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PAUL PERRIL,

THE MERCHANT'S SON:

OR THE

**ADVENTURES OF A NEW-ENGLAND BOY LAUNCHED
UPON LIFE.**

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF

'THE QUADROON,' 'LAFITTE,' 'MONTEZUMA,' &c., &c.

PART FIRST.

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PAUL PERRIL,

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

The Yankee predilection for wandering. Some account of Paul's parentage. A few passages touching 'gentility.' Paul and his brother.

New England is the great population nursery of the American continent. The young shoots which it produces annually, are reared with an eye to transplanting, rather than for domestic growth. Of every seven juvenile plants five are sent off to be planted in the South and West—to thrive in Oregon or bear fruit in California. For a family of children born in the land of Pilgrims to remain there as men and women within sight of the smoke of the paternal home, is an event scarcely known. 'Where shall I emigrate—where shall I make my fortune?' is the first enquiry of the Yankee boy as he begins to discover a beard upon his lip.

Such was the question our hero, Paul Perril, addressed to himself one sunshiny morning when he had scarcely reached his seventeenth year. This was, it is true, rather an advanced age for a spirited New England youth to put this inquiry for the first time, inasmuch as they are expected to begin to earn their living by the time they enter their 'teens.' Indeed, two-thirds of the boys do earn their bread and butter at this early age. Cast an eye through the length and breadth of the land of 'steady habits,' and for every man in business, you will find a smart little fellow in his employ, smart, shrewd, and with all his eye-teeth cut. Boys in Yankeedom are men before they have yet gone through the period of youth. They leap from their mother's lap right into the bustle and activity of money-getting. They cast aside their tops and balls to grasp the sterner tools of the laborer, mechanic and farmer. Yankee boys are easily weaned from home. It is well it is so, or there would be much unhappiness undergone, and many, many bitter tears shed by the courageous little exiles from the domestic hearth.

Paul Perril was a Yankee boy throughout. He was frank and fearless in his bearing, quick-witted, shrewd and intelligent. He possessed, moreover, a very generous nature, was kind and benevolent, a little roguish withal, and had a heart large enough to embrace the whole world within the pinions of his kindly feelings. His birth-place was in the valley of the Kennebec, one of the most beautiful regions of New England. The town was a thriving business place, situated upon the river bank, and contained, besides a long street filled with stores, several back streets lined with genteel dwelling-houses, shaded by trees, and mostly having before them neat flower-beds, besides spacious vegetable gardens extending far in the rear. The society was highly respectable, that is, it consisted of thirty-one or more families who lived 'genteely.' By this vague term we mean, that they were the families of merchants, lawyers, doctors and clergymen, and two or three retired wealthy men; that they had green blinds to their houses; that the houses were two stories in height; (for respectability never occupies small abodes!) that they contained a handsome front parlor, never used but two or three times in a year, and which 'the children' were never allowed to enter; that the parlor held a piano-forte; that the daughters went to the boarding-school, and the boys to the academy; and lastly, that they, the said genteel families, visited each other and no body else; for those whom they did not visit were 'nobody-elses.'

One of the families of this exclusive caste of gentility had the good fortune to produce our hero. Peter Perril was a merchant, and by virtue of his pursuit belonged to the upper 'thirty-one.' If perchance he had been a cabinet-maker he would not have belonged to this upper crust, but would have taken his place with the under crust, albeit he might have been in heart and head, hands and feet, the very identical Peter Peril, Merchant. There is, evidently, some profound and mysterious principle of gentility which, with all our observation, we have not yet been able to fathom, in buying a glass of rum and selling it again by the 'gill' across the counter to red-eyed toppers. For our part, though we may be singular in our notions, we think there is something much more genteel and elevating to manhood in taking a rough board and skillfully shaping it by sawing and planing and glueing and polishing it into an elegant book case, or a serviceable table. We confess we would rather the hand that held the saw were ours than the hand that extended the gill of rum!

Mr. Perril's store was like all country stores. We would call them 'shops,' but this word has been dropped by country merchants and bestowed upon the places where mechanics labor. Both are mere words. We don't quarrel with them. Whether called shop or store the thing is the same. The shop of the shoe-maker is a more respectable place than the 'store' of the rumseller. But we are speaking of by-gone days—days when all store-keepers sold rum and thought no evil of it, at least the world had not then began to lift up its voice against the traffic. Now no 'merchant' retails rum. No respectable 'store-keeper' dare sell the fiery glass to the grovelling wretch who dares to ask for it. Now the finger of scorn and displeasure

would be pointed at him. He, therefore, unless lost to all considerations of respectability, all regard for public opinion, banishes it from his 'store' and by so much has taken from this word its odium. But twenty years ago, the time when we take up our story, all 'merchants' in country towns were cup-bearers to the town toppers.

Peter Perril kept a store for the retailing of every thing under heaven, from a paper of pins to a puncheon of brandy. He sold dun fish, he sold herring, and molasses, flour and fans, fish-hooks and shingles, brooms and ginger bread, corn and candy, nuts and raisins, tobacco and cigars, domestic sheeting, calicos, tea, coffee, butter, lard, indigo, mats and hats, boots and mittens, scythes and apple-sauce, oats and pepper sauce, besides rum, gin, sherry, sherbet, and every other sort of liquor for making men beasts.

Mr. Perril kept out of his store no article that would turn him an honest profit. He consulted the wants of the miscellaneous community and judiciously supplied them. His gains were small in detail but large in the aggregate. He was a thriving man. He owned his store and enlarged it yearly by additions, now to the side, now to the end, now an additional story. He built a house and furnished it, and held up his head with the best. He always went to meeting where he owned a pew. He never kept open later than five minutes to twelve of Saturday nights, for he had a discreet respect for the Sabbath. His wife was a notable woman, skillful in household matters, and knew how to bring up a family of children, of which she had no less than nine. It was her aim to bring them up 'respectably,' that is, to move in genteel society. She wished her sons to go to college, or be merchants, and her daughters to marry 'among the first in the land.'

But although Peter made money, he had many bad debts; and a family of nine children, seven of them boys, is not brought up and fed and clothed and schooled by miracles. It was an expensive family, and became more so every year. The eldest son was sent to college, and there had to be maintained 'genteely;' for Mrs. Perril was quite above suffering her Henry to keep a school to help out his expenses.—Clarissa Ann had to go to Bradford Academy to learn piano-playing and other accomplishments. The next boy had to be fitted for College at the Academy, and the rest had to go to costly schools, to keep up the respectability of the Perrils.

Now, what with these nine burdens upon his back, Peter, at each year's end, found that, although he was making money, he was not growing rich. He had four sons large enough to make their way in the world, and two daughters that might have maintained themselves by teaching or some other genteel pursuit, such as millinery or dress-making. Yet these seven were all on his hands. To support them took all his 'profits.' He at length began to lose money in some operations, and then he opened his eyes and saw that it was time they should help him in the matter of their own maintenance. He therefore boldly told his wife that the three boys who were at the Academy should go to trades at once. This idea filled the mind of Mrs. Perril with horror. The bare thought of one of her children becoming a mechanic was enough to throw her into a paroxysm of hysteria. She

remonstrated. Peter was firm. She plead for the 'respectability' of the family. 'What will people say?' was repeated by her not less than a hundred times. Peter said he cared not what people said; he was not able to maintain them, as they ate up and wore out all his 'profits.'

'Henry may go through College,' he added, 'and Sam may enter if he will help himself by keeping school. The rest of the boys shall go into stores or be bound out to trades!'

'You once would not look at a trade for your son, Mr. Perril.'

'I was once a fool. I have grown wise. I was educated, as we have been educating our boys, in the notion that all mechanical occupations were low. I have learned better. I have found as good men who are mechanics as those who are store-keepers; yes, I may say better. I believe that the mechanics, as a class, are the most honest and upright. Their pursuits are far more honorable than mine, be assured.'

'How can you talk so?'

'Because I feel so. In a word, I have resolved to make my boys useful, and my girls too. Clarissa shall come home and learn house-keeping under your eye. It will save the girl, and make her fitter for a good man's wife. Now, not another word. I am toiling day by day, only to spend. I want to get rich. I want to lay up something for our old age. I dare not trust to my childrent to help me then. Children are apt to forget the old people, or begrudgingly help them. No no, Mrs. Perril; it is time we should take care of ourselves. I shall save full four thousand dollars in the next five years by putting out my boys to trades.'

'Don't put them to trades, then, but get them places, dear, in some genteel counting-room in Boston. I don't see why they should go to low trades.'

'Low! Go down into the street and step into Mr. Dunning's cabinet shop, or Mr. Doler's jeweller's shop, and then go into my store and see me up to my elbows in rum and flour, molasses and corn, and say which is the neatest, cleanliest, most genteel employment. But have your own way. I would make them useful and happy, therefore I would make mechanics of them. The merchant is daily harrowed by doubts, fears, perplexities, losses, disappointments, and a thousand other things that the mechanic knows nothing of. I will leave the matter to the boys. Let them choose.'

'I know none of them will consent to go to trades.'

'We will see. On Sunday after church, as they will all be at home, I will have the matter brought up.'

On Sunday, at the time appointed, Mr. Perril called his sons about him and made a speech in the spirit of the conversation just detailed. He then asked them what they would choose? Three replied that they wished to go into stores in Boston. The fourth, who was our hero, said he much preferred to go to a trade. This preference, however, had to yield to the will of the majority; for one and all said that it would be a disgrace to them as clerks in Boston to have it known they had a brother who was a mechanic's apprentice. Paul smiled, but made no remark. Mr. Perril frankly pronounced him the most

ensible boy of the three, and gave him permission to remain another quarter at the Gardner Lyceum, where he was then at school.

During the week his brothers embarked for Boston in a Kennebec coaster, under charge of their father, who was going up to buy goods. He got one of them a chance in a retail silk store, another he obtained a situation for in a thread and needle store in Hanover street, and a third he was so fortunate as to find an opening for in a 'genteel' dry-goods store in Washington street.

In the meanwhile, Paul availed himself of his father's permission to remain longer at the Lyceum, where he diligently applied himself to his studies, and availed himself of all the privileges which that excellent seminary affords the youth who seeks a good, practical education.

It was on a cheerful sunny morning, the last day of his quarter, as he was standing near the Lyceum, waiting for his tutor to arrive, that he put to himself the inquiry in the first part of this chapter, viz :

'Where shall I emigrate? Where shall I go to make my fortune? And what trade or pursuit shall I engage in? This,' he added, 'is my last day at school. I am now seventeen. The world is all before me where to choose. I would rather be a mechanic than a store-keeper, but rather than either I would prefer being a seaman that I might travel to far countries and see the wonders of the world!'

While he was thus meditating, the chapel bell called him into his recitation room, whither we will follow him in the next chapter, and see what there transpired to shape his subsequent destiny.

CHAPTER II.

Paul's thirst for adventure awakened.

After Paul and his classmates were seated in the recitation hall, the tutor rose and remarked that he, that morning, had received a letter from a gentleman in Boston, which he was requested, by the writer, to read to the students. He then laid open to them the following epistle;

BOSTON, Oct. 3d, 1827.

'Sir—I am about going to South America for the purpose of establishing a mercantile firm. I wish to take out with me three or four young men, from seventeen to nineteen years of age, as clerks.—I am willing to pay their passage out from Boston, and to allow them a fair compensation for their services after we shall reach our destination.

'If, sir, you chance to have in your institution any youths who would like to embrace this opportunity for entering life and seeing something of the world, you will confer on me a favor by communicating to them my letter. If any are desirous of accompanying me, be so kind as to say to them that the ship will sail on the fifteenth of the present month,

and that I would like to have them here by the 13th, that they may make their preparations for the voyage.

‘I refer you, sir, and the friends of such youths as may wish to go with me, to Colonel —, of Boston, S— C—, Esq., of Salem, and P— T—, of Marblehead. You will oblige me by an early reply. I have made this application to your institution, as I am anxious to have young men of character and talent.

‘I am, sir, your ob’t serv’t,

‘JONATHAN BEDRICK.’

‘To Prof. Benjamin Haley.

‘Now, my young friends,’ said the tutor, ‘here is an opportunity for some of you who are now just about to leave the institution. It seems to me a very desirable one. Mr. Bedrick I know by reputation. I believe he is a highly respectable man; and the gentlemen to whom he refers are individuals of the highest character. I think you would be safe in embracing the proposition conveyed in the letter. If any of you are inclined to accept of it, you will oblige me by giving me your names by to-morrow, as I wish to reply then to Mr. Bedrick’s letter!’

Before the letter had been half read through by the tutor, Paul had made up his mind to join the merchant on his expedition. The idea of visiting at once a foreign land, awakened all his aspirations after sight-seeing and adventure; for Paul had not a little of the romantic and adventurous in his temperament. Mr. Haley, therefore, had no sooner done speaking than our hero rose in his seat and said, that he, for one, would consent to go. ‘I will see my father to-night,’ he added, ‘and I have no doubt that I shall be able to gain his consent.’

Three other youths, inspired by his example, and fired with the same ambition for ‘foreign travel,’ instantly made known their wish to accept the proposal in the letter.

Their names were then taken down by the tutor, beginning with Paul’s; and were as follows—Ferdinand Radworth, Henricus Hewitt, and George Fairfax. Thus was this important business settled without trouble or delay; and the same night the tutor despatched his reply to Mr. Jonathan Bedrick at Boston.

Paul lived but a short ride, in a neighboring town, from the Institution; and the same evening made known to his father what he had done, and then asked his consent. Mr. Perril was by no means ungratified that his son had thus promptly taken himself off his hands, and was not backward in expressing his pleasure that he had, at length, resolved ‘to make his way in the world!’

‘And in a respectable profession, too! That is every thing!’ added the maternal parent. ‘I knew, Paul, you had too much pride ever to consent to become a mechanic. You will go to South America, and I dare say, discover a gold, or at the very least a silver mine, and come home rich as Cræsus, or the Wandering Jew. I shouldn’t wonder if one day, you was able to buy the large house on the hill and ride in your own carriage. I only want to see the day when I have a son that can look down on these proud Errickson’s and Fawner’s! Well, I’ll

go to work and get your shirts and clothes ready and every thing nice for you to start.'

The rumor that our hero was about to go to South America, soon reached his brothers in Boston, and not a little roused their envy; for to their minds a clerkship in a foreign country was a princely situation compared with one in Washington or Hanover street in Boston.—'Distance,' in this as in most other cases, 'lends enchantment to the view.'

At length the day came for our hero to quit his paternal roof and take his first step in the great world of action. He took a tearful farewell of his mother, and a firm one of his father; saw his trunk safely strapped behind, and then sprang into the waiting coach. The next moment it was whirling with rattling axles through the village street on the way to Boston.

The third morning our hero arrived there, and was set down at the Commercial Coffee House, then kept by Mr. Merriam, on the corner of Milk and Kilby streets. It was where his father used to put up when he came to the city to buy goods, and he had told Paul to stop there, especially as he expected to be in town and to stop there before Paul's vessel sailed.

Our hero, after being shown to a room in the third story began, for the first time to feel himself fairly launched upon life. From this moment commences his Journal of rather History of his adventures, from which the remainder of the narrative will be given. We have done our part in introducing him to the reader. We now let him speak for himself.

PAUL PERRIL'S ADVENTURES.

FROM HIS OWN PEN.

After I reached Boston, and found myself alone in my room at the hotel, and had began to realize that I was fairly adrift on the world, I resolved that I would keep a journal of every thing that happened to me or in any way concerned me. I immediately commenced it, and I kept it partly from memory, but chiefly from records made at the time, until the end of the Adventures which are to follow. From this Journal I have written the veritable History which now challenges the kind reader's attention. I wish him in the outset to understand and believe that the narrative of events is truth and verity, not fiction; for I, Paul Peril, am a man, not of straw, but of flesh and blood: and what I record I have seen, and of it bear a part.

My narrative now commences from the moment of my arrival in Boston, on the morning of October tenth, 1827. After the servant had set down my trunk, which I remember was covered with hog's hair, and had a round top, the letters P. P. in an oval of brass tacks upon it, I began to reflect complacently upon my new position. I was alone in a large hotel, no father's eye, no mother's care, a trunk of clothing, a new suit upon my back, and four dollars and thirty-four cents in specie

in my pocket. I was, too, in the great city of Boston. I was destined to sail for South America. I was a clerk, in embryo, of some vast Commercial House. These ideas, in themselves, sufficiently great, were not a little amplified in imagination. I strutted up and down my little top-of-the-house-chamber, now casting an eye upon my trunk and upon the brass nails that formed P. P., glittering evidences to the world that the trunk belonged to me, Paul Perril, and now admiring my new suit which Tim Lapboard, the tailor, had cut and basted, but which my mother, by the aid of good Anny Makeman, the village seamstress, had made. I felt my own importance, and jingled the dollars and coppers in my pockets, and dented the floor with my high-heeled boots.

After I had sufficiently sacrificed to personal vanity and self, I was struck with the terrific noises that surrounded the hotel, and at times made the very walls shake. I looked out of my window and saw that it was occasioned by the drays thundering over the stone pavements, but although I discovered the cause, I was none the less amazed by the uproar which nearly deafened me.

At length I bethought me I would go out and see Boston, which I had heard so much of, and also pay a visit to my three brothers, who were clerks in stores here. So I opened my trunk and took out my hair-brush and gave my head a Sunday-smoothing, and then brushed from my coat and trowsers every particle of lint, for I had an idea that in Boston every body went looking as nice as a pin; that only the country folks dressed plain and wore old and soiled clothes; but I soon learned that one must go into a large town to see what wretched garments, what filthy wardrobes bipeds will hang upon their backs. After I had carefully performed my toilet and let the corner of a blue silk handkerchief stick a little way out of my coat pocket behind, I put on my cotton gloves and locking my door (for I had heard of robbers) I descended to the lower regions of the hotel. I at length reached the front door where the stage had let me down half an hour before. Two or three gentlemen were standing upon the steps, and in the street I beheld crowds as if all were hurrying to a fire, or an alarm had been given that a man was drowning. The number and hurry of the people, the throng of drays and carriages, the thunder and overpowering rumble of the heavily laden wheels, the shuffle of feet, the confusion of voices, both bewildered and alarmed me. I stood a few moments upon the step, undecided and confused. I was afraid to venture up the street, lest I should be knocked down by the hurrying people, and so I resolved till they should get past, not to stir. But I soon discovered that there was no end to the passing, either of people or drays, and I then made up my mind to venture to proceed. But I had not taken two steps before I recollected that I did not know where my brothers' stores were. So I re-entered the bar-room, and seeing a respectable, middle-aged gentleman reading a paper, I advanced to him, and taking off my hat I asked him very politely if he would inform me where the store of Mr. Jeremiah Burns was, this being the tape and needle store where my brother Josiah kept. He replied very gruffly that he did not know any such person, and that if I wanted a Directory I had better consult a printed one.

What a Directory was I had not the least idea. I knew, however, that the gentleman was very much displeased, and believing that I must have said something wrong, I begged his pardon, adding, that if he would be so obliging as to tell me what a Directory was, I should be very happy to consult it.

'Look at that!' he answered, pointing with his finger to a well-thumbed book hanging by a string alongside of the desk.

I approached it, and seeing the title of it and opening it, I learned that every body who lived in Boston had their names printed in a book, with the streets they lived in and the very numbers of the houses.

While I was reflecting upon the ingenuity and convenience of this invention, and suggesting to my mind the expediency of having a similar one for our village, where, as there were fewer people, the task would be much less laborious, my brother Tom tapped me from behind on the shoulder.

'Ah, Paul, so you were poking over the Direc' after some of our Num's, eh! Glad to see you in Boston alive. How does old 'un and every body else. Heard of your coming through Fairfax, who came up yesterday, and have been here twice before, to see if you had come. So you are going to Buenos Ayres. Devilish fine chance. I'm half a mind to go off, too, to some other country. Boston is getting too small to hold me. It is no place for a young man of spirit. Why, how rustic you look! Who the deuce cut that coat?'

Here my brother, who had rattled on without being interrupted by me, turned me round by the shoulder and coolly surveyed me from top to toe. I at the same time had not omitted to take notice that he was dressed in a very extraordinary fashion; at least to my rustic vision — He wore a claret coat with a very high velvet collar, at least five inches broad, and a waist so fashionably short that the buttons behind scarcely came below the shoulder blade, while the two swallow-tailed skirts fell straight down, a yard in length, nearly to his heels. He wore buff pantaloons so tight that they stuck to the skin of his legs, and so short and small at the ankle that it seemed to me marvelous, in the first place, how he got them on, and then, in the second place, having got them on how he could sit down in them without bursting them at the seams. He wore also a green taffety waistcoat, that scarcely was long enough in front for a little boy eight years old, and my brother was full twenty, and over the vest was a green ribbon to which was attached a gilt eye-glass. From one of the pockets of the vest I could detect, peeping forth, the point of a pair of bright scissors, the signum of his profession as a dry-goods clerk.

While he was surveying me, I was taking the survey I have just recorded of him. Now, at home, Tom used to dress like other people, Anny Makeman being the sole arbiter of fashion, and he having no other tailor save her. Here let me diverge to pay a tribute of respect to this excellent woman. She was an old maid, but one of the best old maids on earth. She was the chief support of aged parents, and heaven having given her clothes-making talent, filial duty unfolded her industry, she went forth 'sewing and to sew.' She was a rare cutter, had undoubted genius in fitting, and her taste in style was undis-

puted. No one like her knew how to cut the paternal coat second-handed into a new garment for the growing juvenile. She could get suits where a lawyer would have declared a non-suit; and then how neat were her fits. She worked in every body's family. She seemed to cut and make and sew for all the boys in town. She was in constant requisition, pre-engaged weeks beforehand. Boys would have to wait till each other had been fitted; and the impatient striplings have been known more than once to take to the field and do battle for Anny Makeman, the vanquished to waive his prior claim to the victor. She had a calm, still face, with a soft clear eye, and she smiled always when she spoke; and was very patient with us boys in fitting and trying on. We all loved her, but I fear now, it was selfish affection. Her needle never rested. She was received in every family like one of it; and no one withheld family conversations before her, for she never made mischief. She carried with her, from house to house, in her quiet bosom, half the domestic secrets of the town; but she never repeated them. She was discreet and pious. She made me my first suit of long clothes, and I shall always love her for it.

Twenty years have passed, and yet she still goes forth on her daily mission of cutting and making for boys of another generation. I called to see her last week. She was sewing upon a suit for a seven year old urchin. As I gazed upon her, unchanged by time, her shears, her cutting-board and the half-made suit, I was once more a boy before her, and that it was my suit she was making. But to my story.

CHAPTER III.

The Watch-house.

After my brother had sufficiently inspected my outward man, he thus expressed himself:

'You think, I dare say, Paul, that you are perfection. Your clothes may be 'the thing' down in Kennebec, but here they are decidedly 'green.'

'My coat is olive, Tom,' I answered, not comprehending the symbolical meaning of the word.

'And the wearer green,' answered Tom. 'Well, as you are going off to a foreign country it ain't much matter, but if you were to stay here in Boston you should never be owned for a relation of mine in such a long-waisted coat.'

I began to get a little irritated at my brother's manner, for I knew that I was as well dressed as any young man in my native town. My clothes shone with the gloss of newness, my boots squeaked at every step their fresh origin from the last, and my white neckcloth was stiffened with starch to the smoothness of white paper. But putting down his words to the score of envy at my superior position as clerk to a foreign firm, I merely smiled my contempt for his observations, and asked after my other brothers.

'Oh, they are in fine health,' he answered. 'We all have a capital time here. None of us keep open after eight o'clock, and then we meet at Bruce's Soda Saloon and have a smack, and then are off to the theatre or cruising about the streets. Sundays we always ride out or have a sail in the harbor.'

'Ride and sail Sundays!' I repeated with surprise; for we had, at home, always been brought up with religious strictness.

'Why yes, Master Simplicity. Sunday in Boston ain't Sunday in the country. Why, my dear boy, how many things you have got to learn. How inconceivably verdant you are, Paul! Why what should we poor devils in stores do if we had no recreation of a Sunday, I'd like to know? We go to our stores at sun-up Monday morning, and are in them every day in the week till eight o'clock and sometimes till nine. If we never rode out Sundays what time should we have for recreation and unbending the mind? I know a fellow who has been a clerk here three years who never had been out of Boston into Roxbury, Cambridge, or any of the beautiful towns in the vicinity, because he won't go Sundays, and week days he is a slave!'

'But you ought not to break the Sabbath, nevertheless, Tom,' said I gravely.

'It is not our fault. The merchants should love avarice less, and give us every Saturday afternoon, or at least every other one. We could then recreate and on Sundays go to church. But every merchant loves money more than the souls of their clerks. Some, too, who are members of the church; they keep their clerks in every hour of week days; and so if the clerks recreate a little Sundays, why the blame lies more with the merchant than the poor clerk! But don't let us moralize here, Paul,' added my brother, putting his arm through mine. 'We will walk up to my store, and I will tell old Hunks that my brother has come to the city and I want an hour to go round with you to see your other brothers. He'll give it to me, but he'll pay himself for the loss time by keeping back one of my perquisite boxes.'

'What are your perquisite boxes?' I asked; for as the reader will see, I was ignorant of many things with which my city brothers were familiarly acquainted.

'Why they are the boxes goods come in. My Hunks gives me my board and perquisites. These latter amount to about two boxes a week on an average. These boxes I sell to draymen or others who give me a quarter a piece for them. This is all the spending money I get, and also half the clerks in Boston. Now Hunks, if he gives me an hour, will give me one less box!'

'What a close hard man he must be!' I exclaimed indignantly.

'It is the custom. He is no worse than many others. Here in Boston every man's look-out is for his own. No. 1, letter A, is the chief care. If No. 2 wants a favor he must pay No. 1 for its full value. Time is money here, and every man pays for it and takes pay for it. You've got a good deal to learn, Paul.'

'I see I have,' I replied; 'but how is it if you get but fifty cents a week, you and my brothers are able to ride Sundays? It must cost you a dollar at least for a carriage.'

'A dollar!' repeated my brother with a smile. 'I guess it costs a two-fifty. Horses ain't hired so cheap here as they used to be at Robinson's stable, down in Kennebec. Why, you see, we don't ride every Sunday. Our three perquisites together make up enough to ride every other. For we go three together; and sometimes, on the bridge, take up a fourth crony. So we club together and have a fine spree at Fresh Pond.'

'I am sorry to see you have forgotten the Sabbath, Tom,' I said, quite shocked at the change which a year's residence in Boston had effected in my brother, who, at home, had been very steady and moral.

'Well, I am no worse than others. When you are with the Romans you must do as the Romans do.'

With this proverb, Tom took me along with him out of the door and, together, we walked up the street.

During the day I saw my other two brothers, and found them, in dress and habits and conversation, just the counterpart of Tom. They could talk of nothing but boating, riding, Fresh Pond, bowling alleys, and young girls of the town. They seemed to be all three wholly lost to virtue and morality, and all sense of religion. They smoked cigars, drank wine at soda shops, and visited places where vice and profligacy nightly held their licentious levees. I had not been with them two days before I saw that they were by no means fit companions for one who still professed to have some respect for his character; and so one night when they all three, accompanied by two other youths of similar calibre, came to my room to take me away with them, I firmly told them that I would associate with them no more.

At this they all laughed, and my brother Tom paid me the compliment of saying that I had missed my vocation in consenting to go out as clerk for a merchant; that I was, without question, cut out for a parson's clerk; and he went on to add that he had no doubt that he should hear of me preaching to the Patagonians before I had been in South America a twelve month.

I laughed good-naturedly at this sally of Tom's, though I was not a little angry and mortified at being rallied before the two dressy young men; but reflecting that I was ridiculed only for acting well, I restrained my impulse to answer him angrily. After trying to prevail upon me to accompany them they finally left me to myself, not a little to my gratification. The next morning while I was dressing a servant came to my room and handed me a note. I saw it was in Tom's handwriting. I opened it and read as follows:

WATCH-HOUSE, ——— STREET, }
6, A. M. }

Dear brother Paul:

Here we are in a fix every mother's son of us! After we left you last night we went to Bruce's and had a first-rate oyster supper. About ten o'clock we sallied forth pretty well 'up!' If I had known how tipsy brother 'Siah was, I'd have locked him up in Bruce's back room before he should have gone out with us. Well, he was as 'drunk as a soger.' He sang songs to the top of his lungs, and took up the whole side walk as he went. I never saw but one chap before so tipsy and

stand. Well, we got to the corner of Broomfield lane when 'Siah saw a 'Charlie,' and so he began to sing, 'O'er the water to Charlie,' adding some few personal impromptu, that made the watchman mad; so he told us to keep quiet: for to tell you the truth we all joined in full chorus. I told the watchman, gentlemen had a right to sing, and that there was no law which put them under obligations to ask a 'Charlie' what songs they should select for testing their vocal powers. At this, 'Charlie' seized me by the collar, when brother Sam up fist and knocked him over. Charlie sprang up and then sprang his rattle. It was answered from half a dozen corners, and in two minutes we were every soul of us captured, though we fought hard. 'Sias was taken up out of the gutter and Sam was only taken prisoner after giving two bloody noses and a black eye to the enemy. The upshot was that we were marched off to the Watch-house except Josiah, who had to be carried between two Charlies; and the best of the joke was, although he was too drunk to walk he would sing, and all they could do, he kept up a rip-roarous serenade to all the houses we went by until we were safely lodged here.

Now my dear Paul, I write to you to ask you to do what you can to get us off. The watchmen swear unless we pay them ten dollars, which is two dollars apiece, they will have us up before the Police Judge, and then our names will get into the papers and we shall be dished. We have turned our pockets inside out, and all we can raise is a dollar and fifty-two cents, brother 'Siah planking the two coppers. Now you have some money I know. If you have n't enough just go down to the bar and borrow the balance on father's account, and tell him father will pay it when he comes up on Monday. If he objects, tell him your trunk is in your room and shall be security. Now, my dear Paul, do this little act for us; for we know you are a good fellow, and I am sorry I quizzed you. You know if we are put in the papers it might injure you; for Mr. Bedrick might suppose you were quite as—as—as——(what word shall I use?)—never mind! You might lose your chance of going to South America; which we should be very sorry for, as it would be on our account. So not to have your disappointment on our three consciences, get the 'dollars' and hasten to us without delay. The Court opens in an hour; and if the Charlies don't have the X by that time up we go!

Your affectionate and loving brother

TOM.

P. S.—Do get the money, dear Paul, that's a fine fellow, and we'll never say 'green' to you again.

Yours faithfully,

JOSIAH.

N. B.—Paul, my dear boy, don't fail to get us out. We are shut up in a dog's hole, and nothing to eat or drink. Our safety and only hope is in you. We must get out in time to open our shops or we shall all be shipped, and only for an innocent spree! Do your best Paul, and we 'll never forget you while memory holds a place in our souls.

Your brother in limbo,

SAM.

P. S.—Put a small bottle of Cogniac in your pocket and half a dozen cigars; for we are so confoundedly stiff we shall have to be carried home in hand-carts unless we are warmed.

TOM.

SAM.

STAH.

After I had finished the perusal of this precious epistle I could not but laugh heartily at my brothers' predicament, while at the same time I congratulated myself on having resisted their invitation to accompany them; for I should without doubt have shared in their present disgrace. Thus had virtue its present reward and commendation; and, also, I could not but reflect how certainly departure from it was punished.

The situation of my brothers both grieved and displeased me. At first I felt disposed to leave them to their fate; but then I remembered that they were my brothers, and how their infamy, if they should be brought up before the Police Court, would reflect upon all the family. It did not seem just that I should pay for the release of the others, who were entire strangers to me; but as my brothers had clubbed them altogether under the wing of the ten dollar bill, I had no other alternative than freeing them also. After some hesitation I at length resolved to aid them; but with the determination of first obtaining their promise to give up all their dissipated habits and try and live upright lives; though, I must confess, I had little hopes that if they made me such promises they would faithfully perform them.

I had in my possession but three dollars and a half. This with the money Tom said they could muster would leave me five dollars to borrow. In my life I had never borrowed a dollar of any one. I felt now a reluctance to do so that every sensitive mind must experience at such a time; for I am well persuaded that the most humiliating act that a man can be guilty of is to borrow money of his neighbor; and the most humiliating position a man can be in is the debtor behind his time in the presence of his creditors. The sensitiveness which all proper men feel when they come to borrow money is a natural voice in the heart to warn us against sacrificing our native independence of character; for with the first dollar borrowed, rings the first iron blow upon the links that bind the soul to moral vassalage. This sensitiveness, this fear and trembling, this hesitating advance, this heightened pulse and stronger heart-beating, this deeper glow in the cheek, and down-dropping eye, these all eloquently say that the young man is doing a thing—that he is making some mighty sacrifice of the elevated and pure integrity of his being to his fellow-men. Let the voice of conscience, or sensitiveness, which warns us from evil, whisper to us that we are selling our birth-right of manhood. I cannot too strongly urge upon every young man firmly to resist the temptation to borrow money. The habit once formed is destructive to the finest attributes of the character, and leads insensibly to the outer verge of all moral perverseness. There is, of course, a distinction to be made between 'loans' of large sums for the purposes of going into business, and 'borrowing money' in the ordinary acceptation of the phraseology.

It was with no little difficulty that I prevailed upon myself to apply to the landlord for the money. I hardly know in what words I made known to him my wish, for I was too confused to note them. He, however, no sooner understood what I wished than he very civilly handed me the five dollars merely inquiring when I expected my father would be up. I told him in three days; 'when he replied, 'very well, it is all right!' I was relieved immeasurably by the ease with which I had obtained the money, and having inquired the way to — street I hastened to release my brothers and their two friends from the Watch-house. The street was not very far distant, and on reaching it, I found the 'Lock-up' very readily. It was a small wooden building, resembling an Engine-house. Over the door was 'Ward number —.' A large man was standing in it smoking a cigar, who answered my inquiry 'for the five young men who were taken up the night before,' by bidding me follow him through an entry towards the interior.

CHAPTER IV.

The Trio Fraternal.

THE man whom I followed led me through a gloomy passage, at the extremity of which was a square apartment hung with watch-coats, glazed helmets, rattles, clubs, and other paraphernalia of the city watch. Benches, two feet wide, were placed against the wall, and worn smooth and polished with the greasy clothes of those who had been brought in to lodge upon them for the night. On one side of this room was a door, across which was an iron bar secured in a ring by a stout padlock. Into the wards of this lock my man inserted a key and turning it looked at me for a moment before opening the door with a searching glance.

'Are you the covey what the young sparks wrote for to get 'em out?' said he, as if to make sure that my object in coming was what he doubtless suspected when he first saw me.

'I am sir,' was my reply.

'Then I guess they'll be glad to see you,' was his rejoinder, as he let the iron bar drop and pulled open the door.

It led into a dark chamber, dimly lighted by an opaque looking lantern hung over head. I could not at first see objects distinctly, but I was made aware of the presence of my brothers, by a burst of joyous exclamations from the obscurity in which I had dimly made out a group of human figures stretched upon wooden pallets.

'Ah, Paul, you are a noble fellow,' cried my brother Tom rushing towards me and grasping one of my hands, while Sam took the other, and between them they had well nigh torn my arms from their sockets. Josiah came up and hugged me round the neck, swearing I was 'an Emperor,' while a little in the back ground stood their two friends, who did not feel that they could assure so much as my brothers in making demonstrations of gratitude; indeed, I had no portion of my body at their service unless

they had each kneeled down and grasped a leg. I could now see the faces of my brothers, my eyes becoming use to the darkness. 'Siah looked pale and hollow-eyed; and Tom's optics had a sleepy look. Sam's left orb was swollen and ornamented with a semi-circular blue ring of bruised blood; while the coats of their two friends were sadly torn in the back and sleeves, the effects, doubtless, of their battle with the watchmen.

After my three brothers had given utterance to their expressions of thanks for my prompt attention to their epistle, they released me and began to survey my features to see if they could read in them the 'ten dollar bill' on which all their hopes depended. I assumed a very grave aspect. The last night, at my room, *they* were in the ascendancy, ridiculing me, and looking down upon me as a person of no spirit. Now the tables were turned. The whole five, as it were, lay at my mercy. I felt like showing them my power, while at the same time I wished to manifest to them my disapprobation of their conduct.

'I am sorry,' said I in my gravest manner, 'to find my brothers in such a place as this!' Here I looked round upon the rough plastered walls and mean appearance of the room. 'I never expected to find any with whom I claimed relationship prisoners in such a condition! I assure you all that I was very much mortified even to be seen coming into it!'

'We are all confoundedly penitent, Paul,' answered Tom in a whining one.

'We confess we have been in fault, and swear morality, if you only fork over the X,' added Sam.

'That's my dear good boy, Paul,' stammered Josiah feebly and still tipsily, as if he had not yet become fully sobered; 'just get us out o' this and I'll do any th—thing for you, won't we fel—fellows?'

'I will release you on one condition,' I answered.

'Name it, Paul,' they repeated altogether.

'That you promise to ride no more Sundays!'

'Done! If we do may we get our wicked necks broke,' they responded with commendable energy.

'That you stroll the streets no more nights!' I continued.

'If we do may we be locked up in the watchhouse!' said Tom with emphasis.

'Aye, or in Leverett street Jug,' added Josiah solemnly.

'That you give up the soda-shops and oyster suppers, and cease to tittle!'

'Done as if it was already done,' responded brother Tom slapping my hand. 'We'll be as moral as a meeting-house, won't we boys? You won't hear of us Sundays 'cept at church! We'll reform the town!'

'Yes,' reiterated Josiah, 'we'll set an example to all the young clerks in Boston, and they shall go in our foot steps, and the soda shopses, and the Livery stableses shall all break down for want o' cus—customers, shan't they though?'

This sentiment was echoed by the other four with unanimity.

'Now I have one other condition,' said I.

'Name it and we'll do it, if it is to go to prayer meetings before six

'o'clock every morning,' answered my brother Tom with an oath; for all three of my brothers I found had gained, with other things, the accomplishment of swearing since they had left the paternal roof.

'It is that you terminate your intimacy at once with these two young men, who I am aware are no credit to you; and to whom I doubt not you are indebted for many examples of profligacy; for I was told by Mr. Merriam after you left last night that they were 'two of the hardest cases' in town. Nay, young gentlemen,' I added, seeing one of them bristle up, while the other clenched his fist, 'I do not fear your anger or your hatred. You are wholly at my mercy, unless you prefer going before the Police. I shall, however, for my brothers' sake release you with them!'

'That's noble, Paul,' exclaimed Tom. 'You are a good fellow at bottom. So you have the money! Don't you think I was just beginning to think you had only come here to read us a lecture and then leave us to reflect upon it. But you are a trump!'

'I have no idea what 'a trump is,' I answered; 'I only know that I do what I think is my duty, and what under the circumstances my father will approve of!'

Here I saw Tom whisper to one of the strange young men, and the words 'green, not to know a trump,' and from the other, 'dare say he never saw a card in his life!' reached my ears.

'A trump, my dear Paul,' answered Tom, 'a trump is—is a devilish good-fellow. Is n't boys?'

'A devilish good fellow,' repeated all four, with the fawning readiness of persons who look to another for a present favor.

'I do n't ask any praise,' I answered in a serious tone; 'for if you could be relieved in any other way I would not aid you, for it looks like conniving at your profligacy; but as you have promised amendment, and as I still trust that you are not so far lost to honor or truth as to forfeit your pledged word, I am ready to do my part toward setting you at liberty. If you will inform me to whom I am to pay the money I will transfer it to him.'

'To me,' answered the man who had let me in, and who had listened to all I had said, and he extended his hand for the price of their liberty.

I took from my pocket the eight dollars and a half and placed it in his hand, when the whole nice party of five set up a chorus of joyful exclamations and surrounded me in high glee. Tom then gave him the one dollar fifty he had raised in all their pockets.

'You are at liberty to go, young gentlemen,' said the Captain of the Watch, for such was this dignitary, 'and I recommend to you to take the advise of this young man who seems to have more virtue in his little finger than all of you put together. Here, my young gentleman,' he said turning to me, 'I read the note they sent you, and I know you are not rich, and had to borrow half of this. I have no power to receive pay for letting these chaps loose; if I took a bribe I should lose my place. It is for me either to let them go at once, supposing they have not done bad enough to haul 'em up to the Police, or else send 'em down to the Court. I did n't intend to buy off the young men, I only wanted to make 'em pay for their frolic; and I find to

touch the pockets is a good plan as any. The ten dollars I meant to have sent down to the Court as was my duty; but as circumstances be, and you seem to have come hard by the money, and are such a moral young man, I return you not only your eight dollars, but the part they scraped together. Take it, and you my larks remember all your lives how much better virtue and morality fare than vice and busting!

With this speech the honest Captain of the Watch gave into my hands the amount he had received, and which he might have safely kept. I complimented him upon his integrity, and would have prevailed upon him to take a dollar at least, as a present. But he refused; and so we all bade him good morning and sallied forth into the street.

Fortunately it was very early, or the breezy look of my companions might have told to hundreds of passers by their story. Tom's sunken and red eyes, Sam's bunged peeper, and Josiah's tipsy look with the torn apparel of the others, were so many chapters of unwritten spreeing and Watch-house experiences.

Tom took my arm affectionately while the remaining four looked two by two and followed after us. When each of the two 'cronies' arrived at the point nearest his store he slunk off, and by the time I had reached Milk street my brothers only were with me.

'Now Paul,' said Tom winningly, 'I propose that as you are flush you treat us all to a breakfast in at Bruce's; for we are confoundedly hungry!'

I told them that I thought they were in a great hurry to open their stores, and advised them first to do that and then come and breakfast with me. To this they finally consented, though not until Sam had borrowed a dollar of me, and 'Siah fifty cents, leaving me but the amount I had taken with me to the Watch-house.

After they had left me I went in and returned the five dollars to Mr. Merriam, not a little grateful in my heart to the honest watchman for enabling me to do it. At length my brothers came in and we breakfasted together for the first time in eighteen months, our last meal together having been beneath the paternal roof.

To say the truth the three young men behaved themselves very humbly and quietly at the table, and on my promising, at their urgent entreaty of me, not to mention the watch-house affair to their father, they looked as if they thought me one of the best friends they had in the world.

I had now been in Boston four days, and it will be seen by the reader, that during that time, through my brothers, I had picked up no little experience of metropolitan life. I felt thankful that my fate had not destined me to a clerkship in a retail-store in the city; for what I had observed of life among them did not by any means give me a taste for it.

My brothers did not come near me again until the next evening, when they acted under a certain restraint, as if not perfectly at ease in my company: and I was not at a loss to discover that their habits and tastes had grown so corrupt with loose companionship that they relished

no society where they could not give a free rein to freer speech, especially upon the beauty of young milliners, their susceptibility to flattery, the ease with which their virtue might be conquered by a person of address; also they loved to discourse about gay females of the town whom they had fallen in with in the streets in their night-wanderings, or else encountered at the theatres. They also discussed wines, oysters, their soda-shop friends, bowling and billiards, and even race-horses; for I found that my trio of brothers had twice been to horse races at Cambridge, feigning sickness as an apology for getting off from the store. In a word, I had not been with my precious brothers twenty-four hours before I had my ears shocked, and my sense of delicacy offended by their free and libidinous conversation, not to mention the profane oaths with which from time to time they saw fit to garnish it; and from them I learned for the first time on my reproving their profanity, that it was genteel to swear, and the sure sign of a man of spirit.

But after the adventures in the Watch-house, my brothers were careful what they said in my presence that was offensive to my less genteel ears; and as they were accustomed to no other conversation but such as touched upon such subjects as I had little sympathy with, they were mostly silent or talked very dully upon indifferent matters. In their eyes I was, doubtless, most wretched company, and I freely confess that in mine they were. Even Tom had once dared to hint to me the first day of our meeting in Boston, among other recounts of his 'life in town,' that he had really seriously thought of keeping a mistress! When he had explained to me what he meant, I was not slow in expressing both my astonishment and contempt. Since then, especially since the affair of the Watch house, they had all been rather shy of me, looking upon me as a goat among the sheep, or rather a sheep among the goats.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Bedrick was to be in town, for he was absent when I reached Boston, and I sallied forth to the counting-room in India street, where I had been informed by Professor Haley he was to be found. At this place I had not neglected to call on my first arrival, and there having learned his absence till such a day, I now once more proposed to present myself before the man to whom I was to commit my future destinies.

CHAPTER V.

The 'Foreign Merchant.'

THE event of the first presentation of a young man to the person who is to control him for some years to come in the character of a master, is one of no ordinary importance. While I was preparing myself to look my best in his eyes, by making my person as tidy as possible, I was busily forming in my mind's eye some idea of his appearance. All I knew of him was that he was an elderly man, that his name was Jonathan Bedrick, and that he had 'very respectable' recommendations.

Having properly attired my person I sallied forth and took my way with a brisk step towards India street. At length I stood in front of the store in the counting-room of which I expected to behold the great South American Merchant into whose hands I had resolved to commit my destinies. The height and grandeur of the store enlarged my ideas of the personage who was to be found within. My heart fluttered, and I dare say I was paler than usual as I entered the street door and asked of a young man, with a quill on his ear-top, for Mr. Bedrick. Before replying he eyed me sharply, and then asked me, in a sort of confidential tone, if I was one of the young men whom he had engaged to go out with him to South America. Upon my frankly replying in the affirmative, he looked very grave, then smiled meaningly, then shook his head with a sympathizing air. I confess I was not a little startled, so was about to ask the meaning of these signs when he said :

‘ From the country, I dare say ?’

‘ Yes,’ I responded for the twentieth time since I had been in Boston, astonished at the unflinching accuracy with which every body who had never seen me before knew my rustic origination. If I had had ‘ From Kennebec,’ written in chalk upon my back, the Boston folks could not have known for a greater certainty that I was a young man from ‘ down East.’

‘ Better go back again,’ he said in a half impatient way, half advising. ‘ You don’t know every thing. Better go back again. You ’ll be sure to cry over the milk after it is spilled, but it will then be too late. Take my advice and quit the concern !’

It at once occurred to me that this young man, who from the fact that he never saw me before that moment, could have no particular interest in my welfare, and that he was desirous of getting me out of the way that he might jump into my shoes. I therefore smiled quietly and merely answered that I never expected to know every thing so long as Mr Ignorance was in the world ! He looked very angry at my reply, and turning on his heel said very impressively, ‘ Go to the devil !’

Not caring to take up his words I said nothing but walking past him, into the counting-room I saw three persons variously engaged at desks, and a fourth seated at a table writing. I paused, and surveyed them, and came to the conclusion that the elderly man at the table must be Mr. Bedrick. With this idea I surveyed him for a moment with close attention. He was about fifty one or two years of age, with a very high bald forehead, arched wrinkled brows, and a prominent aquiline nose, beaked like an eagle’s. His eyes were black, deep set, and restless, and one of them was kept nearly half shut, while over the other the corner of the thick eye-brow was knitted sharply. His mouth was large and heavily-lipped. His whole face had an aspect of shrewd intelligence combined with low cunning.

I was not then much of a judge of physiognomy, else I had taken the advice of my friend who had sent me so civilly ‘ to the devil,’ and gone back home without introducing myself to the man of my destiny. I don’t know how it was that I pitched upon him as the only man in the counting-room likely to be Mr. Bedrick, unless it was that before him on the table lay a hat, and stick, and a pair of

gloves, as if he had just laid them down, as a temporary visiter would be likely to do; and I knew that he only had that counting-room as his head-quarters until he should set sail.

After I had surveyed his face and let my eyes wander over his snuff-colored coat and white snuff-stained waistcoat, and the ruffled bosom of his shirt, I mustered courage and advanced towards him hat in hand.

'I have called to see Mr. Bedrick.' I said as firmly as I could manage to articulate at such an important moment, my heart all the while going like an engine worked by steam.

Without replying at the instant he raised his head and keenly surveyed me, first dropping his spectacles which had been thrust above his forehead.

'I am that person,' he at length answered in a nasal tone, and with an effort to appear amiably condescending; for doubtless he suspected what my business was with him, and for reasons obvious enough now, was desirous of making a good first impression upon me.

'I have called, sir, with a letter to you from Dr. Haley,' I answered, handing him a note which stated my name, family, and connexions.

'Ah, very well, quite well, young man,' he said, after he had completed its perusal. 'So you are one of the four young gentlemen recommended to me. I am glad to see you here in such good time. I like your appearance. You have never been in any business—always at school till now?'

'Yes, sir!'

'So much the better. You come to me unsophisticated, and without any of the bad habits young men get in town. It was that I might have highly respectable, moral, intelligent, upright young men with me that I conceived the idea of applying as I did by letter to Dr. Haley. The result shows the wisdom of my course. I have already seen this morning young Fairfax and Radsworth who report themselves ready to go at an hour's notice!'

'So am I, sir. I have been four or five days in town!'

'Ah, indeed. I like your readiness. I am fortunate in getting such five young men, all of the best families in Maine, too, I learn. I want precisely such; persons that I can trust, confide in, and who will confer credit upon me and my business. Do you know the fourth one, Hewitt?'

'Yes, sir,' I answered; my opinion of him gradually growing more favorable.

'Do you know if he has arrived?'

'Not yet, sir, I believe, though it is possible. I have not seen the other two yet,' I answered.

'Is he as active and intelligent as you three seem to be?'

'He is a very clever, sir, and I believe an excellent young man.—He bore a good reputation for scholarship and character at the Institution!'

'That is what Healey writes. I am very fortunate in thus getting my young men. Where do you stop?'

'At the Commercial!'

‘I shall want to see you and the rest together when Hewitt arrives, also your father when he comes. We shall get off by the fifteenth. I hope you will get all things necessary for the voyage, especially thin clothing, which you will need in that climate. Now, good morning. I will send to you when I am ready to see you again. I would prefer you should not make this matter of going to South America an occasion of conversation, as I would rather it should pass quietly. In mercantile affairs secrecy is a great virtue, young man, as you will learn before you have been a great while with me!’

With this counsel Mr. Bedrick slightly bowed and resumed his occupation of transferring an account from a slip of paper to a small sheepskin-covered memorandum-book that lay before him. I bowed very politely, as it became me to do, to a person of such consideration as a foreign merchant, whose clerk I was destined to be, and backing out of the counting-room I replaced my new hat upon my head, and proceeded to leave the store. In the door-way stood my friend who would enviously have usurped my place in the proposed foreign House, but not deigning to bestow upon him even a look of recognition, I walked forth and took my way back to the hotel. When I reached it I was told by Mr. Merriam that my father had just arrived and was gone up to a room. I hastened to him, and after the congratulations of our meeting were over, I informed him that I had seen Mr. Bedrick and that he had desired me to be ready by the fifteenth.

During the day Hewitt arrived in a Kennebec sloop, which accounted for his delay, the vessel having been detained by contrary winds three days beyond the usual time required for her passage across the bay.—In the evening, we four adventurers and aspirants for wealth in South America, met together at my room, where we discussed our future prospects. We all agreed that Mr. Bedrick was a shrewd-looking old fellow, and on comparing notes generally we found that our opinions nearly coincided respecting him; Hewitt, however, felt disposed to regard him with more favor than either of us; but he was an easy, quiet young man, who took every thing smoothly, and possessed the most immovable *sang froid*; and no disappointment could have the effect of disturbing his equanimity.

The next forenoon my father came in informing me that he had seen Mr. Bedrick, and was very much pleased with him. He said that he was every way worthy of his confidence, and that in surrendering me to his charge he felt that he was paving the way for my ultimate prosperity. He concluded a short chapter of advice to me touching my deportment when I should be solely under his care, by saying that Mr. Bedrick would call at one o’clock and dine with him, when he would like not only to see me but the rest of the young gentlemen together. By my father’s direction I then went in search of them and invited them to my room to meet our future employer. At the hour set they made their appearance, and shortly afterwards my father sent for me and my friends to go down into his room. We found with him Mr. Bedrick, who bowed and spoke civilly to each of us as we entered and took our seats.

‘Mr. Bedrick, Paul, wishes to explain to you and your friends more

clearly his intentions respecting you,' said my father. 'I have talked with him and am satisfied that he will be to you both a father and a friend!'

'Certainly, young gentlemen, that is my intention,' answered Mr. Bedrick in his shrill nasal tone, one of his black, restless eyes shining out from beneath his contracted eyebrow, while the other was closely shut, like a man looking through a telescope.

'I hope I shall treat you in a manner as will almost lead you to forget you ever had another father! I have two sons who go out with me. You shall have the same treatment precisely as they! I shall know no difference between you. You are all my sons. I trust you will be as sons to me, faithful and obedient!'

We all bowed our acquiescence in this sentiment, when he proceeded after taking a huge pinch of snuff from a tortoise-shell box that was never out of his hand:

'My intention is to sail on the fifteenth instant from this port for Buenos Ayres, in South America, in the brig 'Joseph,' Captain Pright. I am going out for the purpose of establishing two Houses, one at Monte Video, the other at Buenos Ayres. I have my goods for the purpose on board the brig. I am also part owner of her. It is my intention to pay your passage out and to board and clothe you until you are twenty-one, giving you at the same time the privilege of making private speculations for your own benefit and profit. That is the country to get rich in a short time. You will with me get a thorough knowledge of the business and also of the language of the country.—At the age of twenty-one I will take you into the firm as partners, or set you up in new Houses in some of the neighboring ports; for it is my intention to establish agencies in numerous places so soon as I get my business fairly under weigh. Now you fully understand what I am to do and what prospects lie before you, young gentlemen. Hundreds of young men in this city would be glad to go with me; but I want moral young men; those who like you have never been hackneyed by the ways of vice, and who can start fair in the world with your unspotted character in your hands. Your parents,' he continued, addressing my three friends, 'have corresponded with me, and I have replied to their letters. They express themselves highly gratified with the opportunity that is now offered you. Nothing now remains to be done but for you to sign this paper pledging yourselves each to give me your services until you severally arrive at the age of twenty-one.'

Here he unfolded a long document which he read to us. It embraced the sum of what he had already said, and we walked up to the table and affixed to it our names. I remember that mine was given with a final flourish of unusual dimensions and expressions; for in my mind's eye I was already as rich as an Inca of Peru; Mr. Bedrick's plausible and eloquent account of his 'intentions' and our 'prospects,' having quite captivated my imagination and wholly removed from my mind the prejudice which I had in the outset conceived against him.

He also, affixed his name to the paper beneath ours, and my father appended his on the left margin as 'Witness.' Thus were the formi-

dable preliminaries arranged, and we felt as if we were already at the head of our great commercial Firm! Mr. Bedrick dined with my father who seemed much taken with him.

At length the day on which we were to sail arrived. Information was conveyed to us that we must be on board the brig by three o'clock as the tide would serve at four, when the vessel would weigh anchor and proceed to sea.

CHAPTER VI.

The Embarking.

AT the suggestion of Mr. Bedrick we had each of us purchased a Spanish Grammar, he having informed us that his eldest son, who had been in Cambridge, though whether he had graduated or not we never knew, was a good Spanish scholar, and would teach us as much of the language as we could learn in the two month's voyage before us. I also laid in a few little articles that I thought might be of use to me, not forgetting a suit of thin clothes. I represented to my father the expediency of taking more summer clothing, but he remarked that as Mr. Bedrick had pledged himself to clothe us he did not feel called upon to go to such an expense, which ought in justice to fall upon the merchant himself. My father, as I have said, had a large family, and an expensive one, and his income was not as large from his business but that he saw the true value of every dollar that went from it to make purchases either for himself or his family.

I was, however, tolerably well provided with clothes, though all my worldly possessions in this way lay packed in the hair trunk already honorably mentioned. Yet my wardrobe was by no means ample, and would not have sufficed for me to start with on so long a voyage but for the faith both my father and myself had in the liberal promises of Mr. Bedrick. I dined with my father on the day we were to embark; and I confess that the thought of leaving home for so long an absence saddened my spirits and quite deprived me of my appetite; not even the glowing prospects of the future were able to cheer my gloomy feelings. To the youth who leaves home and country for the first time, it is a sad hour. The heart will linger over the scenes of past happiness, and the soul shrinks at the severing of the natural bond of affection and childhood's fond associations.

After dinner I followed my father to his room, where he gave me some excellent advice, and then took a tender farewell of me, although it was his intention to accompany me on board; but he was a man who did not like to manifest feeling before folks, and so we parted then in anticipation of the more formal one on ship-board.

At length the carriage came for me and my trunk, and my father getting into it with me, we were soon at the end of Long wharf, where we found Mr. Bedrick, his two sons, (as I afterwards learned they were) and my three fellow adventurers already in the boat which was to take us on board. My brothers were also there to see me embark and say

'good bye.' The first words Tom said to me were it I had mentioned the affair of the watch-house to father. Upon my assuring him that I had not, he looked very much pleased and shook me warmly by the hand, saying that he hoped the next time he saw me I should be a rich man.

