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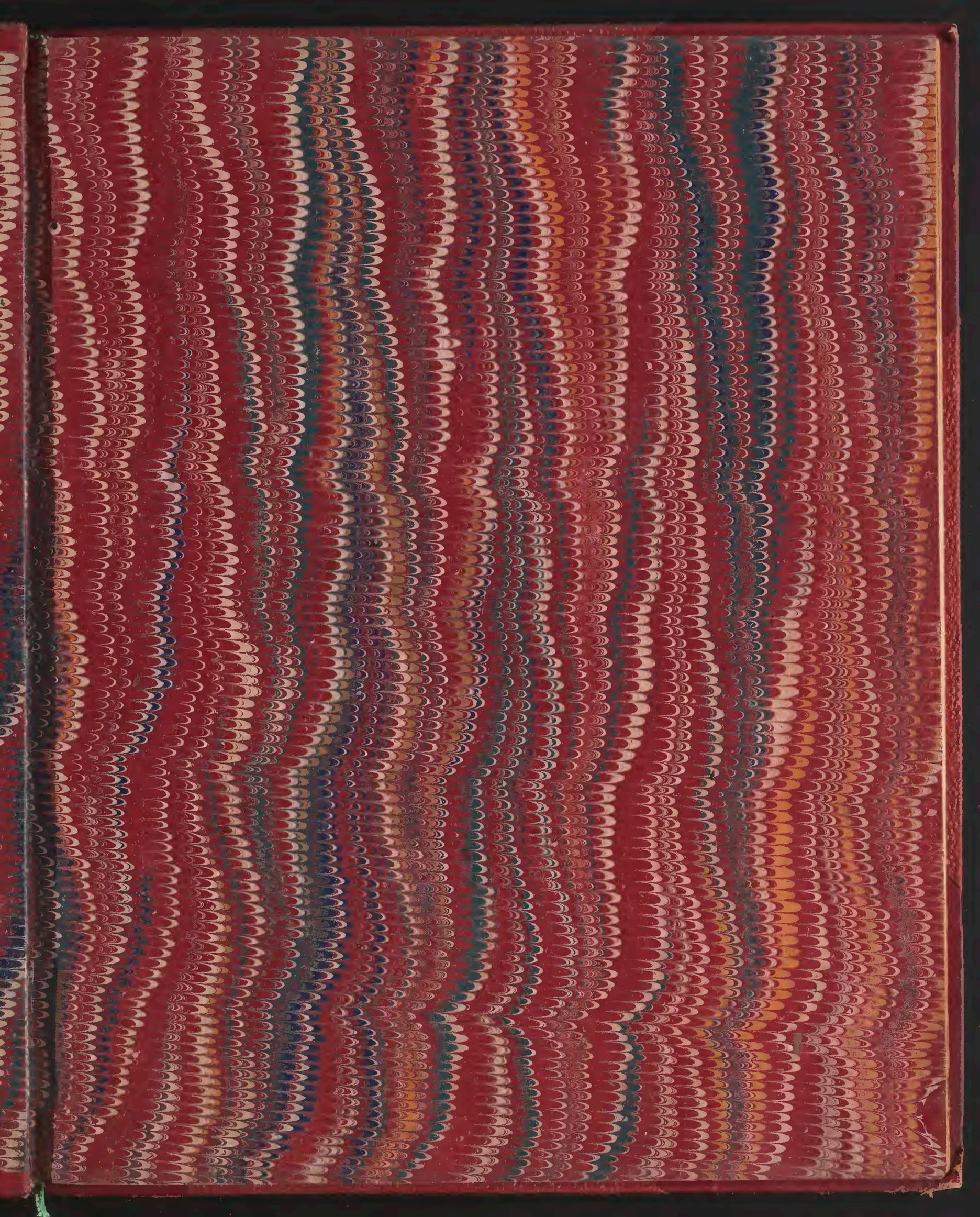


