PREFACE.

The Editor of this Volume, respectfully submits it to the Parents, Guardians, and Children of the United States, with the hope that it may be instrumental in improving the young and tender mind, and impressing the importance of truth and rectitude of conduct on the minds of those who are farther advanced in life.

THE EDITOR.

Lawrence City, June 1, 1847.

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LIFE OF MR. ABEL SAMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

His Childhood — Early Education — and Apprenticeship.

I was the eldest son of Mr. Seth Sampson, a native of Duxbury, in Massachusetts. My father was a son of Mr. James Sampson, who inherited an estate originally owned by his father, Mr. —— Sampson, who came from England, with a company of emigrants, among the first settlers of America, and settled on a large tract of wild land in the town of Duxbury, County of Plymouth, State of Massachusetts.

My mother was the only daughter of Captain John Pumphilly (captain of a ship,) who, after many disasters at sea, sought a more retired life, and settled in the town of Duxbury, near the place of my father’s residence while in early life, where my father and mother formed their earliest attachment. On her father’s side she was of Scotch descent, and French on her mother’s. Her mother (Aphy Myers,) was the only daughter of Rev. Mr. Myers, a native of Paris, in France, who was educated at the Catholic Theological Institution in Paris, and after having been ordained to the Priesthood, was settled over a Catholic Church in France. After a few years’ ministry, he dissented
from the Church of France and went to England, where he united with the Church of England, and preached in that place. He afterwards came to St. Johns, in the Province of New Brunswick, where he organized a Protestant Episcopal Church, and spent a life of usefulness — being Rector of a large Parish, and where he died of a good old age, in the sixtieth year of his ministry. It was here that Captain Pumphilly married his companion in life; and, after retiring from the toils and trials of the seas, he settled in Duxbury. His amiable companion had been highly educated in the languages in early life, which she found exceedingly useful in the time of the American Revolution; for she taught the French and Spanish languages to the officers of Washington's army. After the decease of her husband, she remained a widow five years.

In 1790, she married Mr. —— Bonny, who, in company with Mr. Seth Sampson, (he having married her only daughter,) purchased a tract of land in the town of Turner, in the State of Maine, where they removed, which was the place of my nativity, August 24, 1790.

My father was a farmer, a respectable member of society, and did much to educate his children in early life, and infuse in their minds the principles of early piety. My mother spared no pains in teaching me the sacred truths of the Holy Bible. She early discovered in me a strong propensity for a sea-faring life. She would sometimes say to me, "Ah, my dear son! I fear you will see hard trials in your life. Your grandfather would often say that the Ocean was a boisterous deep; and many an unfortunate man has found a cold and watery grave in its dark unfathom'd caves."
While standing by my grandmother’s side, listening to her early instructions, she would often relate to me the trials and sufferings of her dear departed husband, while on the tempestuous ocean; and then the sufferings of the warrior on the field of battle; the dying groans of the wounded; and the gloomy cell of the captives in prison. She would say to my mother, that she discovered in Abel an early inclination for bold enterprise, which she feared would some day lead him to a lamentable destiny. She would sometimes relate to me the trials and sufferings of my uncle Abel Sampson, who was taken prisoner in battle in the Revolutionary army, and confined in prison, where he died. She would then say that the poor unfortunate man never returned to the arms of his family; that his dear little children never again saw their father’s cheering countenance and fond embrace.

I was put to an early education in the common school, where I made good proficiency in the rudiments of literature. I would often amuse myself in drawing ships and picturing out some distant Island in the Ocean with their inhabitants hunting the wild deer and rowing their canoes in search of pearls in the Ocean.

At the age of twelve, while musing on things of this kind, some one of my school-fellows, speaking of the life of Robinson Crusoe, created such an excitement in me, that I immediately made inquiry, and having learnt where I could obtain one, I went in the evening, and to my great satisfaction obtained it. I read it with much interest—so great was my excitement that I felt an extreme anxiety to see his, as I thought, happy abode.

At the age of thirteen, I went to live with
Mr. Bradford a house joiner. I now had access to books which I frequently borrowed of my acquaintances—I spent my evenings reading history, and particularly those of foreign countries.

In the cold winter evenings I often thought of the snug little home of the Norwegian by his fireside, after a good day's chase of the deer on the snowy crust. And then of the Indian hunter's camp far away on the side of the snowy mountain—and his snow house where he would smoke his venison.

I read the History of the Pilgrim Fathers' crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and landing on an unknown coast, in a savage empire, enduring the rigours of winter with their scanty allowance of provisions. I then thought of the story which my mother often told me of my great grandfather in his log hut, with his little boys around him, and the whoop of the Indian warriors.

Two years glided swiftly away, and Mr. Bradford then left the place and went to the West. I then went to live with Mr. Cary. Having a good master, I staid with him three years. My evenings were usually spent in reading by my pine light fire, and meditating on the stories I had heard in early life.

In the month of December, 1808, we built a house in Bath. One cold day as I was shingling on the roof, by some means my foot slipped, and down I slid, until I reached the staging. On my striking the staging, the boards gave way and down I went, boards and all, twenty feet to the ground; from thence I went headlong into the cellar. Not being badly hurt, I sprang up and inquired of the foreman, who was then at the chamber window, what had become of my hammer and nails. He
said he would like to know what had become of me first; I told him I was on the way home. He came down and congratulated me much on my safe arrival in the cellar. Wishing to have the house shingled before the snow storm, which was gathering black in the north, he thought I had better go up and help finish. I however declined going.

I went home and sat down by the fire, where my mistress was boiling an Indian pudding for dinner. There I sat musing on past events, until dinner was ready; when they all came in. They were somewhat pleased to think of my safe arrival on the bottom of the cellar. After dinner they asked me if I thought I could go up and help finish the shingling. I did not say much, but declined going, for I thought to myself that I had seen enough of the joiner's trade. In the afternoon, as I was looking over my things, I discovered an old History of England. I immediately sat down and perused it, and in the evening I read it again. As I lay in bed that night I could hear the snow beat against the window. The next morning I told my master I did not feel much like work. It being very stormy, I easily got released. The winds howled at the door, and the snow beat against the casement; I sat by the fire, and read my History of England most of the day. At night the storm raged with fury. As I lay in bed, I thought my stay here would be short, for since I had been in Bath, I had viewed the shipping with much interest, and I now thought seriously of going to sea. The next day I went out and viewed the shipping; I felt a secret impulse to go a voyage to England.
CHAPTER II.

The author's first voyage to sea — Arrival in Liverpool — Taken by the press-gang — Sick with the small-pox, and confined in the hospital — Voyage to Gottenburg in Sweden — Confinement in prison — Sufferings in the city — Return to New York.

December 12. I had some conversation with the Captain and Mate, who talked very encouraging to me; the Captain said I was of a robust constitution, and should make a good seaman. I did not hesitate long, for I was determined to go to sea; I told the Captain I would be ready as soon as the vessel was ready to sail, which he said would be in a few days. I soon had all my clothes ready, and the vessel being fitted for sea, we took clearance, from the Custom House for Fayal, one of the Western Islands.

December 15, 1808, we set sail for Fayal. I soon found that we were bound for Europe, which afforded me much satisfaction. I now had an opportunity of seeing the Atlantic Ocean, which was to me a splendid scene. The first day we had a fair westerly wind, which wafted us away on the Ocean. As we rode sweetly along on the Ocean waves, I could stand upon deck, and see the waters roll in majestic order; I could see here and there an island rising up out of the deep, which rolled alternately upon its beach, or beat vehemently among its craggy cliffs. As the view of New England began to grow dim, I looked back and thought of my
father and mother, and my dear little brothers and sisters. As I stood upon deck, viewing the snow-topt mountains far away, I saw the sun gradually decline in the west, until it shed its last gleam of light on the Indian Mountains. As night came on, I was on the first watch, which is from eight to twelve; I then retired to my birth, much pleased with my new abode. I slept sweetly until four o'clock. It being my turn again on the watch, the watch was then called on deck. I soon began to complain about being called up so early, I told them I was not in the habit of sitting up until twelve, and then be called up before day. They told me if I was going to be a sailor, I should find wide awake times in the night. I thought this was new business, and to help the matter I began to be very sea sick. One who was never sea sick, can have but a faint idea of the pain and distress which I now experienced. On the fourth day the sickness abated. Having recovered strength, I would walk the deck viewing the beautiful scenery around, while the vessel was gliding gently along.

The next morning I awoke early, and was up on deck as soon as it was light. As I was walking the deck, viewing the beautiful scenery around, while the vessel was gliding gently along, all at once the sun arose from amidst the calm waves of the Ocean, and shot forth its rays to the far extending west.

As our breakfast was prepared, I sat down to my chest, for the chest lid was all the table I had. It was something new to me to sit at the chest lid and eat out of a large hooped wooden wash dish, (which we called a kid,) and see the motion of the ship.
The day was beautifully serene, and our schooner rode majestically along on the deep. I spent much of my time walking the deck, and viewing the distant objects which were here and there a solitary sheet of some wayward vessel,—perhaps homeward bound.

I stood upon deck viewing the distant sails, as they gently faded away from my view, and then nothing could I see but the far spreading ocean, with here and there a solitary sail.

Day after day passed cheerfully on, and at night I would take my turn on the watch, which would be from eight to twelve, which was not at all unpleasant to me.

The star spangled heavens above, with now and then a bright meteor shooting through the air—the Aurora-borealis illuminating the northern hemisphere and alternately shooting forth its brilliant rays to the heaven's meridian—and then the bright moon coming up from India’s clime, shedding forth its silvery rays upon the waters of the ocean, rendered the scene truly delightful.

In the afternoon we could retire to our births from twelve to four. We were then called again. Thus my time passed cheerfully on, until the second week in January, when the fierce winds began to sweep upon us, and gale after gale drove us in almost every direction for fourteen days.

I began to think of my earlier years, and what I had read in my school book,—

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave were driven."

After the second of February, it was more calm.
We found that our water casks had burst their hoops by reason of having been frozen before we set sail, which confined us to one fourth the allowance of water per day; and from that to one-half pint per day—when we arrived in Liverpool, we had only one pint of water in store.

It would require a volume to describe the scenes that now attracted my attention, and you will naturally conclude that I appeared very awkward, for I was not accustomed to the scenery of a city. I steered along through the crowd as well as I could, looking at almost every thing in my way.

I am aware that historians have described every thing that is worthy of note in a populous city, and it would be useless for me to attempt it; but I assure you, kind reader, that I saw many things that excited my admiration.

I had not time to think of home, for I found more to think of than my mind could contain.

All the leisure time I had I spent looking about the city. As I was loitering about one evening, the press gang came and took me and put me in the guard house, where I staid all night. In the morning I sent for the Captain, who came with my protection and demanded me, upon which they gave me up.

After a few days I was quite unwell, and was obliged to repair to the Hospital, where the Doctor soon pronounced me sick with the small-pox.

