in churches. On the outside, they bear marks of decay, and the steps and vestibules are frequently used by the market people to display their wares. In the interior, however, they are gorgeously decorated, with ornaments of gold and silver, and fine specimens of painting and sculpture.

The English and American residents erected a neat Episcopal church, near the public gardens on the bay, in 1820, which is inclosed by an iron railing, and has a yard in front paved with granite. Service is held here with great punctuality; and there are missionaries belonging to other denominations residing in the city.

The houses are built of granite, large beds of which have been opened in the vicinity of the capital. The blocks are cemented together with clay, in consequence of the scarcity of lime, which is principally obtained by burning shea-shells. The floors, beams, and rafters, are made of the hard wood for which Brazil is famous. This is susceptible of a high polish, and might be made to add very much to the neatness and beauty of the dwellings; but wainscoting is scarcely ever seen, and the interior walls and ceilings are

usually provided with a rough coating of plaster, though the apartments of the wealthier citizens are often ornamented with stucco work and fresco painting, in rich and fanciful designs, or with silk and damask curtains and tapestries. The outer walls are also plastered, and generally wear a lively look. Most of the houses are two stories in height, though some exceed this. They have tall pyramidal roofs, surmounted with red tiles which sometimes project fearfully. The doors and windows are heavy lintels and casings; and jutting [41] balconies, and wide, disproportioned--though, in a hot day, very comfortable--verandas, are regarded as essential requisites to every private habitation.

With one or two exceptions, the streets are long and narrow, and, for the most part, gloomy and sombre in appearance. They are badly paved with rudely fashioned blocks of granite, and in the middle of them are the gutters, the receptacles of all the filth and abomination of a seaport town. Sidewalks are mainly dispensed with, and those which have been constructed are never in good repair. There can be no just excuse for the want of cleanliness indicated by the condition of the streets. The location is highly favorable; wheeled vehicles for carrying burdens are comparatively little used, only a few antique coaches, and two-wheeled *calesca*, or calashes, occasionally jolting along over the rough pavements; and an abundant supply of water is brought in aqueducts, from the Corcovado and Tejuca mountains, six or seven miles distant. There are numerous fountains, also, scattered over the city, in the plazas, or squares; and sparkling jets of crystal water may be seen in all directions, diffusing their grateful coolness through the heated anipure atmosphere. Some of the reservoirs have tasted fully constructed edifices erected over them, which are alike useful and ornamental. The inhabitants rely, almost entirely, upon the fountains, for water for domestic purposes, which is carried by their slaves, in jars, or buckets, on their heads; and "from dusky morn till dewy eve," they are surrounded by a motley collection of water-carriers, engaged in filling their vessels, chattering the while like so many magpies, and laughing and jesting gayly with their companions. Near the fountain of Hafariz, the largest in the city, there are two stone [42] basins, fifty feet long and twenty-five wide, which are daily filled with from two to three hundred negro washer-women,, who stand in the water, often half naked, all the day long, constantly drubbing and rinsing their clothes.

The great excess of the slave over the white population in Rio Janeiro is soon noticed by the stranger. The former are nearly five times more numerous than the latter. In the city, burdens are carried almost exclusively by slaves, and scores of them may be seen at all hours of the day, bearing their water buckets, or staggering under packages of hides or bags of coffee.

They usually go in gangs of from twelve to thirty, sometimes yoked together with heavy necklaces of iron and attended by a driver, and at others headed by a leader, one of their own number, who carries a small tin rattle, filled with stones, with which he keeps time. They move along at a slow trot, humming a monotonous refrain, the words of which are often changed, though the sound is rarely varied. Many masters rely solely upon the income derived from the earnings of their slaves, who are required to pay over from twenty-five to fifty cents, according to their ability, every evening. If they are so fortunate as to earn more during the day, the surplus is their own; but if they fail to

produce the prescribed amount, they are severely whipped. The females who are not employed as house servants, work at millinery, or other light handicrafts.

Returned again to our schooner about seven o'clock; raining, and found the store-ship Lexington, just arrived from California, said to have a large amount of gold on board.

April 14. Went on shore and visited the navy yard again, and the public garden of the Empress near. Rained very hard in the evening.

[43] **April 15, Sunday.** Staid on board all day. Our sailors have been ashore, and at night were got on board with considerable difficulty, being pretty thoroughly intoxicated. The mate has also made the captain some trouble and has now left us. We expect to sail in the morning.

April 16. The custom-house boats visited us this morning, and we then got under way and stood out of the harbor with a light breeze. We were again hailed by the fort in passing it, after which the garrison gave us three hearty cheers, and as this was an unusual and unexpected salutation, and evidently a mark of especial favor to us, we responded to it with a right good will and an earnest gusto.

Mr. Everett Stanley, of New Britain, Connecticut, who came out in the ship Robert Bowne to this port, takes passage in our schooner to California with us.

This evening Jason Burr, one of our company, has been promoted to the office of second mate vice Nelson Falkenberg, promoted to the office of first mate, vacated by absquatulation.

In coming out of the harbor we passed and spoke the ship Adeline Gibbs, of Fair Haven, which had put in distress, having lost her bowsprit, mizzen mast and fore and main topmasts, off Cape Horn, in a gale of wind. She was bound to California.

April 17. Light winds all last night, and we made but little progress; the harbor of Rio being still in sight. Old Hood's Nose shows a distinct outline to us, closely resembling a gigantic human figure, laid out upon its back, at full length. The light-house, which stands upon [44] a small island, shows an intermitting and alternating light; a white light appearing twice, and then a red one, the red light showing at two minute intervals.

Towards night a fine breeze set in from S.E., and the schooner made good progress. To-day we have seen three whales, one of which, a huge fellow, was quite near us when he breached.

April 18. This morning we had a fine breeze from N.E., which lasted until about the middle of the afternoon, when a violent squall came up, terminating finally in a heavy gale from the S.E. Many of our company were revisited with seasickness, myself among the number. (Lat. 25°34' Lon. 43°20').

April 19. The gale still continues, keeping us on a S.S.E. course, while our wished for course is S.S.W. It seems like old times again, this being knocked about in a gale of wind. Those who are not too seasick, amuse themselves by sitting around on deck, munching oranges and looking at each other. (Lat. 27°7' Lon. 44°3').

April 20. More moderate. Made two sail to-day, but both distant. The weather is growing cool perceptibly, as we get farther south. (Lat. 27°47' Lon. 43°5').

[45] **April 21.** Light wind from S.W. and pleasant. One sail seen. (Lat. 28°44' Lon. 42°11').

April 22, Sunday. Last night we had a squall of wind from the N.W. which has died away into a calm, and continued thus all day. (Lat. 29°43' Lon. 42°56').

April 23. A good fair breeze, and we can lay our course S.W. and make good head-way. The weather is most lovely, just cool enough for comfort, and requiring our coats morning and evening. We expect soon to find a colder latitude, and to require as warm clothing as when we left home. Oh! how charmingly melodious does that good old word "hoe" sound! How I long to know what is going on there. When we left her rugged shores they were covered with frosts and snows, yet we left warm hearts and kind friends there, whom I long to see once more. I can hardly realize that so many thousand miles lie between us, and that so many long months must intervene ere we meet those friends again. But so it is, and so must be.

Our little schooner ploughs her way as bravely and gallantly as when she first left our shores, and has in fact much improved in her appearance. Our men all seem contented and reconciled to the scanty limits which the vessel affords; indeed, we form, as it were, a little floating colony by ourselves, separated by many miles of rolling billows from "all the world and the rest of mankind;" the chief end of our present existence being, apparently, how we can best kill time. Some resort to books, or crack off practical jokes and tell stories, others try whist, euchre, or chess, and others still, lounge about doing nothing. Once in a while some little "spat" is got up [46] for variety's sake, but in general a fine spirit of harmony prevails. There is but little variety from one day to another. To-day, however, we have seen a whale spout, which is quite an incident for us (Lat. 30°30' Lon. 43°54').

April 26. A good N.W. breeze has been spinning us along at the rate of ten knots for the past two days, and the weather has been very fine until last night. We were requested last evening by Capt. Falkenberg, to be ready for a call on deck during the night, to take in sail, and at about twelve o'clock a loud call of "all hands on deck," gave us to understand that trouble was brewing.

The schooner had been making eleven knots an hour with a fair N.W. wind, but it had now changed, and was blowing heavy and dead ahead. We soon go under quite snug sail, showing only a double reefed mainsail and jib, but even under this snug canvas, the schooner lay over nearly on her beam ends, such was the force of the wind.

The scene was truly wild and fearful. The lightning flashed in an almost perpetual glare, leaving short and fitful intervals of pitchy darkness, the sea foaming and apparently commingling with the clouds in wild confusion and the rain at times pouring in torrents. Towards morning, a "corpo santa" or "fire ball" was seen on the main truck. This is a strange light, resembling fire, which is sometimes seen attached to the spars or rigging of vessels at sea, in bad weather, and its appearance is generally regarded by seamen as an evil omen. The cause of it I can not explain or understand. It was quite brilliant when first seen, appearing like a bright lantern hung up there, but after a few minutes it grew fainter by [47] by degrees, then appearing only at intervals, and at length disappearing altogether.

The gale has continued most of the day, but not with so great violence. Part of the day we set whole foresail and mainsail, but the fore peak halyard block gave way and down came the foresail "by the run." Got up a new block and set fore and mainsails again double reefed. Crowell caught a "haglet" this afternoon, with a hook, numbers of which and "Mother Carey's chickens," have been about us all day. (Lat. 35°46' Lon. 48°24').

April 27. Last night the bolt to which the jib stay is secured, gave way, and the schooner was hove to for several hours in order to repair it. Gale still continues, though not so heavy as yesterday. This morning caught another "haglet," which we let go again after attaching a string around his neck. (Lat. 36°56' Lon. 48°40').

April 28. Still heavy weather, blowing from the N.W. Quite a number of speckled haglets have been seen to-day, differing from those we have before seen, which were of a brown color. These are a very pretty sea-bird, resembling a pigeon. They go in pairs, following the vessel, and frequently alight in the water, close under the stern. Several other sea-birds, called by the sailors "gooneys" or albatross, have been also about us to-day. (Lat. 37°30' Lon. 49°3').

April 29, Sunday. The weather has been so bad to-day that we have dispensed with our usual Sabbath services, and a painful boil on my wrist, added to this gale of wind, makes me sadly down in the mouth. Schooner has been "laying to" part of the day. (Lat. 38°29' Lon. 50°18').