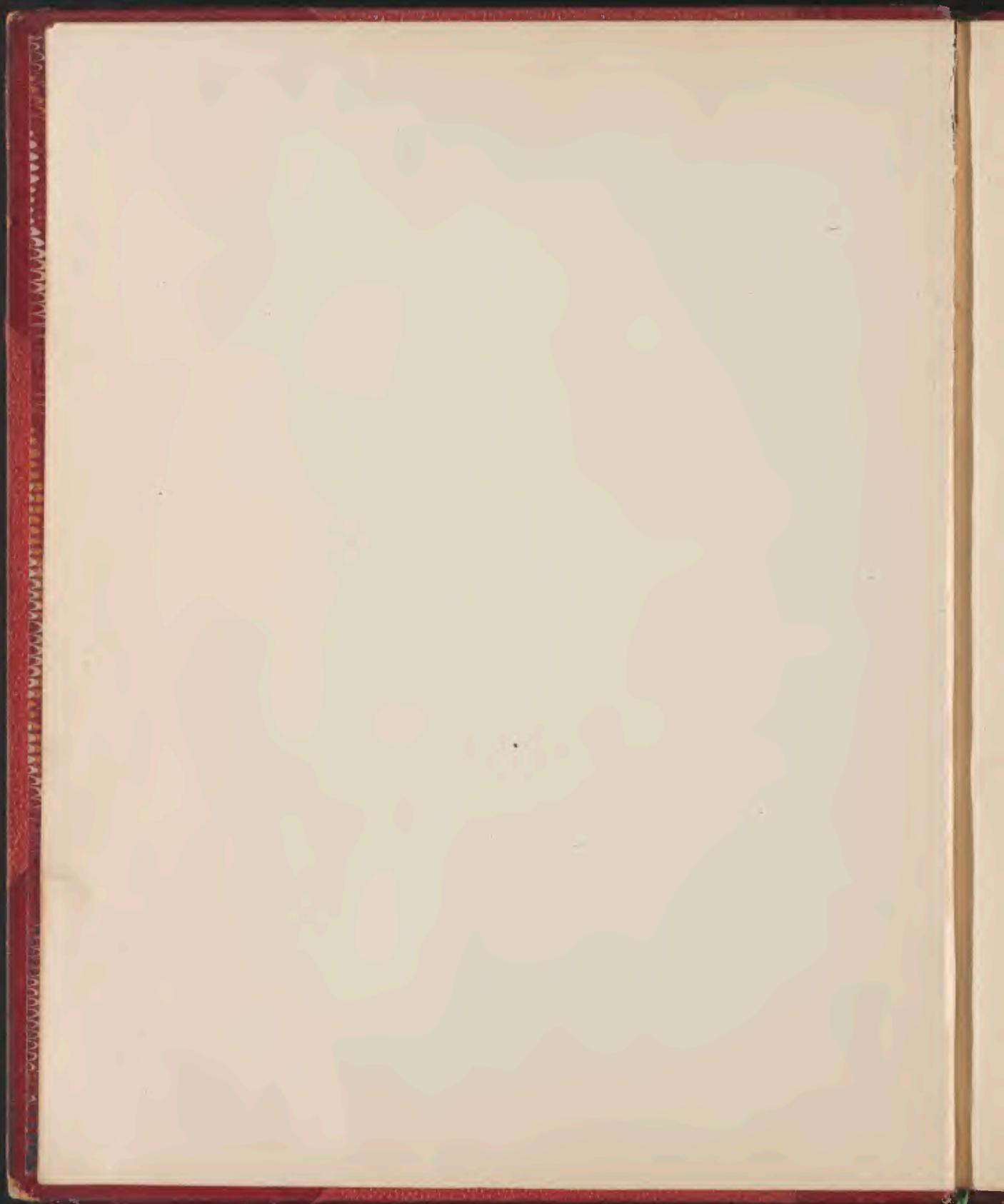
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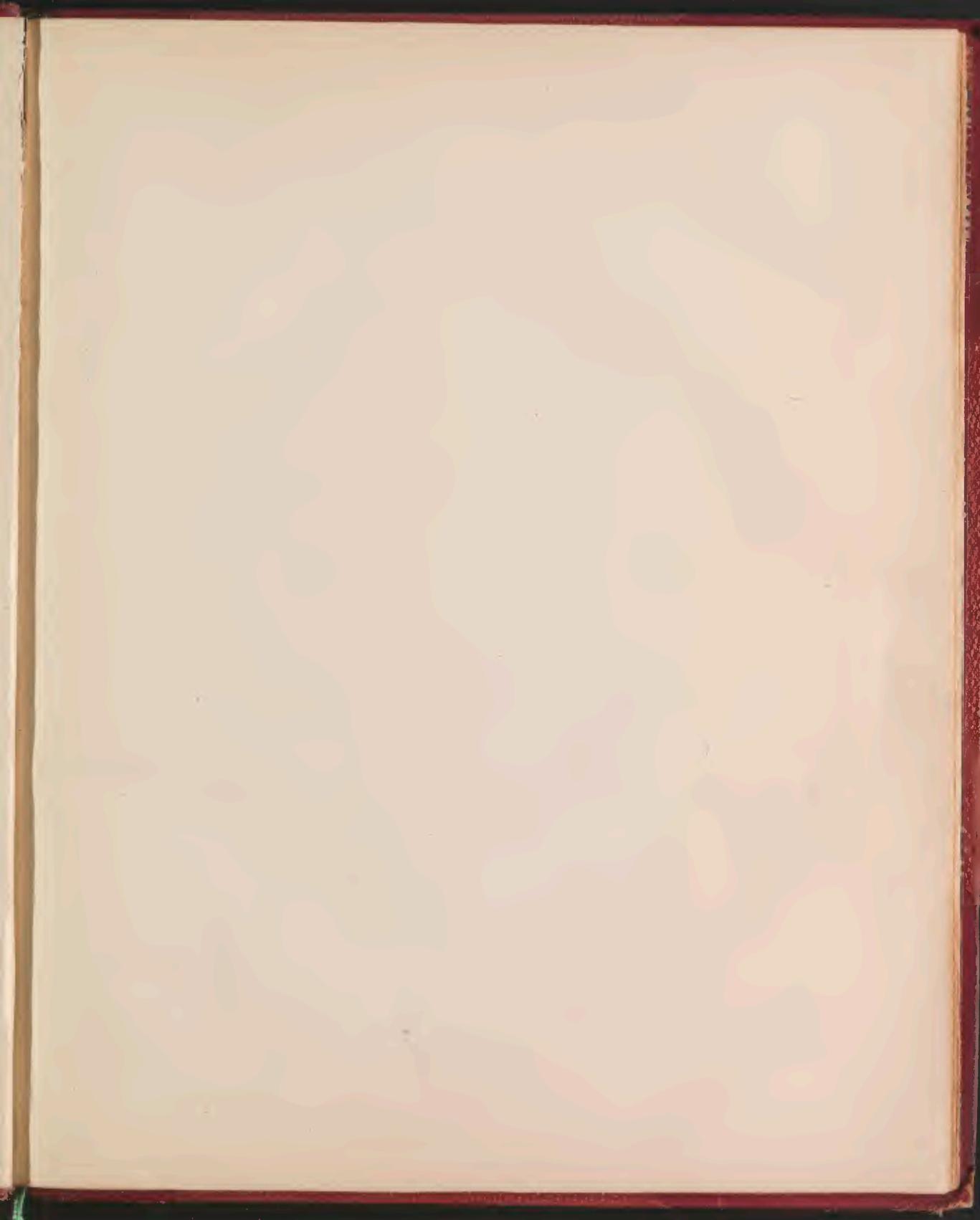
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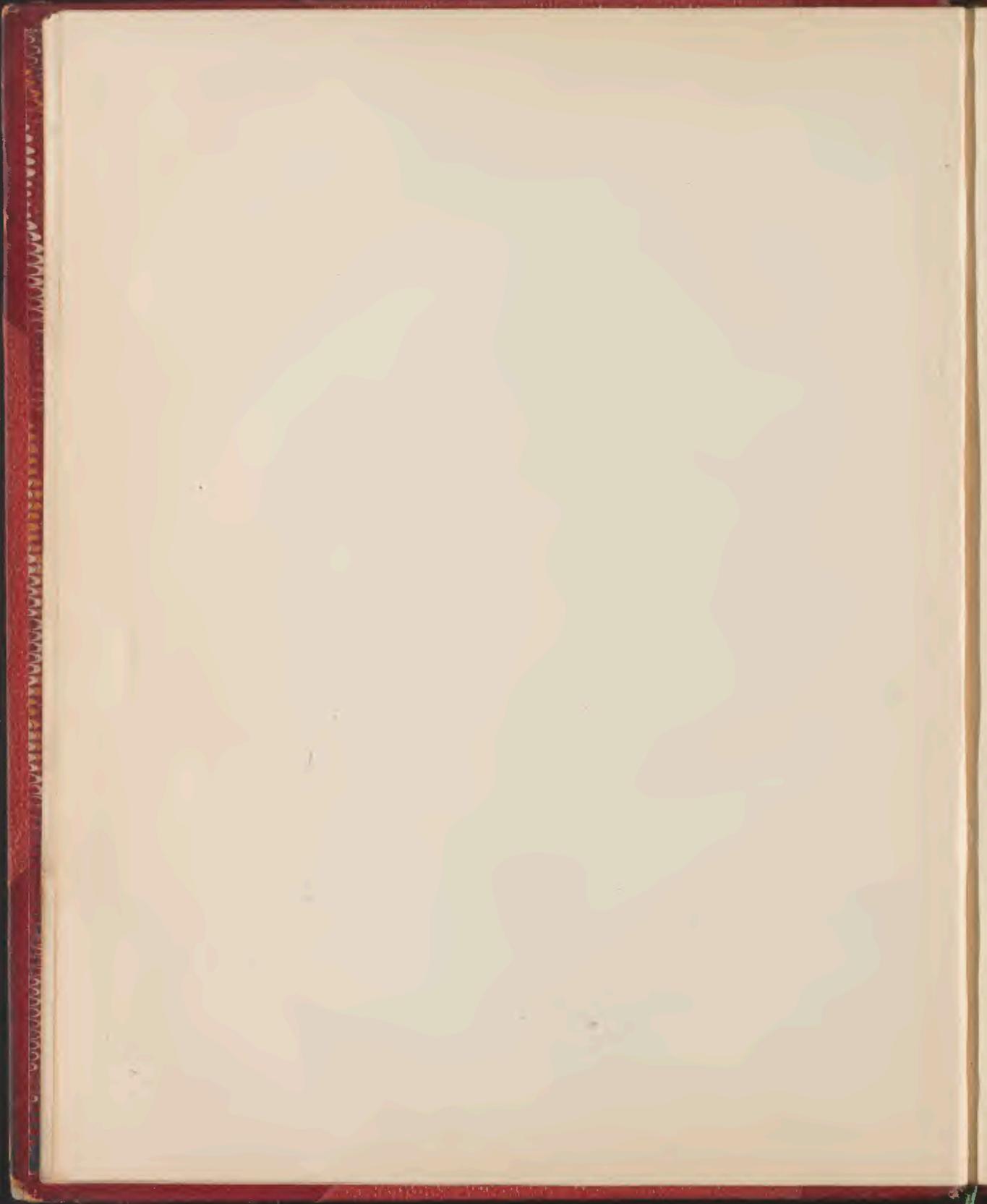
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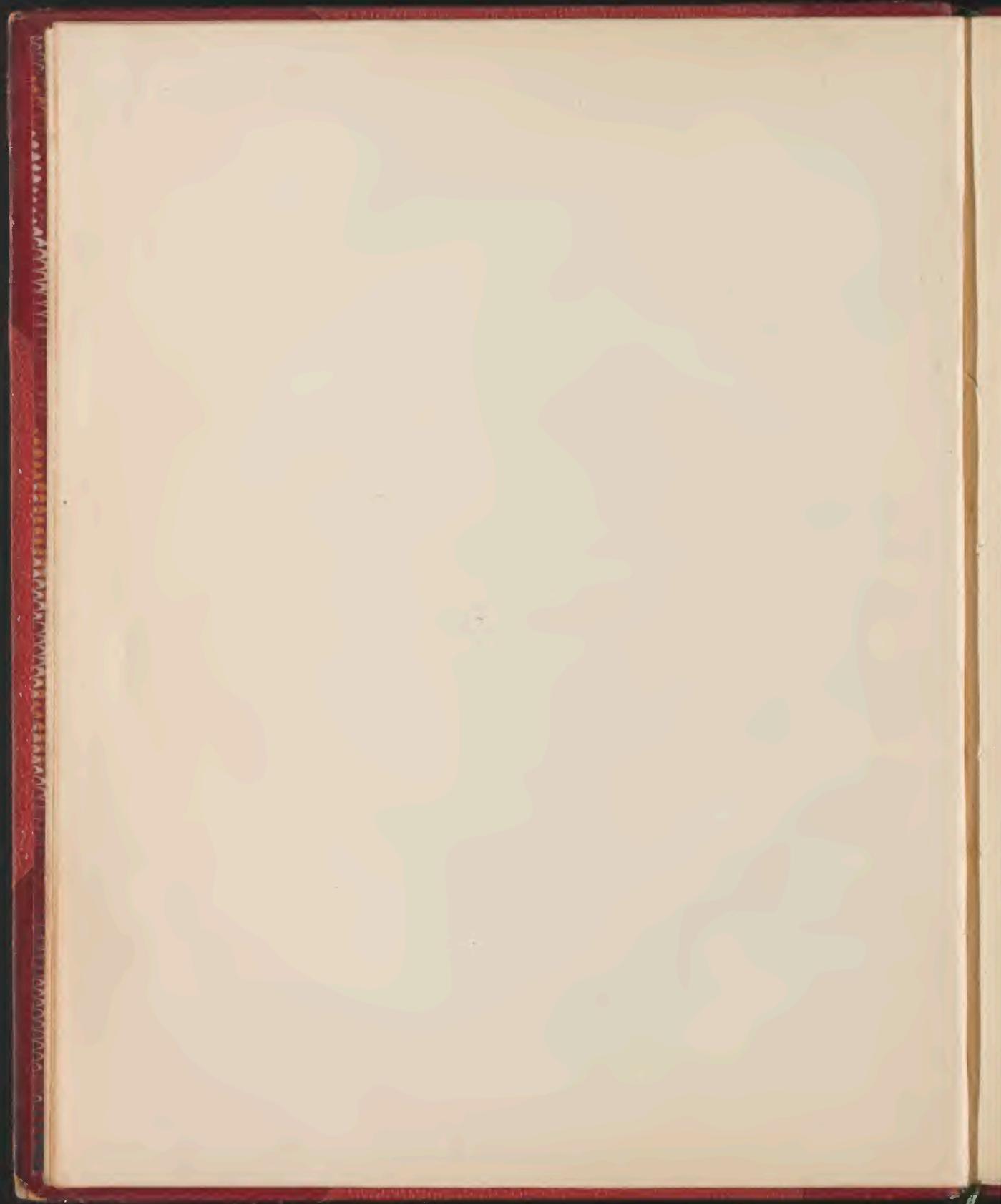












NARRATIVE
OF THE
PIRACY AND PLUNDER
OF THE
SHIP FRIENDSHIP, OF SALEM,
ON THE
WEST COAST OF SUMATRA,
IN FEBRUARY, 1831;

AND THE MASSACRE OF PART OF HER CREW; ALSO, HER RE-
CAPTURE OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE MALAY PIRATES.

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BY CHARLES M. ENDICOTT.



[FROM THE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.]

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NARRATIVE.

Before proceeding with the narrative, I will say a few words upon the character of the natives of this coast; the impression having gone abroad, and has even been stated in our pulpits and elsewhere, that the wrongs they have experienced at our hands have led to their bad faith and perfidy; and that *we, Americans*, are, after all, responsible for it. That this is a base calumny and has no foundation in truth, we shall first endeavor to show.

*[It may be proper perhaps to state in the outset, that the whole of the pepper coast is inhabited by emigrants from Acheen, the residence of the king, and the capital of his dominions; and although they are generally spoken of by us as Malays, are nevertheless a distinct race from them, speaking an unwritten language wholly unlike the Malay tongue, and differing from them in everything but their religion. The Acheenise have an imperfect and vague tradition, which savors more of fable than reality, that they are the descendants of a people, who, at a very remote period, emigrated from the Mediterranean, or, as they express it, from "Roma," (by which is meant, no doubt, a colony of Phenicians,) who, in the course of their extensive maritime enterprises, visited the northern part of this island by way of the Red Sea, and formed a settlement at Acheen, where intermarrying with the natives their posterity have ever since resided.

The coast from Acheen southward was originally peopled by Malays, but wherever the

Acheenise have made settlements the aborigines have invariably been exterminated, either by secret assassination or poison: and by such and kindred foul practices they have possessed themselves of the whole of the pepper coast, and scarcely a real native Malay is now met with. All writers, for centuries past, have agreed in representing these people as the most subtle, crafty and treacherous of all the nations of the East. Our dealings with them *generally* (I will not say *always*—for bad and unprincipled men are *sometimes* found engaged in all trades,) but *generally* our dealings with them are such as of necessity they must be with a people from whom we can never obtain redress for any bad faith or dishonesty; who acknowledge no laws, have no tribunals of justice to which we can appeal for broken faith or violated contracts, and hold themselves bound by no ties of integrity or honor; for it would be as difficult to carry out equitably any compact made with them, if it should conflict with their interests, as it would be vain to expect mercy from the ferocious tenants of their forests. That they have at times been over-reached at their own play in their attempts to defraud and impose upon us, and that the measure they mete unto others has been measured to them again, will not be denied; and that our interests have also frequently suffered severely by their fraudulent practices, is equally certain. If we were not always on the alert to detect and counter-balance their frauds, and sometimes even to *anticipate them*, we should be obliged to abandon the trade altogether. But the *Munchausen* stories which are sometimes bandied about, are often without any foundation in truth, and

*The matter contained between these brackets was published in the Boston Courier by the author of this account, in the summer of 1852.

are not unfrequently the offspring of the brain of individuals, who hope to gain in this way a character for great shrewdness in their dealings. But these trials at circunvention, in which they as often gain the advantage as lose it, do not certainly justify the piracy and murder of our countrymen trading upon their shores.