The schooner having been fitted for sea, the Captain and Mate came to see me, and took their leave. I now found myself among strangers and subject to care in the Hospital. I was taken good care of, and in a few weeks recovered. I now roamed about the city, looking at almost every one
I saw, with the hopes of finding some one that I knew; not a person could I see that I recollected ever having seen before. As I stood viewing the shipping in port, I saw a signal for shipping hands hoisted at the main royal mast head. I went on board and found the Captain. I soon made a bargain with him, and on the 23d of June, 1809, we set sail for Long Hope, in Scotland where we waited a few days for an English sloop-of-war to convey us up the Baltic to Gottenburg, where we came to anchor below the city. Here one English, one Dutch lad and myself took the ship's boat in the night, and put in our chests and pulled for the shore, where we arrived safe about four miles from Gottenburg. We made the boat fast and went to the first house we could find, which was a poor old hut about a mile from the shore. We here deposited our chests, and agreed with the man to board us a few days. The old lady then fried some fish and potatoes and bread, we sat down and ate our breakfast, and then went out to see the place. The Captain finding we were gone, sent an officer to look for us in the city. After a few days' search, he heard of us. He then sent three officers in pursuit of us.

On our seeing the officers coming towards us the Dutch lad fled. The English lad and myself gave them battle. We had a bloody conflict for nearly one hour, the officers then quit and left us. In three hours they came again with a posse of twenty men. We knew our destiny would be hard if we were taken, we went among them with hard blows until we had knocked down about one half; we were then taken, our hands tied behind us and marched off into the city, and put in prison.
When the vessel was ready for sea, the Captain came and took us on board the vessel. We then dropped down about nine miles, and lay waiting for a fair wind. During the night, Charley, (the English lad), and myself, took the boat again, leaving all our clothes, and pulled for the shore, where we arrived safe. We made the boat fast and went nearly a mile and lay down among some bushes and fell asleep; when we awoke the sun was shining hot. We got up and went to see if the vessel was gone, thinking to take the boat and sell it to get some money. We found the vessel and boat were both gone. We then made the best of our way to the city of Gottenburg. We now found ourselves destitute of money in a strange city. We wandered about living on what we could find, which was hard fare. Not having found much to eat one day, we agreed to each take a separate route and meet at a certain place. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Charley came with a loaf of bread and some smoked pork. (The people here hang up the whole quarter of pork and smoke it, and cut off as they have occasion to eat.) Charley and I sat down on the ground and eat our bread and pork: Charley liked it much, and said he knew where it was, and he would have some more of it before morning. In the evening we separated, agreeing to meet again at a certain place. What befell poor Charley that night I cannot tell, for I never heard of him after. I continued to wander about, begging something to eat when I was hungry, until one day I met with one John Holliday from New York. John had some money and was very good to me. We kept together several days. As we were going along on the wharf we came to a
brig that was loading with iron for New York. We went to the Captain, John told him that I had no money and would like to work.

The Captain agreed with me to help load the vessel. I now found better fare, and when the ship was ready for sea, I shipped on board for New York.

August 28, 1809, at 10 o'clock, A. M., we weighed anchor and sailed for New York. Under a fair wind we sailed near to the north of Scotland, when at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a sudden gale drove us among the islands on the north of Scotland. I was asked by the Captain to take my station at the wheel, steering the vessel as well as I could, for we were driven at the mercy of the wind amidst the islands, sometimes striking on the sand where she would stick until another swell of sea would take her off, and then away we would go at the mercy of the gale. In this way we were driven through amidst the islands, where not a ship was ever known to pass. At sunset we were out in open sea again. As night came on we had a fair wind, and being much fatigued I went to my birth, when it was my watch below. I did not sleep much that watch, for the thoughts of my narrow escape among the islands, and then the thoughts of seeing America again, would continually rush upon my mind.

We now had a tolerable fair passage to New York, where we arrived on the 30th of September, 1809.

When I was about to leave the vessel, the Captain came and put five dollars in my hand, telling me the owners wished to see me.

I went to the counting-room; the owners made me a present of fifty dollars for my exertions in
running the vessel safe through among the islands. They then insisted on my going another voyage in their employ.

I now found an abundance of Yankee associates, which seemed very natural to me. Time passed on very cheerfully for several days. Some of our associates being about to sail for Cadiz, I agreed with the Captain, and shipped on board.

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CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Cadiz — Pressed on board a British man-of-war — Escapes from the guard — Tour to St. Ubes, and return to New York.

October 14, 1809. Under a fair wind we set sail for Cadiz. During our voyage, we experienced several gales of wind, but fortunately but little damage.

As we arrived near the Western Islands, we saw an English Man-of-War running down upon us with all possible sail. She came along side, and ordered us to back our main top sail; they then lowered their boat. The Lieutenant and six men went down into the boat, and came on board.

The Lieutenant then ordered our Captain to call all his men on deck; which being done, he ordered us all aft. He then asked the Captain how many English, Scotch, and Irish men he had on board. The Captain told him he had none; his men were all Americans, and had protections. The Lieutenant then requested to see them. The
Captain ordered us to show our protections. I was the first one who came forward; on showing my protection, the Lieutenant read my name. He then called Pat and said,

"Here is one of your countrymen, do you know him; he says his name is Sampson?"

"In faith an' I do, his name is Sampson, an' I know him well, I do, an' I knew his mother in Dublin, an' she keeps a shop there now, she does."

The Lieutenant then tore my protection in pieces, and ordered me into the boat. He then took two other men in the same way. He then took us on board the Sea Horse Frigate, and sailed for the straits of Gibraltar.

On the second day after we were pressed on board the Sea Horse Frigate, we were taken in a gale of wind, which carried away the main top-mast, the mizen top-mast, and sprung the main-mast, and did some other damage. We then put into Lisbon for repairs. Here we were put to work in the lumber yard, making new spars for the vessel. We had a constant guard over us, who did not allow us to go out of their sight. I did not see any possible way for me to escape. Of course I was very faithful at work; the weather was very hot, and the guard would take me with him to go and fetch drink. I was very honest and faithful, so that I got the confidence of the guard. One day it being exceeding hot, I continued to go after drink until the guard got tired of going in the hot sun. He then told me to go along, he was not afraid to trust me. I went after the drink, and as soon as I was out of sight, I went down to the water, and a boatman took me in, and carried me across the river to old Lisbon side. I then set off
for St. Ubes, leaving all my clothes except what I had on.

I soon took a path which led towards the mountain. Night came on, and I travelled until toward morning—finding a stack of straw, I crept partly under it, and lay down and fell asleep. Just at daylight a sudden noise awoke me; I sprang up and looking about, I heard some men at a distance. I soon made off, and steered for the mountain. I had nothing to eat that day, except what fruit I found. As night came on, I went to an old hut which stood at the foot of the mountain. They gave me some meat and bread, which, I assure you, tasted good. The old man then threw down some old blankets on the floor, and I laid down and slept comfortably.

Here I travelled day after day; sometimes lying on the hay in the barns, and some days living on the fruit that I found on my way over hills and mountains. On the 22d of December, 1809, I arrived safe in St. Ubes.

Having arrived in St. Ubes, I soon found a Brig fitting for sea. The next day I went on board and agreed to work my passage.

On the first of January, 1810, we set sail for New York. On the second day out, we were chased by a British Man-of-War until night came on; we then lost sight of her. We experienced some slight gales, but nothing material occurred during our passage. On the 5th of February, we arrived in New York.
CHAPTER IV.

Second voyage to Cadiz — Imprisonment and Escape
— Travels through Spain, Portugal, and France
— Arrival at Calais, and return to New York.

Soon after my arrival in New York, I procured another protection, and shipped on board a vessel bound for Cadiz. We set sail on the 25th of February, 1810. Little of importance occurred during our passage, except gales of wind, which did some damage to our sails.

On the 4th of April, 1810, we arrived in Cadiz. Here the captain agreed with me and two others to smuggle some tobacco on shore. They put the tobacco in kegs, and headed it up. We then put our fingers in the bung-hole, and carried it away as though we were going with empty kegs after wine. We succeeded in passing the guard a few times at first, but on our going for wine so often, we were suspected; upon which, the guard stopped us. As they began to inspect our kegs, the other two fled to the vessel. Myself being foremost, they had taken me. The Captain, on hearing that I was taken, immediately threw all the tobacco overboard, and came to see me. He sent for the American Consul, who came and interceded for me,—upon which the Spanish guard were much enraged, and threatened him with a severe flogging, and pushed him back, and sent him away. On the third day, I was tried before the court, and sentenced to hard labor in the mines in South America during life. I was then put in prison; there to remain until an opportunity to carry prisoners to the mines. While I was here, the Cap-
tain and mate came to see me. While they were
talking to me, I contrived to cut a piece of whale-
bone from their umbrella. When they left me, the
Captain bid me farewell, saying, he should never
see me again. I told him not to be discouraged;
I should come home sometime. He shook his
head, and looked very sorry, for he knew he was
the means of my being taken a smuggler.

Not many days after, the cartel came to carry
the prisoners to the mines. Having a full load,
before they came to me, I was left until another
time. I soon began to conjecture some way to
escape. I did not much like my new place of
abode. The prison was so full of vermin that I
could see them crawl in every direction.

I was under the necessity of taking off my shirt
every day, and with my jack knife scrape the ver­
min from my body and shirt. I had some straw on
the floor which I lay down on at night, but in the
morning I would find myself on the bare floor in
another part of the room almost covered with lice.
While in this situation I contrived with my jack­
knife and the piece of whalebone, which I cut from
the Captain’s umbrella, and the main spring of my
watch and the hair of my head, to construct a saw;
with this I succeeded in cutting away the iron grate
in the window. I would work what I could in the
night, and in the morning I would hide my saw in
the straw among the lice on the floor. I would
sleep what I could in the day-time tormented with
these vermin, and in the night, after all was still, I
would work at the window. After many a long
night, I effected an opening in the window over the
tide water, which flowed up to the prison walls. My
next object was to make my escape.
I expected every day the cartel would return and carry me to the mines. About nine o'clock at night, I crept out through the window, and dropped down into the water, which was about four feet deep. Having some idea which way to go, I steered along as well as I could by the side of the wall. It being very foggy and dark, and the wind blowing strong, the guard did not hear me. I waded along directly under where they were; I could hear them talking together as I crept along by the side of the wall.

Having escaped the guard, and arrived at the bridge, I felt my way along under the bridge through the water, which was up to my chin. I then started for the fort, which after much exertion, I reached. Here I crept along by the side of the wall, until I discovered a boat at a short distance. I waded directly for the boat, sometimes through the water up to my neck. Having reached the boat, I tore off a piece of the railing to use for an oar; I then put across the bay. There being a gentle breeze, I was soon wafted away. As day-light appeared, I found I was out of their reach. Not far from four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the opposite shore. I now found, I was in St. Mary's, which was in the French possession under Bonaparte.

I introduced myself to the Governor, and acquainted him with my situation. The Governor gave his men orders to sell my boat and give me the money. The boat was sold for seventy-five dollars, and the money given to me. The Governor gave me a suit of clothes. The next thing was to get rid of my lice. I soon found I was surrounded with friends; they got me a tub full of beef brine, I then washed myself from head to foot un-
til the vermin were glad to quit. I then put on a
good suit of clothes, feeling much relieved.

