

James Williamson
Falmouth Packet Surgeon, 1828-1835.

VOYAGE
to
Jamaica, Carthagen & back.

Sailed 9th July 1831

14 weeks.

Ret.^d 15th Oct.^r 1831

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*Ship's Company*

|                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Robert Snell</i>     | <i>Commander</i>      |
| <i>John Geach</i>       | <i>Master</i>         |
| <i>James Williamson</i> | <i>Surgeon</i>        |
| <i>Charles Williams</i> | <i>Mate</i>           |
| <i>James Evenet</i>     | <i>Boatswain</i>      |
| <i>Gustavus Glasson</i> | <i>Carpenter</i>      |
| <i>William Stevens</i>  | <i>Sailmaker</i>      |
| <i>James Pashbee *</i>  | <i>Steward</i>        |
| <i>James Rowe</i>       | <i>Steward's Mate</i> |
| <i>James Webber</i>     | <i>Cook</i>           |
| <i>Alexander Webb</i>   | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Dyer Williams</i>    | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>William Poulson</i>  | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Joseph Stevens</i>   | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Francis Hawkin</i>   | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>George Kellaway</i>  | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>James Hoskin</i>     | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>John Richards</i>    | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Charles Richards</i> | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Philip Waistcott</i> | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Samuel Waistcott</i> | <i>A. B.</i>          |
| <i>Edward Oke</i>       | <i>Supernumerary</i>  |

*\* William Waistcott was discharged from his Stewardship 'ob nimium aquae ardentis amorem' – and has gone with M.<sup>r</sup> Oxenford; as a servant, to Brazil.*

*Notes  
of a  
Voyage to Jamaica, Carthagena & back*

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*Sailed 9th July 1831 –
Returned 15th Oct.^r 1831*

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The 9<sup>th</sup> of July 1831 – the fated day arrived, and brought with it no confirmation of our hopes, that our stay would be prolonged. At 7 A.M., our warning gun was fired, and our signal displayed on board our vessel in the outer roads, where she had gone yesterday afternoon. With reluctant steps I repaired to my boat about ½ past 8, and was soon conveyed to my floating habitation. And what a contrast was there presented to the scene which usually met my eyes, when about to proceed to sea. Instead of lumbered decks – crowds of boats filed with stores & provisions – inconvenience and discomfort, wherever you turned yourself we had now clean decks, freed from all unnecessary lumber – cabins nice & comfortable – and every thing looking as if we had but just come from sea. Never since I joined the *Duke of York* have I sailed under such pleasant auspices, and all this was the work of a new` administration to speak the language of political reform. Our old Steward M.<sup>r</sup> W.<sup>m</sup> Waistcott (an excellent fellow, if he pleased) was discharged from the Packet on our arrival last voyage, and James Pashbee, his former mate, was appointed in his room. We had also a new Steward's Mate, and a new Cook, all of whom did their best to put what lay under their charge in good trim, and the result has been a degree of cleanliness, order, & comfort to which we had long been strangers.

Before 12 o'clock our three passengers came on board, and I was glad to learn that our Commander had refused to take some Miners as steerage passengers. The luggage of our passengers was soon put away, occasioning only a temporary inconvenience, and by noon, when the Commander came on board with a very heavy Mail, we were quite prepared for starting. No time was lost – we instantly loosed from our buoy, and set off in dashing style, with a fresh wind and studding sails set. H.M. Packet *Barracouta*<sup>1</sup> preceded us out of Harbour, about an hour, with the Mail for Halifax and Bermuda. The weather was delightful, and together with the first fair wind, which we had had for weeks, and which (luck to us) only sprung up this morning, contributed to dispel in some measure the dark clouds of melancholy and regrets, which overspread our minds, when bidding adieu to country and friends. At 6 P.M. we took our departure from the Lizard, and stretched out into the Atlantic.

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> July – very cloudy w.<sup>r</sup> fresh and favourable breezes – Quite comfortable.

Monday 11<sup>th</sup> – cloudy weather. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> – glorious wind. Weather cloudy but fair.

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<sup>1</sup> HM Packet *Baracouta*, Lt. Robert Bastard James, bound for Halifax and Bermuda.

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. Wind fresh and favourable but inclinable to draw forward. Several vessels in sight all bound to the South.<sup>d</sup>

Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. A slight shower in the afternoon, which brought a wind a little more favourable than we had in the fore part of the day.

Friday 15<sup>th</sup> – beautiful weather – unfavourable breeze in the forenoon but in the afternoon we had the trade wind ENE, which we hope will carry us on to Barbadoes. At 5 P.M. M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer paid M.<sup>r</sup> Ford 20 Spanish dollars on condition that from and on Monday 18<sup>th</sup> ins.<sup>t</sup> M.<sup>r</sup> Ford should give M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer one dollar each [day] till our arrival at Barbadoes.

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> July – very fine W.<sup>r</sup> light and favourable breeze.

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> – beautiful weather. Moderate and favourable breeze all day – fresh at night.

Monday 18<sup>th</sup> - very fine weather. The island of Madeira in sight this morning. Fresh and favourable breeze. M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer drew off his bet above mentioned with a loss of 2 dollars.

[The completion of the voyage to Barbados from July 18<sup>th</sup> taking another 18 days.  
In all 26 days from Falmouth]

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> – cloudy in the forenoon – fine afternoon – fresh and favourable breezes.

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> – fine day – lovely afternoon. Fresh favourable breezes in the morning – moderate when the sun was most powerful but a glorious breeze at night.

Friday 22<sup>d</sup> – cloudy weather. We have for nearly a week past and will we hope, for some time continue to roll most gloriously down trades. To have an idea of our motion, you have only to fancy a man half seas over, progressing with a swing from side to side, as regularly as the swinging motion of a pendulum.

Saturday 23<sup>d</sup> – cloudy weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – fresh and favourable breeze. Performed divine service as usual at 10.30 A.M.

Monday 25<sup>th</sup> July – moderate and favourable breeze – variable weather.

Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup> – very cloudy weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> – cloudy weather. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> – cloudy but pleasant – fresh and favourable breeze.

Friday 29<sup>th</sup> – cloudy morning – fine afternoon – moderate and favourable breezes.

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> – beautiful weather, very light variable but favourable breezes.

Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> – fine weather in the forenoon, cloudy with occasional showers in the afternoon. Light breezes in the morning, fresh but squally in the evening.