[48] **April 30.** Last night the wind hauled into the S.S.E. and has been "blowing great guns" all day, rendering us all uncomfortable. Most of us keep our berths, but the cabin is wet, close and dreary. All the morning I was on deck watching the huge waves as they came rolling along, one after another, their crests combing and tumbling down their sides, like a mad cataract, and after breaking and spending their fury, leaving a broad spot of foam to mark the place where they had been.

When one of these combers strikes our vessel the spray is thrown over her from stem to stern, and she recoils and trembles in every timber under the shock, seeming to shrink from their terrible impetus. We are now nearly in the latitude of the Rio de la Plata,

where these gales are frequent. The wind is so nearly ahead and violent withal, that we make but little progress.

This afternoon the schooner pitched so heavily into a sea that she carried away the jib boom, and while the men were out upon the bowsprit repairing the damage, they were frequently plunged into the seas, so as to be completely submerged at times. (Lat. 38°26' Lon. 50°41').

May, 1849

[49] **May 1.** To-day the gale has moderated and the wind sunk down towards night into a light breeze. The fore topmast has been sent down and stowed away on deck. About eleven o'clock A.M. made a sail on the weather bow, which proved to be an English steamer, standing to the eastward. She passed us about two miles to windward, and was under rather snug canvas, and apparently without much steam. She has a fair wind,, but we seem fated to have more than our share of adverse and head winds. (Lat. 37°55' Lon. 52°11').

May 2. Last night it blew a gale of wind again from W.N.WQ., and has continued to blow heavy all day. Schooner under double reefed fore and mainsails and head of the jib. The color of the water indicates that we are on soundings. The change from blue to green is very perceptible, although we are nearly 100 miles from land.

To-day is the grand "Election day" in Connecticut, and our thoughts have often turned thither, wondering who is Governor, for we are not sure that the State at large has confirmed the choice made by our company. [50] Got up a cask of bottled ale which we obtained at Rio, and drunk "to the health of the Governor of Connecticut, hit or miss." (Lat. 38°58' Lon. 53°29').

May 3. the wind has been strong from the S.S.W. and the sea high. Have shipped the largest sea to-day which we have seen on the voyage. Weather clear and cold. (Lat. 40°17' Lon. 54°7').

May 4. Calm and clear nearly all day. Have seen a kind of sea weed called "kelp" floating by in considerable quantities. (Lat. 39°50' Lon. 55°).

May 5. Smart breeze from N.N.W. and fine weather. All hands mustering guns and pistols, and shooting sea-birds, great numbers of which are to be seen. Schooner making ten knots the latter part of the day. (Lat. 39°46' Lon. 56°20').

May 6. Have been making nine or ten knots an hour all day, on a S.W. course, with the wind N.N.W. Of the twenty-one days since we left Rio, we have had fair winds but six. (Lat. 41°7' Lon. 60°30').

May 7. Wind southerly again, but still making a S.W. course. About twelve, noon, Capt. Falkenberg went aloft, and in a few minutes sent down upon our ears the cheering cry

of "land ho." In two hours we could distinctly see it from the deck. It is the peninsula of St. Joseph's, on the coast of Patagonia, and appears to be a high table-land, very level in outline on the top, and stretching out for a long distance, resembling at a distance, a vast railroad embankment, graded for a level track on its summit.

This morning a school of porpoises were about us, and the captain struck three of them, but we were going so [50] fast through the water that the irons would not hold, and we lost them all. We have also caught a speckled haglet, or cape pigeon, to-day, with a hook and line.

The full moon makes our evenings on deck very pleasant. This evening we had "Dearest Mae," "Mary Blane," and "Oh Susanna," sung again in full chorus. There was something peculiarly interesting in hearing these old familiar airs sung in this distant region within sight of the savage and inhospitable coast of Patagonia. They carried my thoughts back to our native land, where I had so often listened to them. Indeed they are truly national airs, and wherever the stars and stripes are seen to float, there those airs are certain to be heard. Rio harbor rang with them while we were there.

We stood on until within five or six miles of the land, bearing S.W. from us, and then tacked and stood off. At eight o'clock a leading breeze struck up from the westward, and we laid our course S.W. by S. which will carry us just clear of the last point of land. Another whale spout has been seen to-day, and we also saw a number of penguins, a large bird without the power of sustaining itself on the wing, but very expert in diving and swimming (Lat. 42°51' Lon. 63°18'). [52]

May 8. We have been coasting along all day in sight of the land. It appears desolate and dreary, yet it is rather pleasant to be sailing along its coasts. We have sometimes approached so near that we could hear the surf rolling on the beach. About sundown we passed the little port of Sant Elena and Cape Rasa. Cape Two Bays was in sight ahead, beyond which lies the gulf of St. George. Our course to-day has been from S. to S.W., varying according to the lay of the land, as we find a better wind and smoother sea by keeping pretty close in shore. For several days our company have amused themselves in shooting small birds, numbers of which have been shot without mercy, and as I think wantonly, for we do not pretend to pick them up even. A strong tide along this coast, ebb and flood six hours each, is clearly perceptible. (Lat. 43°47').

May 9. This morning we are passing the "Gulf of St. George," its outer capes being about 128 miles asunder, so that we are out of sight of the land again. At twelve o'clock we raised the southern cape, and at sundown passed Cape Bianco. Our course has been about S.E. this afternoon, along the coast, which still preserves the same bleak and barren aspect. We have as yet seen no traces of its being inhabited. (Lat. 36°48').

May 10. The wind hauled S.S.W. last night, which is right ahead for us. Have been standing to the westward, and at noon made land ahead. Soon after saw a Swedish brig, which passed us about a mile astern.

It was our intention to have run into a little harbor here, called Sea Born Harbor," and come to anchor, but the tide drifted us past it, and we stood out to sea again. At the mouth of this harbor lies Penguin Island, [53] a mere bleak and barren rock. the tide is said to rise and fall here forty feet.

This afternoon we caught a "goney," and after keeping him on deck for a while let him go again. He could neither walk on deck, or rise to fly from it. (Lat. 48°7' Lon. 65°35').

May 11. The wind continued ahead all last night, and this morning we stood in shore again. Made a harbor which does not appear upon our charts, having an island and a long stretch of breakers at its mouth. We ran in, passed the breakers, and came to anchor in about five fathom water and sandy bottom, near a large patch of kelp weed, and about one and a half miles from shore.

After dinner, all hands except Commodore Hanks, Dr. Kellogg, Uncle Tom, and the cook, went ashore on an exploring expedition, taking with us all the fire-arms and implements of warfare which we could muster. Our party made quite a formidable appearance on landing; some armed with broad-swords, and others with short axes, gave us a grotesque and Robinson Crusoe aspect. Altogether, we looked, I thought, as if about to take the whole of Patagonia by storm. We soon dispersed in small parties, in every direction, in search of whatever might turn up. Mr. Kellogg, Ira Stanley, Burr and myself struck off for a rocky bluff about two miles back from the shore.

The whole country around seemed nearly devoid of trees, and what few there were, presented a dwarfish, scraggy and stunted growth, the tallest of them being not above six or seven feet in height. The ground was about on-third covered with a kind of dry, coarse grass, growing in tufts, the intervening portions of soil being bare and [54] sterile. Numerous tracks of animals were seen, and of various kinds..

Upon one of the summits of the hill we discovered about a dozen animals resembling the lama, or some kind of deer. They were at some distance from us, feeding. Stanley and Kellogg immediately started in pursuit. Stanley succeeded in killing one, and Kellogg wounded another, but not fatally, and he made his escape with the herd. The animal proved to be one of a species call "Guanacoes," and was nearly six feet high to the top of his head when standing with his neck erected. His weight, I should judge to be about 250 or 300 pounds. We dressed him, taking his fore and hind quarters to the boat, after a rather severe toil, as the load was heavy for us, and the distance over two miles. Thus ended our afternoon sport. We got aboard the schooner about dark, leaving the beach lit up withy bonfires kindled among the brambles.

In the evening we were amused in listening to each other's accounts of the various exploits on shore and all [55] were in high spirits, though much fatigued. Quite a lot of game had been brought on board, consisting of ducks and other water-fowl, and one rabbit over three feet long, and weighing thirty pounds shot by Bishop, lay in the pile.

Some of our party had seen and chased very large ostriches, but were not able to capture any, owing to their great speed in running. They were as fleet of foot as a swift horse, and left tracks in some instance seven feet apart by measurement. Others had seen guanacoës, rabbits, armadilloes, &c., and a number of articles, evidently from the wreck of some vessel, had been found along the beach.

The very thought of a wreck on this desolate coast made me shudder, and I could not but feel thankful that our little schooner was riding safely at anchor, a comfortable refuge for us.

May 12. Wind still ahead, and another excursion on shore was the consequence. To-day I mounted my rifle in hopes of falling in with some of the wonderful animals which were so vividly described to us last evening. We started before day-break, and took a different route from that of yesterday. We saw several rabbits, and an enormous ostrich, and had a fearful encounter with a skunk, in which I got decidedly the worst of it. After a long, [56] wearisome ramble, we started on our return, and had the good luck to see a sort of silver gray fox, which I succeeded in shooting. The skin is said to be very valuable, and his tameness struck me strangely. He did not manifest the least fear of us, standing within two or three rods and looking calmly at us while I loaded the gun. I first fired and missed him, being so near that my ball passed over him but he showed neither fear or surprise at the report, but stood looking at us as undisturbed as before. I loaded again and shot him through the head.

About noon a signal from the schooner called us aboard, and our straggling parties were soon assembled at the landing place, pretty well fatigued with their excursions. There was not as much game taken as yesterday, though a party who had been along the shore after water-fowl and birds, had been very successful. Stannard brought in another large rabbit, and Corben and Crowell had another fix with them, which they found acting after the same tame manner that mine did. Indeed Reynard seems not to be possessed of that cunning here which he displays in other parts of the world, or he would not suffer himself to be so passively slaughtered.

Some of the party had been after guanacoës and ostriches, but had not taken any, owing to their shy habits, though great numbers had been seen. By far the most interesting discovery, was, however, made by Carey and Francis. [57] In their wanderings along the shore they came across a seaman's chest, which upon turning over broke open. It was found to be filled with articles all in good preservation, consisting of shirts and other clothing, and from sundry letters and papers, appeared to have belonged to "David Brown", an Englishman, and mate of the barque "Prima Donna." How long it has remained here, we have no means of determining. Most of the papers are dated 1844, but if they have laid here ever since that date, their state of preservation is surprising. The clothing, even shirts and other linen, has neither mould or mildew about it, although wet when found, and the chest lay upon the beach just above the was of ordinary tides.