The Governor was much diverted with my enter-
prising escape. He questioned me until I had told
him the whole. He would often urge me to learn
the French language, and said he would get me a
commission in the French army under Bonaparte.
Not having any anxiety to enlist in the French ar-
my under Bonaparte, I always declined. I request-
ed him to give me a passport to enable me to trav-
el through the country, which was then guarded at
different stations throughout the country of Spain,
France and Portugal. The Governor finding all
efforts to influence me to join the French Army of
no avail, he consented to give me a passport to travel
through the country. I then took my leave of
the Governor, thanking him for his extreme
kindness and generosity to me; some of my associ-
ates accompanied me a few miles and then took an
affectionate leave of me and returned. I now found
myself alone in a foreign country. Being natural-
ly of a good courage and hope, I travelled on.
The scene around me was truly delightful. The
luxuriant gardens of fruit and flowers, trees with
blossoms and fruit interspersed on every branch,
oranges, lemons, pomegranates, citrons, dates, al-
monds, figs, prunes, and grapes, on every side; grape
vines six inches in diameter at the root, spreading
their branches along on the hedge, the whole
length of the garden, heavy with luxuriant clus-
ters of fruit. I would often stop on an eminence,
and view the surrounding splendor of the country.
The fragrance inhaled from the beautiful groves,
the interspersion of hills and extensive valleys, the
view of the Pyrenees Mountains at a distance, their
peaks intercepting the clouds eleven thousand feet above the sea. Thus I would stand almost in oblivion, until a Protection Guard would come up to me and demand my name. I could not understand their language. I would then show my passport, upon which he would sign his name and let me go on.

I found the country guarded at different stations, and whenever I came up to them, I would show them my passport, which the sergeant of the guard would sign, and then let me go on. Being ignorant of their language, I could hold but little communion with them; yet they appeared to sympathize for me, and would often urge me to go in, and eat at their table; to which I was always welcome. I was very well dressed, and of course I generally had a comfortable lodging place at night. Thus alone in a foreign country, ignorant of their language, I travelled day after day, and week after week, until I arrived at Calais, in the north of France, a distance of twelve hundred miles.

I now found some English men, with whom I could converse, which was a source of consolation to me, for I had not seen a man who could talk good English since I left St. Marys. I had been in Calais but a few days, when I found a vessel loaded with silks, broadcloths, and other dry goods. I went on board and found the Captain to be an American, and bound for New York. I made a bargain with him to work for my board, and when the vessel was ready, I went on board, and worked my passage to New York.

On the 25th November, 1810, we set sail under a fair wind. Nothing material occurred until the seventh day out, when we saw two British-men-
of-war at a distance. We at first thought they were in pursuit of us. Our fears, however, were subdued, for we found they did not gain upon us.

About the 8th day of December, we espied a British-man-of-war in full chase of us. They pursued us all day, continuing to gain upon us; night came on dark and foggy, we then changed our course, and the wind raging for a storm, bore us away. In the morning we were out of sight of them. We arrived in New York on the 12th of January, 1811.

CHAPTER V.

Winter in New York.

During my stay in New York, I went to work at my trade; I found some old acquaintance, who took me to a bowling alley, which was very common in those days; (and sometimes to the gambling board.) Here the time passed heedlessly away, until one day, it being the last time I had to meet with them, as we were rolling the balls, three men of their old acquaintance came in, and proposed having a game at boxing. I at first refused, but, I having been to a boxing school, they insisted on my play. After they had played some time, and got a stout two-handed man on the floor, they insisted on my facing him. I refused, but nothing would prevail. I accordingly came on to the floor. Knowing that twice out of three would decide the game, I felt some spirit of energy, and in a few moments, I put him over backwards on to
the floor. He was soon up, and came at me, I was in an attitude of defence, and soon turned him and down with him; upon which they loudly exclaimed, hold him down! I told them no. He was immediately up, and at me again, knowing my time was short, I now went into him with all my force, and down with him; upon which, they sang out, the bully is flogged! the bully is flogged!! They then told me, that man came in on purpose to whip me, for he was the bully of New York. He now had to treat the company. After having drank enough (and perhaps a little too much) we dispersed.

The next day, I shipped on board a schooner bound to St. Domingo.

On the 28th of August, 1810, I shipped on board a schooner, said to be bound to St. Domingo. We weighed anchor, and proceeded slowly down the river, and lay near Sandy Hook until eight o'clock in the evening. We then weighed anchor, and put to sea. After a few hours, the Captain ordered us to back the main-top sail, and haul down the jib, and put the helm hard alee, and drop the peak of the main sail. While we were doing this, armed men came on deck; where they came from, I never knew. We were ordered on board a ship that lay near. We were allowed to take only a few clothes, leaving our chests. She then set sail. I did not sleep much that night, for what would be our next destiny, I could not tell. The next day I found we were bearing away in a south-easterly course, which gave me reason to suspect that she was bound to Africa. We were not allowed to hold any communication with each other during the voyage, which lasted forty-five days.

On the 2nd of October, 1810, we found our-
selves on the coast of Africa, at a place called Loango, in Congo; about five degrees south latitude. At night we came to anchor, and some of the crew took a boat, and went on shore. Before morning, they returned to the ship with fifty negroes; and put them down below and confined them in irons. In the morning we weighed anchor, and put to sea, laying off and on until night. At night we returned to the same place, and they went on shore again. Before morning they returned with some more negroes, and then put to sea again. The third night, the Captain ordered me to go in the boat with the men. I at first refused, upon which, he took out his pistol and told me to obey his orders. Knowing it useless to resist, I went down in the boat; we came on shore, and went up some distance, when of a sudden, the negroes commenced a heavy fire of clubs upon us. I immediately fled for the boat, leaving the men to catch their own negroes. I soon found that I was running the contrary way. Not knowing what course to take to find the boat, I kept straight ahead. How far I went, I cannot tell. But before morning, I came up bunt against something, (I supposed to be a negro bamboo hut,) for a part of it fell in. Out came about twenty negroes; I cannot describe their talk, for it was more like a monkey's talk, than any thing else. They appeared very much affrightened at first, but seeing I did not attempt to hurt them, they took hold of me, and led me into their hut. Being fatigued, I laid down on the ground, and fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was up some height. I got up, and, on looking around, I saw a vast many negroes collected around me. They appeared as though they
did not know what I was. They did not give me anything to eat, nor did I see them have anything. A large negro came and looked at me a long time; as though he had never seen a white man. They then felt of my arms, as though they did not know what I was made of. They appeared to think that I was descended from above. They led me away into the country: to a place where they had some bamboo tents. Here they held a counsel: after which, they took of my clothes, and tore them into narrow strips, and tied them on their arms and legs. They then set up a dance, shouting and dancing, shaking their arms and legs. After the dance was over, they took me away some distance, where they bound my ankles with withes; so that I could not walk. Here they placed a guard of eight negroes, who kept watch of me day and night. They did not appear to wish to hurt me, but kept a continual watch, as though they were waiting to see what would become of me. I did not like the idea of having my feet so confined: and to untie the withes I could not; I managed to get hold of it with my teeth, and gnawed until I broke one tooth. I finally succeeded in getting it off.

In this situation I remained three days, without anything to eat or drink — exposed to the scorching sun. My sufferings were so great, that I became almost frantic. In this suffering condition, I pushed them away; making my way to a bunch of bushes, where I had seen some live fowls. I there found on the ground a rotten ostrich egg, which I immediately drank, and a sweet morsel it was to me. After this, they would let me eat anything I could find. I would see the roots which they pulled out of the ground and eat, and whatever they
eat, I would venture to eat. One day they led me to the salt water; (not the place where I came on shore) I was so thirsty, that I dipped the water up with my hands and drank it. They looked about there until they found a dead porpoise, which was washed up on shore; they picked the flesh off with their fingers and eat it. Having satisfied their appetite, they led me back to my station. This seemed to be the place where they intended to keep me, and for me to escape was impossible; and if I got away, I had nothing to wear, not even a hat. There I was, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which came directly over my head. Sitting here under the scorching sun, so overcame me, that I thought to myself, I must have some kind of shelter. I looked around until I found a large palm-leaf, which I carried to my sitting place, for they would not allow me to sit in any other place. Here I had to stay in the open sun, until I became so accustomed to sitting, that I would fall asleep with my elbows on my knees, and my palm-leaf over my head, my face on my hands. In this position I would sit all night, sleeping when I was not disturbed by the howling of wild beasts. In the morning I would look about and find some roots to eat before the sun was up so high as to shoot its scorching rays vehemently upon me; and then I was obliged to take my station again. Here I would sit on the ground, somewhat in the position of a tailor at work; having my palm-leaf over my head, to keep the scorching sun from my body. The negroes of both sexes would come and look at me; they would stare at my palm-leaf as though they did not feel the rays of the sun.

One day, as I was in search of some ostrich eggs,
while looking among some bushes, I espied three live creatures: I started back, for I at first thought they might bite me; I soon saw my mistake, for they were three negro babes in a nest of leaves. I looked a little farther, and saw two in another nest. I have seen female negroes lying on the leaves with two, and sometimes three infants.

You must naturally think, kind reader, that I now began to think of home. As I sat under my palm-leaf canopy, viewing the surrounding objects of nature, the face of the country, the productions of the soil, and the negroes living like wild beasts of a desert, without a particle of clothing; my thoughts would rush to my father's home, where I spent my childhood in the sweet enjoyment of youthful society. I often thought of the many plays I had with my little brothers and sisters. I gave up all thoughts of ever seeing them again. Having no means of keeping a record of time, I had to trust entirely to my memory. On Sabbath days I would sit and view the natives, who, like beasts of the desert, appeared totally ignorant and thoughtless of any duty to their Creator, and my heart would recoil from their horrid appearance. I now had time to think of my past life; the early impressions of my parents would continually rush upon my mind. The family devotion at home, and then the religious privileges we enjoyed in the house of God. I thought of those little books we had to read, and the hymns which my mother taught us to recite to her on Sabbath eve; and how my little brothers and sisters were now in their mother's arms; and, perhaps, talking of their dear absent brother. I recollected how my mother
Africans stripping the clothes from Mr. Sampson.
often told me, that she was afraid I should come to an untimely grave; and then a flood of tears would rush forth. I had no handkerchief to wipe the tears from my eyes; I had no water to wash my face; I had no friends to soothe my sorrows. And then again, it would rush into my thoughts, how my parents and friends were now assembled in the house of God, in due reverence to that Creator, on whom we are dependent for every enjoyment in life; and by whose divine permission our lives are prolonged. Thus absorbed in grief and reflection, I would sit on Sabbath days until night came on; and then I had nothing but the ground to lie down upon: while my dear brothers and sisters would lie on a soft downy pillow, and my father and mother were offering up prayers for their dear unfortunate son; knowing not whither he was, or what adverse fate had overtaken him. Thus overcome with sorrow and tears, and hunger, I would fall asleep sitting in my tailor-like position on the ground. Here again my slumbers would often be disturbed by the howls of wild beasts of prey, that were continually prowling about. In the morning when I awoke, it would be only a renewed scene of distress. One evening, just at dark, I was aroused by the sudden cry of one of the negroes who was near me. At that instant a lion leaped directly over me, and caught a negro who stood near; the negro carried him about three rods before he fell. The lion sucked the blood from the negro's neck, and then tore the flesh, and eat until his appetite was allayed. In the afternoon I saw two lions come and draw the remains of his body away. During my stay here, I saw three of the negroes, who were stationed to guard
me, carried away by the lions and devoured. It seemed to me that God was prolonging my life; and for what, I could not tell.

