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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXI.—AUGUST, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



CAPTAIN PORTER.

## CRUISE OF THE ESSEX.

I.—FROM THE DELAWARE TO VALPARAISO.

WHEN Commodore Bainbridge sailed from Boston, during the war with England in 1812, with the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose achievements are among the most glorious recorded in our naval history, the *Essex*, Captain David Porter, then lying in the Delaware, was ordered to follow and join the squadron at St. Jago or Fernando de Noronha. The *Essex*, a 32-gun ship, fitted and provisioned for a long cruise, and manned with a crew of three hundred and nine-

teen, got to sea on the 28th of October, two days after Commodore Bainbridge sailed.

Having taken a southeast course after reaching latitude  $36^{\circ} 7'$  north and longitude  $58^{\circ} 54'$  west, with the view of crossing the tracks of vessels bound from England to Bermuda and those from the West Indies to Europe, the *Essex*, though failing in her object, met in her course with various Portuguese traders, and finally, on the 27th of November, sighted the villages upon the treeless mountains of St. Jago. Entering the harbor of Port Praya, but finding that the Commodore had not been there and the time appointed for his visit expired, Captain Porter,

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after receiving unexpected hospitalities from the Portuguese Governor, supreme in authority over thirty whites and some two thousand negroes, and loading his ship with pigs, sheep, fowls, a hundred thousand oranges, and large quantities of cocoa-nuts, plantains, lemons, limes, and cassada, sailed again. The seamen having been indulged with the privilege of furnishing themselves with monkeys and young goats as pets, the *Essex*, with this addition to her live stock, "bore no slight resemblance to Noah's ark."

After keeping the ship until she was well out of sight to the southeast, for the purpose of deluding the hospitable Governor of St. Jago with the idea that the coast of Africa was the point proposed, Porter suddenly shifted his course to the south-southwest, with the view of falling in with the island of St. Pedro de Ponedro. Not finding however the land in the longitude and latitude laid down in the only chart he had, the *Essex* continued her course and crossed the equator on the 11th of December in longitude 30° west. Next day, in the afternoon, a sail, bearing the appearance of a British brig-of-war, being discovered, all sail was made in chase. The attempt to decoy the shy stranger by a display of scant English bunting proving futile, the *Essex* continued her pursuit and came up with her during the night. Being desirous of doing her as little injury as possible, Porter ordered his great guns not to be fired, but as she attempted to run athwart the *Essex's* stern with the apparent intention of raking, and making her escape, gave her a volley of musketry which brought down a man and forced her to strike. The brig proved to be His Britannic Majesty's packet *Nocton*, of 10 guns and thirty-one men, bound to Falmouth. Taking out the 55,000 dollars of specie and the crew found in her, the prize was dispatched, under the command of Lieutenant Finch, to the United States; the English officers and passengers being permitted to go in the brig on parole of honor, and to embark in any vessel they might meet bound to England or elsewhere.

In two days more the peak of the Pyramid of the island of Fernando de Noronha, that dismal land of the galley-slave, shot up to the sight above the wide and smooth expanse of the southern sea. Hoisting English colors, and disguising his man-of-war as a merchantman, Porter ran the *Essex* close in. Lieutenant Downes, "in plain clothes," being sent ashore, was directed to inform the Governor that the ship was the *Fanny*, Captain Johnson, from London via Newfoundland, bound to Rio de Janeiro for a cargo; out sixty days; short of water; crew down with the scurvy; refreshments greatly needed; all anchors lost but one; cables bad and unable to anchor. After an absence of two hours and a half Lieutenant Downes returned with the information that two British frigates had taken their departure from the place during the previous week, having reported themselves as His Britannic Majesty's ships *Acasta* of 44 guns, Captain Kerr, and the *Morgiana* of 20 guns, from England, bound to India, and that a letter had been left

by the commander of the *Acasta* for Sir James Yeo, of the British frigate *Southampton*, to be sent to England by the first opportunity.

Porter having received at the same time a present of fruit from the Governor, hastened to respond to his generosity by a return gift of porter and cheese—a truly Anglican offering, well calculated to keep up the illusion of the English character he had assumed. By the same opportunity the wily Porter politely sent word that there was a gentleman on board of his ship who was intimately acquainted with Sir James Yeo, into whose hands he would deliver the letter, as he was going direct from the Brazils to England. The bait took admirably. The Governor received his porter and cheese with many grateful acknowledgments, and sent the letter which had been intrusted to his charge. Porter, without any nice scruples of etiquette, for he felt assured that he himself was the "Sir James Yeo" intended, and that his correspondent "Kerr of the *Acasta*" was no other than Bainbridge of the *Constitution*, broke the seal and read:

"MY DEAR MEDITERRANEAN FRIEND,—Probably you may stop here; don't attempt to water; it is attended with too much difficulty. I learned before I left *England* that you were bound to the Brazil coast; if so, perhaps we may meet at St. Salvadore or Rio Janeiro. I should be happy to meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity; recollect our secret in these times.

Your friend, of H. M.'s ship *Acasta*,  
"KERR."

Porter having read thus far, ordered a candle, and placing the paper near the flame soon brought these farther words, written in sympathetic ink, into distinct revelation:

"I am bound off St. Salvadore, thence off Cape Trio, where I intend to cruise until the 1st of January. Go off Cape Trio, to the northward of Rio Janeiro, and keep a look-out for me.  
YOUR FRIEND."

Thus instructed, Porter, putting to sea again, was enabled to direct his course with a fair hope of falling in with Bainbridge. The *Essex* accordingly cruised off the coast of Brazil; but after stopping at the island of St. Catherine for water and provisions, and gathering from a stray Portuguese trader here and there, and a captured English merchantman, such intelligence of the *Constitution* and *Hornet* as induced him to think there was little prospect of meeting them, Porter determined to follow his own course and make his way into the Pacific Ocean.

The *Essex* had occasion, in her stormy and dangerous experience, to appreciate all the proverbial horrors of doubling Cape Horn. Groping his way into the Straits of Le Maire, Porter was startled by the dangers which beset him. The dreary coast of Staten Land bursting grimly upon the sight presented an aspect terrible to the boldest navigator. The whole sea, from the rushing of the current, appeared in a foam of breakers, the wind blew in violent gusts, and a dull haze added its gloom and dangers to the scene. Forced, in order to weather the land upon which the waves broke ominously only half a mile away, to carry a heavy press of sail, the ship pitched her fore-castle into the turbulent



waters, and was so tossed about that it was impossible for any man to stand upon her deck without grasping something to hold by. The stout qualities, however, of the *Essex* bore her safely through the straits, and, with a pleasant breeze from the northward and a smooth sea, she directed her course for Cape Horn. To meet the coming trials of this dreaded passage some of the guns were put below, the heavy spars stowed on a lower deck, new and strong sails bent, and preventer shrouds got up to secure the masts. The Cape was finally made on the 14th of February, 1813, under the promising auspices of a tolerably clear horizon, a moderate wind from the westward, and a bright sun. There was nothing to mar the prospect of pleasant weather, except "some dark and lowering clouds to the northward." Every man on board was exulting in the pleasing expectation of escape from the much-dreaded terrors of Cape Horn, when suddenly those ominous "black clouds" burst upon the ship with a fury which, in a few moments, reduced her flowing canvas to a reefed foresail and close-reefed main top-sail, and finally to storm stay-sails. With the violence of the wind came an irregular and dangerous sea, threatening at every roll of the ship to jerk out her masts. Storm succeeded storm, with only those intervals of deceitful calm to encourage the making sail and to add to the labors of the hard-working crew, who were immediately after forced to reef again to meet the coming blast. The men, with barely provisions enough to satisfy hunger, and which finally became so scarce that a rat was esteemed a dainty, and pet monkeys were sacrificed to an importunate appetite, and without sufficient clothing and shoes to protect them from the excessive cold and the constant drenching from the rain, snow-storms, and the water shipped from the heavy seas, suffered greatly, but spiritedly endured all.

On the last day of February, being in lat. 50° south and fairly in the Pacific Ocean, Porter, as his ship glided on a smooth sea before a moderate breeze, congratulated himself upon the cheering prospect. In this hopeful mood he began to replace his guns, get out his spars, renew his rigging, and, speculating upon the floating kelp, the sporting whales, the hovering birds and flitting clouds, cheered himself with the reflection that, having doubled Cape Horn, all danger was over. The wind, however, in the midst of these preparations for fine weather, and these consoling reflections of security, freshened to a gale, and soon blew with a fury exceeding any thing before experienced during the voyage. It was hoped, from the excessive violence of the wind, that it would soon blow out all its strength. This hope failing, all on board, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, alarmed by the terrors of a lee-shore, and in momentary expectation of the loss of the masts and bowsprit, began to consider their safety as hopeless. The ship, with her water-ways gaping, and her timbers separating widely from the heavy and continued straining to which she had been so long exposed, now made a great

deal of water, and, to add to the fearfulness of the danger, the pumps had become choked. The sea in the mean time had arisen to a great height, threatening to swallow the ship at every roll. For two days the storm continued without a change. On the third it was still unabated, but as the good ship had resisted its violence, "to the astonishment of all, without receiving any considerable injury," it was hoped that, from her buoyancy and other excellent qualities, she might yet be able to weather the storm. Before the third day, however, had passed an enormous sea broke over the ship, and for an instant destroyed all hope. The gun-deck ports were burst in, both boats on the quarter stove, the spare spars washed from the chains, the head-rails swept away, the hammock stanchions crushed, and the ship perfectly deluged and water-logged. One man, an old sailor too, the boatswain taken from the English packet, was so appalled that he cried out in his despair that the ship's broadside was stove in, and that she was sinking. The alarm ran throughout the vessel—caught up by those below, deluged by the immense torrents of water rushing down the hatchways, and re-echoed by those above, swept by the huge seas out of their hammocks, and from the spar to the gun-deck; for they all believed that the *Essex* was about to plunge forever into the depths of the ocean. The men, however, at the wheel, who were only able to keep to their post by clinging with all their might, distinguished themselves by their cool intrepidity, and were rewarded by the commander by advancement of a grade in rank, while the others, at the same time, were rebuked for their timidity.

Passing the inhospitable coasts of Patagonia and Lower Chili, the *Essex* now sailed into smoother seas, and with fine breezes from the southward, and pleasant weather, glided rapidly over the Pacific. The Andes, hundreds of miles distant, towering high above the land, presented, with their snowy summits, a wintry contrast to the arid hills of the Chilian coast, basking in a perpetual summer sun. With spirits cheered by the propitious change from tempestuous to temperate latitudes, and the prospect of soon falling in with some of the enemy's vessels, every man on board was in a mood of agreeable contentment and hopeful enjoyment.

In want of provisions and water, Porter stood for the island of Mocha, off and about one-third of the way up the coast of Chili. Its hills were soon discovered with their peaks rising high into the calm sky, and their rocky bases disturbed by the swell of the sea which broke tumultuously upon the extended reefs. Over the island hovered multitudes of birds, and in the surf sported great crowds of lively seals. In a sheltered anchorage the *Essex* finally found a rest and place of safety, and her people, eager to plant their feet once more upon the solid land, joyfully accepted their commander's leave to revel for a while upon the shore. The island, deserted by the Spaniards during the time the ruthless buccaneers roamed over those seas, was unpeopled, and its





OFF THE HORN.

woods and unclaimed pastures were left to the horses and hogs, grown wild in their long freedom from restraint. Here the men, armed with muskets, enjoyed a famous day's sport, which was unfortunately closed by the tragic accident of the loss of one of the men by an ill-aimed shot. A supply of fresh provisions, however, was secured for the refreshment of the half-famished crew; and it is recorded that the horse-meat was found much fatter and more tender than the hogs', which was tough and of an unpleasant flavor.

Weighing anchor again, the ship was steered directly for Valparaiso. Coasting along the arid Chilian coast, with the snow-capped Andes ever in sight, the Point of Angels, which forms the western limit of the bay of Valparaiso, was finally made on the 14th of March. Doubling the point with a stiff breeze from the southward, Porter, who had never before visited the place, looked anxiously through his glass for the town, and took care to sound cautiously at every moment. First, a long sandy beach, opposite to the Point of Angels, stretched into view; then a large drove of loaded mules were seen straggling down a zigzag mountain-road; and in a moment afterward the whole town, the shipping with their colors flying, and the forts, burst, as it were,

from behind the rocks, and the *Essex* herself, without a breath of wind, stood becalmed in the quiet bay under the guns of a threatening battery.

The animated scene looked tempting to the sea-rovers after their perilous voyage; but as a number of Spanish vessels, with their sails bent in readiness to go to sea and probably bound to Lima, were in the bay, and might give intelligence of the arrival of an American frigate, and thus thwart the concealed purposes of the *Essex*, it was not thought advisable to run in and anchor immediately. There was also an English whaler refitting for sea, which, it was hoped, there might be a chance of intercepting by lying in wait for her off the coast. Porter accordingly stood with his ship to the northward, and catching the breeze again, made all sail. In four hours the *Essex* was thirty miles away from Valparaiso.

On the 15th of March, however, the ship returned, and making Point Angels again, boldly entered the roadstead of Valparaiso and anchored. An agreeable surprise awaited our countrymen in a warm welcome from the authorities. Chili had just thrown off its allegiance to Spain, and, released from all obligations of the alliance





CHILIAN LADIES.

of the mother country with England, had opened its ports to every nation. The *Essex*, now confident of hospitality, proclaimed her recognition of the new relations with a salute of twenty-one guns, which were responded to punctually by the forts. The armed American brig *Colt*, which was lying in the harbor, also welcomed the arrival of her compatriot by nine guns, which the *Essex* returned with seven. Porter on landing found at once a warm reception from the Governor and his associates, and congratulated himself upon discovering that he had got among "stanch republicans," who, "filled with revolutionary principles, were apparently desirous of establishing a form of government founded on liberty."

A week now ensued busy with preparations for sea and daily interchanges of courtesy be-

tween the officers of the *Essex* and the people of Valparaiso. Mr. Poinsett, the American consul-general, hastened from Santiago, the capital, and, accompanied by Don Lewis Carrera, the young brother of the President of the new republic, and others of distinction, arrived at Valparaiso to give welcome to the new visitors and participate in the festivities of the occasion. Dinners, balls, excursions, and parties followed each other in rapid succession. The American officers were petted by the painted beauties of Valparaiso, and familiarly hobnobbing with them, sucked *mate*, the native tea, convivially through the single tube, helped themselves to satiety to sweetmeats with the single fork, and smoked the single cigar, which, with an excess of social communism, were served in common to the whole company. A Chilian lady, who



fastidiously rejects the arm or hand of foreign courtesy proffered for a walk, considers it the height of polished politeness to transfer to your lips the cigarette freshly moistened by her own, and will not hesitate, in the closest embrace, to join with you, in impassioned earnestness, in all the lascivious movements of their indelicate dances.

With a hope for needed succor, in their yet incomplete revolution, from the United States—a hope which Porter artfully encouraged—the Chilean authorities took care to conciliate the Americans. The duties on exportation of provisions were remitted in favor of the *Essex*, and every facility rendered for supplying and fitting her for sea. All being in readiness, Porter, with a sailor's easy compliance with the customs of the port he was in, invited the Catholic inhabitants of Valparaiso to a farewell entertainment on board his ship on the last Sunday (March 21). Every thing was prepared for the gala, and the commander, with his officers, on the day and hour appointed, was ready to take the fair Chilean dames in his boats to the *Essex*, when suddenly there came a messenger from her with information that a large ship had appeared in the offing. In a moment the ladies were unceremoniously dropped, and the gallant Captain, with his officers, accompanied by some of the more adventurous Chilean gentry, jumped into the boats and hurried to the ship. The *Essex* was at once in eager chase, when, getting alongside the stranger, she proved, much to the disappointment of all, and especially of young Don Lewis, who was among the Chileans on board, to be only a Portuguese trader. The youthful Don had become so uninspired that he urged the Captain to board the ship at all hazards, though she was no enemy. The wind proving light, the return to port was delayed, and the *Essex* was forced to stand off to sea during the night. This enlarged the nautical experience of the distinguished landsmen on board, and effectually quenched, by a fit of sea-sickness, the rising naval ardor of young Don Lewis. Next day the *Essex* got back to her anchorage, and shortly after, having in the mean time banqueted again with the Governor, and compensated the beauties of Valparaiso, who expressed a great regret at having lost the chance of seeing a sea-fight, for their disappointment by a reception on board his ship, Captain Porter sailed from Valparaiso.

#### II.—THE GALAPAGOS.

Porter, as he sailed up the South American coast, overhauled a Peruvian corsair, the *Nereyda*, and after disgorging her of some American prisoners, throwing overboard all her guns, ammunition, and small-arms, and leaving her nothing but her topsails and courses, sent her back to Callao, with a letter to the Viceroy of Lima denouncing the piratical conduct of the commander, and leaving him to be dealt by according to his Excellency's sense of justice. The *Essex* then peeped into Coquimbo, on the lookout for English whalers; but seeing nothing,

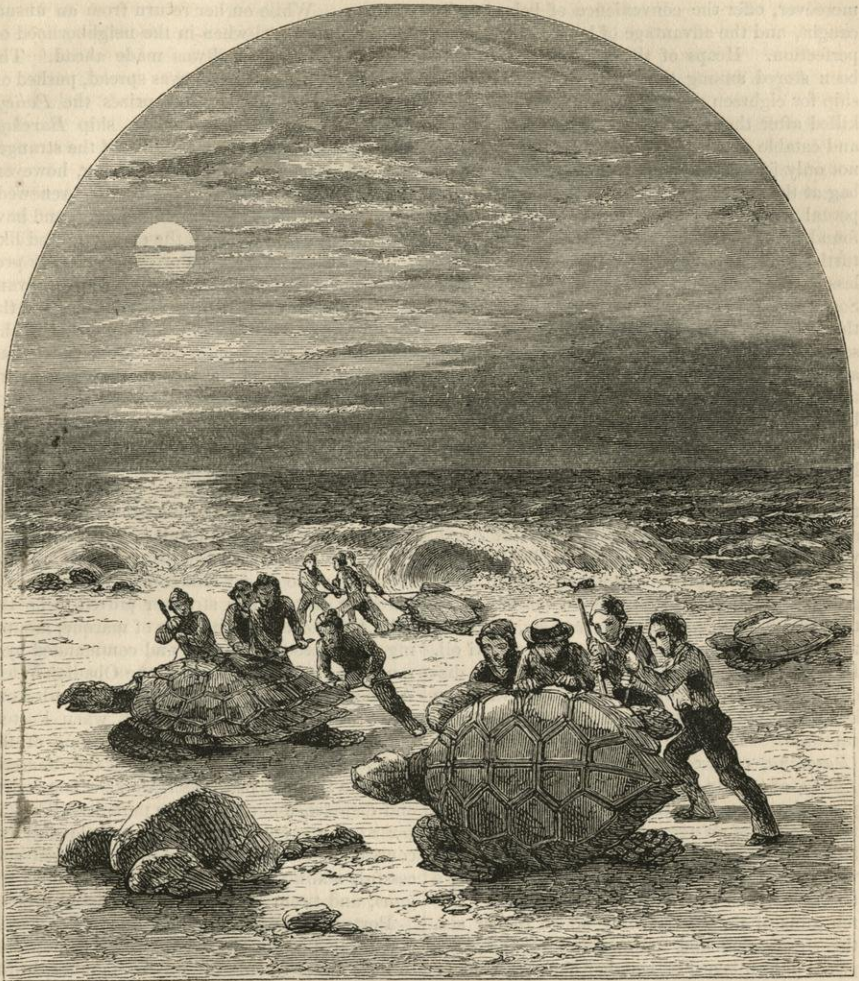
pushed on to Callao, where she recaptured the American ship *Barclay*, just as that vessel, in the hands of the enemy, was entering the harbor. Porter now, accompanied by his new consort, made sail for the Galapagos, which, from all information, was the great resort of the English whalers, and where, with the famous tortoises and turtles, there was known to be an abundant supply of refreshment. During the smooth transit from the coasts of Peru to the west every preparation was made for the expected struggle with the heavy-armed letters of marque engaged in the British whale-fishery, which it was confidently hoped to meet at the islands. The magazine was got in good order for service; and as calms were known to be prevalent there, the small boats, amounting to seven, were organized into a flotilla under the command of Lieutenant Downes. The crew responded heartily to their commander's enthusiasm, and submitted readily to the restrictions to which he thought it prudent to subject them. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, they yielded without a murmur to the short allowance of two quarts of water a day. By diligent care the health of the people on board had been wonderfully preserved, and at this moment there were but two men on the sick list, and the chief surgeon, who, wasting with consumption, had been transferred, at his own request, from the bustle of the man-of-war *Essex* to the greater quiet of the *Barclay*.