So far from becoming corrupt, perfidious and treacherous, by our intercourse with them, it will be found, by a little research, that these attributes in their characters existed, in as eminent a degree, upwards of two centuries ago, as at present; and setting aside the insignificance into which the king's power has dwindled, the accounts of them then would answer as well as any description which could now be given. In Mavor's historical account of early voyages, is one of Commodore Bieulieu's to the East Indies in 1619—22, undertaken for commercial purposes, under the auspices of the French government. Mons. Bieulieu is represented as an officer of distinguished character, both for the integrity of his conduct and the extent of his abilities.—The account he has given of his enterprise is universally admired, for candid statement, and easy, unaffected detail. He left France October 2, 1619, with three vessels under his command, and in the course of his voyage visited Acheen, to obtain the king's permission to traffic within his dominions. He describes his reception by the king, and the pomp and magnificence of his court at that time, and also details several instances of his majesty's savage cruelty in mutilating his subjects upon the most trifling pretext, to which he was a painful eye-witness. Finally, after a long negotiation, and submitting to much extortion, he succeeded in obtaining the desired permission, and, in his first attempts to avail himself of it, he gives the following account:

“The avarice of this monarch was not less detestable than his cruelty. No representations or presents could get the better of it. Notwithstanding I had procured a license to pur-

chase pepper of his subjects, the first person who sold me any was laid in irons. At last I found it impossible to procure a grain, unless I consented to take it of him at his own price; and after I had agreed for three hundred bahars at nearly double its value, to my astonishment, I found he exacted seven per cent, by way of custom, for the very pepper I had purchased of himself. I afterwards contracted with a person who was distinguished for his knowledge of the laws of Mahomet, and even passed for a prophet himself, but finding some *black sand* among his pepper, I remonstrated. At last I found he weighed out the commodity *wet*, and although a complaint to the king might have procured me revenge, I chose rather to *submit to the loss* than enter into a *dispute* with this sanctified personage. *Wearied out at length with the impositions of the tyrant, and disgusted with the chicanery of his subjects*, I resolved to depart.” This author also adds, “The inhabitants of Acheen are the most vicious of any on the coast. They are proud, perfidious and envious. With an outward show of being strict Mahometans, they are the most consummate hypocrites. If they only suspect that any one bears them any ill will, they endeavor to ruin him by false accusations.” Commodore Bieulieu's account is corroborated by all the early English navigators, who visited Acheen under the direction of the East India Company, immediately after its first charter by Queen Elizabeth in 1600. The character of these people, since that period, has undergone no radical or material change; it is essentially the same in all respects, now as then. We omitted to remark that Commodore Bieulieu had one of the vessels under his command burnt by the natives, and all the plunder detained by the king. We think no candid, liberal and unprejudiced mind will seek far, or look deep, for motives to stimulate such a mercenary people to acts of violence on our ships whenever opportunities offer; and that no other incentives are needed than such as are found

inherent in their own breasts, that is, a love of plunder, to deeds of crime and outrage.]

This, let it be borne in mind, was their character in the year 1620, the very year of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, at Plymouth. One can therefore appreciate how far *we, Americans*, who had then no existence as a nation, and who had no intercourse with these people for 170 years after this period, are responsible for these traits of character, and how far *we* therefore have corrupted their integrity. Having now finished our preface, we will commence our narrative.

And here we would remark, in compiling this account, we have met with a serious obstacle, which has baffled all our skill to overcome—that is, how to avoid the too frequent and objectionable use of the little personal pronoun I, which must strike every reader of the narrative, in common with myself. We trust, however, the peculiar circumstances of the case will be considered and appreciated, and *that* charity extended to me which the subject seems imperatively to demand.

The ship *Friendship*, of this place, under my command, belonging to the Messrs. Pickman and Silsbees, sailed from Salem for the west coast of Sumatra, with a crew of seventeen men, including officers and seamen, on the 26th of May, 1830. The persons composing the ship's company, were as follows: Charles M. Endicott, Master; Charles Knight, 1st Mate; John Barry, 2d Mate; William Bray, Carpenter; George Chester, Algornon Warren, John Davis, John Massey, George Collins, William Parnell, Gregorie Pedechie, Charles Converse, Philip Manning, John Patterson and John Byrne, Seamen; William Francis, Steward; George Migill, Cook; and after the usual succession of fair winds and foul, calms and storms, arrived safely at her place of destination on the 22d September following. We touched first at the port of Qualah Battoo, (i. e., in English, Rocky River,) in Lat. 3° 48m North. This place is inhabited by natives from the Pedir Coast, on the north

of the island, as well as Acheenise, and is therefore governed jointly by a Pedir and Acheenise Rajah. We remained here for the purposes of trade, until the 5th of November following, at which time, having obtained all the pepper of the old crop, and the new pepper not coming in until March or April, we left that port, and in prosecution of our voyage visited several others, and finally returned to Pulo Kio, (i. e., in English, Wood Island,) about two miles from Qualah Battoo, the latter part of January, 1831, intending to remain there until the coming in of the pepper crop.

One bright moonlight night, shortly after our arrival at this place, I was awakened by the watch informing me that a native boat was approaching the ship in a very stealthy manner, and under suspicious circumstances. I immediately repaired on deck, and saw the boat directly in our wake under the stern, the most obvious way to conceal herself from our observation, and gradually approaching us with the utmost caution, without the least noise or apparent propelling power, the oars being struck so lightly in the water that its surface was scarcely ruffled. Having watched their proceedings a few minutes, we became convinced it was a reconnoitering party, sent to ascertain how good a look-out was kept on board the ship, and intending to surprise us for no good purpose, to say the least, if they were not discovered. We therefore hailed them in their own dialect, asking them where they came from, what they wanted, and why they were approaching the ship in such a stealthy, tiger-like manner. We could see that all was instantly life and animation on board her, and after a few moments we received an answer that they were friends from Qualah Battoo, with a load of smuggled pepper, which they were desirous to dispose of to us. We however, positively forbade them to advance any nearer the ship, or to come along side; but, after considerable discussion, we at length gave our consent for them to come *abreast* the

ship at a respectful distance, and we would send some of our own men on board to ascertain if their story was correct; and if there was nothing suspicious about her, on their giving up their side arms we would rig a whip upon the main yard, and in this way take on board their pepper, and allow one man to come on board ship to look after it. All our own crew had, in the mean time, been mustered and armed, and a portion of them placed as sentinels on each side the gangway. In this manner we passed on board some 50 or 60 bags of pepper. We were afterwards informed by the 2d officer, that while this was going forward, the chief officer, who subsequently lost his life, was secretly scoffing at these precautions, attributing them to cowardice, and boasting he could clear the decks of a hundred such fellows with a single hand-spike. This boat, we subsequently ascertained, was sent by a young man named Po Qualah, the son of the Pedir Rajah, for the express purpose which we had suspected; the pepper having been put on board merely as an excuse in case they should be discovered. It was only a sort of parachute, let off to see from what quarter the wind blew, as a guide in their future evil designs upon us. Ascertaining, however, by this artifice, that the ship was too vigilantly guarded, at least, in the night, to be thus surprised, they set themselves at work to devise another plan to decoy us to Qualah Battoo, in which, I am sorry to say, they were more successful.

A few days after this occurrence, a deputation was sent to invite us to Qualah Battoo, representing that the new crop of pepper was beginning to make its appearance, and they could now furnish us with from one to two hundred bags per day, and would no doubt be enabled to complete loading the ship in the course of forty days. Being in pursuit of a cargo, and having been always on friendly terms with the natives of this place, who I did not consider worse than those of other parts of the coast, and feeling beside some se-

curity from the fact that we had already been warned by some of our old friends not to place too much confidence in any of them, all of whom, in consequence of the low price of pepper, and from various other causes, were actually contemplating piracy along the whole coast, whenever a good opportunity should offer, we considered, with a suitable degree of caution, the danger was but trifling, and therefore concluded a contract with them, and proceeded at once with the ship to Qualah Battoo. Strict regulations were then established for the security and protection of the ship. Two of the most important were, that, in the absence of the captain, not more than two Malays were to be permitted on board at the same time; and no boats should be allowed to approach her in the night time upon any pretence whatever, without calling an officer.—Then mustering all hands upon the quarter deck, I made a few remarks, acquainting them with my apprehensions, and impressing on their minds the importance of a good look-out, particularly in the night, and expressed my firm conviction that vigilance alone would prevent the surprise and capture of the ship, and the sacrifice of all our lives; that the words of Po Adam, which they had so often heard him utter, "*must look sharp.*" had no idle meaning. Having thus done all we could to guard against surprise, and put the ship in as good a state of defence as under the circumstances was possible; keeping her entire armament in good and efficient order, and firing every night an eight o'clock gun, to apprise the natives that we were not sleeping upon our posts, we commenced taking in pepper, and so continued for three or four days, the Malays appearing very friendly, and everything went on satisfactorily.

On Monday, February 7, 1831, early in the morning, while we were at breakfast, my old and tried friend, Po Adam, a native well-known to traders on this coast, came on board in a small canoe from his residence at Pulo Kio, in order to proceed on shore in the ship's

boat, which shortly after started with the 2d officer, four seamen and myself. On our way Po Adam expressed much anxiety for the safety of the ship, and also an entire want of confidence in Mr. Knight, the first officer, which, however, I then considered unfounded, remarking in his broken English, "*he no look sharp, no understand Malay-man.*" On being asked if he really believed his countrymen would dare to attack the ship, he replied in the affirmative. I then observed to the 2d officer, it certainly behooved us, the boat's crew, who were more exposed than any of the ship's company, to be on our guard against surprise, and proposed when we next came on shore, to come prepared to defend ourselves; but did not think the danger sufficiently imminent to return to the ship for that purpose at the present moment. When we reached the landing we were kindly received, as usual,—a man who was a stranger to me, of rather prepossessing appearance, pretended to be very much pleased with my knowledge of the language, for which he was profuse in his compliments, and, to hear me speak it, followed close upon my footsteps through the bazars, and was very assiduous in his attentions.—Such circumstances being, however, of almost daily occurrence, there was nothing particular in this to excite suspicions of any evil intent, and we were soon upon easy and familiar terms. The natives were bringing in pepper very slowly; only now and then a single Malay would make his appearance with a bag upon his head, and it was not until nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon that sufficient was collected to commence weighing; and between 3 and 4 o'clock the first boat started from the shore. The natives were, however, still bringing in pepper, with a promise of another boat-load during the day. This was, however, a mere subterfuge to keep us on shore. As the boat was passing out of the river, I noticed her stop upon one of the points, and believing it the object of her crew to steal pepper, and secrete it among the neighboring high grass, two men were sent down to look after them. They

soon returned, remarking there appeared to be nothing wrong. The ship lay about three-fourths of a mile from the shore, and between the scale-house and the beach there was a piece of rising ground, so that standing at the scales we could just see the ship's topgallant yards. I had observed a vessel in the offing in the course of the day, apparently approaching this place or Soosoo, and, being at leisure, walked up towards the beach to ascertain if she had hoisted any national colours. The instant I had proceeded far enough to see our ship's hull, I observed the pepper-boat, which was at this time within two or three hundred feet of her, as she rose on the top of the swell, appeared to have a large number of men in her. My suspicions were instantly aroused that there was something wrong, and I returned to inquire into the circumstance of the men who were sent down to the mouth of the river. I was then informed, for the first time, as they approached the boat 6 or 7 Malays jumped up from the high grass and rushed on board her; and as she passed out of the river, they saw her take in from a ferry boat, that was passing, about the same number; but as they all appeared to be "*youngsters,*" to use their own expression, they did not think the circumstance of sufficient importance to mention it. They were reprimanded for such an omission of duty, accompanied with the remark, "*your youngsters, as you call them, will, I suspect, be found old enough in iniquity, at least, to capture the ship, if once admitted upon her decks.*" The words of Po Adam, that morning, that "*Mr. Knight no look sharp, no understand Malay-man,*" now struck me with their full force and a fearful foreboding, and I appealed to Mr. Barry, the 2d officer, for his opinion as to what would be Mr. Knight's probable course, remarking "*he certainly will not disobey his orders.*" Mr. Barry, however, expressed his fears as to the result, remarking he knew so well the contempt which Mr. Knight entertained for these people, "*that he will probably conclude your pre-*

cautions to be altogether unnecessary, and that he can allow them to come on board with impunity, without your ever knowing anything of the circumstance, and no harm will come of it." This view of the case certainly did not have the effect, in any degree, to allay my anxiety, and I observed, "if your predictions prove correct, the ship is taken;" but concluding it to be altogether too late for us on shore to render any assistance to the ship, and still clinging to the hope that Mr. Knight would, after all, be faithful to his trust, Mr. Barry and two men were directed to walk up towards the beach without any apparent concern, and watch the movements on board. I should have remarked, on my own way up to the beach, just before, I passed near a tree, under the shade of which a group of 10 or 12 natives were apparently holding a consultation, and, as I approached, all conversation ceased. The object of this meeting, as I was afterwards informed, was to consider whether it would be better to kill us *before* attempting to take the ship, or *afterward*; and the conclusion arrived at was to be sure of the ship *first*, the killing of us appearing to them as easy, to use their own simile, as cutting off the heads of so many fowls: the manner *how* had already been decided, the time *when* was all there was to be considered,—a native having been already appointed, and the price fixed for the assassination of each of the boat's crew. The price set upon my life was 1000 dollars, for the 2d officer's, 500 dollars, and for each of the seamen 100 dollars. It was the business of my officious friend, whom I met that morning on landing, to bestow that delicate little piece of attention upon me.