Several other articles, fragments of a wreck, parts of a boat, and remnants of casks, were strewed along the beach, among which was a handspike with "Nightingale" branded on it.

I shall make a memorandum of every article found, and preserve it; though the fate of the owner and his companions we may never know, They may be still among the living, but it is more probable that their bones whiten at the bottom of the bay in which we are safely at anchor. And there upon the beach perchance in sight of the scene of his sad disaster, we read letters from his poor mother, and brother and sister, who are now mourning his long absence, and hoping, but how vainly, that he may once more gladden their longing eyes. That poor mother too has lost in him a staff of support to her old age, for in one of her letters she acknowledges the receipt of money from him, a generous contribution from his hard earnings, to relieve her necessity.

Peace to thy bones, good mariners! No marble marks the place of thy repose. The "Kelpy Queen" and her kindred spirits have robed thee in thy winding sheets, and [56] [58] woven a wreath of coral around thy brows. With jewels has she strewn thy bed; jewels of pretty shells, and white coral to mingle with thy bones, as the moaning billows chant thy lullaby and requiem.

"No tomb shall o'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge."

But why dwell so mournfully on what is so inanimate. The kelp weed, springing from his deep bed, rises to the surface and points its slender stem and taper leaves towards Heaven, where no more storms shall beat upon them, and no more sorrow await them.

We felt the bay about four o'clock, with a good breeze from N.W. Probably no other vessel had ever anchored there, and no human foot had ever before profaned the ground over which we had been rambling. Most of us have brought away some pretty shell as a memorial of the spot. Shells were very plenty on the shore, and muscles also, which we found exceedingly fine flavored.

May 13. Weather cloudy and wind about S.W., blowing rather strong. We have lived sumptuously to-day on game. Duck fricassee for breakfast, fried venison for dinner, and roast duck for supper. All the game proves most savory eating, and we have done full justice to it. Whether from high living, or some other cause, our party were peculiarly wakeful this evening. After we retired, a conversation was kept up by a few to the annoyance of the rest, until it became general, and all hands at last turned out for a lunch, imbibing also from a mysterious looking demijohn, belonging to one of the company, until we got into a boisterous and noisy revel, which lasted till [59] nearly morning. About four o'clock, all became quiet and wrapped in slumber. Such revels, I am happy to say, are not tolerated or common among us, and this one was altogether unpremeditated by all of us. Lat 49° 49'. Lon. 67°

May 14. Wind still continues right ahead. Stood off and on all night, and this morning ran in toward the harbor of *Port Santa Cruz*. The land is higher than any we have before seen, and the bay appears spacious, extending a long distance into the land. We ran up the harbor towards an island called Sea Lion's Island, upon which there was a flag-staff bearing a flag with the word *Ariel* upon it. From the north shore a smoke was seen issuing, all indicating that we are to expect inhabitants here, of some kind.

Before coming to anchor, a boat from the island approached us, in which was an Irishman steering, and four oarsmen. They belonged to the English schooner *Ariel*, previously wrecked on *Watchman's Cape*. They are here after guano, and have another vessel which had left a few days before our arrival. Several vessels are engaged in the business, about here, it seems.

We learned from, the Irishman, that a party of Indians, belonging to some tribe along the coast, and apparently hostile, had, the day previous, been down to the harbor.

Our anchorage is about one and a half miles from the island, and four or five miles from the main land. I went with a party on the main land, for the purpose of killing some guanacos. The shore was very high and steep and the ascent tedious and difficult, but on gaining the summit we found a level table-land, and saw a herd of guanacos at a distance, but did not succeed in getting any of them. The country appeared open and bleak, and not a tree of any description to be seen.

Some of our company who went on to the island, returned on board this evening, much gratified with their visit, and the hospitable treatment which had been extended to them by residents there.

May 15. To-day I went with several others on to the island, and had a very pleasant time of it. Indeed our visit seems to be considered quite a jubilee to the people living here, as it is very seldom they have such calls from strangers. Two quite intelligent men, by the names of Hall and Morrison, are in charge of the establishment, and have eight men besides, in their employ. They have rude but comfortable huts, made from the remains of an old wreck lying on the beach, and plenty of stores. How long the wreck has been there is not known. They are now burning her timbers for the copper found in them. They have also a very fine looking horse, which they caught on the main land, from a wild herd.

The guano lies about four feet in depth, over a large part of the island, and must have been accumulating for ages. This they dig up and wheel into heaps, ready for shipment, on the arrival of guano vessels.

The Indian fires have been seen burning on the north shore all day.

May 16. The wind is still ahead, but the weather is pleasant. Our boat went on to the south shore this morning, with a party, to collect some curious stones said to be found

there. The Indians are seen on the north shore to-day. They have raised a flag, and appear to be mounted warriors, but are so far distant that we can see them only with a [61] spy-glass. Had a most excellent dinner of fresh fish, which were sent us from our friends on the island; were taken in a net, with which they take large quantities, and are of very fine flavor.

About two P.M. the boat returned with a number of agates and other pretty stones. The party had seen and chased a flock of ostriches, one of which they had captured. A part of the company had succeeded in surrounding him, and he fell down dead before he was caught, --probably frightened to death.

In the ramble to-day, a tusk fifteen feet long was discovered, evidently belonging to some huge monster of the mastodon family. The shape and form of this tusk I have represented in the annexed ideal restoration of the entire skeleton.

After dinner the wind being fair, we got under way and stood out of the harbor. Our friends from the island brought on board a fine lot of fresh fish, which they had caught expressly for us, and as some return for their kindness, we presented them with some of our small stores. They accompanied us until we had got nearly out of the harbor, and then left us with a mutual exchange of hearty [62]... good wishes. We have richly enjoyed our visit to this unfrequented part of the world.

May 17. We had the wind N.N.W. until eleven o'clock last night, when it came round ahead again, and blew fresh. About four o'clock this afternoon [we] made Cape Virgin, the north entrance to Magellan's Straits, just on our weather bow. The wind blew a gale, but we carried on sail in order to get under the lee of the Cape for an anchorage, which we finally accomplished about twelve o'clock at night. Our little schooner has nobly exhibited her good qualities today in beating up to this anchorage, against a gale of wind. Very few vessels would have done it. We anchored with Cape Virgin bearing south, about six miles distant. (Lat. 52°)

May 18. Gale from the S.W. continues. Got under weigh this morning and stood in nearer to shore, coming to again with our bower anchor in about ten fathoms water. The weather is getting to be uncomfortably cold. (Lat 52°15'. Lon. 58°30')

May 19 The wind this morning came out W.N.W. and we hove up and stood around Cape Virgin, but after [63] doubling the cape, our course lay nearly in the direction of the wind, and we made slow progress. The coast of [Tierra] del Fuego was seen off our lee beam, and at dusk we passed Cape Possession, and came to anchor in Possession Bay soon after. Cloudy all day, with some rain, ... thermometer at 41° above zero.

May 20 Got under weigh before daylight, with light breeze N.W. and a flood tide in our favor. The wind soon died away altogether, but the tide continued to sweep us on through the narrows at a good rate of velocity. The first narrows were about one mile wide, and thirty five miles from Cape Virgin. Upon both banks large droves of

[guanacos] and ostriches were frequently in sight on the hills. On the north shore there were some elevated hills, covered with snow.

About noon a stiff breeze set in from S.W. and we stretched away toward the north shore, where we met the ebb tide soon after, and came to anchor in seven fathoms water. The wind increased, heaving up so much sea, that the schooner surged heavily, dragging her bower anchor, and we had to let go another anchor.

At about sundown the tide turned in our favor, and we quit our unsafe anchorage as soon as possible, We found heaving up our anchors in a gale of wind and heavy sea, to be no boy's play, but our windlass is worked by brakes somewhat similar to the working of a fire-engine, and I felt therefore at home at the business."

May 21. The wind being unfavorable and the tide against us, we have been lying at anchor all day in a little bay called St. Jago, between the first and second narrows. [64] Cape Gregory forms the north shore of the second narrows, under the lee of which cape we now are.

A large party of us started early in the morning for an excursion on shore. I rambled away back up the sides of a snow-covered mountain where immense droves of [guanacos] were seen traveling near the foot of the mountain in long lines. Some of them came very near to me, but as I had lost my ramrod in crossing a quagmire, I had no means of loading my rifle.

It was impossible to count them, but I judged that there were more than five hundred of these animals in one drove, and multitudes of others were seen at a distance. They appear to follow beaten paths when traveling, and these paths are found all over the country in every direction. It was a fine sight to see them moving along in a line of more than a mile in extent, in an easy and graceful sort of canter, uttering sounds much resembling the neighing of horses.

On returning I fell in with Mr. Kellogg, who had shot a very large guanaco and others of our party soon joining us, we dressed him and took his quarters along with us. As soon as we retired from the spot, a large number of species of buzzard which had been gathering round, at once made a descent and devoured the offal which had been left.

Our duck shooting party had been rather successful, bringing in about twenty fine ducks which they had shot. We returned on board about dusk, very tired and hungry, and made a supper of ducks, which from the state of our appetites, was very fairly appreciated.

May 22. At eight this morning we got under way and at ten had passed the second narrows, and entered Bechet's harbor where we met the ebb tide, but the wind [65] being fresh and fair, we made good progress, the capes and headlands seemingly

passing by us on either side like a moving panorama. The land rises higher as we go west, and the country is better wooded. Passed through the Royal Roads, between Cape Porpoise and Elizabeth Island; then soon passed Cape Negro after which the straits become broader. Further along was Cape Monmouth, and a number of other capes and islands were passed today. The shores of the straits are very irregular, and there are many islands, which are generally high and rocky.

Far to the north lay a high range of mountains, which must have been very lofty; and their tops, covered with snow of the most pure and unbroken white, presented a singular appearance.

Arrived at Port Famine at five o'clock and came to anchor, having made a run of eighty miles in less than nine hours, against a head tide most of the distance. We are now 140 miles from Cape Virgin.

We found at Cape Famine, the brig Emily Bourne, of New Bedford, Capt. Potter, 101 days out, and the schooner Pomona, of New Bedford, 103 days out, both bound for California. The captains of both vessels, with several of their crews, came on board of us and spent the evening.

At this place is a settlement of Chileans, about 350 in number. The settlement made a very pretty appearance as we came into the harbor, but some of our men who went ashore, describe the place as being very filthy and forbidding. It stands on a point called Santa Anna. Most vessels bound through the Straits stop here, and we obtained a list of all California bound vessels that had touched here. The steamer Hartford is not among the number, and we feel anxious for her safety, as she ought [\[66\]](#) to have passed here long ago. Caught a few fish this evening.