On reaching Chatham Island, of the Galapagos group, on the 17th of April, disappointment met the bold navigators. An old bag, a fresh turtle-shell and bones, some remains of fish, and the ashes of a late fire kindled upon the shore, were evidences of previous visits at no distant time, but not an enemy's vessel was to be seen. Next day, on entering the harbor of Charles's Island, they still found themselves the only visitors. A search on land rewarded them, however, with the discovery of some useful information. A box was found nailed to a post, over which was a black sign, with the words, HATHAWAY'S POST-OFFICE. This was ruthlessly emptied of its letters—as mail robbery in that time of war was deemed no crime—and information was obtained of the visits of five well-laden whalers which had come and gone within a twelvemonth or less. Three American commanders were among those who had dropped their letters for unknown correspondents in that distant ocean post-office. Captain Macy, of the *Sukey*, was more successful, it is hoped, in handling the harpoon than the pen, in the use of which he had boldly committed to the world this specimen of his skill:

“ June 14th 1812

“ Ship *Sukey* John Macy 7½ Months out 150 Barrels 75 days from Lima No oil Since Leaving that Port Spaniards Very Savage Lost on the Brazil Bank John Sealin Apprentis to Capt Benjamin Worth Fell from fore top Sail Yard in a Gale of Wind Left *Diana* Capt paddock 14 days Since 250 Barrels I leave this port this Day With 250 Turpen 8 Boat Load Wood Yesterday Went up to Patts Landing East Side to the Starboard hand of





CATCHING TURTLE.

the Landing 1½ miles Saw 100 Turpen 20 Rods A part  
Road Very Bad

“Yours Fore’ver  
“JOHN MACY”

The roving *Essex* sailed from island to island, looking in vain, for a week or two, for any vessels to capture, but in the mean time giving her people an opportunity of becoming familiar with the Galapagos and their resources. These uninhabited islands are nearly of a uniform character, showing the mountainous peaks and irregular ridges forced up by volcanic action, which still bursts forth in frequent eruption. The acclivities are mostly cindery in appearance, and bare of vegetation; but here and there are sequestered nooks green with fresh verdure and shaded by groves of trees. Springs are scarce, and the ships which visit the islands have little reliance for water but upon the occasional transitory streams or wells in the hollows of the rocks after a copious rain. The pelican booby, the duck, and

other aquatic birds, are constantly hovering about the coasts; and in the interior doves of a beautiful plumage, mocking-birds, and thrushes abound. The notable animal products of the islands are, however, the land-tortoises, the turtles, the iguanas, and the crabs. The Galapago tortoise is of elephantine size, weighing frequently over three hundred pounds. Hideous to the sight as they move their massive bodies, incrusting with an ugly shell, toddle slowly along upon their heavy feet and legs, and project their long and serpent-like head and neck, they yet carry about them stores of the most delicious food. They are so fat that they require neither butter nor lard to cook them; and this fat, superior to fresh olive-oil, is of so delicate a nature that it never cloy. When the meat of the Galapago tortoise has been once tasted all other food seems insipid in comparison. It is not less digestible than appetizing, and, always pleasing the palate, never fails to agree with the stomach. The animals,



moreover, offer the convenience of being easily caught, and the advantage of being long kept in perfection. Heaps of them are known to have been stored among the casks in the hold of a ship for eighteen months of a voyage, and when killed after that long period to have been as fat and eatable as when first caught. They supply not only food but drink to the voyager, for in a bag at the roots of their necks they carry a perpetual reservoir of fresh water, which is often found to measure full two gallons. The green turtles and the iguanas are abundant, and only less agreeable as food than the delicious tortoise. Seals and fish of many varieties also swim in the waters. Trees, though often blighted by the severe droughts, are found in sufficient abundance to supply vessels with necessary wood; and the prickly pear and the sorrel afford the vegetable diet so essential to the preservation from scurvy, and the cure of that disease of the exposed and afflicted mariner.

After cruising diligently through and about the islands, the crew of the *Essex* were at last aroused, on the morning of the 29th of April, with the cheering shout of "Sail, ho!" The long-sought-for prize was finally within their grasp. A short pursuit secured possession of the British whale-ship the *Montezuma*, with one thousand four hundred barrels of spermaceti oil. In a few hours after two other vessels were discovered, and, the boats being got out as the sea had fallen calm, these also were overtaken and captured. Thus the British whale-ships the *Georgiana*, of six eighteen-pounders, and the *Policy*, of ten six-pounders, were added to complete the success of that day's work, by which three prizes of an aggregate value in England of half a million of dollars had been secured. The *Georgiana*, which had the reputation of being a fast sailer, was now equipped as a cruiser. The ten guns of the *Policy* being added to her six, the small-arms and ammunition of the other prizes put on board of her, her decks cleared of the various works for trying oil, and Lieutenant Downes, with forty men, placed in command, she hoisted the American pennant, fired a salute of seventeen guns, and was dispatched at once to do duty as a United States man-of-war.

In the mean time the *Essex* continued to cruise in the neighborhood of the Galapagos, on the look-out for further prizes. Finding his ship in want of repairs and the weather fine, Porter had her rigging renewed, new spars fitted, and her hull painted, while floating on the calm Pacific, and entirely at the cost of the enemy, on whose vessels he had found all the rope, the tar, and other marine stores required. The *Georgiana* was not long absent, and was joyfully welcomed on her return by the *Essex*, at Charles's Island, where both vessels had gone with the same hope of picking up a British whaler. The *Georgiana* was again dispatched on a cruise to Albarmar Island, and the *Essex*, on the strength of the report of Chaplain Adams that he had seen a strange sail while on a scientific expedition to the mountains, went in search of the

stranger. While on her return from an unsuccessful cruise, and when in the neighborhood of Charles's Island, a sail was made ahead. The *Essex* now, with all her canvas spread, pushed on in pursuit, followed by her prizes the *Policy*, *Montezuma*, and the American ship *Barclay*. The day and night passed, and still the stranger was not overtaken. Next morning, however, she was again sighted and the chase renewed. Flying an English ensign and pennant, and having a warlike appearance, the enemy looked like a British sloop-of-war. Porter accordingly prepared for action, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a crew weakened by distribution, and the absence of all his officers, who were either in the command of prizes or of the boats, which had been lowered during a momentary calm to try to overtake the stranger. The energetic commander, however, exerted himself to remedy every deficiency. He ordered the marines and top-men, the bracemen, and all others on board, to take stations at the guns; and finding them full of energy and zeal, hurried to the combat with no fears about the result. The wind freshening, the *Essex*, with English colors flying, was soon alongside of her antagonist, whom she secured at once. The stranger proved to be the ship *Atlantic*, a British letter of marque, mounting six eighteen-pounders, and commanded by a renegade Nantucket skipper, one Obadiah Wier. At the moment the *Atlantic* was overhauled another strange sail hove in sight, when Porter, with characteristic energy, threw some of the men and Lieutenant M'Knight, of the *Montezuma*, into the new prize, as she was a fast sailer, and dispatched her at once in pursuit. The *Essex* at the same time, taking a little different course, joined in the chase, which proved successful, adding the *Greenwich*, of 338 tons, ten guns, and twenty-five men, to the list of prizes.

Porter now, with his squadron of five vessels—exclusive of the *Georgiana*, which he expected to meet there—made his way to Tumbes, in the Gulf of Guayaquil, on the South American continent, touching at the island of La Plata in his course. Arriving off the mouth of the River Tumbes, the commander went ashore in an armed boat and visited the wretched village of that name, where, on the oozy land thronging with alligators, the parti-colored natives had raised on stilts their huts of bamboo, and cultivated their abounding fields of cocoa, maize, plantains, melons, oranges, pumpkins, and sugar-cane. The Governor, a Spanish Don, in tarnished regimentals, could not conceal his predilections for his English allies, but was awed by the presence of the American force into a becoming hospitality toward his visitors, in which he was seconded by his wife—who cooked the dinner—a handsome young dame of mixed Indian and Spanish blood, though her bloom was somewhat variegated with blotches of flea-bites. While busy watering and wooding the ships and refreshing the crews with fruit and provisions, the *Georgiana* arrived with the *Hector* and *Catherine*, two of the three prizes Lieutenant Downes had captured off the Galapa-



gos. The third, the *Rose*, Downes had cleared of her cargo of whale oil, and filling her up with the superfluous prisoners, sent on her way rejoicing to St. Helena. Porter now counted nine ships in all in his possession. The *Atlantic* being the fastest of the prizes, she was mounted with twenty guns, appointed a cruiser, and named the *Essex, Jun.* Downes was transferred to her as her commander, and the *Georgiana* given in charge to "Parson" Adams, the chaplain. On the 30th of June, having left most of the prisoners with three small boats off the mouth of the Tumbex, and having pledged them solemnly on oath not to serve against the United States, Porter sailed again. The *Essex, Jun.*, was kept in close company with the *Essex*, whose carpenters and men were busy at work upon her in completing her conversion into a cruiser, until the 9th of July, when she was dispatched to Valparaiso with the prize-ships *Hector*, *Catherine*, *Policy*, and *Montezuma*, and the American ship *Barclay*, to sell or dispose of the four first as might prove most advantageous, and leave the last to act according to the discretion of her commander.

On the return of the *Essex* to her old cruising ground at the Galapagos she picked up in a few days three more prizes—the *Charlton*, of ten guns; a notorious corsair, the *Seringapatam*, of fourteen guns; and the *New Zealander*, of eight. The *Seringapatam* having been built in England as a man-of-war for Tipoo Saib, was a good sailer, and in every respect well adapted for a cruiser, into which she was accordingly converted, and twenty-two guns mounted on her. Terry, a master's mate, was promoted to the command. The *New Zealander* was also adopted into the service, under the charge of Mr. Shaw, the pursuer. The regular list of sea-officers had been already so far exhausted that it had been found necessary to give not only the chaplain, as we have seen, a temporary command, but Lieutenant Gamble, of the marines, aided by two expert seamen as mates to supply the deficiencies of his nautical education, charge of the *Greenwich*, now converted into a store-ship. The *Charlton* was filled with prisoners and given up to the command of her British captain, who promised solemnly on oath that he would deliver his passengers at Rio Janeiro, whither she now sailed. The *Georgiana*, with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of spermaceti oil, was dispatched under the command of an American lieutenant whom it was convenient to get rid of, to the United States, carrying with him the captain of the *Seringapatam*—a bold, unscrupulous fellow, whom it was desirable to keep from farther mischief. Refitting his vessels and loading them with the abundant tortoises, Porter was prepared to sail again, when another prize, the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, after once eluding his grasp, fell into his hands. The *Essex, Jun.*, now returned. Lieutenant Downes, unable to dispose of them, had left three of the prizes moored in the bay of Valparaiso, and sent the fourth, the *Policy*, to the United States with her rich cargo of spermaceti

oil. He also brought intelligence that the British frigate *Phabe*, with a consort or two, was on her way to the Pacific in pursuit of the *Essex*, whose notable doings had produced a great excitement in the British navy.

On the 2d of October the *Essex*, followed by the *Essex, Jun.*, the *Seringapatam*, the *New Zealander*, the *Sir William Hammond*, and the *Greenwich*, catching the gentle land-breeze, moved smoothly out to sea on the adventurous voyage to the distant and almost unknown islands of the Pacific. Porter, finding that his progress was necessarily slow, in consequence of his lagging prizes, and becoming impatient lest an English vessel, bound for India, should escape him, sent the *Essex, Jun.*, on in advance to intercept her at the Marquesas, where it was believed she would touch on her route. In the mean time the rest of the squadron floated slowly along on the broad Pacific with no important occurrence to vary the long monotony of the calm swell of the sea, the perpetual summer skies, and the gentle and uniform wind of those tropical latitudes. Porter, fearful that the lethargy which ensued from this unvaried and inactive life might demoralize his crew, and believing that cheerfulness was the best preventive of that sea-scurge, the scurvy, determined to arouse them by the incitements of the pleasures in prospect. He accordingly addressed to his men a note, in which, for the first time, he announced to them that the Western islands were the object of the voyage, and promised a free indulgence in their well-known delights as a reward to all deserving sailors. The effect of the remedy was instantaneous, and for the remainder of the voyage the men "could talk and think of nothing but the amusements and novelties that awaited them in this new world."

### III.—THE MARQUESAS.

After a smooth and unvaried transit of three weeks across the Pacific the high land of the Marquesas was discovered by the sailor at the mast-head. The group in the distance appeared composed of irregular hills of a barren and desolate aspect, but on a nearer approach fertile valleys, watered by winding streams, shaded by groves, and clustered with bamboo villages, opened picturesquely to the view. As soon as the ships closed in, rounding the rocky headlands and sailing into the sheltered bays, the natives could be seen thronging toward the beach and launching their canoes from under the shade of the feathery cocoa-nut trees, through the surf, into the sea. A canoe with eight persons paddled timidly toward the *Essex*, and at last, after many persuasive signs and a diligent show of iron hoops, knives, fish-hooks, and other articles which they were supposed to value, came alongside of the ship, though nothing could induce the natives to mount her sides. They were all naked, but adorned from head to foot with tattooing of the most approved fashion. One of them, in the bow of the canoe, who appeared to be a chief, was crowned with a garland of yellow





THE MARQUESAS.

leaves, and, being spokesman of the party, kept repeating emphatically *taya*, meaning friend, as an indication of their friendly disposition. Letting down, by means of a rope and bucket, some trifling articles into the canoe, the gifts were immediately acknowledged by sending up in return a few fish and a belt made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut and strung with hogs' teeth. An Otaheitan, who was one of the crew of the *Essex*, acted as interpreter, and succeeded, though with evident difficulty, in establishing a mutual understanding. The natives were assured of the kindly intentions of their visitors, who received in exchange every expression of good-will, and the promise of a warm welcome on shore. The Indians finally pushed off, promising to return immediately with an abundant supply of fruit and provisions to barter for some whales' teeth, which having been displayed to them had excited their intensest longings. The other canoes still kept timidly in the distance, one of which, however, displayed a white flag, when Captain Porter, hoisting a similar emblem of peace, pushed off toward them. The Otaheitan interpreter was now directed, on coming up with the canoes, to state that the visitors were friends, and wanted only to purchase what the natives

had to sell. Porter's assurance, moreover, that he would proceed to the shore and remain as a hostage for their safety, seemed to remove much of their anxiety, and, as he moved toward the land, several of the canoes went off to the ship, though most of them followed the boats. Porter, being in advance, went close in, but ordered the lieutenant, in command of the other armed boat, to keep outside of the surf, which beat heavily on the beach, in order to be in reserve in case of an emergency. The natives, armed with their spears and war-clubs, stood in large numbers upon the shore; but as soon as Porter began to offer, in barter for their fruit, his pieces of iron hoop and other articles, they threw down their weapons, and, plunging into the water, swam out in shoals to the boat loaded down with their offerings. A brisk trade soon followed, and so much to their satisfaction that they gave vent to their delight by dancing, shouting, and clapping their hands with great vigor. The old iron hoops were so highly appreciated that a good sized porker could be readily purchased for a few inches. One of the natives, bolder than the rest, ventured to raise himself out of the water by the gunwale of the boat, and began to cast covetous eyes upon a pistol lying in the stern





NOOKAHEVA.

sheets. To frighten him off Porter pointed the weapon at him, when the innocent barbarian, evidently unconscious of fire-arms, held out both his hands, with a joyous welcome, to receive it.

Next, pushing on with his boat to a neighboring cove, Porter had an interview with another group of natives apparently of greater distinction. There were about fifty males and three females. Some of the men were highly adorned. Plumes of black feathers waved from their heads, inlaid wooden gorgets studded with red beans covered their breasts, bracelets of human hair bound their wrists, large shells and whales' teeth hung from their necks, strings of oval bosses of bone girdled their ankles and loins, and cloaks of white cloth fell gracefully from their shoulders. Though thus dressed in full martial array, and armed with their carved war-clubs, they assumed the most pacific aspect at the sight of the iron

hoops, fish-hooks, and knives which were displayed as an indication of the friendly purpose of their visitors, and when the veteran chief Othanough, as he was called, made his appearance with nothing but a scant cloth about his loins and a fillet of leaves around his aged temples, the rest of the natives, following his example and command, stripped themselves of their warlike accoutrements and threw down their weapons. To each of them Porter gave some small gift, and they evinced their gratitude by the generous offer of the three naked women, two of whom being hardly sixteen years of age and handsome, were undoubted proofs of liberality.

After this satisfactory first intercourse with the natives of the Marquesas, Porter returned to the *Essex*, and sailed, coasting along, until he reached the island of Nookahevah, where he came to anchor in a beautiful bay. Peaked islets and rocky promontories bounded either





THE PRINCESS PITTENEE.

side of the harbor, and from the curved beach opened a charming valley formed between the interior hills. Native villages peeped here and there through the groves of trees, and the bottoms and sides of the valley were rich with a profuse natural vegetation and fields of culture. The *Essex* had hardly let go her anchor when a canoe came off containing, much to the surprise of all, three white men, one of whom was perfectly naked, with the exception of a cloth about his loins, and was tattooed from head to foot. Believing them to be worthless runaway sailors, Porter ordered them off from his ship, provoked to find such characters where he expected to meet with none but unsophisticated natives. Fearful, however, that he had committed a rash error, and that these people, angered by his treatment, would take their revenge by inciting the inhabitants of the island against him, Porter hastened to the shore to prevent their ill influence.