The boat was lying at the foot of the pier-stairs and loaded down to the water's edge with trunks, chests, demijohns, boxes and bags. There was hardly room for myself, my trunk, and my father, but by dint of stowing closer we were all taken on board and the next moment put off from the stairs, rowed by two men.

I now felt myself fairly embarked in life, and that the link that bound me to home and country was parted. The wind blew strongly from the North-West, and our boat was considerably tossed by the rough waves of the harbor; but after a pull of a quarter of a mile we reached the brig, which was hove short with her topsails loosed and the men aloft.

She was a staunch looking vessel of about two hundred and fifty tons, painted black, with quaker ports. We got on board one after the other, Mr. Bedrick remaining in the boat to see that his baggage was safely got out; for I saw in the passage to the brig that he had quite a nervous solicitude for its safety.

The deck presented no very inviting scene. It was cumbered with loose rigging, crates, boxes, bales, sails, spars, hen-coops, and innumerable other articles cast about here and there in the utmost confusion. Nothing had been stowed or taken care of; but left just as it had been taken in board. I made my way through the companion to a space at the stern, where stood a short, broad-shouldered man with black whiskers and a low, beetling brow, beneath which twinkled a pair of sharp grey eyes. He held a trumpet in his hand, and was swearing huge oaths, but without its aid, at the men on the yard. He wore an old black hat with the brim turned up behind through long contact with his coat collar, and his outer man was cased in a blue shaggy pilot-coat. I did not like his looks at the first, and my prepossessions were not made more favorable by being sharply ordered 'to stand out of the way or go below!'

I went to the other side of the deck and took a position upon a barrel of apples, while my father mounted an oblong copper soda-fountain that with the others lay near. The rest of the young gentlemen disposed of themselves in the best manner they were able, for the Captain, such being the rank of the man in the pilot-coat, swore roundly at all as they came aft that he'd have a clear quarter-deck while his ship was getting underweigh. At length, Mr. Bedrick got on board with his baggage, and coming aft, was asked by Captain Pright if 'all was aboard?' Upon being answered in the affirmative, he gave orders to the mate to man the windlass and get up the anchor.

'I see, my son, I must now leave you,' said my father. 'Good bye, and do all you can to gain the good will of Mr. Bedrick, also while on board the brig of Captain Pright, and your voyage will be much pleasanter. He seems to be a cross man; but it is, perhaps, because he is troubled about getting underweigh. I wish you a pleasant voyage.—'

Things look a little out of order now, but after you get to sea the decks will be cleared and you will, no doubt, find every thing agreeable.— You are fortunate in having three companions as fellow-passengers whom you know and who are your friends. When you speak a vessel write by her; and as soon as you reach your destination send us home letters, and do this by every opportunity. I shall always be happy to hear of your prosperity; and I have no doubt that the way is now open for you to become a rich man?

‘Do you go ashore, sir?’ asked the Captain, addressing my father.

‘Yes sir. This is my son, Captain. He goes out with Mr. Bedrick. He is young and new to the world. Such kindness as he may receive at your hands will be gratefully acknowledged by me!’

Captain Pright slightly nodded and said gruffly: ‘It is quite as much as I can do, sir, to take care of my vessel. Mr. Bedrick is the man for you to speak to!’

My father looked displeased, but made no reply. He shook me by the hand. I followed him to the gangway with a full heart; for I was already heartily sick of the brig and her Captain; for from the manner of the latter I anticipated no very pleasant voyage under the auspices of such a petty tyrant as he seemed to be. I had too much pride of character, however, to betray my feelings to my father. He went over the side into a shore boat which had just unladen a freight of vegetables and fresh meat; for the brig’s boat was already hoisted astern. I followed my father’s receding form with tearful eyes, and when he could no longer be seen I turned away and wept like a child.

The anchor was soon suspended at the bows, the topsails were sheeted home, the spencer hoisted and spread to the wind which filled the upper sails, and the brig moved from her moorings each moment with increasing speed. Sail after sail was unloosed till the masts were white with canvass, and the spray dashed in dancing fountains from her cleaving prow.

Sad in spirit, and already beginning to feel the sinking sensation of the heart called ‘home-sickness,’ I took my stand upon the taffrail by the side of my three companions and silently gazed upon the fading city. The wing of thought wandered from there to my native valley and hovering over home presented it to my memory in all its fond features. My mother, my ever kind and good mother, my sisters, my school-mates—all the scenes endeared to me with a thousand pleasing associations filled my mind and nearly overpowered me. I felt that I was leaving them all for years—perhaps forever! Those who have never left their native land in youth know nothing of this sickness of the heart. Those who have felt it will understand it and sympathize with me.

My three fellow-clerks doubtless, had feelings kindred with my own, for they gazed back upon the city with very sorrowful countenances, and tears filled the eyes of at least two of them; for they too were leaving friends, and home and country for a far distant land, their destinies unknown.

The beauty of the scenery around the harbor as we sailed down gradually drew my attention from myself. I gazed upon the snow-white

castle with its hollow embrasures frowning with cannon, and upon the green islands, and sloping hill sides of the main adorned with stately edifices with that interest which beautiful scenery never has failed to awaken in my bosom.

The brig fairly under sail, the Captain began to give orders 'to clear the decks!' One after the other the boxes, bales, and barrels disappeared below; yet leaving all our baggage with Mr. Bedrick's 'stores' still in the gangway.

'Come, young men,' said Mr. Bedrick, who had been 'fussing' about his things to see if any thing had received damage by water or were broken, 'you must take hold and get your trunks below and then come up and help me stow away mine and my stores. Where shall I stow 'em, Captain?'

'In the steerage,' answered Captain Fright looking sullenly over the scores of packages, boxes and trunks, that were piled like a hecatomb near the capstan. 'Not an article goes into the cabin, sir! You have got 'dunder' enough there, Mr. Bedrick, to freight a line of battle ship!'

'My affairs won't interfere with yours, Captain Fright,' retorted Mr. Bedrick sharply.

The Captain made no answer, the pilot at that moment speaking to him. My trunk being near the steerage stairs I had promptly taken hold of it when Mr. Bedrick called upon us, for I was desirous of securing a good place for it, so that I could easily come at it when I wished to open it. I descended into the dark region between decks, and feeling round at length found a snug corner for it where I left it. I then saw that there were four rough berths in the steerage, the which I supposed, in my ignorance of nautical matters, were for the seamen; and I wondered how they could be content to go to sea and sleep in such a place! Fairfax followed me with his chest, and after him came Hewitt and Radsworth bearing with them all their worldly goods.—When they had each of them broken their shins against the stores strewn about, and nearly fractured their skulls against the beams overhead, they succeeded in stowing their things away to their satisfaction. We then stood together beneath the hatch-way and called a sort of council of war.

'I'd like plaguily to ascertain to a moral certainty whether we are to board and lodge in this place,' said Hewitt in his dry manner.

'Lodge here!' repeated Fairfax, who had seen something more of the sea than either of us, having been a voyage with a relation who was a sea-captain. 'Why I rather guess not. We are cabin passengers and not steerage passengers!'

'Then why did the Captain refuse to let the trunks go into the cabin?' asked Radsworth.

'Doubtless it was small, and he did not want to lumber it up,' I remarked.

'That is the reason. Sleep here?' repeated Fairfax with indignation; 'I'd like to see Mr. Bedrick or the Captain putting us in here!'

'Come boys,' called out Mr. Bedrick from the deck. 'Up here and go to work and lug all this down below. We shall be out at sea in an

hour and then you'll be so sea-sick every soul of you, you won't know whether you are on your heads or heels!

We went to work as he directed, though we thought that the duty of stowing his stores belonged rather to the hands of the ship than to 'young gentlemen passengers' as we were. It, however, kept us from thinking of home, and we did the task so cheerfully and so well that in an hour's time all the articles were not only conveyed into the steerage but compactly stowed away around the sides.

Four soda-fountains, among other things, were brought down; but as they were rather too heavy the seamen were called to give us a lift. Before they went below the Captain and Mr. Bedrick had quite a sharp skirmish of words, the former declaring very positively that they should go into the hold with the freight, and the latter insisting on taking them into the steerage. We did not then know the value of these oblong copper vessels to Mr. Bedrick, or we should have ceased to be surprised at his tender care of them. He gained the victory, however, the Captain finally yielding with a muttering oath. This little circumstance showed us that our employer and the Captain had not much respect for each other; and we could not but express to each other our wonder that Mr. Bedrick 'who owned a part of the brig and had freighted her with his own merchandize,' should have engaged a Captain who had so little regard for his wishes. We were, indeed, surprised at Mr. Bedrick's patience under such autocratic treatment from a man who, though Captain of the brig, was in truth, but an agent in his employ; for Mr. Bedrick had told my father that he had purchased half the brig and employed her expressly to take him and his goods and clerks to Buenos Ayres. We, therefore, unanimously voted Captain Pright a very disagreeable man, and my self-esteem which had been touched a little by his first rude speech to me, was healed; for I reflected that the clerk could not expect more consideration than the Foreign Merchant.

Having stowed the baggage we now went on deck. The light house was just astern, and the great blue plain of the open sea was spread out before us. The motion of the brig began to be exceedingly unpleasant, and I had not been on deck ten minutes before I was taken with that sickness which outstrips in excruciating wretchedness to the subject of it, all others. I told Mr. Bedrick, who was near to me tying up a package, that I would like to go to my berth if he would be so kind as to inform me which I was to take.

'Your berth is down there! Take your choice, or draw lots among yourselves!' As he spoke he pointed to the steerage.

CHAPTER VII.

The Steerage.

So that I had somewhere to lay my swimming head it was immaterial to me, as I then felt, whether it was in the steerage or in the ves-

sel's hold. I followed the direction in which Mr. Bedrick's hand pointed, and the next moment was stretched in one of the births.— There in the darkness and chilly atmosphere of the place, with every motion of the brig drawing at my very vitals, the sea dashing menacingly against the brig's sides, close to my head, and the noise of feet and rattling cordage above me, I lay many miserable hours, with but one sensation—that of miserable suffering. A thousand times I wished myself on shore again, and bitterly did I lament my ambition for foreign travel which had brought me into such worldless woe. It was, however, a sort of consolation to me that my fellow-passengers suffered in like manner with myself. I had not been a quarter of an hour in my bunk before Hewitt came creeping down the ladder with a face as pale as a sheet, and holding on by whatever came in his way for support. With a miserable groan he threw himself into the first berth that offered its repose, and there lay at intervals expressing his dissatisfaction that the sea was not made to lie smooth and not boil up in the fashion it did, merely for the sake of turning a poor landsman's stomach. Sick as I was I could not but smile at some of his speeches, which were addressed rather to the empty air than to me. In a little while after he had got into his berth Radsworth came down with the cautious step of one who had hitherto walked on the firm earth. He looked the picture of woe. In trying to find his berth he was knocked over by a lurch of the brig and came rolling down upon me. At length he succeeded in getting into his berth, and there gave himself up to his misery.

The wind seemed to increase and the waves to run higher each moment. The brig would sometimes roll as if she would fairly turn over, and more than once my heart was in my mouth lest she had actually accomplished that feat; but hearing Captain Pright still swearing on deck I was reassured. Sometimes she would seem for a moment to be slowly ascending some mountainous wave; then she would pause and hang perfectly still as if balancing herself! then, oh horrors! she would shoot, dart, dive down with the velocity of an arrow! Who can describe the sensation of that descending motion? It was to the shrinking soul like going down into the central heart of the ocean!— The very strings of life were drawn down with it, while a terrible faintness involves the whole man.

'What do you think of this, any how?' called out Hewitt in a dolorous tone after one of these horrible plunges.

'I would I was ashore,' gasped Radsworth. 'I would give all I hope to be worth in all my life to come for a foot square of solid ground to stand upon.'

I from my heart echoed his sentiments; but I was too sick to venture to open my lips.

'Where is Fairfax, I wonder?' asked Hewitt, after a pause, during which we had been all three busily reversing the action of eating our dinners, one of the most unwilling acts man ever performs, and always with an ill grace.

'I don't think he'll be sick,' answered Radsworth, 'he has been on the sea once and has the advantage of us.'

'Confound him,' said Hewitt in a murmuring tone, 'it will be too bad if he ain't sick too.'

'If he is, he won't come into the steerage,' answered Radsworth.—'When I came down he was talking to Mr. Bedrick and saying he did not come aboard to be a steerage passenger, and he'd have the rights of a cabin passenger.'

'What did Mr. Bedrick say to that?' I asked.

'He said he should do as he said, that he was his clerk and must submit to his regulations. Fairfax turned to me and said that he would have a berth in the cabin or make a row; and as a row was already begun to be kicked up in my stomach I retreated down here glad to find any place to lay in.'

'Fairfax is quick and fiery, and will get into trouble,' said Hewitt. 'Let us wait till we all get over this confounded sea-sickness, and then we can look after asserting our rights. Here comes Fairfax now!'

While he was speaking our fourth man made his appearance among us.

'Are you sick, Fairfax?' asked Hewitt with a faint hope that he would answer in the affirmative.

'No,' answered the young man, 'I am only mad. So you have all turned in. Well, you may lay there if you will, but I mean to have a berth in the cabin. It is an imposition to put us here. Bedrick, himself, is to live in the cabin and also his two sons who are no better than we are. Bedrick says we are to eat in the cabin; but that is not enough. I don't like this beginning of things at all; and if I had known that we were to occupy the steerage I would have seen him in Guinea before I would have come with him. There is his eldest son, too. He took the liberty to speak to me because I chose to address his father in plain words. I don't like him nor the other one. Both of them look upon us as beneath them; and I believe the old man regards us no better than as if we were bounden apprentices.'

'I don't see but that we will have to put up with it, Fairfax,' said I, 'at least for the present. We can be more by ourselves here in the steerage than we could be in the cabin under Mr. Bedrick's eye; and I dare say we shall like this better than the cabin.'

'That is what I was thinking,' said Radsworth. 'Here we shall be independent and do as we like, and speak with each other without fear.'

'Yes,' added Hewitt with emphasis, 'and if any body dares to intrude upon our sanctum we will put 'em out by main force. If we are to live here, it shall be our castle.'

'That it shall,' answered Fairfax; 'so boys, we will say nothing more at present, but hold on as we are. At night we'll have a lantern swung from the beam, and we will try to make the best out of bad!'

'Did you insult Mr. Bedrick?' asked Radsworth.

'No, not a word. I merely told him in a firm tone what I believed to be our rights. I spoke civilly, though his son with the light hair and spectacles, he who is to teach us Spanish, and looks like a jackass, said that I was impudent and told me to mind how I spoke to his father.'

It is my private opinion, boys, that we shall have a 'muss' before we get to Buenos Ayres; for I don't think nature ever intended that those Bedrick's and ourselves should ever pull together kindly.'

'It is wisest, however, to be patient and forbear,' I remarked. 'You know we have voluntarily placed ourselves under their father, and that at all hazards we are completely in their hands.'

'Well, I am willing to be patient,' answered the impetuous Fairfax, 'and I trust all will go smoothly, but blame me if I think so.'

'Is old Bedrick sea-sick yet?' dryly inquired Hewitt with a peculiar snuffle of his nose which was habitual to him.

'He was looking white about the gills when I came down. His oldest son Edwin is already feeding the whales with his last shore dinner.'

'Well, I am glad to hear it,' answered Hewitt; 'I think I should feel much better if I had certain intelligence that Captain Pright and his whole shlp's crew were playing the game the whale played when he cast forth Jonah!'

Night came rapidly on and darkness enveloped all in the steerage.—Fairtax was the only one of us who would go into the cabin to supper. As for ourselves the very knowledge that there was such a thing as food was abhorrent to us. We had but one idea, and that was a solid rock.

Such a night as I passed has had no parallel since in my experience either on sea or land. The wind had increased to a gale. The roar of the tempest reached our ears with the sound of the wild warfare of the tumbling surges. The masts and yards cracked! the blocks shrieked piercingly! the billows would break against the brig's side with the force of a cannon ball and the noise of thunder, causing the vessel to shiver to her very keel. Every timber in her seemed to have a voice to complain, and all the live-long night kept up a wailing that was almost madness to listen to. Added to this was the constant and never absent fear, which as landsmen was natural to us, that we should every minute go to the bottom, I was also sick at heart—sick in body—sick in soul—and wretchedly sick in spirit. There is no malady that pierces and penetrates to the joints and marrow like sea-sickness! It makes the very soul faint within itself.

At length morning dawned, but the light brought with it no relief. Day after day passed until the fifth day out before I was able to get upon deck or take a morsel of nourishment. Radsworth got on deck the day before us, but Hewitt was a full week below. At length the monster was conquered. We got over it after it had its course, as children get over the whooping cough. Our pallid visages began to resume their life hue, and our mouths to relax into smiles. We soon got our appetites aboard, and after we had been ten days at sea each man was able to eat his full allowance. Fair winds and pleasant weather spread cheerfulness around; and as we four stood together one fine moonlight night just forward of the gang-way watching the sparkling sea and gemmed skies, we remarked to one another that it was not after all so bad an affair to go to sea!

- We found Mr. Bedrick, who got well the last of all, disposed to be

pleasant; and as we had our meals in the cabin and lived pretty well, we said nothing more about the steerage. In fact, we had become quite reconciled to it, for with a lantern it was light enough, and we had arranged it so that it had quite a neat appearance. Our berths were good mattresses, and each of us had a blanket. So on the whole, things were favorable, and we were disposed to put the best light upon the matter. Captain Pright, now that the bustle of leaving port was over, proved to be a pretty clever sort of a man, though very illiterate, and wanting in many of the decencies which are the salt of social intercourse. He would swear profanely, he would blow his nose with his fingers at table, pick his teeth with his fork and then stick it into a piece of bread and hand it to you, he would drink out of the pitcher, and after wiping his knife clean on his tongue would cut butter with it and help you! But these were minor points; and people at sea, especially those who sleep in the steerage, should not be too particular. Captain Pright was a fair specimen of a great many sea-captains who command vessels of a smaller class. He had risen from a cabin boy through all the stations to the command. He boasted that he had been to school but three months, and that he went to sea in his twelfth year, and had been attached to some vessel or other ever since. He was a man about forty, rudely framed, rough visaged, with a snub nose, little grey eyes, a dark complexion, and very low born looking.— He was imperious in command, and was fully sensible of the vast power that the law allows a captain to hold in his hands, a power elsewhere in the social sphere unparalleled. Every sea-captain once on blue water is an autocrat in power, and many of them become the most despicable tyrants over the handful of men whom circumstances have placed under their control. Passengers, indeed, do not always escape the exercise of their power, for ‘on board my ship I am king’ is more than once hinted into their ears. Yet, at the bottom, Captain Pright possessed several good points of character which subsequently manifested themselves in our favor.

The character of Mr. Bedrick I shall leave for future notice. I will, however, describe my fellow clerks. Henricus Hewitt, the eldest, was the son of a highly respectable merchant in the town in which the Institution which we had left was situated. He was about nineteen, but looked as if he was full twenty-one. He was tall and loosely put together, and was at times ludicrously ungainly in his movements. At heart he was one of the best fellows; he had good sense combined with a simplicity that to those who did not know him seemed stupidity; yet out of this apparent dullness sparkled from time to time the brightest wit. He had a heavy, dark brow, and a large, quiet eye of a bright brown color. His smile was pleasing, and he was universally good-natured. He would bear a joke, and was sometimes made the butt of our superabundance of gay spirits. He had embarked on this adventure first, from a desire to see the world, and next, from the love of money, for which he had already manifested quite a covetous affection. As a scholar, he had been above mediocrity, though we soon found that there was no affinity between his tongue and the tongue Spanish. Radsworth was also of a highly respectable family, his father having

been a General in the army during the last war. Radsworth was ambitious, spirited, adventurous; and being just about to enter upon some pursuit when Mr. Bedrick's letter came, at once resolved to embrace the opportunity of embarking upon the theatre of active business presented to him under the novel coloring of a foreign clerk-ship. His imagination, as my own had been, was fired by the pictures of life which rose up to his mind from the pages of travellers' books which he had read, and without more reflection he gave himself to the expedition. He was a little over eighteen, of a manly height, fair complexion, full blue eyes, rather too wide open to be handsome, and square cheeks and chin. He was light, active, and in vigorous health, as indeed we all were. In character he was without reproach, being truly upright and moral. In spirits he was cheerful, and inclined to take the world as he found it. In heart he was kind and brave, and faithful to those who confided in him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Calm on the Equator.

In the preceding chapter I described two of my companions of the voyage and also the Captain of the brig. I will now give my readers a portrait of the remaining one, George Fairfax. He was a young man about nineteen, bold, daring, quick of temper, and quicker of speech. He was nearly related to a Senator in Congress, and the Governor of his native State. He was a good scholar in mathematics, and knew something of navigation. He had been once to the West Indies as a sort of supercargo in one of his uncle's vessels, and therefore had a knowledge of the sea which none of us could boast of. In person he was stout built, about the middle height, with a clear gray eye full of decision and fire. There was in him something of the dare-devil, although he was by no means vicious. He had a high sense of his own rights, and was very firmly resolved never to relinquish them to any man.

The eldest son of Mr. Bedrick, Ned, or Edwin, had been in Harvard, and left to accompany his father. He was about two and twenty, with light flaxen hair, a very light, sandy complexion, full fleshy cheeks, and small blue eyes, which were most of the time peering inquisitively at you through a pair of gold mounted glasses. He was stoutly made, with a slight roundness of the shoulders, dressed in black, and wore a plain gold ring on his little finger. He knew Greek, he knew Latin, he knew Spanish, he knew all languages. He was a great talker, very vain, very conceited, very arrogant, very self-assuming, very much wanting in natural common sense. He would have lorded it over each of us if he could have done so. He tried it, but found that it would not do. But I will not anticipate events.

His brother William was in his twentieth year, and his opposite in looks and character. He was a dark complexioned young man, with

the blackest, sharpest eye ever set in a man's head. His hair was black as a raven's. He looked like a handsome young Turk. He had a finely moulded figure, supple and athletic. His face expressed resolution and wild daring. He looked like one who would engage heart and hand in any reckless adventure. He was one whom it would have been dangerous to have had for an enemy; yet who would prove a fast friend.

Such then were the companions among whom my destiny had placed me. The first fifteen days out every thing went on smoothly, excepting the little cross-grained occurrences of the first day, already mentioned. We had by this time got to know something of one another, and fallen into a certain round of habits and employment for passing the time. I studied navigation and kept a journal. Fairfax played the flute, helped the sailors in the duty and made perpetual motion machines out of shingles. Hewitt did nothing all day but pore over his Spanish, forgetting the next day all he had learned the day before, yet persevering against hope. Radsworth read and studied Spanish and talked literature with the elder son of Mr. Bedrick. We all had our Spanish to look after, and the elder son was our teacher, and daily we made more or less proficiency. I took kindly to the language, and when I had mastered its chief difficulties I pursued it with delight.

'Old Bedrick,' as we had got to denominate 'the Foreign Merchant,' passed his time mostly in the cabin writing and looking over old accounts. He did not hesitate to call upon us to overhaul his trunks and boxes and bring and carry for him precisely as if we were his servants; but we had plenty of time on our hands and did not refuse to obey him, though he might have asked his sons, who never did any thing. If, by chance, he called on either of them to bring him what he wanted, they would invariably pass the errand over to one of us. We bore all this quietly before them, but in the retirement of our steeage we did not fail to express our disapprobation and displeasure. We had found ourselves treated rather as menials than the sons of gentlemen, and our spirits rose against it. We consoled ourselves, however, with the hope that after we reached Buenos Ayres things would change and we should be treated as became our positions as Clerks in the House of a Foreign Merchant! for, be it observed, we attached no little credit to this distinction, regarding ourselves as quite a notch and a little more above domestic clerks.

At length one day old Bedrick, whom we liked less and less the more his character displayed itself before us and to us, called Hewitt into the cabin and told him that he wished him to make his berth up every morning and take care of his state-room. As Hewitt was of a quiet turn of temper and had a good deal of simplicity of character, the old man doubtless thought that he would comply without a demurrer. But he had no sooner proposed this menial service to him, than with flashing eyes Hewitt responded to him so as to be heard distinctly by me in the steeage, where I was engaged in sewing up a hole I had torn in the knee of my trousers trying to get aloft one of the futtock-shrouds.

‘Sir, I am no serving-man. I am astonished and amazed that you should presume to make such a proposition to me, sir. Mr. Bedrick I am on board this brig as a cabin passenger, and you put me into the steerage. I yielded without a word. You have since called upon me and my friends to do many things which your sons refused to do. I look upon myself quite as good as they, and have quite as delicate fingers. Sir, I consider myself your clerk. No clerk of yours shall through me be so degraded as to become a bed maker. I have too high a regard for you, sir, to suffer it. I hold your reputation in too high consideration to have it said that Mr. Bedrick’s clerks were nothing more than servants. This, sir, is my objection—my sole objection to complying with your request!’

When Hewitt had ended this speech which he had commenced in anger but ended with a smile under his tongue, he went on deck leaving the old man quite thunderstruck.

‘What a set of graceless rascallions I have got into my hands, or rather that they have got me into theirs,’ he muttered. ‘I am half a mind to horse-whip them all round!’

This speech we did not hear, but it was reported to us the same night by the colored steward, who was our friend, we having clubbed together and paid him a quarter of a dollar apiece one sunny morning as a bonus of more to follow if he behaved himself.

Hewitt had no sooner got on deck than Ned, our Spanish master, met him and looking very pale with rage demanded to know why he had dared to insult his father.

‘Your father has insulted me,’ answered Henricus firmly.

‘You are all a set of—’

‘Of *what*?’ I demanded poking my head up from the steerage hatch, for I had sprang up to go to the deck when I heard Hewitt leave the cabin. As I put the interrogative demand I caught his eye and his tongue faltered.

‘No matter what,’ he added. ‘If I was father I would make you—’

‘*What*?’ repeated Fairfax sternly.

He made no answer, but turning on his heel descended into the cabin. Bill soon followed him, and there they remained a long while, doubtless discussing us. This little event originated a feeling of mutual suspicion and ill-will between us; and placed us in the position of two antagonistic parties. For several days the old man scarcely spoke a word to either of us and then only with angry brevity, while his eldest born maintained a dignified silence. He even refused to hear our Spanish lessons; but as we had mastered our pronunciation we got along very well with our grammars without his aid.

For nearly a week this state of things continued, when there came on a terrific storm. The brig labored heavily for many hours, and at length carried away her main-topgallant mast with the yard and sail. The sea broke over us with a clear arch, and on sounding the well we found we had ten inches of water in the hold. This alarming state of things called all our energies forth. The water was increasing, and we knew that if the storm lasted twelve hours longer we should go to the bottom. All the hands were employed about the decks or loft, and we

were called upon to man the brakes of the pumps. I took the handle with old Mr. Bedrick and Hewitt. Fairfax worked a brake with Spanish Bedrick, as we called the eldest son, and this contiguity of labor with the mutual danger did wonders towards removing the ill-feeling which had sprung up between us. The fear of death destroyed all enmity, and kind words took the place of contention. The leak was finally discovered and stopped, and the storm abating with the rising sun, we were relieved from the apprehension of going to the bottom of the ocean with the life-blood flowing warmly in our veins and our hearts beating strong with health.

The storm was a true pacificator, and for some days all went on smoothly. We were on good terms with one another; our Spanish lessons were pursued with industry; we played at draughts with the old gentleman, and backgammon with Spanish Ned.

As we approached the Southern latitudes the weather became delightful. There was a purity in the atmosphere wholly unknown to me before. The air was soft, and it was a pleasure to inhale it. We had run from Boston nearly a due Easterly course until we came near the Western Islands, when we struck the trade winds and carried them with us down to within three degrees of the equator. Here they died away, or came only at fitful intervals, accompanied by squalls and torrents of rain. Here, for the first time, we understood what a calm was. When within about a degree of the line, we were deserted by every wind. For several days not a zephyr ruffled the glassy mirror of the deep. It rolled its long polished billows with a ceaseless swell upon which we were gently rocked as a gem upon a maiden's bosom is moved undulatingly upward and downward. The sun was intensely burning, feeling like a furnace close above our heads. The decks were so heated that it burned the feet through the sole of the shoe. All around us was the shining, flashing plain of the slumbering ocean; for though there may be no wind the sea forever heaves its great heart; as the heart of a man asleep, nor ceases to rise nor fall. Our sails hung idly from the yards, and the sailors slept in the shade or indolently busied their fingers about some light work. At night the sun would go down in a sea of liquid crystal and rise in the morning from the same unruffled deep. I was fully able to realize the truth of the description of Coleridge's calmed ship in his 'Ancient Mariner;' for we lay day after day,

'Like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

The only relief we had was in occasional showers, which came upon us without wind. The rain fell literally in sheets. Such descending floods as we experienced must be seen to be appreciated. The clouds poured out their treasures with the abundance and force of a cascade. The sound upon the decks was an incessant roar. The rain drops, in many instances, were so large and close that they combined in their fall, and came down in the visible form of flakes of water like transparent sheets of glass many inches broad. These showers would last usually from half an hour to two hours, and then pass away as suddenly

as they came, leaving us to the full power of the fiery equatorial sun. We varied our monotonous life as well as we could, though before we had been five days becalmed we had nearly exhausted all our resources, except quarrelling, which at sea on such occasions, is a never-failing resource for the listless and self-wearied. But Mr. Bedrick seemed disposed to keep the peace, and conciliate us, and his sons, finding we were not to be bullied or intimidated, treated us with that degree of consideration to which we thought ourselves entitled, clerks though we were to their father. We sometimes went into the sea bathing, stationing one aloft to keep good look-out for sharks, whose dorsal fin can be seen a great distance, cleaving the surface ere they approach. This sea-bathing along side the brig, hundreds of miles from land, was a novelty, and we enjoyed it greatly. We also amused ourselves in hanging on the end of the fore studdensail boom and darting the harpoon into the golden dolphins as they glided slowly past beneath us. Sometimes a family of porpoises would play across our bows, one of which was speared and taken on board. Its flesh was served up as a 'rarity,' and was very much like that of a wild hog. Sometimes, at night, flying fish flew aboard. Hewitt's chief amusement was in fishing after mother Cary's chickens with a bit of bread concealing the point of a pin-hook; but success was not commensurate with his praiseworthy perseverance.

CHAPTER IX.

Crossing the Line.

As it is not my purpose to write a history of my voyage, other matters of more interest calling for my pen, I shall only here and there touch upon incidents connected with the passage out. The main interest of my story will be found to commence as we enter the La Plata River.

How we got across the 'Line' I have no idea, for from the time we reached the third degree north latitude till we got two hundred miles south of it we had scarcely a breath of air; yet Captain Pright kept her nose sticking south and south she made her way. We were, however, nine days accomplishing the five degrees, where calms and storms forever seem to reign.

I remember that before we came to the equator, about a degree and a half above it, the north star set in the north. It had been daily, as it progressed southwesterly, getting lower and lower till it trembled in the horizon; but when at length night came and I looked from the deck for 'this great light-house of the world,' I felt a sadness and loneliness come upon my heart as I saw that it had disappeared behind the round globe. I now, for the first time, realized my distance from my native land. I felt that I was indeed beneath other skies; and other skies were really over me and around me. As the northern arch of the heavens receded from the eye the south lifted its glorious uni-

verse of constellations to our admiring gaze. The southern cross for the first time glittered upon our sight with a thousand brighter stars all unfamiliar to our vision. The Magellan clouds began to rise above the southwestern horizon and fill our minds with wonder. We seemed to have passed from one globe to another, whenever we gazed upon new heavens, all was so new, so strange, so wonderously beautiful.

The usual custom of paying a tax to 'Neptune' upon crossing the line, was by no means omitted in the present instance. The idea that something might be done to kill the dullness of the calmness revived us all. The tribute to the king with the sea-green beard, is paid only by the 'green-ones,' that is, those luckless wights who have never before 'crossed the line.' As the hour approached that the quadrant told us we should be upon it, all was preparation among us. There were none in the cabin or steerage, who had ever been across the line, save the Captain and the mate, and as we were not disposed to tax ourselves, we combined to select for a victim a 'green one' among the crew, a poor unfortunate loafer who had by some ill-luck shipped in our brig, though he had never seen salt water before. The sailors all participated in the sport with that readiness which always characterizes them when 'a lark' is on foot.

One of their number, a good-natured, mischief loving old tar, volunteered to personate 'Old Nep!' We got him down into the steerage and dressed him for the 'part.' In the first place, we covered his head with a magnificent red turban ingeniously made by means of a red-shirt folded with much taste. In the front of it was stuck a feather fan, which Hewitt had in his trunk, and which he said had been given him by 'the prettiest girl he had ever seen!' He surrendered it with manifest reluctance; but the majority prevailed, and he was forced to yield it for the occasion.

About his cheeks and chin a huge beard woven of oakum was suspended. It reached to his hips and had a formidable appearance. A pair of enormous spectacles were cut out of a piece of sole leather and were mounted upon the bridge of his nose. They were without glasses, but doubtless this was an improvement, as it would be in most cases where spectacles are set astride the nose, to supply, we fear too often, the lack of windows in the brain; for spectacles are the insignia of windows we believe.

We then manufactured a non-descript garment of old bags for our Neptune, in style something like an extremely long shirt, around the bottom was a rich fringe a foot deep of oakum. In his right hand we placed a harpoon, and in his left a tin cup. We had nearly finished his toilet, when Fairfax came below with his arms filled with sea-weed, a floating vegetable production with long hairy fibres laden with straw-colored berries which often covers the sea about the equator for miles, looking at a distance like an island of yellow sand. This was what we wanted to complete our character. We trimmed him with it from head to foot, so that he looked like the genus of the sea clad in his own proper regalia.

At length Captain Pright with a smile announced to us that the brig

was about on the equator, at least within a mile or so of it. This announcement was made forward, and the 'green hand' was called up to see the line. He took his station on the cat-head and strained his eyes now ahead, now to penetrate the depth of water, one of them having suggested that it might have sunk a little under the surface. I had gone forward to see the joke; and I have never been more amused with simplicity combined with honest credulity than in this young Vermonter's case. Faith in the existence of a visible 'line,' was plainly distinguishable in his visage. Thinking it a pity that such hearty faith should go unrewarded I went aft, and after borrowing the Captain's spy glass, fastened a black thread across the glass and then called him to the gangway to take a look through the spy glass and see if he could not make out 'the line!'

'It is very small, just as you see it on the maps,' said I gravely as I handed him the glass.

He had no sooner fairly got it to his eye than he brought his foot down upon the deck with a stout thump and opened his countenance with a broad grin of satisfaction.

'I see it, by jiggers!' was his ever memorable exclamation of unmingled delight. 'It looks for all the world just like it does on the school-map. Well, I never expected to see the Equator!'

'I hope you are satisfied with the sight!' asked Hewitt drawing up his nose with a snuffle.

'Yes, I would n't have lost the sight for a quarter of a dollar.'

'There is something more for you to see,' I said, quietly drawing his attention away from the fore-castle, out of which I saw 'Neptune' coming to the deck, having gone forward from the steerage between decks. Between him and 'the victim' stood several of the men to screen him from view till he should get over the bows. He succeeded in getting over the head-board unseen, and when I saw the top of 'Hewitt's fan' disappear below the bulwark, I asked my man if he had ever heard of Neptune.

'Oh, yes, I've heard of him afore I come aboard here; and then I've heard the men talk about him; but don't think I am to be taken in with that story. I don't believe there's such a cheap a-livin'. I know there's a 'line' coz I've seed it through the spyin' glass with my own eyes, but I ain't quite so green as to believe there's a human half-horse half-fish kitter as is king o' the sea and lives on the line!'

'You ought not to doubt it,' said Hewitt. 'Neptune is a confoundedly jealous fellow. He might, if he heard you, come and call you to account.'

'You know,' said Fairfax, 'that the line is his toll-gate. If he did n't choose to let ships go by they wouldn't be able to pass it.'

'What's that little black line! It don't look bigger than a hair!' he said with incredulous contempt.

'That is nothing. It goes round the world and is stronger than a chain-cable,' said Radsworth. 'He used once to stop every vessel that went by and made them pay toll!'

'So I heard the men say, but I thought they was gullin' me!' he answered beginning to believe.

'No they were not. But he don't take toll now of any vessels except they have people on board that never have crossed his dominions. Then he comes aboard of them and demands toll,' said Fairfax; while Mr. Bedrick, the Captain and mate, and the tars were seated or standing near by, loitering and enjoying the joke.

'What kind o' toll does he take?' inquired the victim with earnest interest.

'Grog always,' answered Bill Bedrick. 'If there is n't any grog he then shaves and takes off the beard instead. He has a great fondness for beards, as you will allow should you ever be on board a vessel that he should visit.'

'I don't care to be. But I know you are all laughing at me,' he said half in doubt, half believing.

'Let Neptune himself say whether we are joking,' I called out suddenly in a loud tone; for I had been made chief manager of the 'play.' As I spoke 'the watery god' made his appearance coming over the bows. To complete his character, the old tar had fairly dipped himself into the sea, and now came in sight dripping with brine. The representation was perfect, and startled even Mr. Bedrick and the Captain, who had never before seen him. The 'god' came slowly aft; all eyes fixed upon the 'green hand' alternately. Behind him came two attendants, covered with sea weed from head to foot. To describe the look of consternation, surprise, horror and amazement that appeared upon his face would be impossible. He started back, became as pale as a sheet and trembled in every limb. He looked round to us for aid—for sympathy! He saw in all our faces well-feigned looks of fear and awe.

Neptune came slowly on with heavy tread, and striking his trident (harpoon) upon the deck at every step. He came within six feet of us, and then looking round, sternly demanded the name of the brig that had entered his domains. Captain Pright replied promptly.

'Have you any seamen on board who have never before crossed my territories?'

'I have one only,' answered the Captain.

'You need not point him out. I know the faces of all that I once have seen. Here stands the man. So, sir mortal what is your name?'

'Seth Bliss,' answered the victim, with a whine of the most pitiable apprehension.

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-three last hayin' time!'

'Have you ever been this far from home before?'

'No, I ain't, and I hope I never 'll be agen. If you 'll let me go this time, good Mr. Neptune, I'll never come this way again.'

'I must have my toll. Do you see this silver cup?'

'It is a tin one, ain't it, sir?'

'I say do you see this *gold* cap?' repeated Neptune sternly.

'Yes, I see it. 'T is gold!'

'I want it filled to the brim with grog. This is the toll I demand of all who cross my domains. Fill it, and then I will let the brig go on her way.'

'I hain't any grog, Mr. Neptune. The Capt'n keeps all the grog, and ony lets us hava a gill a day.'

'Then if you have no grog to bestow upon me, I must have your beard. Seize him, and bind him, and bring me a razor, lather and hot water! Dare any mortal presume to cross my domains without preparing himself with the toll that all the world has paid to me from time immemorial? Seize the presumptuous man, and let me take off his thin-faced beard for him!'

Two of the sailors, who had attired themselves in sea weed to act as his attendants, now seized him and placed him in a tub half filled with sea water. One of them got a piece of an iron hoop and presented it to Father Neptune: while the other brought a bucket of tar in which was a swob made of oakum. A volunteer brought, also, a pan of slush. The victim looked as if he was about to have his throat cut. He called loudly on us for aid, and then implored 'Mr. Neptune' to have mercy. He loudly entreated the Captain to let him have the grog and take the value out of his wages! But all his cries were addressed to insensible ears, sorry am I to say it. His mouth was stopped with the slush with which his face was well besmeared by a zealous sailor: then followed a coat of tar with the swob. When he was well lathered 'Neptune' began to shave him with great dignity.

'Don't hurt me, father Neptune,' cried the poor fellow.

'I'll be as gentle as a lady!' and here the iron hoop came down across his face with an energy that made the victim groan audibly.—The operation of 'shaving' lasted about ten minutes, for the 'old man of the sea' was desirous, as he said, of leaving the face perfectly clean. At length the operation being ended, the victim was allowed to get up. Neptune then gave him a few words of good advice, and, followed by his two minions, who looked like moving monsters of sea weed, disappeared over the bows as he had come. We now hurried Seth below to the steerage, both to help the poor fellow relieve himself of his tar, for Neptune had not proved himself after all a neat barber, and also to give the sailor who had personated the character an opportunity to come in-board and descend unseen by him to the fore-castle.

We comforted Seth with a stiff glass of grog and with our sympathies. Nothing was ever said to lead him to doubt the reality of Neptune's existence, and to this day, these is little question but that he as firmly believes that there is a Neptune, as he does that there is an equatorial line!

CHAPTER X.

Land ho!

AFTER we had got about two hundred miles south of the equator, we fell in with the south-easterly Trades, and once more moved steadily and swiftly on our course. We were not many hundred miles from the coast of Africa for many days sail; it being the custom of

ships in going to South America to keep well to the Eastward, to avail themselves of the Trades, which blow from the coast of Europe north-easterly, and from the coast of Africa south-easterly. The two winds do not approach each other by seven or eight degrees, which space is in the region of the Equator, and wherein reign calms and rains, squalls and fiery heat.

Having well passed this fitful region, and once more feeling the influence of a steady wind which blows for weeks from one quarter, we rapidly run down our latitude. Nothing of importance occurred until we were in thirty south, when one morning we saw a water-spout about a league to leeward. Its shape was that like a huge speaking trumpet hanging from the clouds. Its smaller end nearly touched the sea which was in the wildest confusion beneath it. At length, it suddenly shot upward a slender column of water and joined it, thus binding the clouds and the sea in a strange union. The conjoined column we soon saw was in rapid motion, and in the direction of our vessel, its progress being dead to windward. We watched its approach with no little apprehension until it came within half a mile when it wheeled and moved several points away from us, but advancing like a race horse, its roar distinctly reaching our ears. Its path was marked with foam. Above it was a jet black cloud, from the bosom of which it hung and which supplied it with its volume of water. Suddenly a flash of lightning darted from the cloud followed by a sharp clap of thunder. Instantly the tall crystal link that bound heaven and earth together parted in mid air, half ascended rapidly and lost its form in the cloud, while the other section descended into the sea with the noise of billows dashing against rocks.

The same afternoon we for the first time saw a whale. It was ahead of us when first discovered, laying motionless upon the surface, occasionally sending a jet of water into the air. As we advanced on our course and came near the behemoth, he disappeared, slowly sinking beneath the surface, lashing the sea with his tail as he went down.— In a little while we heard him blowing astern of us, and looking round saw his huge bulk half exposed and rolling upon the waves like some island adrift. He took his way to the westward, and was soon hull-down in the blue distance.

The following day I was so fortunate as to spear a dolphin. It had been swimming along side for some time, and I had entertained myself with watching his graceful movements, keeping up with the vessel seemingly without any effort. In the water when the sun strikes upon his sides as he turns to it, his colors are very beautiful; but it is when he is lying on deck and dying that he presents that splendid appearance which has made him so celebrated. Watching my opportunity with the 'grains' in my hand, I succeeded in throwing it with such accuracy as to spear him. He struggled with a surprising outlay of strength, but with the aid of some of my fellow-passengers he was hauled aboard. I never saw any thing so beautiful as the hue his scales presented as he was expiring. They were like those in the lining of some rich Indian pearl, varied by the most dazzling prismatic changes.

We found that his flesh or meat, (has the language no word?) his

fish was very delicately flavored, though something dry. It was similar in appearance and taste to the pickarel.

The next day we fell in with an English ship loaded with emigrants, bound to Buenos Ayres. She came so close to us that we could see the groups of poor emigrants crowding her decks in scores. The Captain, as the wind was light, came on board of us, gave us some English newspapers, took some of our American papers in exchange, had a glass of wine in the cabin with the Captain and Mr. Bedrick, and then returned to his own clumsy, slow sailing ship, the sails of which were old and brown, and looking anything but tidy. I have always observed the inferior appearance of English merchant vessels compared with ours. They are wanting in that cleanliness and comfort that characterizes the American. The Captains, too, generally are a rude, coarse set of men, without refinement and indifferent to it. This English brig and its Captain, suffered by comparison with our brig, and our Captain, though we had not much to boast of in this way.

At length, we had run down our latitude, and the Captain gave orders to square away the yards for the mouth of the river La Plata.—The idea of soon seeing the coast of South America, and putting an end to our long voyage, which had now been fifty-six tedious days in length, filled us with hope and joy. We moved speedily on our new course for five days, when one morning after breakfast, the Captain electrified us all by giving the order for a man to go aloft and keep sharp look out for land.

The man went not up alone. We all followed, some ascending to the main, some to the foreroyal mast head. We could, however, discover nothing around us but the wide circle of the blue ocean, and far in the south-western horizon a faint white speck which we knew to be a sail, and reported on deck accordingly. The Captain took his glass and swept the horizon, but he could not see it on deck on account of the curvature of the earth, or rather the ocean. To a landsman the difference that a few feet elevation at sea makes in viewing a distant object, is always surprising when experienced for the first time. He does not easily conceive that the arc of the circumference of the earth can be manifest within the scope of a human eye. Yet experience proves that it is apparent across a few leagues' surface. We could, from aloft, see an object on the horizon that from the deck was invisible even with a telescope. The telescope would have had to see over the verge of the earth's periphery to take it within its range. A few feet up the rattlings will make a perceptible difference. I have seen from deck all the sails of a ship sailing along the horizon, but the ship herself was under the verge. By going twenty feet up the mast I rose above the arching swell of the globe sufficiently to bring in sight her hull. I have often amused myself with watching through the glass vessels far distant whose topsails only were visible.

The sail that was now discovered, in two hours afterwards came so near as to be made out a whaler from Nantucket. She spoke us, asked the news, and passed on, saying she was to touch at Rio Janeiro. By her we despatched letters home, with the faint hope that they would

ever get to the hands of our friends. But they were all received about three months after we had spoken the ship.

Our look-out kept aloft, occasionally relieved until noon, when, just as the Captain was taking the sun, he called out that cheering cry which has made thousands of hearts leap with joy,

‘Land ho!’

‘Land ho!’ was echoed by every voice on board; and for a moment all was joyous confusion aft; though the seamen I noticed betrayed no emotion. To them it is the same whether making or leaving port.—The sea is their home, and they are alike indifferent what shores they make or over what nameless oceans they wander. They know not the landsman’s joy at the sight of land!

We now went aloft, and from the main royal yard I was able to make out a faint brown line in the west, but so dim, so remote, so high up in the air (as it seemed) that I knew not whether to call it land or cloud. But gradually it developed itself from the line of sky and sea, between which it was suspended, and after an hour’s watching I thought I was able to detect wavy outlines that might be eminences or might be imagination.

The Trades had left us two days before, and we were now dependant on such winds as pleased to blow us along. These were fickle, as winds usually are, the kind ‘Trades’ always excepted; and we had not sailed an hour and a half after the land was made before the breeze died away, leaving our sails flapping, and our hopes of getting into the river before night, fast evaporating.

Captain Pright looked the very picture of ill-humor and discontent. At one moment he would swear at the wind, at another at the brig, and then give the seamen a regular d.—g all round by way of variety. Mr. Bedrick was cross, and we were one and all very much vexed with the wind for dying away, instead of being thankful and happy that we had got in sight of land. But such is human nature.—We forget our blessings the moment fortune frowns upon us. The sunshine is no more remembered when darkness and storms follow.—Men are grumblers—good for nothing ungrateful grumblers! With enough to fill our hearts with gratitude, for bringing us in sight of the coast to which we were bound, we made ourselves wretched because the wind had left us in sight of it. I dare say we should have been less angry had we been becalmed an hour before the land was discovered.

The calm lasted the whole day. The sun set in a glassy sea of fire. The moon rose, but with it rose not the expected wind. All night we lay upon the bosom of the deep wooing the winds. None of us could sleep for asking every half hour if ‘the wind had sprung up?’ The Captain walked the deck all night whistling, and set the sailors to whistling for a wind. Morning dawned; the sun rose, but with it did not come the breeze the Captain prophesied. The land, too, had disappeared. A man was sent aloft, but could see nothing of it. The current setting out of the river combined with the ebb of the tide had effected us where we were and drifted us to sea again!

Upon the discovery of this fact the disappointment and ill-humor

increased. No one spoke civilly to his neighbor. The tempers of all had been soured by a long voyage of nearly sixty days, and also by certain events that will be narrated in the next chapter.

At length the wind came gently from the South, and by noon we once more made the land, which proved to be Cape St. Mary's. The brig held on slowly until we were able to distinguish objects upon it.—The sight of this place, the day before, had filled us with deep emotions of joy. 'Land! dear land!' It was happiness to gaze upon it. It now proved to be a barren and bleak spot, destitute of trees, and of a pale green hue, yet to our eyes so long weaned from earth it seemed a paradise. Our imaginations invested it with every beauty of scenery, and we felt that if we could place our feet upon it our earthly bliss would receive its consummation. The very smell of the land which came off to us many leagues was more grateful than the aroma borne on the gales of Arabia. We did nothing now but hang over the vessel's side and gaze upon it. The water now assumed a grayish dingy appearance, and the lead was hove into the sea to ascertain the depth. Nearer and nearer we came to the Cape, and at length were able to distinguish the tower of a low light house, and near it something that we guessed was a human habitation. About an hour before sunset we entered the river passing within a mile and a half of the low Cape upon which with the glass we made out a man half-naked, mounted on horseback, and watching us.

The southern cape of the river being many leagues from the northern, was visible to us; the river being at its mouth like a bay in breadth. The moon rose above the dark land on our right for the first time in sixty days that we had not seen it emerge from the water. As we ascended the river we could hear the welcome sound of dogs barking upon the shore; and here and there in the interior shone fires which had been lighted for some purpose unknown to us four 'clerks,' but which we had no little curiosity to learn; for whatever we saw or heard now, were subjects of no indifferent interest to us, thus for the first time entering the waters and skirting the shores of a foreign land.

CHAPTER XI.

The Deception.

HAVING now arrived near the termination of our voyage, we were moved by various emotions with the prospect of soon landing at the city of Buenos Ayres, which was about two hundred miles up the river we had just entered. To enable the reader fully to enter into our peculiar feelings, I will now go back to a period about ten days previous to our making Cape St. Mary's, the northernmost cape of the La Plata.

After the storm and the imminent peril in which our lives were placed and which led to kinder feelings, we got on very well for about

twenty-six or seven days, the general harmony only interrupted by those short squalls of ill-humor that will take place in the best regulated cabins where passengers get tired of the voyage, themselves, and especially of their fellow-passengers. We had, however, discovered our Mr. Bedrick to be a man of violent temper, and supremely selfish, and disposed to be arrogant in the exercise of his authority over us four young men. His eldest son, too, we had found vain, conceited, assuming, and with great pretensions to universal knowledge, withal extremely ignorant. The brother Bill we found to be fiery, reckless, indifferent whom he offended, and perfectly independent of his father and of every body else, doing just what his wild and wayward will dictated.

Yet we got along pretty well with all three without coming to an open rupture, though we had to forbear a good deal with each of them. At length, as I have said, about ten days before we entered the river, a violent quarrel took place in the cabin between Captain Pright and Mr. Bedrick. What the cause of it was we never exactly understood, but from a few words we overheard, we supposed that it related to the payment of our passage out.

In a little while the Captain came on deck looking as black as a thunder cloud. He had a cigar in his mouth which instead of lighting he walked the deck chewing at the end with the utmost zeal. Every little while he would burst out with an oath, and then pace the deck again. The Bedrick in spectacles had run down into the cabin as soon as the Captain came on deck; but Bill, who was stretched upon the larboard hen-coop reading a novel, paid no attention to what was passing. It seemed to be altogether indifferent with him whether his father knocked the Captain down, or the Captain his father; for he had had regular quarrels with both within the last twenty-four hours. As for ourselves, we did not love 'the merchant' so well as to be sorry to see him in a difficulty; and besides, a flare-up like this greatly relieved the tedium of the voyage.

For some days past Captain Pright had treated us four with more than ordinary consideration. We had discovered that, as he grew cold towards Mr. Bedrick and his sons, he warmed kindly towards ourselves. We were, therefore, likely to be gainers by the present tremendous outbreak. So we remained quietly awaiting the issue. I was engaged by the capstan, which I used as a table, in making a pencil-drawing of the brig; Radsworth seated upon a coil of rigging, in studying navigation; Hewitt bothering his brain over his Spanish grammar, and Fairfax lying at his length smoking under the lee of the weather-bulwarks with his head in the bight of the foretopsail braces for a pillow. The Captain paced the deck until he had munched up half the length of his cigar, and then throwing it away took another and called the cook to bring him a coal of fire. He now began to walk and smoke. The difference between chewing a cigar and smoking it was very soon apparent in the change that took place in his countenance. The cloud gradually passed off as if it had been ejected through his lips in the shape of tobacco smoke, and he began to look composed. At length, he paused in his walk, and looked at us with

an expression as if he had something to say to us. But he turned away without speaking, glancing at the younger Bedrick as if he did not care he should hear what he had to communicate. By and by Edwin Bedrick came on deck, his face as pale as ashes with anger.— He looked at the Captain as if he would like to annihilate him. Captain Pright smiled with malicious pleasure. Bedrick acted as if he wished to give vent to his displeasure upon him, but was prevented by that discretion which is known by the name of 'fear.'

'So, you don't like it that I have called your father an old rascal,' said the Captain quietly; for I suppose he has made his complaints to his petted son.'

'You are no gentleman to abuse an old man like my father! A man of the highest respectability, sir,' cried Bedrick.

'Very respectable,' answered the Captain contemptuously.

'You shall apologise to him for calling him an old rascal! Brother Bill, do you care nothing at seeing your honored father insulted!— Captain Pright has had the audacity to call him an old rascal!'

'Well, I dare say Captain Pright knows him quite as well as we do!' answered Bill dryly.

At this reply, we all laughed so heartily that Edwin Bedrick in great rage, began to rate us roundly, calling us ungrateful and without good manners, and that when we got to Buenos Ayres we should pay for it!

We made no reply, but laughed at his threats, and made up our minds within ourselves that we would not 'pay for it' when we got to Buenos Ayres. At length Captain Pright interposed his authority, and told Bedrick if he did not be quiet he would 'put him in irons!'

This threat silenced him, and he went grumbling below to talk over the affair with his father.

'Let me once get the boys there,' we overheard the old man say among other words, 'and I will let 'em know who's master.'

'Yes,' answered his son; 'here Captain Pright sustains them. By the Lord! when we once get them out of the vessei, we'll make 'em smart for it, father.'

'Here that, my lads?' said the Captain, looking at us and winking.

He then came towards us and said in an under tone:

'I want you all to be on deck to-night in my watch. Bedrick and the boys will be turned in. You must come up one by one without disturbing any of them, for I have got something to tell you, that you ought to hear.'

We promised to obey him; and then went forward and began to discuss the matter and try to guess the subject upon which he was to speak with us. At length the sun set, the night advanced towards twelve o'clock, when the Captain would come on deck, for he took the middle watch. We had all turned in by ten o'clock, but as soon as we heard eight bells, we began to turn out and steal on deck. The night was clear, with a bright moon that made the brig look as if covered with a cloud of snow. After the larboard watch had gone below and the starboard had taken the deck, the helmsman relieved, and

every thing quiet, we went aft to where the Captain was standing smoking his cigar, which was never out of his lips.

'Well, my lads,' he said, addressing us in a cordial tone, 'I am glad to see you on deck. The old one is sound asleep, and his sons, too, I suppose; but to prevent surprises, I will just close the companion-way, so that if they take a fancy to come on deck they may be heard! Now take seats about me on the hen-coop, and I will tell you what I have wished to tell you ever since I learned from some of your conversation I overheard a few days ago, that you were all four completely taken in!'

'Taken in?' we exclaimed.

'Don't speak so infernal loud,' he said angrily. 'I wouldn't have Bedrick know that I tell you this for all the world! He might make something of it to get me into trouble. But when I find respectable young men like yourselves, the victims of deceit and downright fraud, my dander will get up. The old man is a confounded rascal, and he has crowned his rascality by deceiving you!'

'How has he deceived us?' we asked, filled with dismay.

'I overheard you talking together one day about your prospects.—From your words I learned that you had been engaged by Mr. Bedrick to go out to Buenos Ayres to be clerks in a Mercantile House that he was to establish there and at Monte Video.'

'Yes,' we answered, 'that is what we are engaged for!'

'Well, you see, you will find yourselves confoundedly mistaken, my lads! When I found from what I heard that you were laboring under a deception practiced upon you by Bedrick, I came very near blowing the whole affair at once and letting you know just what you were going out to South America for! I saw that you were respectable young men, from genteel families, and were destined certainly for something more than was in prospect before you. When I first found who and what you were, after the first week at sea, I confess I was surprised that young men of your education and appearance should have taken up with Mr. Bedrick, and consent to go with him on his expedition!'