May 23. Got under way at a quarter past eight this morning, with a very light but fair wind. The brig and schooner had left about an hour before. We soon overhauled the brig and passed her. We are now passing Cape Froward, the most extreme southern point which we have to pass. For the last two days our general course has been about south, but after doubling this cape we shall haul up north-west and begin to head towards California. Hitherto it has seemed as if we were not nearing our port of destination at all, and really going farther from it every day, but now we begin to feel like approaching towards it.

Cape Froward is a very high promontory, rising some 2,500 feet above us. We are surrounded on both sides with high, snow-clad mountains, and the scenery though dreary, is grand and imposing. The wind failed us entirely before we got around the cape, and all three of our vessels came to anchor in a snug little harbor, set in among the hills near the point of the cape, our vessel lying directly between the brig and schooner.

The mountain sides come down boldly to the shore, and are covered near their base with evergreens and trees of various kinds, but like none which I have ever before seen. Near us, a cascade of fine water comes pouring down, from which we filled some of our water casks [See Frontispiece.]

The scenery in this part of the Straits is most grand and magnificent, surpassing any I have ever seen. A long echo, reverberating over and over again, comes from the hills whenever we fire a gun.

During the evening a party of us went on board the Emily Bourne for a social "gam", and another party [67] from the Pomona visited our schooner. We all stayed pretty late enjoying ourselves, and I fancy that some strange noises were heard in our little snug harbor that night.

May 24. We all three got under weigh this morning, with a light, baffling head-wind, and doubled Cape Froward; the wind coming down from the ravines and openings of the mountain, in very irregular and variable puffs and "cat's-paws", sometimes sending one vessel ahead, and then another; one vessel perhaps becalmed, while another close by was lying over under a stiff breeze, and vice versa, in the next few moments. About four o'clock we came to anchor in a good anchorage near Wood's Bay, and soon after the brig came up and followed suit. The Pomona kept on and anchored on the opposite shore, five or six miles ahead.

We took our fish net and a water cask and landed some distance up a little fresh-water stream, or brook, where we filled our water cask, but got no fish. The banks were thickly overgrown with vegetation, and the trees, although low, had their tops and branches so densely interlocked as nearly to exclude the light of the sun. The trees were all evergreens, of species totally new to me, and so thickly intertwined were they that they presented a dark looking forest, gloomy, impenetrable and forbidding.

On the banks of the stream, a short distance from its mouth, under the overarching branches, were the remains of five curiously constructed Indian huts. We entered and found muscles and other sea-shells, and marks of a former fire. Some of our party set fire to the huts, and they were soon consumed. We gathered some watercresses here, which were very good eating.

[68] In the evening a party from the Emily Bourne visited us, and we had a sociable, pleasant time again. The mountains all around us are high, and our harbor has a very romantic and primitive appearance. The highest mountains to be seen in passing these straits, however, are on Tierra del Fuego, several miles to the southward of us, and which were found by measurement to be 6,800 feet high. As we proceed westward, the aspect of the country becomes more rugged. A smoke was seen to-day upon the south shore, proceeding probably from an Indian encampment.

May 25. We all got under weigh this morning, and beat up the straits, making slow progress, there being nine hours' tide now against us, to three in our favor. In stretching into Fortesque Bay, two schooners were discovered lying there, which on seeing us immediately hoisted the stars and stripes. The General Morgan, Emily Bourne, and Pomona, at once returned the compliment, and there, in these desolate Straits of Magellan, were five star-spangled banners fluttering in the breeze, within sight of each other. The sight was exceedingly pleasant and gratifying.

The two schooners at anchor were the James R. Whiting, of New York, and the Gazelle, of New Bedford. We stood in and anchored near them, and soon the Emily Bourne and Pomona joined our company, all lying within a cable's length of each other. Probably so many vessels were never before anchored together in any part of these straits, as they are seldom navigated.

The James R. Whiting left New York February 3d, and has made no port until she arrived in the Straits twenty-three days ago. She has been at her present [69] anchorage twelve days, having made two unsuccessful attempts to get through the English Straits ahead, and been on both occasions obliged to return. She is a fine schooner, a little longer than ours, but resembling her very closely, and built by the same man. Her captain is also an old acquaintance and friend of Captain Falkenberg, and altogether the meeting of these two vessels here was quite a subject of mutual congratulation.

While in Possession Bay, the Whiting picked up a boat with eleven men, belonging to the barque Hebe, of Baltimore. The Hebe had anchored in that bay, and her boat with the mate, three seamen and seven passengers, went ashore. In attempting to get off again, the wind and tide drifted them astern in spite of all their exertions obliging them to land again some five miles below. The gale soon increased to such force that the Hebe and the schooner J. B. Gager, which was lying in company, were both obliged to slip their cables and put to sea. The men remained on shore without shelter, provisions or water for two days after, where they were taken up by the J.R. Whiting.

They were in constant fear of savages while on shore, many of whom they saw at a distance, and most probably would have all been massacred, or perished miserably, but for the timely arrival of the Whiting. The Hebe had but six men left on board of her, and her captain was sick. They must have felt great anxiety, both as their own fate, as well as that of their companions.

The Whiting's company are on board of us this evening for a "gam" and our three New Bedford friends are also "gamming" together--a sociable, and I trust, an agreeable time all round.

[70] **May 26** Wind still holds on N.W. with occasional snow-squalls, and our little fleet remains still at anchor. We have spent the day in an exchange of pleasant visits, sometimes on board of one vessel and then another. We muster 122 men here, in all,

viz. the General Morgan, thirty-five; the J.R. Whiting, thirty-two; the Emily Bourne, twenty-four; the Pomona, eighteen; and the Gazelle, thirteen. Some of our men landed to-day, but had an uncomfortably wet and cold time of it on shore. We are still lying in Fortesque Bay. Near us is Port Gallant, a snug little place, separated from this bay by a number of small islets, on one of which a rude wooden cross is visible probably erected over the grave of some poor mariner.

May 27. Very unpleasant weather to-day; rain and snow, and wind ahead. Got up a stove in the forward cabin which adds materially to our comfort. A party went ashore and gather a couple of barrels of muscles. They had a muscle roast on shore, but the weather was too wet and inclement to enjoy it. They brought off some wild celery withy them which gave an additional relish to our dinner. No visits have been exchanged to-day; too wet and cold.

May 28. The weather continues much the same, raining and snowing without intermission.

May 29. Wind still remains in the same same quarter, N.N.W., cold and rainy. Went on shore to-day, to one of the little islands on which the cross was erected and carried a bottle containing the names of our several vessels the date of our being here, and a grief account of our [71] expedition, &c. &c. The bottle we suspended upon one of the arms of the cross, and left for the benefit of whoever might have the curiosity to examine it hereafter.

The cross was about twenty feet high, and bore the following inscription on the cross piece

MUNDI SALUS

Near the foot was also inscribed in rude lettering:

1846
2d March
ARCHE
Alliance,
Cormorant.

May 30. We hove short our anchor this morning early, but a dense snow-storm came over, and we held on until eight o'clock, when the whole fleet got under weigh, our schooner taking the lead. The wind was variable, and at times the snow fell thicker and faster than I ever before saw it. Just after noon we met the flood tide very strong against us, which set here nine hours again, with only three hours ebb in our favor. Our schooner and the J.R. Whiting kept on, making several tacks, but losing ground, when we both bore up and run into a little bay were the other three vessels had already anchored some time previously. Our fleet was again anchored so close together that we were at times nearly in contact.

This afternoon we saw the smoke of an Indian encampment, on a point ahead of us.

May 31. The fleet got under weight this morning early, with a fair tide but little wind. The first part of the day we had snow and hail, but afterwards came off clear and rather cold. Our schooner and the Whiting kept along [72] neck and neck with each other, soon leaving our three Bedford friends far astern. In Crooked Reach, which we had entered, we met the tide so strong that both ourselves and the Whiting lost ground again. The three Bedford vessels had already come to an anchor, in a snug harbor on the south shore without having attempted, like us, to pass the reach. We bore up for the same harbor, but the wind dying away, the other vessels sent their boats and towed us in. The Whiting did not get in here, but has probably anchored over on the north shore somewhere. So "the race is not always to the swift," even in the Straits of Magellan.

The scenery in Crooked Reach is very grand; the shores on both sides exceedingly abrupt, and high bluffs and peaks shoot up skyward in great boldness and majesty. We saw Indians on shore, who made signals, as we understood them, for us to stop, but which we did not regard. After dark a number of them came off alongside of us, in two canoes. They appear squalid, miserable creatures, of diminutive stature, and nearly naked. They were shy and timid, and it was difficult to persuade them, especially their women, to come on board. Some of them had a few articles of European clothing. We gave them bread, port, and some clothing. In the centre of each canoe a fire was burning, on a heap of ashes in the bottom of the boat. One of the men was detected in stealing a duck from us, and we sent the whole of them at once into their canoes. They left and went alongside the other vessels.

These Indians belong to what are called here "Canoe Indians," are of small stature, and lead a wandering, miserable life, subsisting chiefly on shell-fish. The Indians inhabiting the eastern part of the Straits and the coast of Patagonia, are styled "Horse Indians." They are said to be very tall, active and athletic, being fine [73] horsemen, and having fine horses, thoroughly trained for hunting the guanaco, which they run down and secure with a lasso. There seems to be no large game along this part of the Straits.

The line of perpetual snow descends as low as three thousand feet; yet, notwithstanding the unfriendliness of the climate, the scenery of the Straits is in many respects grand and imposing. There is a degree of mysterious grandeur in mountain behind mountain, with the deep intervening valleys, all covered by one thick, dusky mass of forest. The atmosphere, likewise, in this climate, where gale succeeds gale, with rain, hail, and sleet, seems blacker than anywhere else. In the Straits of Magellan, looking due southward from Port Famine, the distant channels between the mountains appeared from their gloominess to lead beyond the confines of this world.

[Guanacos], wolves, foxes and otters, are the only wild animals of importance found in [Tierra] del Fuego. Fish and seals are quite numerous. Among the birds are the cape pigeon, the petrel, and the albatross. Wild fowl, geese ducks, and plover, are also

plenty. The cape pigeons are of a white and lead color; they fly in large flocks, and seem much attached to each other; their flesh is equal to that of the American teal. The albatross resembles a goose, and its feathers, down, and quills, are equally valuable; its meat is dark-colored but not unpalatable; by sailors it is considered as a *rara avis*, indeed, from the fact that it has no gizzard and many of them look upon it with the same abhorrence which the Mussulman regards pork.