Monday 1<sup>st</sup> August – fine in the morning and evening, cloudy afternoon. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Tuesday 2<sup>d</sup> – very fine weather. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 3<sup>d</sup> – fine weather. Moderate and favourable breeze.

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> - contrary to our expectations of not reaching Barbadoes till the afternoon of this day, we were close to it early in the morning. It appeared very low, that is, with no high mountains but many hillocks. At 8 A.M. we came to anchor in front of Bridgetown the Capital, in Carlisle Bay. It would have been more desirable to have arrived after twelve o'clock, as in that case we would have remained all that day, and not have sailed until next evening. If however a packet should arrive before 12, she must then go off the same evening – and so it was with us.

During our last voyage I gave you so full an account of Barbadoes as my limited opportunities would permit me to give, and I am afraid that I shall have nothing to offer you but repetitions. I shall only say that I went on shore for an hour or two and traversed during that time a variety of streets. The weather was very hot, and the glare of the reflected heat added excessively to the influence of the solar beams. We fell in with several very well built and handsome houses, belonging to private individuals, and also a very excellent church. As we passed along every person seemed to be engaged in bustle and activity – and one fellow refused a dollar which I offered him, if he would put the sun in his pocket!!

I observed numerous well supplied shops, & more especially druggist shops, which are more numerous here than in any other of the islands, which I have visited. But if it be true that you can have any of British or foreign manufacture, as well as at home, it is also true that you must pay well for it – and nothing amused me more than to enquire the current prices of articles with which I was well acquainted - & I found, at a moderate calculation, that 50, 100, or 150 per-cent was charged more than I had ever paid – to which you must add that the sovereign here only goes for 4 instead of 5 Spanish dollars.

I remarked that many stores & shops, instead of having what they had printed or painted, had only the articles in chalk on the shop window – a plan both economical and handy – for if you had these articles this way as good an intimation as was necessary, & when you had sold all, you had nothing to do but to give a wipe and all was erased – whereas, if you had a painted sign, you would mislead the public by the notion that you had things, which you would in vain seek for in the shop.

With regard to the appearance from the sea, I can only say that my opinion of the beauty of the situation of the town is not altered – nay is even increased. A stranger has no idea of the extent of Bridgetown from the Harbour – for the trees which are scattered here and there serve as concealment, and you would be surprised to find, where you expected a paltry village, a very large and very populous town.

The day being as I have said very hot, I did not continue long ashore – but knowing that we were to start in the afternoon, I made haste on board and derived

much amusement from witnessing the peculiarities of the negroe and coloured band, to which I alluded in my former Journal. You would actually split your sides with laughing to see our decks crowded with black and brown endeavouring to sell every thing and many other things, as the fisherman would say, - Boat after boat came alongside, many manned with women - and now between them and our sailing, the bustle grew fast and furious - the laugh - the joke - the scold - the praise are heard all around. The strange dialect of the slaves, which is between the lisping and imperfect of a child & the corrupt pronunciation & words of a grown up person - their strange remarks often acute and appropriate - their perfect competency to cheat and extortionate - and their winning ways to induce you to purchase - all these form a medley which it is worth while to have been at Barbadoes to have seen. There is hardly a possibility of getting of their importunity - a positive refusal to purchase any of their wares only serving to stimulate their desire that you should purchase, and all the coaxing epithets with which their language furnished them are put into requisition. Great then was the consternation among them when about 3 o'clock, the Master told them to get ready to set off immediately as he was about to weigh anchor. Loud rose the human voice divine, but truly the sound resembled the cackling of so many geese, when disturbed in the midst of an excellent feed. They endeavoured to hasten on their sales, and to procure their potatoes, cheese &.<sup>c</sup> at the most reasonable rate. I was particularly amused with the conduct of two women, who were in partnership. Having still some business to transact and the Master being impatient to have them off, one of them said to the other who was the best looking - 'do try to coax de Massa,' a piece of advice which she endeavoured to follow up as well as possible - but all in vain for the Master was inexorable and never ceased to order them away, until they were fairly over the ships side, when immediate preparations were made for getting up the anchor.

We left at Barbadoes two of our three passengers, viz. Lieut. Colonel George Teulon of the 35<sup>th</sup> and M.<sup>r</sup> George Ford. The former was a very tall man and had been at Barbadoes before. His manners were pleasant and gentlemanly and altho' he said comparatively little, yet that little shewed him to be a man of good sense and information. He seldom looked up but almost always kept his eye on the table or place before him, and at first we thought that his taciturnity proceeded from pride, which was only owing to his natural disposition and habits among strangers. When engaged in interesting conversation, he could be as fluent and as animated as any of the others.

Of all our passengers, M.<sup>r</sup> George Ford, brother of Sir Francis Ford, who has a very large plantation in Barbadoes, under the agency of a M.<sup>r</sup> Crichlow Lears, was the one who rendered himself most pleasant and agreeable to me & my brother officers. He was a fine looking man, with a Roman nose, and had a military air about him. He had been in many parts of the world. As a soldier (I think as a Captain) he had been in Spain & France in the army of Wellington. He had also served in Canada during the American war. His travels had also led him to Holland, and the Isle of France in the East Indies. He was now on his passage to the Island of Trinidad, where as I learned, he was to be one of the Committee of Ten, who assist the Governor - in the administration of the Island. I think - but am not sure - that he is going there in a commercial capacity.

His free and easy manners - his amusing anecdotes and varied conversation rendered him a great favourite with us. In every thing he was ready to oblige us - his books and whatever else he had was at our service. M.<sup>r</sup> Ford had proposed to have

sailed next day in the Mail boat for his destination, but meeting his brother's agent, he would likely remain for 10 days longer.

I have now only one remark more to make before I take leave of Barbadoes, and I am not sure but that the same remark is applicable to other islands – that is - it is against the law that any but a black should engage in field work and consequently to be possessed of many mulatto slaves is a great disadvantage. If you have mulattoes, you must employ them as house servants or teach them various handicrafts. Most of the artisans here are of the coloured tribe. But still the estates must be cultivated, and what to do for blacks has often puzzled the planters. The slave trade is now at an end (thank heaven) and the laws strictly prohibit the transportation of a slave to or from any other island where he has been born – so that should there be an excess of them in one island and a deficiency in another, you cannot equalise them to the wants of the different islands, however advantageous it might be. To remedy, if possible this defect, many planters send their female mulattoes into the interior, where the blacks reside, and endeavour to have from them a negroe more fit for their plantations.