'What expedition then is it? How are we deceived? What does he want of us?' we demanded, filled with alarm and indignation.

'I will tell you. You expect to become clerks in a respectable mercantile establishment. But you are destined for no such thing. Mr. Bedrick has nothing higher in view on his arrival at Buenos Ayres than to open a soda-shop!'

'A soda-shop?' we repeated, confounded.

'Don't raise your voices so high, my friends!' said the Captain warmly. 'Yes, you are destined for nothing more nor less than to tend soda shops in Buenos Ayres and Monte Video!'

Our amazement was almost without bounds. It was only surpassed by our indignant anger at the duplicity of which we had been the victims. The announcement, however, was so unexpected and so strange, that after a moment's reflection, recollecting the Captain's quarrel with Mr. Bedrick, it occurred to me that he might only desire to injure him. I, therefore, remarked to the Captain when our excitement had a little

subsided, that I thought he must be laboring under a mistake, for the cargo in the brig was certainly Mr. Bedrick's.

'Not a dollar of it,' he answered. 'Did he tell you so?'

'Yes. He said that he had freighted the brig with his goods for South America,' was our reply.

'You have been thoroughly duped. All the freight he has on board are four copper soda fountains which you have seen. These are what he means by his goods for his Commercial House. I tell you truly he has no interest in the brig or her cargo. He has only these soda fountains and some jars of lemon syrup, which are all his 'stock in trade!' I had taken him and you out by a previous contract, made not with him, but with the owners, who are related to him, and who are glad to get rid of him at any rate whatever. The fact is, he has been a merchant-somewhere in the North, and failed in business some years ago. Since then he has been fiddling round and doing little or nothing, and rather a burden upon some rich relatives, one of whom owns this brig. A few weeks before we sailed, Bedrick heard that there were no soda-shops in Buenos Ayres, but that one had been set up by an English adventurer in Rio Janeiro, which took amazingly with the Brazilians, who paid twenty-five cents a glass for their soda, and that the adventurer was making a fortune. So, starting on this idea, Mr. Bedrick proposed to the owner of the brig, who was his relation, that if he would purchase him four soda fountains, secure him a passage out to Buenos Ayres, with his sons and three or four 'clerks,' (yourselves, young gentlemen!) he would sail for that country and no longer burden him. To this project the gentleman at length acceded. The soda-fountains were bought, and I was to take out the whole expedition and land it safely in Buenos Ayres. Where or how Mr. Bedrick got his 'clerks' I never knew until subsequent to your coming on board. What motive he had in deceiving you I can't imagine, unless it was that he believed (what is true) that it would be impossible for him to obtain four respectable, trustworthy young men to embark ten thousand miles to a foreign country to 'tend soda-shops.' He, therefore, disguised the truth that he might get young men he could confide his 'commercial affairs to,' knowing you could not help yourself after he had got you there!'

'But we will show him that we can help ourselves,' was our resolute reply. 'But how is it,' asked Hewitt, 'that the merchants in Boston to whom he referred, sustained him in this deceit?'

'His relative was desirous of getting the old man off his hands and out of the country, and so gave his name to recommend him; but I question if he was aware that you were kept ignorant of the precise nature of the business in which you were to engage when you got to South America. He would not have been a party to such a deception as that, much as he might wish to get the old man off. I have thought it my duty to let you know the whole truth, young gentlemen,' continued the Captain; 'and all the recompense I ask is that you will not say a word to any one of the matter while in the brig, whatever you do after you get ashore. Let not the old man or his sons suspect that

you know the truth, but try and let every thing go quietly on, until we reach port.'

This we promised to do; and after thanking the Captain warmly for making known the wicked deception which had been practiced upon us, we went below, and, seated upon our trunks, began to talk over together this new aspect of affairs.

CHAPTER XII.

The Spanish Fishermen.

THE astounding intelligence we had received, made a deep impression upon us. We got little sleep that night. We talked over the past, the present, and the future. We were not diffident in expressing our opinion of Mr. Bedrick, who had thus inveigled us into a scheme which had fraud for its basis. We one and all felt very positive that 'we had souls above soda-shops!' We were convinced that nature never intended us to sell foaming glasses sweetened with lemon syrup to Spaniards or any body else, either at fourpence or twenty-five cents a glass. In a word, we were justly indignant at the deception which had been practiced upon us. We regretted our precipitancy in engaging with a stranger, but every thing had seemed outwardly fair and honorable. How to extricate ourselves from the trap in which our ambition to see foreign countries we had suffered ourselves to be taken, was now the great theme of consultation. Every night, when we were alone, we would talk over the whole matter, and devise ways and means for getting over the difficulty. In the presence of Mr. Bedrick we were respectful, more so than we had ever been, for we wished to prevent any suspicion of our knowledge of the true character of his mercantile establishment.

We at length resolved, after many secret conclaves, that we would keep quiet until we reached Buenos Ayres, and then wait upon him in a body, represent to him our wrongs, and make a public declaration of our independence of him, his sons, and his abominable soda-shops. I had in my trunk a letter of introduction from my father to Colonel Forbes, the American *charge d' affaires* at Buenos Ayres, and on the strength of this we made up our minds to wait upon Mr. Forbes and lay before him our grievances in full, declare our abjuration of Mr. Bedrick's authority, and place ourselves at his disposal and advice as to our future movements.

When we had settled upon this plan, our minds became easier, and we let the day pass silently, cherishing in our hearts our resolve.— Having this power of redress, we were enabled to appear quite cheerful, and indeed we all were in high spirits. Whenever we came across one of the soda-fountains in the steerage, we never failed to give it an emphatic kick expressive of our supreme contempt.

In this way the days went by, the old man unsuspecting of our knowledge of the truth, and believing that he was leading us like

lambs to the slaughter. But with anticipated redress in our hands, we laughed at him. We felt a profound satisfaction in punishing him by depriving him of the 'clerks' he had taken such pains to lure away from their native country. We anticipated with delight his dismay, his fury, his grief!

There was a question of conscience started by Hewitt whether it would be right and just for us to take our passage out from him now that we had decided not to remain with him. But after discussion, it was decided in the affirmative. Our argument was, that he had conveyed us to South America under a fraudulent engagement, and that he should be the loser by our passage; that if we ever returned to the United States, it must be at an expense to us equal to our passage out; and that, therefore, we were under no obligations to make any remuneration to Mr. Bedrick for his expenses.

The Captain continued to warn us, from time to time, to keep our secret, and continued a good friend to us.

We at length, as I have already mentioned, entered the river La Plata, and began to ascend it. The morning after we passed by Cape St. Mary's, I awoke early, anxious to behold by daylight, the land of a foreign shore. It was just sun-rise when I reached the deck. To the south stretched a wide waste of water like the ocean, for the opposite shore was invisible on account of the river's vast breadth, although we were fifty miles up it. On our right lay the northern bank of the La Plata, about two and a half miles distant. It presented to the eye a low range of prairie or level *pampa*, broken here and there into ridges and bare hillocks. As far as the view extended this was the feature of the scenery of the shore, save that occasionally was visible a clump of stunted trees, which the Captain told us were peach trees. Not a living object was to be discovered; not a sign of habitation.—Nevertheless I gazed on the land with longing eyes, wishing that the wind would die away so that we might take the boat and pull to the shore. To place our feet once more upon the firm ground we all felt would be a luxury.

As we slowly ascended the brown-colored river, the shores began to present a less arid aspect; and about ten o'clock we discovered a human habitation, and near it a drove of cattle. One or two human beings were also seen riding among the cattle. Towards noon we passed several wretched houses with flat roofs and surrounded by picket enclosures which contained cattle; but no signs of a farm or of cultivation were apparent.

'Those people,' said the Captain, are half Indians, half Portuguese, who live by hunting cattle, and selling hides at Maldonado. We shall come to this place in two or three hours. It is a small town, defended by an old fortress, and belongs to the Republic of Buenos Ayres, as does all this country you see, which is called the Banda Oriental, and is the southern extremity of Brazil. The Emperor has it in his hands now as well as Monte Video, sixty miles above Maldonado. There is likely to be some difficulty about it, though, and I shouldn't be surprised if the two governments should come to blows. When I was last here they were menacing each other!'

‘What is the cause of the hostility?’ asked Hewitt; for we were all profoundly ignorant of South American politics.

‘Why, you see, when Buenos Ayres, a few years ago, declared herself independent of Old Spain, and went to war with her, she possessed both sides of the river,—Banda Oriental on the north, and Paraguay on the south side, in which the city of Buenos Ayres is situated. But not being able to defend the Banda Oriental against Spain, she entered into a treaty with Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, with whom the Republic was on friendly terms, to keep the district and city of Monte Video against Spain until the war was ended. What the Republic was to pay the Emperor for this service, I never learned. At all events, he consented to oblige them; and as the first step, sent round from Rio Janeiro a fleet of twenty vessels of war, conveying twelve thousand troops to Monte Video, the capital of the Banda Oriental. If you will look at the map, you will see that Monte Video forms a natural southern out-post to Brazil, and a very convenient port for the empire. Don Pedro had doubtless learned this lesson in geography before the Republic proposed to him to keep the city from falling into the hands of Old Spain. Well, the Buenos-Ayrean patriots secured the independence of their country after a long contest, at which Don Pedro quietly looked on. After the Buenos-Ayreans had made peace with Spain, they called upon Don Pedro and very civilly thanking him for the good care he had taken of Monte Video, desired him to send back his troops to Rio, and surrender to them the charge of the city. Upon this the wily Portuguese thrust his tongue into his cheek, and very cavalierly told them ‘to come and take it!’

‘Is it possible such treachery can exist!’ exclaimed Hewitt, his cheeks flushed with resentment. ‘Don Pedro is no better than a blackguard!’

‘Doubtless the Republic thought so when they got his answer, and saw how thoroughly they had been taken in!’

‘Quite as grossly as we have been,’ repeated Hewitt with earnestness.

‘Not a word of that, young gentlemen,’ said the Captain. ‘Wait till you get ashore, and then you may say and do what you like! But it *was* pretty much like your case. The Buenos Ayreans having just closed a protracted war, were in no condition to commence another, and so they quietly bore this injustice, but at the same time began to make warlike preparations. This was the state of things when I last was out here!’ continued the Captain; ‘and I dare say by this time they are pretty nearly ready to blaze away at each other. I have no doubt but before you are six months in the country, you’ll see some fighting!’

The idea of witnessing a battle was quite exciting to us, who had hitherto only read of such a thing. The reflections that when we reached Buenos Ayres we should find the country at war gave us all fine spirits; for there is nothing that has such a charm to a young and ardent mind as war! We thanked the Captain for initiating us into the politics of the country, and then began to talk about entering into

the patriot service if we found the country in arms. This billigerent notion did not very readily take with Hewitt, who was of a pacific turn of mind, but the rest of us entered into the discussion of the affair with great animation.

The shores now presented a most interesting appearance, being varied with clumps of trees, enclosures, and a few cottages with low, flat roofs. At length we came in sight of the port and houses of Maldonado, and about five in the afternoon came abreast of the place. It was a small hamlet, without much beauty of situation, but still it was novel to us, as the first Spanish town we had ever seen. A few fishing boats were anchored off the old fort, and one of them rigged with a small lateen sail, run along side of us, and offered to sell us fish. We all ran to the gangway to gaze upon the man and his boat. He was tall and slender, with a face as dark as an Indian's, black glittering eyes, and teeth like ivory. Upon his head he wore a sugar-loaf shaped woollen cap of a scarlet color, and a striped shirt was bound about his waist by a leathern belt, at the same time kept up a pair of cotton trowsers fringed at the bottom. He addressed us in Spanish.

'Here now, young gentlemen,' said Captain Pright laughing, 'here now is a good chance for you to try your Spanish on him.' We were, however, something diffident of our powers; but Hewitt ventured a Spanish phrase, which he read to him off his grammaer with a pronunciation that was never approached. The phrase was, I believe, 'What o'clock is it?' which, put to a man who probably had never seen a watch, was laughable enough.

'No entiendo,' answered the man, smiling and showing his teeth.

'He must be a Portugee Indian,' said Hewitt, in defence of his pronunciation; it is plain he don't understand the pure Castillian.'

'Let Mr. Bedrick try him,' said Fairfax. 'He is a Spanish scholar?'

At this, Edwin, of the spectacles, looked a little red, and after some hesitation asked the man how he sold his fish.

The man did not understand him, and Bedrick declared that the fellow did not know a word of Spanish, as he had asked him in good grammatical Spanish. We, however, questioned whether he himself did not know less; for our progress in the language had showed us that he had but a mere smattering of the tongue he professed to understand, as he said, like his mother-dialect. As it did not require any Spanish or English to take fish and pay money for them, we made a purchase of a few, and also bought some vegetables from a boat that came off to us. Emboldened by the failure of Bedrick, our teacher, we all four went desperately the Spanish at the latter boatman, whom we succeeded in making comprehend our horrible 'Castillian' by means of a few English words judiciously thrown in, and some aid from expressive signs. It is true, we did not understand more than a word in six of his replies, but as he seemed to understand all that we said, and a great deal more, we were perfectly satisfied. We made abominable work in the attempt to ask him intelligibly what the news was, and whether Don Pedro and the Patriots were likely to go to war. But the poor man, although he guessed we must mean something, and tried

very hard to comprehend what it was, did not convey to our minds any clear idea that he understood what we wanted to learn of him. So we parted from him as wise as we met him, and proceeded on our way.— At sundown we were within fifty miles of Monte Video, which the Captain said we should reach by morning if the wind held. With this prospect, therefore, of soon seeing a large walled city, full of troops, and the harbor with vessels of war, we retired for the night, determined to be up early to enjoy the sight; for it was not our intention to stop there; but the Captain had promised to sail by close to it that we might have a good view of it.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Letter of Marque.

THE ensuing morning when I went on deck the first object that met my eyes was the mount of Monte Video towering grandly from the horizon about nine miles distant, crowned with its angular fortress.— The hill, as we approached it, presented a beautiful appearance. It is shaped like a cone, and is three hundred feet in height, and the rest of the land around it being low, it is visible at a great distance.

As we advanced, the towers and turrets and dome of the cathedral of the city of Monte Video lifted themselves over the surface of the intervening country, while near them was visible a forest of masts, the hulls of the numerous vessels being still concealed by the intervening land. It was a beautiful morning; one of those soft, balmy atmospheres peculiar to this climate. The sun, reflected from the distant towers, flags, and battlements of the fortress, gave brilliancy to the scene. Up the river higher, were two or three vessels of war, which carried the Brazilian flag. One of them was a brig at anchor, the other two schooners, moving along under easy sail, as if merely sailing for pleasure off the harbor. The harbor of Monte Video opens boldly from the main shore of the river with a narrow entrance, flanked on the west side by the mount and its fortress, and on the east or right hand by a strongly built battery. The shape of the harbor is not unlike that of a pear, made a deep, spacious basin a mile wide, and more than that distance in length inland. The city lays within the eastern curve, upon gradually rising ground, and as we came in-sight of it presented a fine appearance, its roofs rising one above the other, and the whole crowned by the cathedral with its dome and numerous towers.

As we approached the mouth of the harbor, about a mile distant from it, I went aloft to get a more open view. From this elevation I was enabled to command a wide and beautiful prospect, of city, harbor, shipping, forts, the mount, the suburbs dotted with white flat-roofed villas, gardens and clumps of bright green trees. I enjoyed the scene with a zest that can only be appreciated by those who have been sixty-two days on the ocean without seeing land. It seemed like a new

world opened to my inspection; for the general features of what I beheld were all foreign and new to my eyes.

We at length came nearly opposite the harbor, so that we could look in and see a huge ship-of-the-line dismantled and anchored directly in its mouth, pointing her triple battery towards us. The Captain told us this was called 'The Guard Ship,' and was a mode much in use with the Spaniards and Portuguese for protecting harbors. We thought the town pretty well protected with the fort on the mount, the battery on the opposite point, and the guard ship lying between them with scarce room for two vessels to pass abreast, between her and the shores. Beyond the guard-ship we saw a fleet of at least two hundred vessels thickly crowding the basin, so that, as I have before said, their masts presented the appearance of a forest in autumn.

'I don't like the looks o' that at all,' said the Captain, twisting his mouth up as he gazed into the crowded harbor through his spy-glass.

'Don't like the looks of what?' I asked, for I was standing near him in the main top, to which he had ascended with his spy-glass.

'Of so many vessels anchored in the harbor. It looks as if things were not altogether right!'

'Why, what do you apprehend?' I inquired.

'There are at least twenty-five Yankee flags flying at the masts in the harbor, and half as many English. I don't see what the deuce they are doing there; and, besides, the harbor is full of Brazilian men-of-war—frigates, sloops, gun-brigs and schooners! There comes an English armed brig out and standing down for us! If she comes nigh enough, I will speak her, for things look squally. Keep away a little there, on deck, and meet that English brig! She is luffing for us.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the mate, and we came to a point and a half.

The Captain then descended to the deck, while I remained in the top watching the approach of a large armed brig with English colors displayed at her peak, that had just come out of the harbor, and was standing down the river towards us as if bound to sea. As she approached it was plain that she intended to speak us, for she luffed up for us. The Captain called for his trumpet and sprang into the main rigging, where he took his stand, awaiting her; for he was anxious to learn the news; for he had begun to suspect the true state of things.

The English brig came down towards us beautifully, and as she approached, clewed up her topsails to deaden her head-way. I could look down upon her clean decks and see the double battery of dark guns and groups of men upon her fore-castle; while upon the quarter-deck stood two or three officers in uniform. Our Captain, as soon as he had called for his trumpet, had ordered the colors to be set in answer to those flying on board the English vessel.

'Ho the brig, ahoy!' shouted a stern voice from the quarter-deck of the Englishman, as the two vessels neared each other on opposite tacks.

'What brig is that?'

‘The *Josephus*, of Portsmouth, bound to Buenos Ayres. What brig is that?’

‘The English Letter of Marque ‘*Queen Bess*,’ bound to London. I have borne down to you,’ continued the obliging Captain, ‘supposing you were bound up the river, to say, that war has been declared between the Republic of Buenos Ayres and Brazil, and that the blockade of the river above Monte Video was enforced five days ago. You will have to put into Monte Video, as five leagues above this the blockading fleet is stationed, and to reach Buenos Ayres will be out of the question.’

‘Thank you, thank you,’ answered Captain Pright, waving his speaking trumpet towards him, and touching his hat in acknowledgment for his courtesy.

‘Not at all, not at all,’ responded the Captain of the Letter of Marque, as he sheeted home his topsails again, while we filled away, for we had backed our main-topsail as he came near us.

‘Now this is what I call slipping between the cup and the lip,’ exclaiming Captain Pright with looks of angry disappointment. ‘After sixty-two days’ sail to reach a place, and get within twenty-four hours’ run of it, to be told we must go home again or put into some other port!’

‘Why what is the matter?’ cried old Mr. Bedrick, coming hurriedly up on deck, for he had been shaving below all the while: ‘what is it the English Captain says?’

‘He says that Buenos Ayres is blockaded by a Brazilian squadron!’ answered the Captain in a tone of ill-humor.

‘Well, what is to be done?’ asked the old man, pale with the news.

‘To be done! We must either run the gauntlet or I must find some other port for the cargo of flour and Yankee notions. But I am not to be turned back unless I am compelled. If Buenos Ayres is blockaded I can get good prices for every thing on board if I can get up there. So I will just keep quietly on and see if I can’t give them Portuguese the slip!’

‘But if they catch us trying to run the blockade,’ said Bedrick, ‘they will capture the brig and take her into Monte Video as a prize, and condemn her, and make us prisoners.’

‘I will put it to the vote of the passengers, and the majority shall govern my conduct,’ answered the Captain. ‘Come, gentlemen, shall we stand on, or put into the harbor that is already filled with American vessels?’

We four voted in favor of keeping on, and also the younger Bedrick; but the old man and his elder son, proposed that we should stop at Monte Video!

‘I shall keep on,’ answered the Captain. ‘Flour will be a drug in Monte Video, for I dare say, every Yankee vessel there has it on board. If I can reach Buenos Ayres, I shall make my fortune, and enrich the owners. So I shall stand on and trust to the keel of my brig; for I dare swear she is faster than any of the Portuguese craft in these waters!’

‘You will stand on at your peril, Captain Pright,’ cried the old man.

'You know if we are chased and overtaken, we shall be fired into, and you will be answerable for life and limb! And then if you are taken, the vessel is detained as a fair prize, and we will no doubt be thrown into a Portuguese prison!'

'I will, at all event, run the risk. The wind is fair and ——'

He was here interrupted at this crisis by the report of a gun. We looked up and saw a cloud of blue smoke curling above the bows of a Brazilian gun brig that had just poked her nose out of the harbor and was bearing for us under all sail. She was about half a league distant.

'There, sir! Do you hear that?' cried Mr. Bedrick as white as a sheet.

'Yes, sir, do you see that?' repeated his elder born, looking whiter than his parent, if possible. 'I command you, Captain Pright, to stop your vessel before we are all killed!'

'Gentlemen, I command this brig. If you interfere with my duties, I shall be compelled to order you below!'

As he spoke, a second report was heard from the Brazilian. Instantly we all dodged our heads; but the shot fell short of us, for we could see where it struck quarter of a mile to the leeward, dashing the spray high into the air.

Captain Pright looked perplexed and dissatisfied. He smoked away at his cigar with unusual ferocity, while he glanced from his brig's sails to the brigantine, and then back again to his own vessel, which was sailing past the harbor at a speed of about five knots. The Captain saw that he was running a great risk in standing on, for if he was brought to his vessel might be seized for infringing the blockade; as he knew the Brazilians would advance any pretext for the purpose of getting possession of his vessel and cargo. He saw, also, that the Brazilian brig was a fast sailer, and that if he even should out-sail her, he would find it difficult to elude the blockading squadron stationed fifteen miles higher up the river. The firing of the brig had also set in active motion the two armed schooners to windward, and they were rapidly standing for us. Affairs began, indeed, to look a little serious. Captain Pright seemed to think so himself; for after taking a deliberate inspection of the three vessels, one after another, and carefully calculating his chances of being taken, he gave two or three fierce puffs at his cigar, and issued an order in tones of thunder to square away the yards! As the wind was from the south, and blew directly into the harbor, this manoeuvre plainly made known to the three vessels that we had concluded to behave ourselves and submit to the laws of war. The two schooners at once hauled their wind and went off about their own business, while the brig of war kept standing on for us, but without firing any more guns, greatly to our gratification. She was a black, ugly looking craft, with dark brown canvass, and a very smoky appearance altogether, like almost all the Brazilian vessels of war.— Her mainmast raked very much, while her foremast stooped a little— She carried very square topsails, and an enormously large jib and trisail. She showed six guns to a side, and was filled with dark-looking men in red caps and red shirts.

In about ten minutes after we had squared away, she came under our stern, and hailed in good English:

‘What brig is that?’

‘The *Josephus*, of Boston, bound to Buenos Ayres,’ answered Captain Pright in a very cross tone.

‘Did you know that a blockade was enforced? What do you mean by standing on?’ demanded the officer in a stern voice.

‘How should I know? And if I did, it is my duty to do the best I can to make the port I am bound to!’

‘You will back your topsails, and receive a boat, with an officer to take charge of you.’

‘There, what did I tell you, sir!’ cried Mr. Bedrick. ‘The brig is lost, and we are all prisoners.’

‘There will be little you will be likely to lose besides your liberty,’ answered Captain Pright, looking at us slyly. ‘But the vessel is not to be taken. He only pays us the compliment to escort us safely in.—We have not run the blockade yet, though I would have done it if I could!’

We had now backed our maintopsail and the brigantine had done the same. She then sent a boat to board us. It contained a lieutenant and a midy, and was pulled by four dark looking Portuguese sailors in red caps with black locks and piercing eyes beneath. The boat came along side; the gang-way ladder was let down to him; the Captain stood about half way between the companion-way and the gang-way port to receive him. He came on deck, slightly bowed round to us, and advanced towards the Captain. He was a slender, handsome looking fellow, with a dark cheek, and a large fine eye. He was richly dressed in the gold embroidered and gorgeous uniform of the Brazilian naval service, and wore at his side a magnificent sword.

‘You are the Captain?’ he asked of Captain Pright in broken English: for he was not the officer who had hailed us, and who must have been an Englishman in the Emperor’s service, which was filled with them.

‘Yes, I am the Captain?’

‘You were trying to run de blockade?’

‘I was trying to make my port. I hove to as soon as I saw you were firing shotted guns.’

‘Well, you will let me see your papers, and resign to me command of the vessel to take him into port!’ If you had stood on five minutes longer, you would have forfeited your vessel! Fill away again!’

Captain Pright then invited him into the cabin to show him the brig’s papers, gave him a glass of wine, and treated him with remarkable civility, since, we all knew, that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to pitch him overboard. We now filled away and stood into port, while the brigantine steered down the river after another vessel that was just coming into view.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Soda Fountains.

It will be readily believed that this sudden change in our destination was by no means agreeable to all on board. Mr. Bedrick raved and seemed beside himself as we proceeded towards the harbor. We, however, after a little reflection, took the matter kindly. We saw that Don Pedro had very conclusively terminated our contract with Mr. Bedrick without the necessity of any open quarrel with him; for if we could not get to Buenos Ayres, we could not of course be 'clerks' in Buenos Ayres; the affair, therefore, dropped to the ground of itself.— We would very much have liked reaching that city, because our thoughts and views had naturally been directed towards it; though Monte Video appeared to be a city that presented to the eye of a youth every thing to please. But we thought if we could only have reached Buenos Ayres, we would join the patriots.

'It matters little,' said Fairfax, after the Brazilian officer had taken us in charge, 'it matters little to us where we go. We have declared ourselves independent of Bedrick, and the world is all before us where to choose! I move that we put the best face on the matter and take the chances that are before us for by and by making our fortunes.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and by going into Monte Video we shall have an opportunity of seeing the city and be among the excitement of warfare. For my part, I am not sorry that we are going into this port.— We shall find a great deal to interest and amuse us, I dare say; and as there must be an American Consul here, we shall have his protection and advise.'

Therefore, on the whole, this change in our destination did not materially affect our spirits. We had nothing to lose and all to gain by it. Our hopes with reference to Buenos Ayres had been wrecked already by the discovery of Mr. Bedrick's treachery towards us; and all the objections that we really had to the change was, that we did not like to patronize a city that was fighting against patriots. Young and enthusiastic, and brim full of liberty, like all Yankee lads, we could not relish the idea of being detained in a city that was at war with a people that had just been fighting for liberty, and were now fighting for their rights. We thought that if we could get to Buenos Ayres, we would willingly take part with them in the contest; while with the Brazilians we should remain passive, but indignant lookers-on.

While we entered the harbor, I stood near the taffrail gazing upon the scene around us. The morning was bright and exhilarating, and every object appeared to the best advantage through the transparent air. Upon our left towered the sugar-loaf mountains, frowning with its lofty fortress, above which floated the emblazoned banner of the Brazilian empire. The walls were formidable with cannon, and the

battlements were lined with troops, which were at drill upon the broad promenade the walls presented. Upon the sides of the hill cattle were feeding, and near the water-side were two or three fisherman's huts, and soldiers washing their clothes in the river. We next passed the guard-ship, from which we were hailed in Portuguese, and our Brazilian officer replied in the same tongue, and we were suffered to pass on into the bosom of the harbor. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a fleet composed of nearly all nations, Yankee, English, French, Russian, Swede, Spanish and Portuguese, the national colors designated them flying at their mast-heads. We sailed in among them, now hailed on one side from a Boston brig, now on the other from a New York or Baltimore ship, asking the news. At length we came to anchor within a quarter of a mile of the Mole, and farthest in the harbor of all the American vessels, save the Boston barque Conway, Captain Blakely, which was moored out ahead of us. Before we came to anchor, however, we had been boarded by a custom-house boat and our manifesto examined.

After we had come to anchor, I passed some time in gazing off upon the town and upon the various objects surrounding us. All around us were vessels at anchor, among them a score of Brazilian men-of-war, like hawks lighted amid a flock of pigeons. Directly before me lay the mole, a sort of wharf, and the only landing place in front of the city. It was thronged with a mixed multitude like a market place, soldiers, monks and negroes, and crowded with boats from the vessels in the harbor. An opening at the further extremity of the mole exposed a narrow street in which laden asses and odd-looking carriages, drawn by mules, were disputing the way with the foot passengers.

The appearance of the town struck me from its novelty. It was enclosed by a massive wall save at the mole, where it had been battered down by the British fleet in 1815. The houses were flat roofed, built of brick, stuccoed and painted white or lemon color, with large vanes ornamenting the battlements. Upon them I beheld the inhabitants walking and gazing off upon the harbor. There were several heavy-looking towers rising here and there in the city, and the vast bulk of a Roman Catholic cathedral in the centre gave an imposing finish to the outline.

At length we were called to dinner in the cabin, our last dinner on board the brig. At the table we discussed the city and the circumstances which had brought us, and with such cheerfulness that Mr. Bedrick even smiled and remarked, in an under tone to the Captain, that perhaps he might open an establishment there, as the city was full of soldiers and foreigners, and that it might do as well if not better than Buenos Ayres!

'I thought, sir,' observed Hewitt, dryly, 'that you believed nothing could be done here, as so much freight was in the place. I should think that you would find a good many competitors in business and in disposing of your merchandize now on board.'

'Why, no, Hewitt. In my particular business I shall not be so much interfered with.'

'As the cargo that you have have on board is very large and valua-

ble, I should think it would be difficult to command prices,' continued Hewitt; 'but Monte Video may, as you say, afford a good 'fountain' to begin business.'

We could scarcely keep our countenances at this sally of Hewitt's, and looked at the old man to see if he took; but the word did not convey to him the impressive idea that it did to us: for the very sound and form of the word had become identified in our minds with a 'soda-fountain!'

'I think I shall go on shore,' said the old man, look about me, and see how affairs are. Come, Edwin, you will go with me; but you young men, will stay aboard till I come back.'

We made no reply, and after the old gentleman had left the brig with his sons, Edwin and Bill, we held a meeting in the cabin, Captain Pright presiding.

'Now, my friends, we have got to the end of our voyage out,' said the Captain; 'and you will have to land here instead of at Buenos Ayres; for I have given up the idea of getting there with the brig, as the blockade may be kept on for months. I shall, therefore, try and learn what chance I have for disposing of the cargo, and if I can't sell it to advantage, I shall sail for Bahia or Rio, and do my best. As I shall probably lay here four or five days, you are at liberty to make it your home on board till you can look for something to do. You are young and enterprising, and now that you are here in this country a fair field is open for you to make your way. If I was going direct to the United States I would let you have a passage back, and look to your friends for the payment; but after I sell my cargo, I sail for St. Petersburg to take in a cargo of furs. The old man has gone ashore to see if he can find a place to open a soda-shop.'

'Are you sure of this?' we asked.

'Yes; he told me as he left the vessel that he should hire a shop if he could, and at once remove to it, and set up his fountain. He said should try and get a place with rooms over it for an eating room and sleeping rooms for himself and you! Now, if you will take my advice, since you are all strangers here, and have not much money either of you with you to spend, you will stick by the old man until you can look out for yourself something better. He is bound to take care of you and give you lodging and food, and so I would let him do it, and keep your own money. Don't think of going to a hotel and live like gentlemen with your little means, (for he knew we had not between us four but about one hundred and thirty-five dollars,) but keep by the old man. Let him find a house and shop, and set up his fountains: join in with him in all, cheerfully, and make the best of it. You can then look about you, and by and by something will transpire of which you can avail yourselves.'

We thanked the Captain for his advice, and after some warm discussion of the matter, we took into consideration the poverty of our pockets, and decided upon the expediency of following the Captain's shrewd advice.

'Yes, fellows,' said Hewitt, 'I agree with Captain Pright. The old man is bound to look out for us. Let us stick to him like leeches till

we can fasten upon something else. To be sure, it is not a very elevated mode of beginning the world, especially for young gentlemen who aspired to clerkships in a Foreign Mercantile House, to keep soda-shops; but we will not mind that. We will stick to old Bedrick and sell soda for him, but we'll not stay one day longer than we please. But he must not know any thing of our dissatisfaction. Let us fall into the traces kindly, knowing we can kick them off whenever we are so disposed.'

This speech was unanimously applauded; and although we did not much like to make our debut in a foreign city as soda-shop boys, yet we were four in all, and in some sort sustained each other; and, moreover, in consenting to this we felt that we were avenging ourselves in some measure, upon the man whose duplicity had brought us into such a position.

'Now,' said Radsworth, 'let us go on shore. The boat has come back, and I am impatient to press the solid land once more.'

'If we are to carry out our plan we must comply with the old man's orders,' said Fairfax. 'If we go ashore and meet him there, there will be a blow up! He will be back soon, and let us wait and hear his report, and then it will be time enough to go.'

We agreed to this delay, and in about two hours the old man came off alone. As soon as he reached the deck, we saw he was in fine spirits.

'I have got a capital house, in the most public street,' he said to the Captain. 'I have seen several English officers and others, who, as soon as I told them my intention, said I could make my fortune.—They are all impatient to have me open at once, and I shall have the fountains brought ashore at once. I have two rooms on the street, and five above, and all for two hundred dollars' rent. Come, Captain, I will soon relieve you of your passengers. Will you have the fountains and jars brought on deck! Come, young men, spring to our aid. You have had two months' idleness and play, and now you ought to take hold and work with a good will.'

'What are you to do with the fountains, sir?' I asked quietly.

'Why you see, young gentlemen,' said the old man, a little confused, 'I brought these four fountains out for the purpose of having a luxury for myself and you, and our friends; for I was told that they had no soda-fountains in Buenos Ayres, and the climate was warm. But as we can't get up to that city, and as fortune has cast us here, it has occurred to me that I will just take the fountains ashore and open a soda-saloon for the officers and citizens, just to pay expenses till I can reach Buenos Ayres and establish my Mercantile House. I am told I can sell the soda for a quarter of a dollar a glass. We must all yield to circumstances. The fate of war has cast our lot here; and as I shall remain here till the port of Buenos Ayres is open, I think it will be wise to do something to pay expenses. So if you have no objection we will amuse ourselves awhile with selling soda to the Monte Videans!'

After a little conversation aside between ourselves for form's sake, we told him that, under the circumstances, we would be willing to aid

him in establishing his soda saloon, and perhaps act as 'clerks,' but that we had no disposition to follow it as a profession!

We then went to work and helped convey the fountains into the boat, and all four of us accompanied them to the pier. Here he obtained the aid of negroes and had them borne through the streets to the stone building he had hired. We followed two and two, gazing upon the strange and novel sights constantly offering themselves to the inspection of our curiosity.

CHAPTER XV.

The Old Spanish Casa.

AFTER a very interesting traverse of the streets of the town, we at length came in sight of the domicile which Mr. Bedrick had hired. It was a massive-looking, prison-like structure, two stories in height, with a stone battlement surmounted at the angles by huge urns of a brown color. The windows were very tall and deep set, and protected by iron bars like those of a prison. The lower ones had no glass, but inside shutters instead. The house was of brick stuccoed, and once painted a bright lemon color, but it had become dark with age, and in every crevice grew little ridges of black moss. The outside had altogether a very venerable and antiquated appearance, and to our eyes seemed as if it had borne the storms and suns of at least five centuries; but the true age of the building was less than a hundred; the climate here producing in a short time the effects which in a more northern latitude are more slowly brought about.

The house, or castle before which we now paused, was situated half way between the corners of the square, and opposite a very handsome edifice which was occupied as a boarding-house, or hotel for naval officers, and other strangers. Our next door neighbor on the right, was a little Portuguese cobbler in iron spectacles, who came to his door to take a look at our *cortege*; and the neighbor on the right was an old Brazilian beldame who made cigars. Between these two our domicile stood. Its front exhibited a huge door of solid Paraguay oak twelve feet high, and made with a small gate or wicket in it for one person to pass through at the time. On either side of the door, was a tall, narrow-grated window, half-curtained with cobwebs. Above was a row of four long and narrow windows that opened upon an iron balcony. These windows opened to the floor of the balcony, and had two-leaved glass doors. Over these was a heavy cornice, surmounted by the battlements and urns, as I have before described.

Having reached the front of this mansion, we paused to take a survey of it and of the neighborhood, while the old man fumbled for the key to unlock the prison-like door to let us in. Our arrival attracted some attention. Negroes, driving by mules laden with brick, stopped to gaze; soldiers halted to inspect us; and from the blinds or *jalousies* of the dwellings across the street, we caught glimpses of sparkling eyes,

that we guessed belonged to fair Montevideans. It took the old gentleman some minutes to turn the massive lock; for the house having long been vacant the wards had got rusty, as well as the whole exterior of the edifice. There we stood, gazing and gazed upon, each of us with a bundle in our hands, and behind us, six stout, nearly naked Africans, carrying the soda-fountains. We formed quite a respectable and odd-looking procession.

At length, Hewitt having put his hand to the key and given the old man his aid, the bolt yielded, and the door turned shriekingly upon its hinges. It opened into a dark, cheerless apartment, paved with large square brick, which were here and there sunken, and with bare plastered walls stained with mould. The ceiling was full sixteen feet in height, and the naked rafters were visible in all their architectural mystery. The room was about twenty feet square, contained a window twelve feet tall, and grated, looking upon the street, and a door on the back side. Not an article of furniture, not a shelf, not a board was in it. Walls and floor were alike naked and desolate. The air, too, was chilly and damp, and I felt a chill come over both my heart and body as I entered and looked around me. It was for all the world like taking possession of a prison. We looked at each other and exchanged glances of blank dismay.

‘Never mind,’ said Fairfax in a whisper, ‘we have our fortunes in our own hands, and can quit the old man when we choose; so let us hang on and see him through. We shall have amusement, if nothing more.’

‘Come my lads,’ said the old man, rubbing his hands together, partly from chilliness and partly from excitement, ‘stir round and open the window-shutters, and let’s try and make things look cheerful!’

Things had need to look cheerful, for gloom and desolation dwelt there without rivalry. We opened the broken shutters and let in a broad glare of light from the sun, which only served to show more vividly the wretchedness of the place.

‘Things will look different by and by. I have already spoken for a carpenter to come,’ said Mr. Bedrick bustling about. ‘We shall have a counter and shelves and fixings up here in no time!’

‘Is this to be the shop?’ I asked him.

‘Yes. There isn’t a better stand in the city. It is right on the main street that leads from the public square to the quay, and within five minutes’ walk of both. The barracks are on the next street round the corner, and the French, English and American Consuls live just above us half a square. The street that runs west next to us leads directly to the chief gate of the city; and taking all in all, I consider that we shall make money yet out of our detention here. It’s an ill wind that blows no body good!’

Here the old hypocrite, who thought he had thrown dust into our eyes so as effectually to blind us to the truth, rubbed his palms together and chuckled, and began to stir about, ordering the negroes where to set down the priceless soda-fountains, cautioning them to beware of denting them against the bricks, though the ebony fellows could not

understand a word of English save 'Dam!' which they emphatically used in reply to every word he said.

'Here you darkies,' said the old man, 'place this one under the window!'

'Dam, dam!' answered the negroes.

'Set it down carefully?'

'Dam, dam, dam!' was the reply in a loud tone; and so we had it for a few minutes a strange chorus, for each of the half dozen seemed to try to show his superior knowledge of the English language over his fellows, by using the word oftener and louder than the rest. The old man got fairly roused and irritated, and returned their 'English' with a round of oaths that would greatly have edified them had they been able fully to appreciate their meaning.

They were at length paid and sent off, when Radsworth and I left the 'shop' to take a cruise round the premises. We passed through the rear door into a room smaller, but similar to the front one, with dark, stuccoed walls, a brick floor, and naked rafters blacked and festooned with cobwebs. It contained a large grated window and door looking into a small court. We went into the court or *patio*, which was about thirty feet long and eighteen wide, with a broken pavement up-grown with long grass. In the centre was a circular cistern, upon the verge of which we saw two green and black lizards basking in the sun. At our approach they darted down inside and concealed themselves in the crevices. Around the court were several large old earthen jars, not unlike those described in the *Forty Thieves*. These stood against the stuccoed walls of adjacent houses, which formed the boundaries of the court. In the walls on one side were two windows high up from the ground and grated; they had also glass doors through which the festoon of a rich crimson curtain was visible. Another side of the court, a door was let into the wall which showed that the court could be entered from that house. On the third side was a high brick wall defended by iron spikes. On climbing up a lime tree which grew by the cistern, we overlooked it, and saw in the court beyond an old woman seated upon a door-step clad in a red petticoat with a yellow handkerchief tied about her grey locks smoking a cigar. Her skin was wrinkled only as an old Portuguese woman's can be, and was as swarthy as an Indian's. She saw us, and flashing her dark glittering eye at us, she shook her five fingers at us, and poured forth a volley of unintelligible jargon, which doubtless contained more curses than blessings.

Having thus taken a survey of the lower ground premises, we discovered and mounted a flight of stairs which ascended to a balcony on the outside of the rear of the house. This balcony was a sort of platform boarded and protected by a strong iron rail. It was six feet broad, and made a fine promenade. From it opened four windows into the body of the house. The glass doors were shut, but only latched, and, opening one of the halves, we entered an apartment that extended the whole breadth of the rear of the house. It was very different from the one below. Its floor was of smooth boards, its walls white, and around it run a very elaborate ornamental cornice in stucco. The window-

frames were ornamented with carved work, and altogether, the rooms had an imposing air. It did not contain, however, an article of furniture, save the half of a cigar box. We passed through the saloon, for such it might be called, from its height and dimensions, and entered the front room over that which had been selected for the 'shop.' It was half the size of the 'saloon,' having but two windows fronting the street. It was a fine chamber with fine ornaments about the windows and doors; but like the rest it was chilly and desolate. To the right of it a door led into another room the same size, which also had two windows upon the street, the two rooms taking up the whole front of the house as the 'saloon' did the rear. The four windows were protected by double glass doors and barricaded; but on opening the doors I found that the iron frame-work or grating revolved on hinges also.—It had a padlock by which it could be locked on the inside; and doubtless had often been used by some jealous Spanish husband to keep his *cara esposa* safe from the wiles of wandering cavaliers.

The window led us upon a balcony similar to that in the rear, but with a more elegant railing around it. I stood upon it gazing up and down the narrow street, which looked like one of those I had seen in old pictures of Spanish or Italian towns. It was straight and narrow, with sidewalks only before the best houses; and all along as far as the eye could reach were the ranges of balconies and lines of urns surmounting the battlements. From some of the windows of the balconies projected long window shades of green, yellow or scarlet striped chintz, forming a sort of roof between the windows and the sun to protect from its rays the ladies who sat within it. These presented, from their number and variety of colors, a very gay and novel appearance.—Indeed, all was novelty to our eyes. Every thing around us was different from any thing in our own New England. The faces, the costumes, the carriages, the houses, the trees, the sound of voices, the very atmosphere were different. It seemed as if we had been but yesterday in Boston and to-day wafted by some magic power into the bosom of these strange scenes. The voyage seemed as a night's sleep—a vacuum—a long monotonous dream! We seemed to have laid down to sleep in Boston harbor, to awake from a dream of water and winds in the Portuguese city of Monte Video! There was no gradual transition. It was sudden and as novel as it was abrupt. Our minds were filled with wonder and curiosity; and as we looked around us we seemed to be gazing upon some old picture which had suddenly become animate and moving with life. It must be remembered, too, that we were scarcely eighteen, an age when the heart and soul drink in novelties as the young plants the dews.

The streets were thronged with people. Negroes with naked limbs, and shining shoulders, and soldiers, in flashy uniforms and ferocious mustaches, predominated; and not a few of the latter were Africans; for it was the system of Don Pedro to enlist blacks in his armies, who made excellent troops. They are at first domestic slaves, whom he makes free on condition that they join the army for life. The poor negroes readily embrace this new bondage, believing that they are free, when it is only a new and more rigorous form of slavery. We saw pass-

ing the balcony a knot of British naval officers who had just come ashore, and also moving up and down the street were many captains of merchant vessels, and not a few tars in blue jackets and duck trowsers. Now and then we could see a rich citizen go by wrapped in his velvet cloak and displaying his jewelled fingers. There were no females save negresses, in red or yellow turbans, brass bracelets on their naked arms and ankles, and dressed in short white petticoats and some gay-colored spencer. The only vehicles were a sorry-looking cart, the body of poles fastened together with withes, and drawn by mules, some with red ribbon tied to the tips of their ears. The mules and negroes did most of the carrying.

Seeing upon the roofs of the houses several persons who seemed to be enjoying the air under awnings stretched over them, we thought we would try and see if we could find a way to our roof. By going round the balcony to the other side we came to a flight of steps in the wall which led us to the roofs. It was perfectly flat and covered with a cement of fine gravel. It was spacious and enclosed by battlements three feet high, which were the continuation upward of the four external walls of the house. At the four corners were four large earthen urns, five feet in height. The area of the roof was intersected by low walls, which were the extension of the dividing walls between the rooms below, so that the roof was divided into compartments answering to those in the story underneath. In these cross walks were openings to pass freely from one to the other over the roof. The roofs adjacent to our own were also flat and only separated from ours by the low battlements; and so all along the street, both up and down, we had a prospect of flat roofs, battlements and urns, a singular and picturesque scene, and one which we gazed upon with emotions novel and pleasing.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Cafe.

HAVING taken a survey of the ranges of the roofs, some of which were shaded by awnings ornamented with scarlet fringes, and on others of which were both men and women walking, or gazing down into the street, we began to take a look at the city in general. Our house was in an elevated position, and commanded a wide prospect. To the east of us, over acres of urn-crowned roofs towered two massive, grey-looking towers, and close by them a huge dome. These we were told afterwards were the dome and towers of the cathedral which fronted on the main square, or *Plaza Grande*. In other parts of the city we could see turrets rising from the mass of buildings, but there was visible only one dome. Some of the houses had small towers or *belvederes* rising above the roofs on which were flag staffs. The consulates all had them; and we could discover flying from them the flags of several nations, and among them the beloved 'stars and stripes;' beyond the square on which the cathedral stood we caught a glimpse over the walls of the country. On the West, we saw the harbor with its fleets

of vessels of war, and merchantmen of all nations riding at anchor, and in the offing two or three Brazilian cruisers under sail watching to bring into port any vessel that might be steering past for Buenos Ayres. Beyond the harbor rose, like a sugar-loaf, the green mount, which gives its name to the city. It frowned with battlements from which waved in the wind the gorgeous heraldic ensign of Brazil. The broad bosom of the sea-like river flowed beyond, dotted here and there with a gun-boat or transport going to or returning from the blockading squadron five leagues above.

But what most interested us was a sight of the beleaguering camp of the patriot General Llavelliga on the sloping side of the hill about four miles to the north-west from the city. It presented a long line of white tents that looked like huge drifts of snow. We did not know then what camp it was, but afterwards learned it to be that of the Buenos Ayrean General.

The reader is already somewhat familiar with the military politics of the country at this period; and need not be reminded that Buenos Ayres was now at war with Brazil for the purpose of recovering the city of Monte Video and the territory of Bonda Oriental, of which the Emperor had unjustly deprived her. The Buenos Ayreans had just commenced the war, with, however, but few resources. She had but a small fleet of schooners and gun-boats, and but one corvette of twenty guns to compete with the hundred keels which Brazil promptly anchored in the river. This little squadron was blockaded in port, but daily gathering strength and increase of force. In the mean while, General Llavelliga, a man of talents, courage, and military experience, was appointed to command an army destined to march by land against Monte Video to lay siege to it.

Llavelliga crossed the river above Colorina with a force of two thousand men, and on reaching the Bonda Oriental side called to his standard the native Quachos of the country, with whom he was very popular. The Quachos are the country people of Bonda Oriental, who subsist partly by farming, but mostly by hunting wild cattle. They are a mixture of Indian and Spanish blood, are brave, lovers of their country, free of spirit as the Arab of the desert, are admirable horsemen, and make the best cavalry in the world. Six thousand of these half-wild, independent fellows flocked to the standard of the Buenos Ayrean General. Every man was mounted upon his own horse, armed with carbine, pistols and knife, and clad in a poncha, a red blanket with a hole in the centre to admit the head and let it fall down all over the body. Their horses were caparisoned with gay hangings and little bells or tinkling chains of silver. They were small, graceful, fleet and hardy animals, and seemed even to share the spirit of the rider. The Quacho wore upon his long black locks either a turban of bright colors, or a sombrero with a broad brim. They were fine-looking brigand-looking men, and hated the Brazilians most cordially.

With this force, in all eight thousand mounted men, Llavelliga advanced down the coast of the river La Plata, and after two days arrived in the sight of Monte Video, and pitched his tent upon the hill-side, where we saw him, and about two weeks before our arrival. There he

had quietly remained, waiting for artillery, which had been slowly following his march over the level pampas. In the mean while, he had been reconnoitering the town, his mounted Quachos sometimes riding boldly up within pistol shot of the gates, firing at the sentinels, and then galloping off with the velocity of the wind shouting their derision.

The town, I have already said, was strongly walled around, save at the quay, where the opening was protected by a battery of cannon.—All around the walls was a deep moat half-filled with water let into it from the harbor, so that, with the harbor, water entirely surrounded it. The country immediately about the walls was open without tree or building that could cover any hostile party approaching them. The walls were twenty feet thick, in some places solid, in others hollow, and used for cells to confine malefactors. The top was a level promenade defended by battlements with cannon mounted in embrasures. Sentinels were stationed upon the walls at short distances apart all round the city day and night, and every fifteen minutes called out in Portuguese, in a loud, sonorous tone, 'All's well!' At first their noise annoyed us, but by and by we got used to it as we did to every thing else here.

The city contained twenty thousand troops, one half of which were blacks, officered by youthful sprigs of Portuguese nobility. Yet the commander or governor-general, as he was denominated, had not taken any steps towards giving the Patriot General battle before his artillery should arrive. His time was taken up in reviewing the troops in the great square, and in offering up splendid masses in the cathedral for the success of the Imperial arms, and the total discomfiture of the Patriots.

Thus up to the day that we arrived in the besieged city nothing had been done to open the country; for Llavelliga had cut off all supplies from the interior. Provisions were growing scarce in the place, and vegetables were hardly to be obtained. The troops would soon have to depend upon the cargoes in the American vessels for subsistence or make a sortie to raise the siege. Such was the state of affairs at the time of our entrance into the beleaguered city.

Having in some measure gratified our curiosity by the views from the balcony and roof, we descended again to the lower floor. Here we found the old man with his coat off helping drag boards into 'the shop,' while a Yankee carpenter from Wathersfield in Connecticut, who had 'sot up' there, was unloading a negro of plane, saw, and other tools, for the purpose of building a counter, and putting the shop in a shop-shape appearance. Hewitt and Radsworth were good naturedly assisting the old man, and so we stripped off our coats and all went cheerfully to work. For the next five hours, there was a busy scene of sawing, planing, nailing, and by night we had the counter up, shelves placed around it, and a bench on one side of the room. Young Bedrick placed at the window a red and yellow curtain (second-handed) he had bought at a stall on the quay, and Bill occupied himself in drawing nails and hanging some pictures the old man had brought for the purpose of ornamenting his soda-shops. A negro woman previously whitened the walls with white-wash, and the pictures with the curtain set off the place and gave it quite a lively and respectable air.

After the shavings were cleared up and the floor nicely sanded we could not help joining in with the old man in his transports of self-gratulation at the improved aspect of things.

'Now, my lads, when I get my bottles with the handsome labels on them ranged on the shelves, and get my counter painted imitation mahogany, and my tumblers out, and my silver tubes for the fountain, and my decanters for the syrup, I think we shall make a tempting display!'

We had eaten our dinner at the cafe a few doors below us, and thither we went for our supper. Our days' work had given us good appetites; and we four as we sat at one of the tables in the long hall, did full justice to the coffee and toast and sweet-meats set before us. Such coffee we had never before tasted! The remembrance of it at this moment makes my mouth water. It was poured into cups that held a pint, and into which had been previously put two table spoonsfull of snowy sugar. The waiter came armed with a coffee-pot in one hand, and a milk-pot precisely like it in the other. The milk was as boiling hot as the coffee! He began by pouring from both into the cup holding them about a foot above the cup. The two liquids mingled foaming with the sugar. He continued to pour from both equally, till the delicious nectar ran over the brim, and filled half the saucer. In this manner he filled all four of our cups. The bread was snowy white and delicious either as toast or fresh. The sweet-meats were new to us and perfectly delectable. As we eat we felt in good humor with the old gentleman, and naturally resolved that we would stick by him, and do all the service in our power till we saw him fairly set on his legs and under full tide of success.

'But where are we to lodge to-night?' asked Hewett, who never forgot creature comforts. 'I have wandered all over the old castle, roof and all, and I don't see any thing like accommodations

'The old man says he has mattresses and bedding coming ashore tomorrow, and the carpenter, Saul Freelove, has offered us beds for to-night in his house,' answered Radsworth.

After we had each paid a real, (twelve and a half cents) for our supper we rose and passed out through the crowd of noisy, smoking, talking officers and citizens that filled the place. The jargon which they uttered was wholly unintelligible to us. Our acquisitions had been in Spanish for the Buenos Ayrean market and not in Portuguese. So our study, so far as we could now avail ourselves of its results, was quite thrown away. On our gaining the street it was just growing dark. We hastened to the 'shop,' not feeling perfectly safe to be abroad after dark in such a city: for we had already heard from the carpenter an account of it that by no means led us to take a fancy to thread its streets when the sun was gone. He told us, to amuse us no doubt, that three persons had been assassinated in the last ten days.— So we were not long in reaching our shop, where we found the old man supping on bread and herring with a glass of brandy and water to wash it down. His hopeful son Edwin was munching a cracker dipped in ginger preserves, and doing justice to a bottle of claret at sixpence the bottle. Bill was not to be found. He had doubtless gone foraging for better quarters than either the carpenter or the shop would

offer him ; and, indeed, we had seen but little of him during the day, save when occasionally he would drop in upon us with a cigar in his mouth, look round very coolly, and ask ' how we came on ? ' He played the gentleman to perfection, and no doubt thought we were poor taken-in-devils, who dared not say our soul was our own ! We, however, kept our own counsel, knowing very well what we were about. In a little while the carpenter came in and we accompanied him home. The house was on a retired street near the harbor. On our way we passed the guard-house. A sentinel pacing before it, called out what sounded to us like ' ken low ! ' but stood for ' *quien va la !* ' ' who goes there ? '

' Camordas,' answered the carpenter.

' Pasen ! ' answered the soldier, and we passed him by turning into the middle of the street, as he would not let us walk by near where he stood. It was not so dark but that I could see he was a mulatto of huge proportions, and a ferocious aspect. We caught a glimpse of the interior of the guard-house, and saw by a lamp in it that some score of soldiers were there drinking, snoking, sleeping, and playing at cards or dominoes. Through a large arched way we got a sight of the barracks and crowds of soldiers moving about, while a deep hum of voices reached our ears.

' Them be the barracks,' said Freelove in a broad nasal tone, that sounded delightfully like home-land ; ' there ain't less than three thousand' soldiers quartered in that yard. It kivers an acre inside o' that gate, and they stow 'em like sheep in pens !'

' Suppose we had been passing this place alone, and had been challenged ? ' asked Hewitt.

' Why if you hadn't answered, they would have called three times, then pulled trigger and blowed you to blazes !'

' But supposed we had answered ' a friend ? '

' They would n't understand it. When any on 'em challenges you next time al'ays sing out as loud as they do, ' Camaranda.' That means comrade or friend. You must speak pesky quick, for they don't let much time pass between the challenges. I like to ha' been shot by one o' the rascals when I first came here. I was walkin' along thinkin' and didn't hear the first challenge—nor the second ; for one gets so used to hearin' 'em by and by they don't heed 'em. Well, the first thing I knew was ' bang ! ' and a bullet whistled right close to my cheek. I tell ye I sung out Camaranda then loud enough for 'em to have heard me clean out to the Patriot camp. But here's my house and shop all in one ! Let us go in, and you are welcome to the best I've got ; though 'taint so good as it might be !'

CHAPTER XVII.

The Yankee Abroad.

The habitation of the Connecticut man was, in outward appearance not dissimilar from our own, though of less height and di-

mensions. It had the same dingy-yellow stuccoed front, large, gate-like door, and long, narrow, grated windows. It had a flat roof, battlements and urns upon the angles. The street upon which it stood was narrow, closely built, and inhabited chiefly by artisans; the shop being on the ground floor and the dwelling-house over it.