The Fuegians are elevated by only a few degrees above the brute creation. They have small, low foreheads, prominent brows, diminutive eyes, large mouths, wide nostrils, thick lips, black, lank hair, and long and slender [74] arms. Their bodies are large in comparison with their extremities, but they are rarely over five feet in height. On the eastern coast, the natives wear guanaco skins, and on the western, seal skins. The central tribes have other skins. Sometimes a small scrap takes the place of a whole skin, and where this is the case, or the skin is too small to protect the whole person, it is laced across the breast by strings, and shifted from side to side, according as the wind blows. It is by no means uncommon, however, to see them entirely naked. They appear stunted in their growth; their dark, copper-colored skins are filthy and greasy; and their hideous faces are generally bedaubed with ashes or paint. Their voices are discordant, and their gestures, in conversation, animated and even violent.

Their wigwams are sometimes built of the trunks of trees, arranged in a circle and leaning against each other at the top, like a cone; the interstices are chinked in with earth, leaves, and wild grass. Another kind of wigwam is made of boughs or small branches bound together at the top with sedge or twigs; other branches are interlaced with these so as to form wicker-work, and the whole is covered with grass, peat or bark. They subsist almost wholly on fish, seals, sea-eggs, and testacea. A few tasteless berries and fungi are the only productions of the moist soil, which they make use of to satisfy hunger. The only habitable land is directly on the coast, and in summer and winter, through the endless mists and storms parties of them may be seen wandering along the beach in quest of food. Their only mode of conveyance is a canoe drawn through the water by the kelp, or propelled by a rude paddle; it is made of strips of bark sewed together, and is usually about twenty-five feet long and three feet [75] wide. The bottom of the canoe is covered with a layer of clay a foot thick, on which a fire is always kept burning. Sea-eggs are obtained by diving, and small fish are caught by a baited hair-line, without any hook. Larger fish are speared. Shell-fish are picked from the rocks whenever it is low water, be it night or day, in storm or sunshine.

Such I find to be a description of these squalid beings, and so far as my observations have enabled me to judge, it appears a correct one.

For two days past the cold has been quite uncomfortable, the thermometer standing at 30° above zero.

[76] June 1849

June 1. Got under weigh at 6 o'clock this morning, the three Bedford vessels in company. The breeze freshened after day light, and we made good head-way through Crooked Reach. The J.R. Whiting came out of Borgia Bay where she had lain over

night and fell into our wake. At 12 o'clock we anchored in Langara Bay, near the entrance to Long Reach, the Pomona and Whiting soon following and anchoring inside of us. The Gazelle and E. Bourne did not reach here, and have probably anchored below.

Our boat went ashore and brought off two barrels of large muscles, some of them the largest I had ever before seen. The party also brought off a number of large ducks which they had shot.

The Straits appear still more rugged on each side as we advance. High mountains and bold shores surround us on all sides. The south shore is designated on the chart as the "Land of Desolation."

Our present anchorage is but about ten miles from where we anchored last night. We get along slowly.

June 2. A good breeze from N.W. We beat up to day as far as Gurior Bay, where we came to anchor in twenty-three fathoms water, within two cables' length of the shore. The Whiting came in soon after. This is a deep bay, with bold, high and rocky mountains on all [77] sides. At the head of the bay there is a stream of water pouring down from the mountains.

Some of our party who went ashore, report that they found several lakes a short distance back from the shore, one of which they judged to be five miles long, and elevated two hundred feet above the level of the bay. After dark we heard the report of a gun at the mouth of the bay, and sent out a boat to render assistance if needed. We had a long pull out of three or four miles, and found the report to proceed from the Emily Bourne, who was firing a signal for our schooner to show a light. We boarded and piloted her in to where we had anchored. The Pomona and Gazelle anchored on the other side of the Straits.

June 3. The wind has been light all day and we have made but very little progress. Came to anchor again at about 12 o'clock noon on the south shore, nearly opposite to the bay where we lay last night. The E. Bourne, Pomona and Gazelle went into a small harbor two miles back, and the Whiting was crawling along under the north shore at sundown, having made nothing all day.

The rocks are high where we lie and there are numberless little cascades whose gentle murmurings fall pleasantly on the ear. We have filled several of our water casks to day from these cascades.

There is a great variety of ducks to be seen here; one species of which we call the "Steamboat Duck" from the manner in which they paddle themselves along the surface of the water. They do not fly, but seem to scoot along with great rapidity, making a great splashing of the water. One beautiful goose was shot, having feathers of the most pure and brilliant white I ever saw.

[78] The water here is so clear that the bottom is visible at a great depth, and is covered with kelp growing like forests in appearance.

June 4. We got under weigh at about nine and a half A.M., at first with a light wind, but which afterwards increased to a seven knot breeze and lasted all day.

Our three New Bedford friends were seen a long distance astern, and at last we dropped them out of sight altogether. We had supposed the *Jas. R. Whiting* was somewhere ahead of us, but after a while discovered a sail far astern which we pronounced to be her. If so, she must have drifted back a long distance last night.

At sundown we were in "Sea Reach" and within about thirty miles of "Cape Pillar" the western extremity of the Straits. If the wind holds, we expect to be in the Pacific before morning.

Ten o'clock P.M. Cape Pillar is astern of us and we are now rolling and pitching in the waters of the mighty Pacific. We passed the Cape at nine o'clock, leaving the rugged and bleak and barren rocks of the Straits, to traverse the vast expanse of the waters before us, and our little schooner gambols and prances over the waves as if conscious, and joyous at her escape from the confined limits which have restrained her free course for the last fortnight. God grant us a speedy passage to our destined port.

June 5. Pleasant weather and fresh breeze from S.E. Our course has been N.N.W. The sun raises after eight and sets before four P.M., which makes a short day for us. The twilights are very long. Lat $51^{\circ} 36'$ Lon. $76^{\circ} 40'$

[79] *June 6.* Wind veered last night to the northward which has brought us close-hauled on the wind to day. The sky has been overcast with clouds, so as to prevent our getting an observation. Lat. $50^{\circ} 14'$ Lon. $79^{\circ} 50'$.

June 7, Strong breeze from S.W. all day, and we have been smoking along under a double reefed mainsail. More moderate this evening. The mate got his hand very badly hurt by the fore sheet block. Lat. $48^{\circ} 47'$ Lon. $80^{\circ} 10'$

June 8. All last night was calm with a heavy swell, and the schooner rolled and wallowed as if she meant to tumble herself overboard. Every thing was taken in but the square-sail to prevent its being slapped to pieces. This morning the wind came out N.E. and it has blown a gale all day. Just at dusk, wind hauled N.N.W., still heavy, and schooner under double reefed mainsail. Three reefed foresail, and bonnet off the jib. Lat. $46^{\circ} 58'$ Lon $80^{\circ} 52'$

June 9. Strong wind all day from N.N.W., and heavy sea, but weather rather pleasant. The sea appears to rise quicker in the Pacific than in the Atlantic. Great numbers of speckled haglet are constantly flying about the vessel and several have been caught with a hook and line. Lat. $46^{\circ} 10'$ Lon. $81^{\circ} 39'$.

June 10. First part moderate breeze and heavy swell, last part fresh gales from W.S. W. Schooner under double reefed mainsail, and single reefed foresail and jib, making about eight knots an hour, course N.N.W. Thick weather and rain a part of the day Lat. 45° 23', Long. 82° 32'

[80] *June 11.* First part calm and heavy swell. Last part, stiff breeze from S.E. Cloudy and some rain. Saw porpoises. Lat 44° 57' Long. 83° 10'.

June 12. First part calm and heavy swell again. Last part a seven knot breeze from the eastward with rain. To day a goney, or albatross and several haglets were caught in a rat trap which we floated astern. The goney measure six feet one inch from tip to tip of his wings. Lat 43° 16' Long. 83° 10'.

June 13. Weather pleasant. First part a good breeze from east, which in the afternoon hauled to the south. Vessel making about ten knots an hour to day. Have been busily engaged in breaking out provisions from the forward hatchway. Lat. 40° 30' Lon. 83° 17'.

June 14. A fine fair wind and pleasant weather all day and the schooner has been "doing it up brown." She is going it twelve knots an hour this evening. All hands have been busy in rigging out a new jib-boom and stowing away the old one, which made it necessary to remove, and afterwards replace, the most of our deck lading. Lat 37° 47' Lon. 86° 6'.

June 15. A good fair wind from S.E. and pleasant weather. Have made a run to-day of two hundred and forty-eight miles. Yesterday we made two hundred and thirteen miles. Saw a fin-back what spout. Lat. 34° 15' Lon. 88° 30'.

June 16. Last night the wind hauled more to the east, and has held there all day. Sent up our foretopmast [81] again and got the jib topsail and fore gaff topsail bent and set Lat 32° 17' Lon. 89° 47'.

June 17. Sunday. Wind still east, and going seven knots an hour. Pleasant. Resumed our Sabbath services to-day, which have been neglected for several weeks owing to the inclemency of the weather. Lat. 30° 29' Lon. 91° 4'.

June 18. To day the wind is N.W. and we are steering westerly up; on the wind. Pleasant weather and moderate breeze Lat. 28° 53' Lon. 93°

June 19. Light breeze N.W.: cloudy with some rain. Have made several tacks to day. Lat. 28° 10'. Long. 94° 4'.

June 20. No change in wind or weather; a sail was made on the lee bow this afternoon. Shge was a ship standing to the eastward, and passed us hull down to the leeward. This is the first sail we have seen in the Pacific. It is always pleasant and cheerig to

raise a sail at sea, however distant. We are reminded by it that we are not the solitary inhabitants of the vast expanse around us. Lat 26° 58'. Long. 94° 32'.

June 21. Wind moderate, about north and course W.N.W. Broke out some butter and pickles to day from the main hold, --quite a rarity, having been without either for a long time.

The sail-maker is commencing our tents for California service. Others of us are engaged in repairing fist nets. All hands in good health, and apparently contented and happy.

[82] *June 22.* No change in wind or weather. Temperature of the air 73° ; of the water 68° . Lat 26° 4'. Long. 97° 31'.

June 23. Wind west by south--moderate and sunk down to a dead calm in the afternoon. Several rain squalls during the day. All hands have been amusing themselves with gymnastic exercises, and various feats of agility for a few days past. To-day we have had some performance on the slack rope. Lat 26° 6'. Long. 98° 10'.

June 24. Sunday. This morning a gentle breeze from the S.E. sprang up, encouraging the hope that we had now got the regular trade-winds, but during the day it hauled round to the north, and nearly died away calm. The weather grows perceptibly warmer as we get north again, and the shady portions of the vessel are beginning to be sought for when the sun shines. Great numbers of Portuguese men o'war and little round jellies are seen floating by, and a queer sort of fish called a squid was seen to-day floating past.