At 5 P.M. the Captain came on board with the Mail, and from laying to we arranged our sails for our departure. There was very little wind up, and when darkness came on, we were still in sight of Barbadoes.

Friday 5<sup>th</sup> August – during the night, almost a calm – Barbadoes still in sight at 5 this morning. At 9 saw in distant prospect the island of S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent, which was our next port. During the whole day, the wind was very light, sometimes dying away altogether. The weather was very fine. We saw to the right of us but rather indistinctly thro' the haze, the island of S.<sup>ta</sup> Lucie, and right ahead of us S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent. This latter island we gradually rose until about 7 P.M. we were within 7 or 8 miles of the town – but there being several other islands close at hand - & a strong current - & total darkness, the Captain preferred laying off 7 on until day light.

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> August – when I came upon deck this morning we [were] sailing close to S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent with a strong and favourable current. The Town was not yet visible, as a point of land, which formed one extremity of the Bay shut it in. The scenery which was presented to us was really beautiful, consisting of shelving declivities, ravines, abrupt and broken hillocks. A thick mist spread its hazy mantle over the tops of many of the precipices, and leaving to the imagination to conceive what it concealed, produced a more powerful effect than if the atmosphere had been perfectly clear. On this side, and on that of us were several pretty islands forming a narrow passage between them and S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent. When you are pretty close to Kingstown Bay, there is a remarkable insulated rock, about less than a stone's throw from the mainland, rising precipitously from the water, and almost perpendicular on all sides. On the top of it is a small fort & flag station from whence you can see a long distance to windward and communicate intelligence to the Town or Garrison.

At last we came opposite the Town of Kingston and I easily recognised the beautiful scene which had struck my fancy so much during our former voyage. Our Commander not been [sic] disposed to go on shore, sent the Master, whom I accompanied. We left the Packet at half past 8 o'clock A.M. in our gig, whilst our captain lay off and on in the Bay till our return. In the centre of a rather small semi circle, and extending also to either extremity or wings, which is formed by the elevated ground, where there are forts, and various defences, lies the Town of Kingstown, the Capital of the island. From the sea the most striking object is the

church with its steeple. All the other building[s] presenting nothing to fix the strangers gaze. There is no proper landing place, and you must therefore haul your boat up on the sandy beach. Where we landed we met the post Master and several of the inhabitants, for the arrival of a packet is looked forward to as an interesting event. Having delivered our Mail, and being told that our Mail from this place would not be ready for two hours, we resolved to take a stroll for the purpose of seeing the nakedness of the land.

#### Remarks on S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents

The first place we visited was the market, where we expected to witness a great display of fruit, as, in the West Indies, Saturday is the day allotted to the slaves to sell the produce of their own industry, and in most of the islands it is one of great bustle and business. Instead of this, we observed only a few and common articles the whole of which might have been bought for a dollar or two. I said all the fruits were common and well known to me – I should have made one exception which was what they called here a rose plum. Its appearance was beautiful. In shape it resembled an apple, with a beautiful white rose colour, which was deeper on one side than the other, and gradually shaded off to the most delicate tint ending in a delicate white. In the heart of it was a large seed, which in eating it was to be rejected. However strange the comparison which occurred to me may be, I thought at first that it was artificial made of sugar, and was what are called Queen's Kisser in our confectioners shops. As often happens what pleases the eye deceives the taste – and this exemplified it. Its taste was very insipid – slightly saccharine and having a something which I cannot describe – I would not give one of our plums for a thousand such.

#### Remarks on Kingstown in S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents

Leaving the market place, we came to the main streets of which there is only one. The houses in it were pretty fair, and that is all that I could say for any of the houses of the town, as regards their exterior. The Court House & Church are excellent, substantial buildings, and what is used as a Theatre is very respectable indeed, far far exceeding the stable place so miscalled at Falmouth. Some of the houses & the best are of stone, a few huts of wood. As might be expected you can contrast scenes of misery with scenes of comfort – wretched dog holes, strong smelling with animal effluvium, with large airy & sweet apartments.

Leading from the Town up to the garrison is an excellent road, which I should judge to have been formed by the military. It winds round a hill, gradually leading to the top where the fortifications are situated. From it you have an excellent view of the sea – a long range of islands, and of the whole extent of the Town. In the background the country behind the Town soon rises into hills and mountains, the declivities of which were fully cultivated and portioned out into regular patches and fields.

From what I have said of the romantic beauty of the island, you would hardly anticipate a negative to the question as to whether I should like to reside here or not permanently. And yet most assuredly not. And for this answer – there are several reasons. It is a common observation that manners make the man, and I am sure that it will be admitted as equally true, that the society of a small place renders such a place either pleasant or the contrary. If the different members of such a society live happily & sociably together, the romantic beauties of nature will be doubly enjoyed, if present, or their absence not felt, whereas if envy and petty jealousy reign among a

community no happiness could be enjoyed amidst the finest scenery in the world. If Kingston, then, is not blessed, such is the unpleasant state of society here. Self is the ruling principle, and their civility to strangers introduced to them extends no farther than a simple how do you do and a shake of the hand.

In every transaction you must look sharp, otherwise you will be overreached. There being little money in the Island, every article is enormously dear. In short, I am prepossessed against S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents and never wish to settle there.

#### Theatre & Militia in S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents

I have mentioned a Theatre here, and I was rather surprised at finding one – and one externally so good. Performances were to take place this evening and the Company were puffed up, as being from the Theatres of Barbadoes & Trinidad, and acting under the patronage of the Governor Sir George Hill. The price of admission to the boxes was 10/- and to the gallery 7/6 – No Pit was mentioned. If the list of plays be any criterion of the taste of the island, their taste was very creditable, as I observed several of our best comedies announced. I was rather doubtful of the character of a farce – merely from the name ‘Nature and Philosophy, or the Man who never saw a Woman.’ No doubt the design was to prove that man has no more to do with nature than with philosophy, and that under herduction, or rather intention, the philosopher will forget his stoical & prudential maxims and act as others, not philosophers but men, would do.