The street was quite dark when we reached Mr. Freelove's door, and not a lamp illumined its obscurity through its whole length.— Here and there, from some curtained upper window, a ray of light streamed across the street. Saul opened the door by pulling a string that was attached through a hole to the latch inside. It opened into a dark passage, wide enough for a coach to enter.— On one side of this passage was a door that led into a room where he worked at his trade, and the other side was a similar ground-floor apartment where he kept his lumber, provisions, and wood for cooking. Passing through the paved arch we entered a small court entirely enclosed either by high brick walls or the rears of adjacent buildings. Several doors on two sides of the court led into small rooms, or more properly called cells, that had served the former proprietor for bed rooms for his servants: but one of them was now occupied by an old negress, who, hearing us, came hobbling out with a bit of wax candle in her hand.

'Ah, dat you, senor massa!' she said, looking at him and then at us. 'Who am estos jvenes?'

'Yes, it's me, Juana; estos caballeros are mis amigos,' he answered in Spanish and English. 'You must have supper right off, old woman, and then shake up the two extra beds for four!'

Saul spoke this partly in English and partly in Spanish, and then kindly translating it to us, added,—

'I and Jenny here get along, between us, first rate. She speaks a little English, I a little Spanish, and between us make out to understand each other.'

'I thought Portuguese was spoken here instead of Spanish,' I remarked.

'So it is, since the Brazilians have been in possession; but before they came, Spanish was the language. Old Jenny was slave to a Spanish family that escaped, and she speaks only Spanish; and I learned all I know here afore the Portuguese took possession. You can't get Jenny to speak a syllable of Portugee; she'd have her head taken off first. But comé, now, let's go up stairs.'

With these words he led the way with a light the negress had given him, up a flight of stone steps on the outside of the building to a piazza projecting from the second story. We entered a large room, furnished with chairs, a table, book-case, and clothes-press, all of his own make, he informed us. The walls were hung with three or four pictures in mahogany frames, one the head of Washington, another the representation of the battle of Bunker's Hill, a third the victory of Perry on Lake Erie. The floor was covered with straw matting, and the whole apartment had as great an air of comfort as could be well obtained in one of those old castellated Spanish houses.

'Now, my friends,' said the worthy carpenter, as he placed the light upon the table, 'you see where I live and jist make yerselves to hum. Things ain't here so nice as they be in the States, for the Spanish don't know how to live. But one soon gets used to their ways, though he'll never forget his own. I see one of you look at them pictures! They used to hang up in my bed-room to hum, when I was a little boy, and I brought them out here to keep the old place in memory. I'm as glad to see you as if you were my own kith or kin. It does my soul good to see any body, if it be the meanest feller on airth that sails from Yankee land. There is a chap that used to be a reg'lar loafer in Weathersfield and nobody'd ever speak to the critter, he was so low in character and habits. Well, he was finally driven to sea, and his vessel put in here. I was going up to the cathedral square one day when I met him and knew him. The sight of the mean feller made my heart boil right over with affection for him; for somehow I saw all Weathersfield in him. I shook his hand as if he had been my father, invited him home to dinner, talked with him all about everybody, and when he went away I gave him a new sea-chest and ten dollars, it did me so much good to see and talk gab with him about the old place and people. Now, arter supper, we'll have a talk about New England; and though none on you don't come from 'Necticut, you're jist as welcome. Raily it is a sight jist to look on your fresh, young faces that look jist like them to hum, 'specially arter lookin at none but dark people so long. I've been here in this country seven years, and I feel a yearnin once more to eat some pumpkin pie and spiced dough-nuts. I thuk sometimes if I had a drink of new cider I'd be willing to give fifty dollars for it. Then there's the onions and the turnips, and fresh pork, and apples and mince pies, and Thanksgiving days, the huskings, the sleigh rides, the skating, the courting, the singing-schools—darnation! I shall go right off the handle if I think on 'em any more! But to tell you the truth, the very thoughts on the times at hum ceenamost makes me crazy. Come along here with supper, Jenny!'

'You mean to go back sometime?' I asked.

'I guess I do. If I died here afore I went back to New England, my bones wouldn't lay still!—they'd be stealing aboard some home-bound ship and hiding in the hold till she reached Yankee land! I don't mean to die here, and that's the reason I am alive and hearty now, coz when I've been taken down I've swore hard that I warn't goin to and would'nt give up the ghost here! So no sickness could get a good hold on me!'

'Can't you make pumpkin pies and spiced dough-cakes here?' all at once asked Hewitt, who had been soberly ruminating upon this subject ever since Saul had mentioned it.

'You might jist as well try to make Old Hundred out of Yankee Doodle. I tried it once, but I couldn't find a bit of lard to fry 'em in, nor no frying pan; and as to punkin pies, I haint seen a pumpkin since I've been here. I tried to make a pie out of plantans but it warn't genuwine pumpkin and that makes all the difference.'

‘So it does! So it must!’ gravely responded Hewitt. ‘What do the people eat here?’

‘Well, they eat fixins. Garlic goes into everything they cook.—They never saw a roast turkey or boiled chicken, nor a round o’ beef. Every thing is hashed and fricasseed and garliced to death. They never seed a pie and I don’t believe know what baked beans is! How my mouth waters when I think o’ baked beans and Indian pudding, what used to be our Sunday dinner to hum! Sunday! Bless you! there ain’t no sich a thing as Sunday here, and how should they know anything about baked beans! I hain’t been to meetin since I’ve been here! They have mass, but I don’t believe in sich idolatrous doings! Sundays they review the troops and have sham-fights, bull-fights, theatre shows and parties; and all the niggers dance fandango on open ground by the walls. I read my bible through reg’lar once a year, sing Old Hundred and Mears every Sunday night, read a sermon, and sometimes make a long prayer. So I am meetin’, minister, and congregation all to myself! Did you ever see one of the priests here?—But here comes that lazy critter, Jenny, with the waiter.’

As he spoke the black woman, who wore a faded yellow turban on her head, gold rings in her ears, a brass circlet on her left arm, a blue woollen petticoat, with a pair of huge, black, splay feet projecting half knee high from beneath, made her appearance. In her hands she bore a large, wooden tray, dark and polished with grease, upon which was a coffee-pot, a milk-pot of boiling milk, cups and saucers, sugar-bowl, and a huge plate of toasted bread, another of butter, and a dish of cranberries. The whole looked very inviting. She spread a snow-white napkin upon a table which Saul and I placed in the middle of the apartment, and arranged the plates with great neatness. She then poured out the coffee and milk together, as we had seen it done in the restaurant.

‘Come, my friends, let us take seats to the table,’ said Saul.

We drew our chairs around it, and Saul paused and looked around upon us.

‘Don’t you think,’ said he, with an emotion in his frank countenance that moved us to respect, ‘don’t you think that when I look round and see so many home-land faces, that I feel for all the world as if I ought to ask a blessing. My father always did: and this occasion makes me feel like old times.’

‘We should like to have you,’ said Hewitt, respectfully and reverently bending his head.

‘Then I will; for the sight of you all and the thoughts of home make me feel more than common religious.’

The carpenter then folded his hands together and closed his eyes, and asked a blessing with a solemnity that commanded even the silent attention of the old negress.

We all did justice to the supper; at intervals of eating listening to our host’s account of the people of the place, the state of things, and some advice as to our proceeddgs in a town which was not only filled with troops but besieged from without.

‘You must be quiet and mind your own business,’ said he. ‘If you

are challenged by a sentinel, as you will be at every corner and sometimes every ten rods, answer quick and say 'amigo' or 'carmorado.' If a soldier won't make way for you to pass quietly, walk around him, as any Yankee independence might give you a bayonet through your body—for they'd as lief kill a man as a dog, darn their skins!—or a lock up for a month in the calaboose; and if you once see the inside o' that Calcutta-hole, you may say the Lord's prayer and hang yourself. It's full o' robbers, murderers and cut-throats, thieves, prisoners of war, niggers and devils, and all in one large stone room, as long and high as our Weathersfield meetin' hus! If you see the Governor-General and his suit riding along, touch your hat to 'em, and keep out of the way of their horses' heels, for they'll not pull rein to keep from running over any body. Don't quarrel with any body that wears a sword or uniform, or you'll get the worst of it. Keep your own tongues in your heads and don't talk politics; for, being Yankees, you will, of course, take the side of the Patriots outside, and if you are overheard you will be arrested.'

'But can they know what we say, as we don't speak their language?' asked Hewitt.

'There are plenty of spies about that understand both languages.—Don't trust to anything here; that's my advice. If you see the Host going by and don't want to kneel to it, why just step in some shop door or take off your hat. If you keep it on you'll be bayoneted as sure as deth. I liked to have been once!'

'How was that?' we asked with interest.

'I had just made a small table for the Consul, and was carrying it to his house, when the Host came full upon me down a cross street.—Everybody dropped right down upon their knees in the mud or on the pavement, and began to cross themselves. The Host came on through the middle of the street, with its gilded banners, its canopy supported by four priests, and a whole procession of monks. A platoon of soldiers marched afore them with fixed bayonets to clear the way. I stood my table down and kind of leaned over it, for I'd never kneel to the beast of Babylon. Wall, I forgot to take off my hat and was put in mind of by seeing a bayonet darting over my head and catching the hat on its point. I made a grab at it and got it, when another bayonet was launched at my breast. I should ha' been run through if I hadn't caught up the table and caught the point. The bayonet went into it an inch and broke off short. The Consul has the table now, saying, he'd rather it as it is than have a new one made!'

'What an escape!' responded Hewitt. 'Why, it's as much as a man's life is worth to live in such a place!'

'Yes it is; but only just be on the look-out and you'll get along pretty well.'

'I wonder you are living now,' said Radsworth. 'You must make money to stay here, Mr. Freelove!'

'Yes. I have laid up pretty well. I've cleared the matter of twelve hundred dollars a-year. I calk'late I shall take home with me ten thousand dollars next spring, I then mean to court some

handsome Weathersfield gal that can make first-rate pumpkin-pies and nut-cakes, and buy a farm and live there till I die.'

We then beguiled the evening talking, and gaining no little information from our host, when at length we were startled by the heavy report of a cannon, followed instantaneously by a swell of instrumental music.

'That's the eight o'clock gun in the square. Nobody goes out after this hour without a pass from the captain-general. That music is the governor's band. It plays every night an hour before the palace, and I'll do them justice to say, that they have good music here and no mistake. There's upwards of seventy instruments in the band! Jist hear 'em! They are a third of a mile off from us, and yet it sounds as if it was in the air right over our heads!—Some evening we will get a pass and go up to the Grand Square and hear 'em!'

We opened the windows and listened with delight to the rich music of the band, more than a dozen fine airs in the most masterly style. Such music neither of us had ever before heard. At nine o'clock it ceased; the city became still, save the challenges and calls of the sentries, which were heard almost every ten minutes, and had a singular effect to our unaccustomed ears.

'Now, my friends, I'll show you to your beds,' said Saul taking up the light and passing into the next room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Night's Lodging.

THE apartments into which our kind entertainer conducted us were in an ell on the same floor with the room we had taken supper in.—To go to the rooms we had to walk along a balcony from which doors opened into them. From this balcony steps led down into the yard.

'You see, these bed-rooms are small and don't look very inviting, but Spanish houses al'ays look like prisons, and you can't make 'em look any other way,' said Saul as he placed the light upon a niche in the wall where, he said, that he had found a little image when he came, left by former occupants. There was no window in either of the rooms, which communicated by a door. A chair, table and wooden bedstead covered with a mattrass comprised all the furniture.

'Things ain't so nice as you've been accustomed to to hnm, I guess; but as you've been sleepin' so many weeks in a ship, I guess you'll think any lodging a shure fit for the President, as I did! Well, good night. You won't want many bed-clothes coz the nights is 'mazin' hot, and I rayther guess you'll be glad to keep your doors open. You can blow out the candle or keep it burning, and talk as long as you want to. You see it's a wax one. They don't burn nothin' else here: I can't find a taller candle in the whole city. Every nigger burns wax, and when you go into the Cathedral you'll see some as big round as my leg and tall as a fourth o' July flag staff!'

The good fellow then bade us again good night, and left us together all in one room. We seated ourselves upon the bedside a few moments and then began to talk over the events of the day. We, however, soon grew sleepy and paired off to bed, Hewitt and Radsworth taking the one in the next room and Fairfax and I the one in the room in which we were. I opened the door after taking off my coat and vest and stepped out upon the balcony; for the night was close and oppressive. It was a clear star-light atmosphere I gazed upon the heavens and tried to recognize stars that I had seen at home. But I was beneath new constellations. The North Star, the Great Bear were far northward below the Equator. The Sword of Orion was just visible close to the northern horizon. The Southern Cross, the Harp, and the Magellan clouds were above me. I gazed on the latter with curiosity. I had been told that they revolved with the earth, never setting. They are three in number, forming the three angles of our equilateral triangle. Two are of a whity, cloud-like appearance, and the third is black to the eye, being so much darker than the blue depths of the sky as to be strongly relieved against it. They are called the Magellan clouds from being vertical to the Straits of Magellan. At Montevideo, which is nearly in latitude 35° South, they were almost in the zenith. I had not then heard of Synime's Theory, which indeed was not then published. He accounts for these clouds in the following manner; and as it is the only satisfactory one I have ever seen, I give it as I heard it from his own lips some years subsequently.

The earth being open at the poles has a verge which intersects Magellan on one side and Van Dieman's land on the other side of it. A person at the Straits of Magellan looking across this verge or shadowy chasm of five thousand miles diameter must of necessity see land on the other side. He will not, however, see it on a level with his eye, but it will be thrown by refraction so as to appear at the zenith! In a word, he sees it distinctly overhead; and it revolves with the earth always seen overhead, as well at sunset as just before dawn. It is plainly to his eye a part of the globe.

Now the map will show you that the two southwest points of New Holland and Van Dieman's land if seen across a school globe depressed or sunken in as above, will form a triangular aspect to the eye, Van Dieman's land being within the verge, and beyond the sun's rays is in shadow and looks dark, while the two great capes of New Holland being in the sun-light appear white.

This is Synime's theory; and is recorded here by me for what it is worth. It certainly is the only plausible explanation ever offered for the simultaneous revolution of this phenomenon with that of the earth.

The stillness of the hour, as I stood upon the balcony, was invaded not only by the hoarse cries of the sentinels, stationed in all parts of the city, but by a confused howling and barking of countless dogs.—Such a yelping never before assailed my ears. It seemed to me that there must have been at Montevideo one dog to every biped, and subsequent observation led me to believe that there were seven to every human being. At length I bade the night 'good night,' and entered my little room to go to sleep. I threw myself upon the bed along side

of Fairfax, who was sound asleep. From the adjacent room I could, however, hear mutterings not loud but deep, from Hewitt, and an occasional exclamation of impatience and anger from Radsworth. I was not long left in ignorance of the cause. I had not been five minutes in bed when I found myself covered with animals I had but little knowledge of before. An army of fleas had taken possession of me. In a moment I was bitten from forehead to feet. I lay awhile and scratched desperately, but at length unable longer to endure the intolerable itching inflammation produced in every pore of my skin by their bites, I leaped from the bed and seizing the light, examined the mattress. They literally swarmed hopping over it, and one fairly hopped into my eye. I was appalled. I rushed out upon the balcony in my shirt and shook myself, while every nail of my ten fingers was coursing over my body with ceaseless industry. My cuticle was all on fire. I was nearly wild with the fever and inflammation. I ran down stairs into the yard where I had seen a cistern, and without more ado I sprang for it to bury myself up to my neck. It contained no water. I stumbled over a bucket in one corner of the court. It seemed filled with water. I took it up and poured it over my naked body. Such a stench as rose from it I never encountered. What it was I know not to this hour. It was horrible. It made my skin burn like coals of fire. Exposure to the air brought on the itching worse than ever. I fairly howled in concert with the dogs in the street. I was goaded to madness. The pavement of the court I soon found swarmed with fleas, and they bit my feet and ankles. I danced and for relief rolled in a heap of shavings. While I was indulging in this amusement, down came Hewitt.

‘I can’t stand this, no how!’ he cried. ‘What the deuce is that in the shavings?’

‘It’s I!’ I answered savagely. ‘Have they driven you out?’

‘I am devoured! My skin is covered with nettles! I had as lief sleep on a bed of cowitch! For gracious sake tell me where there is water,’ he cried as he found none in the cistern. I could not tell him. He raced round the court in his shirt like a madman. Finally he found a brick-bat and began to rub himself down with it. Its rough surface gave him momentary alleviation from his sufferings. Radsworth soon came out on the balcony, and seeing us in the court, for the stars gave considerable light, he hurried down and called for water in the name of mercy.

But I will not attempt to portray the horrors of this our first night in Montevideo. I shall never forget it to my dying day. We wished for day which seemed as if it would never come to our relief. At length the dawn broke and we dressed ourselves, our skins fairly streaked with blood. As the sun rose the itching subsided; for the bites of fleas cease to annoy after day-break; and fortunate it was for us it is so. Fairfax had slept the night out without being awakened, but the spot where he lay was dappled with blood that had been drawn from him. We tried to find the fleas by daylight, but not a villain of them all was visible. Where they had hid themselves we could not divine.

At length our host made his appearance. He found us all assembled, pale and haggard upon the roof of his domicile.

'You are up early! How did you sleep my friends?' he asked very kindly.

'Sleep, sir,' said Hewitt answering for the rest. 'Not a wink have we had the past night. We don't wish to say anything against your lodgings, Mr. Free love, but we were too many in a bed! The fleas fairly drove us out!'

'Fleas! Them is the nat'ral production of the country. So you didn't get any sleep for 'em,' he said laughing. 'Wall, I know how to feel for ye; but you'll soon get used to 'em! I dare say they did put into ye some last night, coz they don't often get sich sweet pumpkin flesh as youn. You do looked streaked a bit!'

'We were bitten to death,' I answered. 'We might as well have slept in a beehive!'

'Wall, I'm plaguey sorry; but it's the country and I can't help it. I thought when I first come here I'd have to get me a whole skin of India-rubber half an inch thick. But I got used to it after a while.—Fleas 'll never bite a man twice in the same spot, never. But when you've got bit all over once nice you needn't fear 'em. They don't trouble the natives a bit coz there's no fresh places on 'em to bite; but strangers do suffer some till they get fairly 'nocolated. They don't bite me now coz they've put their proboscises into every tarnal pore of my skin!'

'I don't think then I shall be bitten again,' said I, 'for I don't think there is a fiesh place left on me!'

'We are certainly comforted by what Mr. Free love says,' said Hewitt gravely, with his habitual twitching of the nose. 'Are they as bad in other houses?'

'I don't calculate there's any difference to speak on. Fleas is as natural to a house here in Montevideo as thistles on the road-side.—But you've got through the worst of it. Come let's go down and see what Jenny's got for breakfast.'

I lingered a moment to take a sun-rise view of the surrounding country. Not far from me rose the gloomy walls of the calaboose, and behind it stretched a long range of the battlemented walls on which sentries were walking. Beyond I could discern the naked country, destitute of tree or house for a mile outside the walls; but farther off I saw pleasant villas in the midst of groves and gardens, and farther still a white church with a hamlet at its feet, and still farther the white tents of the Buenos Ayrean army. Here and there along the open ways I could detect parties of horsemen galloping at full speed, their sabres flashing in the sun. The sound of the morning gun had already ceased echoing from the castle on the Mount on the opposite side of the harbor, and the bells of the cathedral were ringing still their loud call to matins. The clamor of dogs had given place to military music; and life and activity had taken the place of the dreadful night we had passed. A slight breeze fanned my temples and invigorated me, and following the rest below I soon gave evidence that my want of sleep

had not destroyed my appetite. We had an excellent breakfast, delicious coffee, hot rolls, beef-steak and roasted yams.

After breakfast we sallied forth to seek out our 'Merchant,' and learn how he and his hopeful sons had passed the night. We did not leave Mr. Freelove's hospitable roof, however, without returning him our thanks for his kindness; and as we knew he would feel offended if we offered him pay, each of us, in the course of the day, made him a present of a book, which we saw pleased him more than a doubloon would have.

The streets presented a lively appearance, At every step we saw something to attract our curiosity. We met a regiment of black troops in scarlet coats and white trousers marching to a distant quarter of the city. We saw a large number of officers grouped about the doors of the cafes, or opposite the quarters of their generals. These officers were mostly young men, many of them strikingly handsome and wearing mustaches. Their uniforms were very splendid. Some of their frock coats were covered with silk and gold embroidery. I noticed a very beautiful boy of fifteen, who wore a uniform perfectly gorgeous, and at the same time graceful. I afterwards learned he was a Colonel. His father was a duke. Indeed most of the officers were nobles.— Now and then we beheld a war-worn warrior, his face scarred, or an arm or leg lacking, and features hid in enormous mustaches. For hair on the face the negro soldiers took the palm. Some that we saw showed only their glittering eyes through a mass of hair. They looked like bears doing military duty.

At every corner we were challenged by a sentry. We responded 'Comarada,' and passed on unmolested. Hewitt, however, came near being bayoneted just before we reached our shop. He took upon himself to be spokesman, as he wanted to speak at least one word of a foreign language. He was challenged just as he went ahead of us.— His answer was 'Caramba!' This is a word that is constantly in every Spaniard's or Portuguese mouth, and is an exclamation of surprise equivalent to 'The devil!' or 'Indeed!' 'Is it so?' &c. &c. Hewitt mistook it for Comarada, 'comrade,' and thundered it out. The soldier looked at him with angry surprise, brought his bayonet to the charge and challenged again. Hewitt found he was wrong and yelled out 'St. Jago,' for 'Amigo,' *friend*, the word he wanted. The soldier rushed upon him with his levelled bayonet, and Hewitt turned and run. I could not help laughing, serious as the affair was, for the soldiers had orders to shoot down every person that did not respond properly to the challenge.

'Amigo,' I cried, springing forward and laying my hand on the soldier's musket. 'El joven es Americana of no entiende Portugues,' I said in my best Spanish. He understood me, and with an oath returned to his post.

From this moment I was dubbed interpreter of our party; for I had spoken Spanish and so well that I was understood by a Portuguese. It is true I had paid very close attention to the language on the voyage and had committed to memory several hundred phrases. One of these I now found useful, and gaining confidence from this success I resolv-

ed to speak Spanish at every opportunity, even to Portuguese; the two languages being so analagous that the citizens of the two countries find little difficulty in understanding one another. At length we reached our 'shop.'

CHAPTER XIX.

The Arrest.

WHEN we entered the 'shop' we found the old gentleman busy at work preparing to charge his soda-fountains. He looked as bright as a lark and seemed to be in fine spirits.

'Ah, good morning, boys,' he said. 'I am glad you've come. You should keep better hours for business. Now off jackets and go to work. We have enough to keep us all busy. A dozen gentlemen have already called in to get a glass of soda. I am losing ten dollars clear every hour the soda is delayed!'

'Hope you slept well last night, sir?' said Hewitt dryly, though he had five minutes before privately expressed to us the wish that the fleas had flayed him.

'Haven't had such a night's rest since I left Boston!'

'Confound his tough old hide,' said Hewitt aside to us. 'He has the cuticle of a rhinoceros. But here comes Ned. He looks pale enough. How did you sleep, sir?' asked Hewitt gravely.

'Sleep! I liked to have been eaten up. I never knew the like.—The fleas in this country have bills like forceps. I walked the roof all night,' and he twisted up his face till it seemed as if the rim of his spectacles twisted too. 'Did you have any fleas where you slept?'

'We had mattresses stuffed with them,' answered Radsworth.

'Come boys, don't talk but work. We must have every thing ready by noon. I mean to charge two of the fountains and set 'em up ready to sell from by twelve o'clock.'

By twelve o'clock, for we went cheerfully to work to help him, we had the fountains ready, the pipes screwed, the syrups and tumblers all set out upon the counter, and everything put in apple-pie order. Ned had cut out of blue and yellow paper a scalloped border for each shelf which he had nailed on, and had suspended paper festoons around the window and over the pictures that hung upon the walls. The whole interior had quite a respectable and inviting look. As I had some skill in lettering it fell to me to paint in red letters on a blue ground upon small boards the signs of the establishment. I had them both ready by two o'clock and stuck out on either side of the door. As signs in Montevideo are hardly known, they attracted not a little attention.—One of them was done in Spanish, the other in English. They read as follows:—

'AGNA DE SODA.'

'SODA-WATER.'

The charge of one of the fountains was given to Hewitt, and the other I took; for the affair had got to be for us by this time quite

amusing, and a joke that we took no little pleasure in carrying through. Doubtless the old gentleman thought all this while that he had four very precious docile fools to deal with. But our time came by and by. We let him have his now.

In a few minutes the room was filled with customers. English and American naval officers, sea-captains of all nations, and Brazilian officers of both services. We could hardly draw fast enough for the thirsty crowd. The quarters of dollars poured in upon us as fast as the old man could gather them up. It was a new thing. Many of them, particularly the natives had never seen soda before. Its sparkling coolness was refreshing. It was a new sensation to them. The syrups were delicious. I drew four tumblers for one fierce Brazilian naval captain, in succession, for which he threw down a Spanish dollar.— Old Bedrick was in raptures at this wonderful success. The sweat poured down his cheeks with excitement. All day the demand continued with but little abatement. The old man charged his fountains four times. Hewitt and I were relieved by Fairfax and Radsworth, and sometimes Edwin would condescend to draw a glass for a customer. It was a hard day's work. We were glad when it became night; for then all places of business closed, save three or four cafes kept open by special license from the Governor. We closed our shop and went up stairs to supper, where also we had dined, Bedrick having commissioned William, his son, to cater, and look after these matters. To do Bill justice he did his duty by us. He got the beds up, 'the parlor' (I mean the large saloon) furnished with furniture brought out in the ship, and the crockery placed in a cupboard. He proved himself a good house-keeper, and when we went up stairs at the close of the day's work, (which had brought the old man in two hundred and thirty-seven dollars,) we found a nice supper set out for us, and every thing in the bed-room looking quite comfortable, The walls to be sure were bare, and the floors brick, and every thing had a prison-like look from the peculiar structure of the mansion; but things were so much better than we looked for that we were quite pleased. The old gentleman had grown so rich in one day that he had no appetite to eat. He had put all his money in a shot bag, and it lay by his plate. He looked more like eating its contents than those of his plate and cups. A wax candle stood in the centre of the table, and we seven sat around it, and made, I must say, a very merry supper. We were all in the best of humors. The old man praised us, and we almost loved him as a father, but resolved to run away from him, nevertheless, the first good opportunity.

That night we slept better; for I had taken the precaution to elevate my mattress upon the table, while the rest slept upon the roof or upon boards laid from the window to a bench. The old man, between joy, and dollars and fleas, did not get a wink's sleep. I heard him up half the night, and always heard at the same time the clink of silver. I dare say he passed the night counting his gains and killing fleas. I do not say the fleas did not trouble me. They were few, however, compared with those that made my acquaintance the night preceding. I

Do not think I was bitten by more than a hundred and fifty on this second trial of sleep *vs.* fleas.

Affairs went on swimmingly for several days. The soda was a great *card* in the town, and took well. The receipts, however, were never afterwards so large as on the first day; for many then came in to taste it who never came a second time. Our custom, therefore, settled down into a certain number that imbibed it as a luxury. The old gentleman was shrewd. When he found the soda palled, he added Port wine to their glasses, and so introduced the soda-sangaree to the Brazilian palate. At other times he added coniac. The latter took admirably, and in a few days the simple soda was rarely called for. We however did well, and as the old gentleman had two other fountains, he resolved to hire a shop at the other extremity of the city near the gate, and place in charge of it, Fairfax and Radsworth, with his son Edwin to oversee. He therefore, made a selection, hired a room at the corner of two frequented streets within sight of the principal gate, and not more than a hundred rods from it. To this place he removed the two soda fountains, and having employed our friend Freelove, soon had things looking quite shop-like. Fairfax and Radsworth made no objections to taking charge; for it was our policy to live on the old gentleman as long as we found it for our interest, looking round us in the meanwhile for some opportunity of bettering our condition. We were not a little mortified at times on finding ourselves treated coolly as inferiors, by young officers, both English and American, who came into our shops, when, forgetting that we were 'bar-tenders' we presumed upon our birth and education and respectability at home, to converse freely with them. We, however, pocketed the slight, knowing that we were only *playing* at soda-shop for the time being.

After we had been a fortnight in Montevideo, both shops were in full blast with their four fountains. The old man now passed his time in making the soda and trotting between his two shops, which were about half a mile apart. He took upon an average one hundred and fifty dollars a day in both places together. We lived in the rooms over the first shop on the Quay street. The old man having then got matters in full tide of success began to play the petty tyrant. He compelled us to rise at daybreak, and follow him to market with baskets like servants. This we had to do, or else break out into open rebellion before the time was ripe. He wanted to make us wash for 'the family,' two at a time each week, and also to act as cook by turn. We positively refused to do any other washing than our own, but consented after some parleying to cook. He would have compelled us to make the beds and keep the house clean, but we told him we would not, and that he must hire a black woman. Finally, he consented to do so, but as she could not speak English nor he Portuguese, they quarrelled a dozen times the first day in their own dialect, and at night the old man kicked her out of the house.

Half an hour afterwards we were at supper, when four black soldiers headed by a sergeant, entered the room, and surrounded the table in silence. The old black woman bobbed in in their rear.

'That is the old man,' she said in Portuguese, pointing fiercely at

our 'merchant,' who became very pale, while we looked on dismayed. 'You owe this woman two dollars for her day's work,' said the sergeant sternly in Portuguese; 'pay her or come with me to prison!'

'What is that he says?' asked the old man looking at his son for an interpretation. Ned interpreted as much as he understood and I what I comprehended, and so made it clear.

'I don't owe her a cent! She lies! She undid every thing I told her to do, I won't pay her!'

'Que dice el caballero?' asked the sergeant turning to me and addressing me in Spanish.

'He says,' I answered after a moment's reflection upon what Spanish I had learned, 'he says that he don't owe her anything!'

'Then he must go to prison!'

'What does he say?' inquired the old man.

'That you must go to the calaboose!'

'You had best pay her father,' said Ned as white as a sheet.

'It's robbery, downright robbery,' cried the avaricious old man taking two dollars from his waistcoat pocket, and throwing them at the woman's head. She grinned and picked them up and was going off, when the sergeant called her and compelled her to relinquish to him one of the dollars, which she did with very ill grace. The whole party then left us to ourselves. The old man ate no more supper. He did not like this summary way of administering justice at all. He abused the city, the soldiers, the government, and every negro woman in general, and this one in particular. Our friend, the carpenter, soon came in and turned the tide. He said he had obtained a pass for us to be out till ten o'clock, and that if we chose to go with him as a guide, he would take us to the great square to hear the Governor's band before the palace, and visit some of the saloons and cafes, and show us something of the city. The old man would have prevented our going, but without paying him any attention we sallied out, each armed with a stout cudgel, and some of us with daggers.

Although we had been a fortnight in the city we had seen very little of it, so closely had we been kept in our shops; once in a while, only, could we get half an hour to ramble through the streets. Evenings we dared not venture forth on account of the strict military police.—The most we saw of the city was mornings going to and from market. At such times we were entertained with a variety of novel and interesting objects. The streets, at that hour, were filled with negroes, the men nearly naked, and the women in gay petticoats and flashy turbans. The dogs, too, that we encountered were innumerable. Their name was 'Legion.' And such dogs. They looked and acted like gaunt wolves or starved hyenas. They would sometimes assemble in scores in the middle of the street, or by the side of an old wall growling, snarling, and fighting savagely over carrion. They turned aside for no one. Not even horses galloping past could move them. They would show their sharp, white fangs, and snap at the horse's legs.—These animals always sheered from them with fear. We were told by Freelove that when very hungry they will attack negroes carrying marketing and if he defends it, it is at the risk of being torn in pieces.—

He said, also, that he saw a wounded man who had been stabbed and was running from his murderers pursued by a pack of these dogs, who getting the scent of blood, took up the hue and cry, overtook him, leaped upon him, bore him to the ground and literally tore him in pieces and devoured him.

We saw these dogs in hundreds about the market, the bolder ones prowling among the meat stalls, the more cautious sitting in groups of twenty or thirty at a little distance waiting to pounce upon the offals after the marketing was over. I am puzzled to tell which we dreaded most, the dogs or the soldiers. The latter were lawless, wanton and cruel. They knew that any act of aggression against the citizens would be overlooked by their superiors, and they were always ready to insult. That so few outrages were committed by them is surprising, when they were at liberty to run any body through the body they chose.

The market stalls were occupied wholly by black women. Among them and the numerous individuals of the race I encountered in the city, which is as full of negroes as it is of dogs or of soldiers, I saw for the first time the pure Afric slave speaking his own jargon with his fellow. They were nearly naked, of a shining black, their breasts and faces tatoed, and the feature excessively ugly and brutal. It is worthy of remark how soon the native African falls into the habits of the slave. I saw one day at work upon the mole about thirty blacks, strong, athletic fellows with only a piece of white cotton about their loins, which, I was told, had only been landed seven weeks from Africa. They were unloading a Brazilian brig, and seemed as docile and laborious as those who were born slaves. You can tell the newly imported slave by his nakedness, and also more truly by a certain Indian-like wildness in his eye and movements. Most of the slaves wore amulets about their necks, beads, bones, sharks' teeth, brass or copper rings, which also encircle their wrists and depend from their ears.—Those who are Catholic christians add crosses. I have seen several with iron collars rivetted (for life) on their necks by their masters. I have seen them with their backs striped like the hide of the zebra with the welts of the lash. They are seemingly, withal, a mirthful race, especially the females, who are ever chattering and laughing.

CHAPTER XX.

The Cathedral Square.

When we got into the street we took our way, under the guidance of Saul, in the direction of the grand square. The night was not dark, a new moon giving us its light. The shops and stores were all closed, save here and there a 'pulperio' or grocery on the corner, the proprietor of which had license to keep open until the gun fired. The outside of the houses as we passed along were, therefore, on the ground story, silent and dark, wearing that gloomy aspect peculiar to all

Spanish towns. Every door seemed rather the inlet to a prison than a house or shop. The shops indeed were large desolate-looking places, unenlivened by the showy windows and display of goods that render them, in Northern cities, so attractive to the eye. The Spanish dry-goods dealer does not hang his goods about his door, and as he has no sign, it is difficult to distinguish the stores from dwellings until you are in the door.

The second stories of the houses, however, atone for the gloomy austerity of the first floor. The windows always open upon balconies, and are shaded by gay-colored awnings, some of them very beautifully fringed. The ladies sit at them to gaze down upon the street and form attractive objects for the eye of the passer-by.

As we now passed along, lights streamed across the streets from nearly all the second story windows, which were open and through which we could hear talking, laughing, and the sound of the piano, and often the notes of the guitar, accompanied by rich female voices, mingled with manly tones. The crimson, orange, or blue drapery of the long windows, lighted up by the candles from the parlors within, gave the whole street a brilliant appearance. We often stopped to listen to the mirthful laughter of the young girls and the melody of the guitar.

At one house, beneath the balcony, we saw an officer wrapped in a cloak, who was thrumming a guitar, while from the balcony two ladies bent over listening. He played finely. It was a real Spanish serenade, and did more to make us realize that we were in a foreign country than anything else. We could not see the faces of the ladies, but presume they were young and handsome. Saul told us that a rich Brazilian merchant lived there, who had three handsome daughters, and that somebody or other was always playing the guitar to them.—We all felt a great desire to see and become acquainted with these Brazilian beauties; but our aspirations somewhat fell when we recollected that we were no longer ‘young gentlemen’ upon a par with good society, but merely soda-shop boys—bar-tenders! This reflection made me, at least, resolve that I would soon change my position and prospects in society.

At the ‘pulperias,’ on the street corners, we passed groups of soldiers, mostly black, lounging about the steps, or else inside, playing dominoes—a favorite game with all classes—cards, drinking or smoking. They did not molest us, though they did not move aside to let us pass, and so we quietly took the middle of the street.

On our way we passed the residence of the English Consul. It was brilliantly lighted up, and the sounds of music and dancing met our ears, while figures moving in the graceful waltz flitted past the window.

‘This is the English Consulate,’ said Saul. ‘He gives a party to all the English, French, and American officers and citizens.’

‘I should like to have had an invitation,’ said Fairfax. ‘I see there dancing two or three American midshipmen much younger than I am.’

‘You won’t be likely to get invited to such parties, I calculate.’

answered Saul, dryly. 'It's only the distinguished folks and respectable citizens. When you get invitations to the great parties here, I guess they'll invite me too! Folks are mighty nice here who they invite. I guess if any of them English or 'Merican officers should see you in there and remember you sold them soda-water, they would give the cold shoulder and perhaps ask you what you was a doin' there among gentlemen?'

This rejoinder of Paul's stung me as well as my companions to the quick. It revealed to us our true position. We saw that we were sacrificing our 'respectability,' as the world calls it, by remaining with Mr. Bedrick. We saw that we were looked upon, not with reference to our true position as members of families of respectability at home, but merely as shop-boys, bar-tenders in Monte Video, just as we should regard others whom we saw in our situation. Our pride was touched. We said nothing then; but each one mentally resolved, as we found, on comparing sensations afterwards, on immediately quitting the old man and trust to fortune for something else to do.

To remain as shop-boys, we felt would be a bar (without a pun) to our obtaining situations in respectable mercantile houses. Our minds were at once made up, as with gloomy and bitter feelings we left the gay scene behind, from which we were excluded, wholly from our connexion with a man who was engaged in an occupation that was in the lowest class of pursuits.

We soon reached the Grande Plaza or Square, and as the Band entered it from the barracks at the same moment we did, our attention was drawn off from ourselves to the scene around us. The square was a large area, having on one side the Cathedral, on another the Governor's palace, and the public offices, halls of justice, &c., on the remaining sides.

The buildings thus surrounding it were of grand proportions, and being built in the massive style of Morisco-Spanish architecture were imposing to the eye. The palace was directly in front of us; and being lighted up by numerous torches, held in the hands of soldiers stationed before it, presented a striking appearance. Its masses of light and shadow had a fine effect. The band escorted by a detachment of the imperial guard, after marching along, by tap of drum, two sides of the square, drew up before the palace. In a moment afterwards the Cathedral clock tolled eight, and an eighteen pounder, opposite to the palace, was discharged, the explosion shaking the very ground upon which we stood. At the same instant the Band struck up a brilliant national air, and for a time the whole universe seemed to my senses filled, swelling, crushing with music.

We listened for an hour to a great variety of pieces, marches, waltzes and even dirges. At nine they ceased playing, another gun was fired, the Band wheeled into column, and escorted by the Guard, marched across the square at a lively air played upon the drum and pipe, and soon disappeared in the street leading to their barracks.—The torches were extinguished, and in ten minutes silence reigned over the square. A few of the windows of the place were lighted, and

from the interior of the Cathedral a faint glimmer like twilight was perceptible.

'Have you been in the Cathedral?' asked Saul.

We replied in the negative. He then proposed that we should enter and see it by night, for 'it had,' said he, 'such a strange, mysterious look about it, made a man feel as if his soul was in a nut-shell.'

We crossed the square in a body, arm in arm, Saul going in advance a step or two.

When we came to the entrance of the dark, towering mass, we were challenged by a sentinel, who was concealed in the shadow of a buttress. His 'Quien va la?' was the only intimation of his presence.

'Amigos,' answered Saul in Spanish; for he had such an extreme dislike of the Portuguese invaders that he would not speak their language.

'Let me see your pass, senor?' demanded the soldier, in harsh Portuguese.

Saul held it out to him. The man opened a small dark lantern which was hung at his belt and examining it, said, 'Bon!' and stood aside to let us pass on where we chose.

We entered the church through a vast entrance wrapped in darkness, our way guided only by the distant glimmer of seven wax candles which burned at the extremity. Our sensations as we advanced deeper into the vast pile—vast to our ideas who were conversant only with New England meeting-houses—were solemn and tinged with awe. The light of the candles only lighted up the altar, with its gold and silver vessels, its gorgeous apparatus of a gorgeous worship. The nave and extremities of the Cathedral were buried in profound darkness, in which the twilight that prevailed near the altar was lost. We could behold neither the roof nor the sides. It seemed like looking off and upward into infinite darkness.

Saul and the rest passed slowly on, with their hats carried reverently in their hands, and their steps noiseless; yet so deep was the stillness, that the rustling of their motion awoke the unilluminated silence of the distant corridors in faint, rustling echoes, as if spirits were passing by.

I let the others walk on, to gaze more nearly upon the magnificence of the altar. I remained alone, to indulge in the new and heart-profound emotions which the place awakened. It seemed to fathom my soul and stir up its depths, flinging to its surface thoughts and sensations I had never experienced—that I knew not were in my being. A feeling of awe took hold upon me, and I remember that the idea of God and Eternity pressed upon me with irresistible power.

A shadowy form, a foot-fall in the dim corridor drew my attention, and presently it approached me across the paved floor, for the vast floor was paved with marble and unobstructed by pews, and as it came nearer I saw it was a priest. He passed close by my side, lingered and regarded me in the indistinct light, and then saying kindly 'Benedicite!' proceeded on his way across the church. I followed his retreating figure till it blended with the darkness; then

I heard a distant door open and close again with a loud echoing sound. I followed him in my heart with feelings of interest, for he had blessed me, knowing me not—but looking upon me only as a brother of God's great family. I had always had a prejudice against the Roman Catholics, but the religious awe inspired by the place I was now in and the gentle 'Bless thee!' of the muffled monk opened my heart and dissipated my prejudices. Since then I have travelled more and seen more of mankind; and every year's experience has taught me to be charitable to all men, and regard every man as a brother for whom Christ died. I have learned to look over the barriers of sect and see the man beyond and recognize in him God's image, and an heir of Christ's kingdom. We are charitable towards men of no religions, we are charitable towards the heathen-man: but when we encounter those who differ from us in modes of worship or in articles of christian faith, we *hate them!* A christian sectarian who will screech eat bread with one of another denomination, will find no cause for quarrel with a Chinese or Hindoo. He will not hate him! But he does hate and revile his brother who, knowing and believing the true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, worships him not as *he* worships. I have seen good men of all faiths. All creeds are good that lead men back to God. The various and diverse denominations of christians constitute, like the beautiful rainbow which is composed of seven colors, one beautiful whole that shall span earth and heaven. But I am not cheating my readers into a sermon.

Alone I slowly walked around the interior of the Cathedral. Niches, in which stood richly attired Madonnas, St. Johns, St. Peters, and St. Pauls, alternated with large paintings of scenes from the New Testament, relieved the walls; but owing to the obscurity, were but faintly visible. The floor in front of the altar was literally paved with sepulchral slabs covering the crypt where slept the distinguished dead.—Some of these bore armorial bearings, and the inscriptions of all being in Latin, were easily made out by us.

The altar was a grand pile of splendor. It is impossible to describe its magnificence. It presented to the eye a confused mass of gold, silver, and precious stones; of gilded columns, silver arches and silver pillars; golden candlesticks, rich silken and velvet drapery, scarlet purple, azure, and orange colors; silver crucifixes, crosses, statues, all of solid silver and gold. Altar rose on altar in a pyramidal series of platform, each accession in elevation more glorious than the lower.—The whole dazzling structure was crowned by a blazing cross of precious stones.

All this was seen by the light of seven wax candles which burn day and night before the altar. They were seven feet high, and stood in pillar-like candle-sticks eight feet in height, of solid silver. I was moving away from the spot on which I had stood beholding this scene of elaborate magnificence, when I was startled by a low sobbing near me. I looked in the direction whence it came, and discovered a female kneeling before the altar. She was obscured by the shadows of the railings, which, interrupting the light from the candles, fell across the crypt, throwing it upon alternate bars of light and shadow. As I

gazed, she seemed to be at prayer, for I heard low words in a soft but sad tone. I was deeply moved.

I drew nigh and passed her twice with a heavy step. But she took no notice of me—she seemed to be wholly wrapped in her grief and devotions. I felt tempted to speak to her and assure her of my sympathy; but I reflected that she might not be able to understand English and I could not speak Portuguese.

While I was thus deliberating she rose from her knees, and crossing herself glided away towards the corridor on the right of the altar. I followed her and saw her enter a low door and disappear. I began to think then of what I had read in old romances, and it seemed to me as if I was acting a part in one of them. What I had seen was so in keeping with the place, that all the romance of my nature was kindled. I fancied, for she was evidently youthful, that she was some lovely nun who had a tyrannical father, who had compelled her to take the veil; that her lover—for I gave her a lover—had pined away and died of grief and was buried beneath the crypt; and every night she came to weep and pray upon the tomb; for she had been kneeling on a white marble slab.

I went back to see what was inscribed upon it, when to the discomfiture of the latter supposition of my story, I found that the person whose memory it commemorated was an Archbishop of seventy, who had died half a century ago.

Seeing my friends about departing, I now hastened to join them, and together we left the place.

‘Here is a marble basin,’ said Saul, ‘where they keep what they call ‘holy water.’’

As he spoke he laid his hand upon an indistinctly seen urn of white marble that stood by the door.

‘Every body dips their finger in it going in and coming out and makes the sign of the cross upon their breasts and forehead. I asked old Juana once what they did it for, and she said it was to keep the devil from going in with ‘em, and when they come out to keep him from getting into ‘em!’

With this remark of Saul’s we emerged into the square, and took our way towards home, which we reached without any adventure, but not without being challenged or stopped at every guard-house we passed on the way.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Battle.

UPON entering the house we found the old man up waiting for us. He met us with an angry look and demanded very fiercely why we had staid out so late. It was about half-past nine. Neither of us made any reply but passing him proceeded to our rooms. We heard him foaming and fussing and calling us all kinds of names as we closed

our door and fastened it. Striking a light we set it upon a table and called a council of war.

'It is time,' said Fairfax, 'that the old man and ourselves came to an understanding. As to remaining longer with him degrading ourselves by retailing soda and Port wine sangarees to the officers of the navy and army, I for one will do it no longer !'

'Nor will I! Nor I! Nor I!' was the unanimous response.

'Softly boys,' said Hewitt. 'We must move with discretion. We have caught ourselves in a scrape and we must act prudently to get out of it.'

'If you choose to remain,' answered Radsworth, 'you are at liberty to do so. I think you have a sort of hankering for the old deceiver. You seem to be on better terms with him than any of us; and he likes you better than the rest of us!'

'I have acted prudently only. You know we are dependent on him and until we can find other employment must continue to be. This I have thought of. If I had money I would not stay another day, but dress up and go and board at the British Coffee House till I could get a passage home. Suppose we should all leave him to-morrow, where should we go? Where should we sleep to-morrow night? I have not but thirty dollars in the world, and each one is worth its weight in gold to me so far from home. None of you have much more. Paul, here, says his father forgot to leave him any when he took leave of him on board the brig, and he was too much taken up with parting to remind him of it.'

'I have ninety-five dollars,' answered Fairfax very positively.

What Hewitt had said was the truth. My father had not given me any money, and I had not asked him for any, supposing he would leave some with me at parting. In the hurry and grief of separation, I did not again think of it, and perhaps, he did not; at any rate, I had with me but seven dollars and a quarter, and ten thousand miles from home, without a friend or acquaintance, and only eighteen years of age. I was not, however, disheartened. Neither of us were disposed to despair. We were healthy, had a good flow of spirits, plenty of hope and were ready to do and dare!

'Your ninety-five dollars, George, won't last long if you go to a hotel. They charge three dollars a day.'

'You shall all share with me. We will make one purse in common, boys!' he said generously. 'All our riches together will make about one hundred and seventy dollars. I propose that we quit old Hunks in a body to-morrow and trust to fortune for the future!'

'I don't think so,' said the moderate Hewitt. 'Let us stay and save every dollar till we shall need its use.'

'I propose,' said I, 'that we in the morning come to an understanding with the old man. Let us have a regular 'talk' with him, let him know that we are acquainted with his duplicity, and then tell him that it is our intention to quit him and throw ourselves upon the protection of the American Consul. At this he will become alarmed, and then we will propose to him that if he will pay us each a dollar a day we will consent to remain with him until we can do something better, or

get a passage back to the United States. We shall thus be getting money for our services, and laying up something for a day of necessity. If he refuses we will then wait upon the Consul, state our grievances and the trick that has been put upon us in thus luring us from our native land and be guided by his advice. I have a letter in my pocket from my father to Colonel Forbes, our *charge d' affaires* at Buenos Ayres, which I will show to the consul in testimony of our 'respectability' and let him understand that we are not exactly 'bar-boys.'

This speech of mine was received with general approbation, and it was decided unanimously that this course should be adopted.

'I never thought of the Consul,' said Hewitt with an air of surprise. 'He's the very man to look to! He stands instead of our country to protect us and all other Americans. We'll get the weather side of old Bedrick yet!' And rubbing his hands he chuckled and snuffled his nose at the idea.

We now retired to bed. I slept little for the fleas, and for thinking of the step we were about to take in the morning. I may observe here that I was less and less annoyed each successive night by these miserable *natives*, and was rapidly bringing to a successful test the remark of Saul, for I had not been a fortnight on shore when nearly every pore in my body had been pierced by their bills.

About daylight I was awakened from a drowsy sleep into which I had fallen by a heavy cannonading mingled with musketry. In my half-waking half-asleep state I fancied that it was a thunder storm accompanied by hail rattling upon the roof. I heard, however, my companions rousing up and calling out that there must be fighting. I sprang to my feet and hastily dressed, while the walls of the house shook with the heavy discharges of artillery, and the flashes of the explosion reddened to the zenith and lighted the room, for it was yet scarcely day.

While I was putting on my coat the old man came running in in his green flannel gown crying in great trepidation:

'There is a battle! There is a fight! They are attacking the town! What shall we do?'

I did not answer him, but hurrying on my dress hastened to the roof of the house, which I reached at the same moment with Fairfax and Bill Bedrick. I have already said that the top of our house commanded an extensive view over a portion of the city, the harbor, the curve of the opposite shore, and the castellated mound. Upon gaining the top of the house and mounting the battlement, I witnessed a scene that made my blood thrill with wild excitement. The castle upon the Mount, a mile and a half distant from the place on which I stood, was in the act of being stormed by the patriots. The masses of cavalry, some dismounted and acting as infantry, were surrounding its base, swaying this way and that like the waves of the sea, now pressing forward like an overwhelming billow, now retiring a little to renew its onset, while from its van, its bosom and its flank flashed sheets of flame which gave light to the terrific scene. The castle which they were assaulting was enveloped in smoke and jetting flames from the artillery which from the embrasures poured its fire upon them. In the harbor

four or five vessels were opening their broadsides upon the patriots, raking them across a low piece of ground which lay at the foot of the hill. The roar of artillery, its red glare in the heavens, like incessant sheet lightning, the rattling of musketry, the sharp ringing of pistols, and the cries of those engaged, which distinctly reached our ears, presented a scene such as I had before no conception could be enacted on this lower earth. The tops of the houses were crowded with spectators, whose vivas and exclamations were constant. The city itself was in a condition of the highest excitement. Drums sounded to arms, bugles swelled upon the air from every quarter. General officers dashed up and down the streets, now this way now that, encircled by their staffs, giving orders to their aids as they galloped by. In a few minutes after I had reached the roof I beheld a regiment advancing at a round trot from the Grande Square, their officers with waving swords and loud voices encouraging them on. They passed along the street beneath me like a torrent. Then appeared a detachment of cavalry galloping after them at full speed. Then from a cross street came battalion after battalion of infantry and artillery, all pressing forward towards the quay. I soon saw the object of this movement by beholding several barges filled with troops launch out from the mole and pull across the harbor. All the boats of the fleet were in requisition.—Barge after barge crowded with men rapidly pulled across towards the scene of contest. While I was looking, Saul Freelove stood by my side.

‘So you are looking at the battle. Wall, it’s a sight one don’t see every day in the States, but since I’ve been here I’ve seen so much fighting I’ve got a sort a used to it! I came over here as I couldn’t see the castle plain from my house, and to tell you all you needn’t be frightened, it’ll soon blow over. The darned Brazilians think they’ll do somethin’ by sendin’ over their sogers in the boats, but the patriots ain’t going to be caught in a trap. They know what they are about; though it does seem a sort of foolish thing to take a castle without artillery! Look and see how them brave fellers climb up the walls.—There’s bloody work going on there, and God have mercy on their souls. It’s as bad as Bunker Hill!’

‘Can you tell how many patriots there are engaged?’ I asked.

‘About two thousand I should guess; but they don’t stay still enough for me to count ’em, and then there is sich a smoke and firing?’

‘I wish I was there in the midst!’ I cried with youthful enthusiasm. ‘I would like to help the patriots.’

‘You’d wish yourself back again,’ answered Saul dryly. ‘Jest see them fellers tumble off the horses and roll down hill. See them horses without riders flying like mad towards the country. You be like never to see Boston State-hus agen if you was there!’

Nevertheless I felt as if I should very much like to be there. I had caught the spirit of battle, and I almost wished for wings to fly to mingle in the conflict. The interest of the contest grew each moment more absorbing. Battalion after battalion marched through the city, embarked at the mole, and pressed towards the opposite shore where they disembarked and formed under cover of the fire from the

shipping. In the meanwhile, the assailants strove to possess themselves of the fortress with a bravery that was wonderful. Unintimidated by the fire of the artillery from the yawning embrasures, the heavy and galling discharges of musketry from the battlements, they pressed round the walls with ladders and fascines. We could see the brave men fall here and there from their horses and objects descended swiftly and heavily from the walls into the moat which Saul said were soldiers slain by the patriot's fire. At length the detachment which had landed began their march, about fifteen hundred in number, to attack the rear of the patriots' force.

'Now Llavelleja will get caught in a trap if he doesn't retreat,' said Saul. 'The Brazilian means to try and cut him off from his camp!'

While Saul was speaking I saw the patriots, from whom I scarcely kept off my eyes, make a movement simultaneously to retire. The infantry, or rather those that were dismounted, I saw disappear in a sort of a ravine, while the cavalry, forming in a close column and bearing off their wounded across their saddles, began to trot down the hill.— They were in a few moments joined by about six hundred cavalry that emerged suddenly from the ravine.

'Them are the men we saw disappear on the other side o' the hill,' said Saul. 'They left there horses there so as to attack on foot, and now they have gone and mounted again. That's jist like them Quacho rancheros! Now they fight on horseback, now on foot, jist as it happens. They be the bravest fellers in the world, Yankee boys always excepted. But they haint got the old castle this time. But they go off with flying colors and sounding bugles!'

The patriots had indeed found it expedient to retire; but they did so as if they did not fear their foes. They moved in a compact column at a free but not a hurried trot, with banners glancing in the sun which was just rising, and bugles sounding. We could hear their *tirrah-tirrah!* through the still air where we were. They passed within a third of a mile of the Brazilian battalions, which drew up in order of battle as if expecting a cavalry charge. But the vast body of horse passed them without notice, and in a few minutes wound into a gorge between two low peach hills, and disappeared towards the interior. A cannonading had been kept up after them from the fortress, but I saw that only one shot appeared to take effect, from witnessing some slight confusion in the midst of a column and a brief detention in the rear of some score or two of the horsemen, who appeared to be lying wounded companions upon their horses.

The Brazilian force did not pursue; but after a little delay about two hundred of them were detached from the line and marched towards the fortress, which they entered. The firing from the shipping ceased, and also that from the castle, and silence once more reigned over the scene of war. With a small pocket spy-glass, which I now recollected I had in my trunk, and which I regretted I had not thought of before, I was able to view the battle ground with much nearer proximity. I could plainly discern the bodies of men and horses strewn over the green hill-side, and fancied I could make out the stiffened features of

many a fallen patriot. I counted seventy-four dead bodies of the patriots, and upwards of a hundred horses. Carbines, swords, pistols, so far as I could make out, were scattered in all directions. I could see no bodies of Brazilian soldiers save near the gates; for those that fell had been shot upon the walls and had plunged into the moat. It was a bad scene, and it was a relief to remove the glass from my eye and place again a wide distance between. My heart sickened at such slaughter. My sympathies were with the patriots. They had not been beaten, but had returned only to avoid collision with a superior force of fresh troops.

We gathered together in a group, we four, and talked over what we had witnessed. One idea seemed simultaneously to take possession of our minds. I was the first to give it language by saying to them:

‘How would you like to join the patriots?’

‘It is just what I was thinking of,’ they answered almost in the same breath.

‘Then the way of honor is open before us,’ I answered. ‘If we leave Bedrick we leave him to join Llavelleja. Is it so?’

‘Yes,’ was the response of all three.

We joined hands upon it and then obeyed the call to breakfast; for if men fight they must eat too. Nothing can be done in this world, without beef, bread and coffee.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Resolution.