About dusk we saw a large fin-back whale just under our bows. He showed himself twice and then disappeared. Lat 24° 40'. Long. 97° 50'.

June 25. Moderate breeze from N.N.W., and very pleasant. Are much disappointed in not getting hold of the trade-winds. Vessels generally take them in Lat about 30° Lat. 24° 14'. [misprint].

June 26. Wind and weather unchanged. Saw two fin-back whales to windward. Lat 23° 20'. Long. 99° 14'.

June 27. Light breezes or calm. We give up all hope of making a short passage. Lat 23° 14'. Long. 99° 15'.

June 28. Becalmed. The schooner scarcely moves except to rise and fall with the long and gentle undulations of the sea. The sky has been cloudy all day, and the surface of the water as smooth as a mirror. This calm weather is getting to be rather irksome to us all. Lat 22° 1'. Long. 99° 46'.

June 29. Dead calm. Sea smooth and sky cloudy. This forenoon we caught by a hook and line a very singular fish, called a "toad fish" from the resemblance to that animal, of

his head and back. This fish had the singular capacity of swelling himself at will, or when tickled with the finger, into a round ball of four or five times his actual size. When inflated he was about the size, and presented something of the appearance, of a good sized mushmellon. Lat 22° 24'. Long. 100° 11'.

June 30. Moderate westerly breeze and pleasant weather. A committee was appointed for celebrating the approaching anniversary of our national independence. Lat 21° 29'. Long. 100° 40'.

[84]

July, 1849

Sunday, July 1. Light airs from the southward and calm. About 12 o'clock noon, a large shark was seen following in our wake astern. The shark hook was at once baited and thrown over, which the voracious fellow soon seized and we had him fast. He was quite a large one, measuring over ten feet in length, and floundered and struggled tremendously, while being hauled on board, compelling us all to keep well clear of his jaws and flukes. We soon had his marine majesty foul, however, a dncut him into a number of pieces. The tenacity of life in the shark is stonishing. This one continued to give vigorous blows with his flukes long after his head was taken off--and the several parts of his body exhigited considerable vital vigor, after they had been severed for a long time.

Attached tot the shark was a small fish called a sucker. This species of fish are frequently attached to the underside of the shark, where they cling with great tenacity, by means of several small orifices in their backs, having a strong power of suction. We detached this sucker and on placing him in a bucked of water he appeared quite lively. Lat 20° 22'. Long. 101° 36'.

July 2. Last night about twelve, a fine breeze si=et in from S.E., which has continued all day. We feel quite certain that we have now got the long wished for S.E. trade-winds, and our company are all in most excellent spirits in consequence. The schooner has been making nine knots all day. Course N.N.W. Moderate sea. Cloudy with some rain. To-day large schools of porpoises are playing about us, and whale spouts have been seen. Lat 18° 53'. Long. 101° 28'.

July 3. Good! good! good! Our little schooner has made a direct run of two hundred and fifty-nine miles within the last twenty-four hours; averaging nearly eleven knots an hour. Every rag of canvas has been put on to her, which could be made available, and a noble use has she made of it. Some rain to-day, but sea quite moderate. The S.E.I. trade-winds have fairly set in at last. Lat. 16° 9'. Long. 104° 38'.

Wednesday, July 4. This is a glorious day for all Americans. Bang, bang, and ding-dong, go the guns and bells at home, and millions unite on this auspicious day to celebrate the birth-day of our nation. No less patriotic in feeling are we, though far away

from our dear native land--and our committee of arrangements have prepared for the occasion and present us with the following

PROGRAMME.

1st, A national salute will be fired at sunrise, when the stars and stripes, the glorious emblem of Liberty, will be run up at the main.

The company are particularly requested to assemble on the quarter-deck, at the hour appointed for raising the national flag--after which ceremony they will disperse for the purpose of partaking breakfast.

2nd, AT ten o'clock the company will again assemble on the quarter-deck, where the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE will be read by E.W. Crowell, Esq.

3rd, Music by the company.

4th, Splicing the Main Brace by the same.

5th, Oration by Commodore E.R. Hanks

6th, Music

7th, Splicing the Main Brace.

8th, Reading of Toasts, by W.T. Rogers, Esq.

9th, Music

10th, Volunteer toasts--accompanied by a "Long Splice" by all hands. After which the company will proceed in order to the front cellar, in the sharp end of the boat, where they will partake of a sumptuous repast, prepared under the supervision of William Meyer, Esq., assisted by Edward Owen Wax, Esq.

At haft past 3 P.M. the company will again assemble on the blunt end of the boat, under the shade of the big wing, and partake of a collation.

The company will again assemble on the quarter-deck at sunset, when a national salute will be fired, and the stars and stripes lowered.

The Commodore earnestly desires that no 'agates' shall be exhibited during the day or evening, and also that the "ashes' be permitted to remain undisturbed."

And so in strict accordance with the foregoing programme, has the immortal day been honored.

The oration was short, but pointed and piquant, and the toasts decidedly rich. Commodore Hanks acted as drummer, and Mr. Stannard operated on the fife. Altogether, the performances of the day have been gratifying [87] and entertaining. The weather has been lovely, with a fresh and fair breeze, going all day at the rate of ten knots on a N.W, by N. course. Lat. 13° 17'. Long. 107° 6'.

July 5. Pleasant weather and steady trade-winds, but not as fresh as yesterday. Lat. 10° 38'. Long. 108° 34'.

July 6. Weather still pleasant and breeze strong and steady. This morning we have got up a new sail, called a "Flybinite", not probably found in the nautical dictionary. It is a triangular sail, set over the square-sail, the tack hauling out to the square-sail weather yard-arm. We have now nine sails set on the little craft. I went out on the jib boom to have a fair view of the schooner under her pyramid of canvas, and she truly presented a most beautiful appearance. Her bows cleft the water like a knife, throwing a broad sheet of foam on each side of her, from which the little silvery looking flying-fish, alarmed at the strange commotion, would start up in flocks, and wing it away like larks. The sun has now become uncomfortably warm, and shady spots are in request. Lat. $8^{\circ} 13'$. Long. $107^{\circ} 41'$.

July 7. No change in wind or weather. Our course as been N.N.W. Lat. $5^{\circ} 5'$. Long. $110^{\circ} 34'$.

Sunday, July 8. No change. Those trade-winds are a great blessing to navigators. They take us along at a rapid rate. We expect to cross the Equinoctial Line again to morrow, and I never expect to spend another day in the southern hemisphere. The Great Bear or Dipper constellation has been seen for several days, and we expect soon to raise the north star again and welcome his familiar but long lost face. Lat. $2^{\circ} 10'$. Long. $111^{\circ} 40'$.

[88] *July 9.* About 4 o'clock this morning, we crossed the Line. It is one hundred and four days since we crossed it on the Atlantic side. I have passed many a happy, and many a disagreeable day since then, on the souther half of this globe of ours, and think I shall ever find pleasure in the remembrance of this portion of my life. Saw porpoises this evening Lat. $0^{\circ} 58'$ North. Long. $111^{\circ} 52'$.

July 10. This morning the wind hauled to the S. W., admonishing us that our agreeable friends, the S.E. trades are about to leave us, and we must take the breeze hereafter as we can catch it. Lat. $3^{\circ} 4'$. Long. $112^{\circ} 58'$.

July 11. Wind the same as yesterday and we are making good headway with every sail drawing to the best advantage. Course about north. Rainy a little in the morning. Towards night the wind hauled to the westward and northward with rain. Lat. $6^{\circ} 44'$. Long. $113^{\circ} 38'$.

July 12. Wind N.W. and squally. Lat. $8^{\circ} 56'$. Long. $113^{\circ} 40'$.

July 13. Wind from same quarter, but moderate and pleasant. This afternoon two or three sharks were seen under the counter. The hook was baited and they were earnestly invited to help themselves to it, but very respectfully declined. Under one of them we saw three or four "pilot" fish. They are said to accompany the shark always, swimming close under him, near his jaws. They are a small fish, five or six inches long, of a dark color, with light yellow rings about their body. Lat. $10^{\circ} 55'$. Long. $113^{\circ} 16'$.

[89] *July 14.* Light airs from the westward and pleasant. Had a smart shower this forenoon. Lat. $11^{\circ} 56'$. Long. $113^{\circ} 43'$.

Sunday, July 15. Light airs from north and east. Pleasant weather, with a light shower in the evening. Saw porpoises this afternoon. The north star was seen last evening. Lat. $13^{\circ} 17'$. Long. $114^{\circ} 7'$.

July 16. Smart rain this forenoon--wind from the westward. Porpoises in sight now every day, but we have hitherto been unsuccessful in our attempts to take them. Lat. $14^{\circ} 18'$. Long. $115^{\circ} 20'$.

July 17. Warm and pleasant, and wind light and variable. This morning we saw the whole grand army of porpoises; those we have seen before being apparently only the advanced guard, or skirmishers. They came on past us in columns which we began to think were indeed endless. There was no computing their numbers, but as far as the eye could reach, ahead and astern, we could see them in countless multitudes. They swim very fast, sometimes leaping out of the water. We saw several leap as high a ten or twelve feet in the air.

To-day we rigged up our force pump, and have filled our deck casts, with Croton water from the hold, which is very good although it has rather an oldish taste. Since we left Rio, we have been using the water which we got there and in the Straits. Lat. $15^{\circ} 53'$. Long. $116^{\circ} 23'$.

July 18. No change in the wether. The wind from [90] every quarter, or none at all. For several days we have been expecting the N.E. trade-winds, which are usually taken in about six or eight degrees of N. latitude--but we seem to be fated for a long voyage. Lat. $17^{\circ} 9'$. Long. $117^{\circ} 26'$.

July 19. This forenoon a dead calm and very hot, but about eleven o'clock a gentle breeze set in from N.N.E., which has lasted all day, promising to be the N.E. trades. Lat. $18^{\circ} 8'$. Long. $118^{\circ} 39'$.

July 20. Fresh breeze from N.N.E. all day, and squally. Our course is about N.W. Lat. $19^{\circ} 10'$. Long. $120^{\circ} 16'$.

July 21. The trades still continue fresh and the weather squally and more cool. A couple of "squids" were found on deck this morning, thrown aboard by the sea. Lat. $20^{\circ} 26'$. Long. $122^{\circ} 44'$.

Sunday July 22. Strong N.N.E. trade-winds, and weather quite cool.