As the four armed boats of the *Essex* pushed in through the surf to the beach the natives who had gathered there retired, but the white men remained. One of them proved to be a midshipman, John M. Maury, of the United States navy, who having a furlough, had, with characteristic American enterprise, engaged with a fel-

low-officer in trade, and had been left with another man at Nookahevah, to collect a cargo of sandal wood, and await the return of his partner with the vessel, the arrival of which now seemed hopeless as the war had broken out. Maury accordingly, with his sailor, was taken on board the *Essex*. Thenaked and tattooed white man proved to be an Englishman of the name of Wilson, who for twenty years had been roaming about the islands, and having learned the language and adopted the habits of the natives, although he had not forgotten his national custom of rum drinking, was in every respect like one of them except in color. He became indispensable as an interpreter and as an agent for the Americans, to whose service he professed to be entirely devoted.

Advancing up the beach alone, Porter approached a group of native men and women,

who now met him with a fearless welcome. The file of marines even, who soon came marching up the beach, did not startle them, but on the contrary they appeared highly delighted with the beating of the drums, the manœuvres, and the *feu de joie* fired in honor of the occasion. Upon the summits of the mountains which overhung the beautiful valley thronged numerous bodies of men, who seemed by their warlike aspect, as they brandished their spears and clubs, less friendly disposed than those by whom Porter was surrounded. On inquiry he found that these warriors belonged to a tribe called the Happahs, who were neighbors of, and at war with, the Tæehs, as those styled themselves who inhabited the valley of Tjeuhoy, where the Americans now stood. The Happahs were a warlike people, and had lately made several incursions, destroying many houses, plantations, and bread-fruit trees. Porter promptly sent a messenger to tell them that he had come with a sufficient force to drive them from the island, and that if they presumed to enter the valley of Tjeuhoy as enemies while he was there he would punish them. They were, however, informed that they might come to dispose of their hogs and fruit without fear of molestation. This resolute mes-



sage to the Happaes greatly pleased the Taaehs, who were delighted to secure such powerful allies as the Americans.

The natives now threw aside all reserve and cordially welcomed their visitors. The majestic Pittenee, the grand-daughter of the great potentate of the Taaehs, Gattanewa, who was himself absent, even deigned to approach the strangers. She was a handsome young woman, not more than eighteen years of age, and showed her royal blood in her complexion, fairer than that of her companions, her more dignified composure and her stately mien, while her rank was marked by the richer adornments of her person, which was studded all over with an opulent display of inestimable jewelry of hogs' and whales' teeth, and her black hair and her graceful form shone with an unexampled lustre of cocoa-nut oil. She was not only held in high esteem for her princely rank but for her beauty. Porter, wishing to pay his respects to so exalted a personage, advanced to meet her, but found that, in the consciousness of dignity, she haughtily repelled every familiarity, although, in the course of a better acquaintance, it was discovered that she was not less reserved or less general in her hospitalities to the strangers than the rest of her frail sisters. She subsequently "formed a connection with one of the officers which," reports a scandalous chronicler, "lasted with but little fidelity on her part as long as we remained, showing herself upon the whole a most notorious jilt."

In the mean time, while the commander was on shore, the ships were completing their moorings in the bay. The *Essex*, Jun., too, had arrived and joined the anchored fleet. The beach was now lined by the thronging natives, among whom the women were conspicuous, waving their white mantles as an inviting welcome to the sailors. Porter, mindful of his promise, now gave the eager men leave to land. "The boats were got out and proceeded to the shore, where, on landing, they were taken complete possession of by the women, who insisted on going to the ship, and in a short time she was completely filled by them, of all ages and descriptions, from the age of sixty years to that of ten."

The females of the islands are models of beauty in form and grace. Their skin is remarkably soft and smooth, their eyes of a brilliant black, their teeth like ivory, and their complexion, though dark, is not of a deeper shade than that of many brunettes in America celebrated for their beauty. Though they generally presented themselves naked to strangers, and, in compliance with the practice of the country, sacrificed even their virtue to hospitality, their retired air gave them the look of modest innocence, while their coyness exalting their charms seemed like a reluctant concession of them to the claims of national custom. That they should attach any idea of dishonor to their ready yielding of themselves to the embraces of strangers could not be expected, when parents esteemed it so creditable that they used every persuasion to overcome the

natural reserve of their virgin daughters, and rewarded with magnificent presents, of hogs and fruit, those eager libertines who did them honor and gratified themselves by accepting the sacrifice. Before marriage, which seldom occurs until the age of nineteen, the young girls are left free to gratify every caprice of fondness and longing of passion. When married, they are at the disposition of their husbands, to act as household drudges or to serve as attractive sources of hospitality and profit to the domestic establishment.

Though the women are frequently seen almost naked, they, like the rest of the sex in other parts of the world, are fond of dress, and clothe themselves ordinarily in a graceful costume. The material of which it is made is manufactured of the inner bark of trees, by macerating it in water, and pounding it with a wooden mallet into a uniform white and soft texture; requiring neither needle nor sewing machine, all the thrifty housewife has to do, when her garment is torn, is to moisten the edges of the rent and fasten them together by a few gentle taps of the domestic hammer. A full dress, inside and out, can be made in less than a day, and will last an economical wearer full six weeks. It will, however, only stand one washing; but as a new one can be so readily obtained this deficiency is less to be regretted. The texture of this paper-cloth varies a little according to the use intended. When forming the head-dress, it is of open fibre, like gauze, and is worn upon the hair, which is carefully oiled and gathered into a knot, with the coquettish grace of a lady's lace cap, which it somewhat resembles. When covering the rest of the person the cloth is of a closer texture, and is worn as an under-garment or petticoat, attached to the waist, and as a flowing mantle fastened across the chest, attractively revealing the well-moulded arms and a rising bosom. Nor are the beautiful dames of the Marquesas indifferent to ornaments and jewelry. They adorn themselves with feathers and flowers, with necklaces of beads, wild cucumbers, and odorous red berries, and with ear-drops of hogs' and whales' teeth, fish bones, and shells. A mixture of cocoa-nut oil and turmeric, profusely used, gives a glistening red glow to the natural brown color of their skin, imparting to it that blended hue of the blonde and brunette so much admired every where.

The men are tall and well-proportioned, have teeth as white as ivory, intelligent and amiable expressions, and affable manners. Their complexion, from greater exposure to the sun, is of a darker hue than that of the women, and is in many instances still more heightened in color by the practice of tattooing. The tattoo is only seen in perfection upon the bodies of those distinguished by rank and venerable from age. An aged chief with time, long service, and frequent polishing with cocoa-nut oil, becomes like a piece of old mahogany, and over the black glistening surface of his body are seen the innumerable marks of the tattoo, running in wavy lines similar to the grain of ancient well-kept furniture,





A PRINCE OF THE MARQUESAS.

and no less admired. The operation requires the better part of a lifetime to reach perfection. It is generally commenced at the early age of nineteen, and seldom finished until thirty-five. The natural beauty of the women is fortunately exempt from but the faintest stains of the ugly black tattoo, which only shows itself in females in a little dash across the upper lip, which gives the appearance of a budding mustache, not inharmonious with their dark color, and a few touches delicately and artistically put in here and there upon the hands, feet, and legs. The operation, which is performed with a sharp-toothed bone like a comb, dipped into a mixture of burned cocoa-nut shell and water, and driven with a mallet through the skin deep into the flesh, is very painful, bringing the blood at every blow, and such agony of suffering that it is often necessary to tie those down who are undergoing the infliction.

Porter, after his first satisfactory visit to the valley, had no sooner returned to the ship than he was informed that the great potentate Gattaneua, the chief of the Tachhs, had returned from his tour of inspection to one of his two great strong-holds situated upon the mountains. A boat was immediately dispatched to bring

him on board, and "a fine large English sow" sent as a token of friendship, and as an offering to secure his Majesty's gracious favor. The great Gattaneua sprung, in a direct line traced through eighty-eight generations, from one of the forty sons of Oateia, or Daylight, and Ananoona, Daylight's wife, came; but, much to the surprise of all, his aspect was by no means majestic and kingly. No cock's feather plumed his royal head; no inestimable whale's tooth hung from his neck; no rich red mantle of paper draped his shoulders; not a fish bone pierced the lobe of his ear; and no formidable wooden club of war was fixed in his mighty grasp. The great Gattaneua came, a decrepit old barbarian of seventy years of age, tottering along, and leaning for support upon a stick. His head, body, and limbs were as black as those of a negro, from tattooing, and he was entirely destitute of all covering and ornament, except a withered palm-leaf about his aged temples, and a dirty clout about his royal loins. Devotedly fond of the intoxicating kava,\* he had indulged in it so habitual-

\* The kava is a root possessing an intoxicating quality, with which the chiefs are very fond of indulging themselves. They employ persons of a lower class to chew it for them, and spit it into a wooden bowl; after





THE MIGHTY GATTANEWA.

ly that its potent effects were shown in the peeling of his black coat of tattoo, which was turning up and falling off all over his body in flakes, as if his skin, like a bad piece of mahogany veneer, had been warped and broken by the intensity of the liquid fire he had so continually imbibed. He had fortified himself on leaving the shore with a fresh draught of his beloved kava, which had produced such an effect that he was perfectly stupid. An attempt was made to make an impression upon his Majesty by mustering the whole crew and the firing of a big gun; but he hardly opened his eyes to look at the one, and only closed his ears to the other, complaining that the noise disturbed his nerves.

The insensible Gattanewa, however, on going into the cabin, was aroused at once by the display of some whales' teeth. These were so highly prized in the islands, where they are worn

which a small quantity of water is mixed with it, when the juice is strained into a neatly-polished cup made of a cocoa-nut shell, and passed round among them. It renders them very stupid, and averse to hearing any noise; it deprives them of their appetite, and reduces them almost to a state of torpor. It has also the effect of making their skin fall off in white scales.

only by the chiefs, that ten of them would buy enough sandal wood to load a vessel of three hundred tons, and pay for the labor of cutting and hauling it from the remote mountains, and putting it on board ship in the bay. Ten whales' teeth thus judiciously invested at the Marquesas would bring near a million of dollars in China.\* Porter, aware of the value of a whale's tooth, had taken care to buy up all he could find in the possession of the sailors, and had thus succeeded in obtaining, at a dollar a piece, an extensive assortment. This was now displayed before the astonished eyes of Gattanewa. His Majesty, fully aroused now to his own interest, being asked to name what he would prefer of all the things he had seen on board of the *Essex*, pronounced unhesitatingly in favor of a whale's tooth. On being presented with one he wrapped it, with great care and expression of happiness, in his clout, and begging Captain Porter not to let any one know that he had about his person so valuable an article, threw himself upon a sofa, stupefied by the effects of the kava, from which he had only been temporarily aroused, and fell

\* Porter.



into a sound slumber. On waking, his faculties were so far brightened that he was able to talk upon the public affairs of his empire, and strove to negotiate with Captain Porter an alliance for carrying on war against the Happaes.

#### IV.—WAR WITH THE HAPPAES AND TYPEES.

Selecting a commanding site upon a plain retired a short distance from the beach, separated from the inhabited part of the valley by a hill, and pleasantly shaded by bread-fruit and coconut trees, Porter established an encampment upon land. The *Essex* was hauled close to the beach, and repairs began in good earnest. The skillful native swimmers were employed to dive under the ship, and scrape with shells the bottom, foul with barnacles and grass, and her sides were painted by means of an oil procured from a nut which grew on the island. The old water casks were landed, and used to build up an inclosure for the encampment, and the sails being unrent, the canvas was temporarily employed for tents, one of which was occupied by Porter himself, who hoisted the United States flag and established a guard of marines. An oven was built of some bricks found on board of the prizes, and good fresh bread was baked daily, by which the men were refreshed, and the sea biscuit saved for future necessities. All were kept busy from early morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the rest of the day was given up to pleasure. One-fourth of the crew were allowed daily to leave the ship after their work, and revel in the delights of the valley until daylight next morning.

While the Americans were thus occupied in their duties on ship and shore, the Happaes, emboldened by the peaceful attitude of their visitors, began to assume a threatening aspect. Leaving their own valley, they thronged over the mountain into that of the Tacees, and approaching within half a mile of the American camp, destroyed two hundred bread-fruit trees. They moreover sent back the messenger who had been dispatched to them by Porter on his first arrival, with the insulting declaration that he was a coward; for, notwithstanding his threat of opposition, they had gone into the valley and destroyed the bread-fruit trees of the Tacees, and that they would soon repeat their visit, and not spare even the camp of the white men. Gattanewa and Mouina, the chief warrior of the Tacees, a tall, handsome fellow, full of fire and activity, became more and more urgent in their entreaties for Porter to strike a blow against their enemies. The old chief, who had hospitably exchanged names with *Opootee*, into which he had metamorphosed the name of Porter, pathetically appealed to the Captain's filial affections, declaring that, as he was now adopted into the family, he was bound to vindicate the memory of their common mother, whose bones the Happaes, in their insolence, had cursed. This respectable old lady, who had given birth to the great Gattanewa, had only been dead a short time, and her memory being yet fresh,

gave increased force to the filial appeal from brother to brother.

Porter appeared no longer to hesitate, and made a show of preparation for hostilities. He began by landing a heavy six-pounder cannon, and, more to satisfy the importunate solicitations of Gattanewa and Mouina than for intended use, he told them that, if their people would carry it to the top of the mountain, he would send men up to fire it and drive away the Happaes. They readily assented; but upon a few natives attempting to raise it, they were astounded to find they could not stir it, and declared that it stuck to the ground. They were, however, not to be thwarted in their purpose; for they had become greatly enamored of the big gun, which, upon being fired, had excited so greatly their admiration that they danced and raised a general shout of applause, and had so endeared itself to them by its wonderful performances that they hugged, kissed, and fondled it with the utmost affection. They now succeeded, by increased numbers, in slinging it to two strong poles and bearing it off. In a few days Gattanewa reported that the heavy gun had reached the mountain's summit. The result seemed such a prodigy of laborious effort that it could hardly be believed; but it proved true. Porter now selected a detachment of forty men, armed with muskets, and, putting them under the command of Lieutenant Downes, sent them to attack the Happaes. The force struggled up the mountain, followed by great numbers of the friendly Tacees, who, for the most part, discreetly kept in the rear on approaching the enemy, who thronged upon the summit. The waving plumes and the scarlet cloak, however, of the bold Mouina, and the American flag, borne by an agile native, were ever seen in advance. The Happaes were driven from mountain top to mountain top, until they sought refuge in one of their forts on the brow of a hill. Here, numbering some three or four thousand, they made a stand, and dared, with provoking gestures, their assailants to come on. Lieutenant Downes ordered his men to charge up the hill. The enemy began to pour down their spears, and with vigorous casts of their slings a shower of stones. Downes himself was struck by a stone and thrown breathless to the ground, and one of his men had his neck pierced through and through by a spear. The lieutenant, however, soon recovered, and calling on his men to renew the charge, they rushed on with cheers through the shower of spears and stones, carried the fort, and sent the Happaes scattering over the hills and through the intricate windings of the valleys. They now returned to the encampment, followed by the Tacees brandishing their spears dipped in the blood of their enemies, and carrying five of the dead slung on poles. This effectually put an end to all further hostility from the Happaes, who soon sent in their messengers of peace with their flags of white, and submitted readily to pay their weekly tribute of hogs, coconuts, bananas, bread-fruit, tarra, sugar-cane,





THE ESSEX AND HER PRIZES IN NOOKAHEVAH BAY.

and kava. In a few days more envoys came in with their emblems of friendship and their tributes of subjection from every tribe on the island with the exception of the hitherto invincible Typees of the valley of Vieehee, and the Hat-eaahcottwohohos of the remote valley of Han-nahow. Temaa Tipee, of the valley of Shoueme, becoming somewhat remiss in bringing tribute, it was found necessary to call him to account. He, however, satisfactorily excused himself on the ground that the fierce Typees, who were only separated from his people by a small ridge, had interfered and prevented him from fulfilling his duty. He, however, made the warmest protestations of friendship, and gave the most signal proof of his sincerity by desiring to exchange names with the American Captain. Porter

having already disposed of his surname, had only his Christian one left to bestow. Temaa Tipee accordingly assumed from that moment the name of David, or Tavee, as he called it, and became ever after distinguished for his fraternal affection. Tavee being the handsomest man on the island, was, so far as his good appearance was concerned, a reputable addition to the Porter family; but as he was a good deal of a coxcomb, and fond of personal adornment, he was an unmitigated spendthrift, and would part with any of his possessions for the sake of a whale's tooth, a strip of red cloth, or a bauble, to decorate his handsome person. Tavee repeatedly offered his wife, who was no less noted for her personal charms than himself, and was, moreover, strange as it may seem, almost adored



by him, to Captain Porter for a string of glass beads.

The Tacehs, full of gratitude for the services rendered them by the conquest of their enemies, now readily conceded to their American visitors every honor and favor. Captain Porter was admitted to all the mysterious privileges of the *taboo*. He frequented their houses for feasting and drinking kava, which, like our clubs, were *taboo* to the women; he freely entered the innermost shrines of their temples, looked without interruption upon their rites of worship, handled familiarly their puppet deities, and had a glance at their dark ceremonies over their dead enemies, not without a shuddering suspicion of cannibalism—of the practice of which the well-picked bones and clean skulls every where seemed proofs, although the gentle character and the positive denials of the natives left the more charitable impression that the inhabitants of the beautiful island of Nookahevah were guiltless of the horrid barbarity of eating human flesh.

With the consent of the natives Porter now took possession of the hill overhanging his encampment, leveled the summit with the aid of his willing allies, and building up a breast-work with water-casks filled with dirt, and mounting it with four guns, hoisted the United States flag. At the same time firing a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned from the ships in the bay, Porter took formal possession on the 19th November of the whole island, which he called Madison's Island, while he christened, also in honor of the then President, the breast-work Fort Madison, and the village Madisonville. The bay was honored with the New England title of Massachusetts Bay.

The natives became more and more zealous in serving their new masters. One morning four thousand men from the different tribes who had given in their fealty, assembled at the camp with their material and implements for building, and with instinctive skill and orderly industry, though without a master to direct them or a plan to guide, set to work like so many beavers, and with such effect that, before night, they had raised eight handsome structures, including a dwelling-house for Captain Porter, another for his officers, a hospital, a guard-house, bakery, etc. Around this nucleus the industrious natives continued to raise building after building, and before the second day was past there stood, as if by magic, upon the site of the old encampment a beautiful village. The houses were of the largest kind, full fifty feet in length, and of proportionate height and width, and standing in a crescentic form, were connected to each other by a solid wall of twelve feet in length and four feet in height. Nothing was omitted to give them the utmost completeness and finish of their native architecture. Polished columns of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut wood adorned the fronts; the bamboo walls were richly decorated with vari-colored paper cloth and cocoa-nut sinnet; the roofs compactly and neatly thatched with leaves of palm, and the interiors evenly

laid with stone pavement and carefully furnished with mats.