The scenes of the morning had given a new turn to our thoughts and a direction to our energies. We now beheld before us a field not only of action and honorable employment but a pathway to fame. We breakfasted in good spirits and afterwards went each to our respective shops; for we decided to keep perfectly secret our plans until they were fully matured. We, therefore, assumed extraordinary diligence in business during the day in order the more fully to disguise our purposes. Our shop was all day crowded. More soda was drank that day on the score of the fight than had been on any previous day, not excepting that on which we opened the establishment. The battle was the only theme of conversation among all visitors, among whom were naval officers from the French, English and American vessels of war in the harbor. During the day we were honored also with the presence of the commander of the castle, and several of his officers who had taken part in its defence. One of them was wounded and had his arm in a sling.

They talked valiantly of their exploits upon the walls. From the conversation of several parties I got the facts of the affair. It appeared that General Llavelleja had, the night before, secretly marched from his camp at the head of a detachment of about two thousand of his cavalry, for the purpose of surprising the castle. His force pro-

ceeded without discovery to the base of the Mount, about five miles distant from his camp, where he separated them into three divisions. One of them, consisting of five hundred dismounted cavalry, silently marched around the hill and took a position, in ambush, directly under the walls at the rear of the castle. The second detachment of seven hundred men was sent to a ravine at the foot of the hill, where it dismounted, leaving their horses tethered, and there formed in column, ready for the signal of onset. The third and main body remained in saddles at the base of the hill, directly in front of the main entrance to the castle and about five hundred yards distant, the ascent to the gate from their post being gradual, the hill being in shape not unlike an ant hill, the castle crowning the whole.

The motive for this disposition of his forces was the fact Llavelleja knew that every morning at dawn, the main gate of the castle was thrown open for the soldiers to go down to a spring a hundred yards from it to get water to cook with. Upon the opening of the gate, therefore, the detachment in ambush were to rush forward and surprise it and thus get admission into the castle, which would then have fallen easily into their hands.

Having made this disposition of his forces under cover of the darkness, he awaited until the dawn for the gate to be opened. When at length the day began to break, he, in person, drew so near to the gate that, it was said, he heard the turning of the bolts as it was unlocked. The moment the gate was opened and the soldiers with their buckets began to come forth, he wound his bugle and dashed at the entrance with the whole of the ambush at his back.

So sudden was the onset and surprise that he fairly gained the entrance, cutting to pieces about a score of the soldiers which had come out and wounding and slaying several that opposed under the portcullis. The garrison, however, met him with courage, and the officer in command had presence of mind enough to drop the portcullis in the very midst of the melee, cutting in two several of the combatants of both parties that were fighting beneath it.

Finding the gate thus closed, the patriot general gave a general order for storming the citadel. Now opened the cannonading upon the advancing cavalry of the main body which had awakened the sleeping city from its repose, and me among the number. The failure of this bold attempt I have already stated.

The British and American officers whom I heard discussing the affair, called it a gallant thing, though some of them were disposed to censure the Patriot general for not waiting for his artillery before he planned such an expedition; while others ridiculed the idea of employing cavalry to storm a fortress. But others urged that as all his army were cavalry, it was in character; and besides, the cavalry drawn up at the foot of the hill could be made available in protecting the infantry, should a sortie of the whole garrison be made and drive it back.

All the forenoon barrows laden with wounded soldiers from the castle passed the shop on the way to the hospital. The enthusiasm, however, of the citizens was not damped by these sights, sufficiently

familiar to their observation. There was a general joy throughout the town. Men spoke of it as a great victory; and in the afternoon salutes were fired, flags displayed, and other marks of victorious triumph manifested. In the evening the Governor-General, who had witnessed the battle from the cupola of the palace, gave a ball, and fire-works were let off in the Grande Square. Exultation was on every Brazilian visage. It was said that the detachment of fifteen hundred men which had been sent across the harbor, would be the next day increased by four thousand more, and an attack would be made upon the patriot camp. All was excitement and warlike enthusiasm.

Our Consul, it was said, asked the Governor General why a sufficient force was not sent over at the time to follow the retreating patriots and press them into their camp, cutting them to pieces in the confusion of their discomfiture. His reply was that he apprehended that the attack was only a ruse to draw his attention and the flower of his troops in that direction, while the remaining four thousand cavalry surprised one of the city gates and endeavored to carry the town.

The Brazilian General's opinion of the courage of the patriots was flattering to them, to say the least, that he should suppose four thousand men would be able to take a city garrisoned with seventeen thousand! surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, which was defended by a moat as many feet deep and sixty feet wide, filled from the harbor with water, which flowed all around the city like a circular river; the gates double, protected by drawbridges and portcullis, by a strong guard and cannon frowning above them! But the truth is, the Brazilians stood much in fear of their brave foes, and attributed to them prowess in arm worthy of the heroes of ancient Greece or the Scythian warriors, whom, indeed, they not a little resembled.

Llavelleja was sustained only by his six thousand *Ranchero* cavalry in his siege. The Buenos Ayrean Government had no fleet, save a few gun boats, two or three schooners and a corvette of twenty guns which had once been a New York merchant ship, but which the Patriot Government purchased and converted into a vessel of war. This vessel was the flag ship of the little squadron which was under the command of Admiral Brown, once an English officer, but for many years in the service of Buenos Ayres; a brave, daring man, a finished seaman, and a thorough fighting sailor. This squadron was at this time blockaded in Buenos Ayres by the Brazilian fleet which I have already spoken of as stretching from shore to shore about fifteen miles from Montevideo. The siege of Montevideo was therefore incomplete, and would have been had Llavelleja's force been fifty thousand men; for so long as the harbor was open to the Brazilian vessels the place could not be starved out. But what the patriot wanted in means was supplied by invincible courage, energy, and love of country. They had the sympathy of all the Americans and French in the port, and of most of the English, who, however, could not so entirely overcome their prejudices against republics as to extend to them hearty and cordial wishes for success.

The character of the patriots and the patriot general inspired us with the strongest interest; and I was filled with the greatest desire to

see him. The analogy between the Republic and our own enlisted our national pride. We had been told that she had adopted our constitution almost literally, and that her form of government was modelled after our own. We knew that her people were brave, and were combatting on the side of justice and right. Our resolution, therefore, to take part with them was confirmed the more we reflected upon it. There we were, thrown upon the world, as it were, by an act of duplicity on the part of one who should have been our protector and friend. We had the world all before us where to choose. It was either ignobly to return home, if we could get a passage, or carve out our fortunes with our own hands. The war closed all avenues of business but selling soda-water, which seemed to flourish under it, and the army and navy of the patriots seemed to invite us. They needed every arm that would volunteer in their cause. The idea of fighting in the patriot cause thrilled our youthful bosoms! There was a charm, a fascination in the very word! We might also rise rapidly to fame—our country might yet hear of us with pride!

Our determination was taken. We that night got together, and after talking the whole matter over with a gravity becoming a Napoleonic council, we made up our minds to take the first opportunity to join the Patriot force outside of the city. We were divided in choice of the service however. Fairfax and myself were inclined, after reporting ourselves to Llavelleja, to proceed to Buenos Ayres and join the squadron under the gallant Brown; for we both had a fancy for the sea. Radsworth, whose father was a general officer in the last war, and Hewitt, preferred the military service. Fairfax and I were not disposed, be it understood, to get out of fighting distance by joining the squadron in the port of Buenos Ayres. We expected to fight, and wished to. A report was in town that Brown was then preparing to sail down the river with his little squadron, to break the blockade and open the river, at least temporarily, to the vessels waiting below to come up. We hoped to reach him in time to take part in the affair.

Thus having settled matters for the future, it only remained for us to embrace some opportunity for quitting the city. This was likely to be a difficult object to bring about. The only outlets from the place were by the gates towards the country, which were triply guarded, or by the mole on the harbor side.

The next morning after the battle, the old man came into the shop, and said he was going on board an American ship which had just come in, to hear what news there was from the States.

'Now young men,' he said, speaking through his beaked nose and looking very authoritative, 'I shall be gone just two hours to a minute. You know my punctuality. I expect you to remain in the shop.—Don't leave it Perril, on your *peril*, as you did yesterday. If I maintain you I shall expect you to give me every minute of your time.—Now see that I am obeyed. My son Edwin goes with me. Have you seen William?'

'I have not since yesterday,' I answered.

'The dog! He will yet get his head taken off or be put in prison. He is always adventuring about. I don't know but I shall have to try

and get him a place in Ford & Co's House? He is getting unsteady and wild!

Well might the old gentleman say so. His son was as wayward and independent as the wind. He was a handsome, reckless, fiery young man, with an utter contempt for his father, and a merciless quizzer of his literary brother, Edwin. He was a good fellow at heart, but a perfect devil when he was roused. He refused to do anything, but dressed elegantly and passed his time in cafes, or flirting with such young Spanish girls as his impudence aided him to get acquainted with.—Once in a while he would lounge into the shop and chat awhile, take a glass of soda-brandy, smoke two or three cigars and then disappear.—He was, however, on excellent terms with us; and well knew that we did not intend to remain with his father any longer than we could help ourselves; for finding him friendly we had told him. He kept our secret, and said frankly, that he did not blame us; 'for the old man had fairly taken us in.' He added, too, that he was surprised after he had seen more of us on board the brig, that such a set of young men as he found us to be, should have consented to go out to Buenos Ayres, to tend soda-shops! But when we, as a few days after our arrival we did do, explained to him in confidence the deception, (which he warmly professed his ignorance of before) he expressed his indignation and said that we should but serve the old man right to quit him at once, and let him find others to tend shop as he could. We did not, however, fully let him into our secret purposes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Fate.

AFTER the old gentleman had quitted the shop to go on board the newly arrived vessel, I went to the door to watch him safely down to the quay. I then took my hat and arming myself with a dirk and pistol to protect myself against dogs and bipeds both, I left the shop and took my way down a street that led to the walls. Fairfax was well aware of my object, it having been previously arranged, and promised to tend both fountains till I returned. My motive in thus stealing away was to take a survey of the walls and gates and see what chance offered for our escaping on the country-side. My intention was to go quite around the walls on the inner side, there being a wide, open space or street next to them extending their whole circuit. In some places this space widened into broad, open ground like a square, covered with piles of offal and swarming with dogs. One of these squares was called Congo Square, and was the favorite resort of the negroes on holidays for dancing the fandango.

The street which I took to go to the walls was narrow and filthy and inhabited by the lowest canaille of the city. I passed numerous pulperias thronged with drunken soldiery and villainous looking ruffians. No one, however, molested me, as I sauntered carelessly along:

and being dark complexioned and having black eyes and hair, I was the more readily suffered to proceed as I looked like a young Spaniard or Brazilian, having, indeed, been more than once taken to be one.—So I attracted no particular attention and went on in security where blue eyes and fair hair might possibly have been in peril.

Two-thirds of the way down the street I was met by a party of soldiers with a barrow. Upon it was stretched a soldier writhing with pain. His shirt was stripped off and his naked, brawny chest and shoulders were crimson with blood flowing from a gun-shot wound in his neck. I heard one of the soldiers answer in reply to a question of one standing by that the man had been a sentinel upon the walls and was just shot by a Quacho rider—that is, a patriot horseman. They were bearing him to the hospital. This sight had called to my mind what Saul had told me, viz: that the Quacho cavalry will often ride up within carbine shot of the walls and pick off the sentinels. They approach in this way:—Wild horses, be it understood, are always roving and browsing about in the vicinity, and can be seen in large troops from the walls. Some of them sometimes gallop up close to the walls neigh a sort of defiance and then scour away over the low hillocks that break the barren surface of the region within a mile of the walls.—The sentinels accustomed to see them come near, pay no attention to them. The Quachos, who are the best horsemen in the world, taking advantage of this, strip themselves of all superfluous clothing and armed only with a carbine advance within a mile of the walls mounted as usual. They then worm their way nigher and nigher behind the hillocks driving a score of wild horses before them, until they get as near the walls as they can. They then throw themselves partly off their horses, sticking to his side by one hand upon the mane, and the feet twisted under the hams. In this manner they gallop forward keeping the other side of the horse next to the walls. The sentry, seeing no rider, for the Quacho is hidden on the other side of the horse, to which he clings like a leech, takes no heed of him, regarding him as one of the wild steeds of the pampas. As soon as the Quacho finds himself within shot of his man he throws himself across his courser's back, discharging his carbine with unerring aim; the sentinel tumbles into the moat or falls wounded upon the battlements, while the horseman retires with the speed of the wind waving his carbine above his head, and shouting defiance.

In this manner had this man been shot, who, from the examples he had before his eyes of the fate of many of his comrades, ought to have been better on his guard.

Near the foot of the street I passed a door of a house before which I saw a small gilt cross in the hand of a little child dressed in white with flowers in her hand she held a plate on which were a few pieces of money. She offered it to me, and upon my asking her (in my best Spanish, in which I was daily improving so as to talk pretty well) what it was for, she said it was to pay for masses for the soul of a little *infant*, her sister! As she spoke she directed my attention through an open door into a room where upon a table and covered with a white fringed

cloth, stood a small coffin ornamented with gold paper, and wreathed with flowers.

'Entre usted, señor?' said the little girl as I placed a medio (a sixteenth of a dollar) in the plate, a sum, which I thought more than adequate to pay for all the sins the little babe had committed in this wicked world.

I entered and gazed upon the wax-like features of one of the loveliest infants I ever beheld. Its little fingers were clasped upon its breast and held a small silver gilt cross and a rosebud. A coronet of fresh flowers bound its temples. It was arrayed in a snowy white embroidered robe and looked like a sculptured cherub. There was no one in the room but an old negro woman in a white scarlet gown and scarlet turban, who was incessantly making the sign of the cross in the air, and muttering 'aves,' while I gazed down upon the child.

Leaving this house I continued my walk to the foot of the street, where the calaboose was situated. This was a huge, gloomy structure of stone, with a window full thirty feet high, something like a gothic church window, looking upon the street. It was strongly grated with a lattice of iron bars like a gigantic cage. Around this window was collected a motley group of both sexes and all colors and costumes, who were gazing in upon the prisoners or talking with them through the bars. I stopped to view the scene. The window was literally covered to its top with prisoners who had climbed up the bars on the inside over one another's head to look out, and hear, and see and talk with their acquaintances in the street. Such a noise I never heard.—It was a jargon of voices that gave one a good idea of Bedlam. Some were talking from street to grate at the top of their voices, some swearing, some calling out, some laughing, jeering, mocking and shouting. I stood for a few moments appalled. I then crossed the street and drew nearer to get a better view and look into the prison. Two or three of the prisoners, many of whom were nearly as naked as they were born, spying me out, thrust out their murderous looking hands or their old caps and called vociferously for 'dinero, dinero, señor!' 'money, money!' One fierce, bearded, piratical villain, who was twenty feet above me, in particular, made his loud demands. I chanced to have in my pocket about ten or twelve coppers which I threw against the window. Such a scramble, such oaths, such superhuman exertions to get possession of those that fell inside, it is impossible for words to do justice to. The piratical villain from the top, let himself down over the backs of his fellows beneath him, like a panther descending a tree. The window was deserted, and fifty miserable wretches were scrambling upon the floor of the prison under it for the coin. In the midst of the uproar, and quite satisfied with what I had witnessed, I withdrew from a scene which could hardly be paralleled in hell.

Such visages as some of those fellows exhibited as they peered through the grating, would degrade the devil. Ferocity, brutality, lust, fury, hatred, malice, all were stamped there with the seal of unmixed depravity. Many of them had not been shaven for weeks. Many of them wore chains upon their wrists, which clanked harshly upon the ear at every movement they made. Many of them were without other

clothing than the upper portion of ragged trowsers bound about their waists with a bit of rope. Some of them were native Africans who had been but a few weeks in the land and had been put in for murdering their masters. Some of them were domestic slaves. Some were mutinous seamen of the fleet. Some were soldiers, either deserters or assassins. Not a few were professional pirates and midnight assassins.

The room in which this miscellaneous band of wretches were confined, was about sixty feet in length, thirty high, and twenty-five wide. Here about one hundred prisoners were herded together, day and night, without distinction of crime. It was the only prison in the city, and into it were thrown all persons, indiscriminately, who came under the censure of the Government, or who incurred the displeasure of the Captain-general. I shuddered at the thought that circumstances, which were yet unforeseen, might make me an inmate of that Infernal Saloon.

After leaving this place I passed on a little farther and reached the open space that separates the streets from the walls. I walked along with my eyes closely surveying their height and scanning their situation. All that met my eyes was a lofty mass of stone crowned by battlements with sentries pacing along the sky-line with their muskets at their shoulders. At the base were heaps of rubbish and offal, and digging into them for food, were the usual herds of hungry dogs, howling and snarling like a pack of famished wolves.

At length I came to the first gate, from which a fine street extended into the very heart of the city, losing itself in the Grand Square.— Here were groups of soldiers lounging about, and four sentinels on duty, two on each side of the entrance. Guard-houses also flanked the entrance, in which I saw soldiers playing at dominoes, smoking and sleeping. Over the gate also stood a sentry with his face to the country, a sort of stationery vidette. The gates were closed; but a small wicket in it was partly open that was just large enough to admit a man at the time. While I was standing looking, I saw a peasant admitted with a bag of vegetables upon his back. He seemed well known to the guard, and many questions were put to him. An officer came out of the guard-house and questioned him, and he was then strictly searched to see if he bore any letters from the patriots; for no man was trusted, however well known. Even his bag of vegetables was poured out and overhauled; and then only he was suffered to proceed up the street into the city. After he moved away, I lounged up to the gate, and as the wicket was still open I stooped down to take a peep through into the country. But my curiosity was rewarded by a friendly musket which was pressed side-ways so forcibly against my breast that I had nearly tumbled over backwards. The hint was accompanied with a friendly admonition to keep out of the way and mind my own business. I was minding my business to the letter; for I had come there for the very purpose of seeing the chances that might offer for escape. I did not, however, tell the sentry so, but walked away well satisfied that there was no hope of reaching the patriot army by the gates.

PAUL PERRIL,

THE MERCHANT'S SON:

— OR THE —

**ADVENTURES OF A NEW-ENGLAND BOY LAUNCHED
UPON LIFE.**

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM;

AUTHOR OF

'THE QUADROON,' 'LAFITTE,' MONTEZUMA,' &c., &c.

PART SECOND.

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PAUL PERRIL,

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

The Sally.

AFTER leaving the gate, San Piedro, I continued my walk along the inside of the wall until I came to the next gate which I found guarded in like manner with the first. In front of it was drawn up a squadron of cavalry as if about to issue forth into the country, and also a battalion of infantry. Several mounted officers were grouped near the gate in conversation, and seemed much excited. Suspecting some interesting movement was about to take place, I drew as near them as I could without peril to myself, and watched the proceedings. Upon the wall above the gate, I saw two officers standing with spy-glasses surveying the country, and every moment or two reporting to the general, who sat upon his horse below surrounded by his staff. In their rear was the cavalry, about one hundred and fifty fierce looking fellows armed with carbines, pistols in holders, and huge carbines slung across their backs. Every man wore a mustache, which added to their ferocious aspect.— They were dressed in blue jackets and gray trowsers. Silent and expectant they sat immovable in their high pommeled saddles, each with his sword drawn and in his hand and resting across the saddle-bow.— Behind them the infantry, in scarlet coats and white trowsers with tall caps crested with horse hair, were drawn up in a line. The little wicket in the great gate was opened as I came up by the captain of the guard, and a colonel alighting, took a peep through into the green but treeless country.

All at once the officers on the battlement above the gate shouted some word of alarm, and instantly the colonel was in his saddle, the wide leaved gates were thrown open, the draw-bridge lowered, and the word 'forward' being given, the cavalry wheeled rapidly into column and advanced at a round trot through the gate and over the resounding bridge spanning the moat. The infantry wheeled and followed at a brisk march, but the cavalry without waiting for them pursued their way headed by their colonel, (a gallant looking fellow to whom I had sold many a glass of soda!) towards a cluster of little hills strewn with ruins about a mile distant. I could follow their course with my eye, as the gates remained open in order that the general, who remained within the defences, might watch their progress. By stooping a little I could see underneath his horse what was going on quite as well as he did in his saddle. In five minutes after the cavalry quitted the draw-bridge, they disappeared about three quarters of a mile distant in a sort of ravine. The infantry did not follow exactly in their course, but de-toured more to the left, yet moving forward at a steady trot.

'Have they yet reached the place?' called out the general to the officers stationed over the gate-way.

'They are very near, senor,' one of them answered. 'They will not fail to cut off the party.'

'What party?' I asked of a Spaniard who stood near me, and whom I had often seen in the shop, for he had a great fancy for brandied soda-water.

'They have discovered a detachment of about a hundred Patriot cavalry hovering about the old convent Santa Maria,' he answered; 'and suspecting some mischief may grow out of it, they have sent out a detachment to disperse them. General Torres fears that they intend to mount a battery upon the walls of the convent, which would annoy the city not a little. He therefore takes this prompt step to drive them away.'

I thanked the Spanish gentleman for his information, kindly given as it was, with a slow and distinct enunciation so that I could understand each word; for he seemed to appreciate the difficulty of a foreigner's unaccustomed ear in getting hold of the meaning of rapidly uttered sentences, though each word in it, if distinctly pronounced would be comprehended. I always desired those who replied to me to speak slowly, which they always cheerfully did; and I found them invariably happy to oblige me, and ready to take pains to make me understand every word they uttered. In this manner, and by talking Spanish with all and as often as possible, I rapidly acquired the language; so that I opened conversations with confidence with the citizens. But to enable me to do this I studied three or four hours daily. My grammar and phrase book was almost always in my hand; and in the shop when I was not drawing soda I was studying words and phrases. Every thing I said in English to my comrades, I mentally put the same into Spanish. In this way I learned rapidly, and became an interpreter often times for my less ambitious friends.

In about ten minutes after the detachment was hidden by the bare hillocks it re-appeared upon the ground in front of the convent. At the

same instant I saw the Patriot cavalry issue at a gallop from the ruins, which they had doubtless been inspecting for the purpose of mounting cannon upon it; for D'avelleja (I afterwards learned) was at their head. He dashed past the Brazilian horse discharging their carbines at them in a volley as they rode by, and scoured away for their camp four miles off. The Brazilians tumbled from their horses in great numbers, and were for a moment thrown into great confusion. The General cursed as he saw this, and seemed almost furious, while his officers and the captain of the guard swore like demons incarnate. The cavalry, however, soon rallied and spurred on after the Rauchero horse, filling the air with their cries and the ringing of pistols and carbines. The infantry pressed on to intercept the Patriot horse at a stone bridge which they would have to cross by a road which led nearer to the walls of the city than the convent was. The infantry reached it first and presented a bold front. The Patriots as they came up did not draw rein, but letting off their carbines in their faces, and then drew their sabres and in an instant they cut their way through them, fairly riding them down. The next instant they were lost to the eye in a hollow beyond a low hill. The Brazilian cavalry came up in a few seconds afterwards, and without waiting to help the wounded infantry soldiers, dashed across the bridge in full pursuit.

'That pursuing detachment will hardly return again to the city,' said the old Spaniard to me quietly as we stood watching the two clouds of dust which indicated the position of the two parties. 'The Patriots, when they get so many Brazilians outside of the walls will not willingly let them back again!'

'The Colonel will fall into an ambush,' said the General, speaking with solicitude. 'He is rash to pursue so far. Fire a gun for his re-call.'

A cannon was discharged from the top of the wall. At the same moment we saw the two clouds of dust unite. The report of fire-arms reached us but faintly, as they were full two miles from the gate. The General became excited. He gave a few orders with rapidity. His aids galloped away with the speed of the wind. In ten minutes they returned at the head of a regiment of cavalry mounted in hot haste, half the men putting on their accoutrements and fastening them as they rode. As they came up to the gate, the General, who was a grey-headed warrior of sixty, placed himself at their head, and the whole body of horse began to pour through the gate like a river of helmets and banners. They numbered full five hundred men.

The gate was wide open! The country was all before me! Why could I not manage to get out with the rest unperceived. In two hours I could reach the patriot camp.

Such were my reflections as the long columns of horse was trotting past me. A man in the rear platoon whom I had seen once at Sauls, (who said he was the only honest soldier he had known) dropped his helmet off. It fell at my feet. I picked it up and handed it to him. As I did so, I asked upon the instant impulse, if he would let me mount behind him!

'Spring!' he answered as readily.

I obeyed, placing my foot upon his, and the next moment was galloping over the draw-bridge in the rear platoon of the squadron! My sensations I will not try to depict. My blood thrilled with excitement. I caught the enthusiasm of the time and scene, and only wished I was behind a Patriot instead of an Imperial soldier, or rather upon my own horse riding in their columns against the Brazilian troops. We moved forward at a rapid trot, sometimes at a gallop. The onward motion of a large body of cavalry, the jingling of spurs and chains, the clattering of sabre-sheaths, the tramp of two thousand hoofs, the flaunting of banners, the glitter of arms, armour, for many of the cavalry wore cuirasses and steel helmets, the warlike swell of bugles, and the loud voices of command, all contributed to render it one of the most striking scenes of my life.

The road along which we moved was an unfenced pathway, winding about low hillocks of offal which surrounded the walls like huge ant hills. Not a tree or shrub grew near it. We at length came to the bridge where the infantry had been overthrown. We passed them drawn up in column. The ground was strewn with the dead and wounded. The General lingered a moment to order them to march back to the city with their wounded after stopping and burying their dead. We then swept past them across the bridge and over the bodies and up-turned faces of men whom I had seen half an hour before leave the gate full of life and warlike ambition. The vultures already scented the blood from afar, and were gathering from all quarters of the horizon to the banquet. I could see them approaching at first seemingly no bigger than flies, then growing larger and larger to the eye till they hovered above the bridge with their huge flapping wings circling about and descending lower and lower at each revolution, ready after we should pass to alight upon the carcasses of the dead. My soul sickened at the sight of them, and nearly cooled the warlike fire of my blood. After crossing the bridge we galloped on at top speed for half a mile over a barren field covered with briars and strewn with skeletons of horses, cattle, dogs, and other glaring bones which once made up a human frame. After crossing this heath we entered a pass between two low ridges. I here looked back. The city with its high wall and towers, and dome, and battle-mounted roofs rose with imposing majesty from the heath-like suburbs which environed it. It looked like some gigantic citadel, and to my eyes seemed impregnable.— To the right the masts of the shipping in the harbor were visible, like a leafless forest; and farther beyond towered the Mount with its castle above which waved numerous flags. The sides of the pass soon shut out this view, and I had time to reflect upon my novel situation and the result likely to follow.

‘Here I am,’ thought I, ‘astride a Brazilian horse, behind a Brazilian trooper riding for life and death to deliver a party of the Emperor’s troops from a Patriot force. In the first place I had no business to leave the city without my three companions. I have gone beyond my instructions: for I have been especially instructed to take a survey of the walls but not to go beyond them. My absence, too, cannot be explained to them, if I escape from this troop and go to the Patriot

camp, as there is no communication with the city. It may also place them under suspicion, and prevent them from leaving the city when they wish.'

'These and other reflections led me to resolve to go back with the troop and not attempt to quit it, as I was planning to do. Much as I wished to join the Patriots, I felt that I had no right to do so, under the circumstances, without my friends. It would be an ungenerous and selfish desertion of them and their fortunes; and I therefore resolved to stick to the trooper's saddle, and return with him if he went back alive; but avail myself of the opportunity of getting all the knowledge I could. I also thought that when I returned that we might manage to slip out of the gate, one at the time, and so effect our purpose.

My cogitations, which my trooper had not disturbed by any notice of me, were now interrupted by the report of carbines at the head of the column, and loud orders from the General to push forward.

'Now,' thought I, 'here's fighting, and I am in for a bullet or two, or a sabre-cut!' I however, stuck close to my man, feeling sure that a bullet would hit him before it would hit me, as he was tolerably portly and looked likely to keep all the lead that went into his body. I felt however, helpless, without any weapon—though I did not like using one against the Patriot's whom I supposed were ahead—and took out my pistol. It was a small affair, and not having much faith in it, I asked the soldier if he would let me have one of his.

'Ah, you there, mi amigo!' he said looking over his shoulder and laughing. 'Have you not had ride enough yet?'

'I mean to go with you to the end, but lend me a pistol,' I said very seriously, for we were each instant approaching the uproar of a conflict.

'Take it, my man,' he said; 'but I'll try and protect you. You had best not come I think.'

'I am here, and must make the best of it,' I answered, feeling that I would give every cent of my little stock of money, to be safely behind old Bedrick's counter drawing soda-water. But I had little time for regrets. He handed me the heavy pistol and I half cocked it and set my teeth for desperate adventure.

By leaning over to the right side I got a glimpse ahead and saw that we had emerged from the pass into a green, pleasant region of fields, woodland, gardens and villas, scenery that I had often viewed from the roof of our house. The whole vicinity of the city would have been of similar beauty but for the policy of its defenders, who laid waste and destroyed for a mile around it, whatever would afford ambush for a foe.

At the extremity of an open field just before us, which skirted the road, I saw a party of Patriots retiring up the slope firing at our van as they retreated, and driving before them full a hundred cavalry prisoners. The ground before us were heaped with the slain—horses and men, and temporarily obstructed our advance. The brave Patriots, it seems, had halted in ambush, at this place, and fallen suddenly upon the two hundred and fifty pursuing Brazilian horse, had literally hew-

ed them to pieces, taking one third prisoners. When we came up we found but about thirty remaining, who had just galloped on to meet the reinforcement we brought. The hundred Patriots did not seem to fear us, but trotted at an easy pace, loading, and turning and firing in their saddles as they went. Our General called a halt to remove the dead bodies of horse and rider that barricaded the narrow path, and then ordered half the cavalry to wheel from column to the left and fall upon the Patriot horse.

CHAPTER II.

The Counter-march.

THE Patriot cavalry were just retiring over the verge of the hill, when the order to wheel from column and charge them was given. To effect this manœuvre, it was necessary for the rear of our column to take the lead, as we had to gallop round a garden to gain the field.— This placed me in the very front platoon with only my trooper's broad back between me and the enemy. Our detachment consisted of about half the cavalry, the remainder led on by the General himself moving forward at a hard gallop to endeavor to intercept the Patriots at a shallow stream they would have to cross, not far ahead at the foot of the hill. The Colonel who had commanded the party which had been cut to pieces, and whom I have said I had seen in the shop, now rode to the head of our column, and led it conjointly with his own commander. His helmet was cloven nearly through to the head, his cheek was partly cut away, and the calf of his leg badly cut by a sabre. He did not seem to mind his wounds. His fine eyes flashed as he spurred on and waved his sword. He hoped yet to retrieve the ill-fortune of the day and avenge his honor upon his foes; for he had been overthrown by a force scarcely one third as large as that he had commanded.

His eye fell upon me. He recognized me, and falling back near me, he regarded me an instant with surprise, and then said in tolerable English,

‘What do you here, senor? How is this, Pedro?’ he sternly asked of the trooper in Portuguese.

‘I don't hardly know, senor Colonel,’ answered the man stammering. ‘He was by the gate—I dropped my helmet. He was so kind as to pick it up. He asked me if he might mount behind me. I had seen him at my friend Saul Americano's and thinking he might like to see a skirmish, I bade him mount.’

‘You have done wrong. Ride out of the column and return at once to the city. He is too young, and is unarmed.’

‘Senor,’ I said in English, ‘if you will let me remain now that I am here, I should be very glad. Pedro ought not to be disgraced on my account.’

‘Well, well, but you should be mounted better than that,’ he said smiling as well as he could for the wound in his cheek. As he spoke,

he pointed to a horse which had belonged to some of the slain dragoons, and which was cantering along parallel with our column, as if desirous of again mingling in the exciting scenes of war. 'Pedro,' he said, 'ride up and secure that horse for the young Americano!'

Pedro glad to escape censure, galloped out of the ranks and coming along side of the animal seized him by the rein.

'Now into the saddle,' he cried, and without hesitation I sprang into the deep, well-secured seat, between the high back and higher pommel. The reins were upon his neck. I grasped them and gathered them up, and at the command of the Colonel galloped up by his side, and went dashing along with him at the head of the column. I could hardly realize my own identity as I thus found myself thundering along one of a body of three hundred horse pressing forward to engage in battle. It was useless to wish myself in the city or at my father's quiet fire-side. I had run the risk with my eyes open, and there remained nothing for me but to make the best of it. Had I been on the *right* side in the affair, I should have felt much better; but as it was I had to spur whither fortune pushed me.

'You did wrong to come out with the troop, young man,' said the Colonel after looking at me a moment or two in silence as I galloped by his rein, 'but you look as if you could look out for yourself. Keep close to me whatever happens!'

'I will try to,' I answered.

At the same moment we came in sight of the Quacho horsemen who were crossing a level field about a third of a mile distant. They did not seem to be in hurry, but bore themselves with that bold air of defiance and contempt of their enemies which always characterized them. They drove before them a number of mounted prisoners quite equal to their own. They were easily distinguished from them by the flowing skirts of their scarlet ponchas, their white, fringed, short trowsers, and broad somberos, as well as by their superior horsemanship.

'Forward!' shouted our commander, pointing at them with his sword.

'Forward!' responded the whole cavalry, and setting spurs dashed onward.

'Forward and charge, and give no quarter!' again shouted the officer as we drew near them.

The Quacho horse instead of trying to escape, suddenly wheeled to the right and left and retiring swiftly behind their body of prisoners turned about and faced us, placing the prisoners directly between themselves and our advancing column. It was a masterly manœuvre. The head of our detachment instinctively drew rein. The Quachos fired a volley over the heads of the prisoners at us, the shot whistling about our ears and knocking here and there a trooper from his saddle. The bold fellows then put spurs to their horses and winding a lively air upon their bugles, went off like the wind, mocking pursuit by our heavy cavalry. The next moment we came up with the prisoners, and to prevent running them down had to halt so suddenly as to throw us into confusion. Before we could form again, and get a passage open through the prisoners nothing could be seen of the Patriots but the

waving of their pennons as they descended into a hollow of the country about half a mile distant.

At the same moment, General Torres with the other division of Brazilian cavalry came up on the flank, having been unable to get ahead of the Rancheros on account of a ravine which he had to enfilade to its extremity. This delay saved the Patriots, and almost maddened the Brazilian officers. Torres rode up and consulted a few moments with the two colonels. I could not make out their words as they spoke rapidly in Portuguese; but I learned that Colonel De Silvia (my friend) was desirous of pursuing with the whole body, while Torres and the other Colonel remonstrated, fearing that they might fall in with Llaveja's main body, and thus be cut off from the city.

I had seen Llaveja himself, the hero of my imagination. I have said that he placed himself in command of the hundred horse which had been to reconnoitre the old convent, and there is no doubt their masterly escape was wholly owing to his skill and presence. I got a full sight of him when he placed the prisoners between our fire. He rode at the head of his little party, which was diminished to about eighty men, mounted upon an iron-gray charger without the usual gay trappings with which his men covered their horses. He was dressed in a blue frock closely buttoned to his chin, and scarlet trowsers with Wellington boots reaching above his knees. Upon his head was a laced chapeau with a snow white plume covering it like a cloud. He was tall and finely made, and sat his horse like an Arabian chief, firmly, gracefully, and without thought. He did not hold the reins which lay upon his horse's mane, but guided him by the pressure of his knees and voice. He had holsters to his saddle; and in his hand was the sword which he waved as he gave his orders. His voice I heard plainly two or three times. It was deep, rich and manly, and struck me as calm as if he had been giving orders at a review.

I was so absorbed in gazing upon him, that I was nearly over-run by the troopers behind me. How I wished that I could safely gallop across the space that separated us and place myself by his side. I even calculated the chances, but my discretion got the better part of my thoughtless wish, and I stuck by the side of my Colonel. All this cogitation within my breast occurred while the Patriots were galloping round to the van of their prisoners to check our charge. The next moment, as I have said, they were pouring in the volley from their carbines, and scouring away towards their camp.

As I was directly in the van of our column and open to their shot (not having the friendly back of my dragoon Pedro as a shield) I wondered then and wonder now that I escaped; for a score of men farther back were killed in their saddles. I had to feel my face and examine my body very suspiciously all over with my eyes to see if I was bleeding any where, before I felt sure that I had not been hit by some one of the whistling balls. The shot were a quarter as large as billiard-balls, being discharged from their carbines, which looked like iron trumpets set in short gun stocks.

After a brief parley between the officers, the command was given for the column to counter-march at a rapid trot towards the city from

which we were nearly a league; a bold distance for Brazilian soldiers to adventure from the cover of their walls, with six thousand *Rancho-ro* riders within two or three miles. The prisoners whom we had rescued, or rather whom the Patriots had resigned to us, though mounted, were without arms. They were ordered to the front, and in this manner we retraced our way to the city gates. As we came up to the bridge we disturbed vast flocks of vultures that were already feeding upon the dead bodies. They waited stubbornly and impudently until we were within pistol shot, when they would either hop away to the road-side, dragging reeking entrails after them, or soar slowly and heavily a few feet into the air, and hover as if reluctant to quit their prey, and fearful lest it should be snatched from them. Colonel De Silva, to whose detachment the dead men had belonged when living, here stopped with a sufficiently large force detailed from the troop, to bury the torn and disfigured bodies. As I rode by them I saw that those bodies which were not otherwise torn had their eyes picked out. It was a horrible sight and one which will never be effaced from my memory. Colonel De Silva desired me to stay until the bodies were buried: but the scene was so revolting that I was about to say that I had rather go back into the city, when it occurred to me that I might have an opportunity of effecting my escape while they were engaged in inhuming the slain, and gallop to Llavellija's camp. It was a bold suggestion and altogether a mad one; and one that could only have been hatched in the brain of an impulsive, thoughtless lad of eighteen, for I was no more than a lad, manly as I thought myself; and I trust that the reader will put down all my follies that he may find here recorded 'to the indiscretion of youth;' a charitable veil that every generation finds it more or less in need of.

So I remained with him, letting the main body gallop on towards the city, the walls of which as well as the roofs and towers I could see covered with anxious spectators of the sortie of General Torres and his cavalry.

As I had nothing particular to do, while the soldier were excavating a natural cavity somewhat deeper to contain the bodies, I sat in my saddle aloof from the melancholy spectacle which my eyes refused to rest upon after the first look, and watched the vultures. They are large, dark brown birds, taller and longer in body than the wild turkey, and covered with very coarse feathers. They appear immensely strong and evinced their strength; for when we first disturbed them on the bridge three of them having their talons and bills fastened into a body dragged it two feet before they would release their hold; which they did at last only when the hoofs of the advancing horses threatened them.

They have a small but fierce sharp eye, and are slow in their motions, especially when full to repletion after gorging. Then they will scarcely move from the way side. They looked to me more like beasts than birds—a sort of feathered wolf. Some of them, now sat upon the walls and ruins of an old mill near watching vigil only the soldiers, while others more boldly at every opportunity would light upon a body and tear flesh from it. About a score of them circled about in the

air, sometimes swooping so low that I more than once waved a sabre that I had picked up from the ground, which was strewn with the arms of the fallen, to keep them off; for as I was light, and they were about to be robbed of the dead, I was not sure but they would carry me off out of my saddle bodily, by way of reprisal. My sabre, however, kept them off; while the Portuguese soldiers laughed at my apprehensions. Having pistols, sabre and horse, the reader will see that I only needed helmet and cuirass to make a very respectable looking Brazilian trooper. These I could have had for the picking them up, as they lay around in any quantity, but although I had as it were, taken part in a charge against the Patriots with a body of Imperial cavalry, I had no idea, with my patriotic predilections and sympathies, to identify myself with them more fully. I felt already that as an American, I had sufficiently disgraced myself.

While I was watching the voracious vultures, who were also as intently watching the work of burying the dead, with a certain air of dogged silence as if they privately resolved to scratch them up after the soldiers should finish their work and retire, I was startled by a low howling on the left, as if a horde of wolves were advancing.— Looking in the direction, I beheld what was little better, a pack of full two hundred gaunt dogs. They came on in a body each striving to outstrip his fellow, and the whole band howling with savage vehemence. They came up to within a hundred rods of the bridge and there stopped, snuffing the air, and yelping and yelling. Some of them then trotted forward, the rest followed at first with hesitation, for they did not much relish the presence of the soldiers, and the whole legion swept past me within a few yards and dashed towards the dead bodies on the bridge.

CHAPTER III.

The Barrack Yard.

¶ The hungry pack of vulture like dogs having swept past me, howling from every throat, dashed towards six or seven bodies which the soldiers were removing for burial in the deep hole they had excavated. The men stood their ground for a moment and then fled. The fierce brutes pounced upon the dead with ravenous cries that chilled my blood. The Colonel, who was upon his horse near by, shouted for the men to fire a volley upon them. The discharge did not in the least move the mass, though a dozen of their number were knocked over dead. One of them which I saw tumbled over and over by a ball which broke his fore shoulder after gaining his feet, went limping back again to the human carrion as fierce for his food as before.— Altogether it was a fearful and revolting scene and I never wish to witness such another one. After several volleys, which was followed up by a charge of thirty or forty mounted men, the dogs, (if dogs they can be called) were driven off at a distance, where they sat upon their

haunches licking their bloody jaws and howling at intervals, with the most fearful cries of rage and desire, while the soldiers more proceeded to bury the mangled remains.

At length the rites of sepulture, rude and hurried as they were, were completed, the Colonel made the sign of the cross over the mound and then gave orders for his men to mount and fall into column.

I had been so much taken up with the scene I have described, that I quite forgot, until this moment, my purpose of trying to effect my escape to the Patriot lines. As the cavalry were wheeling into marching order, I began to reflect upon my original intention. But a moment's observation showed me the peril I should be in making the attempt. I had begun to think that it was my duty to return to the city and share the fate of my friends. Even if I could effect my escape to the camp of the Buenos Ayrean General, it would be like treachery to my companions who, placing confidence in me, had appointed me to act as a spy and ascertain what were the best means of quitting the town.

These considerations fixed my decision, and I resolved to return with the Colonel and his escort, and not think of joining the patriot camp until I could do so with my comrades.

When I had come to this resolution, which ought from the first to have governed me—but when I was so near the camp and so well mounted to spur, it was a temptation—Colonel De Silva rode up and ordered me to fall in along side of him. He looked very grave and stern, and one or two expressions he let drop, showed me that he was reflecting with mortification upon his defeat. I rode by his rein in silence, the column winding on in the rear among the low hillocks that covered the desolate surface of the country near the walls. The dogs had hardly waited for the rear to move, ere they rushed howling towards the place where the bodies had laid.

Our way did not lay by the road we had come, but we took a path to the left to enter the city by a gate further to the East. It led us near the 'Campo Santo,' or 'Holy Field,' a burial ground of large dimensions walled with stone and situated upon the side of a low elevation. It was the cemetery for the inhabitants of the city. A desolate place it was. Scarcely a tree shaded its white-washed and crumbling tombs, and its walls were falling into ruin. Vultures sat brooding upon the monuments, and dogs wandered about seeing prey in the shallow graves. The burning sun shone down hot upon the place, and the atmosphere was fetid with exhalations from the putrid sepulchres. But what was most revolting was the sight of human skeletons with the muscles still cleaving to them, laying about in the 'holy ground,' and here a skull, and there an arm, with its fleshless fingers. To crown this desecration of the dead, in one corner of the burial place were 'cords' of human bones, piled like wood, eight and ten feet high, with pyramids of skulls heaped upon the top. It was altogether a 'Golgotha,' a place of skulls. I asked Colonel De Silva what it meant. He answered me in English that every year the bodies were taken from the graves and thus disposed of, that the graves

might be used for fresh tenants. The half-fleshed skeletons strewn about, he said, had doubtless been torn from their graves by the vultures and dogs.

He spoke with the unconcern of one familiarized to such scenes; but I shuddered and prayed fervently to Heaven that it might never be my fate or that of any of my friends to die in this country and be committed to the Campo Santo for burial.

Leaving this horrible place behind us, we trotted along a stony path bordered by thistles, which run parallel with the moat, and at length came round to the eastern gate, which the Colonel decided to re-enter the city by, as it was near his quarters. For a few hundred yards we had the moat close upon our right, the walls towering beyond them high in the air, and thronged with troops and citizens watching us.—The moat was filled with dark-green, stagnant water, covered with a slimy mould, and its edges lined with the most abominable filth. I thought that its condition was sufficient to deter an enemy from attempting to cross it even were it fordable. The draw-bridge, which remained raised until we came within speaking distance of the gate, now was slowly lowered like a huge trap-door and spanned the moat. The gates were at the same time thrown open and we trotted across the bridge at a round pace and entered the city. As the last man of our column entered, the bridge was raised and the gate closed. The Colonel did not halt his troop, but riding at a hand-gallop dashed through an arched way in a high wall which led into the court of the cavalry barracks. Here they wheeled into line, and after a few brief words addressed to them by him were dismissed to their quarters.—Poor fellows! glad enough they seemed to be discharged from further duty, for they had had a hard day's work of it, and a defeat instead of a victory as the result.

I threw myself from my horse with the rest, and the animal released galloped off to the stables. As I felt quite satisfied with my little military experience in the Brazilian cavalry I did not delay making the best of my way out of the barrack-yard. I deposited my helmet upon the ground and placing my sword beneath my arm and retaining my pistols looking to future use for them, I walked towards the gate. The sentry seeing me thus accoutred and in citizen's dress, no doubt thought I had been stealing the arms, and instead of letting me pass out presented his musket across the passage and ordered me to surrender the weapons. I understood him, little as I knew of Portuguese, and very firmly told him in Spanish for his 'Portuguese' that he should not have them.

'You are a thief,' said he, 'and I shall put you under arrest in the guard-house.'

As he spoke he laid his hand upon my shoulder. I drew back and cocked one of my pistols, and told him in as good Spanish as I could muster, with here and there an English word by way of greater emphasis, that I had fairly come by the arms in the sortie,—though they happened to belong to a Brazilian dragoon instead of a Quacho—and that I would keep them.

The fellow stepped back, and scowling, while his huge mustache

moved with rage, brought his musket to the charge, and I believe would have run me through if I had not coolly stood my ground and covered his breast with the muzzle of my pistol. In these respective attitudes we stood for full thirty seconds, I resolved not to surrender my weapons, and he hesitating whether to run the risk of bayonetting me, when my old friend the trooper, who had mounted me behind himself, came up, with others, on hearing the uproar. The first thing he did was to knock up the sentry's musket and then to wrest my pistol from my hand. He demanded to know what was the difficulty and why the sentinel was about to kill his 'Americano amigo.'

The soldier told his story, when the stout trooper made a warm defence of me and my conduct. It was not altogether comprehensible to me; but it produced quite a change in my favor. The soldiers about looked upon me with smiles, and the sentinel gave me his hand and shook mine warmly.

Nothing then would do but that I must step into the guard-house with half a score of them and drink a glass of muddy sweet wine with them, when I took my leave, in high favor with the be-mustached fellows, half of whom, I forgot to say, were three shades blacker than ebony.

I now made the best of my way back to the shop from which I had been absent on this my first warlike expedition, no less than five hours. It was past one when I reached the shop. Rairfax was there alone. Upon seeing me, he exclaimed, between anger and gratification,—

'Why, Peril, where in the deuce have you been all the forenoon?—I began to think you had got into some scrape.'

'Where is the old man?' I asked, with some perturbation, for I stood in a wholesome fear of the bald-headed deceiver, and apprehended a 'blow up.'

'He came in after you had been gone three hours and asked where you were: I told him you had stepped out and I expected you in every moment. He swore a little and then, I believe, went round to the other shop.'

While Fairfax was speaking the old man entered.

'Soh, you are here! Very well, sir! You, I see, think my time your own. If you dare to leave the shop again without my leave I'll have you thrown into the calaboose. One word of complaint from me and you'd be arrested, no matter whether you were innocent or not. They don't ask about such things here. I'll have you up, sirrah!'

Here the old man stopped, pale with rage, and for want of words expressive of his displeasure, shook his fist in my face.

I was about to make some quick retort when I caught Fairfax looking warmly at me. So I repressed my resentment and smiling, walked behind the counter. He did not say any more then, as the old black cook we had hired came to say that dinner was ready up stairs.

At night, after we had done the day's work, we four went all on the house top to enjoy the cool night air before going down into our

sleeping rooms. They had asked me during the afternoon to tell them where I had been, for they all saw by my manner that I had something to tell, and I had put them off till evening. Now, beneath the starry skies, with a pleasant breeze from the water, and seated upon the battlements in one corner of the roof, I told them the events of the day.

When I had done they expressed their regret that they had not been with me, so that we might have reached the Patriot camp together.— We then talked over several plans of getting out of the city, but each presented obstacles that seemed insurmountable. The idea of getting out of the gates it seemed useless to entertain. At length Radsworth suggested that we should be on the watch when another sortie would be made, offer ourselves as volunteers, and when we got fairly outside, spur for the goal of our ambition—the Patriot camp. But I had had experience enough in my mad-cap foray to see the difficulty and danger attending such a measure, and opposed it.

‘We seem likely to have such difficulty in getting out of the city,’ at length said Hewitt, ‘I begin to think, on the whole, we had best stick by the old man. I had a talk with him to-day and he said he would by and by give us a fair compensation.’

‘I wouldn’t trust him,’ answered Fairfax, warmly. ‘Besides, I have no fancy to be a shop-boy. It will stick to us through life as it is, I dare say, and I am determined to quit it at once!’

‘Don’t you mean to go into the shop again?’ demanded Hewitt.

‘No,’ answered Fairfax, firmly. ‘My mind is made up. I have nearly a hundred dollars in silver. I will go and board at the Coffee House, and be on the look out the while for some way to get us off. By the time I have spent it, I will find some way of escape, or I will let the Portuguese tumble me into the callaboose!’

‘If I had money,’ I answered promptly, ‘I would go to the Coffee House with you. But you know, boys, how I am! I must stick to the old man or be dependent on others.’

‘I will lend you,’ said Fairfax.

‘I won’t borrow,’ I answered, ‘so long as the old man has a roof, bed and table which I have a claim to!’

‘I have but a little more money than Perril, answered Hewitt, and I shall have to stick to the soda-pipe.’

‘I think it best to try it a little longer, and let Fairfax look out for us, we at the same time watching every chance for our escape,’ said Radsworth.

After a little more discussion of our several positions, it was finally decided that Fairfax should go to the Coffee House, and while there avail himself of every means to find a way of escape from the city for the whole party, while we were to remain with the old man, but not to relax our diligence in bringing round our ultimate purposes.

We then retired for the night, leaving the howling of dogs and the calls of sentinels, making night hideous with their confused noises.

CHAPTER IV.

The Crisis.

THE next morning brought with it a crisis in our affairs as the reader will shortly see. As soon as the breakfast was over, the old man got up from the table, and rubbing his hands together began, as usual, to hurry us away to the shops.

'Come, boys, it is seven o'clock! time to be at work! Lazy legs never made full purses! Stir yourselves and let's see which shop will take the most money to-day!

'I have decided, sir,' said Fairfax firmly, 'not to go into your soda shop again!' and he compressed his lips with a resolute air.

'What sir!' exclaimed the old man pale with surprise and anger; 'what is that you say?'

'I will repeat it again if you desire, Mr. Bedrick. I say it is my firm determination never to go into your soda-shop again!'

'You young scoundrel, you!' cried the infuriated old man; 'I'll have the city guard here in five minutes! I'll——'

'I don't fear the city guard nor you, sir! You have more reason to fear it, old man, than we have.'

'I? I?' repeated the old gentleman almost bursting with rage, and, as I thought, looking at the same time conscious of guilt.

'What do you mean, sir? How do you dare address my honored father so?' demanded the young gentlemen Ned, in spectacles, looking white as ashes and bullying up to Fairfax.

'Don't interfere, sir, between Fairfax and Mr. Bedrick,' said I laying my hand gently upon our 'tutor's' arm, and drawing him back.

He looked round at me as if he would very gladly knock me over; but he saw something in my eye that doubtless restrained his rage within discreet bounds; for he was a contemptible fellow, and I most cordially despised him, as also did the rest of us, not excepting even his own brother.

'A conspiracy, father! Let us call the police.'

He ran to the door, when Radsworth placed himself before it and said quietly,

'If you know when you are well off, Ned, you will keep quiet and let Fairfax and your father have their talk out.'

The 'student' drew back shaking with rage and fear, while Fairfax continued to the old man,

'I repeat sir, you have the most reason to fear the city guard! Does not your conscience tell you so? It is time we all understood one another. Hear me, Mr. Bedrick, for I am resolved to speak. I speak not only for myself but for my friends here, for we are one in interest as we are one in your gross deception.'

'Deception?'

'Yes, sir. Do not try to hide your crime against us. We know all, and knew all before we landed at Montevideo. You wrote down to

the Lyceum when we were at school, saying that you were a merchant going out to Buenos Ayres to a large Commission House, and that you wished Professor Haley to recommend to you four respectable youths who would like to go out with you. Your letter bore the face of truth and fairness, and your references seemed honorable men. We four, deceived ourselves as well as our parents, embraced the offer and joined you at Boston. There the veil which covered your base designs upon us, was carefully kept drawn, and we embarked with you wholly unsuspecting of your character and ultimate object. You represented yourself as the owner of the cargo of the brig, and told us many other things to bolster up your deception. At length, when we began to suspect the trick, Captain Pright unveiled the whole—removed the mask, and showed you to us in your true character. He told us that so far from owning the cargo, you had nothing on board but four soda fountains, a few boxes of syrup, and some other articles for opening soda-shops. He told us that you were a broken merchant dependent on your friends, who had paid your passage out, and given you the money to buy these articles, glad to get you out of the country on any terms, they had given you a ‘character.’ They were not aware that you had imposed upon us by deceiving us with the belief that you were to open an ‘extensive’ mercantile house, when you were to open only a paltry soda-shop. They supposed we went with you with our eyes open.—Sir, why did you practice this arrant roguery upon four young men of good families! Why did you not employ youths from a different condition in life? Doubtless, because you could find none willing to go with you to tend soda-shops in Buenos Ayres who could be trusted; and so you thought you would aim high, and by deception get respectable youths whom you could trust. Did you not look forward, sir, to the time when those youths arriving in Buenos Ayres should see the deception you had practiced upon them. Or did you suppose that, finding themselves twelve hundred miles from home, they would be willing to become your hewers of wood and drawers of water! But, sir, you are mistaken. When we learned the full extent of the treachery toward us, from the Captain of the vessel, our indignation was with difficulty restrained. But we resolved to remain quiet until we reached Buenos Ayres and then throw ourselves upon the protection of the Consul. Instead of going there we were brought in here. To the last you kept up your deception, and suggested to us, that as we were unable to reach our port we might pass our time in selling soda. But I will not repeat all your falsehoods. We came on shore with you! we assisted you! we have continued to do so to this time, not from fear or love, but partly because we pitied your indigence and would give you a start, and partly because we felt that you owed us a house so long as you had one. If we had possessed money we should not have remained with you a day. You have upon us no claim whatsoever.—We have assisted you in your shop because we could do no better. I have, however, resolved to remain no longer in an occupation for which neither my ambition, my family connexions nor my education has fitted me. I have enough to support me a few weeks, and I shall go to the Coffee-house and board. For the food, lodging and bed you have

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

given me, I have re-paid you my labor in the shop. As for my friends here, they have less money than I have, and they are willing to stay with you, I believe, till they can do better; though the fact that we have been soda-shop boys will always level us in the eyes of others of our own condition here till they are informed of the facts. My friends here, now, will speak for themselves.'

Thus ending his spirited speech, Fairfax walked aside to the window and amused himself with gazing into the street, and humming Yankee Doodle. The old man and his son had listened in silent consternation; the face of the former livid and flushed by turns as a sense of guilt or anger filled his bosom. At length he spoke with a cowed look, more like a criminal in the presence of his judges, than the avaricious and petty tyrant, whom we had so long quietly suffered to rule over us.

'I confess that I have in some sort deceived you, young gentlemen; but I wanted respectable young men: and I supposed that you could easily better your fortunes after you got out here, if you didn't like to stay with me. But I, in truth, hoped through the profit that I trusted to realize in three or four years with my shops, to accumulate a sufficient capital to enable me to open a Mercantile House. I assure you this was my intention. But if you are resolved to leave me,' he continued in a whining tone, 'I can't help it, though it would give me great satisfaction to have you continue with me. I acknowledge that I can't hold you; but I trust you won't all of you desert me, just as I have begun to make some money. If you will remain with me I will agree not only to keep you, but pay each of you a quarter of a dollar a day besides!'

'The price of one glass of soda-sangaree,' I answered smiling at my companions.

'I will give you then half a dollar,' responded the old man. 'I shall be ruined if you leave me!'

'There are your two sons,' I answered with irony. 'But I suppose they are quite above the business.'

'William,' you know, I have no control of,' responded the old man almost crying; and as for Edwin, he is of age and does as he pleases, besides his time is taken up in studying the language!'