As soon as Mr. Barry had reached an elevation where he could fairly see the ship's hull, I noticed a quick convulsive movement of his limbs, and that he turned short round, and walked, without hastening his steps, directly towards me:—passing me, however, without discovering any emotion, our eyes not being even directed towards each other, and said,

"there is trouble on board, Sir,"—to the question "What did you see?" he replied, "Men jumping overboard." Convinced at once, of our own perilous situation, and that our escape depended on extremely cautious and judicious management, I answered "We must show no alarm, but muster the men, and order them immediately into the boat." At this moment we did not know, of course, whether it was the natives or our own crew who were jumping overboard, there was nothing certain further than that the ship was undoubtedly attacked, and we on shore must look out for our lives.—The men got into the boat in their usual deliberate manner, and winded her head round towards the mouth of the river, when Philip Manning, one of the crew, who had yet no suspicion of what was going on, reminded me I had not locked the chest containing the weights. And here I ought, perhaps, to remark that in this trade the weights are as much a matter of contract and bargain as the price of pepper, and for the better satisfaction of both parties I had recently adopted the plan of locking up the weights over night in a chest kept on shore for that purpose. This was in the first place to prevent the Malays taking out the lead, and in the next, convincing them that we did not violate our part of the contract by putting any secretly in. Such is the mutual want of confidence manifested in our dealings with each other on this coast.

Everything being now in readiness, we pushed off from the shore, the Malays having no suspicion of our design, believing we intended to remain for the other boat load of pepper, and thinking it to be our intention, by our apparently unconcerned manner, to cross the river for a stroll in the opposite Bazar, as was our frequent custom. The moment the boat's stern had left the bank of the river, Po Adam sprang into her in a great state of excitement, to whom I exclaimed, "What! do you come too, Adam?"—he answered "You got trouble, captain, if they kill you, must kill Po Adam first." He suggested we should immediately steer the

boat as far as possible from the western bank of the river, which was here not more than one hundred feet wide, when I remarked to the boat's crew, "now spring to your oars my lads for your lives, or we are all dead men." Adam exhibited the utmost alarm and consternation, encouraging my men to exert themselves, and talking English and Acheenise both in the same breath,—now exclaiming in Acheenise, *di-yoong di yoong hi!* and then exhorting them to "pull, pull trong!" The men worked with a will at their oars, and what with their efforts and the assistance of a favourable current, we made rapid progress out of the river. As we doubled one of the points we saw hundreds of natives rushing with wild impetuosity towards the river's mouth, brandishing their weapons, and otherwise menacing us.—Adam upon seeing this was struck with dismay, and exclaimed "if got blunderbuss will kill all,"—but luckily they were not provided with that weapon, and we therefore escaped its dangers. A ferry-boat was next discovered with ten or twelve Malays in her, armed with long spears, evidently waiting to intercept us. I ordered Mr. Barry into the bows of the boat, and with Adam's sword to make demonstrations of being armed, and also to *cut* the boat in such a manner as to run down the ferry boat, which I concluded was our only chance to escape. Our own boat being a pinnace of some twenty-five feet in length, high out of water, and the ferry boat a long low canoe, the thing appeared quite feasible. With headlong impetuosity we were rushing towards our antagonist, nerved with the feeling of desperation. The distance between us was rapidly diminishing. With profound stillness and breathless anxiety we awaited the moment of collision, like a fated boat over the cataract of Niagara, with scarcely one chance in a thousand to escape death. The points of their pikes could be plainly seen. Already I observed Mr. Barry with his sword elevated, as if in the act of striking. But when we had approached within some twenty feet, her crew all at once, as if by the direct interposition of Providence, ap-

peared completely panic struck, and made an effort to get out of our way. It was, however, a close shave.—so close that one of their spears was actually over the stern of our boat, which with my hand, as we passed, I pushed aside. It was long before the countenances of those men, as they sat resting on their spears, faded from my recollection, so indelibly were they engraven on my memory. They often visited me in my dreams, and disturbed even my waking hours. We are not at all inclined to a belief in special providences, but this incident to my mind is as remarkable as the cessation of surf, related by Riley, which enabled him to escape from the shore out of the hands of the Arabs on the West Coast of Africa.—The Malays on the last point of the river as we passed, appeared perfectly frantic at our escape, and ran into the water up to their arm-pits, in their endeavors to intercept us, waving their swords above their heads, and shouting at the tops of their voices. Having now run the gauntlet, all danger for the present was passed, and during the breathing spell which it allowed us, we quietly proceeded the remainder of the distance out of the river without any further incident or molestation. We had now time calmly to contemplate the scene through which we had just passed, with hearts, I trust, grateful to God for his kind protection and safe guidance in the midst of its perils.—This was the part of their plan, otherwise well conceived, which was defective,—they had taken no measures to prevent our escape from the shore, not believing for a moment that our lives were not at their disposal, unprotected and defenceless as they saw us.

The whole scene would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil of the artist,—the fragile boat running the gauntlet, and forcing her way through the narrow passage out of the river—maugre the efforts of hundreds of Malays who are endeavoring to intercept her; the neighboring bazar and the points of the river crowded with natives, many of whom are actually in the water up to their arm-pits, while others are running to and fro, and all in a state of

the greatest excitement, vociferating to the extent of their voices. The doomed ship lay tranquilly in the roads, with sails furled, and a pepper boat alongside, with a multitude of natives in every part of her, and none of her own crew visible, with the exception of a man on the top gallant yard, and some 10 or 12 heads just even with the surface of the water. High mountains in the back ground densely clothed with wood, and a long range of low thatched houses, with here and there a few cocoa nut trees surrounding them, and a sandy beach of miles in extent, on which the surf is beating most furiously. Its well drawn sketch could not fail to gratify the lovers of marvellous and thrilling adventures.

Having thus cleared the river, which was like passing the limits of the valley of the shadow of death, our first attention was directed to the the ship, and judge of our feelings when, after a moment's observation, we were convinced she was captured. None of our crew, except one man aloft on the fore top gallant yard, could anywhere be seen, and the pirates were conspicuous in every part of her, waving their cloths, and making evident signals of success to the natives on shore. Without consideration my first impulse was to propose boarding her, and was very properly reminded that if the ship with her full armament had been taken with so many of her crew on board, we could do comparatively nothing in our unarmed state, towards her recapture; and the idea was as soon abandoned as entertained,—if, indeed, it was ever seriously entertained at all.

We however continued to row up towards the ship until we could see the Malays pointing her muskets at us from the quarter deck, and that they appeared also to be clearing away the stern chasers, which we knew to be loaded to their muzzles with grape and langrage, which would be exceedingly unwelcome visitors in our defenceless situation to encounter. At this moment, three large Malay boats crowded with men, were seen coming out of the river, and to pull directly towards us. While debating what to do, and whether it would not be best to pro-

ceed at once to Muckie for assistance, which was some 25 miles distant, where we knew two or three American vessels were laying, heavy clouds commenced rolling down over the mountains, and the rumbling of distant thunder, and sharp flashes of lightning, gave sure indications that the land wind would be accompanied with deluges of rain, rendering the night, at least the first part of it, one of Egyptian darkness, in which it would be almost impossible to grope our way safely along shore towards that place. Under these discouraging prospects, Po Adam advised us to proceed to Pulo Kio, and take shelter in his fort. Submitting ourselves almost wholly to his guidance, we at once pulled away for that place, but before we reached it his heart failed him, and he represented his fort as not sufficiently strong to resist a vigorous assault, if one should be made, and would not therefore be responsible for our lives,—but suggested we should proceed to Soosoo, which being some two miles further remote from the scene of the late outrage, he concluded we might be safe. We accordingly proceeded for Soosoo river, which we had scarcely entered when Po Adam's confidence again forsook him, and he advised us not to land. We therefore only filled a keg with water from the river and came out over the bar, intending to make the best of our way to Muckie, having more confidence, after all, in the elements, than in the treacherous specimens of humanity with which we were then surrounded.

The night now came on dark and lowering, and just as we had left Soosoo river, the land wind, which had been some time retarded by a strong sea breeze, accompanied with heavy thunder and torrents of rain, overtook us, and came pelting down upon our unprotected heads. Sharp flashes of lightning occasionally shot across the gloom, which rendered the scene still more fearful. We double manned two of the oars with Mr. Barry and Po Adam, and I did the best I could to keep the boat's head down the coast, it being impossible to see any object on shore, or even to hear the surf, by which we could judge our distan-

from it. Having proceeded in this way until we began to think ourselves near North Tallapow, off which was a dangerous shoal, it became a matter of concern how we should keep clear of it. We frequently laid upon our oars and listened, to ascertain if we could hear it break, but the noise of the elements rendered it impossible. Directly we felt the boat lifted upon a high wave, which we knew immediately must be the roller upon this shoal, which passing, broke with a fearful crash some three or four hundred feet from us. It is almost unnecessary to say, had we been that distance nearer the shore, it would have been the last known of the Friendship's boat's crew, as the boat would undoubtedly have been dashed to pieces on the shoal, and all on board her must have perished. But through the kind protection of an all-merciful God, we were preserved from such a fate.

Having thus providentially passed this dangerous spot in safety, the weather began to clear a little, and here and there a star made its appearance, and looked compassionately down upon us. The off shore wind, too, became more steady and the rain ceased. To clear the boat of the quantity of water which had rained into her, now occupied our first attention, which, however, we found a slow and tedious process, as we had nothing larger than a tin pot to bail with. We also commenced ripping up some gunny bags which were left in the boat, and tying them together for a sail, under which we found the boat bounded along quite briskly; we therefore laid in our oars, all hands being now quite exhausted, and proceeded in this way the rest of the distance to Muckie, where we arrived at about 1 o'clock, A. M. We found here the ship James Monroe, Porter, of New York, brig Gov. Endicott, Jenks, of Salem, and brig Palmer, Powers, of Boston. On approaching the roads, we were first hailed from the Gov. Endicott, and to the question "What boat is that?" the response was, "the Friendship's, from Qualah Battoo," which answer was immediately followed with the question "Is that

you, Capt. Endicott?" "Yes," was the answer, "with all that are left of us." It was but the work of a moment to clamber up her sides on to her decks, where we were instantly surrounded with captain, officers and crew, all anxious to learn the particulars of our sad misfortune. We could tell them only of our own adventures; the circumstances of the capture of the ship, and the massacre of part of her crew, were to be hereafter revealed.