I now thought how my good old grandmother (when I was a little boy,) would tell me the story of my uncle, Abel Sampson, how he was taken in battle in the American Revolution, and confined in prison, where he died without a friend to receive his last parting farewell. And, she would add, she was afraid that I should suffer a similar fate.

Were it not for the cravings of appetite, I should have lain down and died, and let the wild beasts have my body to feast upon. But the cravings of appetite and thirst urged me on. I would find something to allay my appetite, and in this way I found many roots which were not only good to the taste, but which proved nourishing to me. I sometimes thought that the all-wise Creator had provided for all his creatures; for these poor negroes would pull roots out of the ground, and eat them cheerfully: and appear to be perfectly satisfied. And truly, they found many kinds of roots that were very delicious. I would sometimes see the negroes take hold of a root that runs along in the top of the ground, having many roots attached to it, which hang on the under side of the main vine. They would pull at the end, and sometimes they would pull up one hundred roots before it would break. These roots were in taste and shape like the castana nut. They sometimes would pull up a root resembling the carrot in color, yet like the size of a long potato, one root and then a stem, then another root below, how deep I do not know; the taste of this root was like the carrot, although
sweeter. The banana and yam were frequently found; the African plantain grows in abundance, and is much esteemed by the negroes. A kind of fruit resembling the pear was very plenty, but I saw the negroes did not eat them, of course I did not. Here was an abundance of coffee; the negroes did not make any use of it, and I could not, for I never saw any fire or water to cook with. A fruit resembling plums, pomegranates and several kinds of cherries, and a large fruit resembling the peach, which served as a substitute to bread. A very large fruit which grows on the end of the branch, and was so heavy, that it would hang down very low, it was something like the orange. There was a large coarse grass of a sour taste, which they often eat in the heat of the day. There were many trees that had a very large beautiful blossom, which was delicious to eat. Cocoanut, orange and lemon trees grew in abundance. These fruits I found extremely beneficial, for I could not find any water, except what was in the ocean. Were it not for these, I must inevitably have perished with thirst. The zebra would often come feeding around, not far distant from me. I sometimes saw the rhinoceros feeding under the trees; they never came more than one at a time. Elephants would come feeding along in large droves, crushing whatever they trod upon. On their approach, the negroes would run for their lives. I did not try to get out of their way, for I was willing they should come and devour. But it sometimes seemed, that some guardian angel kept them off, for they would come very near me, and pass away out of sight. And here I was left again, and for what purpose, I could not tell. In this deplorable situation I would sit
in the sun, and (kind reader) language cannot convey to you the emotions of my heart. And then again I would sometimes think, I might possibly live to return home.

Though in distant lands I sighed,  
Parched beneath a hostile ray;  
Though the deep between us rolled,  
Still affection held its sway;  
And in fancy's wild domain,  
Now would think we'll meet again.

And then again all anticipation would cease, and leave me in silent despair.

Youth like the spring will soon be gone,  
And morning suns may set at noon.

When the dreams of life are fled—  
When its wasted lamps are dead;  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.

Thus would I sit in the scorching sun, until hunger and thirst aroused my energy, and seeing the negroes climb the trees and shake off the cocoa nuts, after they left them, I would go and sometimes find enough to satisfy my appetite.

They would go to the sea shore, and find some dead fish, and sometimes the dead carcase of a whale, which had washed ashore. They would with their fingers pick off the flesh and eat it, and then with a reed they would suck the matter from the dead carcase. They would sometimes take me
with them, for they discovered that I was pleased with going, because here I had an opportunity to bathe and wash myself. They would then take me back to my station. The negroes would contrive to catch the goat, by tying a stone to the end of a kind of string which they made of grass; they would place a few negroes at certain stations, and then a large number of negroes would go out and drive in a drove of goats; when the goats came in where the negroes were stationed, they would throw the stone; the other end of the string being fastened to the hand, the goat would get entangled in the string, the negroes would then take him. They had a kind of sharp stone, which they used for knives; with these they would flay the skin, and cut out the meat while the goat was alive; some of them holding him down. Those who had not knives, would get down and bite it out with their teeth. When they had eaten what they wished, they would let the goat go alive. I have seen goats left alive with their inwards drawing on the ground; they would go away as far as they could and there lie down; in the night the wild beasts would come and devour them. I could sometimes hear several wild beasts around one goat in the dead of the night.

Thus guarded by some kind angel from above, I lived from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month, until the 30th of March, 1811. The mornings now began to be dark and foggy, which indicated the rainy season to be near.

While sitting in my tailor-like position under the meridian sun about noon-day, with my palm-leaf canopy over my head, I heard a voice behind me.
I immediately sprang up, and, to my utter astonishment, I saw a white man coming towards me. The inexpressible emotions of my breast, and the sense of my odd appearance, for I had been here six months without a rag of covering, together with the loss of the natural use of my voice, rendered me speechless; and I stood like a statue before him.

You will conclude (kind reader,) that I was an object to behold. The meridian sun had burned my body until my skin had come off two or three times; my head had not been combed, my beard had not been taken off, neither had I spoken to a human being for more than six months.

The man took me by the hand, saying, how came you here? With what words I answered him I cannot tell; for I confess, I had almost lost the power of speech. He told me, he was the Captain of a vessel then lying at anchor, and a negro chief had informed him, that there was a live creature away on the land, and he wished me to come and see him. The Captain had an interpreter with him, and a negro to show him the way to me.

The interpreter explained the object of their coming to my negro keepers; upon which they consented to let me go. It was now about mid-day, and we had a long way to travel to the place of his landing. On leaving the place, I looked around, and truly I felt emotions indescribable. We travelled on by the guidance of our negro pilot, and just at evening dusk we came in sight of the ship. As we came towards the ship, the crew came running up on deck to see what creature the Captain had got. They looked pleased, and wanted to know what na-
tion I belonged to; yet they did not say much to me, and I suppose they did not know with what language to address such a looking animal.

The Captain gave the chief some presents to pay him for me. He then took me into the cabin, and gave me a good suit of clothes. I went down into the water, and after a good washing, I dressed myself once more in men’s clothes. I now had the curiosity to look in the glass, and such a looking mortal I never saw nor read of. The cook was preparing something to eat, but how to get it into my mouth was the next thing. Seeing an old pair of shears, I took them and cut the beard away from my mouth as well as I could; after which I sat down and eat. They appeared pleased, and asked many questions, but I did not talk much, for the power of language had almost left me. I now had a comfortable place to lie down, but I did not sleep much, for I soon found they were here after slaves. The Captain had agreed with this chief for six or seven hundred slaves. This chief would send his warriors into the country, and they would drive them in, and shut them up in bamboo yards. In this way they would manage every day, confining them in coops. In the day time, they would take the old negroes, male and female, and with a cleaver, they would strike off their heads and chop them up, and chop up their bodies and limbs, and throw them into the coops; the negroes would catch it up and eat off the flesh. At one time I saw them chop up twenty-five little ones. In this way they fed the negroes until the warriors had taken nearly five hundred, which were saved alive in the coops. The chief was obliged to feed his prisoners, until the captain took them on board the
ship. Not being able to obtain so many slaves as he had agreed, the Captain told the chief he must turn in some of his warriors; upon which, the chief turned in one half the warriors he had; telling the Captain he would make up the deficiency the next time he came. Having obtained near six hundred negroes, the captain gave orders to put them on board. The men all went to work, and as fast as they got them in, they confined their feet in irons. For these the Captain paid in rum and other presents, agreeing with the chief to catch him some when he came again. During our passage, the negroes, who were taken from different tribes, and their feet confined in irons, would quarrel and bunt their heads together, striving to their utmost power to kill each other. Myself and another man, to assist me, put planks between them to prevent their killing each other.

On the 15th of May, 1811, as the sun was setting, we set sail with our prisoners. I did not sleep much that night; the thoughts of once more seeing my home; the recollection of where I had been so long; the sufferings I had endured; the life the poor ignorant negroes lived in their native land; the situation of the poor prisoners below, filled my bosom with heart-rending sighs, and to sleep was impossible.

After a passage of many days, we arrived near the island of Jamaica. Here the Captain put me on board a brig bound to New York: where I arrived safe on the first of July, 1811. I here found acquaintances whose society was interesting; and I once more became somewhat naturalized to the society of human beings.
CHAPTER VI.

Voyage to Calcutta in India — Destructive thunder storm at sea — Arrival at Cape Town in Africa — From thence to Calcutta — Hindoo Customs — Voyage to the Island of Java, and return to New York.

On the 11th of August, 1811, my new associates with myself, having shipped on board a merchant ship, we weighed anchor and set sail for Calcutta, in India. While on the gulf stream, we experienced some slight gales; after which, having a fair wind, our ship rode majestically over the deep, until having crossed the equator, one afternoon, there arose a thick fog; and, as night came on excessive dark, we saw at our mast head, one of those collections of matter, which seamen call a complasant, much resembling a ball of fire; which is a sure indication of a severe thunder storm. I immediately informed the Captain, upon which he came on deck, and gave orders to take in the top-gallant sails, and flying jib. All hands were immediately set to work, and before we could get our sails taken in, it being about ten o'clock at night, the sea began to roll heavy upon us; the wind increasing to a perfect gale, carried away our mizen-top sail and fore-top sail. We managed to close-reef the main-top sail; we then commenced on the fore-sail, doing what is called two winging of it, by taking a rope around and by hauling the sail snug to the yard, and passing the rope around, which confines the sail to the yard. We then took
both tacks to the windlass, and hove but a few pulls, when both wings blew out of the bolt rope; the winds howling at the masts. I was now ordered to the wheel. The thunder rolled incessantly over our heads; the lightning streaming in every direction: hissing as it came down into the water, showing us the frightful, foaming billows, which added to our terror. If I had ever known what fear was, I believe I should have been afraid now. A sudden sea came in over our taffrail-rail, which took me off my feet; sweeping the deck of almost every moveable thing. I then put the helm hard to port. We now lay at the mercy of the sea; sometimes rising as in a volcanic eruption, the winds tearing away our sails, and then sinking down to a grave in the ocean. Most of the hands were now ordered to the pumps, which I found contained three feet of water. With the utmost exertion we could gain but a trifle; and thus we rode in the fury of the storm. In the course of a few hours, the fury of the storm being spent, we could only hear the rolling thunder at a distance, and see the more distant chain of electric fluid streaming through the air; the wind continuing to blow a terrible gale, having stripped our vessel of almost every sail. In this situation we remained until the day dawned upon us. The Captain then ordered me to the wheel, to scud her under bare poles. Here I remained several hours. Finding ourselves out in open sea, we did not apprehend much danger. In this situation we were tossed from wave to wave during the whole day, sometimes the wind abating and an appearance of a calm, and then again another gale would come, dashing the surge upon us, and driving us at its mercy. Night came on,
and no appearance of a calm. At ten o'clock the Captain ordered me to put the helm hard down, and let her drift at the mercy of the sea.