The Typees became every day more and more defiant, and the friendly natives more urgent in their solicitations for war. Lead us against the Typees, said the latter, and we shall be able to furnish you with supplies from their valley; you have long threatened them; their insults have been great; you have promised to protect us against them, and yet permit them to offer violence to us; and while you have rendered every other tribe tributary to you, you permit them to triumph with impunity. Our canoes are in readiness, our warriors impatient, and for less provocations, had you not been here, we should have met them in battle. Porter accordingly now no longer hesitated, and determined to begin hostilities at once. Five ships' boats and ten war-canoes of the Happahs, filled with native warriors, sailed into the bay, upon which the valley of the Typees opened toward the sea. The *Essex, Jun.*, followed and anchored. The rest of the natives scaled the mountains and proceeded by land. Soon there was gathered on the smooth beach a force of five thousand Taceh and Happah warriors, who, armed with spears, clubs, and slings, seemed eager for the fight. The Americans numbered only thirty-five in all, exclusive of Captain Porter, Lieutenant Downes, and the other officers. Not a single Typee could be seen, either upon the level plain which stretched from the shore toward the thickets which hid the entrance of the valley from view, or upon hill-side or mountain-top. One of the Tacehs, who had intermarried with the Typees, was sent forward as an ambassador with a white flag to offer terms to the enemy. He approached toward the valley, disappeared for a moment behind the bushes, but again, in an instant afterward, came running back in great affright, declaring that he had been set upon by a party of concealed Typees, who had driven him off with blows, and threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them.

Porter now gave the order to march. The brave Mouina, as before, led the way, and the whole force followed, plunging into the thickets. The snapping of slings was distinctly heard, stones came pattering about, and spears whirred in the air, but not a man of the enemy could be seen. It would have looked like fear to retreat, and to stand still would have been fatal. Porter accordingly determined to advance and clear the thickets of the skulkers. Thus for a mile he kept advancing, and his unseen antagonists retiring secretly before him, while both continued an aimless contest with no serious damage to either. On reaching the river, however, the Typees, from the covert of its wooded banks opposite, poured a shower of stones upon the Americans, who were suddenly exposed to their aim by coming forward into a small open space. Lieutenant Downes fell to the ground with his leg shattered into pieces. As it was necessary to send him back to the beach with a party of men to carry and guard him, Porter's American



force was reduced to twenty-four men. The Tacehs still remained faithful, but even the brave Mouina began to falter before the increasing dangers, and no longer led the van. The Happahs throughout had lent but feeble aid, and were now thronging the mountains and coolly looking on as indifferent spectators, without offering the least assistance. Porter, however, still persevered; and finding that he could not clear the thickets of the enemy by his musketry, ordered his men to fire a volley, give three cheers, and dash across the river.

Again on the opposite bank of the stream, the Typees, still retreating, kept up their harassing volleys of stones and spears. Porter, however, though deserted by all the natives but the faithful Mouina and a few others, pressed on with the hope of soon reaching the Typee village, and there meeting the enemy fairly, face to face. Struggling on thus through a deep morass and an undergrowth so thick-set that the men were obliged to crawl on their hands and feet, a cleared space was at last reached, and the Typees ceased to throw their missiles. Cheered with the hope of soon finishing this harassing expedition, the Americans went forward with fresh spirits, which, however, were soon dashed by the sudden appearance of a great wall seven feet high, which stretched over an eminence directly across the path. Behind this defense the Typees had concentrated their principal strength, and they now, with horrid yells, began to throw from their cover an immense shower of stones and spears. Porter, nothing daunted, ordered his men to storm the work; but discovering that the ammunition was nearly expended, was forced to postpone the attack until Lieutenant Gamble, who was now sent with four men to get a supply from the *Essex, Jun.*, in the Bay, could return.

Finding his men wearied by their fatiguing march, and uncertain about the return of Lieutenant Gamble with the ammunition, Porter now determined to return to the beach with his remaining force of only nineteen men. He, however, was resolved upon having a parting shot at the Typees, and accordingly, ordering his men to feign a retreat by running, he succeeded in drawing out the enemy from behind the wall and giving them a volley, by which several were killed and the rest frightened back to their cover. Porter, taking advantage of this alarm, hurried back to the beach, and thus escaped being harassed on his route by the thronging Typees. The men were too fatigued to renew the fight that day, and accordingly, Porter, although he was obliged to listen to the exulting boasts of the enemy, and suffer from the diminished reverence of his allies, the Tacehs, the Happahs, and Shouemes, for a few hours, postponed the severe punishment of the enemy he meditated until next day.

Starting in the evening with two hundred of his own people, Porter reached the summit of the mountain which overhung the valley of the Tieuhoy, after a severe, clambering march up the steep and irregular ascent, during which several

of the men gave out from fatigue. Here he intended to have encamped for the night; but the moon shining out clear, and the guides declaring, though wrongly as it turned out, that the village of the Typees was only six miles distant, he determined to continue his march. The path led down the steep and rocky sides of mountains, through deep marshes and almost impenetrable thickets, and along the edges of precipices which were fearful to behold, and where a single false step would have been inevitably fatal. At midnight, on reaching the mountain ridge which overhung the valley where the Typees dwelt, the Americans, as they marched silently along, saw a great number of lights below, and heard loud shouts and beating of drums. The Typees were celebrating the victory they boasted of having gained the previous day. The path becoming more dangerous at every step, and the native guides declaring that it would be impossible to descend into the valley without the light of day, it was determined to halt for the night.

While the men were lying upon their arms there came a sudden pouring rain, with a cold and piercing wind. Chilled and wetted to the skin, fearful that the guns and ammunition would be spoiled for service, and placed upon a slippery ridge of rock from which there was so great a danger of falling into the fearful precipices below that no one hardly dared to stir, they all anxiously counted every hour of the passing night, and hailed the dawn of day, though gloomy with the continued rain, with a hearty welcome.

As the precipitous descent into the valley of the Typees was too slippery and hazardous from the flooding rain, the next day was spent in the neighboring village of the Happahs; and on the succeeding morning, at early dawn, Porter stood again upon the ridge, and looked down upon the valley of the Typees, which presented a view of surpassing beauty. The valley, of a breadth of three or four miles, stretched for a distance of nine miles between the precipitous mountains which closed it in on all sides except at the beach, where the Pacific rolled in its heavy surf. Villages were scattered here and there, shaded by the luxuriant bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees; richly cultivated fields, surrounded by stone walls, spread their bounteous products along the fertile acclivities, and were watered by a meandering river, which, taking its origin in a headlong cataract which rushed down the steep mountains, became in its course a gentle stream which flowed quietly between its shaded banks below, until it made its way through the beach into the bay. The Typee warriors, in great crowds, were thronging the banks of the river and daring their assailants to descend. Porter led down the steep path his little force, and although they made a vigorous resistance, throwing their missiles in showers, they were forced from one cover to another, from stone wall to stone wall, and from fort to fort. The few Tacehs and Happahs who had joined the Americans soon abandoned them and left them to their own resources. The Ty-



pees continued to struggle so obstinately that it was found necessary to pursue them throughout the whole extent of their valley. As they pushed onward the Americans burned each village they reached until they arrived at length at the principal settlement, which, also, with its great public square, its imposing buildings, its war canoes, its temples, and its gods, was ruthlessly reduced to ashes. Ten villages in all were destroyed, and still the almost invincible Typees continued to struggle against fate. Sated with ruin and worn-out with fatigue, Porter at last led back his victorious force. As he regained the summit of the ridge he looked with a saddened heart upon the change which had been wrought in the charming valley since the morning sun shone upon that scene of abundance and happiness. A long line of smoking ruins now marred its beauty. The hills were covered with the fugitive Typees, who looked down upon their late abodes of plenty, beauty, and enjoyment, and saw nothing but ruin and desolation. In a few days the brave Typees too acknowledged the foreign visitors as their lords, and submissively paid them tribute.

#### IV.—THE END OF THE ESSEX.

The *Essex* now being ready for sea, Porter determined to seek out an enemy more worthy of his metal. He would hasten to Valparaiso, where he had every hope of meeting with one of those British men-of-war he knew were in search of him. His crew, however, who had tasted of the delights of the life at the Marquesas, were not so eager to quit those abodes of pleasure. Finding it necessary to keep his sailors on board the ship a few days before departure, to prevent desertion, the men became restless and discontented. The Marquesas beauties, deprived of their lovers, lined the beach from morning until night, and expressing their grief by dipping their fingers in water and allowing it to trickle down their cheeks like tears, besought the captain to remove the *taboos* from his men. Some declared they would cut themselves to pieces, some threatened to beat out their brains, some to drown themselves, and some boldly swam to the ship, and were torn only by force from their parting favorites. The crew finally became mutinous, when Porter summoned them to his presence, and declaring that he had heard they were about seizing the ship, assured them, although he did not believe the report, that if such an event should occur, "he would, without hesitation, put a match to the magazine and blow them all to eternity." The men gave him no further trouble. Leaving his prizes in the bay under the command of Lieutenant Gamble, Porter now sailed on the 12th of December for Valparaiso in the *Essex*, accompanied by the *Essex, Jun.*

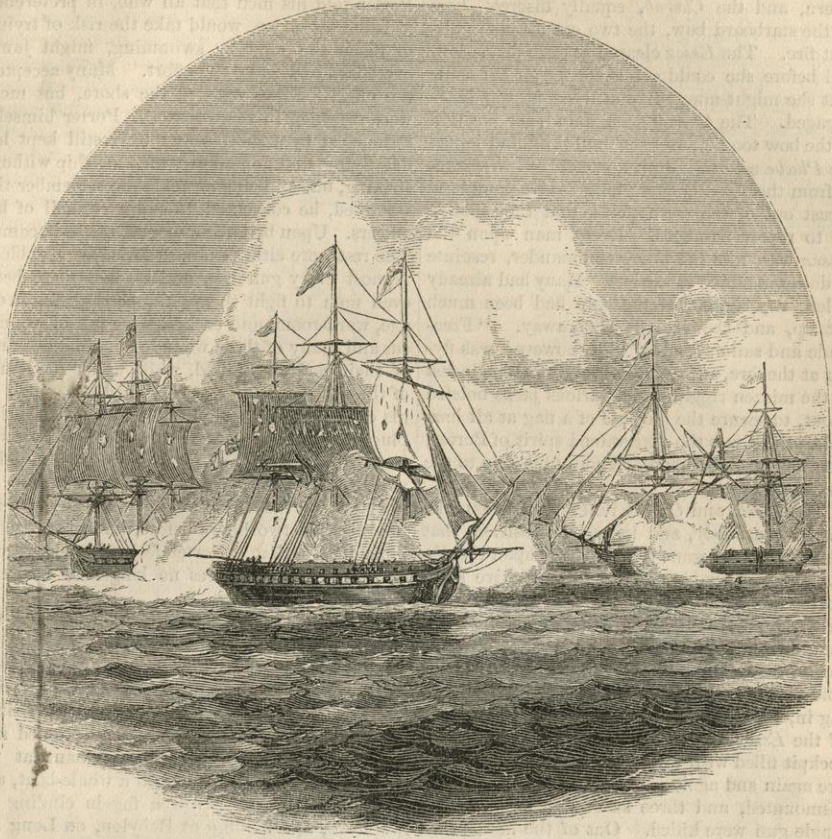
On the 3d of February, of the year 1840, the *Essex* and the *Essex, Jun.*, were at anchor in the roadstead of Valparaiso. The authorities and people, though suspected to be favorably inclined toward the English, did not fail in their usual hospitalities to the Americans. Soon two

British men-of-war came sailing into the harbor, all prepared for action. One, the *Phabe*, had been long expected and anxiously looked for by Captain Porter, who was eager to try his strength with her. Contrary, however, to his expectations, she was accompanied by another armed vessel, the *Cherub*. The former, commanded by Captain Hillyar, was alone more than a match in weight of metal and number of crew for the *Essex*. She mounted thirty long eighteens, sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, one howitzer, and six threes in her tops, and had a crew of three hundred and twenty people. The *Essex* had forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves, and could muster but two hundred and fifty-five effective men in all. The *Essex, Jun.*, was so light of metal and so short handed as hardly to be of any account in an engagement with the enemy's heavy cannon. The *Cherub*, on the other hand, a twenty-gun ship, mounted eighteen thirty-two pound carronades below, eight twenty-four pound carronades and two long nines above, and was manned by a crew of a hundred and eighty persons.

As the *Phabe* came sailing in she ranged up alongside of the *Essex*, with all her men at quarters. Her captain, who was an old acquaintance, hailed, and politely inquired after the health of the American commander. The enemy's ship was now so close that she seemed about to run afoul of the *Essex*. Hillyar, however, replied, when Porter shouted out that he was prepared for action, and that if the *Phabe* touched there would be much bloodshed: "Oh, Sir, I have no intention of getting on board of you." As he luffed up, however, his ship was taken aback, and her jib-boom was thrust across the forecastle of the *Essex*. Porter now called all his crew to be ready to board the enemy, and ordered them, so soon as the ships' hulls touched, to spring with cutlasses in hand upon the *Phabe's* deck. The Englishman was completely at the mercy of her antagonist, who, with the *Essex, Jun.*, lying near by, could have raked him fore-and-aft, and sunk him in fifteen minutes. Hillyar raised both his hands in consternation, and cried out, with great earnestness, that his ship was taken aback by accident, and that he had no intention of touching. Porter chivalrously accepted the apology, and forbore taking his advantage.

For nearly two months the opposing vessels remained sternly watching each other, and seeking a favorable opportunity for action. Now they were at anchor almost side by side in the neutral harbor; and although bent upon mutual destruction, the officers and crew met daily on shore, and interchanged friendly visits and kindly tokens of fellowship. Again they cruised off the port, and sought to meet in deadly encounter. Finally, while the enemy's two vessels had gone outside to blockade the *Essex* within the harbor, Porter got under way, and strove to provoke the *Phabe* to come to action without her companion, for the two together made so overwhelming a force that it was entirely out of the question to





THE FIGHT.

attempt to master both. Wishing to irritate Captain Hillyar into a fair fight, Porter, one clear day towed one of his prizes, which had been so long lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, within reach of the guns of the two British men-of-war then in the offing, and setting fire to her, made his escape by the superior sailing of the *Essex*. The provocation seemed to have the desired result.

On the afternoon of the 27th of February the *Phæbe* stood close in for the harbor, hoisted her defiant flag, "God and Country; British sailors' best rights; Traitors offend both!"—which had been conceived as a reply to the "Free-trade and sailors' rights" that floated from the mast-head of the *Essex*—and fired a gun. Porter, believing this to be a challenge, eagerly made ready, and hoisting at his mizzen the retort: "God, our Country, and Liberty; Tyrants offend them!" sailed boldly out. When, however, the *Essex* came rapidly on, the *Phæbe* took to her heels and ran down for the *Cherub*, which was two and a half miles to the leeward. At last, finding it impossible to persuade Captain Hillyar to come to a fair fight—who was probably under strict orders not to engage except with his double force—Porter determined to put to

sea, and trusting to the superior sailing of his ship to escape the blockade of the two British men-of-war.

On the 28th of March, with a fresh wind from the southward, the *Essex* made a dash for the outlet of the bay. The enemy's two ships were on the watch close in with the point to the western side. The *Essex*, however, with single-reefed top-sails, boldly steered on, with the view of passing to the windward. On rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship, and carried away the main-topmast, and with it into the sea the men who were aloft reefing the top-gallant sails, who sunk to rise no more. The British ships immediately gave chase, as the disabled *Essex* strove to regain the port to repair her damage. Not able to reach the old anchorage, she made for a small bay not far from the fort, and let go her anchor within pistol-shot of the shore. This was neutral ground, so close to Valparaiso that crowds of people gathered upon the hills to behold the scene. But still the enemy's two ships came on, with their defiant mottoes and all flags flying, evidently determined upon a conflict.

Crippled, however, as their antagonist was, the enemy approached with caution; and the *Phæbe*, taking up her position at long shot



astern, and the *Cherub*, equally discreet, hers on the starboard bow, the two opened their distant fire. The *Essex* cleared at once for action, and before she could get a spring on her cable that she might manœuvre at freedom, was hotly engaged. The *Cherub* soon found her position in the bow too hot, and she hauled off and joined the *Phæbe* astern. Both now suffered so severely from the *Essex's* three long twelve-pounders, thrust out of the stern ports, that they hauled off to repair damages. Every man upon the *Essex* was, like the brave commander, resolute in doing his duty to the last. Many had already fallen, the rigging of the ship had been much cut up, and the ensigns shot away. "Free-trade and sailors' rights" still, however, was flying at the fore, and another ensign was made fast in the mizzen rigging, and various jacks hoisted about, to secure the purpose of a flag at all hazards. Such was the determined spirit of Porter, who was resolved upon defending his ship to the last extremity.

The *Phæbe* and *Cherub* renewed their assault, but so cautiously, and in such a position, that while their long guns told fearfully upon the *Essex*, she was unable to return an effective shot. Porter now ordered his cable to be cut, and with only a jib hoisted—for all the rest of his sails were unmanageable from the destruction of the ropes—made directly for the enemy, with the bold purpose of laying the *Phæbe* aboard. Closing in, the fire became tremendous. The decks of the *Essex* were now strewn with dead, her cockpit filled with wounded, and the ship caught fire again and again. Many of the cannon were dismounted, and three successive crews of one single gun were killed. Out of the fifteen men only one, and he wounded, survived. The work had proved too hot for the *Cherub*, and she had moved to a safe distance; the *Phæbe*, too, taking advantage of the comparatively good condition of her sails, cautiously manœuvred to avoid closing with the *Essex*, which, now almost a wreck, was unmanageable. Finding it impossible to board, and the carnage becoming horrible in his ship, which the enemy was raking with his heavy guns, while Porter, from the position of his helpless vessel, was unable to return a shot, he let go an anchor, with a hawser attached, in order to bring round the head of the *Essex*, and once more to present her broadside to the enemy. Firing away again, the guns of the *Essex* told with good effect, and the *Phæbe* now in her turn appeared disabled, and was drifting away on the tide. There seemed a probability that she would soon be out of gun-shot, and leave the *Essex* to the glory of the victory. At this moment, however, of hope, the hawser attached to the anchor gave way, and the ship again floated a helpless wreck toward the *Phæbe*, whose guns still kept up their fire and their havoc upon the *Essex*, which, in her position, could neither strike nor fly. There was now no longer any hope of saving the ship. She, too, had again caught fire; and an explosion of powder threatening the destruction of all on board occurring,

Porter told his men that all who, in preference to being blown up, would take the risk of trying to reach the land by swimming, might jump overboard and make the effort. Many accepted the offer. Some reached the shore, but most were drowned in the attempt. Porter himself, untouched by a shot, would have still kept his flag flying, and gone down with his ship without striking, but on being entreated to remember the wounded, he consented to call a council of his officers. Upon being summoned, one only came! The rest were either slain, drowned, or disabled. Almost every gun was useless, had there been even men to fight them; the berth-deck, steerage, ward-room, and cockpit were full of wounded, and many of these wounded again, and some of their comrades killed, while under the hands of the surgeon; the carpenter had not a man of his crew left, and he himself, while over the side plugging the shot-holes, narrowly escaped drowning, by having his slings cut away by a ball; seventy-five men were all that were left to do duty out of the two hundred and fifty gallant fellows who, two hours before, had so spiritedly gone into action. Porter feeling it a duty under these circumstances no longer to hesitate, hauled down his flag.