Having communicated with the other vessels, their commanders repaired on board the Gov. Endicott, when it was instantly concluded to proceed with their vessels to Qualah Battoo, and endeavor to recover the ship. These vessels were laying with most of their sails unbent, but their decks were quickly all life and animation, and the work of bending sails proceeded so rapidly that before 3 o'clock all the vessels were out of the roads and heading up the coast towards Qualah Battoo. Both the land and sea breeze were light throughout the day, and it was not until about the middle of the afternoon that we sighted the ship. Every arrangement was now made for her capture. It was our intention to throw as many of the crews of the Gov. Endicott and Palmer as could be prudently spared, on board the James Monroe, being the largest vessel, and proceed with her directly into the roads, and lay her alongside the Friendship, and carry her by boarding,—the other vessels following at a short distance. But as soon as we had completed all our arrangements, and while we were yet several miles outside the port, the sea breeze began to fail us, with indications that the land wind, like that of the day before, would be accompanied with heavy rain. We however stood on towards the place until the off shore wind and rain reached us, when all three vessels were obliged to anchor, and suspend further operations until the next morning. Before dark I had taken the bearings of the ship by compass, intending, if circumstances favored it, to propose a descent upon her during the night; but the heavy rain continued the most part of it, and we were baffled

in that design. The first indications of daylight found us upon the decks of the Monroe, watching for the ship, which, in the yet indistinct light, could not be discerned in the roads. The horizon in the offing was also searched unsuccessfully with our glasses; but as objects became more distinct we at last discovered her close in shore, far to the westward of her late anchorage, inside a large cluster of dangerous shoals, to which position, as it then appeared, the Malays must have removed her during the night. What I now most apprehended was that they had got her upon one of the reefs, and if so, her recapture would have been useless: but when the day had sufficiently advanced to enable us with our glasses to make a careful examination of her position, to our great relief we ascertained this was not the case. One thing was however, certain, we could not carry out our original design of running her alongside in her present situation; the navigation would be too dangerous for either of the ships, and must therefore be abandoned. At this moment we saw a Prou, or Malay trading craft, approaching the roads from the westward, with which I communicated, and of which I hired a canoe, and sent a messenger on shore to inform the Rajahs if they would give the ship up peaceably to us we would not molest them, otherwise we should fire both upon her and the town. This was considered the most advisable course; all the fleet being in pursuit of cargoes, some apprehensions began to be entertained lest hostilities should be the means of breaking up their voyages, or at least vitiating their insurance. After waiting considerable time for the return of the messenger, during which we could see boats passing close in shore from the ship loaded with plunder, we concluded this delay was only a subterfuge to gain farther time for that purpose, and we fired a gun across the bows of one of them, which arrested her progress. In a few minutes the canoe which we had sent on shore was seen putting off. The answer received, however, was one

of defiance,—“that they should not give her up so easily, but we might take her *if we could.*” All three vessels then opened their fires upon the town and ship, which was returned by the forts on shore, the Malays also firing our ship’s guns at us. The first shot from one of the forts passed between the masts of the Gov. Endicott, not 10 feet above the heads of the crew, and the second struck the water just under her counter. This vessel had been kedged in close to the shore within point blank shot of the fort, with springs upon her cable, determined on making every gun tell. The spirited manner in which their fire was returned soon silenced this fort, which mounted 6 six-pounders and several small brass pieces. It appeared afterward, by the testimony of one of my crew, who was confined here, that the firing was so effectual that it dismantled their guns and split the carriages. The other two forts, which were situated at a greater distance from the beach, continued firing, and no progress was made towards recapturing the ship, which, after all, was our only object. It was now between 3 and 4 o’clock; and the land wind began to make demonstrations of another rainy night, and it was certain if the Malays were allowed to hold possession of the ship much longer, they would either get her on shore, or burn her. We then held a council of war on board the Monroe, and concluded to board her with as large a force as we could carry in three boats; and that the command of the expedition should of course devolve upon me. Just at this juncture the ship ceased firing, and we observed a column of smoke rise from her decks abreast the mainmast, and that there appeared to be great confusion on board. We subsequently ascertained that they blew themselves up by setting fire to an open keg of powder, from which they were loading the guns, after having expended all the cartridges. Everything being in readiness for our expedition, we pushed off. The ship lay with her port side towards us, and, with the intention of

getting out of the range of her guns, pulled to the westward at an angle of some 33 deg., until we opened her starboard bow, when we bore up in three divisions for boarding, one at each gangway, and the other over the bows. We were now before the wind, and two oars in each boat were sufficient to propel them; the rest of the crew, armed to the teeth with muskets, cutlasses and pistols, sat quietly in their places, with their muskets pointed at the ship as the boats approached. The Malays now, for the first time, seemed to comprehend our design, and as we neared the ship, were struck with consternation, and commenced deserting her with all possible dispatch, and in the greatest confusion. The numerous boats of all descriptions, alongside, were immediately filled, and those who could find no other means of conveyance, jumped overboard and swam for the shore. The beach was consequently lined with boats, and the Malays took to the jungle with the greatest precipitation, so that when we reached the ship, there was, to all appearance, no one on board. Still fearing some treachery, we approached her with the same caution, and hoarded her, cutlass in hand, in the same order we should have done had we known her to be full of men.— Having reached her decks, and finding them deserted, before we laid aside our arms a strict search was instituted throughout the ship, with instructions to cut down any who should be found, and give no quarter. But she was completely forsaken,—not a soul on board. Her appearance, at the time we boarded her, defies description; suffice it to say, every part of her bore ample testimony of the scene of violence and destruction with which she had been visited. That many lives had been sacrificed, her blood-stained decks abundantly testified. We found her within pistol-shot of the beach, with most of her sails cut loose, and flying from the yards. Why they had not succeeded in their attempts to get her on shore, was soon apparent. A riding turn in the chain around the windlass, which they were not sailors enough to clear, had no doubt prevented it.

There had been evidently a fruitless attempt to cut it off. While we were clearing the chain, and preparing to kedge the ship off into the roads, the Malays, still bent upon annoying us, and unwilling to abandon their prize, were seen drawing a gun over the sandy beach upon a drag, directly under our stern, which, having fired, it jumped off the carriage and was abandoned. The rain, with the land wind, now set in again; it was, however, the work of but a short time to kedge the ship off into deep water, and anchor her in comparative security alongside the other ships in the roads.

The next morning a canoe was seen approaching the James Monroe, from Pulo Kio, with five or six men in her, whom we took, as a matter of course, to be natives; but we were soon hailed from that ship, and informed that four of the number were a part of our own crew. I proceeded immediately on board and found them to be Wm. Parnell, John Muzzey, Algernon Warren, seamen, and Wm. Bray, carpenter. Their haggard and squalid appearance bespoke what they had suffered. It would seem impossible that in the space of four days, men could, by any casualty, so entirely lose their identity. They bore no semblance to their former selves, and it was only by asking their names that I knew either of them. They were without clothing, other than loose pieces of cotton cloth thrown over their persons, their hair matted, their bodies crisped and burnt in large, running blisters, besides having been nearly devoured by musquitos, the poison of whose stings had left evident traces of its virulence; their flesh wasted away, and even the very tones of their voices were changed. It is no exaggeration to say their appearance forcibly reminded me of the print of Capt. Riley and his men, at their first interview with Mr. Willshire, under the palace walls, near Mogadore. The few pieces of cloth, which covered their nakedness, being all their flesh could bear, and these it was necessary first to oil, to enable them to do even that. They had been wandering about in the

jungle without food ever since the ship was taken, and the story of their sufferings was a painful one. Their account of the capture of the ship was as follows:—When the pepper-boat came alongside, it was observed by the crew that all on board her were strangers, and not one was recognized as having been off to the ship before. They were also better dressed than boatmen generally, all of them having on white or yellow jackets, and new ivory-handled creises. No notice appeared to be taken of these suspicious circumstances by the mate, and all except two men, who were left to pass up pepper, were admitted indiscriminately to come on board. One of the crew, named Wm. Parnell, who was stationed at the gangway to pass along pepper, made some remark, to call his attention to the number of natives on board, and was answered in a gruffly manner, and asked if he was afraid. No, replied the man, not afraid; but I know it to be contrary to the regulations of the ship. He was ordered, with an oath, to pass along pepper, and mind his own business. The natives were also seen by the crew sharpening their creises upon the grindstone, which stood upon the fore-castle, and a man named Chester, who was subsequently killed while starting pepper down the fore-hatch, asked them in pantomime, for he could not speak the language, what so many of them wanted on board, and was answered in the same way, that they came off to see the ship. He was heard by one of the crew to say, "we must look out you do not come for anything worse," at the same time drawing a handspike within his reach. The Malays had distributed themselves about the decks in the most advantageous manner for an attack, and at some preconcerted signal a simultaneous assault upon the crew was made in every part of the ship. Two Malays were seen by the steward to rush with their creises upon Mr. Knight, who was very badly stabbed in the back and side, the weapons appearing to be buried in his body, up to their very hilts.—Chester, at the fore hatch, notwithstanding his distrust and precaution, was killed out-

right, and supposed to have fallen into the hold. The steward, at the galley, was also badly wounded, and was only saved from death by the creis striking hard against a short rib, which took the force of the blow. Of the two men on the stage over the ship's side, one was killed, and the other so badly wounded as to be made a cripple for life. The chief officer was seen, after he was stabbed, to rush aft upon the starboard side of the quarter deck, and endeavor to get a boarding pike out of the becketts, abreast the mizzen rigging, where he was met by Parnell, to whom he exclaimed, "*do your duty*;" at the same instant two or three Malays rushed upon him, and he was afterwards seen lying dead near the same spot, with the boarding pike under him. On the instant the crew found the ship attacked; they attempted to get aft into the cabin for arms, but the Malays had placed a guard on each side of the companion-way, which prevented them; they then rushed forward for handspikes, and were again intercepted; and being completely bewildered, surprised and defenceless, and knowing that several of their shipmates had already been killed outright before their eyes, and others wounded, all who could swim plunged overboard, and the others took to the rigging, or crept over the bows out of sight. The decks were now cleared, and the pirates had full possession of the ship.