The blasts of wind howling at the masts, driving the ship at its pleasure, we could only commit her to the care of Neptune, and let her drift the foaming surge. At twelve o'clock at night, the winds abated, and when the morning light appeared, we found we were far away at sea, riding safe on the ocean, for we had kept the pumps continually in motion during the night. The sun arose upon us with resplendent rays, and at nine o'clock all was calm and serene. We now commenced bending new sails and repairing her, to enable us to proceed on our passage. Immediately after twelve o'clock at noon, the winds began to renew their fury; and, as night came on, the storm increased. We managed to take in our sails; the storm increasing until twelve o'clock at night, after which, the winds abated; yet we had no control of the ship. All was dark; the ship rolling and pitching to such a degree, that no one could stand without holding on. With much exertion at the pumps during the night, we prevented the ship from filling. As the day dawned, a calm ensued. The Captain ordered to make what sail there was left, our fore-top gallant sail being blown into a nonentity. We succeeded in repairing our sails to enable us to proceed on our passage, with much exertion at the pumps every watch, to keep the ship free, until within fifteen days' sail of the Cape of Good Hope. Here we were taken in a sudden gale, which carried away a part of our sails. With much exertion we managed to close-reef the top-sail, and reef the fore-sail. I was then ordered
to the wheel, where I was obliged to remain: the storm continuing to rage, no one except myself could endure it; and here I braved it through, dripping wet; the mate feeding me on raw pork and bread, for we could not cook anything.

The third day, at about four o'clock in the morning, the main top-sail went out of the bolt rope, and immediately after went the fore-sail; and here we were, without a rag of sail to help ourselves with, except part of an old main top-sail, which we had below. We lashed the helm to lee-ward, and let her lay at the mercy of the sea. In this situation we lay ten days: keeping the pumps continually in motion. In sending down our top-gallant yards, we lost them overboard. Here I remained; dripping wet, not a dry thread on me, and nothing to eat except dry bread, raw beef, and pork; to cook we could not.

On the tenth day, the winds abated; yet the sea was so rough, that the ship rolled and pitched to such a degree, that she rolled the top-gallant mast off by the cap, and sprung the main and mizen top-masts. The sea having become calm, we hent what few rags we had, and shaped our course for the peak of the Cape of Good Hope.

We now had only a small piece of sail here, and a piece there; of course we made but little headway. Our camboose house having been carried away in the storm, we were compelled to live on dry bread and raw meat, with a scanty allowance of water. Having been thus exposed to hunger, toil and fatigue, day after day, and night after night dripping with water, exposed to the piercing winds; we had been so chilled that it was almost impossible for any one of us to go aloft, our feet being
swollen we could scarcely walk about the deck. I sometimes thought death was near, yet I lived through all this. I thought if ever I got to America, they would never catch me at sea again. In this condition we sailed nearly five weeks before we arrived at the Cape. On our arrival at the cape, we obtained medicine of a Dutch Doctor, by which we found relief; and having the means of cooking our provision, we lived more comfortably. Our next object was to repair. A whale ship having been cast away in this storm near the cape, we procured spars, sails and rigging from her, which enabled us to repair; after which, we proceeded on our passage, and under a fair wind we arrived in the bay of Bengal. We here obtained a pilot, and proceeded up the river Ganges to Calcutta; where we hauled up for repairs. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Hindoo customs, and forms of worship. The Hindoos wear no clothing except a turban on their head, and some slight covering around their waist. I am aware that historians have given a more minute detail of the history of Calcutta, than I can do; of course I will not trespass on the patience of my readers. One ceremony appeared so mysterious to me that I cannot forbear mentioning it. Here I saw three hundred men drawing the great Juggernaut through the streets, while some of the people would throw themselves under its wheels, and be crushed to death; thinking that by this sacrifice they should surely be received into a world of happiness. I was told, that on the death of their husbands, the women often committed their bodies to the burning flames. In doing this they have a very high pile of dry wood and a high scaffold erected by the side of it. When
the wood is burning, the woman ascends the scaffold, and plunges off into the fire, and is burned in the flames. By doing this they think they shall be received into heaven with their husbands.

March 5th, 1812. Having obtained part of a cargo of sugar, we set sail for Batavia on the island of Java, where we took in a large quantity of coffee. During my stay here, I often walked out to a summit, where I could view the adjacent country. At a distance I could see a large stony, barren valley, with only one solitary green tree, which, they told me, was the poison tree of Java; I was told, that there was a large spring of hot water near this tree, which was continually boiling up out of the ground, from which a mist of hot steam continually arose; which was said to be extremely poisonous. Having procured what coffee we wished, we sailed for America. During our passage we had several slight gales to encounter, doing some damage. We arrived in New York in the month of June, 1812.

CHAPTER VII.

Privateering Cruise — Capture of three prizes, and return to New York.

In the year 1812, a war having commenced between America and Great Britain, thinking this a favorable opportunity to acquire a fortune, I shipped on board the privateer Saratoga, then bound on a cruise. We had been out about ten
days, when we espied a vessel, and made sail for her. She proved to be an English sugar ship from Jamaica, bound to England. The Captain being ignorant of the war, and not suspecting anything unfriendly, we immediately came up along side, and boarded her. We then informed the Captain that she was our prize, in consequence of a war between America and Great Britain. We had already got possession, and of course, the ship was ours. We took all the crew, except the mate, on board the privateer. We then manned her with a prize master, prize master's mate, and eight men, and ordered her to New York. The next day we fell in with two large sugar ships, and took them — took the prisoners on board the privateer, manned the ships, and made sail for home with our two prizes. In about two days, we came up with the other prize. We then sailed for New York, with our three prizes. Having hoisted the English colors, with the American colors above them, we proudly sailed along by Governor's Island, under a salute of heavy roar of artillery. These being the first prizes captured, we were joyfully received, as we arrived in New York harbor, after a cruise of twenty-one days. Our prizes were soon sold at auction, and a dividend made of the prize-money, which was three hundred and eleven dollars each share.
CHAPTER VIII.

Second privateering cruise—Capture of twenty three prizes—My return to New Bedford—Capture of our privateer.

In December, 1812, I shipped on board the privateer Yorktown. In ten days out, we captured a merchant ship, from the West India Islands, laden with sugar and coffee. We manned her, and sent her into New York. We then directed our course towards the Western Islands, where we fell in with an English merchant ship, laden with sugar, which we soon captured. We then steered away south, towards the coast of Africa; where we met with some merchant ships, which we captured. We then manned our prizes, and sent them to the United States. Being very strong armed, and a fast sailing ship, we ventured anywhere. Steering away in a northeasterly course, we captured three prizes, and sent them to the United States. We then changed our cruise towards the Western Islands: from thence to the West Indies. While cruising here, we were chased by a British man-of-war: upon which, we run into Vera Cruz. From thence we sailed towards South America; where we captured three prizes: manned them, and ordered them to the United States. While on their way, they were chased by a British man-of-war, and run into Rio Grande in South America, where they were blockaded by the man-of-war, who afterwards got possession of them, and took them home. From here we directed our course towards Africa,
near which we captured two prizes, manned them, and ordered them to the United States. We then took a north-westerly course, and captured five merchant ships. After which, we shaped our course towards the grand banks of Newfoundland, where we captured two prizes. Soon after, we captured a schooner from Lisbon, bound to St. Johns; we put forty prisoners on board of her, and then set her at liberty.

We continued our cruise, back and forth, throughout our cruising ground, capturing whatever English merchant ships came in our way. We sometimes got into a hard siege, but when we began a scrape, we never backed out. In capturing one British merchant ship, I was wounded with a musket ball through my thigh.

The last prize we took, while I was on board, was the brig Avery, from Mogadore, coast of Africa; laden with goat skins, ivory, and gold dust; bound for London. I was one of the crew to man her, and we took her into New Bedford.

During the year 1813, we captured twenty-three prizes. We always gave the prisoners the privilege of signing our shipping papers, and becoming one of our crew, or be confined in irons below.

After I left the Yorktown, she captured eight prizes; the next that I heard of her, she was captured on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.
CHAPTER IX.

Voyage to Long Island — Captured by the British — Escape and return to New York.

Having recovered of my wounds, I went on board a schooner, laden with flour, bound for New York. In passing through Long Island Sound, a seventy-four barge came out from behind a point; gave chase and came alongside, boarded us and took possession. They then ran us alongside of the seventy-four, and took out our flour, and ordered us on board. I had been on board but a few days when I heard the Captain making inquiry respecting the provision. From what I overheard, I formed the conclusion, that the Captain was wishing to procure some fresh beef. I informed one of the Lieutenants that I knew where they had some fat oxen. The next day the Captain sent for me to come aft. He then asked me if I would sign the shipping papers, to which I readily agreed, and put down my name. Soon after he came up to me, and asked if I knew where there was any beef cattle. I told him, I knew where they always kept them, when I lived on the island. He inquired if I thought I could purchase any. I told him, I was well acquainted with the man, who always kept fat cattle; and I should think, that I might purchase some. Some time in the afternoon, he despatched the Lieutenant, with myself and five other men, to go in pursuit of beef. We got into the boat, and steered for Huntington harbor. Having arrived within two miles of the village, I proposed
to go on shore. I managed to keep them in delay until evening. We then proceeded towards the village. Having proceeded some distance we heard a noise ahead, and for fear of the British soldiers being discovered I bid them lie down. I then advanced some distance, and coming to a path, which I knew led to the place where some of our soldiers were stationed to watch the movements of the enemy; I went directly to them, and telling them by what means I came, and who I was, likewise informing them where the other men were, upon which they immediately set off in pursuit of them. They succeeded in taking them prisoners, and brought away their boat. I did not care to see them, of course; I steered directly, for New York; and on the third day I arrived in New York city. The next day I went to the owner's office, and told my name, telling him that I came home in the brig Avery, to New Bedford. I presented my prize ticket, upon which he took out one hundred dollars, and gave me; telling me he would let me have some more at another time. Some time after this we heard that the Yorktown had captured eight prizes, and they had all arrived safe in. I then applied at the office for some money, and obtained two hundred dollars, with the assurance of some more when the dividend was made. I now had some leisure time to myself; my associates, where I boarded, became peculiarly attached to me, perhaps partly in consequence of my telling so many new stories. I had become so inured to scenes of distress, that scarcely any scene would affect me. I often went with them to the theatre; which always hardened me more in vice. I went with them to the grog-shop, which contains the
deadly upas, and from there to the gambling board, which is a kindred abode to eternal despair. Night after night I spent at the gambling board, which only added sorrow to the day. Hundreds of dollars were at my command, which only added misery to wo. Thousands of dollars I carried home, which belonged to others. And then again, I would go home a poor, miserable, degraded, abandoned, dissipated wretch; only one step from an horrid eternity. Thus time passed on, until I got into a quarrel with one of my messmates, who had often tried to borrow money of me. As we sat down to breakfast one morning, he came and took his seat beside me; which was not his place at the table, which gave me reason to suspect some mischief. He was uncommonly sociable, telling what he intended doing, as soon as he got some money; which he said would be soon. While he was busy talking, I contrived to move my cup towards him. I then took his cup and drank the coffee. He did not perceive it, and drank the coffee. When we arose from the table, he went directly up stairs, apparently unwell. Soon after, I heard some one saying that he was very sick, and in great distress. I soon came to the conclusion that he had put some poison in my cup for the purpose of poisoning me; but poor wretched man, his weapon had turned on himself. I went out of the house and did not enter there again.
CHAPTER X.