By an arrangement with Captain Hillyar, the *Essex, Jun.*, was converted into a cartel, and Captain Porter sailed in her, with the survivors of the *Essex*, for the United States. On arriving off New York she was overhauled by a British cruiser; and her papers being questioned and the vessel detained, Porter, indignant at the treatment, made his escape in a whale-boat, and succeeded by the help of a fog in eluding his pursuers, and landing at Babylon, on Long Island, where he was received with suspicious coolness, as it was thought he might be an enemy in disguise. On his arrival in New York, however, a warm welcome met him after his adventurous cruise, and such honors were conferred as proved that our countrymen recognized in David Porter a man of whom the country should be proud.

## A FOREST STORY.

I.—THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE SARANAC.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE happy hunting-grounds of the Saranac lie in the silent heart of a wondrous wilderness of mountains and lakes in the upper part of the great Empire State. Our destination being thither, we struck a bee line from the city of New York, up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. Thence we crossed over to Port Kent, on the opposite shore. As Port Kent was quite small enough to be thoroughly studied *in transitu*, we were ready to leave it at the earliest opportunity, which, luckily, was even then waiting for us in the omnibus for Keeseville, five miles back in the interior.

Keeseville we found to be quite a notable village, with nice hotels within and delectable



mountain landscapes without, and with iron ores and iron products *ad libitum* all around. At Keeseville, also, or hard by, we saw the brave waters urging their determined way over the precipices and through the dark glens of the grand ravine, known to the country about as the Walled Banks of the Ausable. But as neither this nor other winsome scenes which charmed our eyes here were what we went out to see, we did not pause long to look, nor shall I tarry overmuch to remember.

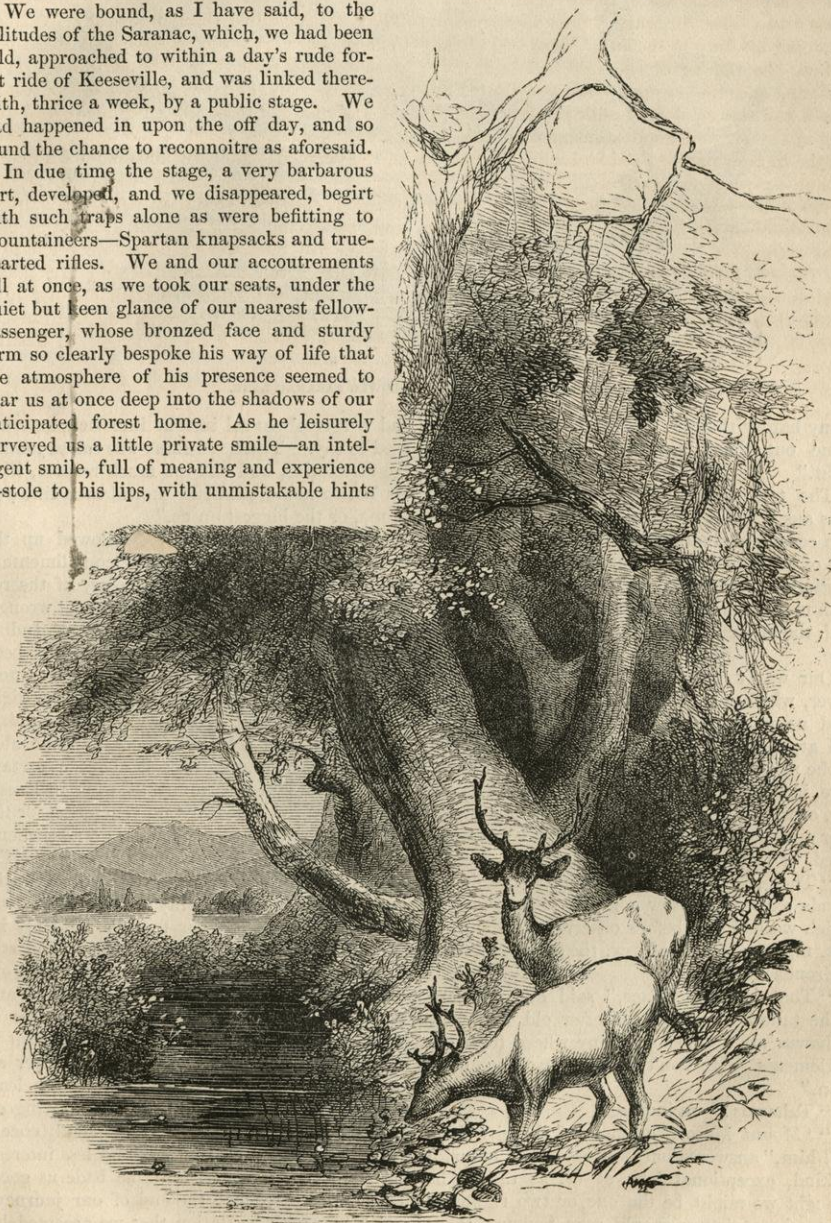
We were bound, as I have said, to the solitudes of the Saranac, which, we had been told, approached to within a day's rude forest ride of Keeseville, and was linked therewith, thrice a week, by a public stage. We had happened in upon the off day, and so found the chance to reconnoitre as aforesaid.

In due time the stage, a very barbarous cart, developed, and we disappeared, begirt with such traps alone as were befitting to mountaineers—Spartan knapsacks and true-hearted rifles. We and our accoutrements fell at once, as we took our seats, under the quiet but keen glance of our nearest fellow-passenger, whose bronzed face and sturdy form so clearly bespoke his way of life that the atmosphere of his presence seemed to bear us at once deep into the shadows of our anticipated forest home. As he leisurely surveyed us a little private smile—an intelligent smile, full of meaning and experience—stole to his lips, with unmistakable hints

at the perhaps forgotten prose, as well as the eagerly-trusted poetry, of our coming life.

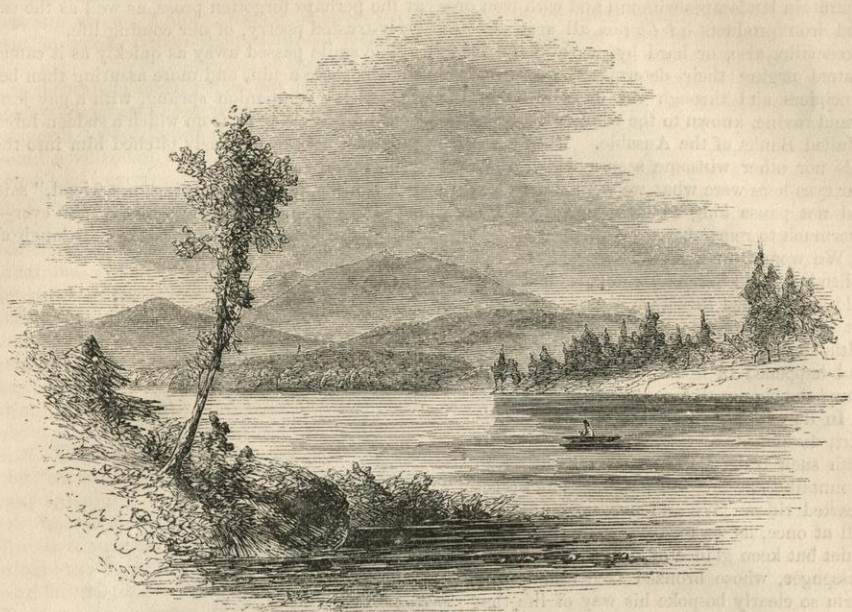
The smile passed away as quickly as it came, but was there again, and more assuring than before, as my companion sprung, with a gay jest, back into the vehicle, from which a sudden lurch just then unceremoniously pitched him into the deep, sandy road.

"It ain't worth mentioning, my friend," said he—and the smile grew more kindly than ever—"if you're bound for the woods, you'll laugh at



ST. REGIS LAKE.





THE CROCHET MOUNTAINS—LOWER SARANAC LAKE.

many harder thumps. We take things as they come out there, and calculate that it's all right."

The talk which followed the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun might have beguiled us to a censurable inattention to the changing beauties of the way, had not our new friend himself continually reminded us of our forgetfulness with many a brief parenthetical speech, fragrant with the aroma of a true and hearty love of nature.

Our way followed the banks of the Saranac River, which was gayly bearing the waters of its wild namesake lakes to the great Champlain. All around us was a charming landscape, full of the picturesque surprises of a mountain land; here, in the shadows of the forest-glen, and yonder, over far-reaching hill and vale, with glimpses ever and anon, as the fitful skies above us vouchsafed, of soaring peak and precipice.

"There," cried my companion, as the lifting clouds exposed to view a grand rocky summit, which we had not before observed; "there, at last, must be Mount Marcy, the monarch of the Adirondacks!"

"That is White Face," said our forester; "the tallest of these hills after old Tahawus. Tahawus ain't to be seen any where from the settlements. He don't make himself too common."

"Tahawus?" we inquired.

"'Mount Marcy,' as most of the city folks call him," answered our bronzed friend, but with a kind, exceptional look at us, as though he thought we might be the one or two righteous men whose virtues should save Sodom; "but Tahawus, *The Sky-piercing*, as the Injins, who

had a sort o' nat'ral insight into sich matters, used to say. Them red-skins was raised among the mountains, and had too much respect, like, for 'em to name 'em arter mortal men like you or me, or the biggest on us."

When my companion had followed up the woodman's thought with a very complimentary and eloquent speech upon the poetry of the red man's nature, and the shame of his great wrongs, with a concluding sigh for "the poor Indian with untutored mind," and when he had been answered that "the Injin didn't want no tutoring—that Natur herself always did the right thing in that respect," I seized an opportunity, suggested by our stranger's defense of the aboriginal nomenclature, to ask about a certain guide on the lakes recommended to us in Keeseville, whose reverent love and veneration for the mountains, and especially for the grand sachem, had won for him the odd *sobriquet* of "Old Tahawus." The information I elicited was satisfactory so far as the actuality of "Tahawus" was concerned, but not so our friend's suddenly incommunicative manner on the subject, and still less certain disparaging hints which he threw out about his fellow-woodman's fabled virtues and exploits. When at last he went even so far as to qualify a very moderate admission of merit in its way with the dubious remark that after all he didn't consider that Tahawus was the least mite better than he should be, our growing esteem for our fellow-traveler was suddenly checked, and the gossip became less and less interesting from that moment, until he bade us good-by, as we approached the end of our journey; and it was with hesitation that we accepted his offer to hunt up "Old Tahawus," and, if possible,



secure his desired companionship for us in our proposed excursion into the wilderness. This grace, however, we ventured to concede, when he assured us that the eccentric guide was a "non-come-at-ibus" whom no one could find, in the first place, or when found, persuade, unless it were himself.

Now, as we touched the verge of civilization in our approach to the scattering hamlet, which lies almost on the margin of the Lower Saranac, the storm which had been gathering through the day came down with force, and we were quite contented to get within the shelter of our inn, and stay there quietly until the morrow should come with more sunny welcome.

In our busy dreams we saw Tahawus asleep in his forest tent, from which we were vigorously cudgeling the wolves; and so did we deem ourselves occupied, until we awoke and found that our vengeful knocks were neither more nor less than thumps on the door, from the hard fist of our fellow-voyager of the previous day, who had been long vainly trying to arouse us to a knowledge of the fact that the sun was up and we should be so too.

He brought us the good news that Tahawus had been discovered and had consented to be of our party, and he advised us to be making our

preparations for a start, while the guide was arranging some little preliminary affairs of his own.

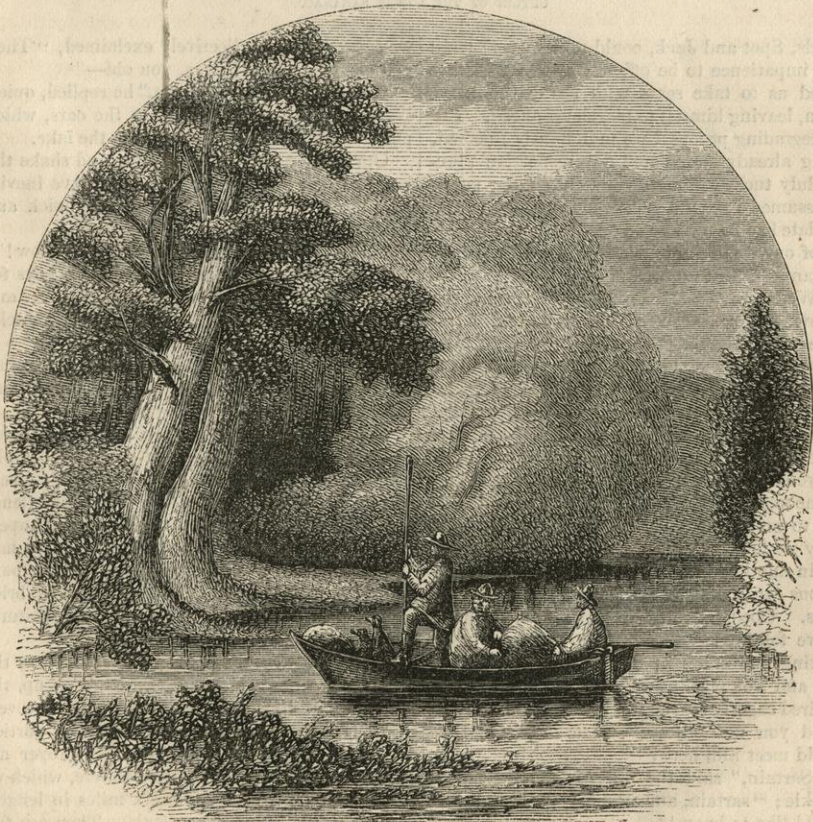
"Tahawus," said he, "will take his own boat, the *Polly Ann*, for you've got to travel the whole way by water. You might pull a boat through the brooks and lakes of these woods for a hundred miles, with mayhap a 'carrying place' now and then."

"And what shall we do about provisions?"

"Well, you see, you'll have Tahawus's tent and kitchen fixins—sich as you'll want, and that ain't a great sight; then you must lay in, here at the tavern, some coffee and sugar and crackers, with mayhap some pork, and any thing else you think you'll want, and then with the dogs you can fetch up a deer sometimes, or you can take a lot of trout; so that, altogether, you won't starve, I guess."

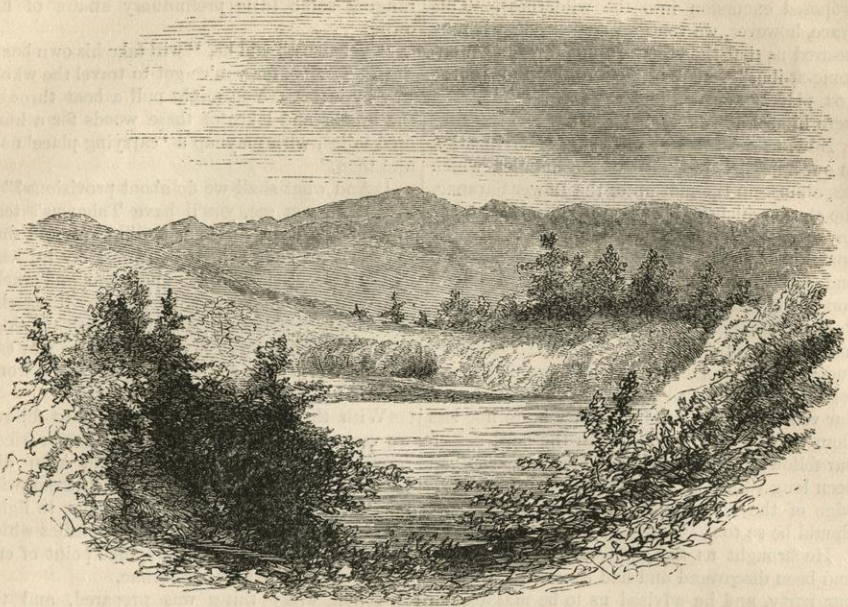
With these and other instructions to follow, we very soon filled the hampers which our friend provided, and when breakfast had been dispatched we were quite ready to pitch them, with all the tent equipage which had come to light, into the wagon, for the tramp of two miles which yet separated us from our proposed point of embarkation on the Lower Saranac.

When every thing was prepared, and the



LANDING-PLACE ON THE SARANAC.





OUTLET OF THE LOWER SARANAC.

hounds, Spot and Jack, could no longer restrain their impatience to be off, our worthy assistant invited us to take seats with the driver in the wagon, leaving himself to march off ahead. But this degrading proposal we indignantly rejected, having already shouldered our respective plunder, duly tucked our trowsers inside our boots, and assumed a general expression of countenance, calculated to be terrible to wild cats, and indicative of our unalterable determination to see the elephant sturdily, tusks and all.

"Well, you're right, I guess," said the hunter, approvingly, "and Tahawus won't think the worse of you for your coming on your own pins. We shall meet the old chap, I suppose, down at the landing-place."

Before the distance seemed to us half traveled a sudden bend in the path revealed the fair expanse of the silent lake to our expectant sight, and yonder, under the pendent willow, the boat lay moored, the famous *Polly Ann*, in which we were to make our novel mountain-journey. In a jiffy we had brought her round to the landing, and in another jiffy stored her with our miscellaneous cargo of hardware, dry goods, and groceries. Obedient to the intimations of the hunter, we followed the dogs into the boat, when pointing one of us to the helm, he seized the oars and was pushing off from shore, when we inquired eagerly for the whereabouts of Tahawus. "Did you not tell us," we asked, "that we should meet him here?"

"Sartain," said the old rogue, with a sly chuckle; "sartain, and who says he ain't here, I should like to know!"

The truth broke upon our benighted minds as

we severally and collectively exclaimed, "Then you are yourself Tahawus, you old—"

"That's what they call me," he replied, quietly, and giving a sturdy tug at the oars, which put the obedient craft far out into the lake.

Our sudden movement to seize and shake the hand of our waggish friend would have inevitably upset our boat but for his own quick and judicious balance of power.

"You are the very chap for us, old fellow!"

"And you," said he, "are just the boys for me! You have come out for a good time, and you're going to have it, sartain. Still, Jack! Down, Spot! Be quiet, won't you!"

And with sundry hearty cheers, which must have astonished the quiet woods and waters, our wilderness life was fairly begun.

After a few more mutual felicitations as guide and guests, and a reiteration of merry compliment to Tahawus upon the success of his pleasant jest, we fell for a while into that silence which the temper of the scene around, superadded to the excess of our late hilarity, so naturally induced. Only occasionally, as our bark sped on, was the stillness interrupted by brief question and answer as new and curious features arose in the landscape.