The men in the water then consulted together what they should do, concluding it certain death to return to the ship; and they determined it would be the safest to swim on shore, and secrete themselves in the jungle;—but as they approached it they observed the beach about Qualah Battoo lined with natives, and they proceeded more to the westward, and landed upon a point called Ouj'ong Lamah Moodah, nearly two miles distant from the ship. On their way they had divested themselves of every article of clothing, and they were entirely naked at the time they landed. As it was not yet dark, they sought safety and seclusion in the jungle, from whence they emerged as soon as they thought it safe, and

walked upon the beach in the direction of Cape Felix and Annalaboo, intending to make the best of their way to the latter place, with the hope of meeting there some American vessel, on board which they would find shelter and protection. At the approach of daylight they sought a hiding-place again in the bushes; but it afforded them only a partial protection from the scorching rays of the sun, from which, being entirely naked, they experienced the most dreadful effects. Hunger and thirst began also to make demands upon them; but no food could anywhere be found. They tried to eat grass, but their stomachs refused it. They found a few husks of the cocoanut, which they chewed, endeavoring to extract some nourishment from them, but in vain. They staid in their hiding-place the whole of this day, and saw Malays passing along the beach; but were afraid to discover themselves. At night they pursued their journey again, during which they passed several small streams, where they slaked their thirst, but obtained no food. About midnight they came to a very broad river, which they did not venture to cross. The current was very rapid, and they had no means of conveyance other than their own limbs, and having been 36 hours without food of any kind, they did not dare attempt it. This river I have always supposed to be Qualah Toepah, about midway between Cape Felix and Annalaboo. Here, then, they were put completely *hors de combat*; they found for want of food their energies were fast giving way, and still they believed their lives depended on not being discovered. I have since been struck with the remarks of Dr. Kane, on the effects of a want of food, which are so much like the account given by my men, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. "The first symptom," says he, does not show itself in hunger, but in a loss of power often so imperceptibly brought on that it becomes evident only by an accident,"—such, for instance, as the inability felt to cross this river. Since further progress towards Annalaboo appeared impossible, they resolved

to retrace their steps, endeavor to pass Qualah Battoo in the night, without being discovered, and reach the hospitable residence of Po Adam, at Pulo Kio. They accordingly took up their line of march towards that place, immediately, and reached, as they supposed, the neighborhood of Cape Felix by the morning, when they again retreated to the jungle, where they lay concealed another day, being Wednesday, the day of the recapture of the ship, but at too great distance to hear the firing. At night they again resumed their journey, and having reached the spot where the Malays landed in so much haste when they deserted the ship, they found the beach covered with canoes, a circumstance which aroused their suspicions, but for which they were at a loss to account. They now concluded each to take a canoe, as the most certain way of passing Qualah Battoo without discovery, and so proceeded to Pulo Kio. As they passed the roads, they heard one of the ship's bells strike the hour, and the well-known cry of "*All's well*," but fearing it was some decoy of the natives, they would not approach her, but proceeded on their way, and landed at Pulo Kio, secreting themselves once more in the jungle, near the residence of Po Adam, until the morning, when four naked and half-famished white men were seen to emerge from the bushes, and approach his fort with feeble steps, who, as soon as recognized, were welcomed by him with the strongest demonstrations of delight: slapping his hands, shouting at the top of his lungs, and in the exuberance of his joy committing all kinds of extravaganees. They now heard of the recapture of the ship, and the escape of the boat's crew on shore, which it had never occurred to them were not already numbered with the dead. They were clothed as we have described, and a breakfast of boiled rice prepared, being the first food that they had tasted for the period of 72 hours. Having refreshed themselves, they were conveyed by Adam and his men on board the James Munroc, in the pitiful condition of which we have before spoken.

In the course of the latter part of the same day, another canoe, with a white flag displayed, was observed approaching the fleet from the direction of Qualah Battoo, containing three or four Chinamen, who informed us that four of our men, two of whom were wounded, one very severely, were at their houses on shore, where their wounds had been dressed, and they had been otherwise cared for; and that we could ransom them of the Rajahs at ten dollars each. To this I readily agreed, and they were soon brought off to the ship in a sampan, and proved to be Charles Converse and Gregorie Pedechio, seamen, Lorenzo Migell, cook, and William Francis, steward. Converse was laid out at full length upon a board, as if dead,—evidently very badly wounded. The story of the poor fellow was a sad one. He, with John Davis, being the two tallest men in the ship, were on the stage over the side when she was attacked. Their first impulse was, to gain the ship's decks, but were defeated in this design by the pirates, who stood guard over the gangway, and making repeated thrusts at them. They then made a desperate attempt to pass over the pepper-boat, and thus gain the water, in doing which they were both most severely wounded. Having reached the water, Converse swam round to the ship's bows, and grasped the chain, to which he elung as well as he was able, being badly crippled in one of his hands, with other severe wounds in various parts of his body. When it became dark, he crawled up over the bows as well as his exhausted strength from the loss of blood would permit, and crept to the foot of the fore-castle stairs, where he supposed he must have fainted, and fell prostrate upon the floor without the power of moving himself one inch further. The Malays believing him dead, took no heed of him, but travelled up and down over his body the whole night. Upon attempting to pass over the boat, after being foiled in his endeavor to reach the ship's decks, a native made a pass at his head with his "*parrung*," a weapon

resembling most a butcher's cleaver, which he warded off by throwing up his naked arm, and the force of the blow fell upon the outer part of his hand, severing all the bones and sinews belonging to three of his fingers, and leaving untouched only the fore finger and thumb. Besides this he received a cross wound in the back, which must have penetrated to the stomach, from whence he bled from his mouth the most part of the night. He was likewise very badly wounded in the ham just below the groin, which came so nearly through the leg as to discolor the flesh upon the inside. Wonderful, however, to relate, notwithstanding the want of proper medical advice, and with nothing but the unskillful treatment of 3 or 4 ship masters, the thermometer ranging all the time, from 85 to 90 deg., this man recovered from his wounds, but in his crippled hand, he carried the marks of Malay perfidy to his watery grave, having been drowned at sea from on board of the brig Fair American, in the winter of 1833-4, which was, no doubt, occasioned by this wound, which unfitted him for holding on properly while aloft.

The fate of his companion Davis, was a tragical one. He could not swim, and after reaching the water was seen to struggle hard to gain the boat's tackle fall at the stern, to which he clung until the Malays dropped the pepper boat astern, when he was observed apparently imploring mercy at their hands, which the wretches did not heed, but butchered him upon the spot. Gregory was the man seen aloft when we had cleared the river, cutting strange antics which we did not at the time comprehend. By his account, when he reached the fore topgallant yard, the pirates commenced firing the ship's muskets at him, which he dodged by getting over the front side of the yard and sail and down upon the collar of the stay, and then reversing the movement. John Masury related that after being wounded in the side, he crept over the bows of the ship and down upon an anchor, where he was sometime employed in dodging the thrusts of

a boarding pike in the hands of a Malay, until the arrival of a reinforcement from the shore, when every one fearing lest he should not get his full share of plunder, ceased further to molest the wounded. The story of the steward has already been told.

The ship, the first night after her capture, according to the testimony of these men, was a perfect pandemonium, and a Babel of the most discordant sounds. The ceaseless moaning of the surf upon the adjacent shore, the heavy peals of thunder, and sharp flashings of lightning directly over their heads,—the sighing of the wind in wild discords through the rigging like the wailings of woe from the manes of their murdered shipmates; and all this intermingled with the more earthly sounds of the squealing of pigs, the screeching of fowls, the cackling of roosters, the unintelligible jargon of the natives, jangling and vociferating, with horrible laughter, shouts and yells, in every part of her, and in the boats alongside carrying off plunder; their black figures unexpectedly darting forth from every unseen quarter, as if rising up and again disappearing through the decks, and gambolling about in the dark, so like a saturnalia of demons, that it was easy to fancy the fumes of sulphur were actually invading their olfactories, and the whole scene more fully realized their ideas of the infernal regions, than any thing with which their imaginations could compare it. It is the general impression that Malays, being Mussulmen, have a holy horror of swine, as unclean animals; the very touch of which imposes many ablutions, and abstaining from food for several days together,—but, according to the testimony of my men, it was perfectly marvellous how they handled, that night, those on board our ship,—going into their pens, seizing, struggling, and actually *embracing* them, until they succeeded in throwing every one overboard.

The morning succeeding her capture, affairs on board appeared to be getting to be a little more settled, when several Chinamen came off and performed the part of good Samaritans,

in taking the wounded men on shore to their houses, and dressing their wounds with some simple remedies, which at least kept down inflammation. In doing this, however, they were obliged to barricade their dwellings, to guard them against the insulting annoyances of the natives.

Qualah Battoo bazar that day presented a ludicrous spectacle. Almost every Malay was decked out in a white, blue, red, checked, or striped shirt, or some other European article of dress or manufacture, stolen from the ship, not even excepting the woollen table cloth belonging to the cabin, which was seen displayed over the shoulders of a native,—all seemingly quite proud of their appearance, and strutting about with a solemn gravity and oriental self-complacency, that was perfectly ludicrous. Their novel and grotesque appearance could not fail to suggest the idea that a tribe of monkeys had made a descent upon some unfortunate clothing establishment, and each to have seized and carried off whatever article of dress was most suited to his taste and fancy.

According to Gregory, who, not being wounded, remained on board, the ship was all day filled with Malays searching into every possible nook and cranny where they thought money might be secreted, and carrying off the veriest trifles which could be of no use to them. In the afternoon, on the appearance of the fleet from Muekie, they were determined on running her ashore, lest she should be retaken, and with that view commenced weighing anchor, and everything for some time gave assurances of the fulfilment of their wishes.—The ship was already drifting towards the beach, when the anchor came in sight, and they let go the chain, ceased heaving at the windlass, and made a rush forward to see it. At this moment the weight of the anchor caused the chain to commence running out with great velocity, and when some 12 or 13 fathoms had thus disappeared, it jumped, and caught a riding turn around the windlass, which brought it to a stand. Poor Gregory

was now brought forward to clear it,—but he persisted it was past his skill, which of course they did not believe, and tied him in the rigging, and made demonstrations of ripping him open, flourishing their knives in fearful proximity about his person in a state of great exasperation. They next made a fruitless attempt to cut it off with the cook's axe. Thus matters stood, when the land wind with heavy rain set in, and the natives sought shelter in the cabin, leaving the ship to her fate, and she drifted to the westward into shoal water, where the anchor again took hold and brought her up in the place we discovered her the next morning, and where we boarded and took possession of her. Gregory was then taken on shore, and confined in the fort, which was silenced by the Gov. Endicott.

The ship was now once more in our possession, with what remained of her cargo and crew. She was rifled of almost every movable article on board, and scarcely anything but her pepper remaining. Of our outward cargo every dollar of specie, and every pound of opium had of course become a prey to them. All her spare sails and rigging were gone—not a needle or ball of twine, palm, marling spike, or piece of rope were left! All our charts, chronometers and other nautical instruments—all our clothing and bedding, were also gone; as well as our cabin furniture and small stores of every description. Our ship's provisions, such as beef, pork and most of our bread, had, however, been spared. Of our armament nothing but the large guns remained. Every pistol, musket, cutlass, and boarding pike, with our entire stock of powder, had been taken.

With assistance from the other vessels we immediately began making the necessary preparations to leave the port with all possible dispatch, but owing to much rainy weather we did not accomplish it for three days after recapturing the ship, when we finally succeeded in leaving the place in company with the fleet bound for South Tallapow, where we arrived on the 14th February. When we landed at this place with the other masters and super-

cargoes, we were followed through the streets of the bazar by the natives in great crowds, exulting and hooting, with exclamations similar to these,—“Who great man now, Malay or American?” “How many man American dead?” “How many man Malay dead?”