March 30, 1814. I shipped on board a vessel laden with flour and beef, bound for Lisbon, under British license. During our passage, we met with slight gales, during but little damage. We saw at a distance, a British man-of-war, which we at first supposed to be in chase of us. We made no effort to escape, because we had a British license. We soon found that she was in pursuit of another vessel; and, in a few hours, we lost sight of her. On the 5th of May, we arrived in Lisbon.

While in Lisbon, I had some difficulty with four Portuguese, who invited me into a wine-cellar, and after treating me with wine, they made several attempts to put their fingers into my pockets; which soon got us into a quarrel. One of them striking at me with a knife, and inflicting a wound in my nose, gave me occasion to use my hand-saw for a weapon of defence; with which, I inflicted some severe wounds, which brought four soldiers on to the ground, who put me in prison. I then sent for the Captain and American consul; who, after a week’s imprisonment, succeeded in liberating me. Having discharged our cargo, we set sail for New York.

On our second day out, we fell in with a British man-of-war, who came along side, and boarded us.
The Captain made no resistance, but soon took the Lieutenant into the cabin. When they came up, the Lieutenant returned to his own ship, and we proceeded on our course. During our passage, we saw several American privateers, who, had they known that we had been carrying provisions to Lisbon, they would have taken us, and we should have been sentenced to State's Prison during life. After many days' passage, we arrived in New York, July 27, 1814.

Soon after my arrival in New York, I went to the office for my prize money. The owner of our privateer delivered me twelve hundred dollars: telling me, when the prizes were all sold, he would settle with me. I now had about fifteen hundred dollars.

As I was passing along the wharf, one afternoon, coming to a brig that had a broom hoisted at her mast head, (which was a signal that the brig was for sale,) I went on board, and inquired the value of her, which was two thousand dollars. In a few days, I attended the auction, and bid her off for eleven hundred dollars. I soon took her up the North River; stripped her to her girtline; stored her sails and rigging, and moored her. Soon after, the owner came, and, claiming the vessel, commenced a suit against me; which cost me nearly three hundred dollars, exclusive of the loss of the brig. I then sought for the captain and auctioneer of whom I purchased, but they had both fled with the money.

During the winter of 1814, I remained in New York, working mostly at the joiner's trade. I do not say that I did not gamble some when we had liquor, which was not unfrequent.
Sometime in the month of February, the owners of the Yorktown made a dividend of the prize-money; those prizes that run into Rio Grande having been retaken by the British, we received nothing for them; my share in the whole amounted to four thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XI.

Voyage to Oporto in Portugal—Freshet and rise of the river Douro—Return to New York.

Peace being ratified between America and Great Britain, Bonaparte having been defeated at Waterloo, a free trade was again open to the world. I now thought to try my fortune once more on the seas. With a friend of mine I went to New Haven, in Connecticut, where we fitted up a brig; took her to New York, and loaded her with corn.

March 1st, 1815. Just at night we set sail for Oporto, in Portugal. On the second day out, we were out of sight of land. I walked the deck a long time, admiring the calm and serene appearance of the ocean; no land could the eye perceive, and only here, and there, a white sheet, which indicated a vessel gliding sweetly along to some distant port. While musing on the surrounding objects, I saw a large English merchant-ship, bearing away in an easterly course, homeward bound, which brought to my mind, the recollection of past events; how we had cruised over the Atlantic, taking possession of every English merchant-man, that we
could find; robbing the owners of their property, and taking it to our own use, merely to gratify the worldly ambition of nations. Fortunate for me, I had an uncommon constitution; or I should long before this have been in the regions of eternity; for in perilous times, I had always been placed in the brunt of the battle; and yet here I was, striving for glittering gold. Night came on, and at twelve o'clock, as I was getting into my berth, I suddenly perceived some motion of the vessel, which indicated being near the land. I immediately went to the Captain, and told him we were in danger. I then took one of the watch with me, and went on deck. In a few moments the wind increased upon us, blowing a gale; fortunately for us, it suddenly shifted; for we were near the shore, and in a few moments should have been wrecked; keeping the man with me, I remained all night on deck, expecting every moment she would strike. At day-light I perceived the land on lee. I sang out to the man at the wheel, "down with the helm!"

The Captain perceiving the motion of the vessel, came hastily up; wishing to know what was the matter? He soon saw the danger. We stood off about one hour, when a pilot, perceiving us, came off to our assistance, and piloted us up near the fort, where we came to anchor, and lay at the mouth of the river until high water. The pilot then stationed me at the helm, to run her up the river, during which, she struck twice on the bar, but finally arrived safe in Oporto on the Douro river.

While unloading our cargo, we perceived a storm gathering over us. Soon after midnight, the wind blowing strong from the sea, the atmosphere became dense with clouds; the mountains of Urbian
were involved in total darkness; the rain poured down in torrents amidst the rocks, sweeping the produce from the plains. The river continued to rise during the night. In the morning the Custom House officers came, and informed us that we were in danger. We now secured our vessel by getting spars from the Custom House, and securing them ashore, and both anchors up stream; which was the only means of out-riding the flood. The rise of the river much alarmed the inhabitants of the city. The rise of the tide one way, and the current of the stream the other, capsized two large vessels, taking off every mast, and down the stream they went, sometimes one side out of the water, and sometimes the other. The freshet having subsided, we unloaded the remainder of our cargo.

On the 20th of May, we set sail for New York, with a cargo of wine and fruits. Under a fair wind, we took a westerly course, and meeting with no serious disaster, except now and then a gale, we arrived safe in New York the 4th of July, 1815.

CHAPTER XII.

Voyage to Lisbon in Portugal — Escape from a water-spout — Arrival in Lisbon — Flight of sea fowls before the gale — Flood and rise of the river Pajo during the September gale in 1815 — Loss of vessels in the gale — Roaring of the sea at a distance — Rise of the sea in the Northern Ocean — Arrival at Bath, on the Kennebeck river — From thence to Wiscasset.

The European trade being very promising, I soon had an opportunity to ship again; being ac-
quainted with the Portugal coast, I preferred shipping there. August 1st, 1815, I shipped on board a vessel, bound to Lisbon. On the second day we set sail, and under a fair wind, we had a pleasant passage of about fifteen days.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of the sixteenth day, a little to our star-board side, all of a sudden the sea appeared to be in a peculiar agitation, and in a few moments a water spout began to rise, which soon went up to an enormous height. Being very near we could not distinctly discern its height, for it spread rapidly, and soon began to draw our vessel into it; notwithstanding our exertions to keep off, we soon found we were coming directly into it. At this moment, I caught my blunderbuss, and firing a ball into it, it instantly broke, and down it all came, very near capsizing our vessel. After this, we had gales of wind for several days, but finally arrived safe in Lisbon, on the river Pajo, in Portugal.

The day preceding the September gale, was exceedingly calm and serene; not the least appearance of a tempest; yet the sea fowls, as though instinctively predicting a tempestuous sea, sought refuge from its fury, by fleeing to the mountains at intervals during the day.

The clock had struck one at night, when an unusual roaring of the sea was heard at a great distance. At dawn of day, the wind blowing fresh from the north, the sea began heavily to roll, increasing its fury as the wind moved slowly around to the east; continuing its course south-easterly, the storm rapidly increased, until the wind arrived at the south east point, when the tide came in upon us with redoubled fury, carrying us up the
river. Our anchors hooked the mooring of a seventy-four British gun ship, which held us fast. The fury of the storm, and the rise of the tide increasing, brought ship after ship up the river; as they approached our vessel, their anchors would catch our cable, and run up to the bows: as they came up I cut the cable and let them pass. Vessel after vessel came up against us; as they approached, I cut their cables, and away they went up the river. Some went ashore; others going around the point, came under cover of some hills and there remained. At four o’clock in the afternoon, the storm being in its utmost fury, our position being unsafe, we cut our cables and let her ride. She went up around the point, and having a stream anchor and cable, we came to anchor under cover of the hill. At five o’clock, the wind approaching the south point, the tempest appeared to be spent; not long after the winds abated, and a calm ensued. Here we were, twenty-five vessels; some driven ashore, high and dry, and others lying at the mercy of the tide. We made the best of our way through amidst the wrecks, and, with much exertion, we succeeded in gaining a position on old Lisbon side: where we came to anchor just at night. A more calm and pleasant night, is seldom seen, except the continual roaring of the sea at a distance, which was distinctly heard at a great distance during the night.

During this gale, the sea arose to such an unusual height in the Northern Ocean, as to break up the ice, which had continued to consolidate during three successive centuries. The year following, innumerable mountains of ice were seen floating on the ocean. Owing to the crowd of wrecks around us,
we were compelled to remain in this situation until the third day. We then made our way through amidst the wrecks, bought new anchors and cables, made some slight repairs, and came to our moorings.

October 5th, 1815. We set sail under a fair wind, with a cargo of wine and fruits. We had a pleasant passage most of the time, except one severe gale while crossing the gulf-stream, and striking on the bar, doing some damage. On the 20th of November, 1815, we arrived in Bath, on the Kennebec river. Here I went on board a schooner and sailed to Wiscasset.

CHAPTER XIII.


DECEMBER 1st, 1815. We sailed from Wiscasset for Bristol, in England. Under a fair wind we soon lost sight of America. Our prospects were delightful until the 15th of December, after which, the gales began to increase.

On the 25th of December, as night approached, we were taken in a northeaster, which soon swept our deck; we had secured our sails as well as possible, but all efforts to command the vessel were of
no avail. Here again we were driven from sea to sea; dashed by the foaming surge, until our cam­
boose-house was swept away. I began to think, this tossing about on the ocean was not what it was cracked up to be. A dark and tempestuous night ensued. Each rolling sea, it seemed, would bury us in the ocean. Amidst howling blasts and dash­
ing spray we rode most of the night. It was not until near the dawn of day when the fury of the storm abated, and as the morning sun arose, the fierce piercing winds withheld their rage. Having repair­ed and bent new sails, we again proceeded on our course. Our camboose-house being gone, we lived on raw provisions, until we had constructed a shel­ter over our camboose. After a tedious passage, we arrived in Bristol on the 10th of January, 1816.