This day it is five months since we left New York. The time seems short in the retrospect. I trust I never shall again have occasion to spend so long a period at sea, but yet shall ever look back upon this portion of my life with many pleasant recollections.

This evening a flying-fish came on board, measuring fifteen inches in length Lat. 23° 0'. Long. 125° 34'.

July 23. Trades continue, with much sea. Weather cloudy and cool. Course still N.W. It seems quite like old times again, th have the water and spray thrown [91] over us, and splashing down into the forward cabin. Lat. 25° 20'. Long. 127° 3'.

July 24. Wind and weather much like yesterday. Took in square-sail and hauled up one point more to the northward. Lat. 27° 41'. Long. 129° 26'.

July 25. No change. Course N.W. by North. Quite chilly. Lat. 29° 19'. Long. 131° 31'.

July 26. A chilly, disagreeable, cloudy day, and an ugly sea on. The wind stills hangs in the N.E., and as we pace the deck with unsteady steps, our eyes are involuntarily turned to the windward, longing for a change that will enable us to shape our course towards the place we have long been seeking. We are now distant from the Golden Gate only about nine hundred miles.

This morning a strange sail was seen on the lee beam, which appeared to be a brig, but which we soon dropped out of sight although steering the same course. Lat. 31° 10'. Long. 134° 3'.

July 27. To-day has been rather more pleasant but the wind holds in the same quarter. This afternoon we tacked ship and stood to the eastward three or four hours. Lat. 32° 50'. Long. 135° 15'.

July 28. Wind N.E. Course N.N.W. Cloudy and chilly. Caught a brown goney, with a hook and line, and had him cooked for dinner. This evening the boys in the forward cabin have been amusing themselves with sundry amateur performances, on fiddles, fifes, flutes, &c. There were some very strange voluntaries and overtures, not found in the books. Lat. 34° 7'. Long. 138° 50'.

[92] *July 29.* Tacked again this morning and have been standing to the eastward all day. We head on this tack E. by N. by compass, but allowing for variation of compass and leeway, we make only an E. by S. course good. Lat. 35° 12'. Long. 138° 30'.

July 30. Tacked ship again this morning, and stood to the northward and westward. No change in wind or weather, and all hands are becoming very impatient for a change. Early this morning a sail was seen from aloft on our weather bow, which continued in sight all day, and at sunset we had gained so much upon her that we could see her hull from off deck. Lat. 35° 8'. Long. 137° 24'.

July 31. Overhauled and spoke the strange sail last night about eleven o'clock, which proved to be the brigantine Mary Wilder, one hundred and eighty-four days from Boston, for California. This morning we were gratified with the sight of two more sail on

the weather bow, which we made out to be a ship and brig standing on the same course with ourselves.

About 3 P.M. we came up with and spoke the brig, a bright sided good looking Hamburg vessel. She was the Cecelia Louisa, seventy days from Panama with American passengers, California bound, and gave us the [93] first news from the States which we had received since we left. She reported the Steamer Hartford as wrecked on Bermuda, but no lives lost.

After speaking the brig, we tacked and stood after the ship, which we came up with and spoke about 7 o'clock. She proved to be the Trescott, of Mystic, one hundred and eighty-eight days out, and seventy-three days from Talcahuano. Her quarter deck was crowded with passengers, who seemed inclined to gratify their curiosity in looking at us. Several ladies waved their handkerchiefs at us from the cabin windows, and it is so long since we have been before gratified with the sight of ladies, that the scene was truly inspiring. Our little schooner has done herself credit to day. Lat. $35^{\circ} 36'$. Long. 135° .

[94]

August, 1894

Wednesday, August 1. Weather wet and chilly, and the wind more fresh than yesterday, but in the same quarter. Making about an E.N.E. course, in an ugly head-sea, into which the schooner pitches heavily. (Lat. $36^{\circ} 17'$ Long. $133^{\circ} 17'$).

August 2. Wind N.N.E. and blowing quite a gale. The forward cabin is wet, cold and uncomfortable. We are now but a little more than four hundred miles from San Francisco, and with a fair wind could run that distance in less than two days but such is our luck that we expect to be at least a week about it. The N. E. trades are rarely found as far north as this latitude, but it seems to be our fortune to be blessed with them when we could much better dispense with them, and not to find them where most needed and expected. (Lat $36^{\circ} 9'$. Lon. $131^{\circ} 41'$).

August 3. Wind and sea more moderate, and wind at last appearing inclined to veer more to the north and west, allowing us to head N.E. by compass. The sea to-day has assumed a somewhat greenish tinge, indicating that we are on soundings. We are now within three hundred and fifty miles of port, and every thing begins to indicate an expectancy of soon terminating the voyage. The crew are all busy putting the little schooner in shining [95] condition, painting, tarring, and fancy work on the rigging. I am engaged in painting her a "coat of arms" for the gangway, and lettering her name on the head boards and taffrail. About dusk Capt. Falkenburg struck a porpoise; and we succeeded in getting him on board. It was a different species from any which we have before seen, and is said by one of our sailors to be called a "right whale porpoise." (Lat 36° Lon. $128^{\circ} 40'$).

August 4. Wind N. by W. Cloudy and uncomfortably cold. Have to-day seen several flocks of ducks, and kelp weed, &c., which indicates our approach to land. Had a part of the porpoise cooked and found it quite palatable and savory, much more so than his namesake which we took in the Atlantic. (Lat. 36° 45', Lon. 126° 26').

Sunday, August 5. In the morning a fresh breeze and quite cold, but in the afternoon the wind died away a little, and the weather more mild. At 12, noon, the sheets were eased off a little and our course east, going free.

Whales have been seen to-day, and great numbers of shore birds, sea-weed, &c. A giddy, and probably youthful butterfly too, had wandered away from his fragrant bowers, and came and fluttered around our masts and rigging. Poor fellow! Like ourselves he has wandered away probably in search of his fortune--but like "Bob the Squirrel" he may deeply deplore his folly.

Twenty-five minutes past 3 P.M. Land ho! Land ho! Sail ho! Rocks! Whales! and everything else! All hands on deck!! Such were the joyful sounds which the mate sent down from aloft, and which were repeated and echoed in every part of the schooner, and by every tongue, in one universal but joyous clamor. [96]

Two or three rocks were soon visible from the deck, on the lee bow--and land was soon after distinguished on the weather bow, though much obscured by haze. A sail was seen ahead, and soon another. We have made a very good landfall, being a little to the windward of the entrance to the bay.

Great numbers of humpback whale were seen around us in every direction, and we were gratified with the rare sight of a battle royal between a "whale and a thrasher".

The whale breached clean out of the water several times, and we could see the thrasher dealing his blows in a most unmerciful manner. The battle lasted until we dropped them out of sight astern. I should think we had seen more than one hundred whales to-day.

We overhauled one of the sail ahead very fast, and coming up, found her to be a small topsail schooner, with a peculiar rig, 101 days from Callao. She reported the sail ahead to be the ship Xylon. We lost sight of the ship after dark, but continuing along the coast at last made the opening into the bay, and entered with a strong tide in our favor. It was too dark to get a distant view of the "Golden Gate" in passing it. At a quarter before 10 P.M. we came to anchor in eight fathoms of water, just within the entrance, on the south side. A ship lay at anchor near by.

All hands assemble aft when the anchor was let go, and gave three cheers, which made the very welkin ring again. Thanks to a kind Providence, we have arrived at our long looked-for haven. May the coming day bring us cheering news.

August 6. The dawn of day presented to our view the noble bay of San Francisco. Opposite to where we lie, in a small harbor, are a dozen or more ships which [97] appear laid up. A flock of pelicans were luxuriating at a short distance from us, and here and there a small sail could be seen gliding over the face of the bay.

When the tide turned, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, we got under way and stood up for San Francisco. We soon caught a view of the bay, the shipping opening upon the sight, a countless forest of masts. Sheering in among them on a sinuous course to avoid collision, we came to anchor abreast of the principal wharf, and soon learned that gold, the grand object of all our toils, was still found abundantly.

Our passage, though long, we find compares favorably with that of others, few quicker ones having been made. The constant sound of the hammer is heard on shore, and every thing bears marks of a rapid and unnatural influx of population. Quite a number of smart looking Yankee frame buildings are seen, some in progress, and others already completed--here and there an old Spanish house built of adobies, and great numbers of tents are seen sprinkled around in every direction. We soon landed and have a most interesting ramble for a few hours. Our first point of attraction, as many readily be conceived, was the post-office. I was among the fortunate ones, and how was my heart made to bound, with the sight of three well filled letters from my far distant home. Others were bitterly disappointed. Two letter bags were lost when the last mail crossed the Isthmus and their letters were probably in them. How can I describe the emotions which which I read those letters. I sat down at once on the steps of the post-office, regardless of every thing around me, and gave them a hasty perusal. I then went up on a hill, back of the town, where the whole bay lay spread out before my view, and there alone did I [98] devour every word of their precious contents. How faithfully did imagination bring every familiar and loved face before me, and what visions of days past and scenes of home flitted across my memory. May guardian angels protect those loved forms from every harm, that I may see them once again.

August 7. We should have started for the Sacramento early this morning, but were delayed until ten o'clock by a light wind, and the difficulty of getting our schooner out through such a forest of shipping. Our sailors have all left us. We offered two of them one hundred and fifty dollars a month each, to remain with us, but they declined the offer. We pay a pilot three hundred and fifty dollars for taking us up the river. The pilotage is six or seven hundred dollars for some vessels.

A pleasant breeze soon took up the bay in fine style. The shores are high, and undulating, with but few trees to be seen. Immense herds of cattle were feeding upon the slopes. The wild oats, which grow here in great luxuriance, gave the whole face of the ground a yellow appearance.

About ten miles from San Francisco, we enter another large bay, called San Pablo, on the west border of which is situated the port of Benicia, which has been made a naval station by the Government, and in front of which a sloop of war was lying at anchor.

We rounded to here and presented our permit, a kind of passport obtained at San Francisco. The town is composed of a few frame houses and a large number of tents--has grown up entirely since the golden era commenced, and looks very pleasant and promising.

We filled away again and soon reached the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The banks [99] along here are very low, and covered with the tularo, a long sort of reed, growing out of the water. The river is very narrow, and there are several passages or channels with little tularo islands intervening. The banks some fifteen or twenty miles from the mouth of the river are better wooded. At dark, we came to anchor about midway through the "slue", a long narrow passage between two estuaries. This passage in some places is not wider than the length of our schooner, and at times our sails were brushed by the trees on the banks. At sundown the mosquitoes came on board in legions, and occasioned the most uncomfortable night I ever spent. These venomous little rascals swarmed in every nook and corner of the vessel, and kept up a constant but most unwelcome and doleful concert. I tried every conceivable method of protection or escape from them, but all in vain. They would somehow creep through every barrier of bedding or clothing with the utmost facility and at length, hopeless of all sleep, I went on the deck and tried to divert myself with some others in fishing, but with indifferent success.