We now commenced in good earnest to prepare our ship for sea. Our voyage had been broken up, and there was nothing left for us but to return to the United States. We finally left Muckie, whither we had already proceeded, on the 27th February, for Pulo Kio, accompanied by ship *Delphos*, Capt. James D. Gillis, and the *Gov. Endicott*, Capt. Jenks, where I was yet in hopes to recover some of my nautical instruments. With the assistance of *Po Adam*, I succeeded in obtaining, for a moderate sum, my sextant and one of my chronometers, which enabled me to navigate the ship. We sailed from Pulo Kio on the 4th of March, and arrived at Salem on the 16th of July. The intense interest and excitement caused by our arrival may still be remembered. It being nearly calm, as we approached the harbor, we were boarded several miles outside by crowds of people, all anxious to learn the most minute particulars of our sad misfortune, the news of which had preceded us by the arrival of a China ship at New York, which we had met at St. Helena. The curiosity of some of our visitors was so great that they would not be satisfied until they knew the exact spot where every man stood, who was either killed or wounded. Even the casing of the cabin, so much cut up in search of money, or other valuables, was an object of the greatest interest.

But the feeling of presumptuous exultation and proud defiance exhibited by the natives, was of brief duration. The avenger was at hand. In something less than a year after this outrage, the U. S. Frigate, *Potomac*, Com. Downes, appeared off the port of *Qualah Battoo*, and anchored in the outer roads, disguised as a merchantman. Every boat which visited her from the shore was detained, that her character might not be made known to the natives. Several amusing anecdotes were told, of the

fear and terror exhibited in the countenances of the natives, when they so unexpectedly found themselves imprisoned within the wooden walls of the *Potomae*, surrounded by such a formidable armament, which bespoke the errand that had attracted her to their shores. They prostrated themselves at full length upon her decks, trembling in the most violent manner, and appearing to think nothing but certain death awaited them—which it required all the efforts of the officers to dispel.

A reconnoitering party was first sent on shore, professedly for the purpose of traffic.—But when they approached, the natives came down to the beach in such numbers, it excited their suspicions that her character and errand had somehow preceded her, and it was considered prudent not to land. Having, therefore, examined the situation of the forts and the means of defence, they returned to the frigate. The same night some 300 men, under the guidance of Mr. Barry, the former 2d officer of the *Friendship*, who was assistant sailing-master of the frigate, landed to the westward of the place, with the intention of surprising the forts and the town, but by some unaccountable delay, the morning was just breaking when the detachment had effected a landing, and as they were marching along the beach towards the nearest fort, a Malay came out of it, by whom they were discovered, and an alarm given. They however pushed on, and captured the forts by storm, after some hard fighting, and set fire to the town, which was burnt to ashes. The natives, not even excepting the women, fought with great desperation in the forts, many of whom would not yield until shot down or sabred on the spot. The next day the frigate was dropped in within gunshot, and bombarded the place, to impress them with the power and ability of the United States to avenge any act of piracy, or other indignity offered by them to her flag.—When I visited the coast again, some five months after this event, I found the deportment of the natives materially changed. There was now no longer exhibited either arrogance

or proud defiance. All appeared impressed with the irresistible power of a nation that could send such tremendous engines of war as the *Potomae* frigates upon their shores, to avenge any wrongs committed upon its vessels; and that it would in future be better policy for them to attend to their pepper plantations, and cultivate the arts of peace, than subject themselves to such severe retribution as had followed this act of piracy upon the *Friendship*.

Perhaps, in justice to Po Adam, I ought to remark, before closing, that the account circulated by his countrymen of his conniving at, if not being actually connected with this piracy, a falsehood with which they found the means of deceiving several American Ship-Masters, soon after the affair, is a base calumny against a worthy man, and has no foundation whatever in truth. The property he had in my possession on board the ship, in gold ornaments of various kinds, besides money, amounting to several thousand dollars, all of which he lost by the capture of the ship, and never recovered, bears ample testimony to the falsity of this charge. His countrymen also worked upon the avarice and cupidity of the king by misrepresentations of his exertions to recover the ship, thereby preventing them from making him a present of her, which they pretended was their intention. His sable majesty, in consequence, absolved every one of his debtors, all along the coast, from paying him their debts. He also confiscated all his property he could find, such as fishing-boats, nets and lines, and other fishing tackle, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use, so that he was at once reduced to penury. All this was in accordance with Commodore Bieulieu's account, already cited, upwards of two hundred years before, viz: "If they even suspect that any one bears them an ill will, they endeavor to ruin him by false accusations." The king also sent a small schooner down the coast, soon after, to reap further vengeance upon Po Adam. Arriving at Pulo Kio, while Adam was absent, they rifled his fort of everything

valuable, and even took the ornaments, such as armlets and anklets, off the person of his wife. Intelligence having been conveyed to Po Adam of this outrage, he arrived home in the night before the schooner had left the harbor, and incensed, as it was natural he should be, at such base and cowardly treatment, he immediately opened a fire upon her and sunk her in nine feet of water. She was afterwards fished up by the Potomac frigate, and converted into fire-wood.

We do not know if Po Adam is now living, but some sixteen years since, we saw a letter from him to one of our eminent merchants,* asking for assistance from our citizens, and stating truthfully all the facts in his case. I endeavored at the time, through our then representative to Congress, to bring the matter before that body, but from some cause it did not succeed, and the poor fellow has been allowed to *live*, if not to *die*, in his penury. We will, however, permit him to state his own case, in his own language, which he does in the following letter, written at his own dictation :—

QUALAH BATTOO, 7th October, 1841.

Some years have passed since the capture of the Friendship, commanded by my old friend, Capt. Endicott.

It perhaps is not known to you, that, by saving the life of Capt. Endicott, and the ship itself from destruction, I became, in consequence, a victim to the hatred and vengeance of my misguided countrymen; some time since the last of my property was set on fire and destroyed, and now, for having been the steadfast friend of Americans, I am not only destitute, but an object of derision to my countrymen.

You, who are so wealthy and so prosperous, I have thought, that, if acquainted with these distressing circumstances, that you would not turn a deaf ear to my present condition.

I address myself to you, because through my agency many of your ships have obtained cargoes, but I respectfully beg that you will have the kindness to state my case to the rich pepper merchants of Salem and Boston, firmly believing that from their generosity, and your

own, I shall not have reason to regret the warm and sincere friendship ever displayed towards your Captains, and all other Americans, trading on this Coast.

I take the liberty, also, to subjoin a copy of a letter,* recently received from Capt. Hammond, of the ship Maria, of New York; as he left this place lately, it will show whether I have been telling you otherwise than the melancholy truth, or grieve without a cause.

Wishing you, Sir, and your old companions in the Sumatra trade, and their Captains, health and prosperity, and trusting that, before many moons I shall, through your assistance, be released from my present wretched condition, believe me very respectfully,

Your faithful servant,

(signed) PO ADAM, in Arabic characters.

Copy of the letter from Capt. Hammond above referred to :

Soosoo, 21 July, 1841.

To the Commander of any U. S. Ship of War, touching on the West Coast of Sumatra :

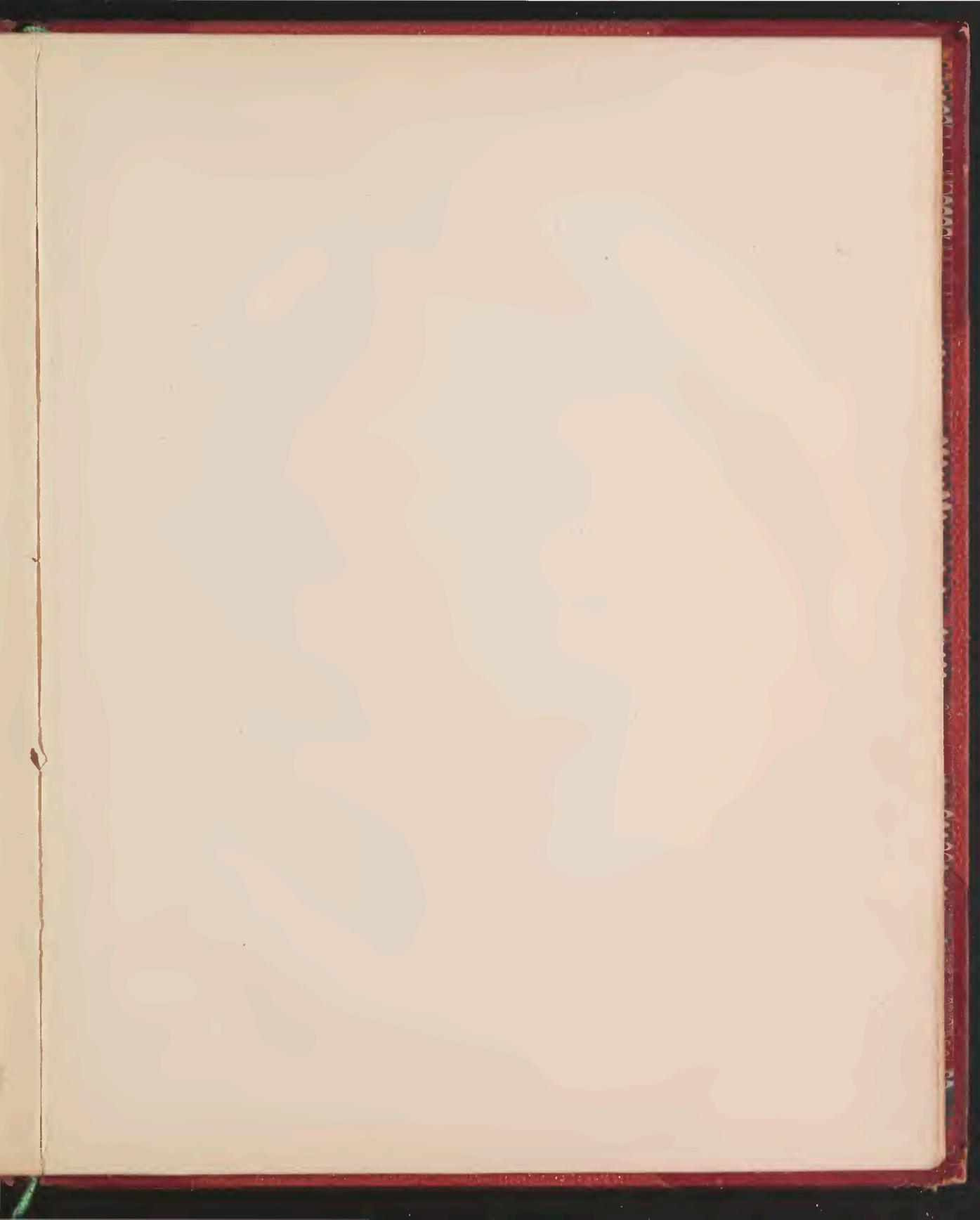
This may certify that the bearer, Po Adam, at present residing at Qualah Battoo, has applied to me to write this statement of his situation, that he can present it as above.