'We are quite as much entitled to act the gentleman as either of your sons, sir,' answered Radsworth; 'but as we can do no better at present, I for one am willing to remain with you till something offers more suitable; but I must have a dollar a day, which will be but a trifle out of the sum which we are earning for you.'

'I am willing to remain on the same terms,' answered Hewitt.

I hesitated. I had not five dollars in the world, but I felt that I had rather take my chance with fortune than remain with him any longer; for I not only detested the business, but had such a contempt for him that I could not bear to be in his presence. Even at this moment, though years have passed since then, my blood tingles as I recall him to mind. At length seeing that Radsworth and Hewitt were looking with solicitude for my reply, I answered,

'I too, sir, will assist you in the shop at a dollar a day till I can do better, but I shall quit you the very first opportunity!'

'This is an imposition, father! A dollar a day! Three dollars a day!' cried Ned bristling up.

'Silence, sir,' I said. 'You had best say but little and weigh well that little. We are doing this to favor your father not ourselves. If we chose, we could this moment enlist in the Imperial cavalry and have a horse, armor, clothing and good pay.'

'It is, hard—three dollars a day!' ejaculated the old man, but it can't be helped. I wish,' he added in a pettish under tone, 'that every mother's son of them was back in the States!'

I laughed and rejoined,

'That we would all gladly go back, if he would pay our passage, in the first ship that offered.'

He made no reply, but began to curse Captain Pright, accusing him of treachery, and swearing he would write home to the owners. We left him in this mood, and went down into the shop. Fairfax got a negro to take his trunk on his shoulder, and leaving us went to the English Coffee House, while I remained in the shop; Hewitt and Radsworth going to the other one on the Calle San Pedro. As I was left alone, I was honored most of the day with the old gentleman's company, who was as active in drawing the soda for the customers as a boy. He looked, however, very sour, and more than once reminded me that I must stir and be busy, for he would have his full dollar's worth out of me. I only laughed at him; for I felt perfectly independent of him, resolved that when I got tired of him, I would quit and trust to fortune.

In this manner, we remained with him several days, the old man growing each day more civil and fawning; as our independence of manner alarmed him; for he well knew if we left him he could get no one to fill our stations, and that he would either have to hire Portuguese negroes, who would rob and perhaps murder him, or close his shops altogether. His avarice, therefore, made him obsequious; and so, bating our constant sense of degradation in following so low an employment, our time passed more pleasantly than it had done. Every day we saw Fairfax, who, though dilligent in making every observation within his power, could yet discover no way of getting out of the city to join the Patriots. In the meanwhile, we made our Connecticut friend, Saul, a full confidant of all that had occurred, but did not let him know until a fortnight after our 'crisis' with the old man what our ultimate intentions were. When at length, as one Sunday afternoon we were at his house, we told him that our ambition was to get outside and join the Patriots, he made every effort in his power to dissuade us from such an attempt.

'If you are took tryin' to get off, you'll be shot as dead as four red-herrin'!' he said emphatically.

'But we don't mean to be taken,' I answered.

'You can't help it. The Portuguese 'll discover you from the walls may be fire on ye; or if you get safe into the country you'll be shot down by the mounted robbers that's scourin' about as thick as hops;

or else the packs o' tarnal hungry dogs 'll fall on ye and tear ye to mince meat! It's much as yer lives is worth to try to get to the Patriots. Ten to one if yer get near 'em they 'll shoot you down takin' you for enemies, afore you can say 'camarada!' Take my advice and stay here till somethin' turns up!

'What can we do?' we asked.

'Wall, that's a thumper, true enugh. I would n't 'vise you to stay with the old man, for you'd sarve him right to quit him right off; but a dollar a day's somethin.' I suppose you'd think my trade was n't more genteel than his, or I'd take you to help me!

'Your trade is respectable, Saul,' I answered. 'I do not despise it. I would rather a thousand times be an honest mechanic, than a pedlar of glasses of soda-grog. But it would take a good while before we could make ourselves useful to you. You are very kind. The only way left for us is to join the Patriots. We have no money to get home. Business here is dead, and we could get no employ as clerks. We may never be able to reach Buenos Ayres to do any thing there. The only course for us is, to try and join the Patriots, and there win fame, and may be, money.'

'Wall, Yankee boys is al'ays devil-bent,' answered Saul. 'But jest let me advise you to keep your own council. If the old man should guess you were watching a chance to get out of the town and join the enemy, he'd report you to the Governor General, and I guess you'd be shot for spies and traitors! These Portuguese are mighty ready with their muskets. Keep all still, and if any thing turns up let me know; and don't forget that so long as Saul Freelove has a house over his head you are to hum in it!'

We thanked the honest fellow for his interest in our behalf, and promised that we would act with caution.

CHAPTER V.

The 'Host.'

The season of Carnival now approached. It lasts twelve days, and is as all know who are conversant with Roman Catholic Holidays, a period of merry making where every extravagance is indulged and Comus reigns in joyous misrule. I should fill chapters to attempt a description of the scenes which were enacted in Montevideo during this season of folly and festivity. The presence of an army without the walls each day becoming more formidable from the increase of numbers and the accession of artillery, by no means put a bar upon the mirth peculiar to the time. For some days prior the greatest preparations were going on to celebrate the occasion. The churches were trimmed with garlands of flowers, and every house was decorated with wreaths and bouquets. Smiles were upon every face, and the greatest good humor prevailed among all classes. Even the African slaves seemed to enter with spirit into the scenes, although the majority of

them being heathens had little knowledge of Christian festivals; but as they had full license to enjoy the days in their own way, this religious merry-making was quite as acceptable to them as to the most devout Catholics.

The morning of the first day was ushered in by the firing of cannon and the clang of bands of music. The whole garrison paraded during the day in the public squares, and at night the palace was thrown open for a grand masked ball, to which all foreigners of any consideration were invited. We had not the honor of an invitation, as we were soda shop boys. Sunday was the gayest day of the first three. As we refused to keep the shop open on that day, notwithstanding the urgent desire of our employer, we made it a holiday, and, dressed in our best, went into the streets. The scenes that everywhere met our eyes were novel and full of life and interest. The thoroughfares were crowded with persons of both sexes and all hues and costumes. At the head of the street we met a procession which, in the United States, would be termed a Callithumpian one. The leader was a motley-dressed fellow wearing a hideous mask, with a nose a yard long, across which was a pair of spectacles a foot in diameter. He wore a cap and bells, and his dress was painted all over with red and blue devils, with forked tails and pitchforks. He was mounted on a donkey fantastically accoutred and having at the end of his nose an elephant's trunk. Ever and anon the fellow astride upon him would sound a ram's horn with the most dissonant twang. He was followed closely by a group, two and two, as extravagantly accoutered as himself, each masked most furiously, and every one striving to make himself as ludicrous as his mother wits would let him. There must have been full three hundred individuals, satyrs, devils, hobgoblins, angels, wizards, necromancers, saints and sinners in all; and as they went along the streets they would crack jokes upon the spectators, and were in return pelted with harmless missiles.

The balconies were lined with females, some of them old and ugly, but many of them extremely beautiful. The Montevidean ladies under twenty are, indeed, lovely. Their large black eyes, full of passion and love, their rich brunette complexions, their raven hair tastefully dressed with jewels and flowers, and set off by the folds of black lace veils worn with coquettish grace; their rich scarlet lips and beautiful voluptuous figures, comprise points of feminine beauty in which they excel almost all females of other lands. Their voices, too, are so melodious and flute-like, that one is thrilled whenever they speak. They smile, too, so beautifully, and with such 'naivete,' that the heart is taken by storm and surrenders at discretion.

Such, at least, were the impressions then of Paul Perril, eighteen years old and a devout worshipper at the shrine of beauty. Enthusiastic as I was, my situation as shop-boy had withheld me hitherto from seeking the acquaintance of any of them, though there were two or three little black-eyed beauties I had seen who lived in the neighborhood, whom I resolved, when I should get quit of the shop, to endeavor to form a nearer acquaintance with than distant arrow glances could give!

As we entered the square we beheld a martial spectacle that fixed our attention. Eight thousand of the Imperial troops, cavalry and infantry, were passing in review before the Governor General and his staff, which were posted in a group in front of the palace. The splendor of the cavalry uniforms and that of a great portion of the foot soldiers, gave a gorgeous aspect to the whole I had never witnessed before. They were all in motion at once, while at least five hundred instruments of music were filling the sky.

Near us drew up a mounted general and several officers, who stood awhile looking on as the battalions passed them. The uniform of this body of officers literally blazed with gold. Of all magnificent military dresses I have since beheld, I have seen none to equal those of the Brazilian officers. Most of the wearers of them, however, were small, under-sized men, and some of them beardless boys.

On horseback the Brazilian officer looks well, for his low stature does not contrast with the splendor of his apparel; but on foot they look diminutive and often insignificant. They want, too, manly strength of profile, and are far from possessing the martial countenances that characterizes military men of other countries. It is true, there were among them some fine-looking, soldierly officers; but these were their exceptions. Their courage is, also, questionable, or rather, their pusillanimity unquestionable.

The best officers in the Brazilian army were Frenchmen, who had been schooled in the battle-fields of Napoleon, and who now sought fame and occupation in the service of Don Pedro. There were also in the army some Austrian officers, who had followed the fortunes of the Brazilian Empress, who was an Austrian by birth; and who sometimes led her own armies to battle, herself mounted astride and habited like an Amazon.

Not long previous to our arrival at Montevideo, she had sallied from Rio Janeiro, the capitol, leaving Don Pedro at home in his palace, and marched to the interior, at the head of an army, to quell an insurrection, which she successfully put down. This does not say much for the warlike qualities of the Emperor, who, I believe is no Napoleon, though he chose an Empress of that heroic blood.

After we left the square we turned to the right and suddenly encountered the 'Host,' borne by a priest who tramped on at a rapid pace beneath a crimson canopy supported by four boys in white surplices. The consecrated wafer was contained in a small chased silver vase or box, held upon a velvet cushion fringed with gold and decorated with flowers.

It was preceded by a little boy ringing a bell and by four soldiers with muskets, and followed by several priests and boys in surplices bearing colored candles. As the procession advanced, every man, woman and child dropped upon their knees and crossed themselves.—Some went down in the mud, some upon the pavement, others upon the balconies, or roofs, or the doors, just where they happened to be. Every good Catholic in sight was bound to drop upon his knees.—Some of the cavaliers, in white trowsers, I saw, took the precaution to spread a handkerchief upon the ground to protect them. As we

came near we found ourselves standing alone surrounded by a kneeling, crossing multitude. We stood still and stiff. The little bell tinkled louder and sharper, and the soldiers eyeing us, one of them cried out sternly in Portuguese, 'kneel heretics!'

I slightly raised my hat over my head, but inwardly resolved I would not bend knee to a piece of bread deified by idolatry. My two companions stood also firm until a soldier's bayonet was advanced horizontally in the direction of their abdominal region, when they retreated into a fruit shop, the door of which stood, fortunately, open. I was about to follow when a soldier took me by the shoulder and pressed me down, as if he would make me kneel whether I would or no. This proceeding roused my indignation, and, hitting the fellow a blow between the eyes, I caused him to release his hold, when I turned to escape. The kneelers so crowded the way that I could not advance.—Above me was a verandah, upon which stood several ladies. Impulsively I seized one of the branching irons that supported it, drew myself lightly up and bounded upon the balcony among them, leaving my discomfited soldiers gazing up from the street and cursing me with oaths which I did neither understand nor care to.

The fellows finding they were interrupting the progress of the procession, fell in again in the front, the little bell tinkled with an expression of angry vehemence, and canopy, hosts, priests and little boys in white shirts moved on again. The people rose by the dozens as it went past them, and in a few moments all was noise and talking and mad gaiety. Maskers once more paraded the streets and music resounded on all sides, mingled with peals of laughter.

I looked about me. The house which I had scaled so unceremoniously was of large size and had an imposing air of aristocracy. The balcony was elaborately ornamented with grotesque figures cut into the iron balustrade, and vases of plants both shaded it and shed around a sweet fragrance. There were four tall windows, curtained with crimson and orange drapery that led from it into sumptuously furnished drawing rooms. Open windows on the other side of them showed me another verandah overlooking a court-yard in which played a fountain.

These points were observed at a glance. I next observed the occupants of the balcony. There were five persons, one of them a stern-looking priest: the others females. Three of them possessed nothing very striking in their appearance, one being old, the others plain, and full thirty, save the elegance of their dress. But the fourth instantly enchained my eyes, and made my heart bound as if it would break its imprisonment.

She was about sixteen, two years younger than I, that bewitching age of freshness of beauty and love. She was a brunette, with the most brilliant sloe-black eyes, that pierced like diamond-tipped arrows. She was as graceful as a fawn, with a figure superb, like those of all Spanish girls. Her hand was so small, that seen through the fold of a curtain, it would have been taken for a child's of eight years. Her hair was dark as night and freely waving in glittering tresses about her

shoulders. Her lips were like 'a crushed rose leaf,' and around them played a smile, full of the most captivating suares.

I stood bewildered. I feel that I must have looked supremely silly; or I stared without other consciousness than her presence. She smiled, and I became conscious of my rudeness. I remembered where I was and how I happened there.

I was about to make an apology for my rudeness in my best book-Spanish, when the priest laid his hand firmly upon my arm, and looking as if he would annihilate me, cried in Portuguese,—

'Are you a heretic?'

'I am an American!' I answered in Spanish.

'An Americano!' repeated the young Spanish girl who had set my heart playing cupid's tattoo; and her beautiful eyes beamed, and an expression of curiosity and pleasure animated her fine oriental face.

'You have deserved to be imprisoned,' said the priest, in Spanish. 'I shall send for a guard and have you sent to prison, for disturbing the peace!'

'It was the soldiers, not I,' I answered. 'I stood quiet and raised my hat!'

'Why did you not kneel?' he demanded sternly.

'I was taught by my father and mother to kneel only to God!' I answered.

'That was your God! It was Christ in the Host, and is not Christ God!'

I was not then much skilled in controversial theology, and scarcely knew the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation; nevertheless I answered him that I could never believe that God ever dwelt in a wafer to be eaten.

This reply caused the fierce priest to look still more terrible, and he was about to call for some one to go for the guard, when the young Spanish girl stepped forward and laid her little white hand on his arm.

'Padre mio,' she said in Castilian, and in the most musical voice imaginable, which made one think of nightingales and bulbuls, 'the young gentleman is to be pitied, not harshly condemned. Let him depart in peace, and perhaps your leniency will convert him. Severity will not do it, be assured!'

'Then be it as you say, *Senorita Isabel!*' answered the priest, stepping back. 'The obstinacy of these heretics is amazing, especially the *los Americanos!*'

I thanked my beautiful intercessor as well as I could for the embarrassment her eyes gave me, which I feared to look into, and then was looking about to see how I should reach the street, when she said, with a smile, that I had best wait a few minutes until those people who had witnessed the late scene should have passed on; when she graciously conducted me through the drawing room to a flight of spacious stone stairs leading down to the court-yard.

CHAPTER VI.

The Banjo-Dances.

As I parted from the frank, beautiful Spanish girl, she smiled and said pleasantly and with an arch manner,

‘Senor Americano, if you don’t care to bow to the Host, you should keep within doors when it passes. You have been very rash. You had better bend the knee than lose a life!’

‘Had you, fair Senorita, been the bearer of the sacred wafer I would willingly have bent the knee, but to you, not to the wafer.’

She laughed and shook her taper finger at me slightly frowning, yet looking pleased at the bold compliment.

‘Adios, senor,’ she said hastily, turning from me and re-entering the drawing-room.

‘Vaga usted con Dios!’ I responded, and left the patio fully persuaded I had left my heart behind. But young men between eighteen and twenty-one, have a good many hearts. At least, they are often deluded, as it were, by echoes, and it takes them a good while to find out where really the true heart is.

Upon gaining the street I was unable to find my friends, and so walked on alone, though not without casting many a look back to the balcony. She was upon it, and I thought looking after me; but I was not certain of it, and the idea clearly shows how far I had gone in that foolish vanity, which is peculiar to the beardless lover. I lingered a moment at the corner to see if she did not waive her fan, or give me some sign of recognition, but in vain. So I laughed at myself, and pursued my way resolved to think no more of her; for what had I, a soda-shop boy, to do with falling in love with a Spanish beauty belonging to one of the first families in the city.

At the corner was a *pulperia*, or grocery, and I bethought me after passing it a few steps, to return and inquire of the proprietor who dwelt in the large casa which I had left. The man was seated in his door, rolling a broad leaf of tobacco into the shape of a cigar. He was smoking a palpillito, and singing a Portuguese battle song. Upon his head was a red woollen cap. His dark features stood out beneath it in bold relief.

‘Who lives in that house with the verandah, señor?’ I asked in Spanish, for I had found by experience that the Portuguese well understood this language while I could make out pretty well their Portuguese.

‘That, senor, is the house of Don de Noris,’ answered the pulperio, with courtesy, pausing with his cigar half made, and looking towards the house.

‘Is it a Spanish family?’ I asked.

‘Si, senor. Don Diego is one of the old Spanish citizens. He is a rich muchissimo rico. He would have been glad to go up to Buenos Ayres, but the Governor General keeps him here; for he knows that he would give his money to help the patriots?’

‘Then he is held as a sort of prisoner?’ I asked.

‘Yes, but he has liberty to go where he will so that he goes not beyond the walls; which he would find it hard to do,’ added the Portuguese with a smile.

‘I see ladies upon the balcony. Are they his daughters?’ I modestly inquired.

‘Don Diego is not married,’ answered the man. ‘He has two sisters and a niece that form his household.’

‘The niece is what age?’

‘About seventeen, and a great beauty she is, too, and all the Brazilian cavaliers are dying for her; but she won’t look at them. I dare say she has a lover among the patriots!’

This idea caused my heart to feel a sudden pang, and a sensation of an unpleasant kind passed over me. I felt no more desire to ask further questions, and thanking my talkative informant, I left him to finish rolling up his tobacco leaf, and wondering if she really had a lover in the patriot camp. I at length came to the conclusion that she had, and I resolved that if we ever met, I should hold him as an enemy.—But at this crisis, the reflection of my situation in Montevideo as a bartender, made me smile and feel angry at the same moment, and dissipated at once all my ambitious love dreams.

A horrible discord of musical sounds, now suddenly burst upon my ear, accompanied by a sort of Indian pow-wow-ing. Looking down a narrow street, up which the uproar came, I saw an open space between the foot of the lane and the walls, near which I had strayed, and filling it, were throngs of Africans, who seemed to be in the height of enjoyment. As I had seen nearly every other feature of the carnival, I thought I would be a looker-on here. So traversing the short street that terminated in the square I entered it. It was a space of about an acre and a half of hard, well-tramped earth. At least two thousand negroes were gathered there. They were dressed in the most fantastic style and in every color of the rainbow. After a general survey to see what was going on, I at length saw that they were divided into some score or more of groups, each surrounding a party of dancers. I passed from one to the other. One of the circles contained about a dozen negroes of both sexes dancing with the most extraordinary outlay of muscular exertion and physical activity to the music of banjos (skins drawn tightly over a hollow log and thumped with a mallet,) congo castanets, and other instruments, as rude in their construction as they were noisy. Every group had its banjo and castanets, and these being assisted by a continual pow-wow of voices, the uproar of noises diabolical may easily be conceived. I never before heard such infernal sounds. The dancers, some of them, were nearly naked, exhibiting barbarously tattooed bodies. One fellow had the sun, moon, and any quantity of stars tattooed upon his breast and back. Some of the women’s faces looked as if a hot gridiron had been placed upon them. They were all, too, such hideous Guinea-nigger looking heathens! I noticed that the dances, features and costumes of nearly every group were dissimilar, and upon inquiry was told by a complacent Spaniard who was looking on and smoking, that the negroes were from as many

tribes in Africa, as I saw groups assembled there. He informed me that the poor slaves retained here in their land of bondage, in a great degree, their distinction of tribes, and that on holidays they met together to perform their dances, which perhaps, said he, are heathenish rites.

Having obtained this information, I looked on with greater interest, and once more made the round of the place, comparing the looks of one tribe, with those of another. With this view, I was enabled without difficulty, to observe a wide difference between the tribes. The Congo negroes were short, flat footed with long heels and ape-like arms, and as bandy-legged as baboons. They were hideously ugly, with noses flattened to the face and enormous lips. The Mangoes were tall, well-formed, black as a polished boot, had prominent features, and looked like men of fierce dispositions, while the females were rather good looking, with fine eyes and teeth. The Mandangoes were generally lazy, with sleepy eyes, square heads, and a brick brown color of the skin. They also had beards, which the other two tribes had not. I noticed in particular the negroes from the Gold coast.— They looked not unlike the Creek Indians, only blacker; but their hair was long and but slightly crisped, and their profiles bold and strong, some of the men having beak-like noses and high, bald foreheads.— One of them had quite a martial air. He stood looking on with an aspect of stern indifference. I set him down for a chief, both on account of his appearance and a sort of deference which the rest paid him. He was full six feet in height, finely formed, and leaned upon a long staff. Upon his head was bound a scarlet handkerchief, and he wore an open shirt of blue and red calico, over white trousers rolled up to the knees. He was a black Apollo in symmetry and noble physical developments.

Some of the old women which were seated on the ground beating hollow sticks together, looked like old she-devils, wrinkled, grey, haggard, and their naked paps banging down like ponches a foot long.— They kept up a see-sawing with their bodies, and uttering all the time a monotonous *ye-yah-yeow* that was doleful enough for music to dance by. The dances were generally mere tramps of the feet, varied with fantastic and uncouth gestures. One party seemed to me to do nothing but pad round in a ring at a sort of lock step, yelling a shrill note at every foot fall, while the sweat ran down their naked bodies like rain. And such an odor. It would have taken a river of Cologne to have purified the atmosphere. I breathed by a sort of internal process so as not to inhale the surcharged atmosphere. It is a curious fact that some of the negro tribes do not exhale that peculiar pungent odor which seems to be the native atmosphere of the individual African.— I saw subsequently some negroes of tribes near Timbucto that emitted none of this from their skins. These are selected as domestic slaves, for the olfactories of the inhabitants of the country are quite as sensitive as ours. Some of the negroes, however, of one tribe in particular, the name of which I fortunately forget, for if I had kept it in my memory it would have carried an odor with it, some of this tribe will render an apartment uninhabitable by merely passing through it. But

if I say more upon this dark subject, I fear that the reader will have to fumigate my paper before he can proceed farther.

Leaving then this scene of African revels, where no 'sweet south breathes upon a bank of violets,' I pursued my way along the inside of the walls, which rose massive and strong on my right. From the top, the sentries were looking down into the square and watching the dances. I passed the gate out of which I had sallied with the cavalry, and then entering the street of San Pedro proceeded towards the centre of the town. I came soon upon a lively portion of the street, which contained some of the best houses, and met maskers with music going before them who made themselves merry at the expense of the passers-by. I saw many beautiful ladies upon the verandah, which were gay with awnings and decorated with flowers and streamers of silk. As I turned into the street where our 'shop' was situated, I saw quite a movement of people near it, while loud peals of laughter proceeded from them. As I came near, I beheld three or four officers belonging to the frigate *Doris*, then laying in the outer roads, scaling a balcony filled with ladies.

I forgot to say, and I will do it here, that one of the great causes of sport on the carnival days is colored eggs. The yolks are removed, the shells dyed blue, green, yellow, red or parti-colored, and filled with rose water the ends sealed up, and boys and girls go about selling them by scores. They are bought by every body, though in many families where there are roguish girls, they are prepared at home; and the sport is, for the ladies to pelt the gentlemen with them from the balconies as they pass along the streets. If any gentleman thus bombarded, can succeed in scaling a balcony in face of the brisk fire from half a dozen handsome ladies, who are supplied with ammunition from baskets held by slaves, they are entitled to a kiss.

Directly opposite to our shop was the residence of an old Spanish merchant, Don Pedro Lamas, who had three pretty daughters who were much visited by the English and American navy officers. They were of the ages of seventeen, nineteen and twenty-one. I knew them by sight, indeed, had formed a sort of eye, smile and bow acquaintance with them when they were on their balcony or promenading the roof, and we upon ours. Once they had despatched a slave for soda, which I laughingly sent; but as they did not send a second time, I rightly judged that not a globule of effervescence was in the glass when it reached them. Their curiosity was satisfied. But to the cause of the excitement which I now witnessed in the street.

CHAPTER IX.

The Siege.

As I approached the animated scene near the shop, I had an opportunity of witnessing the whole adventure of the officers before mentioned. It seems that as they were lounging up the street together

that they were suddenly assailed from the Don's balcony by a shower of eggs filled with rose-water. Each of the young ladies had a basket full by her side, and the colored missiles fell upon their heads and shoulders in a shower. In an instant they all started to scale the balcony, for the lower doors were, to be sure, carefully bolted and barred. The height of the balcony was not less than fourteen feet from the street. It was supported, not by column, but by iron braces projecting from the wall obliquely upward. These braces were full eight feet from the side-walk. The officers sprung to the escalade and, like true sailors, began to mount upward, the projections of the windows affording them footing to reach the braces. Two of them, as I came up, were hanging to them and trying to clamber up over the verge of the balcony, their situation being precisely like passing by the futtock shrouds over into the ship's tops, only in this case they had no other support than an iron rod for feet and hands.

The ladies leaned over the balustrade, and with loud laughter poured down into their faces and bosoms a perfect hurricane of grape. They were deluged with rose water. The young American lieutenant at length got his hand over so as to grasp one of the uprights of the balustrade, but the moment he lifted his face it was battered with these rose scented missiles. He was blinded with the fluid, and the crash of the shell upon the face or in the eyes was by no means pleasant. He made several desperate efforts to get up, but at length, fairly blinded by the rose-water, he was forced to retreat, amid the shouts of the spectators, who looked on, enjoying the scene with infinite gusto. I could not keep my eyes off the four beautiful girls, for they had a handsome cousin, Donna Irene, to assist them in defending their fortress and their lips! Their faces were so gloriously animated, so brilliantly flushed, and so full, withal, of laughter, that at length rendered them almost incapable of throwing their missiles. Their spirited attitudes, their grace and thousand movements of beauty enchained my gaze. I never witnessed a sight so beautiful and captivating. Their mellow laughter, too, rang most musically. The crowd, which was composed of officers, soldiers, black and white, slaves, maskers, monks and sailors, encouraged, cheered, hissed, shouted and roared with laughter.

The American officer and the other Englishman made a second attempt. They reached the verge of the balcony and closing their eyes clambered over. The Englishman was driven back for an instant.—The American pressed forward while the crowd cheered him on. The ladies retreated, still keeping up a spirited fire into the drawing-room. The American followed, and the Englishman bounded in after him.—In a moment or two we heard loud laughing, shrieks, and the multitude shouted 'viva! bravissimo!'

The cavaliers had won the victory! The people now dispersed, seeking amusement in some other quarter; for the town was all over mad with frolicking.

I have now to relate an 'egg adventure' that is not quite so romantic as that I have just describe; but as it is personally interesting to me, Paul Perril, I will give it as it happened.

After I had seen the adventure thus happily terminated, I was seized with a desire to be the possessor of some scores of blue, red, and green eggs which I had seen a negress carrying in her basket upon her head, while the scaling of the balcony was going forward. I now approached her and asked her if they were for sale.

'Si, Senyah,' she answered.

'How much a dozen ?'

'Kart real,' she answered, in her negro Portuguese.

Four reals, which is half a dollar, was a great deal of money for me, when the reader remembers the depth of my purse. I had but two dollars and three quarters in the world; for as yet the old gentleman had not paid us any portion of our dollar per diem. He preferred, he said, paying up in the lump! The temptation was irresistible, and the dozen eggs were bought by me and transferred from the basket very carefully to my handkerchief.

I then opened the enormous doors which led into our court-yard, with the intention of ascending to the roof and having some private sport of my own with the eggs. Some thoughts of bombarding the opposite house, where dwelt the daughters of Don Pedro, passed through my mind; for it occurred to me that an egg of rose-water might be a means of introduction to them, in a merry way. Of course I did not intend to hit them, and expected to draw their fire upon me.

I had ascended but a few steps of the flight which led to the roof of the 'casa' when my eye fell, by ill-luck, upon an old vinegar-faced virago who dwelt in the next court. She always sat in her door, with a striped handkerchief upon her head, smoking paper cigars, which she made for the purpose by skillfully rolling up cut tobacco in small slips of white paper, pinching the ends so as to make them tight and hold well. I had often watched, and been more than once tempted to play a trick upon her. If I could have got powder into her tobacco, it would have been there. She was so cross, and beat two old negro slaves so, and scolded so fiercely and vixenishly, that I had a grudge against her.

The reader will not forget that I was eighteen, and something wild and wayward, and often did things with little reflection upon the consequences.

Upon reaching the first landing of the stair-way, I saw the old, yellow-visaged crone seated upon her door step, smoking. Her face was turned with its profile towards me. I thought of my eggs, and slowly descending the stairs again to the court, approached a hole in the wall, as large as a hat, out of which two or three bricks had fallen. She was within five feet of me as I looked through at her, with an egg, the largest in the lot, in my fingers. I only wished it was a rotten one.

I softly raised my hand, and raised my hand, and taking good aim hit her fairly in the cheek. The howl she set up was tremendous. I sprung aside, but not before she saw who it was that had scented her with rose-water; for which she ought to have been most grateful.— Finding I was discovered, I proceeded boldly to discharge a second

missile; but she was as active as she was hideous; and springing lightly aside she caught up half of a brick and discharged it through the hole at my head. It flew with unerring aim, and as I darted back it fell at my feet, rebounded, and dashed in pieces a huge demijohn of vitriol within half a yard of me, three of which belonging to the old gentleman were placed against the wall. The contents flew all over me like liquid fire. I remember uttering a yell of the most excruciating agony, and the next instant I was up to my chin in the cistern, into which I had instantly leaped.

I shall never forget the sufferings of those moments. My pantaloons fell from me in tinder before I had touched the water and my body and arms, to say nothing of my legs, were on fire. The water gave me temporary relief. My first outcry, rent from me by inconceivable torments, had brought from the balcony both of my friends and the old man. They flew to my relief, but he on seeing his demijohn demolished, began to swear.

The old witch, with her tanned and devilish visage filling the hole in the wall surveyed the scene and laughed with malicious triumph as she saw me up to my neck in the cistern. The sight of her kept me from showing my agony in my face; for, I believe, if she had not been looking on, I should have fairly roared and howled. I can bear physical pain as well as most persons; but every body has not been victimized by a smashed demijohn of the oil of vitriol. What with the old man's oaths, the vixen's laughter, and my friend's sympathy, with a groan or so from me by way of variety, there was quite a scene. I was at length got to my bed, half-flayed alive. I had not a piece of skin left below my knees, and above them it was taken off in large patches. I had had enough of the carnival! I kept my bed three days; but with care and kind attention from my three friends, in a week I was in the shop again, with a whole skin, but somewhat a tender one, as may be supposed.

By the time I got out, carnival was over. Lent had begun, and the town was fasting, and as quiet and solemn as the Sabbath in New England. The contrast was most extraordinary. Every man looked as if he had just buried his brother, or as if the plague reigned.

Having recovered, I bore no grudge against the old woman; for I fairly deserved what I got. I had been the aggressor, and while she only intended to return me a brick-bat, Providence added a bath of vitriol. The lesson I have never forgot. It has cured me of many prejudices, and taught me never to assail those whom I have reason to think cannot avenge themselves. With this little bit of a moral I will go on with my narrative.

The siege of the town was daily becoming closer, and during the last two or three days of Carnival, the Patriots contributed fire-works to aid the general festivity; they were, however more solid than picturesque, coming over the walls in the shape of eighteen-pound shot and shell, not charged with rose-water, but old iron and bullets. This contribution to the amusement of the citizens was by no means relished and the streets were less thronged, and many of the balls bounced into them and sometimes went skipping along over the paved walks for a

square doing some mischief and producing more terror. Llavelleja had taken advantage of the merry-making within the walls to advance his lines, and one night he threw into the old convent a large force, with five peccas of cannon, and in the morning, to the surprise and dismay of the garrison, opened his battery upon the walls. From this time the joys of carnival were a little qualified by personal apprehension, for the shot came clattering upon the roofs and hopping into the streets at all hours of the day.

The Brazilians returned the fire from the walls, but discreetly kept within their defences. Thus the last day or two of my confinement to my room I was regaled with the almost continual music of a two-sided cannonading. A shot very unceremoniously knocked over one of the urns on the corner of our roof, and striking the battlements of Don Pedro's house opposite, made a breach that exposed the whole area of the house top to our view. Fortunately the *Senoras* had a few minutes before finished their evening promenade and gone down into the parlor. We all got quite used to the roar of cannon, and were unconcerned even at seeing a ball light in the street before our shop door and kick up a dust that rattled upon our windows like hail. There were however, but very few persons killed or wounded. The soldiers on the walls had the worst of it, judging from the number of poor, bleeding forms that were carried every half hour or oftener by our door to the hospitals, borne on the shoulders of their comrades. Custom has such influence upon the mind that these painful sights, as well as the falling of the shot into the bosom of the town, were very soon regarded by us almost with indifference. The old gentleman and his son Edwin, however, never could get accustomed to it; and turned pale and shrunk up into as small a space as possible at every discharge of the guns. The former was as nervous as he could live, and seemed to endure the tortures of a living death. Doubtless his conscience troubled him, and he knew better than any one else what sins he had to answer for,

This state of things continued for nearly a week after the carnival, the bombardment being only for a few hours intermitted at the time, only to be resumed again with more vigor. We still sold soda, for although it was Lent, and fasting was commenced, there was no papal bull against soda-water dashed with Port.

At length one afternoon Fairfax came in. He said he had boarded out nearly all his money, and that it was time something should be done. In this we fully concurred, and we agreed to meet that evening at the coffee-house, by his invitation, he holding the purse, to discuss the matter. Before we closed the shop, however, it was resolved that we should ask the merchant for our dollar *per diem*. The amount due each of us was twenty-four dollars, excluding the Sundays.

So when the doors were about to be closed, and the others had come in from their shops, I, with some misgiving, asked the old man, who was counting at the drawer his gains for the day, if he would let us have the wages due to us.

CHAPTER X.

The Coffee House.

IN a minute after I had put the question, the old gentleman made no reply, but continued to count the money, until he had ascertained the amount of the day's receipts. He then looked up and setting his spectacles more firmly upon the bridge of his nose, peered at me sternly through the glasses.

'Wages! You are in a hurry, young gentlemen,' he answered, with a sneer which became his face much better than any other expression; 'I don't expect to pay you except quarterly. Besides, I begin to think that a dollar a day is exhorbitant—enormously exhorbitant. Do you know that you are running great risks, very great risks in compelling me to pay for your services. The law here looks upon you as my servants, sons, for you are under age, and it will sustain me in my authority. I have inquired into the matter and know all about it. I shall not pay you any thing—not a stiver! If you dare to leave me I will have you arrested and thrown into prison, you may depend on it. Do you think I am going to pay your passage out here and then pay you a dollar a day. No, no! I am not the old fool you think me. I have had counsel and know that you must stay with me on my own terms or try the comforts of a Portuguese prison. You may tell your story but who will believe you in the face of my own, and the fact that you have come out with me. No, no, young men, independent as you think yourselves you are completely in my power!'

Our indignation, our supreme astonishment at this reply kept us silent. We looked at one another in thorough amazement, and then by one impulse quietly walked out of the shop and hastening to the coffee house. Here we found Fairfax. We immediately took him aside and made known to him the old man's answer to our application. We then swore vengeance. Having seated ourselves at a side table, and called for coffee and toast we began to discuss the matter:

'There is no doubt,' said Fairfax, 'that the old man has been consulting with some persons here as to the authority he can have over minors, and that he finds the infernal Portuguese laws will sustain him in any exercise of authority he chooses to display over us. He would not talk so boldly, if he was not convinced that the law was on his side. He is right in saying that his story will be believed before our own, inasmuch as our having come out with him shows a voluntary act of submission on our parts.'

'So far as I can see,' said I, 'we are in a fix. The old man is bad enough for any thing. As to remaining with him longer I will not.—He refuses to pay us what he owes us, and we can't compel him to, that seems clear.'

'What shall be done?' asked Hewitt with a snuffle of the nose, and looking somewhat perplexed at the crisis affairs had taken.

'My opinion is,' said I, 'that we do not delay another hour getting out of the city and joining the Patriots.'

'There I am with you,' said Fairfax and Radsworth warmly.

'I am not so certain that we can get there or better ourselves,' responded Hewitt. 'For my part I have about resolved to remain with the old codger, till I can get some clever Yankee Captain to give me a passage home. There will be some vessels soon going back to the States, I dare say, as soon as they find they can't reach Buenos Ayres.'

We felt disposed to look with contempt upon Hewitt's forbearance, and began to talk over (we three) the best means of getting out of the city. Fairfax said that he was satisfied that we could not pass out by the gates, and the only way would be to try and possess ourselves of a boat at the mole in the night and pull across the water, a mile and a half to the inland shore.

At this moment, a Boston sea-captain, whom we had often seen and liked for his frank manners and fine social qualities, came up to the table where we were. As he approached a Portuguese lieutenant who had been leaning against a column near by smoking his cigar, slowly retired, though not before I had caught his eye which met mine with a singular expression.

'Ah, my young friends, you love to drink coffee better than soda, eh?' said Capt. Conway with a smile. 'Well I am glad to see you enjoying yourselves.'

'Will you take a cup, Captain?' we asked.

'No. I have to go to the Consul's to supper, and it would spoil my appetite.'

With these words he left us, and passed on up the saloon. He was a large, portly, bluff looking gentleman, and had the air of a lover of jokes and of good cheer. He was master of the barque *Blakely* which lay then in the harbor, having been turned from her destination (Buenos Ayres) as we had been, by the Brazilian cruisers, and brought into Montevideo. We had become acquainted with him by seeing him in the shop.

After he had left us, we finished our coffee, and together took a stroll up into the Grand Square to hear the Governor's band play. We then returned homeward, still deeply engaged in the discussion of the best way of getting out of the city; for we were resolved not to remain in it another day. Upon reaching our lodgings about half past eight o'clock, we met at the door our friend, Captain Conway. The moment he beheld us, he hastened towards us in the greatest excitement, saying,

'I am glad to see you at last. You have no time to lose.'

'What is the matter? what has happened?' we asked earnestly and filled with surprise.

'Your imprudence at the coffee-house has betrayed you into difficulty. At this moment, I suspect an order is being issued for your arrest.'

'By old Bedrick?' I asked indignantly.

'No. But lose no time. Hasten into your rooms and get what clothing you can carry in bundles and then follow me to the quay.—'

My boat is there awaiting me. Your only safety is in reaching my vessel without delay.'

We did not fully comprehend the source from whence danger was to be apprehended, but assured that it menaced us, we did not ask for further explanation, but hurried to our rooms, moving as lightly as we could not to disturb the old man. There were but three of us, Hewitt having left us in the square, to call round and see Saul Freelove.— We had no time to think of him, though we resolved not to go without him, as he was exposed to the like danger with ourselves. We hurriedly took from our trunks what articles were mostly needed by us, such as shirts, socks, vests, &c., and tied them up in our handkerchiefs. We were not five minutes about it, and on returning to the street door we found the good Captain walking up and down impatiently waiting for us.

'You are in good time,' he said; 'now follow me to the mole.'

As we were leaving the door, Bill Bedrick appeared, and wanted to know where we were going? As he was a friend of ours we told him that there was an order out for our arrest, and that we were going on board the Blakely for security.

'Here's with you then,' he answered: 'I will just go back and get my bundle, and I will be with you before you reach the quay. But what are you to be arrested for?'

'We hardly know,' I answered; but Capt. Conway has given the alarm and recommended us to fly.'

'Why, the young mad-caps,' answered the Captain, 'have been overheard at the coffee house, declaring their intention to quit the city by the first opportunity and join the patriot army. This has been reported to the Governor-General by some spy who overheard it.'

'That confounded sly-looking Portuguese lieutenant,' I exclaimed warmly. 'But we spoke in English, Captain.'

'He doubtless understood English. The Governor has his spies every where. You have acted imprudently, but there is no help for it now. You have to get out of their reach as soon as you can. Come, my friends, do not delay, for in less than fifteen minutes a file of the city guards will be at the door in search of you.'

We now pushed on after the generous hearted Captain, and reached the mole five minutes before the nine o'clock gun was fired. Young Bedrick joined us in a moment or two after our arrival. The Captain's boat with our men was waiting for him at the stairs. The sentry stopped him and asked his name, and that of his vessel, and then let him pass on. As it was dark we passed with him as his sailors, having previously, at his suggestion, tucked our coat-skirts up under our wrists to make the rolling gait like a roundabout. We also assumed a swaggering, gallant gait, the better to deceive the soldier.

Just before arriving at the sentinel, the Captain had said to us, 'Boys, if he refuses to let you pass, we will take his musket away, tumble him into the boat with us and take him on board. We, however, passed him without suspicion. The watch, too, was not kept with such diligence in going from the mole, as coming into the city;

and the numerous sea-captains constantly passing and re-passing rendered the sentries less vigilant at that point.

We got into the boat, the Captain having sent one of the men to Freelove's to inform Hewitt of his danger, and advise him to remain quiet where he was, until he could join us on board the barque.

We pushed from the mole stairs just as the nine o'clock gun fired, and pulled out towards the Captain's vessel. The harbor was filled, crowded with ships and brigs of every maritime nation, with about thirty Brazilian vessels of war anchored about here and there among them. To reach the barque, therefore, we had to pull now around the bows of a Swedish ship, now under the stern of a Brazilian gun-brig; then the cable of an English merchantman would bring us up, or the stern hawser of an American ship. It was, dodge in and out for a quarter of a mile, when we came along side of the barque, and ascended the sides.

When we stood on her deck, we felt a sensation of freedom that we had not experienced for some time. To be again on the deck of a Yankee vessel, drew us in association back to our country; and to tread upon plank that had grown in the pine forests of Maine, made us feel ourselves almost at home again.

The Captain invited us down into the cabin, turned out both cook and steward, and ordered a hot supper. After a little while we sat down to the table with him, and for me, I enjoyed one of the heartiest meals I had ever partaken of. During the progress of the supper, no allusion was made to the circumstances which had brought us off, but we talked only upon general subjects, such as the next news from the States, the condition of the garrison, the force of the patriots, the progress of the siege.

At length, after we had well eaten, the good Captain ordered wine and glasses. These being placed before us, at his invitation we filled and drank the following toast proposed by him:—

'The Star Spangled Banner! If we suffer one of the stars that beam in its blue field to be extinguished, may we have the thirteen stripes laid upon our backs!'

Having drank this sentiment with immense applause, and proportionate pounding upon the table, we were reminded of our peculiar position at that present time, by the following propounder from the hospitable Captain:—

'My lads what do you intend to do?'

For at least a minute there was no reply. We looked blankly at each other. We had decided upon nothing, and it had been continually upon my thoughts ever since we left the house, what we should do.

'Join the patriots,' at length responded Radsworth resolutely. 'We can be landed by your boat on the main.'

'That will not be so easy as you think,' answered Captain Conway. The whole shore is watched by guard row-boats. No boat can land or take the water without discovery. If you will take my advice you will do better, perhaps, than join Llavelleja—I mean for you to reach Buenos Ayres!'

'How?' we exclaimed all at once.

‘I will tell you,’ he answered, as he filled another glass of old Maderia and passed the bottle to us with the admonition not to take ‘too much for our health.’

CHAPTER IX.

The Preparation.

AFTER we had filled our glasses I proposed ‘the health of Captain Conway,’ which was drunk with grateful enthusiasm.

‘Two glasses all round I think will do for young people like ourselves,’ said the Captain smiling; ‘now for my plan. I submit it to you, and let you judge for yourselves.’

‘We will be guided by your superior judgment and experience,’ we answered.

‘Well, hear first what I have to propose. You say you wish to join the Patriots. Now the best and the only way to attain your end is to try and reach Buenos Ayres.’

‘But the blockade, Captain,’ said Fairfax.

‘Very true. But if you are the young men I think you are, you will not let half a dozen Brazilian blockades be any obstacle in your way. As it is, Montevideo is no longer safe for you. You say you do not care about returning to the States without accomplishing something more than selling soda-water by the glass. I like your spirit.—When I was a young man I felt just so. As to your agreement with Mr. Bedrick that is of no force. He has shamefully deceived you (we had told the Captain the history of the affair of our coming out to South America, while in the boat) and you have nothing to reflect upon yourselves for leaving him. Besides, you can no longer stay in the city. By this time your house has been searched, and I have no doubt the town will be strictly overhauled to find you; for it is death to make any attempt to join the Patriots; and if you are taken you will be likely at the very least to be thrown into the calaboose, and be kept there till the war is over. The American Consul could not save you after your open expressions of attachment to the service of the enemy. I am not sure that you will be safe on board my vessel many hours, or you should remain as long as you like. I have no doubt I run great risk in bringing you on board; for if they should find you here, my vessel would be confiscated.’

‘We will leave it this moment, Captain,’ I answered warmly, ‘rather than involve you in any danger.’

‘This is noble in you, but I have begun to save you, and I never do things half way. There is no doubt but that when they find that you are not on shore, they will search every American vessel in port. Now hear the plan I have thought of for your safety, and also for bringing about your wishes. I have on board swinging at the quarter deck, a whale boat, which I picked up off San Salvador, adrift. It is almost new, staunch, and will do service. The mate has amused himself in

calm weather, in making a mast and sail for it, as he thought it would be handy to pass to and from the vessel in, when we should lay in the outer roads from Buenos Ayres, which are two leagues from the landing. Now this boat, which is worth about eighty dollars, is at your service, and you may pay me for it in Boston when you can. You shall take her with four oars, mast and sail, and try to reach Buenos Ayres in her. It is a perilous attempt I allow, and requires bold hearts and steady nerves to go through with it successfully. But I have great faith in you, my lads, and have no doubt you will achieve the adventure handsomely, and do honor to Yankee land.'

We assured him that we would try to do so, and thanking him for his offer told him with one voice that we would make the attempt to reach the blockaded city.

'There can be no more danger before us than now surrounds us,' said Fairfax; 'but ready as I am to undertake it, I don't see how we are to get out of the harbor, much more reach Buenos Ayres.'

'It will be a delicate affair to manage, young gentlemen, and will require all the coolness and energy you possess to carry it through.— But I feel confident that you will succeed, young men, if success is possible. About twelve o'clock to-night would be a good time to start, for you will be less likely to fall in with the guard-boats, for at that time they generally pull in to relieve duty. By muffling your oars, two of you pulling, one at the helm, and the fourth to look out at the bows, you may be able to pull safely out among the fleet in the harbor. Once outside the guard-ship, and half your danger is over. You will then step your mast and make sail on her and run for the British frigate Doris, which is, you know, anchored about five miles out in the river. By the time you get up with her, you will be far enough out to put your helm up river and steer right for the blockading squadron, which you know stretches across the river about five leagues above this city. The blockading squadron you will find anchored within gun-shot of each other, from shore to shore, making a chain of vessels a mile and a half apart, and sixty miles long. Through this squadron you will have to pass; and as you will come in sight of the lights of the vessel before day, (for the wind is fresh and fair for you outside) I should advise you to strike your sail when within a mile or so of them, take the bearings of the two highest vessels and pull mid-way between them. In the darkness, and your boat lying so low in the water, you will not be discovered like a larger vessel. If you get through in safety, as I hope you will, you had best pull on again a mile or two before you set your sail. Then you will have the river all before you for an hundred and twenty miles; but as there will probably be cruisers stealing about for many leagues above the squadron, you must keep on the constant look out, and pull into the land when you see any thing suspicious looking. For the rest, you will be guided by circumstances and your own judgment. In four or five days you ought to be at Buenos Ayres, if all succeeds with you. Now you have my plan and can embrace it or not at your pleasure. The whale boat is at your service, and I shall order Jack the cook to boil some beef and pork for you; the steward shall put in a bag of buscuit and some

wine, and I will lend you a chart of the river, a compass and a spy-glass, so that you may be able to detect the enemy's colors at a distance and keep out of their way.'

The kind Captain having ended, we thanked him with grateful enthusiasm and pledged ourselves to be guided by his directions and reach Buenos Ayres or die in the attempt.

'I know that you will, my lads. And that you shall not want for arms to defend yourselves with in case of need, I will let you have a pair of boarding pistols a piece, and a cutlass!'

As he spoke he took from a rack half a dozen old Turkish sabres, but in good condition.

'These I bought in Smyrna at auction, with half a dozen more like them. They belonged to a Turkish pirate who was captured and brought in there while I was there. Doubtless they have done some service in their day. The pistols, also, are Turkish, and although something long in the barrel, are good fire-arms. Help yourselves to them, and if you get to Buenos Ayres safely, you may pay me for them when you can. Remember,' he added, smiling, 'that I only loan them to you; so that you are not at liberty to surrender them to any Portuguese rogues that may give you chase!'

'We shall bear it in mind, Captain,' answered Fairfax in the same spirit; and if you never see them again be assured it will be because we are not living to restore them.'

'Don't be rash, boys; but if you let the Brazilians capture you I shall be very much disappointed in you.'

'From what I have seen of Brazilian prisons I would rather die than go into one,' I answered. 'But, Captain Conway,' I added suddenly, 'how did you learn our danger and hear that we were to be arrested?'

'After I left you at the coffee house, I passed out and went on my way to the Consul's. Just before me walked two Brazilian officers, one of whom had come out of the coffee house before me. They were conversing, and hearing the word 'Americanos,' I quickened my pace and listened, as one was talking to the other in a loud, animated tone. They did not heed me behind them, and so I overheard that one of them had heard 'four young Americans' in the coffee house propose to join the patriots, and planning a way of escape through the gates. He further said that they had spoken against the Governor-General, the Emperor, and the Brazilians in a mass!'

'This was true,' said Fairfax.

'Did the officer whom you heard speaking, wear a scarlet, round cap, with a gold chain, and a green jacket?' I asked. 'And was he tall and very slim?'

'Yes.'

'I saw the fellow and caught his eye. He seemed to be smoking and paying no attention to us!' I said indignantly.

'He was a spy and has betrayed you, or rather you betrayed yourselves,' said the Captain. 'Coffee houses are not safe places to speak one's mind in, especially in Montevideo with an enemy at the gates.—Well, this man, whom I knew could be only speaking of you, said to

the other, that you had spoken enough to show that you were both enemies and traitors to the Emperor, and that he was hastening to have you arrested. Upon hearing this, I immediately turned back in great alarm to put you on your guard, and found that you had quitted the place. I hastened to your lodgings and learned from a black woman, who stood in the door, that you were not in. I then went from place to place for you, where I supposed you might be, and finally after going a second time to your house, fell in with you.'

We thanked the noble Captain for his kind efforts in our behalf, and assured him that we should never forget him; and here I pay this public tribute to his generosity of heart. I know not whether he be living now or not; but if he is, and his eyes chance to fall upon these pages he will see that he is remembered, though many years have elapsed since we met him.

A little before midnight all the preparations were made. The whale boat which was but eighteen feet long, sharp at both ends, with four thwarts, or seats, was lowered into the water, and drawn along under the starboard gangway. In it the mate had placed a bag of boiled corn beef, and a bag of biscuit, not forgetting a box of wine, the compass, spy-glass, and chart of the river. The latter was valuable to us, to enable us to find out where we were as we run up along the shore. We now came on deck with our pistols, ammunition and sabres, and passed them into the stern of the boat. The mast and sail were snugly furled together, and laid traversly along the thwarts in the centre.—The oars were also muffled by binding canvass upon the part that played in the row-locks, and placed upon the seats. A dark lantern was also supplied and put in the locker with the compass. All these preparations without the least possible noise, for a vessel of war was close by us.

Every thing being reported by the mate as ready, the Captain once more called us into the cabin, and repeated some of his previously-given instructions, particularly enjoining the strictest silence as we passed out of the harbor,

'Give every order in a whisper. Choose your helmsman and your look-out, while two take the oars, and keep each to his station till you get fairly clear of the port. If you are challenged by any of the Brazilian vessels of war that you pass near, answer one of the 'Doris,' in a clear, free manner, and you will be suffered to pass, as you will be taken for the Doris' (the British frigate that lays outside) boat which often goes off with her captain as late as this; and 'Doris' is his reply when challenged. I trust, however, that you will manage to creep along so stealthily that you will not be observed. If you are you must trust to your presence of mind to take care of yourselves. Perilous as the path is before you, it is quite as dangerous for you to remain behind. So my brave young countrymen, good night, and God bless you. It is time you were off!'

He shook us warmly by the hand all round, and tears glistened in his manly eyes. We, ourselves, did not part with him without some emotion. At the side he again took leave of us, and as we descended his last words were,

‘If you love me, don’t let me be told to-morrow that the Brazilians have you in their hands. Remember that you are Yankeés, and that each one of you is equal to twenty of these Portuguese. Good bye, boys, and move along as quiet as a fish two feet under water!’

CHAPTER X.

The Escape from the Harbor.

HAVING spoken our last low farewell to the excellent Captain as he leaned over the side, we quietly took our respective stations in the boat preparatory to starting on our perilous enterprise. It was a clear, starry night, with just wind enough to cause the little waves it raised to break into heads. The only sound that could be heard were the howling of dogs from the streets in the city, and the calls of the sentries to each other.

Fairfax took the helm; Radsworth and Bedrick the two oars, and I stationed myself in the sharp bows to look out ahead.

‘Are we all ready?’ whispered Fairfax.

‘All ready,’ was our subdued answer.

‘Pull away, then,’ he added; and pushing from the side, we noiselessly let fall the oars and began to move on.

The barque was on all sides enclosed by vessels at anchor. We had not taken thirty strokes when we passed under the stern of an English ship. The officer of the watch was whistling as he paced his lonely deck, and was heard by us so distinctly that we feared our rowing would have been detected; for it would have been dangerous to have been hailed by any ship, as it would have drawn towards us the attention of the Brazilian vessels of war which were all about. We let the oars fall as softly as if they were made of feathers and passed under the stern, and so near that we had to bend low to prevent the rays of light shining through the cabin windows from falling upon our persons.

The next vessel was a Yankee brig, which we passed across the bows and so nigh that I gave the boat an additional impetus by taking hold of the cable which we went under. The next vessel was a large Brazilian brig of war of sixteen guns, anchored with her best bower out forward and a kedge astern. I had to keep a sharp look out not to run our boat against the cable or hawser, which, in the obscurity of the night, it was difficult to do. As we came close upon the brig I whispered for the rowers to pull gently, and at the same time gave directions to Fairfax how to steer her. Seeing the outline of a sentry in the gangway, I thought that our safest course was to keep close under the counter of the vessel; as he might detect us if we were off a few yards distant attempting to pull by. So I whispered to Fairfax how to steer and we run directly under her taffrail, and so near that I touched her as we passed, and pushed the skiff along. We had not passed three strokes of the oars before we were started by a sudden and loud cry upon decks. My heart jumped into my mouth. I felt certain that we

were discovered, and so did the others. But the cry formed itself into intelligible words, and we were relieved by hearing the 'all's well' of the Portuguese sentry instead of an order for us to come to. We now pulled on steadily, gaining confidence with every vessel we got safely by, until we had passed full twenty in silence and unsuspected, though we had once nearly upset our boat by striking against the cable of a French barque. The noise alarmed a watch-dog on board who set up a loud baying, and to escape detection we pulled directly under the bows and lay there as still as death. The officer of the deck took the alarm and not only looked over the quarter himself to examine the water, but we heard him give orders to his men (for I understood a little French) to look about forward. We could see the men's heads peering over, but as we were so snugly hidden under the bulging bow we remained undiscovered; though every little while a dog would set up a howl. After remaining *perdu* about ten minutes finding all still we shoved out and pulled stealthily away and met with no other misadventure until we had, as I have said, passed safely about twenty vessels, when we came to a Brazilian corvette of twenty guns. This ship lay at anchor broadside towards us, and as she had a boat at her booms, we feared we might be discovered by the keeper. We, therefore, pulled out as far from her as possible, though at the risk of falling aboard a gun-boat which was anchored fifty yards astern of her. We laid as low to the water as we could, taking off our hats, and making ourselves show as little as we possibly could. We then pulled steadily on, and had nearly passed between the two, when we were electrified by a sharp hail from the quarter-jeck of the corvette.

'Kien loh!' was the sound though not the words, that reached our ears; but I give the sound rather than the orthography. 'Who goes there?'

'Doris!' promptly responded Fairfax with a presence of mind that could not be too highly praised.

'Pass on!' answered the sentry.

'Now give way without fear,' added Fairfax. 'We shall be suspected if they do not hear your oars. Shorten them to the place where they are not muffled, so as to make them play noisily in the row-locks!'