The lake which we were traversing was the nearest to Champlain of a numerous group, the whole only a link in the great chain which covers all this unoccupied, almost unexplored, portion of New York. The Saranac lakes proper are three in number. The Lower waters, which we are now passing, are some six miles in length, and occasionally of great depth. They are full of picturesque islands, of curious headlands, and



of inviting bays, with shores of striking interest, crowned in the distance by many a fantastic mountain-top.

"Those peaks," said our guide, pointing to some eccentric forms which led the hill features of the landscape at the moment, "are the Crotchet Mountains, and your old friend White Face. You'll see them again often as we sail. I've slept many a sound sleep in the woods there."

"That," he resumed at another moment, as our eyes fell upon a bizarre islet, in the centre of which grew a solitary tree, table-shaped, like the Italian pines—"that is Umbrella Island. I was cast away there once in a terrible storm. It rained harder than it did in Noah's time, and the 'umbrella' warn't of any great use, though it might be pretty good shelter in a shower."

"The Twins?" Yes, they are the Two Sisters, because they look so loving-like, I suppose; though there was a man here once, a poet they said, who told a long yarn about two young gals, sisters they were, who were out sailing on the lake years ago, when the white folks first began to come here. He said they were chased by the Indians, when they left their boat, and swimming unseen to the Islands, hid away for several days among the rocks, and escaped. Whether it was true or not, I don't know, but it sounds a sort of

nat'ral. A good many things have happened in these lakes. I've seen some sights here myself."

At our suggestion Tahawus filled up the flying hours with narrations of his varied adventures, until the sun and our sharpened appetites told that lunch-time had fairly arrived. Our rather rueful remembrance of our larder at this juncture was brightened by a proposal from the guide, as he ran the *Polly Ann* upon a pleasant beach at the mouth of a little brook, to take a mess of trout, while we hunted up the fuel to cook them. No sooner said than done, for even as the fire of dry brush began to sparkle and to send up to the sky its incense of blue smoke, there lay the dainty fish, all ready for the grid-iron, which Tahawus was fashioning from a three-pronged twig. With a trifle of pork which soon simmered in the frying-pan, a few slices of bread, which we at present had fresh, and a cup of aromatic coffee, which we were not very long in concocting, the trout made us a repast, at the thought of which we blushed then, as we have since, for Delmonico himself in all his kitchen glory.

A quiet, lazy smoke, and a few more hours of ever-interrupted progress, completed our explorations, and brought us to the end of the Lower Saranac, where our advance to the new waters



MAKING A PORTAGE.





CAMP-SCENE NEAR ROUND LAKE.

beyond was abruptly checked by some bold cascades in the connecting passage. Here, then, we were near a fresh experience in our forest travel; for we had now to make a portage, and convey boat and baggage through the intervening woods.

"The carrying-place," said Tahawus, "ain't more than ninety rods, and we shall easily manage it. I'll take the boat, I carry it bottom up with a yoke on my shoulders, and you, I calculate, can fetch over the rest of the stuff."

As he said, so it came to pass, but he was trudging off with his boat, like a turtle with his shell, long before we had managed to load each other with the packs and bundles and the hundred stray articles which made up our cargo. Indeed it turned out at that first trial to be a very perplexing task, first to place the things, and next to keep them in place, as each addition upon back or head, in hands or arms, tumbled over a former deposit, until we were in as lamentable a predicament as an overloaded clown in a pantomime. We certainly must have been a sight to see, thus plastered from top to toe with pots and pans, rods and rifles, tent-equipage and provisions.

We effected the transit though at length with success, and in subsequent trials brought our engineering to great perfection.

When we were again afloat on the waters of the Middle Saranac or Round Lake there re-

mained to us daylight sufficient only to make the passage of three miles across to the spot where we had resolved to pitch our camp for the night, and night drew on apace by the time we had provided and planted our tent-poles and spread our protecting canvas thereon.

Then we had to cut and gather hemlock boughs for a mattress, to hunt up fuel for the night, and not the least important duty to discharge was to cook our supper. All was rapidly and successfully accomplished, our house put in order, the fire bravely blazing, the evening meal spread upon the forest grass, and all of us comfortably taking "another cup of coffee I thank you," and "another trout?—yes, if you please, don't care if I do," as the bright moonbeams fell into silvery sparkles upon the gently rippled waters of the broad lake.

Hours of fresh and pure delight were those of this first soft summer night in the calm fragrant woods; and wearied as we were by the day's toils and pleasures, we were beguiled into long delay by our cheerful camp-fire, sometimes in the telling of feeling or of incident, and sometimes in happy musings and rainbow imaginings.

The katydids were in full orchestra, and the owls were telling their doleful tales, when, spreading a blanket upon our elastic bed of leaves, and adjusting over-coats for pillows, we at last went off to Dreamland.



All was happy there, and we were up in the morning with the larks, eager for the new day's adventures. We now determined to make a detour before continuing our projected route, and to visit the Upper Saranac and St. Regis Lake, yet beyond.

Content as we had been with our journey of the previous day, the upper of the Saranac trio yet more delighted us with its wilder aspect and its more rigorous mountain forms. Tahawus assured us also that it was then a more abundant hunting-ground than the lower ponds.

Here we found a very comfortable cabin for the region, the abode of Corey, a celebrated young hunter of the Saranac. Corey's name is always a warrant for a good day's sport. Our second night's camp was made in his neighborhood, and enlivened by his companionship. It was while strolling in the woods on the banks of the Upper Saranac that we got our first peep at a deer—a noble buck directly crossing our path. My companion took aim at once, and the piece at once went off, but so too, unhappily, did the deer, in gallant, taunting style.

To reach the St. Regis lake with our boat it would have been necessary to make a tedious portage of three miles, and as Corey had a craft moored there, we determined to leave our

own on the Saranac side of the carrying place, and trust to our chance of finding his on the other. Our faith was rewarded with success, though the rickety vessel had been so long neglected that it was hardly sea-worthy, being half full of water, and bent, despite all our bailing, to stay so. Still we were none the less inclined to explore the St. Regis when we reached its shores than before; so we ventured our ragged pinnace upon the deep, dark waters, and added another charming remembrance to our rapidly swelling Saranac list.

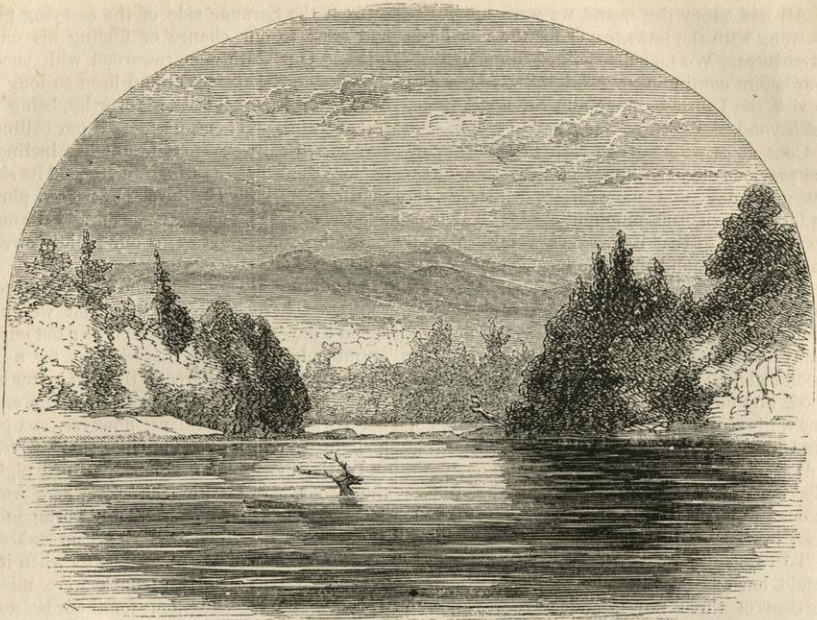
The hunters, Corey and the rest whom we encountered here, were anxious that we should spend a day with them in the chase; but our programme had assigned that delight for a later hour, when we should reach the still better hunting-grounds of Tupper's Lake near the end of our voyage. An accident, however, compelled a slight deviation from our inexorable *carte*.

In the morning following our third night in the woods, passed near the spot where we had left our boat when we crossed the portage to the St. Regis, scarcely had we pulled up stakes and resumed our seats in the *Polly Ann* when it was discovered that Spot and Jack were missing. We had not searched long for them before Tahawus recognized their cry, evidently in full and



THE UPPER SARANAC LAKE.





STONY CREEK POND.

excited chase. A few moments later and a noble buck sprang into the water within half a rifle's shot of us. He made bravely for the opposite shore, with both dogs in hot pursuit, but he had no novice to deal with in Tahawus, and a faithful shot quickly brought him to bay. He was yet disposed to fight for the little life left to him as our boat came up, but a thwack of the oar in the hands of my companion, and a merciful dig with the knife with which our guide honored my own hand, finally settled the parley. We bore our prize—and it was a gallant one—back with us to Corey's, where we left it, excepting such portions as went to the furnishing of our larder, subject to order, and resought for our fourth night's rest the pleasant camping-ground of our first.

The next morning we made the second and longest of the only three portages in our whole journey—in the passage from Round Lake to the Stony Creek Ponds—named after the brook which connects them with the bold Racquette River.

The winding traverse of these lovely lakelets, with their densely wooded banks, from which it would have been no surprise to see the bark canoe of the red man glide, was a delight to be ever had in sweet remembrance. The journey direct would have been but two miles, but we made it many, with many detours, and half the day was happily passed in the labor of love. We found here, and in the brook beyond, examples of the luxuriant vegetation of the region, in tree and shrub, in grass and flower and weed. Gigantic pines of many varieties, soaring balsams and spruce, trailing hemlocks, the vermilion-berried

mountain-ash, with all the families of maple, beach, and birch. Rank grasses and many-hued plants decked the banks, and the fresh footprints of the deer were every where thick upon the shore, where they had that morning been to feed on the lilies with which the lakes were covered.

This abundance and abandon of the forest was doubly attractive in the air of freedom and security in which it seemed to live, for then the desecrating axe had never entered its precincts. The feeling of isolation and solitude was, if possible, made only the more impressive by the plaintive voices and the stealthy movements of the wild dwellers in the woods; the bounding flight of the frightened deer; the shrill, mournful note of the loon, far off on the bosom of the deep lake; the flapping of the heron's great wings as he is startled from the dank marsh; and the lordly eagle proudly sailing in his free native air above. The sentiment of the scene was taking almost oppressive hold upon our hearts, when luckily there chanced a little let down, as my companion, bending over a jot too far, in his eagerness to grasp a magnificent lily, was plunged "ker swop!" as Tahawus expressed it, to the muddy bottom of the lake as if he were seeking the root of the plant instead of the flower. Our solacing assurance that he would soon dry up he thought but a dry jest, with a suggestion of the propriety of our "drying up" ourselves.

We had now to navigate the Stony Creek for three miles to its junction with the Racquette River. This romantic little passage led through a natural meadow of such extreme fertility that the vegetable vigor, which had so struck us in the forest, seemed almost sterile in comparison.



We felt the excess the more as we had to push our way through the dense shrubs and grasses, the shallowness of the brook having made it necessary to lighten the boat of our weight. Our guide himself, indeed, was often required to take to the water and give the craft a stout tow. It was on this tramp that happened our only snake encounter in all our journey, though Tahawus assured us with various personal anecdotes that the "varmint" were to be found there occasionally in all varieties. Our friend was a respectable fellow of the adder tribe. He addressed himself with startling and unwelcome impudence to my companion as he was making his hasty way into a thicket to inspect a magnificent cluster of the blue aster.

We discussed our venison and trout, and slept our sweet forest sleep that night within sound of the rapid waters of the great Racquette River—great in contrast with the other smaller streams of the region. The Racquette is an important tributary of the St. Lawrence, to whose markets it will, by-and-by, bear the immense freights of timber which the wilderness here is destined to yield. Indeed, as Tahawus informed us with a sigh, enterprise had already penetrated with its winter hordes and axes into the hitherto unprofaned sanctuary of the sacred woods; and we

afterward saw, with a full share of our worthy guide's regret, the shanties and desolate clearings of the lumber-men.

The chief attraction of this beautiful river was, at the time of our visit, its wondrously wooded banks, which often met above our heads in mighty forest arch, verdantly framing here and there a loving bit of blue mountain surprise. We descended it for twenty-five miles to Tupper's Lake, near the end of our promised voyage.

We had not journeyed far upon the river on the following day, when we approached one of the lumber shanties of which I have spoken, and to our surprise found a fleet of boats, no less than three in number, with full complements of crew and passengers.

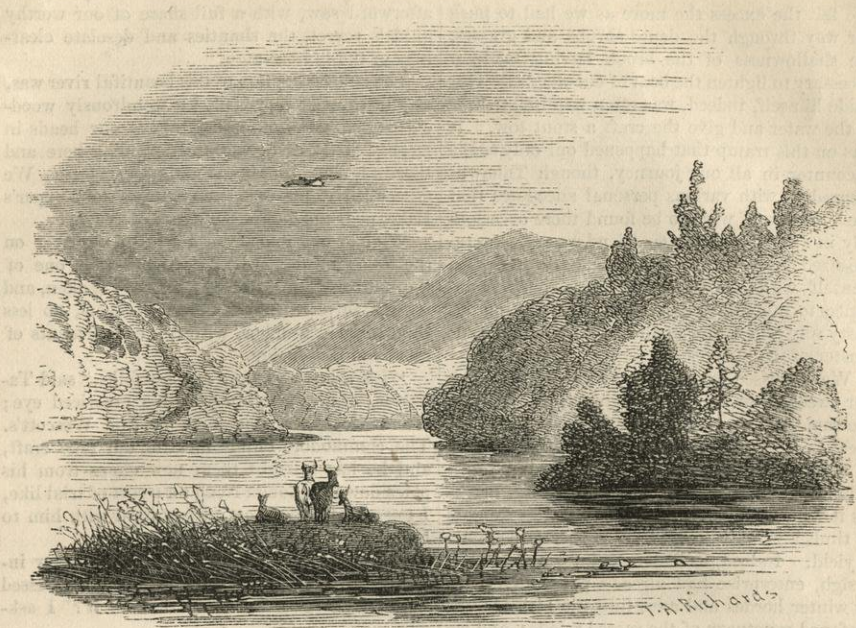
"It's the commodore and his folks," said Tahawus, after one glance of his practiced eye; "and the other boat must be Jim Wescott's. The commodore builds most of our lake craft, and he has brought them new chaps from his place down on Lough Neah for a sort of trial like, I guess. It would go mighty hard with him to be beat!" he added, musingly.

We looked at our old weather-worn scow inquiringly, as we caught our guide's half-expressed thought. "Can the *Polly Ann* do it?" I asked.



DEER FEEDING.—STONY BROOK.





RACQUETTE RIVER.

"She can try," he replied, with an inspired pull, which sent us up with prophetic speed to the general anchoring-ground.

When we had exchanged salutations with the commodore and his son the captain, and had duly complimented them upon the beauty of their equipage, Tahawus expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of their companionship down the river.

"Should be glad to have you go along," said the commodore with a smile, as he looked affectionately at his own trim boats, and then asked at our poor homely *Polly Ann*; "but we want to keep moving, you see, and can't very conveniently wait."

The commodore did not notice, but *we* did, the sly look of intelligence which at this moment passed between our guide and his friend Wescott. We saw the smile again in the manner in which they both handled their oars, when the whole party soon after embarked.

The companionship with which the voyage began continued pleasantly for a mile or more, but at last ended with the advance of the commodore's boats. The perception, at their first look back, of our evident intention to keep up, was confessed with a jolly roar; but the merriment subsided, a little later, as they found us still close at their heels; and at last, when they observed Tahawus and his fellow-boatman in private discourse with our pocket-flasks, and saw our two crafts equally manned and doubly oared, they set themselves seriously to work, and our famous race of the Racquette was fairly begun.

The commodore hoisted his flag in defiance,

and certainly made breeze enough to float it, but we were in no haste, knowing that if we should pass him soon enough to get first to the obstruction in the navigation, miles below, called the "Floodwood," and over which the boats had to be pulled, the day would be ours.

The interest of the game was doubled when both our boats had fairly distanced their rear craft, and the flag-ship of the commodore alone remained to be overhauled. When it came to be neck-and-neck between us, Tahawus apologized for the presumption of the *Polly Ann*; "but the fact is, you see, commodore," said he, "the old gal's got her spirit up, and there's no stopping of her any how."

Our adversaries bore their losses with fortitude, and worked bravely to retrieve them, until Tahawus, now fairly in the van, proposed to take their flag and hang it up below, as a guide to them round the great Ox-bow. At this supreme taunt, which I will explain anon, their vexation induced a miracle of effort, which threatened to change the aspect of affairs, and made the event again, and for a long while, doubtful. The precedence in crossing the Floodwood, and after that the Ox-bow, was now to decide the dispute.

Across the point at the great bend in the river called the Ox-bow there was a carrying-place, by crossing which full two miles of water-passage was saved. As the commodore was, once upon a time—so our guide afterward informed us—racing upon the river, he quietly proposed to himself an advantage in the crossing of this short portage of which he supposed his opponent to be ignorant. But, unfortunately, in his haste he



passed the landing, made the entire circuit of the bend, and was then about to cross when he found out, too late only, that he was at the wrong side. In the mean while, to his utter dismay, the rival boat had played him his own trick and was just disappearing far ahead. "It was quite dark that night, and there warn't many folks a stirring," said Tahawus, "when the commodore slipped quietly down to his clearing below!"

He expected no Ox-bow advantage from us, and so strained every nerve when we rapidly approached the decisive Floodwood. But the star of the valiant *Polly Ann* was in the ascendant, and there was no hope for him left. Leaping boldly from log to log of the yielding mass, and pulling our boats after us, we were gallantly floating on the opposite side as the commodore came breathlessly and despairingly up. We bade him farewell, with a world of good advice, sped on to the carrying-place of the Ox-bow, crossed with success, and then quietly rested upon our oars and our laurels! And that night also the commodore was dreadfully belated.

At last behold our camp-fires burning on the margin of our long-sought Eden, the gentle waters of Tupper's Lake! These beautiful shores, and those of Lough Neah hard by, were the scenes

of our last adventures among the Saranacs. From inlet to outlet, seven and a half miles apart, every turn in our passage of the Tupper water exposed a winning picture of wooded island and rocky point, with all imaginable vagary in the interlacings of the blue hills beyond.

It was for Tupper's Lake that we had all along been reserving the display of our prowess in the chase, and here, with every opportunity at command, we established our everlasting fame both as anglers and hunters. Day after day we came back to the camp laden with trophies of victory, until the sport almost began to weary from its very ease and success.