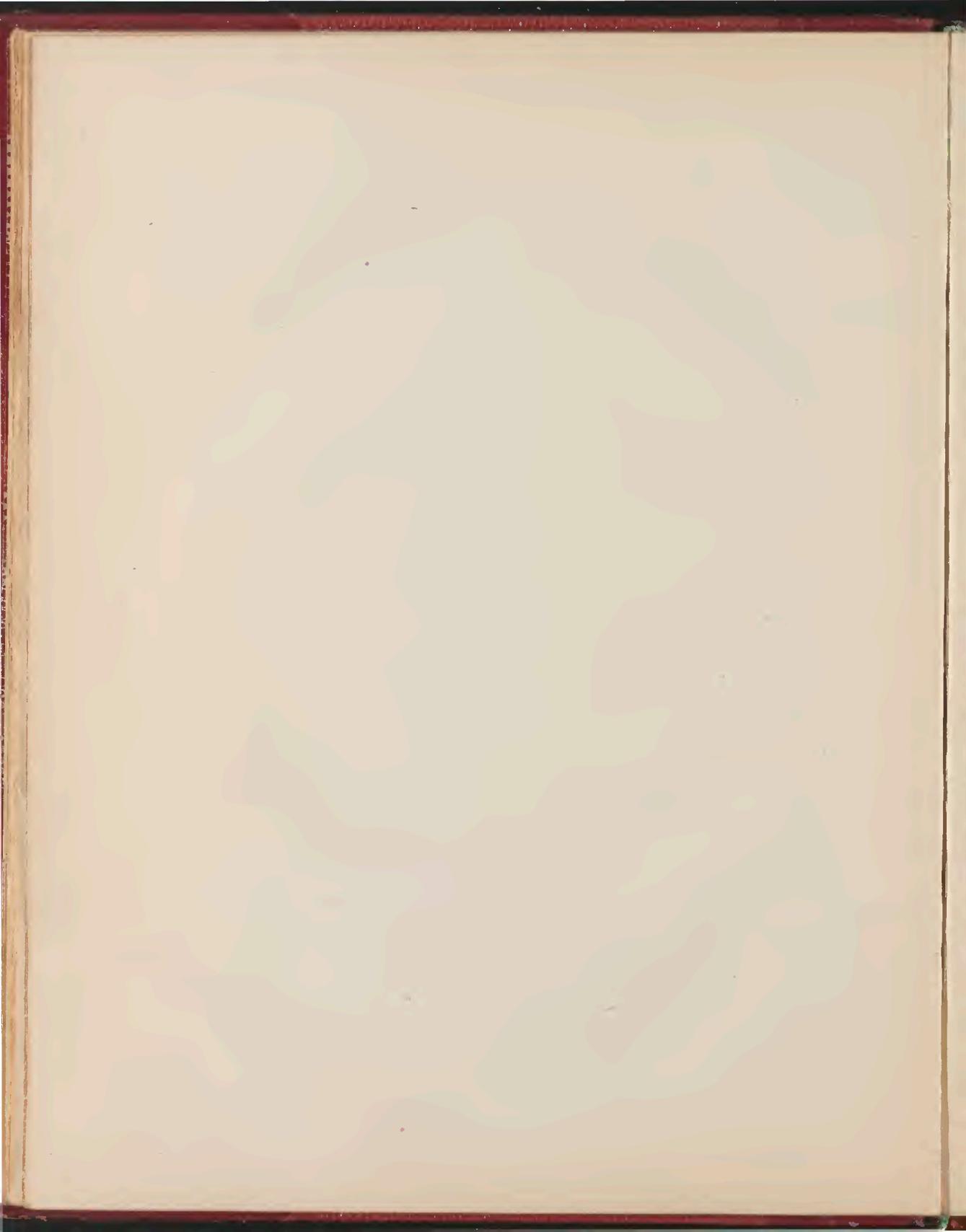
I therefore state the following : I have been acquainted with him for the last twenty-five years, and have known him in prosperity and in adversity the same. It is well known that he was the principal means of saving the life of Capt. Charles M. Endicott, with his boat's crew, at the time that they captured the Friendship, of Salem, and by that act he has lost his property, and incurred the hatred and jealousy of the Acheenise. He is the most intelligent man among them, and one of the best pilots; is ever ready to render assistance to any American, and as he is at present very destitute, it would be an act of charity, as well as duty, if the American Government would assist him in his present circumstances.

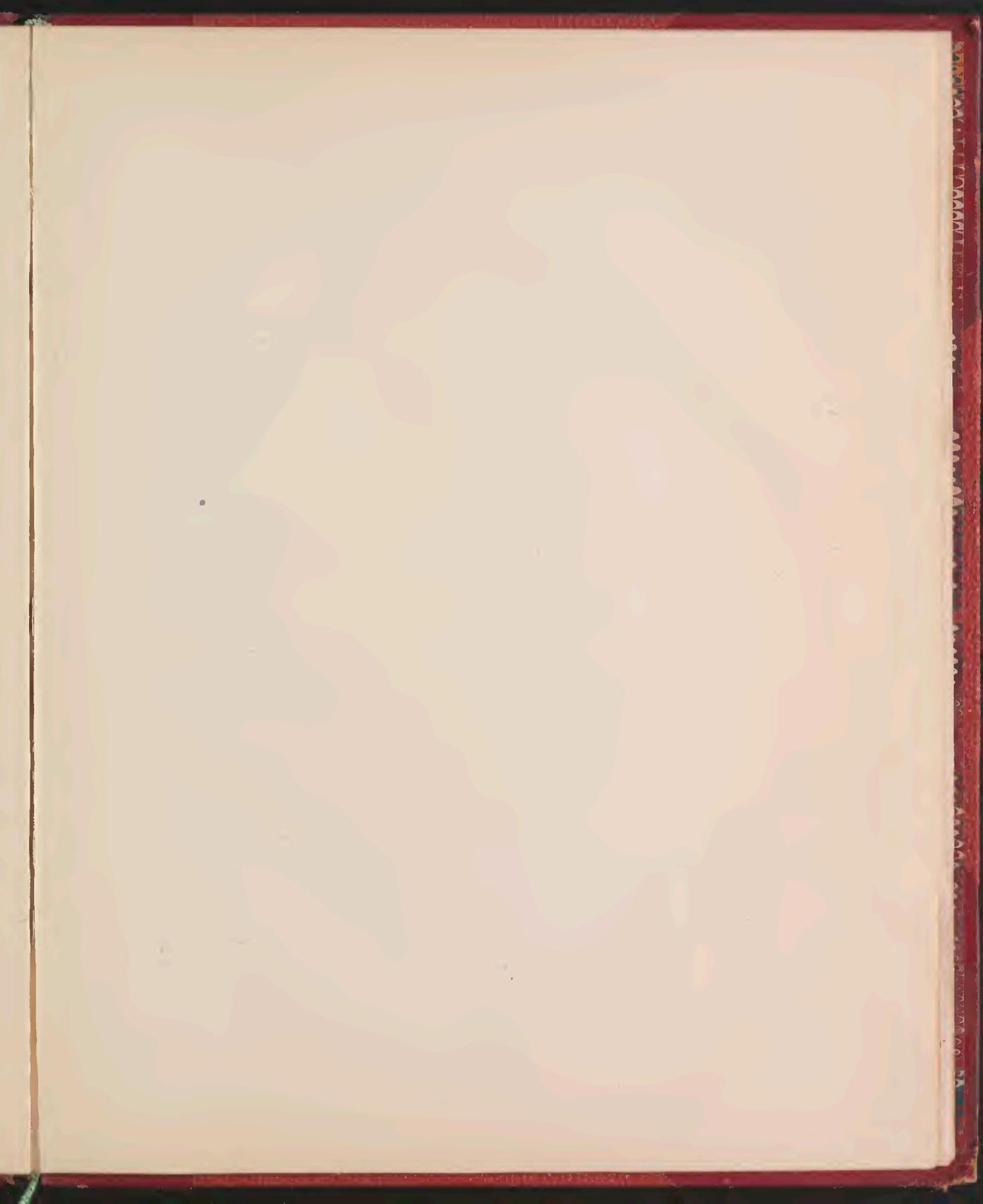
He wishes to proceed to the United States to visit his old friends, and wishes to go in some Ship of War, of our nation. I hope his request may be granted, as he would there find influential men to represent his case to the Government of the United States.

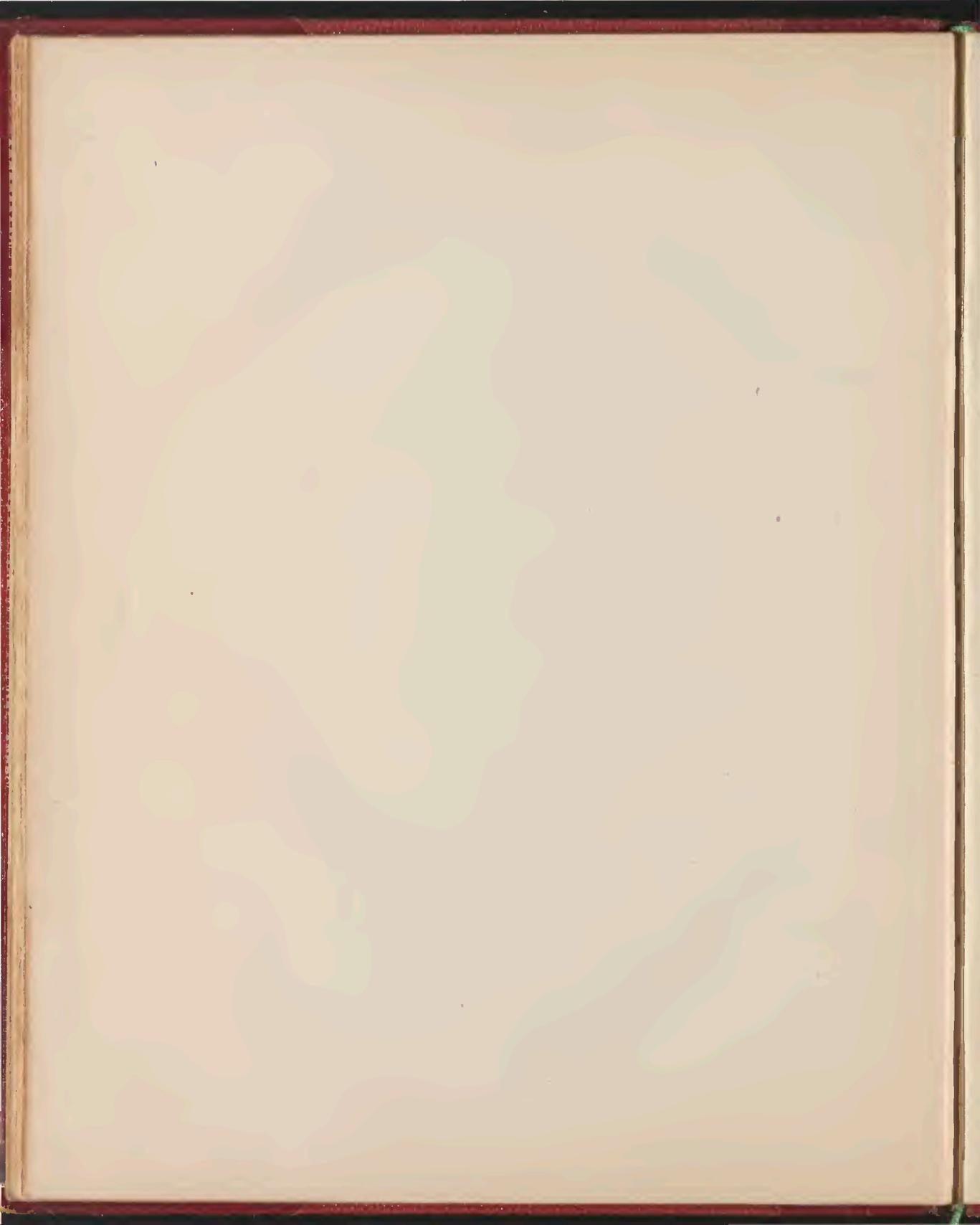
(signed,) JOHN HAMMOND,
Master of the ship Maria, of New York, and a resident of Salem

*To Joseph Peabody, Esq., of Salem, Mass.















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