This day happened to be a militia day and accordingly we saw all the freemen, blacks & mulattoes &.<sup>c</sup> going to their parade. The appearance on many was truly ‘*bien drole*,’ but all marched with an air of consequence, which seemed to say ‘I am now on a footing with a buckra man, and am entitled to hold my head as high as them.’ Some of these were exceptions to the rest, and sported nicely white trowsers and clean regimentals.

#### Grenadillos – Arrive at Grenada

Being very well satiated with our sojourn on shore, we were glad to be able to get on board at twelve o’clock, when we immediately set sail for Grenada with very light but favourable breezes. During the afternoon we had rather squally weather, which you almost always meet with in these places. We sailed at an easy rate passed a long line of numerous island[s], called the Grenadines or Grenadillos. These extended all the way from S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents to Grenada, and are pretty barren and partly cultivated. Of these the most important are Becquia near S.<sup>t</sup> Vincents, and Cariaco farther on. The sight was beautiful in the extreme. To your left as you steered to Grenada the long range of islands presented every variety of shapes, features and size – large, small – round, flat, and broken – here receding far towards the horizon, appearing like a speck, there close aboard of you, so that you could recognise every village, house or tree. At the extremity of all we saw Grenada, near to which we were at 7 P.M. – but our Commander, not wishing to go in at night, when the post office would be closed, determined to lat off and on all night.

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> August – this morning when I came upon deck at 6 o’clock, we were gently moving thro’ the water alongside of the Grenada. Little wind was stirring. I had a better opportunity of viewing the island than I had last time and my opinion of its beauty has risen considerably. You saw before a series of mountains, or elevations



separated from each other by deep ravines, the sides of which were lined with trees and shrubs. On the declivities were many cultivated spots with lovely, scattered huts, and here & there a village.

At 9 A.M. we were off S.<sup>t</sup> George's, when the Master, Lieut.<sup>t</sup> Mercer, and myself went on shore. I have already in my log of our former Jamaica voyage told you what impression it produced upon me. I have very little to add farther. This is the first Sunday which I have spent on shore in the West Indies – and I must say that the way in which it was kept at Grenada was most creditable. All was quite decent and orderly. The stores were all shut up, which proved a bad job for our men, who wished to dispose of their several ventures. At 1 P.M. we received out Mail, and made sail for Jamaica – Squally weather – breeze favourable.

Monday 8 August – very cloudy gloomy weather. Wind favourable but variable in strength. The weather indeed was so threatening and the wind so fitful – that we were apprehensive of a hurricane, one of which had taken place only five weeks before and had done very great damage. As it is always best to be overcautious than over negligent, we shortened sail and made all snug. About 10 P.M. the sky cleared up promising the moderate and settled weather.

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> – very fine weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> – variable weather – generally fine. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> – squally weather with heavy showers this morning. Coast of S.<sup>t</sup> Domingo and the small island or insulated rock of Altanela very distinctly seen, particularly the latter, from which we were only a few miles off. Very fine weather during the day. Moderate and favourable breeze.

Friday 12<sup>th</sup> – a long line of Haytian coast, terminating in Cape Tiberon in sight this morning – with the wind blowing off the land. Light sea breeze during the day. Fresh land breeze at night.

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> – dull gloomy weather all day – wind shifting every minute. Being afraid of having very blowing w.<sup>t</sup> as this is the hurricane season, we sailed under close reefed topsails and reefed foresails, frequent squalls. Upon consulting our marine barometer the mercury stood at 30.2, which of course, if it could be trusted indicated no storms. In the evening all this ominous aspect of the weather had disappeared, and gave us the enjoyment of a most lovely moon-light, together with a fresh and favourable breeze. The Island of Jamaica was just seen as darkness began to fall around. We however stood on till 12 oClock at night, when we lay off & on till day light.

#### Arrive at Port Royal

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> – at day light we bore towards Jamaica with a fine sea breeze and about half past one P.M. came to our anchorage in front of Port Royal. I have nothing to observe in addition to what I have already said respecting the appearances. The weather was rather squally, so that we did not receive so much pleasure from sailing along Jamaica as we would otherwise have done. To our surprise we found H.M.

Packet *Reindeer*,<sup>2</sup> Dickens, laying at anchor, when we had expected to find that she had left this place for England a week or fortnight ago. As usual we were visited by a great number of boats, some for news some for merchandise in the shape of potatoes cheese &c.<sup>c</sup> Shortly after we came to anchor a large sailing boat came off for the Mail, and the weather being squally, this saved us the trouble & disagreeableness of going to Kingston. About half past two the Commander went on board the *Magnificent* along with M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer our passenger, of whom I shall say a few words.

[*Senhor Mercer our Passenger*]

M.<sup>r</sup> Samuel Mercer was apparently a very young man, and lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He had served his time as midshipman on the coast of Africa, being engaged in coast surveying and suppressing the slave trade. When he first came on board, none of us liked him on account of his stiffness, pride and unsociability. He gave the benefit (if benefit it can be called) of his company and conversation almost exclusively to the Magnates of the ship – I mean the Commander and passengers – and as we are perhaps too ready to judge harshly and uncharitably, we let him down as a proud insignificant puppy. And indeed I must confess that his rations of subordination & rank were a great deal too high for the meridian of our vessel – a mistake into which too many young men invested with a good deal of consequence & authority for the first time are but too liable to fall. Soon after our passengers left us at Barbadoes, as we had foreseen, his manner underwent a change. Finding that we would not condescend to court his society, he descended from his dignity and really, when he liked, he could make himself very pleasant. His a-haughty bearing and proud taciturnity were exchanged for affability and talkativeness. He condescended to teach me a-chess, and for what little I know of the game, I confess my obligations to him. When we became more intimate together, I endeavoured to sound the well of his understanding, and found that it required but a few fathoms to reach the bottom. On the common & general topics he was lamentably ignorant. Of history and deep literature he knew nothing – but he was very well qualified for common place and chit-chat. He has come out to join the *Blossom* Capt.<sup>n</sup> Owen,<sup>3</sup> who is one of the Saints. M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer was not very pleased to be told that in Harbour the flag for divine service is flying every morning, while all the rest of the squadron have none – and that he would [be] designated a *Tar-blossom* – a nickname given to the officers of the *Blossom*, who are represented as the flowers of a newly discovered tree or plant. All the officers on board are extremely pious, but I am much afraid that self interest has induced several to put on the cloak of hypocrisy as favour is shown only to those who are Saints. If M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer ever takes it upon him to act the part of a pious mummer, either the change if sincere was be most remarkable, or he must have followed the prevailing fashion of the day. From reasons to which I shall have occasion to allude to afterwards, the *Blossom*, does not stand very high in the good opinion of the inhabitants of Port Royal at least.