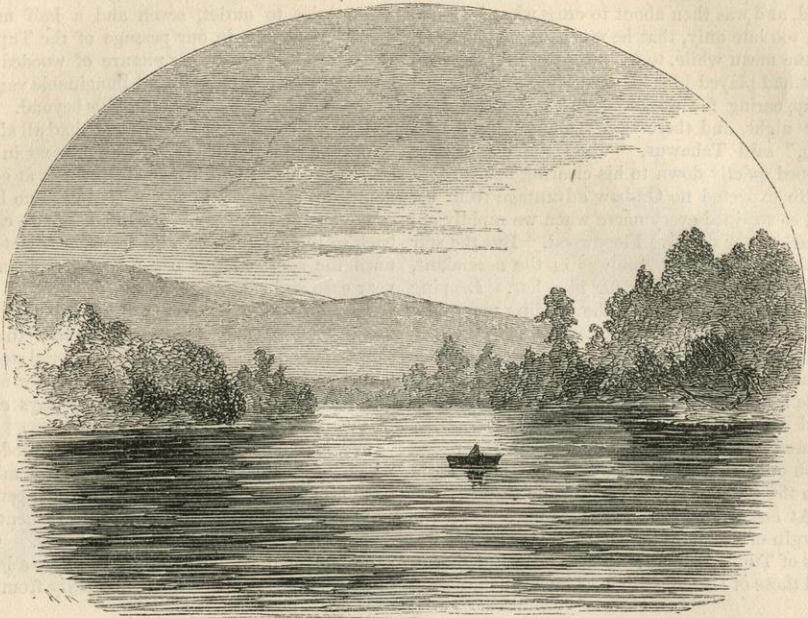
Luckily before we were quite spoiled by too much good fortune there came a relief in the shape of a storm, an inveterate equinoctial storm, which put a sudden and total extinguisher upon our field pleasures, and kept us for days close prisoners in our tents.

We had now a new experience in wood-life which, at an earlier period of our journey, might have proved somewhat irksome; but, happening as it did, and with our sources of amusement indoors, it was not without its delights. Our camp, fortunately, had been pitched near a ledge of rocks, which sheltered us effectually from the



TUPPER'S LAKE.





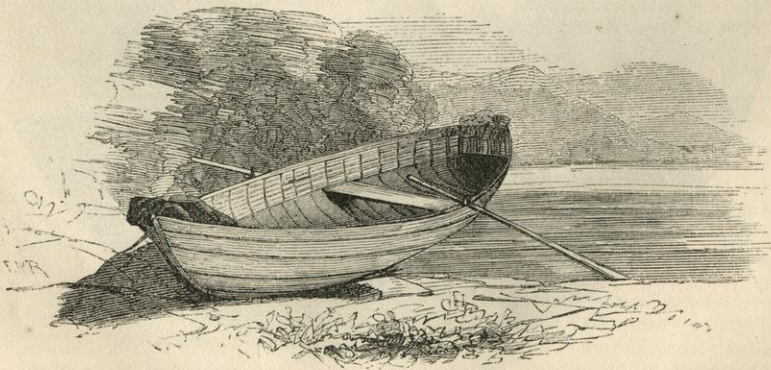
LOUGH NEAH.

winds; the tent proved impervious to the rain; and such was the topography we had selected that the water ran readily off without at all annoying us. Tahawus also ingeniously managed to protect our fires from the worst furies of the tempest.

With plenty of time on our hands, we made every imaginable experiment in the culinary art which our tastes suggested and our means allowed. Surely never before was venison prepared in so many and in such curious ways. We lingered like true epicures at our primitive table, burned the fragrant weed with leisure, and even scribbled letters to our friends, with portfolios only for writing-desks. In the intervals of the storm, when the sky would brighten and the rain cease for a while, we were off in quest of fuel for our ever-craving fires. But our great

and inexhaustible pastime was to listen to the gossip of our guides; for it must be remembered that Wescott, our companion of the river, was still with us, and with his fiddle too, which, though not so powerful as it might have been in the hands of Paganini, still served to vary and beguile the hours. Many were the histories rehearsed in those long days and nights of adventure with panther and bear and wolf; of the hunt for the deer, the beaver, and the otter; of the gentler sports of the angle; of the labors of the lumbermen in the woods, and the social life of the hunters at the firesides.

The intimations of character which we gathered from the narrations and opinions of Tahawus established him momentarily higher and higher in our esteem and interest, and made us curious to learn something of the life which, we were per-



THE "POLLY ANN."



suaded he lived apart from his fellows; for despite his familiar cognomen of "old," he was yet too young in years, and his nature too social and susceptible for the hermit habits to which we were told he was much given, unless it were that some unlucky experience had turned the true current of his temper quite awry.

Often did we venture to bend the talk toward the themes which seemed to us likely to elicit some light in the matter, but ever without success, until the very eve of the breaking up of our protracted camp, and of our mutual farewell. Then, as we were alone, Wescott having vanished in quest of fuel, we dropped some happy thoughts which led our eccentric friend into a confidence sufficient to assure us of the truth of the surmises we had already made. How explicit his story might have been I know not, for he was still in the midst of it as the voice of our hunter Wescott came to our ears, and as he soon after appeared himself, merrily bearing a huge log upon his broad back.

We had but time to throw out a few hasty words of advice and cheer. "You did right," said we, "to return, as the result shows, to your active woodman's life, which you know so well how to enjoy; and the *Polly Ann* you have got high and dry there on the rocks, is no doubt a much greater treasure to you than would have been the faithless *Polly Ann* you have lost."

"Lost!" cried Wescott, here poking his returning nose into our tent. "Who's lost?"

"You," said we. "At least we feared that it might be so, and were just talking of starting the hounds in pursuit!"

"Pooh!" he replied, beginning to tune his beloved fiddle, already in his hands, "there's no loss in this world but life;" and the old catgut gayly responded, "Life let us cherish!" as we nodded to Tahawus to help our voices in the refrain.

In the morning, after a leap with the first beams of the rising sun into the crystal waters, as had been our daily wont in all our tramp, our party breakfasted together for the last time, and again embarked for the head of Tupper's Lake, where Tahawus and his friend were to ascend the tributary Bogg River for a few days' hunt, and we were to bid them adieu and venture alone into the woods in search of a new chapter of adventure.

## THE MUSICIANS OF OUR WOODS.

WHO can count the myriads of sentient beings destroyed in the felling of one tree? Who can count the myriads existing alone upon its foliage? Who has a right to rejoice when a tree dies and a host is extirpated?

"More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of. In every path  
He treads down that which doth befriend him."

Silently and quietly the small workers perform their parts. The most minute particle, to an appreciative eye, is marked with the indus-

trious footsteps of the Unseen. Figure 1, for instance, is a leaf from that grand historical tree, the old Charter Oak, that once grew near Hartford. It was given as a token of friendship years ago, and treasured as such. Mark what remains of it—how beautifully executed is the work still in progress upon it. The little miners are imperceptible unless with a very high magnifier; their existence would be ignored if their



FIGURE 1.—LEAF FROM THE CHARTER OAK.

march was not perceptible. They work between the parenchyma of the leaf, showing us as the result a beautiful skeleton, in which you can perceive the thousand stomata or mouths of the leaf, always asking of the clouds to be fed; drinking, digesting, nourishing, then communicating the draught to the trunk, which carries it to the roots, sharing with the streams the bounty of Heaven—giving us the priceless treasure *water*. With all this before us trees are being felled by the thousands, and no one lifts up a prayer to stay the destroyer. Oh, voices of the land! why are you silent? Do you wait for a time when your songs will indeed be sung in a strange and dry land? Fate worse ten-fold than that of the captives of Israel! Cry out, ere it be too late, and our wooded hills and shaded vales, stripped of their trees, will have lost also their pleasant music of feathered and insect songsters!

But it is time you should see a few specimens of the thousands who pass their joyous lives in leafy bowers. Upon the topmost branches of our loftiest trees you may hear, if you can not see, our principal musician—the strange and wonderfully-fashioned Katydid (*Platyphyllum concavum*), Figure 2.

A bold, loud-voiced son of the forest, he looks, as he is, a true Democrat. He sings when he likes, eats, rests, and sings again, unmindful of the lowness of the Treasury, despising most heartily the Right of Search, and avoiding every breach of etiquette as knowingly as a modern diplomat. As to be expected, he is thor-



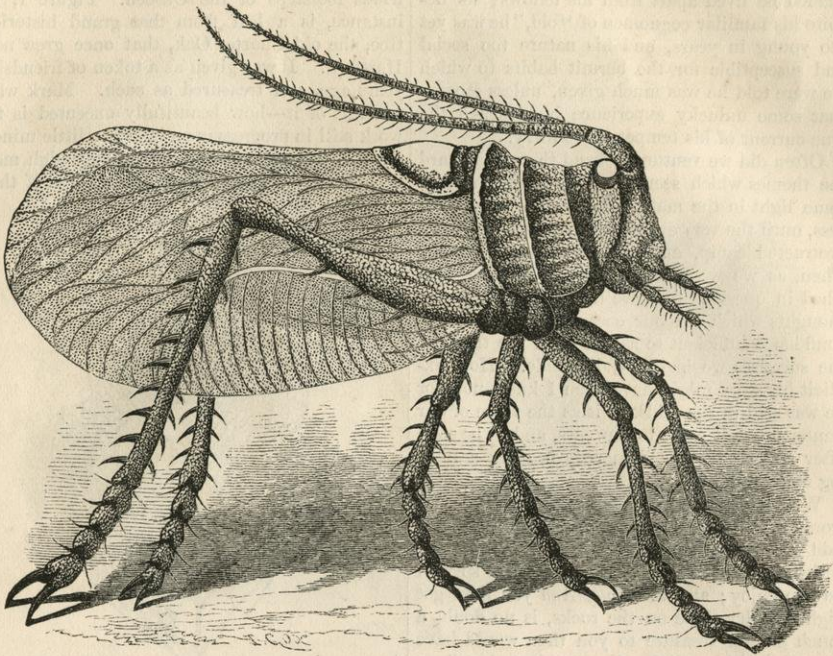


FIGURE 2.—THE KATYDID.

oughly despised by one party, abused, ridiculed, hunted, and burned out if nothing else can reach him; while the opposition, of which I am a loving member, listen to his notes with wonder and admiration, and are never weary of crying, "Hear, hear!" How almost human are the syllables composing his song: "Katy did—she did." Always performing, never-accomplishing Katy, what a strange wood-nymph thou art! There is no complaint made of her, however; it is an affirmation, joyous and full: "Katy did—she did;" and the asseveration comes louder and louder, fuller of delight and assurance and approbation, from every echoing

bough—"She did!" "She did!" Oh, envied Katy!

This beautiful insect, in its brilliant green dress, is truly American; and if, like the Athenians of old, we should ever wish to designate our true paternity in the soil, this is the grasshopper which must be our badge of American blood, and designate our birth-place, borne aloft on manhood's brow or amidst

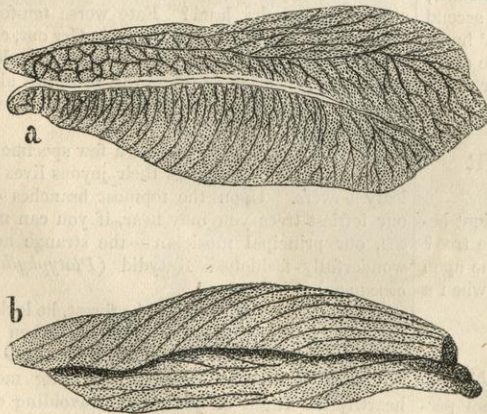


FIGURE 3.

a. Upper Wing. b. Fold of Under Wing.

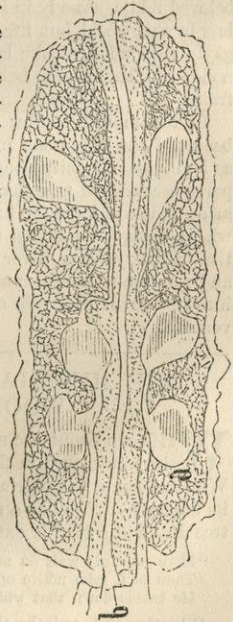


FIGURE 4.

a. Air-sacs. b. Intestinal Canal.



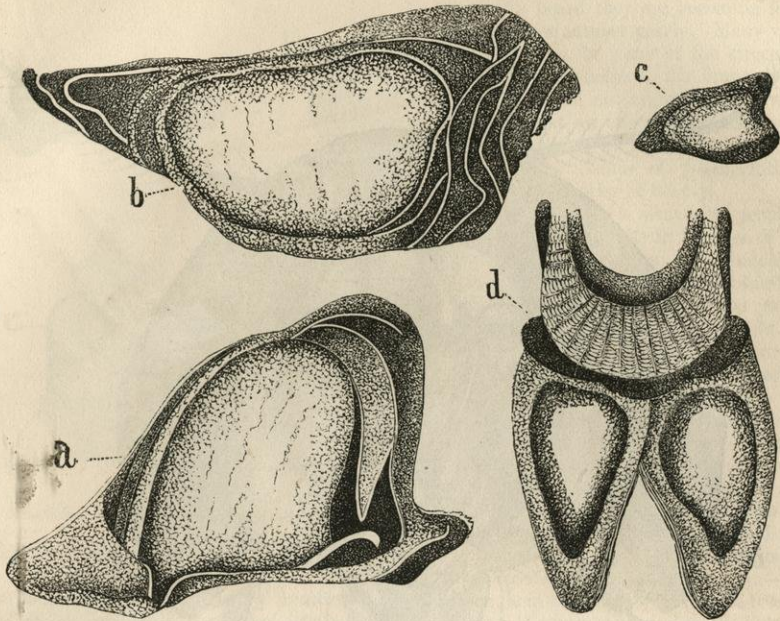


FIGURE 5.

a. Under part of Taborets.      b. Upper part of Taborets.      c. Natural size of Taborets.      d. Taborets open.

the clustering ringlets of woman. The Katydid is a full-blooded Native American.

The home of the Katydid is rightly on the *Tachamahaca*, or Balsam poplar (*Populus balsamifera*); but as they approach the sea-board they "spread" themselves with true American proclivities, and assert boldly the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. Thus every tree is more or less thoroughly "located," and becomes vocal with the charming song of the "grasshopper-bird" — tachamahaca, meaning grasshopper among the Indians of the West and Southwest. A favorite food of the Indians is their "mahaca" cake, to make which the bodies of the insects are parched and ground into flour, which is quite as palatable as oat or corn cake, and decid-

ly preferable to the clay-balls devoured by the Indians of South America, or the "mountain-meat," composed of the shells of infusoria, used by the Swedes and Fins of the present day.

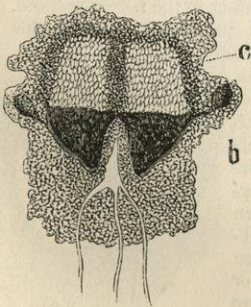


FIGURE 6.

a. Sounding-board.      b. Shagreen-like valve.

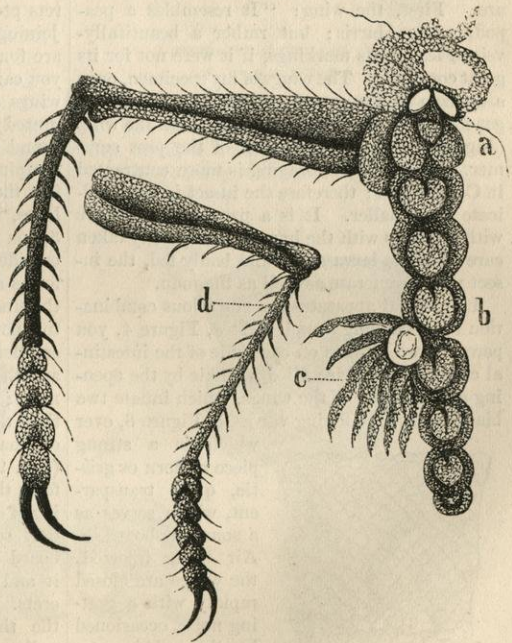


FIGURE 7.

a. Small cavities at joint of leg.      b. Plates of thigh extended.      c. Stomata, or air-holes.      d. Leg, natural size.





FIGURE 8.—FRONT FACE OF THE KATYDID.  
a. Two outside rings of neck.

Let us examine more closely this vocal spirit of our woods, so full of life, freedom, and pleasure. First, the wing: "It resembles a peapod," says Harris; but rather a beautifully-veined leaf in its markings, if it were not for its great concavity. The wings of my specimen, once a denizen of Tennessee, you perceive are stronger and more prominently marked than the wing (Figure 3) of my companion of the past summer. The field for foraging is more contracted in Connecticut; therefore the insect is more delicate and smaller. It is a provision of nature with them, as with the human family: illy taken care of in the larva state, and badly fed, the insect will degenerate as well as the man.

Its musical apparatus is a marvelous combination for producing sound. At *a*, Figure 4, you perceive two air-sacs on each side of the intestinal canal. These are filled with air by the opening and shutting of the wings, which inflate two black, shagreen-looking valves, *b*, Figure 6, over which is a strong piece of horn or gristle, quite transparent, which serves as a sounding-board, *c*. Air being injected, the wings are closed rapidly with a grating noise, occasioned by the rubbing together of the plates of the taborets (*d*,

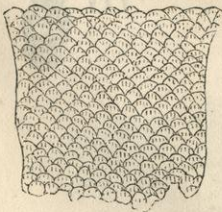


FIGURE 9.—SMALL VALVES UNDER TABORETS.

Figure 5), whose nervures, you perceive, are strong and horny. The opening of these taborets produces the first syllable, "ka." At the joining of the legs to the body (*a*, Figure 7) there are four small cavities on each side, into which you can run the point of a fine needle. As the wings are closing slowly "ty-ti-ti-ti" is murmured forth; and as they are tightly closed the sound "she did, she did" is muttered by the scraping taborets folding over each other, forcing the air through the large stomata, or air-holes, in each side (*c*, Figure 7). At *b*, Figure 3, you will see the under wing (*a* being upper or outside wing). Observe how this folds over and forms an exterior sounding-board. This fold in the under wing is found in every insect that has the power of producing sound, and is larger or smaller according to the noise produced. These are the most prominent parts of this instrument; but see the thousands of small valves (Fig. 9) which form the covering of *c* over the first sounding-board between it and the taborets. Then the throat, or gullet (Figure 10), is composed of valves

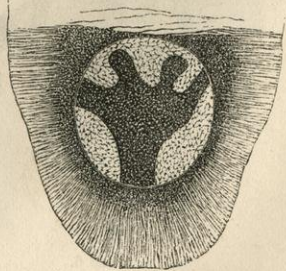


FIGURE 10.—THROAT, OR GULLET.