Got under way at daybreak with a light breeze. The river is very crooked and narrow, but with good depth of water. Above the slues it is broader, though not more than half the width of our own beautiful Connecticut. The general appearance of the country improves as we advance into it. We passed an Indian village above the slues, comprising quite a number of huts or wigwams, similar in construction to those we saw in the Magellan Straits, but higher and less conical in form. We passed several vessels in the river, some bound up and other returning. The prevailing westerly winds here render the descent of the river very difficult, especially for square-rigged vessels, as there is not width enough to beat down, [100] and they are compelled for the greater part of the descent either to tow down by their boats, or "wrap" themselves along by a line on shore, after the manner of canal navigation. Along the river banks, isolated huts built of logs in a rude manner by the squatters, were frequently seen.

Late in the afternoon we reached Suttersville, where were several tents and cabins of traders, and an encampment of U. S. soldiers. Several ships and brigs were lying here at anchor. We arrived at Sacramento City at about sundown and came to anchor. This being at the head of navigation, a large number of vessels, mostly square-rigged, were gathered here. Sacramento City lies about five miles above Suttersville, and one hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco.

The mosquitoes have prosecuted us all day, and their incessant annoyance, together with the lack of sleep last night, has nearly or quite made me sick. I doubt whether there is another place in the wide world worse infested with these noxious little insect than this river, and especially the slues. There are very few of them at San Francisco, or below the slues, but they boarded us at the lower slue in merciless myriads, and did

not leave us until the cool breeze of this evening seems to have dispersed the most of them.

August 9. Sacramento City is on the east bank of the river, and favorably situated in an extensive grove of large oaks, which render it shady and pleasant in summer. The navigation admits ships of large size, and the banks are so bold and steep that they can haul close alongside and discharge their cargoes. The land is, or was, all claimed by Sutter, who has laid it out into house lots and streets, and the most of it has been disposed of to [101] settlers. The habitations are chiefly simple tents, there being only three or four frame buildings in the place, and it is a novel sight to me to see so many people domiciled in this primitive manner. Building lots of eight feet front by one hundred and fifty feet depth, bring from \$6,000 to \$10,000-- and a two story frame building is not being put up, at an expense of over \$80,000, which with us a home would cost less than \$2,000.

We hauled alongside the public quay or landing-place this morning and commenced discharging. The state of things here appears peaceful, and good order seems to prevail. Seldom is any thing stolen, although thousands and thousand of dollars worth of merchandise of all kinds are constantly exposed.

This afternoon I walked out to Sutter's Fort--a distance of about two miles. The fort is built of adobies (a kind of sun-dried brick) in an open prairie, and does not appear very prepossessing, and the old hides and horns which lay strewed about the walls, filling the air with their odor, rendered it still less inviting. It has now passed out of Sutter's hands.

To-day a man found a lump of gold in the bank of the river, within two or three rods of our schooner. This at once started a party in further search, and gave me an opportunity of witnessing the manner in which the washing operations were performed. Most of the washings were performed with the aid of common tin pans, and a row of twenty or thirty men who were soon seated along the bank, each carefully shaking his pan, and anxiously scrutinizing its contents, was rather a novel and amusing scene to me. But little gold was found however, and it was suspected that what was discovered had been clandestinely scattered there by the shrewd keeper of a neighboring groggery. Stannard, however, succeeded in [102] getting about a dollar's worth in three washings. All have been hard at work to-day, and the night finds us pretty well fatigued. We have rigged awnings afore and aft on deck, which makes it very comfortable.

August 10. All hands hard at work discharging cargo, and each one shows a ready disposition to perform his share of labor. In the evening, a few of us took a stroll among the various tents. The gambling ships appear to be doing the largest business, and there are several of them in full blast. Men from all parts of the world were there seen eagerly watching the throw of the dice, or the turn of the roulette, and hazarding and losing their hard earnings with a most reckless and strange infatuation. We wonder at their folly.

August 11. Finished discharging our cargo and now have our goods all piled up on the quay. This morning our President, Commodore Hanks, H. Crowell, Harry Eakins and Stannard, chartered a wagon and started up to the mines on an exploring expedition for the company. We expect them back to-morrow. A few of us have been painting the schooner to-day. I am at work ornamenting her figure-head and stern.

Sunday, August 12. This is the first Sabbath I have spent on shore since we left home, and it is welcome to me, as a day of rest. In the forenoon I attended a meeting held in a blacksmith's shop and listened to a good sermon from a Mr. Benton, of Connecticut. From two to three hundred persons were present and attentive listeners. Among the audience were seven ladies and a number of children. This Sabbath was generally observed in a quiet and respectful manner, reminding me of [103] our Sabbaths at home. There were a few, however, who continued their secular business, and the grog and gambling shops were in full blast as usual.

August 13. Our exploring party returned last evening, bringing flattering reports from the diggings. They have selected a place for our operations at Mormon Island, about twenty-five miles from this place.

August 14. We purchased to-day four mules and a wagon for \$900, and Almon Davis has been promoted to the office of driver. The team has been employed this afternoon in removing our merchandise to a store which we are to occupy.

August 15. The team has been kept hard at work all day hauling our goods to the store. Hayden is putting up a frame for a building in the rear of the store to be covered with canvas. This will give us plenty of room. I sold a picture to-day which I brought with me, for two ounces of gold (\$32.)

August 16. This morning I left for San Francisco again with the schooner. The party assigned for service on board of her are Capt. Falkenburg, Nelson Falkenburg, Burr, Pease, Francis, Rogers, Carey and myself, together with the steward, and young Case, the cabin boy. Mr. Wax, the culinary gentleman goes professionally with the other company.

[104] We got under way at about ten, A.M., and had some difficulty at first getting clear of the trees on the bank, and of the brig which we ran foul of in the stream. We worked our way down the river about twenty miles with a light wind from the S.W., and then came to anchor for the night, surrounded by another army of mosquitoes.

August 18. A dead calm all day and weather hot. Got our boat out ahead with a line, and towed nearly all day. Slow and fatiguing work this. We have nine cabin and five deck passengers with us. The fare is \$24 for cabin, and \$16 for deck passengers.

Among the passengers is a sick gentleman, attended by his brother. He suffers from the mosquitos shockingly. There is also on board a regular specimen of California Indian, a servant to one of the passengers.

Sunday, August 19. The mosquitos last night were more annoying than all the plagues of Egypt combined. I could not sleep a wink. Still calm, and towing down with the boat ahead, the thermometer standing at 90 in the shade. Our sick man could stand the mosquitoes no longer, and we put him on board of a schooner which we met bound up. We got through the slue to-day, and anchored near the place where we anchored on our passage up. No one who has never experienced it, can imagine how exquisitely tormenting these mosquitoes are in this river.

August 20. To-day we have a fine breeze, though ahead for us. We beat down in good style, getting aground only once, and that for a short time--but just at dark, when about to come to an anchor for the night in Suisun Bay, we suddenly brought up aground, hard and [105] fast, and at high tide. This was a sad mischance, and the prospect of getting off again very soon, was gloomy enough. We got an anchor off, however, and have taut on it, but without starting her an inch, and then turned in, rather despairingly for the night.

August 21. It was our good fortune to get afloat easier and sooner than we expected, for the mate, on going on deck last night about low water, found that the schooner had slide off the bank and was drifting in the stream. We let go a small anchor, and lay until morning, when we got under way with a stiff breeze. We landed one of our passengers at Benicia, and arrived at San Francisco about six, P.M. The ship of the line Ohio, and several other men-of-war lying here, had their flags half-mast, on account of the death of the late President Polk.

This place has increased in size very perceptibly since we were here two weeks ago.

August 22. At anchor at San Francisco. Got letters from home. Making arrangement for freight back to Sacramento.

August 23. On board most of the day. Took on board ten barrels of zinc, weighing over 1000 pounds each, which at \$2.50 per hundred, the price charged will give us over 250 dollars freight, on the whole. Pretty fair that. George Pease was taken sick yesterday.

August 28. Since the 23d we have done but little. Some freight has been offered, but not much of it is yet ready to come aboard. At ten this morning went on board the U.S. store-ship Fredonia, to pay my respects [106] to midshipman Edward Renshaw, to whom I had letters of introduction from the Rev. Mr. Chauncey. Mr. Renshaw was just leaving on business, as I got on board, but the other officers of the ship entertained me for an hour very courteously. I met Mr. Renshaw at the landing-place just after leaving the ship, and had a few moments' pleasant interview with him.

At dusk several vessels were seen coming into port we went out with our boat to meet them and gather the news. We first boarded the George Washington, but soon left her on discovering our old friend, the schooner James R. Whiting, near by. The ship Robert Browne which we spoke on our passage, was also in company, and the ship Magnolia

and an English ship came in also this evening. We went on board the Whiting and Robert Bowne, and gave the welcome intelligence of the continued success of the gold diggers.

A Chinese junk came into port yesterday, and anchored a little ahead of us. Her sails are made of matting, and altogether she is a singular and queer looking craft. Her China men on board seem to be quite active sailors.

August 29. In the forenoon we were all employed in boating off passengers and baggage. About four, A.M. got under way and stood up the bay, with a strong breeze S. W. but weather thick and hazy. Passed Benicia soon after dark, where we landed one of our passengers, and at eight o'clock brought up aground on the middle ground of Suisun Bay, it being so thick and dark that we could not follow the channel. We soon got off, however, and got the schooner into the channel, where we anchored for the night.

We have thirty-four passengers, and our freight and [107] passage money amounts to over 2,000 dollars. We left Mr. Crowell at San Francisco, to act as agent in procuring freight and passengers for our next trip.

August 30. Ran up the river with a moderate breeze, and came to anchor in the stream opposite Sacramento City, at ten o'clock in the evening. Justus Francis and George Pease are now both on the sick list.

August 31. Hauled alongside the bank this morning and landed our passengers and baggage. We find that our company here have been afflicted with sickness, as well as our crew. Commodore Hanks, Sage, Crowell, and Hayden, are sick here, and Tracy, Davis, Stannard, Roibbins, and the cook are report as "under the weather" at Mormon Island. The business of the company, both at the store here, and at the Island, has been very good, although no commencement has yet been made in gold digging. The team has been constantly employed between this and the Island.

I am no very well this evening, myself; have rather over-labored for a few days past.