M.<sup>r</sup> Robert Hyde

<sup>2</sup> HM Packer *Reindeer Lt.* Henry Parry Dicken, sailed from Falmouth for Jamaica on June 5<sup>th</sup>, and would return to Falmouth on September 24<sup>th</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> HMS *Blossom*, Survey Sloop, Com. Richard Owen, to which vessel Samuel Mercer was appointed 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. on 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1831 – *Navy List* – Dec 1831.

Speaking of M.<sup>r</sup> Mercer, I am naturally induced to mention another passenger who left us here. His name was M.<sup>r</sup> Robert Hyde a young man a native of the County of Tyrone in Ireland. We took him on board at S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent as a steerage passenger, altho' his appearance & language would lead you to think that he would belong to the Cabin. After we had been several days with him, he told us some part of his history. About 3 months ago he left Dublin in the *George & Thomas* bound for Barbadoes.<sup>4</sup> They had a most favourable passage and would have reached Barbadoes in 18 or 20 days, but the stupid & ignorant Captain overshot his port and made S.<sup>t</sup> Lucie, which obliged him to beat back again to Barbadoes, which occupied him 7 days. Upon their arrival, they were put into Quarantine, for 21 days, as the small [pox] had broken out during the passage. It had been the object of M.<sup>r</sup> Hyde to proceed on to Jamaica but he could not immediately find a conveyance, and not knowing a single person in Barbadoes, he went to S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent, where he had some acquaintance. At S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent he lived five weeks by which time his stock of monies was a low ebb and before coming with us, he saw our Commander – stated his circumstances and was allowed to come with us on the most favourable terms. He appeared to us to be a very well informed young man, and accustomed to respectable society. Coming from the North of Ireland, he was inveterate against those of the South, and believed that there was nothing too horrible which they would not perpetrate. Apart from this prejudice he reasoned and judged well – in connection with it he saw every thing distorted and thro' a false medium. He brought out several letters of introduction to Jamaica, and one was to Earl Belmore the Governor from his son. M.<sup>r</sup> Hyde had no particular appointment in view, but was ready to fulfil the duties of any lucrative post in his Excellency's gift, to which he might be competent. He left us with our best wishes.

Agitat.<sup>n</sup> respect.<sup>g</sup> Emancipat.<sup>n</sup> of Slaves

Almost at every place we have visited a great deal of anxiety has been manifested as to the proceedings in Parliament respecting the emancipation of slaves. Of inquirers there are two classes whose motives for asking are widely different. The free man who is possessed of property in human flesh, and the slaves themselves, who seemed to have formed extravagant and erroneous notions of what we intend to do for them. In Jamaica the ferment of the public mind is greater than I have seen elsewhere. Meetings of the different Parishes are a-being held every day, and resolutions there unanimously passed strongly declarative of their determination to resist at the risk of their lives any decree of Parliament authorising the emancipation of slaves without providing an adequate compensation to their owners – and requesting, if extreme measures are likely to be resolved to, to be absolved from their allegiance to Great Britain as the mother country. The proceedings of these Meetings are published in the public prints and we see there that however dissimilar & clashing may be the interests and sentiments of the white and coloured population on other points, on this there are all most cordially united the coloured people bearing a greater antipathy to the blacks than even the whites do. If ever we should be unfortunate enough as to have a contest with our Colonies, where this great subject is at issue, it is more than probable nay it is certain that the barriers between the two really will be broken down – and both will join to defend their property, thus unjustly attempted to be wrested from them. The language of remonstrance, and the expression of resistance is very strong – nor is there declaration an idle boast. All the freemen here form a militia, each man having

<sup>4</sup> *George & Thomas*, Capt. B. Darley, a 234 ton ship; a French prize of unrecorded age, owned by M. Stanton – *Lloyd's Reg.* 1831.

his own arms and ammunition in his possession. They are regularly trained, & of course – far exceed the military here in numbers.

### Emancipation of Slaves

Such are the feelings of the Holders of slaves and now let us look to the slaves themselves. I should not wish to speak of the slaves in general, but only of such as I have seen myself. A frequent question was put “what news of the ‘form Bill,” and when they heard that we had brought out the news of the Majority in its favour – they said God bless-a you – ‘we will be free-a’ They have an idea that when they have got their freedom they will be perfectly happy, no fear of the lash, and never work except when they please. They will then be the equals of the Whites and entitled to hold their heads as high. In short they promise themselves an elysium in expectancy, which shall miserably deceive them in reality. I am for my part no advocate for slavery and I deeply regret that our Colonies have ever been cultivated by slaves, but I am persuaded that to grant unconditional and immediate emancipation, would instead of contributing to their happiness, would inflict an irreparable injury to their comfort and the public security. They are at present well fed, clothed, & attended to – if the Master neglects to do so the law compels him. When they are free, such is the natural indolence of their disposition, that they must either starve or do worse. Besides they [do not] consider the manifest injustice which is done to the Master. The slaves are his bona fide property – he himself of his fore-fathers vested their fortunes in such property with the sanction of the British Government and are they not then entitled to have their property secured to them or if taken from them, to receive an adequate compensation. Tis a pity that well meaning and philanthropic men should be led away by humane theories & sentimental feelings, which hides from their view the aggravated injury and injustice which must result to so many thousands. The Planters in the West Indies profess to be perfectly willing to sell their slaves and propose that those who are shocked that one man should exercise an absolute control over others, should give up a certain proportion of their fortunes to accomplish the desirable end they have in view.

I think that I perceive a very considerable difference in the behaviour of the blacks, since I was here last. I found them this time very saucy, indolent and impertinent, and if you spoke to them, giving you in return oaths and abusive language. No freeman in England would do so – but this behaviour on the part of the slaves sufficiently demonstrates their sentiments and expectations. If to be free implies such a privilege of insolence & abuse, this will be another so just reason for refusing the immediate emancipation without any previous moral change or culture. I shall however for the present leave the interesting question of emancipation with all pros and cons, and watch the events of time.

Monday 15<sup>th</sup> August – I staid on board all day, employed in writing and other duties – fine weather & moderate breeze.

Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> – at day light we slipped from the buoy with a light breeze from the land, which soon ceasing gave place to a fresh and nearly favourable wind fro the sea. Fine weather.

Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> – pleasant w.<sup>r</sup> Wind moderate and nearly favourable.

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> – cloudy but pleasant w.<sup>r</sup> Fresh and favourable breeze, sometimes squally.

Friday 19<sup>th</sup> – pleasant weather. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> – fine weather all day, showery in the evening, light winds but favourable all day. Fresh and favourable in the afternoon. The land was in sight this morning, and at half past 9 P.M. we came to anchor off Carthage.

Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> August – at 7 o'clock this morning we weighed anchor and shortly after received a black Pilot on board. Tis now two years since we visited this place, and I have almost forgotten its appearance. I am not inclined to entertain so high an opinion of its external aspects as I had previously entertained. Of the scenery around it, however my sentiments are unaltered. The Popa is a most remarkable object, wherever you see it from. Off the Town it presented this appearance of which the subjoined is a most rude and imperfect sketch, as you know very well that I possess no talents for drawing.



La Popa, with the Convent of Nuestra Senora de la Popa on top, with part of the City of Carthage below. As if confirming James's disclaimer as to his drawing abilities, this is probably his best sketch.

The wind was unfavourable for our entering the Boca Chica, which I have mentioned in my former as being now the only entrance to the Harbour – but by making frequent tacks we entered, and came to the 1<sup>st</sup> portion of the Harbour as I have formerly described. My opinion of it was if possible heightened. The narrow entrance – the castle of San Fernando on your left, large, regular but ill manned, and that of San Joseph, small, built on an insulated rock, but running out low, like a tongue, form a pleasing introduction to the large Bay. After you have entered you cannot yet see the City of Carthage but you have a fine prospect of the Popa under a different aspect. The left side of the 1<sup>st</sup> Bay is much finer in my opinion than the right. It is very elevated, covered with trees and luxuriant vegetation. There are several creeks & bays, and here and there are to be seen individual cottages or a rambling village peeping amidst the trees. In short it presents a very great variety of appearances. From

the right side of the Bay we were at a great distance – it seemed partly low and partly elevated, with a greater appearance of cultivation. Around of us as we passed along numerous birds were whirling about in their aerial flight, and on the left shore we saw a flocks of 40 or 50 storks arranged in regular & close order at the waters edge, and apparently eying us on our way past them with great curiosity and interest.

### In Quarantine

As you open up the City you soon reach the second Bay, where the land on your left is low and sandy, while that on your right is much more elevated. At 1 P.M. we came to our anchorage, and waited patiently for the visit.<sup>g</sup> Boat – for we had learned from the last Packet that as Small Pox prevailed at Kingston, we would be put into Quarantine for eight days. One hour – two hours had almost elapsed, there was no appearance of any boat, upon which our Commander gave orders for the gig to be lowered and the Master to be ready to go on shore. The Master was already seated in the boat & they were about to shove off, when a four oared Gig was descried pulling towards us, which turned out to be the Quarantine Boat, with M.<sup>f</sup> Watts the Consul's son. The usual questions were asked of us, and we were simply told that we were in Quarantine for eight days, but left no person to see that we did not break the rules. We were only told to remove from our present anchorage farther off the City, right between two Magazine[s]. The wind not being favourable we did not start immediately, but waited till a change took place.

### Troops going to Panama

During the interval we amused ourselves in the best way we could, and the attention of almost all was directed to an American Brigantine and two sloops, on board of which great bustle and activity prevailed. Two or three large boats were employed in conveying soldiers from one of the forts on board these. I do not know the exact number they conveyed but I should imagine two or three hundred. These troops were intended for Panama, where some disturbance had arisen against the existing government. I should not have liked to have been among them, as they were so crowded, & doubtless when they got to sea, most of them would be seasick.

At 5 P.M. we got once more under weigh and in a short time came to our proper anchorage, where we were to ride out our Quarantine. At half past 5, the Brigantine and two Shooners began to move, and passed us at our anchorage on their way out of the Harbour. At 8 a most violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning came on such as I had never yet witnessed. Pleas.<sup>l</sup> w.<sup>f</sup> all day

Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> August – very fine weather but very hot all day. Altho' interdicted from going on shore on the City side, we were permitted to land on the small island, forming one side of the Boca Grande. This was named by the last Packet's men Sober Island – no bad name. This morning I was eager to go on shore, and landed at the Powder Magazine, where we found one soldier who appeared before us in his shirt only. We observed with much curiosity the remains of several lines of batteries which I supposed were built when the English attacked the place on the occasion of which Roderick Randam speaks. Being impatient to traverse our Quarantine Island I strolled about, now walking fast, now stopping to examine the different trees, shrubs, & flowers, which were new to me. I pursued my way by a road close to the beach, where I in vain looked for shells or other marine curiosities. Insensibly I and the Mate had

wandered on – there being no one to hinder us or to point out the boundaries of our liberty ground – till we came in sight of a hut village, which we entered & made some purchases there. We did not remain long but returned by the same road we came. The whole island seemed sandy. It was covered with umbrageous trees but of very moderate height. In many parts you could not penetrate into it on account of the thick wood or large patches of matter. I observed numerous beautiful birds and in particular immense flocks of paroquets which rose in the air with a horrible screaming.

By the time I returned from my walk I was pretty well tired, and thirsty and was right glad to get on board where I could enjoy a cool air & be comfortable in every respect. From what I have said you may see that they are no ways direct in enforcing the Quarantine regulations and I verily believe we might land anywhere without a challenge or prohibition from anyone. If you give the old soldier a little, you may do what you like.

For about eight days after our arrival we were kept in Quarantine, certainly not in durance vile. I was frequently on shore, and in the course of my rambles, I came to a small village, which along with several others, I entered. From this village an excellent road conducted you to Carthagen a – and it was at our own option whether we would go thither or not – as nobody would have troubled their heads about us. Having however no special desire to visit the City, we claim no merit & no praise for our thus observing the Quarantine regulations. We found the people, all black, very civil indeed, and ready to oblige us as far as lay in their power.

Do what we could, time lagged on our hands. Sometimes we went a fishing – sometimes a shooting – and sometimes from the mere love of locomotion. Every other [day] we had fresh provisions sent off from the Consul, so that we were in no danger of starving. The weather too was in our favour generally – being fair during the day and wet at night.