We continued to row in this manner, until we had passed one or two merchant vessels near the slip, when once more we began to steal along with muffled oars; for a large Brazilian frigate lay just before us; and notwithstanding we had deceived successfully the sentry of the corvette, were not rash enough to try to pass the frigate. Fortune might not favor us again. We, therefore, pulled along until we came near her, when I stood up and made a careful survey of her position. To avoid her 'booms' was the most perplexing part of the affair. At them I saw two boats, and thought I could discover the 'tender' in the one highest to us. I asked Radsworth to hand me the glass from the locker, and opening it, I was satisfied he was in the boat. All around the frigate were anchored Brazilian vessels of war to the number of half a score, and some so near each other, that two oared boats could not pass one another between without trailing their oars. To attempt to pass under the frigate's stern or across her bow would expose us

most certainly to the observation of the boat tender. There was, however, no time for hesitation. The dark hull of the frigate towered above us, casting its black shadow nearly towards us, and embracing us within it. Trusting to the gloom, I said to the rest,

'Pull on, boys! Steer so as to run under her stern, Fairfax. There is no alternative. If the boat keeper discovers us we must tumble him into the water and pull for it. Give way, but row as if your oars were dipped in down.'

We pulled steadily on and steered past the boom unobserved, (the fellow being asleep no doubt) and direct for the frigate's counter. We shot in under her guns which overhung us, and then stopped our way under her stern-room windows. Some one was thrumming a guitar upon her deck, and we could hear voices in the cabin. The tramp of the sentry upon the deck, and also upon the gang way plank fell distinctly upon our ears. The least imprudence upon our part would have betrayed us and placed us prisoners on board; and what account could we give of ourselves? Tell what story we chose, though not one of us would have concealed the truth had we been taken, I am confident they soon would have found out from the shore that we were flying from arrest and were friends to the patriots. There is little doubt but that we would have been shot or else thrown into the calaboose to lay till the war was over; for by professing to have an intention of joining the patriots, we had (though we did not reflect upon it at the time) so far denationalized ourselves as to place us quite beyond the protection of the American Consul, or the Government at home. But wisdom and due discretion are not to be expected of youths of eighteen.

After remaining a few moments under the *friendly* shelter of the frigate's stern we were satisfied that all was safe yet, and once more pulled on, Fairfax and I now taking an oar and giving our places to the others, Bedrick at the helm.

We now moved on past vessel after vessel with the same caution we had hitherto used. Once we were startled by the barking of a dog on board an armed schooner, and laying on our oars waited till he was silent; though he was probably barking from some other cause than consciousness of our vicinity. But we were startled by it not a little. Still we perseveringly kept on our way, and at length had the satisfaction of coming in full view of the guard ship, which was the last ship in the harbor. This had once been a Spanish line-of-battle ship, but was now dismantled and moored exactly in the mouth of the pear-shaped harbor. The entrancé at the best was very narrow; but this huge hulk lying in the way left but a narrow passage between each extremity and the shores for vessels to come in and go out. The shore either from her bows or stern was within musket shot. On the right or west side towered the mount itself within half a mile, the guns of its castle commanding the entrance; and on the left shore close to the water and nearly upon a level with it was a formidable battery. The guard-ship lying between and showing them three tiers of guns, pointed inside and outside the harbor, completed the defences. Every vessel that entered or went out was challenged from the guard ship, along side of which numerous armed boats were always held in readiness to

board every suspicious craft. When we came within about two hundred yards of this formidable monster of oak and iron, we, with singular discretion for us, lay on our oars and deliberately surveyed her island-like hulk.

'This looks like a case, boys,' said Fairfax dryly.

'It looks confoundedly ugly,' responded Radsworth.

'We shall be likely to fetch up here all told,' observed Bedrick with the sort of devil-me-care air characteristic of him.

'There is nothing like trying to go by her,' said I, after taking in her formidable outline with the eye, and feeling rather uncomfortable at the possibility that we might all soon have a view of the filling up!

'We have accomplished more than this,'

'But these fellows in the boats at the booms,' said Bedrick looking with the glass; 'I think if we get by it 'll be with the shaving of our eye-brows!'

After some debate it was finally resolved to stand in shore on the Mount side, and hug the beach, and creep by in this manner. When we had pulled in close to the land, what was our surprise and confusion on discovering a sentry pacing up and down on the sward. We backed water quickly, and then continued to go backwards until his form was lost in the gloom. We were now near the guard-ship again.—There was now no alternative but to take the middle course, and if we were seen to trust to our oars, and escape into the offing. For this purpose we shipped the two other oars, and all four pulled together.—We passed along like harbor thieves, so noiselessly was our passage. As we came abreast of the stern of the hull, our bosoms swelled with the strong emotions of hope and fear, which at such moments of suspense irresistably take possession of the human heart.

We moved on and on, and for five minutes I verily believe not one of us breathed a full breath. We had passed her in safety! We could see her each moment fading into the darkness. When we knew that we could no longer be visible from her, we ceased rowing as by one impulse. I sprung up and waved my hat and cane, and came very near giving three cheers for our success. But I did not indulge this exuberant feeling, though we all felt quite mad with joy, and shaking hands all round congratulated one another upon our achievement. At the suggestion of Bedrick, the locker was opened, and a bottle of champagne opened by knocking off the neck against the side of the boat. We filled bumpers in a tin pot and drank 'success to the Universal Yankee Nation,' one at the time, for we had but one dipper.

It was now proposed that the sail should be hoisted, as there was a five knot breeze blowing fair for us. This proposition was well received, for we were pretty well tired of rowing, having been nearly two hours reaching that point of comparative safety. I say comparatively, for we were not yet, by any means, safe. There were Brazilian cruisers constantly beating about the mouth of the harbor, sometimes running in, sometimes standing down the river or stretching up to communicate with the blockading squadron. We were, therefore, each moment in danger of falling into the power of one of these. We, however, stepped our mast, and, hauling our sheet aft, let the wind

drive us on. We now sailed merrily. All we had to do was to sit quietly down together in the stern, save one to look out ahead, and enjoy our success. We had indeed achieved a remarkable adventure, having passed safely through a fleet of above two hundred vessels, thirty of them armed ships and brigs, where on every deck a constant watch was kept.

We run on for about three miles, our way lighted by the stars, while the watch lights of the castle on the mount, of the guard-ship, and the port, were visible far behind us. I was looking out ahead when I saw looming up before us a large vessel. I soon saw that it was a brig standing towards us. We doused our mast and sail instantly, and threw ourselves flat in the bottom of the boat. She passed within fifty yards of us, and the swell of her wake as she receded violently rocked us. We rose up to see her disappearing in the distance, not a little overjoyed at our escape. I took good care to keep a sharper look-out, and Fairfax lent the aid of his eyes also. At length we discovered a light close to the water some ways ahead, and took it for that of the British frigate *Doris* which we knew lay off here. We stood boldly on ready to strike our mast (for we had set it again) when we came near, in case it should prove to be an enemy's light. But as we came near, we saw the dark form of a large ship at anchor, looming up, and in a few minutes were satisfied that she was the *Doris*, by the position of two lights on board which Captain Conway had described to us as being marks by which to distinguish her. In five minutes more we came so nigh as to be discovered from her decks and hailed by the sentry.

CHAPTER XI.

The Frigate 'Doris.'

'BOAT AMOY! What boat is that?' resounded gruffly over the space between us and the frigate, before we replied.

'Shore boat!'

'Shore boat come along side!' was the stern command.

There was a light at the same moment passed along the deck to the gangway, which showed us the sentry pacing his platform outside, and the forms of two or three persons in the port.

We had already dropped our mast and taken to our oars. The waves by this time running pretty high, for the wind had increased as we got outside of the harbor, and we found that without great precaution, we should be in danger of getting our frail skiff dashed against the lofty sides of the frigate and swamped. As we came near I stood in the bows with a short pike and fended off, while Fairfax caught a rope which a sailor threw over his head. He passed it forward to me, and in a moment I had secured the end by a double turn about the bow thwart. Our little boat in the meanwhile, bobbed actively up and down on the restless chop seas that broke against the frigate.

'Come on deck one of you and let us know your business,' said an officer looking down upon us, and trying by the aid of a battle lantern held by a marine, to make us out.

As I was highest the ladder, I seized the man-ropes and ascended to the gangway port where he stood. I immediately recognized him to be one of the Doris' officers, to whom I had frequently the honor of selling many a glass of brandied soda. I called him by name. He looked closely at me, and then recognizing me said,

'How is this? Why are you off here in an open boat at this time of night?'

'To escape from the Brazilian authorities,' I answered.

'Why what have you been doing?'

'We got tired of remaining at Montevideo, our original destination having been Buenos Ayres, and we planned to get out of the city and join the patriots for want of something better to do. Our plan was listened to by a spy and reported to the Governor-General, and we got wind of it in time to make our escape in the boat.'

'And how have you got out of the harbor?'

'By muffled oars and stealing along, and once when we were challenged, we got off by making use of the name of your frigate.'

By this time Fairfax and the others had reached the deck. The lieutenant shook their hands with a warm welcome, and said that he was very glad that we had not fallen into the hands of the Portuguese, 'but,' he added, 'I fear that we shall not dare to protect you, if the Brazilian Government should order you to be surrendered.'

'We do not intend to burden you with any responsibility,' answered Fairfax; 'we have started with the intention of going up to Buenos Ayres.'

'In that little whale boat?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You know that the river is blockaded, and also thronged with cruisers.'

'We are aware of it,' I answered; 'but we shall try to get past them, and trust we shall succeed as well as we have done in getting out of the harbor, through the fleet and past the forts.'

'This is a bold enterprise, and I fear you will be unable to carry it through. Wait here a few moments and I will let Sir John know you are on board, for it may be that he would like to see you. Two of you men go down and keep their boat from knocking her nose to pieces against the ship.'

With this he left us and went aft. We stood by the gangway surrounded by middies and petty officers and seamen, who had gathered at the spot to hear our story. They asked us innumerable questions, and being well aware from experience of the vigilance preserved in the port, they could hardly believe that we had succeeded in coming out undetected. But there we stood, and there along side, danced our little bark in attestation.

At length the lieutenant returned, and said, that Sir John Sinclair would like to see us in the cabin.

Upon entering the cabin we found the English Captain seated in an

arm-chair wrapped in a silk brocade dressing gown, and his feet thrust into yellow slippers.

'So these are the four young Americans who have run away from Montevideo, and are going to try and break the blockade?' he said looking at us and then addressing his lieutenant. 'Sit down, sit down, young gentlemen,' he added in a kind cordial manner. 'Tim get the wine and glasses; they must feel like taking something after their long tug out! So my brave fellows,' he said turning to us, 'so you took a fancy to join the patriots?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Redsworth, on whom his eye fell as he put the question.

'That is just like you, Jonathans all the world over. You drink in love of republics, and hatred of kings and emperors with your mother's milk. But if you wished to join the army outside you should have been more cautious. It seems you were overheard making your plans, and an order was sent for your arrest as enemies and traitors to the Government?'

'Yes, Sir John,' answered Fairfax. 'We learned it through an American Captain, who aided us in getting on board his vessel after nine o'clock; and there we obtained the boat with which we escaped out of the harbor!'

'A whale boat?'

'Yes, Sir John.'

'And you have managed to come through the whole harbor-fleet and pass the guard-ship and forts in safety?'

'We came with great caution,' I answered, 'having our oars muffled and one to keep look out while two others rowed and one steered.— We had several hair-breadth escapes; and once was challenged, but we promptly answered 'Doris,' and so passed as your gig.'

'That was well done—capitally done! You are a set of brave fellows! How in the deuce you run the gauntlet of so many armed ships I can't imagine!'

'We repeatedly struck their cables,' I replied; 'and once aroused a dog on board of one, but we pulled under the bows and lay concealed until all was still again. Several vessels were passed by pulling directly under their taffrails; we found it safer to hug them close than to keep out at a distance where we might be seen!'

'You did, eh? By St. George, you made your calculations and carried through your parts like veterans. But why do you wish to go over to the patriots? Are you mere adventurers? You do not look like such!'

'We were passengers in a Boston brig bound to Buenos Ayres,' answered Fairfax; 'whither we were going for the purpose of being clerks. We were brought to, and carried into Montevideo. There we have turned our hand to keeping a soda-shop; but as we had no desire to make this our profession, we resolved to leave the city and join the patriots in hopes that we should be able to achieve something worthier our ambition. It was while we were discussing this subject and proposing means to get out of the city, that we were overheard; and but for the friendly aid of an American Captain, who got intelli-

gence of the kind intentions of the Governor-General towards us, we should now be in the calaboose instead of on board your ship!

'Well, I am glad to welcome you! But if you will take my advice you will not think of attempting to reach the blockaded city, an enterprise which my lieutenant informs me you have in contemplation.— You will be sure to be captured, and then a sovereign to a sous you would be shot!

'There is no alternative,' Sir John,' I answered. 'The same good fortune that has favored us to-night, I am persuaded will continue with us. We can not compromise you with the Brazilian Government by making your frigate an asylum. There are no vessels going to the United States, in which we could take passage. Besides, we have come to South America in the hope of making our fortunes; and as the war has placed us in the position we are now in, we are ready to avail ourselves of the war to see what it will do in our favor. We know that promotion is rapid in the Patriot service, and that four young Americans will be a welcome arrival! We propose two of us on reaching Buenos Ayres, to join their navy, and the remaining two take the field with the army!

'And this is your settled purpose, young gentlemen?' said Sir John.

'Yes, sir,' was our almost unanimous reply.

'Well, then you must take your own way. But you are to encounter great risks. None but a set of infernal young Yankees would ever think of embarking upon an expedition of this kind. If you will go, Heaven prosper the bold and the brave! What is it you have come outside in?'

'An eighteen foot whale boat, Sir John,' responded the lieutenant.

'And in this shell you hope to reach Buenos Ayres alive! It is like a voyage at sea. You know the distance is one hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts, and that the river is in some parts fifty feet wide. The pamperos sometimes toss up a sea that your boat would not live in three minutes.'

'We must risk all these dangers, sir,' said Bedrick resolutely.

'Well, then, young men, if you will, I will do my best to fit you out. Mr. Colverton,' he said to the lieutenant, 'have a compass and chart of the river put into their boat, and if you can spare a spy-glass let them have one. It will enable them to make out enemies at a distance and run in shore to avoid them.'

'We thank you kindly, Sir John,' said I, 'but through the care of the American Captain, we are provided with all these.'

'The deuce you are. Have you beef and bread?'

'Plenty, sir.'

'I'll lay a wager you haven't champagne at least.'

'We had a dozen when we left port, but we opened one to celebrate our safe passage by the guard-ship.'

'Well, another dozen won't come amiss. Have it sent into the boat and a demijohn of French brandy. Are any of you acquainted with the river?'

'None of us,' I answered.'

'Then I will lend you a couple of my men. They will assist you in managing the boat and otherwise be of service.'

We thanked the obliging Englishman for his kind offers, but begged leave respectfully to decline them, saying that any more would encumber the boat, which was full narrow enough quarters as it was; and that if we got into any difficulty we preferred to share it alone rather than involve others in it.

'Well, you are a generous and brave party of young men and deserve success, and I hope you will attain it. Let me give you some directions as to your course. When do you wish to set out?'

'Each moment is of importance to us, Sir John, said I, 'as we are desirous of getting past the blockading squadron before daylight.'

'The deuce you do! Why you talk as if getting by was the easiest thing in the world. Do you know that the Imperial fleet occupy the whole breadth of the river, and are anchored within gun-shot of each other. A shark couldn't go by without his fin being seen.'

'We shall try and keep equi-distant between two of the vessels and dropping our sails pull with muffled oars,' answered Radsworth.

'Well, I perceive, that you need no advice of mine. You can get along very well of your own wits, from what I see. But I would advise you to keep in with the northern shore for a hundred miles (if you get safely by the fleet, that is) until you approach Colonia, a town and fortress opposite Buenos Ayres, which is thirty miles across the river from it. Colonia is in the hands of the Brazilians, as well as all the North shore between Montevideo and Colonia. But there is no towns or settled places between. Before you get to Colonia, I would recommend you to strike across to the South shore of the river towards Buenos Ayres.'

We thanked Sir John Sinclair for his directions and expressed our grateful sense of his kind interest in our welfare. We then joined him in a glass of wine, in which he drank to our success. He then shook us all heartily by the hand, and bade us good-bye and a safe expedition. We then left him and followed the lieutenant upon deck where we took leave of him and the other officers who crowded about the gang-way port. They gave us their best wishes, and the lieutenant said that he should go into town early in the morning, when he would report our arrival so far, to our friends, especially to Captain Conway.

Two men were tending the boat, which otherwise would have been dashed to pieces against the frigate's side. They had stepped our mast for us and reefed our sail, as the wind blew quite hard. After we had got into the little dancing affair, and secured a footing, we thanked the men and told them to 'let her go!' I took the helm, while Fairfax hauled aft the sheet and secured it by a turn under the thwart, for we had no belaying pins. Radsworth and Bedrick took a position forward to look out.

The instant the two men sprung out of her to the ladder, the little boat darted away like an arrow shot from a bow, and in five minutes we had run the frigate out of sight.

CHAPTER XII.

The Fleet.

THE very brief space of time in which we had dropped the frigate into the darkness, showed us the velocity with which we were scudding along. The waves ran alarmingly high, and sometimes broke over the bow, but we actively baled out the water, and let her jump 'with the bit in her teeth!'

I have said that the river at Montevideo is about sixty miles across from shore to shore, and gradually lessening in breadth for one hundred and twenty-five miles to Buenos Ayres, where it is but thirty miles wide. It is indeed, like a huge bay, not dissimilar to the Delaware in shape and dimensions. In depth of water, however, it is very opposite to this bay; the La Plata River being so shallow throughout its whole breadth and length, that ships can anchor in any part of it with a few fathoms of cable out of sight of the shores on either side.

The Brazilian blockading squadron taking advantage of this shallowness of the river, had very comfortably anchored in a line, from shore to shore, there being vessels enough to form an unbroken chain of sixty miles, the space between each vessel being about a mile and a quarter—that is, within point blank range of any thing that might try to pass between them.

The fixed squadron remained from day to day, with its sails furled and with nothing to do but to keep watch that nothing went up the river past them. It had also videttes in the shapes of schooners and gun-brigs in advance that boldly sailed up the river within sight of Buenos Ayres, off which in the outer roads, Admiral Brown's fleet was getting ready to make a descent to force the blockade. Cruisers also scoured the river below the blockading fleet quite to the mouth of the river, to look after vessels coming in and politely informing them of the blockade, escort them into Montevideo.

We were fully acquainted with all these circumstances before we left Montevideo and well knew the risks we had to run. But our minds were thoroughly made up to go through with what we had began without fear or shrinking.

In less than twenty minutes after we had run the frigate out of sight the dark outline of the castellated mount had disappeared in the darkness, and around us was visible only the wide expanse of water and the starry skies over our heads. The wind blew very fresh, and our little skiff waltzed to its hoarse music from wave to wave with the lightness of a feather. The white caps rose around us and high as our heads, and sometimes, owing to the unskillful management of the helmsman tumbled aboard of us, half deluging the boat. We threw out the water again with our buckets and let her drive through a constant shower of spray that wetted us to the skin. We were only anxious about our powder, which, however, were well packed away in the

locker, the little door of which we defended by our jackets so that no water could enter.

As we could see no land, and the Northern star was not visible in the Southern firmament to show us our course, we, at length, struck a light and lighted our dark lantern. By its aid, we not only were enabled to look at the compass which told us we were steering a West course, our proper one, but also to ascertain what hour of the night it was. Fairfax boasting the possession of a silver watch, we found it was ten minutes to four.

'We must be pretty well up with the fleet,' said Fairfax, as he replaced his watch; 'it is an hour and a half since we left the frigate. This wind ought to drive us along eight knots, for if it blew a thimble full harder, it would drive us under. Let us keep a sharp look-out ahead, boys!'

And a sharp look-out we did keep. Three of us gave ourselves to this duty, one at the bows, and the others on each side. We were apprehensive of falling aboard some gun-boat or schooner acting as tenders to the fleet, and while we let the skiff canter along the waves we kept our eyes busily watching the surface of the river, and the horizon.

At length, I being in the bows and keeping a sharp look-out thought I detected a break in the dim line of the horizon ahead. After watching it sharply, I was satisfied that some object was before us and not very far distant.

'Let go the halyards,' I cried, 'we are right aboard something or other.'

Fairfax whose duty it was to tend the main-sheet, let it go flying at the same moment that Radsworth slipped the halyards from the thwart around which they were made fast. Down came our little sail by the run, for it had halyards as well as brails, and the next moment a lugger-rigged gun-brig hove in full sight out of the darkness.

'Down, lay close!' I cried as she came dashing on seemingly right before us. We had no alternatives, but to get run down or be taken prisoners. Bedrick, with great presence of mind unstepped the mast and threw it into the bottom of the boat, nearly breaking my head with it as it fell. We then crouched so closely that nothing could be seen of us, though we could look out upon the enemy. The lugger came on and tumbled past us within seventy feet. We could see that she had a good many men in her, and their voices reached us distinctly.— We trembled lest we should be discovered. Our hearts, at least mine, was in my mouth, till I saw the lugger's stern, and beheld her rapidly fade away in the darkness.

We now took a long breath, and sprung to our feet with mutual congratulations upon our narrow escape.

We now took a careful look out ahead, to see that there was no more coming, and then once more hoisted our little sail and dashed onward upon our course.

'That was one of the infernal Portuguese gun-boats that carry forty men,' at length said Fairfax. 'If we had been seen we should have been taken, unless we fought for it!'

We all spurned indignantly at the idea of suffering ourselves to be

captured, either by gun-boat or gun-brig, and renewed our resolutions made to Captain Conway that we would die before we would surrender to a Brazilian vessel.

We now sailed on with all our eyes open and watching sharply for any thing else that might heave in sight. We calculated ourselves to be nearly up with the squadron which was but fifteen miles above the port out of which we had run the gauntlet.

Silently we drove on, eagerly intent upon the discovery of the first vessel, when Bedrick electrified us by calling out,

‘A light, a light!’

Scarcely had he got the words out of his lips, when I discovered another, and Radsworth repeated the cry from his side of the look-out. There were three lights in a range just ahead of us. They were as dim as the faint fire-tip of a cigar, but they at once indicated to us the position of the fleet. In a moment afterwards two more lights were made, and in a range with the other three.

‘There is the fleet, sure enough,’ said Radsworth with great animation.

‘Yes; they are the lights on board the anchored vessels,’ I answered with joy at having at length come in view of the long-wished for squadron.

We were all excited and exalted by the sight, and felt like giving vent to our excess of spirits in a right down Yankee hurrah. But we restrained the impulse with that discreet caution which the reader will see hitherto governed our proceedings. The lights seemed to be about half a mile apart, at the distance we discovered them, and at about equal distances from each other. Two of them were much lighter than the others; and these pronounced to be on board the two frigates, one of which carried Admiral Lobo’s flag, and which we were told by Captain Conway would lay nearly in range of our course. After a short consultation as to the most likely way to pass through the squadron in safety and unseen, we at length decided to run between the two frigates and steer as near to the middle ground as we could, which would make us within half a mile of each. We knew that the officers on board would be likely to sweep the water around constantly with night-glasses, and that any vessel of any size would unquestionably be discovered. But we trusted in the insignificance of our craft to pass through the fleet with impunity.

‘It would take sharper eyes and better glasses than the Brazilians have to see us half a mile off with our mast and sail down,’ said Radsworth. ‘I do not fear them!’

‘The main danger is,’ said I, ‘of falling in with any boats crossing from vessel to vessel.’

‘We must risk that,’ said Fairfax, ‘and if they trouble us we must fight ’em, we gain fast upon the lights.’

‘Yes, I can make out the outline of two of the vessels,’ said I.—‘They can’t be more than a mile distant.’

‘Then it is time we douse sail and mast and take to our oars, fellows,’ said Bedrick.

We run on a few minutes further, until we could clearly make out

the spars of the nearest vessels and then dropped our mast and sail and took to the oars. Fairfax kept the helm, it being his hour to steer, for we took turns at each duty. I took the starboard oar, and Radsworth the larboard, while Bedrick took the lookout; but for that matter we all looked out, for it was a critical time with us; for if we could pass the fleet in safety we had the river all before us with no danger to apprehend save from the *videttes* that might be cruising above to watch the movements, or rather the preparations of the patriot squadron; for it had just reached Admiral Lobo's ears that Commodore Brown of the Buenos Ayrean navy had sworn he would break through the blockading squadron before thirty days had passed.

The two vessels of war which we had selected to pass between, grew larger and more distinct to the eye as we advanced. We were perfectly still, and our oars being muffled made no noise. We were aware that very faint sounds are heard at great distances upon the water, and that any discretion on our part might betray our presence to the ears of our enemies if not to their eyes. We had some misgivings that we also might be seen; for we were well aware that men were stationed aloft to scrutinize the surrounding water, and that their eyes accustomed to the duty could detect objects at a great distance. Still we had hope and courage, and trusted to the good fortune which had thus far attended us.

We rowed steadily on, now watching this vessel now glancing suspiciously at that. Gradually we drew near and lost the lights in the stern and got sight of the stationary battle-lanterns gleaming through the ports. We were now *between* them. Both were distinctly visible and so large in size that they seemed much nearer to us than they really were.

'Steady pull, boys,' said Fairfax in a low voice. 'We are right abeam now and they have not seen us yet. Lay low and give it to her.'

'Hark! what is that?' cried Radsworth as a distant cry startled us as it was borne wildly to us across the water.

'It is the sentinel's call of 'all's well,' said I, recognizing gladly the tones, which at first I had feared was an alarm.

'We are safe, yet, boys!' cried Fairfax. 'Paul take the helm, and Bill and I will relieve you and Radsworth.'

The change was silently and gladly made by us, for we had pulled nearly a mile very hard, and were rejoiced to have a relief. We now kept steadily on forging each moment ahead of the two vessels which were anchored bows up stream, and at length we had the satisfaction of looking behind us to see them.

We pulled on for about half a mile without stopping, and then seeing the ships just blent with the haze of night and scarcely discernable, we ceased rowing and shook hands all round with warm congratulations; and it being moved and carried that we should open a bottle of champagne on the occasion, we forthwith took one from the locker, and in a tin cup drank the following classical sentiment:—

'Hurrah for Yankee-land and confound the Portuguese squadron.'

It was not drank standing, for our boat knocked about so like an egg-shell tossed in a whirlpool we could not keep our legs long enough.

We, however, honored it with three hearty cheers which our enthusiasm would no longer suffer us to forego.

Having emptied our bottle of champagne we stepped our mast, set our sail, and giving the little craft which had done her duty so well, to the influence of the winds, we in a few moments left the blockading squadron out of vision, save one faint, distant glimmer of a light upon the deck of Lobo's frigate.

The morning twilight now began to light up scarce perceptibly the Eastern heavens, and gradually the night became gray, and the line of the watery horizon was defined against the sky. We now began to feel anxious lest we should not get out of sight of the squadron astern before day should break. We, therefore, carefully trimmed our boat, and swelled the threads of the canvass by casting water upon it to make it hold the wind better, and thus having done all in our power for safety, we seated ourselves in the stern of the boat and quietly left the issue to Providence.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Voyage.

As the morning dawned we watched the horizon around us with the closest scrutiny. At length we could discern the land on our right, (the northern shore of the river,) about eight miles distant. It had at first the appearance of a long black cloud, low upon the horizon; but as the light of day grew stronger, we could see clumps of trees defined upon it, and in one place was a whitish spot, which we took to be a house.

The day at length commenced, and the sky over us began to be flushed with crimson. We could now look around us, and see whatever was upon the water within the circle of the horizon. Our first search was for the ship of the blockading squadron, which we could just discover like a black spec full three leagues down the river.—South and west of us all was clear—not a boat or vessel was in sight. We had the river, as far as we could see above us, all to ourselves.

The sun now rose and enlivened us with his beams and made us feel cheerful. We had every reason to be in high spirits—we had met with the most triumphant success, and left the fleet of the enemy far astern. A hundred miles above us, or a little more, was the city of Buenos Ayres, though on the southern shore. If we fell in with no Brazilian cruisers in this hundred miles, we should be at the blockaded port in safety.

'Now, fellows,' said Radsworth, rubbing his hands as the sun sent his bright rays aslant the water; 'what do you think of running the gauntlet, hey? Don't you say that we are four of the luckiest fellows in the world?'

'If I had time,' said Fairfax, 'I would propose we went back and take breakfast with old Lobo.'

'Talking of breakfast reminds me of our salt beef and biscuit,' said I; 'suppose we set the table and breakfast on board our own craft. What with rowing and the night air I feel as hungry as seven men.'

'I second the proposition,' said Fairfax. 'Gentlemen, suppose we omit the table-cloth for this morning, seeing they are gone to be washed; the first frigate we take we'll lay in a supply of clean ones.'

'I am not particular,' said Bedrick. 'We will supply ourselves with silver forks also then; but we must carve and eat with our sabres for what I see.'

'I wonder,' said I, 'how the old man breakfasts this morning? I should n't wonder if he had lost his appetite.'

'He has certainly lost four first rate appetites,' said Fairfax, cutting off a huge slice of corned beef with a jack-knife and thrusting it into his jaws.

At this we all laughed heartily; and thus in the merriest mood possible we breakfasted. Besides the beef and cold ham, we had ship-bread, and some bottles of ale, with which we washed down the beef and hard-tack. I never ate a heartier breakfast in my life: and the others were very positive that they never had. While we were eating we let the skiff drive on with a flowing sheet, it requiring only a little attention now and then at the helm, between our mouthfuls, to keep her steady on her course.

'Now if we had cigars,' said Bedrick, as we carefully put away the remains of the breakfast into the locker; 'we should feel like aldermen!'

Cigars, however, were a luxury to be denied to us, and we bore the deprivation like philosophers. As we had been awake all night it was now proposed that we should divide ourselves into two watches, of four hours each, so that we all might have a chance to sleep. Lots were drawn, and the first watch fell to Fairfax and myself. The other two then rolled themselves up into a knot and coiled away, one forward and the other in the centre of the boat, to take a nap. In a few minutes they were fast asleep, rocked by the cradling motion of the waves.

The wind had lulled as the sun rose, and by the time we had got through our breakfast, it blew very gently from the south-east. The skies were clear and the waves gradually fell, till the river by and by became as smooth as a lake. We moved pleasantly along within three leagues of the shore, at about four knots, while our 'watch below' slept, and part of the time caught ourselves napping.

The shores, which I examined with the spy-glass, presented only a barren ridge sloping to the water, and here and there diversified by a ravine or clump of low wild peach trees. No signs of habitation were apparent. In one instance I saw a drove of wild horses, that covered full an acre of ground, galloping along the ridge-slope for a while, and then disappearing over the verge towards the interior. The prospect was barren and uninviting. The line of the shore was nearly straight, with scarcely an indenture for several miles. We compared our observations with our chart, and at length discovering, some distance up the river, a projection like a cape, we found on looking for it in the chart that we were forty miles above Montevideo. This was about ten

o'clock in the forenoon—a pretty good run since twelve o'clock the night before, all the circumstances taken into consideration.

Our 'watch below' were waked at twelve o'clock, just after we had passed the point above mentioned. They had slept without stirring hand or foot for four hours. They waked heavily at first, but were soon made to understand where they were and what was wanted of them. The first thing they did was to look sharply all about to see if any enemy was in sight; and they did so with such eagerness and suspicion that, sleepy as we were, we could not help laughing.

I now proposed that we should dine before going to sleep; this was seconded and carried. Our dinner was corned beef and hard-tack, like our breakfast, but instead of beer was washed down with champagne. Fairfax and I now coiled ourselves up in the bottom of the boat, and in three minutes were both in oblivion.

At four o'clock we were called out, and found to our regret that we had been laying almost becalmed, and that the watch had rowed two hours out of their four. We had, however, gained six miles, which was something. We now all four took to the oars, and began to pull vigorously up the river, for there was not a breath of air. We were desirous of getting as soon as possible out of the neighborhood of the blockading squadron and their cruisers; and we were aware that the farther we ascended the less likely we were to fall in with them.

The shores along which we pulled, and towards which we had gradually approached till we were within four miles of them, still presented no feature of cultivation or of inhabitants. The whole coast was a black sun-burnt ridge, with here and there a patch of stunted trees. Our chart showed us no inhabited spot until we should come to Colonia, a fort and small town, directly opposite to which was Buenos Ayres. But as Colonia, with all the shore on this side of the river, was in the possession of Brazil, we had no intention of going up so high before crossing over; we also deemed it best to keep a good offing, as possibly there might be parties of the enemy on the land provided with boats. We might have crossed the river where we were, but as it was fifty miles wide there, and *pamperos* often came up suddenly, in which our boat could not have lived, we thought it best to hug the Bonda Oriental shore until we came near Colonia, where, the river being but two leagues across, we might run less danger.

We now kept our glasses constantly sweeping the horizon, seaward and landward, and up the river, scanning the shore and the offing with the closest scrutiny. If we were seen by any cruiser, we felt quite sure of being chased; and to render our skiff a less prominent object, we began to discuss the expediency of keeping our mast and sail down while daylight lasted, and sailing only at night. But in this we were divided, as rowing all day was not by any means desirable or pleasant. There was, however, no wind at present. As the sun drew towards the west the night breeze began to blow in from the sea, at first gently.—We hailed its approach for its refreshing influence, as well as a relief to our rowing. We again put it to vote whether to hoist sail or not, and we decided to make sail and run as long as we could in safety, but to keep a good look-out all around.

'We shall be sure to see any vessel before it can discover us,' said Fairfax; 'they will loom up so much larger than ourselves; and if we douse sail at once and keep low or pull in shore we shall escape.'

We therefore hoisted sail, and once more glided smoothly along.—The sun was about half an hour high. Nothing was visible but sky and water, and the strip of barren coast, parallel with which we were steering. I had the helm and Fairfax the look-out, while the other two were seated amidships dozing, for they had not slept since noon. I had just taken the glass and swept the horizon outside, but seeing nothing was about to lay it down, when it occurred to me that I would look in shore, from which we were about three and a half miles. I levelled the glass and slowly swept the line of beach, when, at the mouth of a ravine, I discovered a large boat or lugger with two masts. I could hardly credit my eyes, but after examining closely I was convinced that it was no delusion, and what was more, that it contained men, while others were ashore.

'Fairfax,' said I, 'take the glass and look at that dark hollow in shore, and see what you can discover.'

He came aft and took the spy-glass, and the next instant cried out aloud,—

'Portuguese, by Heaven!'

The exclamation roused our two dozers, and springing to their feet bewildered, they gazed wildly round, and cried,—'Where? where?' One of them at the same time grasped a pistol and the other seized a sabre. We laughed at their alarm, and then cautioning them to be silent and keep collected, we gave them the spy-glass and showed them the enemy.

'They are skinning cattlet,' said Bedrick; 'it is a gun-boat that has run in there for fresh provisions. Boys, we must douse sail and take to the oars, and pull dead out into the river.'

The mast was struck instantly, and we seized our oars and began to run away from the land. After pulling about ten minutes at a hard rate, I took the spy-glass and levelled it at the land. To my dismay I saw that the lugger was in motion towards us, pulled by at least six sweeps on a side.

'Now, boys,' said I, 'we must run for it; it is neck or nothing—Portuguese and Yankee! They have seen us, and put off after us with as many legs as a centipede!'

Each one took the glass in turn to satisfy himself, and then we took off our jackets and began to pull like club-oarsmen racing for a silver cup. The sun was now about a quarter of an hour high; it seemed to me it would never go down—for on the darkness depended our escape; for in a dead pull in daylight the lugger was sure to have the best of it, for we should by and by have to give in for want of wind. We watched the slow sun with the most anxious eyes—yet there was no signs of fear on any face—we were cool and firm: yet we were by no means solicitous to be any nearer the gun-boat than we were!

'For my part,' said Radsworth, as he kept his eyes fixed on the sun, 'I can't conceive what Joshua wanted it to stand still for—I would give a bag of dollars, if I had it, if it would take a dive and disappear.'

If it should stand still now where it is, we should have to fight or be taken and shot.'

The sun at length went down, and as it disappeared we shouted and bent with more energy to our oars. The little skiff fairly jumped beneath our efforts, and in truth all the life we had in us we lent her.

The lugger gained perceptibly, but the twilight was as rapidly deepening into night.—We began to gain confidence.

'I wonder,' said I, 'if that lugger does n't carry a long Tom? If she does we are likely to have a game at bowls with her—we playing the part of the nine pins.'

Hardly had the words fallen from my mouth when a flash lighted up the dusk; the next instant a rushing was heard in the air above us, and then a splashing in the water beyond us, and then the deep roar of the gun upon our ears. For a moment we were appalled.

'Let us up sail and drive her,' I cried; 'they can't do more than sink us, and they have seen us already as plain as they can.'

The mast was stepped, the sail hoisted, and away we went scudding before a six-knot breeze, the starboard gunwale dipping under water.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Adventure.

How anxiously we watched the progress of darkness over sky and water! Night alone could save us! The dark form of the lugger could be seen nearer and nearer, her sails hoisted and oars flying in eager pursuit. It may be regarded as surprising that a small whale boat, scarcely visible to them, should have been deemed an object worthy of pursuit; but when the rigid character of the blockade is taken into consideration, in reference to which every object upon the river was taken notice of, this surprise will be removed. Lobo would have stopped a carrier-pigeon if he could have done so!

Slowly, oh! how slowly the darkness came on! The masts of the lugger faded fast from view, and then gradually the dark mass of her hull was blended with the haze of night. When, at length, she was no longer visible, our hearts beat freer; yet each instant we watched for the flash which should send another shot after us.

'Now that she can no longer see us,' said Radsworth, who had the helm, 'suppose we tack and stand towards the shore, so as to reach it higher up. They will probably keep straight on this way, and by tacking and running in shore we shall be likely to get them off the scent.'

This suggestion was unanimously approved of, and the next minute we had put the helm hard up, and were running for the shore, which was about seven miles distant. We were as silent as possible; not a word was spoken above a whisper. Our little skiff pranced on like a well-trained steed, dashing from her prow the foaming waters. We kept up the river obliquely towards the land, so as to give the lugger as wide a berth as possible. After we had run on this course about ten

minutes, closely scanning the darkness to windward to see if we could discern our enemy, we were startled by a flash not a quarter of a mile abeam of us, which showed us for an instant all the proportions of the gun-boat. To our great joy we saw that she was standing straight upon our former course, and firing in the direction she supposed we were.

'She will run her nose against the south shore if she keeps on long enough,' said Fairfax. 'What an escape we have made!—boys, fortune favors us, there is no mistake!'

The report of the gun sounded like closely exploding thunder to our ears, she was so near us; but it did not alarm us—we saw that we had eluded her by our ruse, and that so long as she kept on that tack and we on ours we could laugh at her. Each moment the space between us was widening, and when, fifteen minutes afterwards, she fired again, we could but just detect the distant, dull report, at least three miles off.

There was cause for mutual congratulations at defeating her, and we expressed our satisfaction in very exulting words. We did not, however, intermit our vigilance; we knew that we had a dangerous enemy in our neighborhood, and that, though darkness now befriended us, daylight might reveal us to them, or to some other.

'She will be sure to tack before she runs on another hour,' said Bedrick; 'and then we shall run a chance of falling in with her.—Suppose we pull about now dead before the wind, and stick her nose up river? We shall be able to run her out of sight by daylight.'

This suggestion was adopted, and just as we came within sight of the dark line of the shore, we cast the sheet free and sailed merrily along parallel with the coast.

'There goes another gun,' cried Radsworth, who was looking in the direction of the lugger's course; 'but the flash is as faint as the report.'

'She is full six miles off,' answered Fairfax; 'we have fully done her brown!'

'Don't be too sanguine,' said Bedrick; 'we may find two for this one before we go far up the river.'

'It is our determination to fight to the last, is it not, boys?' said I.

'Yes!' was the unanimous reply, 'we will not be taken alive!'

And in this purpose we were all thoroughly determined. Our situation was each moment one of the most imminent peril, yet we kept up good spirits and firm courage, and had but one heart and one mind. I have no doubt that if the lugger had come up with us, we should have fought to desperation before yielding. We were well armed, and like most youths, perfectly fearless;—yet, as the reader will have noticed, our reckless daring was tempered by prudence and discretion.

At length we could neither see nor hear any thing more of the lugger, and having taken a tin cup of champagne all round—for we had nothing else to drink save ale and the rum-water—we set the watch for the night. Fairfax and I had the first 'watch below,' and coiling ourselves up between the thwarts, we were soon oblivious.

I had slept about three hours when I was awakend by Bedrick calling, in a hushed tone,—

‘Fellows, up quickly!’

‘What is it?’ I cried, grasping my cutlass and gazing round.

To my surprise I found we were lying becalmed within a hundred yards of the shore, which hung its dark shadow over us. We seemed to be in a small cave, for land was all around us except on one side.

‘Where are we? What place is this?’ asked Fairfax and I in surprise.

‘The wind went down an hour ago, and we had to take to the oars,’ answered Radsworth; ‘and coming up with a point of land which jutted far out into the river, we found this cave and pulled into it to rest, and dropped the keelg. We thought we would n’t call you till your four hours were out.’

‘And not now,’ chimed in Bedrick, ‘but we have been listening the last quarter of an hour to the most infernal howls from the shore that mortal ever heard. They have been growing louder and nearer, till just as I waked you we were saluted by a yell from the beach as if we had been hailed by a hyena. There it is again!’

And there it was, sure enough! Such a howl—so wild, so fierce and fiendish—never saluted my ears. My blood ran cold in my veins.

‘What under heavens can it be?’ cried Fairfax in amazement.

‘That is more than I know,’ answered Bedrick. ‘Hear that again!’

‘The scream was repeated, followed by a crackling in the bushes and a splash in the water, as if a horse had plunged in. Then came the dashing noise of swimming, as if some huge animal was making his way towards us. I sprang to the locker and took out four or five pistols and handed them to my companions. Our sabres were also taken in hand, and thus armed we stood awaiting the coming of the foe. I believed it to be a wild horse, but Fairfax was very positive it was a panther or hyena. We stood awaiting him calmly; I remembered then having read of a traveller in India whose boat had been attacked by a tiger and upset; I thought we might have some such enemy, and cautioned my friends. Nearer and nearer came the monster; the splashing of his passage was tremendous. We could hear his heavy panting, and then two glaring balls of fire emerged from the darkness.

‘It is a panther,’ I cried. ‘When he comes within ten feet of us let us fire!’

Coolly and firmly we awaited his approach. We would gladly have taken to our oars and pulled out of his way—for his visit was by no means welcome—but this course was from the first too late, as he swam very rapidly, giving us no time to do more than seize our arms and prepare to defend our boat as well as we could.

When about ten feet from us we made out his head and shoulders and white breast with distinctness; his eyes seemed to emit a phosphorescent fire. By one impulse, with the eager cry, ‘Now let him have it!’ we discharged our pistols at his head.

The report of five pistols (for Bedrick blazed away with two,) and the smoke for a moment confused us. No cry or sound of pain fol-

lowed the furious volley, and not seeing him when we looked we believed we had finished the monster, and that he had sunk lifeless without a struggle. But our respite was but brief. A splash and an excruciating yell, like the screaming of a gigantic file, heard behind us, told us that the fight had but just began. He had dived at the flash of our pistols, and risen on the other side of the boat, and within six feet of it. Before we could recover fully from our astonishment, he had floundered towards the boat and flung his huge paw over the gunwale. The weight of his huge bulk at once caused the boat to begin to take in water, while we shouted to each other to keep on the upper side. We were not idle withal: Radsworth and I seized our cutlasses, and at the same moment brought them down upon the monster's paw with all our strength. He opened his tremendous jaws, showing double rows of glittering sharp teeth, and from the cavernous depths of his throat there issued a sound that has no likeness on earth save to itself,—a compound of a locomotive whistle, the bellowing of a mad bull, and the letting off steam from the escape-pipe of a high-pressure engine. Perhaps what is called an 'Arkansaw yell' might come near to it. The paw was pulled back bleeding and dangling by the tendrons, and the panther, thinking he had enough of our quality, turned away and began paddling for the shore, every two or three seconds on his retreat uttering a sharp cry of pain.

We did not fire after him, for we felt no disposition to goad a discomfited foe, and were glad enough to get rid of him on his own terms. We listened until he reached the shore, and heard him for some time afterwards cracking the dry brush as he limped over it, ever and anon lifting up his voice in a shrill cry of suffering. We could not but feel pity for the poor fellow, who had doubtless been attracted by the smell of our larder, and had paid us a visit to take a cold bite. The animal was doubtless one of the Paraguay panthers, a very fierce and courageous animal, and formidable to the Quacho hunters, whom he sometimes overthrows, horse and rider.

We felt thankful for our escape, and consulting upon our situation and prospects we finally came to the conclusion—especially as we heard a good deal of stir upon the shore, as if a new attack was contemplated by the panther's kindred—that it would be best to pull up the river without waiting for a wind, and keeping at least half a mile from the shore. We were apprehensive too that the firing of our pistols might bring upon us enemies quite as dangerous as the panther, either from passing cruisers or parties of Quachos upon the land.

So we hoisted in our keeleg; and taking our oars pulled out of the cove and so up along the shore. The stars shone brightly, the air was pure and soft, and the river perfectly smooth. We pulled on till past midnight, when the wind began to blow gently from the land, and we spread our sail to it gladly, for we were no friends to rowing. We had hardly got our sail set, and taken our seats astern began to talk over the affair we had had with the panther, and to promise that we would serve in the same way any of the Portuguese that should dare to board us, (the considerate reader must allow something for the boastings of youths under nineteen!) when we were all taken by surprise by dis-

covering a large vessel within a cable's length of us to leeward. She was so near that we all discovered her at the same moment, and should have done so much sooner but for the intervention of our sail.

Not a word was uttered; the sheet was cast loose; we sprung to the mast and unshipping it dropped it flat into the boat, and then threw ourselves at length upon our backs, so as to show as little surface above the water as possible. Our eyes, however, were at liberty. The vessel was a large gun-brig under top-gallant sails, and standing down the river. She passed us within pistol shot without seeing us, and soon disappeared in the distance and darkness. We let her get well out of sight before we sat up. We then took two or three long breathes a-piece, and began to consult what was best to be done, for the river seemed full of enemies; for a Brazilian we knew she must be, as no Patriot vessel would trust herself alone so far down the river. Two of us were for running under sail, and two for rowing. At length we cast lots, and the lot fell in favor of wind against arms. So we up mast, sheeted home, and let her go again, the wind blowing us along about five knots. In this manner we hugged the shore till day began to dawn, keeping about half a mile from it, and occasionally serenaded with a howl from a ravine or wood. With the dawn of day our vigilance and weariness increased; and when the full light of the morning showed us a schooner and a barque outside of us, and a sloop-of-war of twenty guns (for we could count them with the glass, as well as see the Brazilian flag flying,) four miles ahead, we began to think that 'darkness was better than light,' though we would not admit our deeds to be 'evil.'

CHAPTER XV

The Ravine.

OUR surprise and consternation on finding ourselves at day break in the vicinity of two vessels of the enemy were very great. At first we could hardly believe our eyes; but as the growing light revealed them in all their warlike proportions, we could not longer disguise from ourselves the fact that we were caught in a very intricate position. Our first act was to drop the mast and sail, and we then consulted what was to be done.

The sloop-of-war was under easy sail standing down the river, and the schooner was at anchor with her main-sail only set. We were about three quarters of a mile from the shore, which presented a level, barren plain only here and there relieved by a stunted tree, and covered with grey looking grass eight feet high.

'There is nothing to do but to pull for it in shore,' said Radsworth.

'But the confounded panthers,' objected Fairfax.

'It is Portuguese or panther,' said I. 'We must choose one or the other.'

'Then let us risk the panthers,' said Bedrick. 'And we will have

to move quickly too. If by any chance they look this way we will be seen, and then we are gone citizens.'

There was, indeed, no time to deliberate or delay acting. A slight haze that rose from the water as the sun rose, doubtless concealed us, while we could see them distinctly above it. This would soon disappear, and only the grey color of our boat blending us with the hues of the shore could prevent our being seen.

We took our oars and began to pull in dilligently towards the land. I kept my eye upon both vessels as we rowed and was encouraged by not discovering any signs of their having seen us. In twenty minutes we reached the mouth of a small ravine, and in defiance of our enemies, the panthers, ran our skiff into it. We ascended rapidly, rowing the crooked canal about fifty yards, when a turn in it hid us from the river. We could proceed no further on account of the reeds which obstructed it, and the branches of trees and huge vines that overhung it, tangled together in gigantic meshes.

Glad to have got out of sight of the two vessels, we began to look with misgiving upon the dark cavities of the ravine, the recesses of which, seemed fit lairs for wild beasts. The first living object that we saw was a large bird with a white head and black wings tipped with white, that was seated upon the limb of a fallen tree. He did not fly at our intrusion, but flapping his wings, uttered a shrilly note of mingled defiance and alarm. He was about the size of a wild turkey. I was about to fire at him when Fairfax laid his hand on my pistol barrel.

'We can't be too still here,' he said. 'The sound of a pistol might bring us into trouble.'

I thanked him for his warning, and putting down the weapon I sprung ashore to fasten the boat to a wild vine that lay trailing upon the low bank. I had scarcely touched the ground when I leaped back into the boat again with the most commendable celerity. My vine proved to be an enormous serpent at least eighteen feet in length, of the anaconda species. Quicker than thought we pushed the boat out into the stream, and stood with our pistols cocked watching the motions of the unwieldy animal, and prepared to do battle if he made any hostile demonstrations. His head, which he had been resting upon the bank out of sight, basking in the warm morning sun, while his body extended to the water, he now raised and gazed around with quick, menacing glances. We increased the distance between us by crossing to the other bank and there waiting. After looking about for a few moments he slowly drew his lengthy form up the bank and in huge hoops rolled himself over the edge out of our sight.

We were greatly relieved at his departure, and began to inspect narrowly such dangerous shores before again trusting ourselves upon them.

'The safest course for us, is to down keeleg' and anchor,' said Radsworth.

This was done about five feet from the brook. I was anxious to land to climb up the side of the ravine and look off to see what had become of the two vessels; and after a close scrutiny of the shore, a suspicious and wary examination of every vine and limb to see that it was veritably vegetable and not animal, I once more jumped ashore

from the end of the boat swung round for that purpose, and climbed the bank. The bank was a level plain covered with high grass, to overlook which, I was forced to climb a wild peach tree. From this elevation I had a wide view of the ocean-like river. The two vessels were in sight; but the sloop of war was nearly opposite the mouth of the ravine standing down and less than a mile off. I could plainly see the gorgeous Brazilian flag floating over her stern. Her men upon deck were also distinguishable. She stood steadily on her course and passed by greatly to our relief; for I regularly reported what I saw to my companions in the boat beneath me. The schooner was no longer at anchor. She was under full sail and standing across the bows of the larger vessel as if to speak her. This she did do evidently from the manœuvres, and then the schooner tacked and stood south towards the open river, while the sloop kept on her way. I watched them till both were full four miles away, when I prepared to get down confident that we had not been seen, and that we had nothing to fear from them.—As I was leaving the tree, Bedrick called to know if any Anacondas or Panthers were in sight. I looked all around but could see none, not even a sign of my friend, the grape-vine serpent. I was, nevertheless very wary, and cautiously surveyed the premises about me before I descended; and when at length I safely reached the boat, once more I felt that I had great cause for gratitude. I had, however, been successful in my object, in watching the movements of the enemy, and as were now free to proceed again I felt sufficiently recompensed for my risk. Once while I was in the tree I got very much alarmed. I detected about thirty yards off, a motion in the tall, reed-like grass. It swayed this way and that, and seemed to be agitated by some kind of beast crouching and creeping through it. I watched it with a palpitating heart and an unwinking eye. I drew one of my pistols, (for I had taken two in a belt with my cutlass,) and cocking it prepared to receive whatever might make its appearance with evil designs upon me. The motion however, shortly ceased and was not renewed again; but I have no doubt it was caused by some animal whose departure was more gratifying than his visit would have been.

The coast being now clear, we gladly took to our oars and pulled out of this ravine where serpents and also wild beasts made their abode, and felt quite safe when we once more found ourselves on the open river, albeit we had enemies there as usual; and as we discussed the merits of our respective foes, we could not come to a decision which were the least to be dreaded, anacondas, panthers, or Portuguese, as Brazilians are more commonly called in that region. For my part, I felt that I had rather face six Portuguese than one anaconda or panther. But, as I have said, we were not unanimous upon that point.—After we had fairly got on our course again, we proposed to breakfast, and did so heartily upon corned beef, champagne and hard tack.—Having cleared away the table, which was the after thwart of the boat, we finished in a bumper, in which we drank confusion to panthers, Portuguese and anacondas.

It was now moved and seconded that we should consult our chart to ascertain where we were.

'If we can find Anaconda Creek,' said Fairfax, 'there will be no mistaking our latitude.'

'Or grape-vine ravine,' said Radsworth looking at me slyly. 'What is the Spanish of grapes, Paul?'

'I'll never forget that,' said I laughing.

We now compared the indentures in the coast with those on the chart, and after careful examination and comparing of notes, we calculated ourselves to be about eighty-five miles from Montevideo. This was our second day out of port, and under all circumstances, we thought we had done pretty well.

Further examination of the chart showed us that we had nearly fifty miles farther to ascend the river before we should get opposite to Buenos Ayres, and there would be the river to cross which was there thirty miles wide. Thus we had about as far to go as we had come.

'It won't do to go too near Colonia,' said Bedrick.

'No,' answered Fairfax. 'We had best run up until we come in sight of it, for we can see the town before they can see us, and then strike across for Buenos Ayres.'

'As we approach Colonia,' I remarked, 'we shall have to be very careful. You all know that it is in the hands of the Brazilians as well as Montevideo, and that between the fleet and the fortress of Colonia, vessels, as we have seen, are constantly passing. My opinion is, that we had best cross the river at once and take the other shore.'

'Sir John,' answered Fairfax, 'advised us to keep on the north shore as long as we could, saying that the main channel was on the south side, and that we should be the more likely to fall in with Brazilian cruisers there.'

Radsworth was of my opinion and Bedrick was with Fairfax. So, as we were all captains equally, we resorted as was our custom to drawing lots. The result was, that we decided to keep up the shore we were then upon until we came pretty well up to Colonia, and then cross over.

The wind being light and the current strong, we kept close in shore and hoisted sail, and in this manner we sailed pleasantly along for several hours without encountering anything upon the water or having our attention arrested by any striking object on shore. There was but one barren waste, now a limitless plain, now a broken ridge sloping to the river; but in no part was there the slightest sign of cultivation or the possessions of man. Once in a while we saw huge cranes stalking into the water, and large birds unknown to us sailed above the beach on lazy pinions. We looked sharp for panthers and anacondas but did not discover any evidence of the presence of our legitimate foes; indeed the Portuguese had got to be quite secondary affairs in our estimation.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, while all three of my companions were napping, it being my 'trick' at the helm, I took up the spy-glass to sweep the shore and horizon in the offing, as we made a practice of doing every half hour through the day, when I discovered about a mile ahead of us a boat drawn up on the beach, and under a bank was visible a small rude hut. This was the first sign of habita-

tion we had met for nearly one hundred miles, for that distance had we now come. I was quite as much surprised at the discovery as if I had seen an anaconda. I let the boat keep steadily on, just as we had been running for the last few hours at about three and a half miles an hour, and continued to examine the hut without disturbing my companions. I saw, as we advanced, that the boat was a small piroque a few feet longer than our whale-boat, and that it was run upon the shore half out of the water. I knew it would take three or four men to launch it, and I scanned the hut closely, to see if any persons were about. At length we came opposite, and about a mile off from it. At this moment two men made their appearance in the door of the hut and I could see by their gestures that we were observed and that our presence caused them surprise. I now waked my companions and pointed out the persons, the hut and the boat. We speculated upon their probable character, and finally decided that they were poor fishermen, and that we had nothing to fear from them. They now made signs to us and we could distinctly hear them shout to us. But we paid them no attention, keeping on our way in dignified silence, though eyeing them askance, for we had misgivings that they would launch their boat and put out after us. But we gradually lost sight of them and the hut, and after sailing a few miles further came opposite a delightful little nook in the shore, with a green natural lawn, bordered by trees, sloping to the water side. It looked so inviting that we resolved to go in there, and land and take our supper on the grass, under a wild fig tree that stood aloof from the rest. As we could see neither Portuguese, panther or anaconda about the spot, we steered boldly in and beached our boat almost upon the edge of the lawn. The sun was within half an hour of setting as we stepped on shore armed to the teeth; for precaution was one of our rare virtues.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Landing.