While walking the streets in Bristol, viewing the curiosities of the city, seeing a store of joiner's tools, I had the curiosity to go in. While examin­ing the tools, the man took the liberty to inquire whether I understood making joiner's tools? I told him during my apprenticeship, I had worked some at the trade. He soon made a proposition to me, to work for him six months; which I accepted on condition that he should pay my board, and learn me the trade. At night I succeeded in getting my chest away from the ship, and agreed with the watch-man to assist me in carrying it to the shop.

The Captain soon found where I was, and with an officer he took me, and confined me in jail, un­til the vessel was ready for sea; he then came and took me out, and took me on board the vessel.

While she was lying in the dock, waiting for the tide to come in, I leaped from the vessel and
run. I assure you, I did not sleep much that night; and what I did sleep was with both eyes open. As the morning appeared, I found the vessel was gone. I then went to work at the plane-making. Being handy to work with tools, I succeeded very well for three months.

Having worked at my trade three months, a man came into the shop, requesting the foreman to give him the names of his laborers. He then asked if there were any foreigners among them; being answered in the affirmative, the man took out a large roll of parchment, and having ascertained my name, he commanded me to hold up my hand; upon which, he said, "do you, Abel Sampson, solemnly swear, (I then took down my hand,) that you will, truly and faithfully, obey the laws of the king—," and how much more, I cannot repeat. My answer was, I shall not swear to obey any man's laws. He then told me, if I did not swear allegiance to the king, I should not work in the king's dominions.

The next day I left the shop. My landlord, hearing that I had left work, called on my employer for his pay for my board: which, being refused, he commenced a suit against me, and put me in jail.

Having remained in jail a few days, the keeper let me out: by whose authority, I never knew. I now found work to enable me to pay my board, until I had an opportunity to sail for New York.

Having lost all my clothes, and being destitute of money, I agreed to work my passage to New York; which was long and tedious: having contrary winds, and being driven on the rocks, which caused a leak: we were then obliged to keep the pumps in motion the remainder of the passage.
Ship in a storm at sea, on a voyage to Calcutta.
After a passage of forty days, during which, we frequently saw mountains of ice floating in the ocean, which had broken up in the September gale in 1815, we arrived in New York on the 20th of October, 1816.

I soon found myself under the necessity of some employment, to enable me to meet my expenses. Meeting an old acquaintance, a joiner by trade, I found work, where I continued for several months. I confess, I began to be serious; and being weary of a sea-faring life, I thought seriously of returning home.

CHAPTER XIV.

Set sail for Jamaica — Capsized in a gale — Taken on board a vessel and carried to Baltimore — Return to New York — Winter in New York.

In the month of September, 1817, while looking for a passage to some of the eastern cities, I met with a Captain engaged in the lumber trade, who occasionally went to the east for lumber. Being about to sail for Jamaica, I shipped on board the brig, expecting on our return, to sail for Bath, in the state of Maine. On the 25th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we set sail for Jamaica.

Having a fair wind, nothing serious occurred until the eighth day out, when we were taken in a sudden squall of wind, and capsized, and two of our crew washed overboard. Here we lay on our beam’s end; no vessel in sight to afford us relief,
and our provisions all under water. On the second day we succeeded in getting out some bread, which was all that we could get at, and that was soaked in salt water.

On the fourth day, as the sun was rising, we saw a vessel at a distance; we had no means of raising a signal of distress, but fortunately they soon came so near, that they discovered us. They soon came up, took us on board, and carried us to Baltimore.

Here we remained a few days, and then sailed for New York, where we arrived on the first of Nov. 1817.

I soon commenced work at the joiner's and tool making trade, where I remained until the 22d of February. It being Washington's birth day, we had some liquor, and from that to gambling. At twelve o'clock at night, I had ten thousand dollars, and at day light, I went home poor enough.

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CHAPTER XV.

Sailed to Wilmington in North Carolina; Hunting on the Sabbath; Sailed for England; Disasters during the passage; Arrival at Plymouth in England; Arrival in London; Confinement in prison; Liberated by the American consul; Sail for America; Disasters during the passage; Arrival in New York, and settlement with the Captain; Enrolled my name to ship for South America.

February 23d, 1818. I went down to the wharf, and shipped on board a vessel loaded with
lumber, bound to Wilmington, in North Carolina. On the 2nd of March, we set sail, and under a fair wind we arrived safe in Wilmington.

On Sabbath morning (seamen not being in the habit of going to church,) I took my fusee, and went out in search of wild game. After lurking about some time, I espied something black, standing among the bushes; while I stood looking steadfastly at it, I saw its snaky head, and glaring eyes move towards me. I turned and made for the ship; the snake after me. The mate seeing us coming, caught his rifle, and stood on deck. As I came up, he fired at the snake and wounded him. I then turned, and fired a ball through his neck. He was now so wounded, he did not make any resistance, and we soon had the control of him. On examining the monster we found his back to be of a jet black, his belly of a yellowish cast, and a very wide gold colored ring around his neck. His head was the size of a three quart pitcher, and he measured twenty-six feet in length. We took off the skin and stuffed it, and carried it with us to London, where we sold it at the Park Museum for $20.

On the 25th of March 1818, having loaded our vessel with tar, pitch, and turpentine, we set sail for London. On going over the bar, the ship struck, which caused her to leak; the pumps were soon put in motion, but we found the vessel was filling fast. The Captain gave me orders to prepare the long-boat. While at work on the boat, the mate came and gave me different orders. I told him my orders were from the Captain, and continued at my work. He told me he did not care for the Captain. I took no notice of him but continued at my work. He then took a piece of rope and struck me over
the back. I arose from my work, took him and sent him head foremost into the camboose-house, where the cook was at work. The Captain came up, and not knowing the particulars, he threatened me hard; I let him know, I was not easily affrightened. He took out his pistol, and threatened shooting me, upon which I opened my shirt bosom, telling him to fire. He instantly fired; the ball went through my hat, taking the hair from the top of my head. I then threw my hatchet, which barely missed him. I then caught him and threw his pistol into the sea, and sent him head foremost into the cabin. Some of the hands had found the leakage in the vessel, and effected a stoppage, so that the danger was past. The Captain and mate then sent for me to come down into the cabin. I went down and explained the whole affair, upon which we made good friends again, and all went on well and with the exception of a severe gale, we had a pleasant passage to Plymouth in England. We made but a short stay in Plymouth; and sailed for London. On our arrival in the river Thames, the pilot took command of the vessel, and gave me orders what to do. The mate came strutting around dictating me about the work. I soon gave him to understand, that I was not under his command, which soon gave rise to a quarrel; the Captain came up, and on his interfering, I gave them both some hard blows, which raised the crew, and we quit. We then proceeded up the river Thames to the Queen's moorings. The Captain went on shore and sent an officer on board, who took me and put me in prison; I then sent for the American Consul, who brought me before the Magistrate, where my case was heard. I now remained on shore un-
til the vessel was ready for sea. The Captain and mate then came to me, and wished me to ship on board for New York.

On the 4th of July, 1818, we set sail for America. All went on well for some days. The mate did not appear perfectly reconciled towards me; however, we had no difficulty, until one day, after having had some liquor, (which was a daily practice on board our ship,) the mate having previously agreed with some of the crew to assist him in confining me, the mate challenged me to fight him across the windlass. I was never backward in any good cause, and accepted the challenge. While in the act of commencing the attack, some of the crew having been bribed by the mate, contrived to throw a rope over my head, which took me, both arms and body confined together, and drew me up to the pully block. They then had me at their command. The mate gave orders to have me hand-cuffed, which they were compelled to do, and then let me go. My allowance was then one biscuit, and one pint of water per day. The crew were very kind, for they gave me whatever they had, unknown to the mate.

Our passage was long and tedious. We came near being wrecked in gales of wind, which we experienced 14 days in succession. On August 4th, we saw at a distance a large water-spout, which extended to a great height, where it spread itself among the clouds. It came up directly in front of a ship, which was taken into it, and carried down into the ocean, and was not seen after.

After a passage of forty days, we arrived in New York on the 13th of August, 1818. I did not wait to be liberated, but went immediately on shore.
The mate, seeing me going away, called to me, but I did not answer him. I went to a lawyer's office with my handcuffs on, and stated my case to him. The lawyer sent an officer on board, who took the Captain and brought him before the magistrate, where he was tried and beat; he then appealed to the court. I then attached the vessel for security for my wages. Before the sitting of the next Legislature, their vessel being ready for sea, the Captain and mate came to see me, and wanted to settle. I told them if they would give me one hundred dollars, and pay me my wages, I would settle. The mate finally agreed to it, and paid me. They then put to sea.

Soon after my arrival in New York, I became acquainted with a Captain who was making preparations for a voyage to South America. I had an unceasing desire to see the continent of South America, with its lofty mountains, and the curiosities of its cities. I put my name down to ship with him. Before they began to load the vessel, I saw some birds come with sticks in their mouths, and commence making a nest in the rigging of the ship. I had heard old sailors say, that, whenever the birds made a nest in the rigging of the ship, they never knew the ship to return. I went to the Captain and obtained a release. The ship sailed out, and, in sailing around Cape Horn, she was taken in a gale and went to pieces, and all was lost.
CHAPTER XVI.

Voyage to Calcutta; Attempt at mutiny on board; Arrival at Cape Town; Arrival in the Bay of Bengal, and driven on Tiger Island; Arrival in Calcutta; Sport with the Elephants; Sail for America; Arrival at the Cape of Good Hope; Northeast storm and mountains of ice at sea; Arrival at Boston.

One afternoon in September, as I stood viewing the long line of shipping that lay in the harbor, which reminded me of the trials and sufferings I had endured, I seriously thought of returning home; and then again I had no money, and to go home without any money after having been gone so long, I could not endure it. While thus musing, I espied a signal, (for Calcutta in India.) I had heard old sailors say, that after many hard voyages at sea, they would have a prosperous one; I thought to myself, that I would try once more.

On the 25th of September, 1818, I shipped on board, and under a fair wind we weighed anchor, and set sail for Calcutta. We had little on board except specie. Not many days after we sailed, I heard some of the crew saying, there were forty-two thousand dollars in specie on board. All went on well about fourteen days.

As I was standing on deck admiring the beautiful islands at a distance, one of the crew came to me, and said they wanted me to come down and take something to drink. I complied with his wishes, and went down; and after having our
round, they told me they had agreed on a plan to make their fortune this voyage, and they wished me to join with them. I told them to let me know what it was, and if I liked it, I would join with them. I knew they had been drinking, and I insisted on knowing what it was. They intimated to me, that they had partly agreed on, a plan to get the specie that was on board the ship, and they wished me to join with them. I did not readily agree to their proposal, for their plot was to murder the Captain and mate, and take possession of the ship. And all who would not join them, they would throw overboard. On my not agreeing to it, they said, if I disclosed the secret, they would be the death of me. At night I disclosed the whole affair to the Captain. While they were asleep, the Captain and mate selected some of the crew, who with myself, succeeded in taking them, and after a hard struggle, we confined them in iron, below.