At last on Monday 28<sup>th</sup> August - early in the morning we moved from the Quarantine pool to our old anchorage, and awaited with impatience the times, when we should obtain pratique. At 2 P.M. we observed the Health Boat advancing with a rapid speed, until she brought up alongside of us. The customary questions were put, and all the hands were piped to show themselves at the gangway, and when the officers were satisfied, they came on board, shook hands, and told us that we were free. Tis true, that all hands seemed to shew themselves – tis true that we had no small pox or other contagious diseases among us – but nevertheless there was one of our number, who did not shew himself – because he was confined to his cot. This was M.<sup>r</sup> Geach our Master. His symptoms at first exactly resembled the severe attack he had last voyage and which brought him to death's door – but afterwards it assumed a different tho' hardly less severe form. His disease, I believe, was brought on by his own imprudence in going on Sober Island, for the purpose of shooting, in a broiling hot day, with a heavy musquet and huge sea boots. Very fortunately we managed to keep him concealed, as otherwise no argument could have persuaded the Columbians but that he was ill of the small pox, and thus all hope of our open communication and consequently, of a good freight would have been lost.

As soon as the Health officer had left us, the Commander went on shore, and at the same time the only passenger we had left us. Her name was Miss Mary Anne Crichton, an old acquaintance, being the very same lady who went over with us two years ago, and whom I stated to be the Chere amie of M.<sup>r</sup> Fowler, who had also been our passenger. Since our last voyage her protector had died suddenly from apoplexy, and left her not so well provided for, as she would have been, had he had time to

make a will. She proved herself to be [a] very pleasant woman and according to our notions her peculiar situation would argue her to be not at all nice as to morality, there was nothing in her whole conduct, which could afford the slightest handle for scandal. In[deed] she during the whole time she was with us, she behaved with the Unitest propriety and greatly raised in my estimation that class of coloured females, which are so numerous in Jamaica. Miss Crichton had come to Carthage to endeavour to arrange her pecuniary affairs, and to sell off a small property, of which she was possessed – but she was apprehensive that in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, she would not be able to obtain a tenth part of its real value.

#### Go on shore at Carthage

After being released from Quarantine on Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> we were detained till the Thursday following, for the Bogata Mail. Being in constant attendance upon the Master, I could not go on shore to assist the Capt.<sup>n</sup> in counting the cash – and I would not have been on shore at all if M.<sup>r</sup> Snell had not desired me to go with him to dinner at M.<sup>r</sup> Bunch's. I went there, and in my walk thro' the town, I could discover nothing new. Instead of improvement, I found every thing going to ruin – houses I had formerly seen inhabited now fast crumbling down. Mess.<sup>rs</sup> Bunch & Brush lived in the old Inquisition and from what I observed of the house, the conviction struck me, that the Holy and revered Brotherhood had not intended their abode to be one of discomfort and self-denial – but rather one where princes might not disdain to live. The poverty – the penance – the sufferings and mortifications which by their religion and their monastic rules they were under an obligation to endure, they kept aloof from themselves, and in the persons of their wicked and miserable victims, they performed by proxy those observances which their creed rendered it imperative to be preformed by them. The different apartments were lofty and extensive, and admirably adapted to the climate. The prison[s] were small, narrow, scarcely admitting air and light. The room in which we dined was one of the best – and there we set down to a dinner – dressed in the French style – that is to say, the fish meat &.<sup>c</sup> were so disguised that I could not recognise my old acquaintances. I would rather make half a meal upon our own plain substantial dishes, than a surfeit upon the kickshaws of the French.

#### No English medical practitioner there

I have not told you the reason, why I went to M. Bunch's, which was this. One of the head clerks had caught cold, which produced Rheumatism, and there being no English Practitioner at Carthage, he had wished to consult me, and by way of doing this in the genteelst way, had invited me to dinner. You might think that there being no medical person but an ignorant French quack, would present as most favourable opportunity for engaging in practice here and so undoubtedly it did. The Capt.<sup>n</sup> often talked to me about it – but I neither felt inclined to take up my permanent residence there, nor as a matter of mere prudence would it have been adviseable. M.<sup>r</sup> Snell told me that the last Surgeon received 1800 dollars a year from the English houses, besides whatever else he could make by his practice among the natives. Now if a definite proposal had been made to me, accompanied with the offer of a definite sum, I would not have hesitated to accept of such an offer – but I consider that it would have been the height of folly in me to have taken the bold step of setting up at once on my bottom – and no doubt you will coincide with me.



### Political News at Carthage

I heard a great deal of news here, and as a stranger I heard both sides of the question. I have already mentioned that on the day of our arrival, three vessels started for Panama, filled with troops, under the command of General Luca. They were about 400 in number and together with 300 which had been previously dispatched, would form a body of 700 troops – a number considered to be amply sufficient to put down the insurgents, who were about 200 or 300 strong. Of the success or failure of this mighty expedition we received no public intelligence during our stay – but I heard it privately stated, that they had partly succeeded, and were soon likely to be fully victorious, as some of the rebels had deserted their officers, and joined the government troops.

Whilst we were still in Quarantine a schooner with Columbian colours sailed past us. The same night we learned that she had gone to the Castello de San Fernando, situated at the entrance of the Boca Chica, and there having taken onboard between 30 & thirty officers, who had fought against the establishment of the present government, had orders to convey them to Corocoa, a Dutch Island. It is highly creditable to the present heads of the administration, that they have exercised so much lenity towards their political enemies.

### Colonel Hand

No one, I understand, as yet has been put to death by a public execution but the officers have been removed into exile. I heard however that it was likely that one person would be shot, and that person was an Irishman, a Colonel Hand. He had rendered himself obnoxious to the people and soldiery, by several acts. You may remember, that when we were last at Carthage, a General Cordova was up in arms against Bolivar – and you may perhaps know that in the very first engagement he was killed. Now it is said that Colonel Hand entered a hut, where the rebel general lay severely wounded, and inhumanly murdered him in cold blood – a tale which gains implicit credence with the people, who are all staunch anti-Bolivarians, and look upon Cordova as a martyr to the cause of liberty. Again when the troops of the present government attacked Hand at Chagres, he is said to have given orders to set fire to the town, whilst he retired into the fort – and thus rendered those poor people his implacable enemies, whose homes and property he had thus cruelly destroyed. These two instances then have been the cause, why the public will hardly rest satisfied with any punishment short of death – and if all be true, no one can justly blame their feelings.