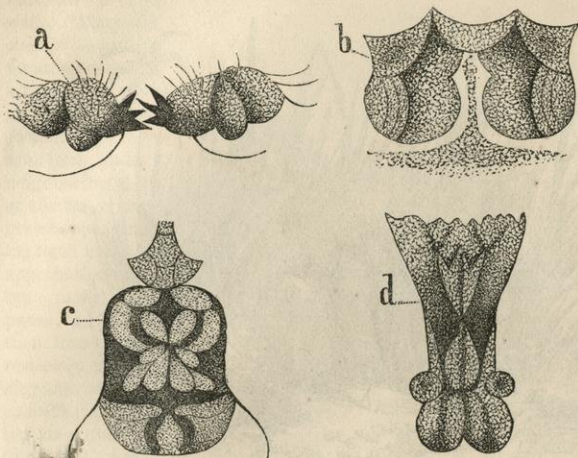


FIGURE 11.

a. Mandibles. b. Upper Lip. c. Mouth, closed. d. Under Lip.

as thickly and distinctly marked as a honey-comb. The air vibrating through all these small orifices helps to compose an aggregate of sound which can easily be formed into syllables, aided by the imagination, running thus: "ka-ty-ti-ti-di-di-did — she-di-did — she-did." When the lesser sounds are lost in the distance the combined whole is "katy did—she did," the love-song of this gay gallant of the woods wooing his lady-love by an affirmation of love, and not timidly and doubtingly. It is only the males in this family that have the power of sound; and certainly, if loquacity be a nuisance, they redeem the opposite sex from a monopoly. I have been told by many who have been very far West that in some locations their music becomes insupportable, never ceasing from the time the evening star beams forth until the sun sends them to rest from their revel. Toward the sea-

board they are becoming fewer in number yearly. Many years ago, in some of the streets of Philadelphia, the human voice could not overcome them without an effort; now they are a rarity, and come to many like the visions of youth, full of memories of beauty.

There is something peculiarly spirituelle in the face of this insect. You are undecided whether it resembles Columbus, or Scaramouche in the pantomime. You can decide for yourself. I present you his full face, and a most capital likeness it is (Figure 8).

His body is of a most brilliant green, of a shade belonging alone to his family—tender and soft in hue, prismatic and glowing; when the sun falls directly upon him he scintillates

like a green star. His legs fade away into the greenish white of the sky at early dawn—the thorns giving them character by their dark, brownish-black hue. His eyes, you perceive, are divided.

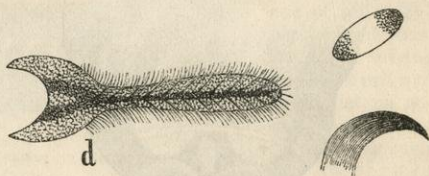


FIGURE 12.—HOOK AND EGG.  
d. Ovipositor, detached.

The upper portion is a clear bright green; the lower part mottled with green, red, and brown. When, alive, it turns its strange weird face full upon you, you might almost feel justified in list-

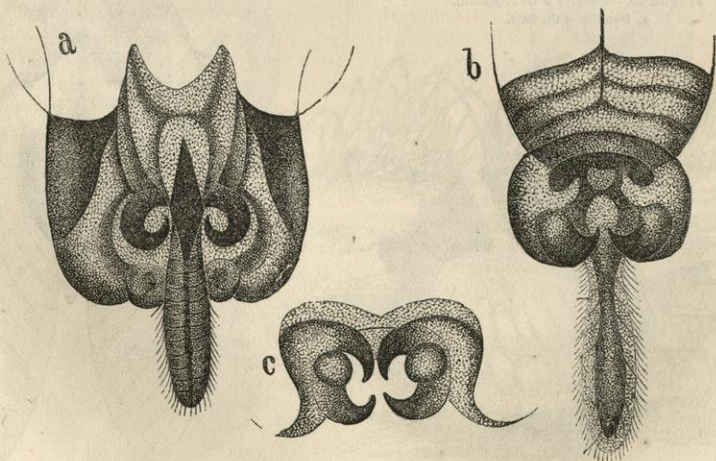


FIGURE 13.

a. Under side of Ovipositor. b. Upper side of Ovipositor. c. Side view of Hooks.



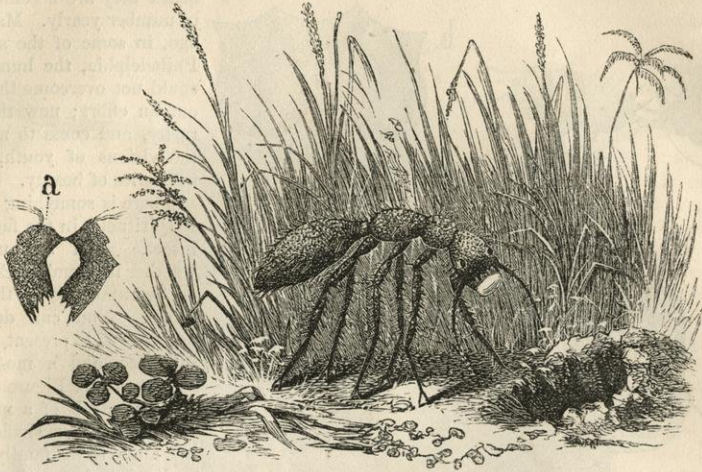


FIGURE 14.—GREAT AMERICAN ANT DESTROYING KATYDID'S EGG.  
a. Mandible of Ant.

ening for some wondrous revelations of the woods. The calm, sagacious look with which he examines every thing, the leisure and dignity of his move-

ments, the neatness and precision of his toilet—every claw run through the strong mandibles—the indifference and *insouciance* of his air after a meal during the day, and his pompous and restless perambulations after nightfall, are vastly amusing. My summer companion was, indeed, unapproachable in his entertaining qualities. It was charming to see the pause he would make after he had announced so boldly, from under his glass, or a corner of the room if I allowed

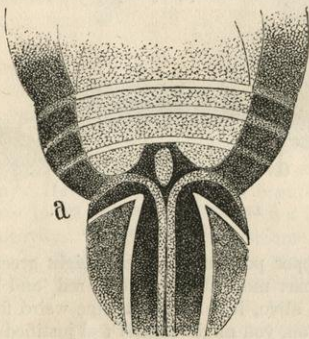


FIGURE 15.—CICADA'S OVIPOSITOR.  
a. Handles of the Saw.



FIGURE 16.—NEST OF KATYDID.

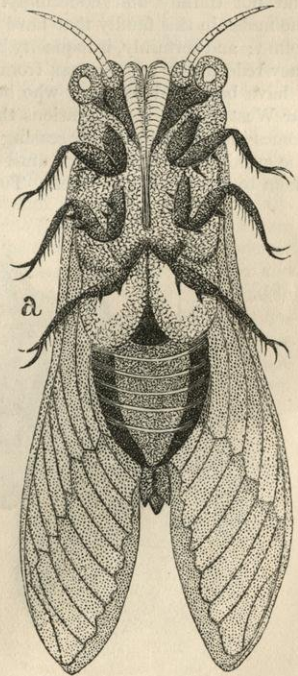


FIGURE 17.—CICADA OF THE FAR WEST.  
a. Exterior plates of Drums.



him an evening walk, "Katy did, she did"—pausing for an answer from a friend; when the cricket shrilly screaming its ascent from under a neighboring glass, or the large green grasshopper scraping forth his sharp approbation near by, made him pause a second, then hurry about restlessly, as if indignant at such *canaille* presuming to agree with him; and rushing up to his bit of melon, or peach,

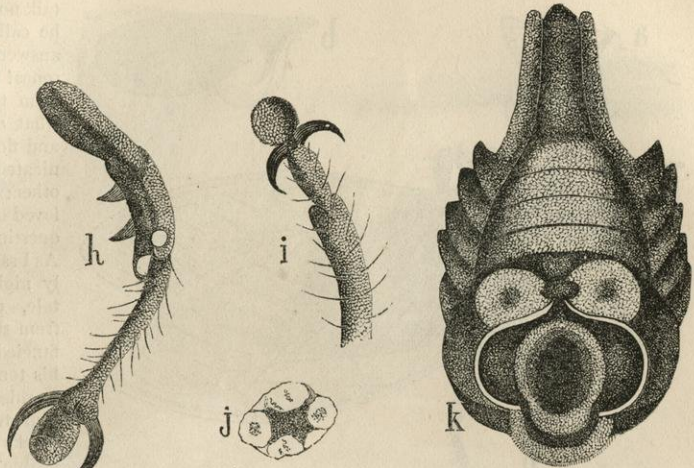


FIGURE 18.—MUSICAL APPARATUS OF CICADA.  
 h. Stomata. i. Foot. j. Interior of Leg. k. Upper Drums.

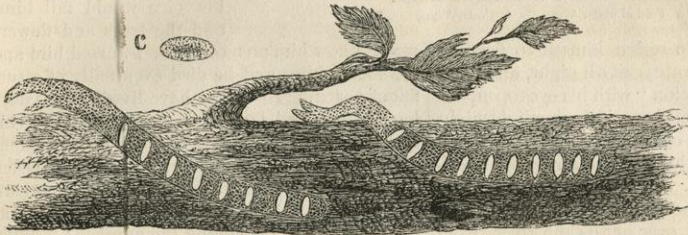


FIGURE 19.—NEST OF CICADA.  
 The white spots show the elevations left on the branch. c. Egg.

or apple, whichever it happened to be, bite into it with all his strength, as if he wished it was one of his neighbors he was devouring. For several nights the call was made, but no genial answer coming to him he gave

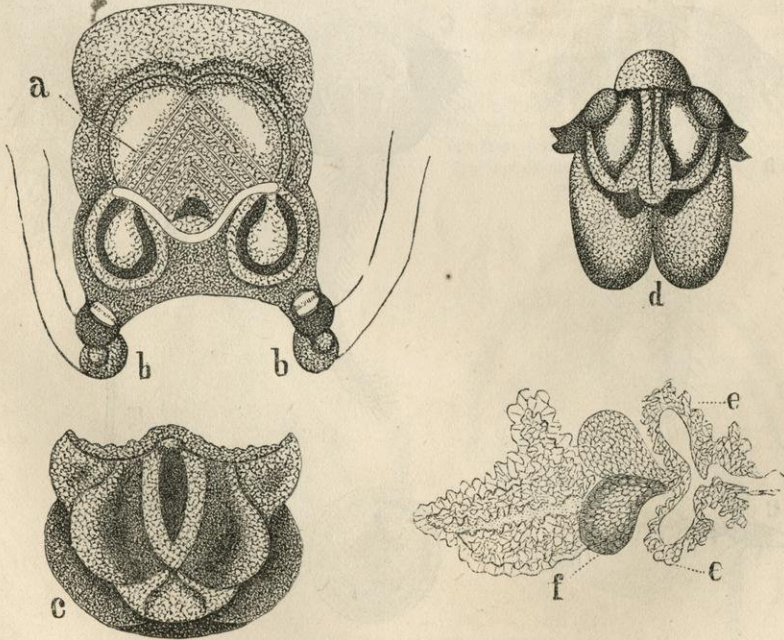


FIGURE 20.—MUSICAL APPARATUS OF CICADA.  
 a. Strings. b. Stomata. c. Horizontal view of Body. d. Under side of Plates. e. Stomata. f. Air-sacs.



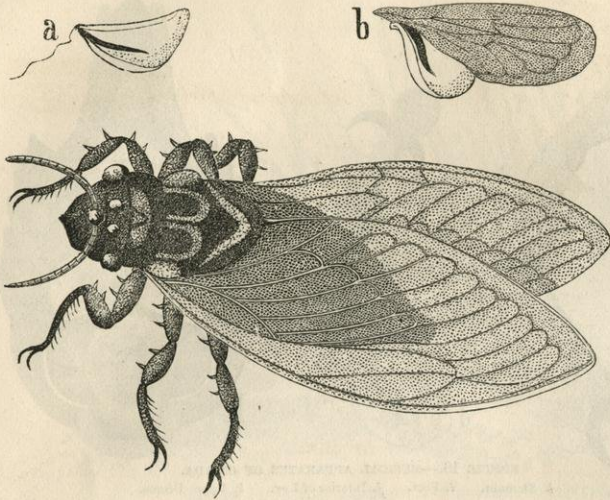


FIGURE 21.—CICADA OF ATLANTIC STATES.  
a Fold of under Wing b Under Wing

talk now was held! How he called, and his friend answered in such glad tones! What news was told from those green woods; what secrets of the trees and flowers were communicated from one to the other; what messages from loved ones, perhaps; what questions, what answers! As I sat, that soft and lovely night, listening to the tale, perhaps, of despair from the poor prisoner (I fancied such sadness in his tones), I was tempted to raise the glass and give him freedom. But the marks of time were too visible upon him. Old age was creeping over him rapidly. A few days more and his voice would fail him, and the trees and flowers

it up, and seemed to resign himself to feasting without music. He ate fruit all night, and passed the day in meditation "with his eyes open," or cleaning himself. One beautiful moonlight night I placed him outside on the window-sill (as it was very warm), giving him all the air I could consistent with security. Perhaps remembering other nights of beauty, he commenced his song; and presently, from just over across the river, from the hill-side, came an answer. What a long

would know him no more. So I nursed him and comforted him, and he died eventually of a surfeit of peach. He might have lived several days longer if I had been less generous; but fruit had been scarce for a day or two; cake or sugar and water were poor diet—thus, when the peach was given, he died as would an Epicurean. How human is this, that instinct should fail as well as reason in subduing the appetite!

The Katydid will live in confinement, with

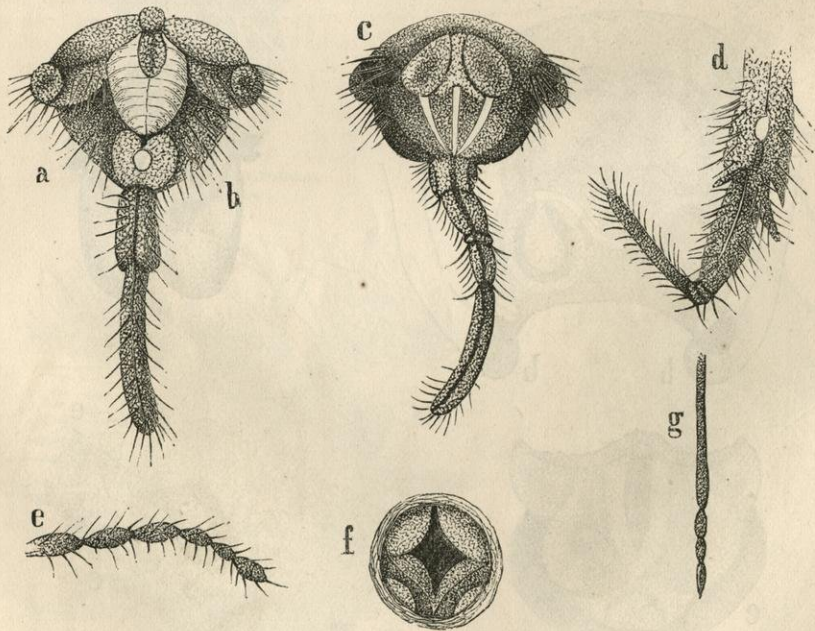


FIGURE 22.

a. Eye of Cicada. b. Exterior of Sucker. c. Interior of Sucker. d. Sucker bent. e. Antennae. f. Throat. g. Tongue.



care, sixty days. The one just mentioned I had twenty-nine. By examining the mouth-piece you will perceive, without any scientific description, the power and complexity combined in its construction (*a, b, c, d*, Figure 11). The action in masticating resembles that of the cow, except that it is from right to left. The mandibles leave long ridges or seams in the substance they bite, and the proof of digestion is as powerful and distinct as that of the silk-worm—a strange

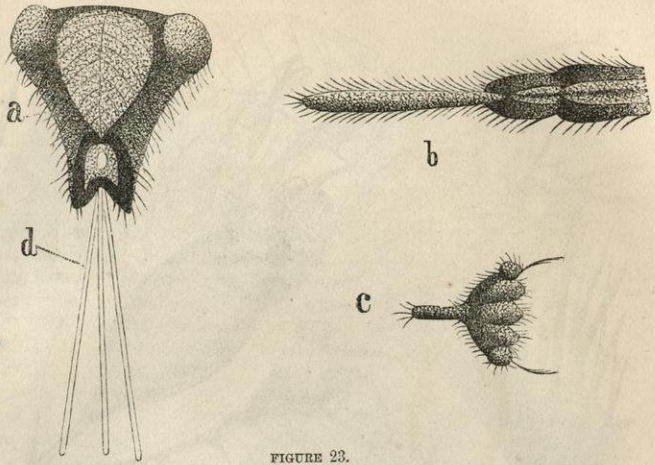


FIGURE 23.  
*a.* Ribs of Cicada's Head. *b.* Sucker of Tubes. *c.* Sucker of Nymph. *d.* Tubes of Sucker.



FIGURE 24.—NYMPH EMERGING FROM HOLE.

fact, considering the delicacy of the digestive organs.

The leg (*d*, Figure 7), you perceive, is very long. The thigh is stout and full, and the muscles are strong which connect it to the body. In its movements the animal is assisted by the wings as much as by the legs. The hooks on the feet are exceedingly elastic, and they are capable of walking against gravity with ease. The ovipositor in the female is broad and compressed like a wedge in the centre (*a, b*, Figure 13), shaped something like a reaping-hook; on each side are large hooks, which open as the egg emerges, guiding it to the hollow in the piercer; they secure it there, and it slides gently down into the cavity which the ovipositor has previously made in the soft earth to receive it. The ovipositor is worked round and round until the hole is made large enough for a certain number of eggs; but whether she deposits

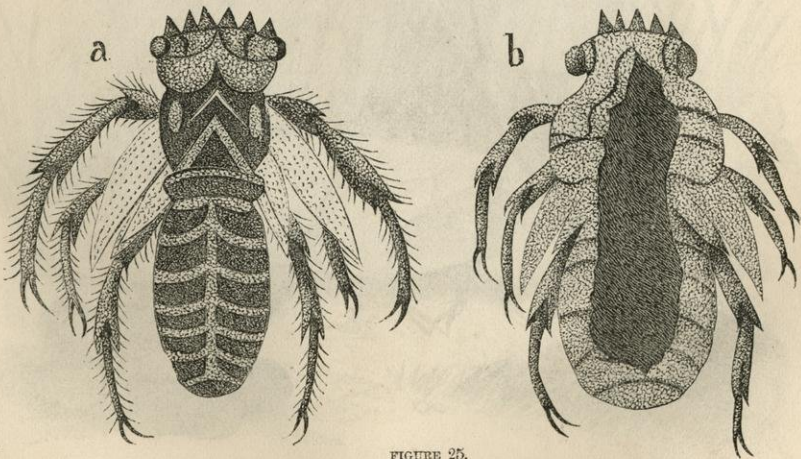


FIGURE 25.  
*a.* Nymph or Larva of Cicada. *b.* Discarded skin of same.





FIGURE 26.—SECOND CHANGE OF CICADA.

all at once, or so many in one nest at a time, I could never discover; for when caught in the act, if disturbed, she will deposit no more. With every egg exudes a soft transparent liquid, which covers it and causes it to adhere to the previous one; and as they glide singly they are natur-



FIGURE 27.—PHYLLOPTERA OBLONGIFOLIA (GRASSHOPPER WITH OBLONG-LEAFED WING).