After this, all went on well, until we arrived near the coast of Africa. We now began to have heavy gales, which are frequent on the coast. (I must add here, that I did not feel any desire to stop and see the negroes.) Here we experienced one severe thunder storm, which did some damage. As we came in sight of the Cape, we spoke with a vessel bound for South America; we came along side, and put our mutineers on board; which was the last we heard from them. We then put in at Cape Town.

Having made necessary repairs, and put in a supply of fresh water, we proceeded on our course. Having a pleasant passage while crossing the equator, we arrived safe in the bay of Bengal. Here we were taken in a gale of wind and driven on
Tiger Island, where we remained three days. On the third day at high tide water we succeeded in getting off, and by the help of a pilot, we arrived safe in Calcutta, on the western arm of the river Ganges, one hundred miles from the sea.

While we were here, loading our ship with silk goods, the Bengalies and myself had much sport with the elephants, who came every day to have us give them wine. The people here are very indulgent with their elephants, giving them whatever they wish. One large elephant would frequently take me with his trunk, and putting me on his back, would carry me away, sometimes a mile, and fetch me back; he then would take me off, setting me safe on the ground; upon which I would give him a bottle of wine, which he would take in his trunk and empty into his mouth, and drink it. One of the Bengalies gave him a bottle of vinegar, which he began to drink, thinking it was wine. He soon discovered his mistake, upon which he threw the bottle away, and shook his head. In a few moments he went away out of sight. Having been gone nearly two hours, we saw him coming again. He did not come to us, as usual, but went directly to the shop-door, where he commenced spiriting the water on the silks, which hung around the door; having wet them faithfully with muddy water, he put his trunk in the door, and spirited the water all over the store, and then walked away. The Bengalies think it a great sin to strike an elephant.

July, 10th, 1819. We weighed anchor, and by the help of a pilot, proceeded down the river Ganges into the bay of Bengal, from thence under a fair wind we sailed for America. The bay of Bengal was beautifully calm, and here again we had a
fine passage across the equator, and arrived safe at the cape of Good Hope, where we put in for fresh water.

September 12th. We set sail for America. Under a fair wind, we lost sight of Africa; and taking a north-westerly course, we steered for New-England. Here again we were taken in a gale of wind, which drove us at its mercy until night came on; it then appeared to abate by degrees, yet renewing its fury at intervals until morning. At 10 o'clock the wind was calm, and we proceeded on our course, meeting no serious disaster, until after the sun had passed the equator on the 20th of September. After this we experienced a long north-east tempest, during which we saw several mountains of ice floating on the ocean; some of which came very near capzising our vessel. In this storm, which continued fourteen days, we were driven near an island, and struck twice, coming near being wrecked. Having escaped the island, we took shelter under it until the storm abated. Here we remained three nights. On the third night the fury of the storm appeared to be spent, and the day following, we made sail at 4 o'clock, P. M. After a passage of five months, we arrived in Boston, December 25th, 1819.
CHAPTER XVII.

Sailed to Union River; Sailed to Havana on the island of Cuba; Sick with the yellow fever; Thoughts of home; Advice to friends; Arrival at Boston; Sailed to Portland in Maine; Meeting my father; Return to my father's house.

FEBRUARY 25th, 1820, I shipped on board a schooner, bound for Union River, where I arrived on the 1st of March.
Here I shipped for Havana on the Isle of Cuba.
While waiting for a cargo, I was taken sick with the yellow fever, which confined me to my room thirty days; during which time, my sufferings from pain and burning fever were intense.
The fever having abated, while lying alone on my couch, the sad recollection of past events would rush upon my soul. I reflected upon past events, and how often I had been on the brink of eternity, and yet my life was spared.
The recollection of early life, and how my parents had cautioned me against the perils of a sea-faring life; I thought of my dear brothers and sisters at home; and how often I had been told that I should come to an untimely grave. The recollection of my sufferings in Africa, and how I had sat there under my palm-leaf in the burning heat of the sun; the thoughts of the African negroes, and of the little ones lying on their nest of leaves on the ground, sheltered only by a few bushes. Thus musing on past sufferings, and the thoughts that my parents, and brothers and sisters,
while sitting by their cheerful fireside, had often expressed an anxious wish to hear from their dear absent son, and brother, for I had no reason to think, they had ever heard of me, since my first going to sea. I now felt that the vigour of youth was past; the ardor of pursuit was blighted. While thus musing, I resolved to return home. I resolved to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks; for I was satisfied it had been the means of getting me into many a difficulty. I thought of the money I had spent gambling, which was no small sum.

And here, kind reader, let me most affectionately warn you to abstain from gambling. Be on your guard against evil associates. Be sure that you resist the temptations spread before you, and offered for sale under the sign of (The Upas Tree.) I am well aware, that many a young man has come to an ignominious death, and gone down to an early grave, through the influence of associates of corrupt habits. Young men in the prime of life, have had no experience in the pollutions of the world. While in the ardor of pursuit, they do not reflect on past events: for ambition hurries them on. While in the harvest of enjoyment, they do not suspect an overbalance of adversity. In the vigour of health, they little think of a destroyer at the fountain of life.

While the sweet odors from the flowers in the vale; while the balmy breezes from the enchanting grove or the invigorating gale from the mountain's peak blows fresh upon us, we are not aware that nature will soon be obscured, when earthly scenes will fade. When the rays of the bright sun will be obscured, and the foundation of earth will be shaken; when the sweet zephyrs will be wrapped:
in flames, and the eternal world appear before us. Where the spirits of just men made perfect will enjoy the society of angels, around a throne of living sapphire, where the Prince of Peace will forever reign. Where angels tune their minstrels of praise, the echo resounding through heaven's high arch. Where parents and children, may meet again, and lovers and friends part no more. Where sin and death can never enter.

Having sufficiently regained my strength, I often walked out, and viewed the shipping in the harbor. The wide spread sheet only reminded me of past scenes of distress. Youthful visions of fancy had been wrecked in tempests. The distant prospect of glittering gold had been buried in the surges of the main. The vigor of youth was gone, and futurity was before me. I now resolved to bid farewell to visionary anticipations, and seek a more retired life in the society of selected friends. The vessel being fitted again for sea, we set sail for Boston, where we arrived on the last Wednesday in May, 1820.

Being anxious to visit the happy cottage of my native home, I made a short stay in Boston. From Boston I sailed in a packet to Portland, in Maine, where I arrived June 20th, 1820.

In Portland, while walking up Middle street, to my surprise I saw my father coming towards me. On our near approach, I took the good old gentleman by the hand, and a flood of tears gave vent to the emotions of my heart.

During my long absence, my father, having heard that his son was killed in battle on board the "United States," in a contest with an English Frigate, had lost all recognizance of his son. On taking
off my hat, the old gentleman took me by the hand, exclaiming, my long lost son! A flood of tears involuntarily flowed. Having wiped the tears from his face, he took me to his place of abode, questioning me of my fate, and where I had been. My father would often question me the story of my travels, and while relating to him my sufferings, he would wipe the tears from his eyes, saying, he had often told me when a boy, that I should see hard times. On our arrival at his place of residence, my good old mother, on seeing her son, was so overcome, she sunk into her chair; on regaining her spirits, she exclaimed, she had long thought, I was gone to another world.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Married and settled in Portland; Kept a store of joiner's tools; Loss of property by fire; Removal to Gorham; Temperance Society; Arrival in Lawrence City.

In the autumn of 1820, I commenced work at the Joiner's and plane-making trade, in Portland. In 1821, I was married.

In 1823; having accumulated some property, I purchased and furnished a house in Union street, where I kept a store of Joiner's tools, employing several men and two apprentices.

On the night of the 11th of June, 1825, a large portion of the city of Portland was destroyed by fire, among which was my house together with all my property.
Schooner in which Mr. Sampson made his first voyage.
1837.—I removed to the town of Gorham, eleven miles from Portland, where I had charge of a machine shop in a cotton mill.

While residing in Gorham, I became much interested in the cause of temperance, and arrived to the honor of President of the Temperance Society.

1846. — I removed to the City of Lawrence, County of Essex, State of Massachusetts. Where I now reside, laboring daily in a machine shop, of an uncommon robust constitution, and in perfect health, in the fifty-seventh year of my age.
CHAPTER XIX.

And now, kind reader, a few words of parting address;—let me affectionately leave you. I am soon to embark on another voyage which will terminate my weal or wo.

1.
The joys of youth are now expired,
   And riper years gone by;
The mid-day sun has far retired,
   And auburn locks turn gray.

2.
The fleeting hours roll swiftly on,
   And leave no semblance near;
The wounding dart will soon come in,
   And strike the weapon here.

3.
The angel soon will leave the throne,
   And death will enter here,
To call our souls to yonder home,
   And one to lead us there.

4.
The soul soon then must mount on high,
   And never here return;
The world of bliss or wo will be,
   Our final future doom.
5.
The hopes to meet my kindred there,
And join their sweet embrace;
The Saviour’s dying love to share,
Our never ending bliss.

6.
The crystal world on high to roam,
And join the happy throng;
The sapphire throne around to join,
Our song the worthy Lamb.

7.
The king and beggar there must meet
And kindred spirits own;
The vilest sinner there may meet,
Our Saviour for his own;

8.
His blood stained garments purified,
His guilty soul renewed,
His heart immersed in Jesus' blood.
Our ever bless'd abode.
Elephant on which Mr. Sampson rode while in Calcutta.
Residence of Capt. John Sampson, Duxbury, Mass. 1740.
Yonder the icebergs, gaunt and pale,
Like giant sentinels on post,
Without a welcome or a hail,
They stand upon the realm of frost.

In desolation vast and wild,
Outstretched, a mighty ruin lies:
Huge towers of mighty ramparts piled;
High domes, whose azure pales the skies.

Cold, cold as death — the sky so bleak,
That even daylight seems to quiver;
And, starting back from icy peak,
The blinking sunbeams quail and quiver.

And when at eve, with downy flake,
The snow-storm drops its vail around,
The weary sleep, the watchful wake;
They both alike in dreams abound.

Gray twilight glimmers forth at last,
The drapery of snow is furled;
And isles of ice, now piling fast,
Reveal the confines of the world.
6.
Mountains, on hoary mountains high,
O'er top the sea-bird's loftiest flight;
All bleak the air — all bleached the sky —
The pent-up, stiffened sea, all white.

7.
The ice, the piles of ice, arrayed
In forms of awful grandeur stand;
Amidst Aurora's luminous stain'd,
Now streak'd by His almighty hand.

The Aurora Borealis is unquestionably a volcanic fluid, issuing at the extremities of the Poles, by means of which, heat and light are diffused; without which, the intensity of cold would render a vast extent of the tropics uninhabitable. It is considered a volcanic fluid, from the fact that balls of fluid are seen, by the inhabitants of the tropics, to fall from amidst the luminous rays, which unquestionably proceed through avenues in the land. To persons residing nearest these rays of light, they at first sight appear like volumes of fluid, overlaying one another, bursting forth from a body of fire.