

private one, with our English colours and uniform. In beating up to Pernambuco we spoke with vessels every day, but they were all Portuguese. When near to St. Salvadore, we were in great danger of capture by a British frigate, whom we mistook for a large merchantman, until she came within half musket shot of us, but, luckily for us, it died away calm, when we out with our oars, which seamen call *sweeps*, and in spite of their round and grape shot we got clear of her without any serious injury.

We would remark here, that sailors have a dialect of their own, and a phraseology by themselves. Instead of right side, and left side, they say *starboard*, and *larboard*. To tie a rope fast, is to *belay it*. To lower down a sail, or to pull down a colour, is to *dowse* it, and so of many other things. These peculiar phrases have been adopted from the Dutch, and from the Danes, nations from whom the English learnt navigation. We may occasionally use some of these terms, when it cannot well be avoided.

Our Captain was not an American, neither was he an Englishman. He was a little bit of a man, of a swarthy complexion, and did not weigh perhaps more than an hundred pounds by the scale. During the firing our little man stood upon the taffrail, swung his sword, d—d the English and praised his own men. He had been long enough in the United States to acquire property and information, and credit enough to command a schooner of four guns and ninety men. The crew considered him a brave man and a good sailor, but not over generous in his disposition. Whether the following is a proof of it, I cannot determine.

He allowed the crew but one gill of New England rum per day, which they thought an under dose for a Yankee. They contended for more, but he refused it. They expostulated, and he remained obstinate; when at length, they, one and all, declared that they would not touch a rope unless he agreed to double the allowance, to half a pint. The Captain was a very abstemious man himself, and being very small in person, he did not consider that a man four times as big required twice as much rum to keep his sluggish frame in the same degree of good spirits. He held out against his crew for two days, during which time they never one of them so much as lifted a spun yarn. The weather was, be sure, very mild and pleasant, I confess,