WE had scarcely landed ere a terrible roar from the wood caused us to leap into the boat and put off, when a spotted panther came leaping like a grey hound towards us. He paced up and down the beach lashing his tail and howling with rage at the invasion of his domains. We fired at him without any apparent effect, though he shortly retired into the forest.

At sunset the wind died quite away and we came to anchor in twelve feet of water right abreast of a ridge over which were dispersed a few trees. We resolved to lay here all night and sleep it out, for we were pretty well wearied, having slept but little since we left Montevideo.—It was decided that two should sleep half the night and the other two the other half, thus giving us all that opportunity for repose of which we stood so much in need.

Bedrick and Radsworth watched till twelve o'clock, but without any

thing to interrupt the quiet of the night. The land was in darkness, and silence reigned on the broad river. At midnight, Fairfax and myself were aroused and took our turn to watch. I felt greatly relieved by the six hour's sleep I had enjoyed and felt in good spirits. The watch we had relieved had hardly laid the heads down ere they were sound asleep.

It was a beautiful night. The air had that delicious quality which has given to that region the name of Buenos Ayres, or 'good air.' It was fresh, pure, soft and delightful to breathe. The stars sparkled in splendid constellations, unknown to Northern skies, and the placid bosom of the river reflected them with increased lustre. Not a breath of wind stirred. Our boat seemed to float in the atmosphere, with sky and stars above and sky and stars below; while the black mass of the shore seemed like some dark cloud stationary in mid air.

I sat in the stern of the boat and thought of my native land; of my father's house, my friends, and the familiar and past scenes which I had left, for a foreign land. Fairfax was similarly occupied and neither of us spoke for an hour, but sat silent and thoughtful. At length I supposed he was asleep, and spoke to him to ascertain. He answered promptly,

'I have not been asleep, but thought you were.'

'I have been thinking of home,' said I.

'And so have I, and what fools we were to start off on this South American adventure.'

'Yes, we have not shown either wisdom or prudence in coming from the United States with Mr. Bedrick,' said I. 'But we have put our hand to the plough and we must make the furrow.'

'Well, we are young, and have our health, and if we can't make out in this country we can by and by get back to our own,' answered Fairfax. 'We ought to be up with Colonia by to-morrow noon, and to-morrow night reach Buenos Ayres.'

'Yes. I am tired of voyaging in such a little boat,' said I. 'I would give a bottle of champagne, though we have but five left to stretch my legs upon the land once more.'

'So would I,' said Fairfax. 'Suppose we up keeleg, pull in shore, and have a race.'

'Anaconda!' said I dryly.

'A plague on this confounded country,' answered Fairfax angrily; 'it isn't fit for Christians to live in! Well, suppose we take to rowing. I had rather than sit here; and we shall be gaining something. When we get tired we can anchor.'

We took in our little anchor, and placing the oars in the row-locks, began to pull steadily along the line of the shore.

After rowing about an hour, we anchored again within a hundred rods of a projecting point dark with trees; and beyond rose the summit of a higher elevation than we had seen since we had left Montevideo. After watching its shape sometime, I became satisfied that it was shaped into angles and bastions, and directed the attention of Fairfax to it.

'There never was a natural hill so square upon the top, and with such projections like towers,' he said.

'That is my opinion,' I answered. 'It looks to me like a fort, or the ruins of one.'

'It does indeed,' said Fairfax in a low tone; 'suppose we pull away from this?'

'I should like to know first if it is a fort,' I replied. 'If you will agree to it, we will pull close in and examine it.'

'I am agreed,' answered Fairfax, taking an oar, while I pulled in the anchor.

We pulled in close to the shore and then by the aid of the glass, we clearly made it out to be the ruins either of a fort or convent. All was silent and there was no sign of inhabitants. We should have landed but for our former experiences in that way, and for some mysterious sounds heard among the trees; and satisfied for the present, with our scrutiny, again pulled out and continued our course up the river.

Twice during the next hour we heard howlings upon the land, and on each occasion we congratulated ourselves on not having landed.— At length the morning broke upon us, and as the light increased we scanned the river both up and down, but could see nothing. On shore we discovered three huts and an enclosure, which, when the sun fairly rose and lighted up the scene, we saw was filled with several hundreds of wild cattle. We examined at a mile distant, this place of curiosity; and not without emotions of pleasure; for anything like signs of human habitation were a relief to the barren monotony of the shores we had been coasting.

We were soon discovered, and six or seven men came out and gazed after us; but as we could see nothing like boats upon the beach, we did not apprehend any danger from them. We now breakfasted, and by the time we had done had lost sight of the huts, and had abreast of us only the sloping *pampas*, vast plains, receding from the river and extending to the base of the Andes, hundreds of leagues, the only inhabitants hunters (*quachos*) whose occupation is the chase and slaughter of the countless herds of wild cattle that roam over the boundless plains.

About noon, the sun pouring down excessive heat upon our heads, we resolved to arm ourselves, and go into a shady cove and bathe and refresh ourselves under the trees. We therefore, steered in shore, and run the boat upon the beach. We had previously surveyed the place, without sign of panther, anaconda or Portuguese. We stepped ashore each armed with a brace of pistols, and our cutlasses, and as a first precaution, marched together to the ridge top to have a look round to see that no enemy was in the neighborhood, either man or beast.

After reaching the top of the bank we could see nothing on pampa or river, brute or human, and secure in our possession of the spot, we descended to the skiff and undressed ourselves to bathe. Our bath was truly refreshing to us, and greatly invigorated us. We now took a lunch of beef and ale, and then went under a tree where the grass and shade were inviting. There we sat, pistol in hand, and our cut-

lasses lying by our sides upon the grass, enjoying the coolness of the spot; such a contrast as it was with our former situation in the skiff upon the river, the boat acting as it were, as a focus to collect and condense upon us all the sun's rays.

We now really enjoyed ourselves, and laughed and told jokes, and talked about 'old Bedrick's consternation and wrath when the information of our departure was communicated to him. We felt that we had 'done' the old gentleman fairly and justly, and reflection upon our present course always gave us high spirits. It was true we had not yet achieved our escape. We were but little more than two-thirds of the way, and we had yet dangers to pass ere we should reach our destination. At any moment we might fall into peril which would menace both our liberties and lives. Yet we had now, as it were, got habituated to the excitement, and began to take every thing coolly and easily. Our successes thus far had inspired us with confidence, and familiarity with our situation had rendered us less nervous in the presence of difficulties. Experience had increased in us that coolness and courage which is necessary to the successful result of any enterprise, and especially one of the kind we had undertaken.

Tempted by the shade and agreeable change from the narrow limits of the skiff, which the reader will remember was an ordinary whale-boat eighteen feet in length, we remained three hours reposing. Fairfax fell asleep, and Radsworth, for fear of what might happen, climbed into a tree, and tying himself to a limb also gave himself up to luxurious repose. Bedrick lay upon his back with his hands clasped over the top of his head, and stretched out with the most comfortable ease of posture, his eyes half-closed. I felt more like walking about and exercising my limbs; and so taking a pistol in one hand and my cutlass in the other, I took a run up the bank. Upon reaching the top, seeing another ridge or mound farther off, I resolved that I would go and ascend it, supposing that from its summit I should see Colonia.—Warily stepping along, as if expecting enemies on every quarter, I crossed the level space to the mound, the distance being about a quarter of a mile. I ascended it and then looked around me. On two sides of me, North and West, stretched the interminable pampas like a sea. Before me was the ocean-like river, whose opposite shore we had not yet seen. Following the coast on the side upon which we had landed, I beheld, to my great joy, about ten miles off, the towers of Colonia, a high, and low one. They were scarcely visible but were not to be mistaken. I was about to hasten down to my companions with the news, when I discovered about a mile distant a party of horsemen, some thirty in number. They were galloping along a sort of road that led to the river, and moving in a direction that would bring them near the mound. At first I thought they were hunters, but the flashing of steel in the sun, and the scarlet color of many of their dresses, showed me that they were cavalry; perhaps either a body of Quacho cavalry going to join the Patriot army, or of Brazilian cavalry making a sortie from Colonia for forage. In the uncertainty which enveloped their true character, it was only left for us to act as if they were foes. If I could have known them to be Patriot cavalry I would

have awaited their coming, and I have no doubt my companions as well as myself would have joined them at a moment's notice. But how was I to ascertain? Before they could approach nigh enough for this purpose, they might prove to be enemies and then it would be too late for me to escape.

I therefore resolved to return without delay and alarm my companions and take to our boat. I could not descend the mount, however, without being seen; but to make myself as little conspicuous as possible, I bent double and started on a run down and across the level space to the river. In the meanwhile, the horsemen were galloping on at the same rapid rate at which they were going when I discovered them, and so were within half a mile of me when I crossed the plain in full view of them.

They saw me, and I beheld three or four of the foremost spur forward and heard them shout. I did not wait to honor their notice of me, but straightening my body, I flew over the ground like the wind, and dashed down the steep bank, shouting to the ears of my startled comrades,

'The Portuguese! The Portuguese! Thirty of them are close upon us! To the boat and let us pull for our lives.'

I had no cause to repeat my warning. The two under the tree springing to their feet grasped their weapons and sprang for the boat. I reached it at the same moment, and we launched it with a single effort. We sprang into it, when looking round I missed Radsworth. He was still struggling in the tree to release himself; and his handkerchief having got into a hard knot in his haste, he was fairly caught.

'For Heaven's sake don't leave me here!' he cried.

Leave him! The bare idea made our cheeks tingle. We would have stood by him at all odds. I was just about to spring ashore and cut him down with my cutlass, when he severed it with a clasp knife, and dropped to the ground. He did not take many seconds in reaching the boat and bounding into it. We took our oars and using them as poles, pushed swiftly away from the beach till the water deepened, when we began to row like heroes. Our skiff fairly jumped. It seemed to be quite as much frightened as ourselves, and did its best to show the enemy a clean pair of heels.

CHAPTER XVII.

Colonia.

WE had got about eighty yards from the shore, and were pulling away with all our might to widen the distance, when we heard the trampling of horses, and the next moment appeared two of the mounted troop upon the verge of the ridge. They wore scarlet jackets, white trousers, and broad-brimmed straw hats, boldly looped up in front.—Carbines were slung at their backs, and long curved swords swung at

their belts. Their saddles were without holsters, their belt answering the purpose by holding a formidable brace of pistols.

Upon reaching the bank and discovering us pulling away in the boat for dear life, they set up a shout, made signals to the rest of their company who were not yet come up in sight, and then dashed down the bank at a mad rate. As they approached the water the one in advance—a fiery-looking, dark-complexioned fellow, with long black locks and moustache—called to us in Spanish to stop.

We paid no attention to him, but rowed the faster; he, therefore, spurred into the water at huge leaps, for it was shoal for many yards from the shore, and at the same time discharged a pistol. His comrades followed him, unslinging their carbines as they rode, and the ridge was at the same moment filled with the remainder of the troop. Two or three of them followed the leading ones, but the rest remained quietly seated in their saddles looking at the scene.

The shot from the pistol did not reach us, for we saw it plainly strike and spurt up the water twenty yards astern of us. As we were rowing our faces were of course turned towards the shore, so that we could see all that passed.

‘Pull away, boys!’ cried Fairfax; ‘pull like good fellows!’

‘That fellow with the carbine will hit us if we don’t get out of his way rapidly,’ said I; ‘there he levels it!—now stoop all!’

We bent ourselves forward as low as we could; the carbine was discharged, and we distinctly heard the balls, at least half a dozen of them, whistling over and about us.

We felt that it was becoming rather a ticklish affair, so far as we were concerned. We encouraged each other to row, but hardly had we raised ourselves and taken three strokes, when another carbine was levelled, and down we ducked. The shot must have fallen far short of us, or wide of us, for we heard no whistling.

‘Now make her jump!’ cried Bedrick; ‘in a few moments we will get out of their reach.’

But this did not seem likely: two of the horsemen, after having galloped their horses in as far as they were able to advance in this manner, pressed them forward to swimming, and they came on at such a rate that I verily believed they would come up with us.

To check them I took up a pistol and fired at them; this set a good example to the rest, and in three seconds we had given them the contents of eight pistols. As we fired with one hand we rowed with the other, and so we kept increasing our distance. At this reception the two horsemen reined up, and began to swim back towards the shore, while the rest discharged a volley over their heads at us. Nearly every shot fell short except one, which dropped harmlessly into the boat as if it had been thrown from the hand, the force being spent by the distance it had come. I picked it up; it was quite warm, and in size as large as four common musket balls; it was made of iron, not of lead, and roughly enough cast at that.

We soon gained a safe distance from our foes, and then lay upon our oars to rest, and gaze back upon the horsemen. They continued to fire every now and then a carbine in our direction, and then re-

joining their troop the whole party rode out of sight over the ridge, and we saw no more of them. They afterwards were proved to be a party of Patriot cavalry going to join Llavella before the walls of Montevideo, and having despatches to him from the Buenos Ayrean Congress. But our ignorance of their character, and their ignorance of our friendly wishes, made us, meeting as we did, foes of course. They supposed us to be Brazilian spies, and we naturally took them for Brazilian cavalry, seeing them so near Colonia.

'That was a close brush, boys,' said I, as the last horseman disappeared.

'I was pretty sure one of us was booked that time for the land of Nod,' said Bedrick.

'I believe,' remarked Radsworth, instinctively flinching as he spoke, 'that if I had n't stooped as I did, one of the bullets would have gone through my head—it seemed to singe my ear-locks as it was.'

'The fellows aimed well,' observed Fairfax. 'What thundering things those carbines are that they carry; I would as lief be hit by a four pound shot as one of them—just look at this!' and he exhibited the ball which had come on board.

'It is my opinion,' said Bedrick, 'that these fellows were Patriots.'

'But Patriot or Portuguese,' answered Fairfax, 'we were all the same to them. We did right in keeping out of their way; before we could have assured them of our friendly feelings, we might all have had our throats cut. There is no trusting a party like that here in this desert plain.'

We perfectly agreed with him, and were quite satisfied at our escape, whatever they might be. There was some wind, and we spread our sail to woo it. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and although Colonia was not in view from the boat, I pointed out its direction, and proposed that we should stand on until we came in sight of it, and then strike across. To this proposal all acceded, and we seated ourselves in the stern, reloading our pistols and talking over our recent escape.

Bedrick was strongly of the opinion that we could not too soon get away from this shore, for he firmly believed that some of the three horsemen wounded would go back to Colonia and have a gun-boat sent out to intercept us. We discussed the probability, and finally came to the conclusion that they would not take so much trouble about us. The shores now appeared more pleasing to the eye. In the distance were cultivated spots and farms, and we observed many white dwellings of the inhabitants. The houses were square, with flat roofs, and usually but one story high. We could see also, as we glided along, persons in the fields and men on horseback; but as we kept out full a mile from the land, we did not apprehend any danger. We discovered, moreover, several small boats at one place where a dozen houses were congregated; but we paid them no other regard than keeping farther out from the land.

At length, about one hour before sunset, a distant projection of land over which had hung a haze, gradually resolved itself into the battlements of Colonia, about two leagues off. We now stood on with cau-

tion; two of the party were for putting the helm up, and striking straight across for Buenos Ayres, but Fairfax and I opposed it, wishing to have a good view of the place before turning aside from it. The others yielded, and we kept on until within about four miles, when we were able to discern, rising over the battlements, the masts of several vessels. We suspected that they were Brazilian vessels of war, and with the spy-glass we made out distinctly the brilliant flag of the Emperor, one of the most gorgeous flags in the world.

We now concluded that it was best to be wary. The wind, which had been getting light, now died away as usual towards sunset, and we took down our mast and resumed our oars. With the glass we saw near the town four or five small boats from which men were fishing, and it occurred to us that we might approach much nearer, so as to get a view of the vessels in the port, reflecting that our report would be useful to Admiral Brown on the other side.

This step, however, was warmly opposed; but finally the objections were overruled, and we rowed on till we came within two miles of the fort and town. We then pulled out so as to open the harbor, and were enabled to look in. With the aid of the glass we counted three brigs of war, five schooners, and nine or ten lugger-rigged gun-boats. The fort was a low fortification on a point of the shore, and the harbor a snug cove, around which were a few farm houses; but near the fort was quite a large collection of houses, with a tower and one or two turrets, a long high wall with embrasures, and a battery with cannon. We could see the soldiers upon them, and also persons taking the air upon the tops of the houses. The town did not probably contain more than five or six hundred inhabitants. The country was not elevated, but was pleasant to the eye. Very few trees were visible, and these, like all of those on the pampas, of stunted growth.

We took our observations at the distance of about two miles, the atmosphere clear, and the sun brightly illumining the landscape.

'I think if we had twenty whale boats, with ten Yankees in each,' said Radsforth, 'we might take the town, vessels and all.'

'I hope Brown will try it,' observed Fairfax with animation. 'What a fine opportunity for him to run over in the night and surprise the place! They don't seem to have a single vessel off the port on the look-out to guard against it.'

'I am not so sure of that, boys,' said I, as I caught sight of a large brig coming up the river.

They all uttered an exclamation of surprise on discovering her. She was within five miles, and had only been seen by us so lately for the reason that our attention had been so intently fixed upon the town.—She had the green and gold Brazilian flag flying and flashing in the light of the setting sun.

Our first movement was to take to our oars and pull out into the river, so as to get an offing and elude her as night came on. Whether she saw us or not we did not know, nor did we care to wait to ascertain. Bedrick had suggested the idea that she might be just from Montevideo with knowledge of our escape, and perhaps with orders to look us up. This conjecture gave us strength and energy. Colonia

was behind us, and the brig on the larboard beam standing straight for us, but we pulled on, wishing for night. We could say with Wellington at Waterloo, 'Oh that Blucher or night were come!' only that we would substitute 'Brown' the Admiral, for Blucher, the General.

We had witnessed some quick movements of boats in the harbor from shore to vessel, which had to our mind a suspicious appearance, else we should have kept on straight past the mouth of the harbor, instead of standing straight across, which course would bring the brig nearer to us each instant until we had the offing.

The sun set. Colonia was four miles astern, and the brig two miles to leeward.

'She has not changed her course,' said I watching her. 'She steers as at the first, direct for Colonia. I don't think she even suspects us!'

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when a flash lightened from her bows, dash, dash, dash! came a shot along the surface of the water within a hundred rods on our starboard hand, and plunged beneath it about two hundred yards ahead of us. The brig at the same instant kept away from us.

'We are in for it now,' said I, after the first surprise at this salutation was over.

'What shall be done?' said Radsworth.

'We have not a particle of wind. She brings it only with herself,' said Bedrick.

'The wind is full a mile ahead of her,' cried I. 'See it ripple. It will reach us in a few minutes, and then let us up sail, and scud and row at the same time!'

'In a few minutes we may be sunk,' said Bedrick. 'I move that we pull back into Colonia. Seeing us turn they will cease firing, supposing they have mistaken us; for I have not the least doubt but they have orders respecting us!'

This proposition was not carried. We resolved to do our best with our oars till the wind came, and then add the sail; and strongly did we bend to the pliant sweeps making the water sing under our bows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Passage Across.

THE brig kept on for a few minutes longer in ominous silence, and then banged away at us again. The shot roared above us, and made our hearts to cease beating for full half a minute, when they began again like trip-hammers to make up for lost time. Our hopes of escape were, as on a previous occasion, in the coming night, which in that latitude rapidly follows sunset.

'A small object like our boat is hard to hit at two miles' distance,' said I, straining my oar and snapping it in two as I spoke.

This was a severe accident to us in this dilemma; but most fortu-

nately the wind struck us at this very moment. Our sail was hoisted in an instant, and as the breeze was of full five knot force we gave a glad hurrah and bounded merrily before it. We still plied the three oars, one of us being at the helm to steer. Night fell upon us swiftly and we began to feel that if we could escape being hit for twenty minutes more, we should be hidden by the darkness from their view.

But twenty minutes with a brig firing upon one is a long time. We trusted through the haziness of twilight and the smallness of our boat to escape the shot. Several more discharges of cannon from the brig only gave new energy to our efforts, and as none of the shot came very near us, we began to be indifferent to the firing, and cracked mofe than one joke upon the bad powder and unskillful gunnery of the Brazilians. At length the brig was hidden from us by the increasing night, and of course we were invisible to her. We therefore resolved to outwit her as we had done the other vessel two days before, by tacking and doubling on our course. We, therefore, put about and run towards Colonia, supposing the brig, if she was after us, would stand on as we had last seen her steering. We run along landward on our larboard tack for about half an hour, and were just about preparing to go about to cross the river, supposing we had eluded the brig, when suddenly she appeared down directly towards us. At first we could scarcely believe our eyes, she came upon us out of the darkness so unexpectedly. But there she was, covered with canvass from deck to truck, and not two cables' length from us.

We were taken by surprise, but not disconcerted. The mast was struck instantly, and in the impulse of the moment, I cried,

'Overboard and hang on to the sides!'

To escape was impossible. She would inevitably pass within forty feet of us. To escape being discovered seemed impossible. In an instant we were in the water and concealed by the starboard side of the skiff from the brig's deck. We were immersed up to our chins, and supporting ourselves by the gunwale of the boat. We could not see the brig as she came on, except by tipping down the boat, so we knew we could not be seen; and if the boat was discovered we hoped they would pass it as a drift-boat, and not take the trouble to heave to for it. This was the only chance of escape.

We had not been thirty seconds in the water, when the brig came so near that we had to look almost over our heads to see her royals.—Nearer and nearer she came, moving at about six or seven knots, and she was within sixty feet of us. For a moment we apprehended that she would pass directly over us, and had spoken to warn each other to dive deep if she should. She came on and surged by within seven fathoms of us, the bow swell of our advance lifting us and our skiff upon its roll. We could count distinctly her ports as she passed by, and hear the men talking between decks, distinctly enough to understand, that the language was Portuguese. She passed us, and the stern light burning in her cabin window flashed upon our eyes. At the same instant, just as we were about to congratulate ourselves upon our escape, we saw an officer spring upon the taffrail and the next moment call out in Portuguese,

'A boat adrift! See-what it is!'

'It is neither of the brig's boats,' we heard answered by some one in the gang way.

'Whatever it is, heave the brig to and let down a cutter and send for it!' said the first speaker.

We thought our time had now come without remedy. But in danger one's wits are always active. Presence of mind and invention are given us by Providence as weapons in dangers, as the quills are bestowed upon the 'fretful porcupine.' In danger, men's energies and coolness always rises to a level with his peril. As the imminency increases, so does firmness and wits meet it and master it.

We saw that it would take them at least five minutes to bring the brig to and get down and man a boat. The brig, in the meantime, would be forging to leeward, while our own little craft would be stationary.

'By the time a boat can reach us,' was our rapid decision as we spoke with each other, 'the brig will be full half a mile to leeward.—Let us get in,' said we unanimously, 'up sail and stick her nose right into the wind's eye!'

No sooner said than done. In an instant, dripping like fish, we had clambered again into the skiff, and the mast was at once raised, the main sheet drawn aft, and the bows of the skiff stuck 'right into the eye of the wind.'

The brig was by this time far to leeward. She had laid her main-top-sail aback, and we could hear the creaking of blocks as she lowered down her cutter. But every instant of time thus occupied by them we were widening our distance from the brig, while the latter was of necessity drifting to leeward. We could lay a point and a half closer to the wind than a large vessel, and in the superior ability of our little bark, we hoped to get away from them. We trimmed our boat with the nicest precaution and fairly eat into the wind right away from the brig. One had the helm, another kept a sharp look-out for the flash to tell us when to dodge, while the other two rowed to help along her sail. In five minutes after we had got under progress, the brig was scarcely visible to leeward. By laying our ears down close to the water, we could distinctly hear the noise of the oars of the pursuing boat, rattling in the row-locks. But as they were invisible to us, we knew we were equally so to them. Steadily we worked our way to windward. Gradually the brig faded from sight, and the sounds of the distant oars of the cutter grew fainter, until they were no longer to be heard.

We did not, however, speak to begin to congratulate ourselves.—We had not yet fairly insured our safety, and we chose to be sure of it, ere we gave free vent to our joy. At length hearing no more of the enemy, we were partly well convinced of our security, and began to express to one another our glad emotions. We had not before come so near capture. It was now proposed to bear away and steer directly across to Buenos Ayres, which was thirty miles distant. We hoped to reach it by at least three o'clock in the morning, it being now about ten.

The helm was accordingly put up, the sheet eased off, and the bows of the skiff set direct for Buenos Ayres, the bearings of which we took by compass, which we were enabled to examine by means of a dark lantern we had brought with us. The shores of Colonia gradually faded from view, and nothing but night and its stars with the wave-tossed water was about us. Merrily we danced on, and although we were so thoroughly wet by our bath, we were in great spirits, and sang in full chorus the Canadian boat-song. As singing made us dry (I do not mean outside) we opened the locker and cracked a bottle of champagne. We had but one more remaining, which we resolved to open only when we should come in sight of Buenos Ayres.

The excitement of our recent escape, our wet clothes, in which, if we slept we feared we should take cold, and the prospect of shortly seeing Buenos Ayres, kept us from sleep. There was no 'watch below.' We sat together talking over the past, and discussing the future. What we were to do when we reached Buenos Ayres, neither of us were very decided. Fairfax and Bedrick thought of trying to get a clerkship, and if unable to join Brown's squadron. Radsworth and I thought of Llavella and his brave army, and looked to distinction and fame under his banner; our purpose being to join some party going to reinforce him and offer to him our services. But in the main we were to be governed most by circumstances. We resolved to do whatever fortune had for us to perform.

The little skiff danced merrily over the white capped waves. As we talked over our affairs, and about two in the morning, while we were about preparing to look out ahead for the Buenos Ayrean shore, Bedrick suddenly cried out,

'Land ho!'

We looked eagerly forward, and saw the dark mass of the Southern shore just perceptible in the darkness. We were rejoiced beyond measure and shouted a welcome. We knew that we were now safe; that we were now beyond the reach of Portuguese cruisers and under the protection of the Patriot flag.

We now eagerly watched the shore towards which our bark was bounding, anxious to make out the outlines of the city, its towers, domes and fortification. We stood in until we could discover that there was a forest before us, instead of a city; and in vain our eyes sought through the gloom of night for the signs of human habitation.

We ran in within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and then coming to, gazed with blank surprise upon the dark forest which stretched along the bank.

'This is odd,' said I. 'We have missed the city and fallen upon the land either above or below it.'

'Below it, most likely,' said Fairfax in a disappointed tone; 'the current has drifted us below it.'

'We ought to have calculated for that,' said Radsworth.

'We steered straight for the city by compass,' I remarked, 'and supposed of course we should fetch it. But not making allowance for the lee-way of the river's current, we have struck the land I dare say a dozen miles below the city.'

'I should n't be surprised if we had,' was the general response.

'We shall know where we are by daylight,' said Bedrick. 'So, fellows, suppose we down the sail, anchor, and all hands go to sleep till morning.'

We anchored and unshipped the mast, and Bedrick and Fairfax went to sleep; but I was too watchful and also too anxious to get the first sight of the shore by dawn to lay down. So Radsworth and I chatted and watched for the day. At length it began to dawn, and slowly as the darkness receded, the outline and aspect of the shore were apparent. We now awoke our friends and began to survey our position as the morning slowly threw light upon it. The shore was one unbroken forest for miles up and down the river, save an inlet very narrow which penetrated it just before us. When the sun rose, we could see that this inlet wound into the land through the forest. We resolved to explore it. So raising the keel we took our oars and rowed shoreward and entered the mouth of the inlet. It was deep and canal-like in its appearance, and very serpentine. We cocked our pistols and laying them by our sides, pulled steadily on for five or six minutes, when, suddenly in turning a bend, we came in sight of the masts of two brigs and three schooners appearing over the top of the trees not a quarter of a mile distant. We stopped rowing at once and gazed upon this sight with doubts and misgivings. Not knowing where we were, we were not sure they were not Brazilian vessels. We examined their yards and rig, and at length Fairfax roundly swore that one of the brigs was a Yankee.

The vessels seemed to be lying in another bend of the creek; and what they could be doing up there looked to us at the least, very suspicious. But as we could get no information by talking, we resolved to row carefully on until we came in sight of them, when we should be able to judge by their appearance of their country; and besides we expected to be able to see the colors, which probably flying from the peak could not be seen by us where we were. So we pulled on, but with the wariness of a party about to surprise an enemy.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Arrival at Buenos Ayres.

After rowing on about five minutes and almost in a circle, the creek was so tortuous, we opened all at once upon an extensive natural basin several acres in extent, in which were anchored five vessels, three schooners and two brigs. At the peak of one of the brigs, a handsome bright-sided vessel, floated the *Yankeestars and stripes!* As soon as we saw this flag we sprung upon our feet, took off our caps and swinging them above our heads gave three hearty cheers. We then seized our oars and pulled strait for the brig. We saw as we rowed on that the basin was nearly round and on one side stood a wretched looking village of huts mostly built of reeds and mud.

Our shouts had drawn to the side of the brig the mate and several of the crew, who looked at us with no little surprise and curiosity as we came near. Without a word we pulled under the gangway ladder, and securing our boat, clambered one after another upon deck. The mate looked as if he was undecided whether to receive us as friends or buccaneers. I approached him and said:

'We are four Americans who have escaped from Monte Video, and seeing your vessel, have come on board to learn where we are and also have the satisfaction of being once more under our country's flag.'

When I had spoken these words the mate, a fine, clever, whole-hearted Marble-head man, grasped my hand and said he was very glad to see us. He shook hands with all round, and then inviting us down into the cabin, sung out to the steward to cook breakfast for four, 'and see,' he added, 'that you get double allowance, for these young gentlemen must be hungry!'

We now told him our story, to which he listened with very great interest. He then told us that we were in the port of Ensenaca, thirty miles below Buenos Ayres by water, but only eighteen by land, and that we had been borne down by the strong current instead of making that port as we had intended to do. He said the brig was the *Caroline Augusta*, commanded by Captain Reed of Boston, son of the celebrated High Constable Reed. The Captain, he continued, was then up to the city (Buenos Ayres) where he was transacting business with his merchants.

We had a capital breakfast and did full justice to the mate's 'double allowance.' After we had finished our meal we all went on deck and began to hold a consultation as to our further movements. Bedrick and Fairfax were for leaving the boat at Ensenaca and taking it on horseback across to the city, as the mate said they could hire a horse for a dollar each, and a guide to show them the way and bring the horses back.

Finally, completely tired of the skiff, Bedrick and Fairfax resolved to quit it and try the land route.

'We shan't get to the city before to-morrow morning, if we do then,' argued Fairfax, and on horseback we will be less than two hours going!'

Radsworth and I did not like to leave the skiff and give up before we had reached the city in her. As we were equally divided, it was finally settled that they should go up by land, and we by water; that they would find lodgings for us by the time we come and also meet us at the quay.

We all went on shore to see our friends off. The place where we landed was a wretched collection of huts thatched with straw and arranged with some attempt at the regularity of a single street. There was one principal shanty around which were sailors, half-bred Indians and ragged Spaniards. It was the *pulpesia* orrum-shop of the place. Near the door were several half-naked quachos, who upon seeing our approach, came running towards us, crying out each louder than the other;



Paul Perril's Return Home.



'Caballo, senores? tendran ustedede, caballos?' (will you have horses, gentlemen?)

Fairfax answered in his Spanish that he would like to have two horses to take him to Buenos Ayres. Each fellow clamoured for the precedence, and at length a bargain was struck with one of them for the use of himself and horses at a dollar and a half. In a little while he brought up two horses with old tattered Spanish saddles strapped upon their backs, the pummel half a foot high. The horses were small, fierce-looking animals with wild eyes, uncombed manes and fet-locks streaming with hair like a trooper's helmet. They had ropes for bridles.

Fairfax mounted one of them, though with some misgivings, and Bedrick the other. Their owner then vaulted upon the back of a third, and giving a sharp wild cry as a signal, the three horses with their riders dashed off at a furious rate. The last we saw of our two friends for that day was as they were disappearing in a distant jungle, their heads level with their horses necks, around which they were clinging as if their necks depended on their hold.

We were very well satisfied with our choice of the skiff, after witnessing this feat of horsemanship and being told that the three horses would probably keep up the same speed till they reached the city or pitched over their own heads.

'And if they tumble down with them,' I asked of one of the bystanders, 'and break their necks?'

'They take a fresh horse at the first rancho,' was the quiet reply of the man who never seemed to think that the rider might happen to get his neck broke as well as the horse.

The mate then informed us that horses were scarcely of any value there. That fine ones could be bought for five and ten dollars; that they were to be had for the catching; and that they usually rode them, when they went any distance, till they broke down, when they would transfer the saddle to another. The plains or pampas, he added, which every where surrounded the city of Buenos Ayres, and which from the vessel stretched like a wide ocean of grass before the vision, are filled with droves of horses and cattle, thousands and thousands of which are killed, especially the latter, only for their hides. The bee when it is killed to preserve is hung up in pieces in the air and dried; for such is the purity of the atmosphere, that nothing taints or putrefies. In this manner is made all the jerk-beef, such quantities of which are exported from Buenos Ayres, the meaning of which is in English, 'Good Air!'

We returned on board the brig and passed two or three hours very pleasantly, and then prepared to resume our voyage in the skiff. After taking a lunch we got into it once more, and with the hearty farewells of the mate and crew, we pulled down the creek and were soon again on the main river. As the wind was fair, though light, we hoisted our sail and seating ourselves in the stern let the skiff run along by the shore at about two and a half miles an hour.— We kept near the land, for the mate had told us that two days before he had seen from the main-top of the brig a large Brazilian schooner

of war standing up the river within four miles of the shore. He said that she kept on her course about a league up the river, and then hauled her wind and stood over towards Colonia.—This, we at once decided, must have been the vessel from which we had had such a narrow escape off Colonia.

The shores along which we sailed were strait and presented to the eye neither beauty nor variety, Now and then a few stunted peach trees would relieve the monotonous level line of the banks, and sometimes they would be broken by a ravine. For twenty miles there was but a single but visible, and this was without any inhabitant. The night at length gathered about us when we were within about three or four leagues of the city, though we could not see it. We sailed on by the star-light keeping about half a mile from the shore. The wind was still very light so that our progress was slow. At length we were startled and rejoiced to hear the barking of a dog upon the land. We could see nothing but knew we must be in the vicinity of some dwelling. By our calculation, we ought to have been within three miles of the city. We kept on when gradually the banks of the river carved so as to show ahead of us two or three miles the dark outlines of domes, towers and ranges of roofs—the whole profile, though indistinct, of a large city.

Our joy now was boundless. We clapped our hands and hurraed. As we drew nearer we could see lights sparkling in the distance, and soon after the deep tone of the cathedral bell tolling for midnight mass fell solemnly upon our ears. We passed what appeared to us the mouth of a creek in which we saw several small vessels; and with the glass I could make out four or five miles off in the outer roads, several square-rigged vessels at anchor. We knew they were merchantmen from what the mate had told us. They were anchored there on account of the shoal water which would not allow vessels of any size to approach nearer than a league and a half of the town; All cargo was landed in lighters.

Each moment we drew nearer the city, making out more distinctly in the star-light, its imposing outline—for to the eye Buenos Ayres is one of the most striking and noble looking cities in South America. At length the barking of dogs fell upon our ears in deep-mouthed baying, as if hundreds were engaged in this canine pastime.

When we judged we were about a third of a mile from the shore and were looking to see where we should find the quay, we suddenly found ourselves aground. Upon trying the depth of water with our oars, we found that it was scarcely eighteen inches any where within our reach, and close along side it was scarcely a foot. Supposing that we had run upon a shoal, we tried to push off, but finding ourselves fast we concluded to lay there quietly till morning. We, therefore, threw over our small anchor, and then lowering our sail made as good a bed of it in the bottom of the boat as we could, and then prepared to turn in and sleep, both of us, till day-light should reveal to us our true position. In a few minutes we were both snugly ensconced in the bottom of the skiff. But it was sometime before I could get to sleep.—The incessant baying, yelping, howling, of at least twenty

thousand dogs (for there are one hundred thousand inhabitants and at least a dog to every five) kept me awake. I had never listened to such an uproar not even in Monte Video. They made night hideous, and I began to reflect upon our good fortune in not having to land by night in the midst of such a ferocious horde as doubtless prowled in every street and thronged the landing. At one time a band of them were heard scouring along the shore with a terrific chorus of howls, and swept on till their voices were lost among the miscellaneous yelping and baying of the main body. Doubtless they were in pursuit of some miserable horse or wretched cow. At intervals the deep tolling of a bell would reach my ear, awakening strange sensations. At every new sound I would raise my head and look over the edge of the boat to reconnoitre.

At length gradually overcome with fatigue and watching, I sunk into a deep sleep from which I was awakened by the splashing of water and loud shouts. Radsworth and I both sprung to our feet. It was broad day. The sun had just risen and was shining brightly upon the domes and towers of the city. I recollect my impression of this first sight of it. It seemed to me the most magnificent place on earth with its seven vast domes, and twice the number of lofty towers with turrets innumerable and vast ranges of battlemented roofs.

But we had no time to admire the novelty of the scene. Close at hand, the nearest not twenty yards from us, were galloping and splashing towards us about a score of wild-looking fellows, mounted on horses wilder looking, if possible, than their riders.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Reception.

We were at a loss to understand what this movement, which seemed so hostile in its bearing, could mean. We thought that we were about to be attacked and put to the sword, being probably mistaken for Brazilians. No sooner did the idea seize upon our minds than we resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We each seized a pistol and cutlass and stood upon the defensive.

No sooner did these wild looking fellows witness these demonstrations on our part than the foremost drew rein and came to a full stop. The others did the same, and then they commenced shouting at us and making the wildest gestures. One fellow in particular would call out to us in unintelligible language, then waving his hand, point to his crupper and make his horse curvet and whirl round in the foaming water like a top.

We didn't understand their manœuvres and maintained our war-attitude. At length one of them in a moment of comparative stillness, for what with the dashing of the water by their horses' hoofs, and their uproar of voices, there was the utmost confusion prevailing, one of them called out in Spanish

Senores, somos amigos. (We are friends.) We have come to

ask you to ride ashore on the backs of our horses. We charge you only two *reales* apiece.'

As I was able to understand him, our fears of being massacred as Brazilians at once subsided; and when we come to look at the great distance we were grounded from the shore, it seemed to us that the only way we could get to land would be by mounting a horse.

'They are Buenosayrean Hackmen,' said Radsworth.

'Yes,' I answered, 'and for this business just the hackmen we want. Come along side,' said I to the man, you and another, and we will talk with you.'

Two of them came galloping up, splashing us with water like a shower of rain. They looked like half-bred Indians, with coal-black hair worn long upon their shoulders. One of them had a broad straw hat upon his head, the other wore a red cap. Both of them had dirty scarlet blankets with a hole in the centre to thrust their head through, and soiled white cotton drawers fringed around the bottom.

Beneath the drawers their brawny brown legs were thrust naked.— One of the fellows had buckled on his bare heel an enormous iron spur with the rowel as large as a dollar. Its weight could not have been less than a pound.

As we did not care about landing except with the boat at the quay, which we could no where see, we told them we would pay them to help us shove off our boat and show us where the Mole was. They said that the Mole was full two miles off around the bend of the shore, and that it would be a hard row, as there was no wind, to reach it. One of them proposed that we should ride ashore with them, and that when he had landed us he would come back to the boat and take it round to the landing-place for us.

We consulted together upon this movement. The quacho had told us that the house of the American Charge de Affairs, Col. Forbes, to whom I had a letter, was not far from the place where we then were, and he would send a boy with us to show the way.

We were quite tired of rowing and were anxious to get ashore and traverse the streets of the city that lay before us. The fellow looked honest, and at length we resolved to mount behind him and his friend and land where we were, leaving them to take the skiff round to the quay.

There was nothing of any consequence to steal in the skiff. We had sundry empty champagne bottles and porter bottles and a few pounds of beef and bread. These they were welcome to. Our baggage we could pack away in our pockets. The chart, spy glass and compass were all that were of any value and these we took with us under our arms. Having got all ready we prepared to mount behind our guides. The process of backing up to the boat so that we could get on, was, after several trials, successfully accomplished, and almost before we knew it we found ourselves each astride the crupper and galloping on towards the shore dashing the water twenty feet around us. These fellows always ride as if they were sent for! and in five minutes we were high, but not *dry*, upon the beach. Here we dismounted and

paid over two reales, and off went the fellows back again to look after our boat.

We stood on the shore watching them until we saw four of them dismount and together push the skiff into deep water. Then one of them fastened the boat's 'painter,' to the crupper of the saddle, and mounting his horse lady-fashion, began to whip him up and drag the skiff along through the water towards its destination. It was the coolest act I ever saw done, and to our minds, appeared from its novelty, infinitely ludicrous. After we had watched its progress for a few minutes and seen that it was likely to reach its destination, we began to ascend the bank to the town. The shores for two miles are in their natural state. Not a wharf obstructs the complete range of beach. The city streets all terminate at the range of the bank, which is about eighteen feet above the beach. Upon the sands we saw about a quarter of a mile below us, more than a hundred women washing clothes, piles of which lay around them, like heaps of soiled snow. Some of them were mid-knee in the water, others upon the beach. Children were playing round them or sporting in the waves. Up and down the shore there were footmen, quacho horsemen, galloping 'like mad' here and there, and dogs ranging about in countless numbers. The whole scene was one of life and novelty.— At the distance of five miles in front of the town, we saw several vessels at anchor all of which I supposed were merchantmen; but on looking at them with a glass I recognized the Buenos Ayres flag, (a rising sun, *gold*, on a blue ground) flying at the mast head of several of the vessels, which I saw were armed. One of them was a sloop of war of twenty guns, and others were brigs and schooners. There were also two merchant ships with English and Danish colors, and one American. Colonia, which was beyond them on the other shore, thirty miles distant, I could not see with the glass, though from the towers of the city it is visible in a clear day.

We now ascended the river bank and came upon the level on which the city stands. There was a space of about eighty yards between the verge of the bluff and the beginning of the walls and streets of the town. This space is a common; and was covered with the bleaching skeletons of thousands of horses, dogs and cattle, and here and there, within range of our eye, were visible, groups of dogs tearing to pieces the flesh of dead animals. Yet, with all this, there was no stench perceptible, an evidence that Buenos Ayres well deserves its name, of pure, or 'Good Air.' The houses did not front the river, but turned to it the high convent-like walls of their courtyards. The streets opened at once into the town between two angles of a court wall, or between two houses without windows on the lower floor.

We passed up a street, preceded by a ragged Spanish lad, whom the quacho had given us for a guide. The houses were similar to those in Monte Video, with stuccoed fronts, doors wide enough for coaches, balconies [projecting from the second story windows, many of which were barred, and in which stood flowers, and often a beautiful woman looking down upon the scenes in the street.

After passing along four squares, we came to the heart of the city and into a street which is the Broadway of Buenos Ayres. It was thronged with people, and had in it some very fine houses. At length we came to a stately orange colored edifice, of an appearance altogether imposing. Upon the flat roof was a flag staff on which to our great joy we beheld flying the stars and stripes of our native land. Who that has not been in a foreign land can understand the emotion with which the wanderer from home hails the sight of his country's flag. It is an emotion enjoyed and appreciated only by the traveller. He alone can feel what it is. It is like the sight of an old friend, but the feeling is deeper than friendship; and was mingled with a sort of pride and sense of patriotism that cannot be explained to the home-stayer.

Our pulses throbbed with joy, and a sense of security which we had not felt for a long time, filled our bosoms. We did not need the information communicated by the boy that, 'This is la casa del ministro Americano!'

We entered the court-yard and crossing the *patio* where a fountain was playing amid the foliage of orange trees, we came to a spacious stair-way which conducted to a broad piazza facing the interior of the court. Here we saw a mulatto servant of whom we inquired for Col. Forbes, when a stout, fleshy gentleman of about fifty-five came out of a door opening upon the gallery, and looking at us, said in English, 'I suspect you are the two young Americans whom I have been expecting. Your friends reached here yesterday.'

We told him that we were the persons he supposed, when he shook us heartily by the hand, and invited us into his breakfast-room, where the table was already laid.

We breakfasted with him, and at the same time related to him our adventures. He said that he had heard them briefly from Fairfax the day before, and that he was glad to have an opportunity of hearing them in detail. I will pass over his praises of our courage and perseverance.

After breakfast we were delighted with the appearance of Fairfax and Bedrick. We met as if we had been parted a year. They told us that their arrival had created the greatest excitement throughout the city, and that they had been constantly followed by crowds. There had been no intelligence from below for ten weeks, and the news brought by us was important to the merchants; for we had with us, it will be recollected, a list of all the merchant vessels in the harbor.

During the day hundreds of persons called upon us, particularly merchants, to learn the news, and many to gaze on us; for we had all at once, to our surprise, risen into the rank of heroes.

In the evening Commodore Brown called at the Charge's to see us, and question us respecting the fleet in the harbor, and the state of naval matters, and to learn if we had heard of any contemplated movement of Admiral Lobo's squadron. We were potently able to give him much information that was valuable and received his thanks, and at the same time very flattering compliments upon our 'daring exploit,' as he was pleased to call our expedition.



Paul Perril and the Priest.



The Commodore was dressed in full uniform, and was accompanied by two lieutenants and a midshipman. One of the lieutenants was a New Yorker, the other a Buenos Ayrean, and one of the handsomest looking men I ever saw. The midshipman was an English youth. Brown himself was an Irishman. He was formerly a lieutenant in the British navy, but for some reason, withdrew from it and attached himself to the fortunes of Buenos Ayres. He was about forty-five years of age, short and stout, with a fine, bold countenance, and looked every inch a sailor. He limped when he walked, from a wound received in the leg in some of the numerous sea-fights he had been engaged in. He was a brave and useful man in the Buenos Ayrean service, or indeed, the only person who could at such a time get together a navy. He was now in command of a corvette, four brigs, six or seven schooners, and about a dozen gun-boats. These he had been diligently fitting for service, and the fleet was now nearly ready. His greatest difficulty was in obtaining officers.—His intention was, as soon as he could obtain them, to weigh anchor and sail down the river, attack the Brazilian fleet, and try and break the blockade.

After conversing aside for a few moments with the Charge, the Commodore turned to us, and said in a frank, hearty tone,

'Now, my young friends, as you don't seem to be engaged yet in any particular business, how would you like a berth each in the navy. I am told you have some knowledge of the sea, as you must have, to have come the voyage here, but the Buenos Ayreans have hardly seen salt water. They make good soldiers, but are no sailors. If you will enter the navy, you shall each of you have a lieutenant's commission and pay, seventy-five dollars a month. Come, what do you say?'

We told him in reply that we would talk over the subject together, and give him an answer the next morning.

After he left, I showed to Col. Forbes my letter of introduction, which, in the hospitality of his reception, I had forgotten. He immediately manifested a new interest in my affairs; and calling me into his library, advised me not to consent to enter the navy, as I should see nothing but hard knocks, no pay, and little credit. He talked with me a long time, and finally I gave up the idea, which I warmly seized upon, the moment Commodore Brown had suggested it.

That night we discussed the matter, and Bedrick was the only one who resolved to join the navy. The next day he entered it and went on board. Fairfax in a day or two after, got a clerkship in the house of Frazier & Co. Mr. Gilbert, a Connecticut gentleman, the editor of the 'Gaceta Mercantel,' kindly invited me to share the hospitalities of his house, which I did so, as Colonel Forbes had to leave for a few days for San Isidro up the river.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Conclusion.

THE account of our adventures appeared in the Spanish paper *El Gaceta Mercantil*, and for some days we were quite lions. As we had nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves, and as every facility was afforded us for going into the best society, we passed our time for two or three weeks very pleasantly.

But as I felt no disposition to intrude upon the hospitality of my friends, and had very little money, I began to look about me to find something to do; but all business was suspended. Fairfax had by great good fortune, obtained a place in a commercial house. Bedrick had gone into the navy which in a few days afterwards weighed and stood down the river to fight the Brazilian squadron. Radsworth and I were without any prospect of doing any thing. We at length sold our skiff, which brought us eighty dollars, and this was divided. The skiff had safely been *towed* round to the mole; and when the rumor that four 'Americanos' had come up from Monte Video in it spread, hundreds flocked to see it, and for some days we shared with it equally, the honors of the popular admiration.

But it is time that I bring the narrative of my famous South American expedition to a close, which I shall do in the present chapter; as I have nothing more to write that has not been written before of the manners and customs of the people of Buenos Ayres.

After remaining there a portion of the winter, and finding that I could do nothing to advantage on account of the war, I resolved to return to the United States in the brig *Caroline Augusta* which was to go out of the river in ballast. The Brazilians did not object to vessels going out of the river from Buenos Ayres. They would have been glad to have them all left before Brown had bought and converted any of them into vessels of war, as he had done; nearly every vessel in the squadron under his command, having been a merchant vessel. The Commodore had offered Captain Read a large sum for his, but the Captain preferred returning home in her.

The day at length came for sailing.—At nine o'clock in the morn-

ing I started upon horseback for Ensenada, escorting with the Captain and two sailors, a cart containing stores and baggage. The cart was as rude as if it had been made before the flood. It had huge wooden wheels, and the body was made of poles and covered like a huge coop with a lattice of withes. It was drawn by an ox and a mule, driven by a half-breed Spaniard. It was the most grotesque affair in the way of a carriage, that ever came before my eyes. After various adventures, we reached Ensenada; and once more I stood on the deck of the brig which we had first seen on coming up from Monte Video. Radsworth had concluded to remain and go into the navy, and we had only two passengers besides myself. One of them was a large Frenchman by the name of Ducosse, who had with him about four thousand dollars in gold and silver, and used to amuse himself on the passage in pouring it out on the cabin floor and counting it over. He said he had been a captain under Napoleon, and showed numerous scars in attestation of his having been in battle.

The other passenger was from Wilmington, North Carolina, by the name of Bennett, a mere youth who had a brother as consul in some part of South America. Captain Reed himself proved to be one of the finest men in the world; a thorough seaman, and as bold and fearless as a true man ought to be. His mate by the name of Durgin, was a large red-haired man, and a person of excellent temper. He was also an exemplary Christian. He had some mechanical genius, and on the passage invented a perpetual motion machine, on the principle of the repelling and attracting magnet.

The day after we got on board, the brig weighed anchor and was towed out of the creek into the river La Plata. As we were moving out, I heard the sound of heavy and distant cannonading, and going aloft, could see clouds of smoke rolling along the horizon in the direction of Colonia. The sound was like far off thunder. We understood afterwards that Brown was bombarding Colonia, and the Brazilians were playing their batteries in return. The result, however, was, that the Buenos Ayrean Commodore finally withdrew and stood down the river.

After gaining deep water outside of the mouth of the creek of Ensenada, we called our boat aboard, made sail, and lay our course down the river. The afternoon of the next day we came in sight of the Brazilian fleet, and then I learned for the first time that Captain Reed intended to run the gauntlet by.—He had got into Buenos Ayres by doing it when he came up, for he had reached Buenos Ayres after the blockade was established. In going up he had kept well to the south, and been chased and fired into for twenty hours, but escaped by his superior sailing and reached his port in safety.

He was, therefore, as well as myself marked by them. He knew that, if he was recognized he would be stopped and taken into Monte Video, and perhaps imprisoned, besides losing his vessel.

All the while going down, I had been feeling some misgivings, if I should happen to be recognized by the boarding officer, as I might

be, for nearly every Brazilian officer had doubtless seen me in 'the soda shop.'

When, therefore, Captain Reed told me that he should drive by, I felt very much relieved. All vessels leaving a blockaded port are compelled not only to leave in ballast, but they are brought too and boarded, and strictly searched. Captain Reed was in ballast, but he resolved not to be boarded; for he knew that his vessel would be recognized and seized. So as we approached the squadron, he said to me,

'I shall try your plan coming up. I shall make a bee-line right between yonder brig of war and corvette. We shall, with this breeze get by 'em before they can harm us! They will not suspect us either, till too late, for I shall run down and begin to clew up and take in my royals, as if I was going to come to!'

The fleet lay, as before, stretched across the ocean-like river, in a line that diminished towards the horizon north and south. Directly before us and within three miles lay the brig and corvette, both at anchor. We steered directly for them, and as we approached the brig loosened her top-sails and hove short. When we got so near that we could see the men on deck and distinguish the officers, Captain Reed began to clew up, but still standing on. In this manner we passed the range of their guns and were pursuing our way astern of them before they suspected our intention. But they waked up, when they saw us point away our royals again, shut home our top gallant sails, and instead of backing the main-topsail, square away before the wind. Gun after gun was fired from both vessels, but we were too far out of range as they lay, for the shot to hit us; and before they could wear so as to bring their broadsides to bear upon our stern, we were a mile and a half below them.

We were not, however, out of danger. Below us about four miles, we saw a brig and schooner, cruising. These, hearing the firing, and seeing us pass as we did, bore up to intercept us. To avoid them we had to make a long stretch towards the shore, and having the wind of them, we got by in safety, though they bowled away at us at long shot, though without touching us. Indeed, we could not see where their balls hit the water.

Monte Video with its fortress on its summit was now in full sight, and soon we opened the mouth of the harbor and had a full view of the town. I began to fear we should not get by so easily. The sound of the firing had started three vessels from the port and we saw them standing out. Again we had to manœuvre, and try the speed of our brig. It was however impossible to pass without going very near one of them, and Captain Reed resolved to risk her fire. We stood boldly for her, and acted precisely as if we were going to speak her. Captain Reed with his trumpet in his hand, sprung into the main rigging and took his stand with his trumpet ready as if to hail.

The fellows in the Brazilian brig were at their guns. Our royals were dropped, and topgallant sails clewed up as before. We seemed to them as we were dashing by, just about to round to under their stern, when we up helm, squared the yards, and went like an eagle

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

on our way. In three minutes *bang bang* came the guns. Captain Reed ordered us all to lay on our knees. The shot rattled and whizzed about our ears, passed through our sails and *pludded* into our wood-work. As we were in a raking exposure, nothing but the bad gunnery of the Brazilians saved us from being greatly damaged. As it was, in twenty minutes we were out of reach of their shot, and dashing down the river at the rate of eight knots.

At sun-down the distant towers and mount of the city faded into the haze of twilight, and in the morning we had passed Cape St. Mary's, and were bounding over the blue ocean *homeward*.

After seventy-six days we reached Boston. The last land we had seen had been Cape St. Rogue, and so true had been our reckoning, that we made Cape Cod within two hours of the time in which the Captain said we should. The sail up the harbor of islands, was most refreshing to the eye after be long at sea. The sight of land, of green trees, and verdant slopes, seemed to me more beautiful than any sight I have ever beheld. Coming from the sea after a long voyage, during which the eye has forgotten to reflect anything but the ship and the sea, the green earth looks like a paradise. The voyager wonders he never thought it so filled with beauty before.

I found my friends well, and very much surprised to learn the result of my foreign mercantile expedition. When the merchants who had been referred to were called upon, they denied all knowledge of Bedrick's intentions, supposing that he really meant to do what he professed to. As I had no redress, I took my experiences for my pains and turned my attention to making my fortune in my native country.

I had been but three months at home, when one evening a person called at my father's who was shown into the parlor. What was my surprise and joy at beholding Radsworth! He had tried to get something to do after I left, but without success. He went on board of one of the brigs of war, the sight of which was enough for him. He was glad to get on shore again, with less lofty notions patriotic than he had before entertained touching the affairs of the country. He soon took passage home in a ship that left in ballast. We sat and talked over our adventures till the 'small hours' came round, and then parted. He is now, I believe, a merchant in Calais, Maine. In a few weeks afterwards, Hewitt returned from Monte Video, having embarked on board an American vessel for Boston. From him we learned the rage and fury of Bedrick at our departure, and how he informed the Captain-general, where we had gone, who sent a gun-boat with twelve soldiers in it after us. Fortunately for us, and perhaps for them, they didn't overtake us. Hewitt has given up foreign travel and is now we believe, a very successful Dr. in Bangor.

Bedrick, I have heard, had his leg shot off in an engagement under Brown. His subsequent career is unknown to me. His brother Edgar was engaged in smuggling goods between Monte Video and Buenos Ayres with his father; for the soda business did not last a great while. Ned was way-laid and assassinated. The old gentleman still resides in that country. Fairfax also remained there and has been a merchant of

some property. He lives on a hacienda about twenty miles from Buenos Ayres, and is the owner of thousands of cattle. I see by the *Gaceta Mercantil*, that he was lately the interpreter between General Rosas and the American Commodore.

Thus I, Paul Perril, finish the narrative of my adventures, and with many thanks, gentle reader, for your kind company, now take my courteous leave of you.

END OF PAUL PERRIL.