*Sed audi alteram partem.* The friends of Colonel Hand allege on the contrary, that he happened to come into a house whither a number of the fleeing and among others general Cordova had fled. He demanded if Cordova was there, and a man behind the rest replied “I am Cordova,” at the same time putting his hand to his pistol with an evident intention to fire. Of course, as a measure of self defence C.<sup>1</sup> Hand attacked him and put him to death.

In the affair of Chagres again, the favourites of C.<sup>1</sup> Hand say, that it is manifestly unjust to charge him with wanton cruelty in setting fire to the town since he was only second in command and was obliged by all the established rules of military service to render a strict obedience to his superior officers. Such is C.<sup>1</sup> Hand’s justification, and certainly considering the character of the man, I am inclined to believe that this view of his conduct is the fairest and most unprejudiced. How the

matter will be finally decided I know not, altho' I rather think, it will go hard with Hand. M.<sup>r</sup> Watts our consul at Carthagen a, I understand is ~~using~~ making the most strenuous efforts to save his life.

We shall now bid adieu to politics & return to other topics.

#### New mode of flitting

I went on shore one evening opposite to where our Packet was laying and certainly witnessed some improvement there. Just as we were on the point of leaving, we saw an immense crowd of people coming along, carrying the perfect roof of a large house borne on poles. This is a most excellent plan of flitting so that you can remove your house from spot to spot, with little trouble or loss of time.

#### Freight

We carried off a good deal of freight from Carthagen a, in gold dust & doubloons. There is now no duty on coined money – but the exportation of gold dust is prohibited as it defrauds the government of the duties, which would otherwise be paid on coinage. Our Packet was the first which carries freight at the new rate – and many merchants withheld their money, until after the 1<sup>st</sup> of Sept.<sup>r</sup> when the new act came into power.

The present rate of freight from Carthagen a to Jamaica is  $\frac{3}{4}$  for gold, and one per Cent for Silver – At five[?] per Cent on gold & silver for England – but then the responsibility of the Commander of the P.<sup>t</sup> only commences when the money is alongside and ceases as soon as ha has reached his port of destination. Such of the money as we received before 1<sup>st</sup> Sept.<sup>r</sup> was charged at the old rate – the rest at the new. But the Columbians were too clever for our Capt.<sup>n</sup> and deceived him as we afterwards found. They indeed marked in the Bill of lading the old rate of freight, but very conveniently dated it 1<sup>st</sup> Sept.<sup>r</sup> – altho' really given in on the 29<sup>th</sup> Aug.<sup>st</sup> they rendering it impossible for the Capt.<sup>n</sup> to demand any greater rate of freight than what the new act allowed. The Bills of Lading being printed & written in Spanish, M.<sup>r</sup> Snell, thinking he was dealing with honourable people, did not notice or even suspect this imposition. Another case occurred where in a different hand, they had the impudence to put in afterwards, freight paid when our blank bill expressed no such thing. On Wednesday January 31<sup>st</sup> Aug.<sup>st</sup> the Bogata Mail came in and brought us a good deal of money, which we received next day.

Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> Sept.<sup>r</sup> – at 4 P.M. we received our Mail, but there being little wind, the pilot would not undertake to pilot us, but on Friday 2<sup>d</sup> we got under weigh, cleared the Harbour, & stood again for Kingston. Wind unfavourable squally weather.

Saturday 3<sup>d</sup> – cloudy weather – strong but unfavourable breeze.

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> – strong breezes, head sea – wind more favourable.

Monday 5<sup>th</sup> – strong wind nearly favourable – fine weather.

Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> – fine W.<sup>r</sup> – and fresh breezes

M.<sup>r</sup> Martini, and M.<sup>r</sup> Cheyne.

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. At 1 P.M. came to anchor in Port Royal Harbour in our old spot. Here we landed our two Passengers, a M.<sup>r</sup> Martini, a Columbian, a handsome & apparently pleas.<sup>t</sup> fellow, but who was so sick during the voyage that we had little of his Company – and the other was a gentleman I was surprised to meet with. His name was James Cheyne, and was a cousin to M.<sup>r</sup> Cheyne. I never knew him before, and altho' I saw something of his face, which reminded me of some body, I could not say who it was he resembled. He told me he had been knocking about the world at a very early period, and that he had been two years in Columbia, first with the Mining Company, and afterwards as a Clerk in a merchants House, and that he was on his return home to study for a year. You may be sure that I was rejoiced at falling in with him, as it afforded me an opportunity of having many long cracks about home affairs. He appeared to be a very quiet, well behaved & strictly moral youth, and from all I could learn, it did not appear that amidst the scenes of immorality, and vice both in conduct and sentiments to which he must have been a daily witness, that he had lost his '*scotica virtus*,' that high moral feeling, which in our nations best boast. I should have wished much if he could have gone home with us – but his previous arrangements prevented this, as he had decided to go home by way of New York. He left Kingston in a Schooner bound for Philadelphia the very day before we sailed. From Philadelphia he intended to go to New York and come home to Liverpool by one of the liners. By pursuing this circuitous route, I expect we shall home some weeks before him.

#### Detained at Kingston

In consequence of a petition from the principal Merchants, we were detained for about a week, which has been the longest stay we have yet made. I has often been said that the greatest pleasure is in anticipation, and that the gratification to the fullest extent, of our wishes and desires falls infinitely short of what we expected. I had anticipated that I should have had time to have seen our old passenger D.<sup>r</sup> Hawking, or to have spent a few days with M.<sup>r</sup> Drummond, but alas the Master being unwell still and the Captain confined to his birth by a severe attack of Rheumatic Gout, M.<sup>r</sup> Charles Williams our Mate was sent up with the Mail & the Money which was consigned to Jamaica, and the Captain desired me to go with him. M.<sup>r</sup> Williams and I were occupied every day and all day with different matters, so that it was totally out of my power to attend to any thing else. Altho' I was so much at Kingston I observed nothing new, nor did I hear any thing particular. I saw M.<sup>r</sup> Drummond, who wished me very much to go to his house – but I was obliged to decline his invitation, on the score of being on duty. One circumstance, indeed, occurred, which I must not omit to mention.

#### Curious Character

On our first arrival we heard from George Burrell Smith, Packet Agent, that one Gentleman had been speaking to him of taking his passage with us, but he also said that £80, the usual fare was too much, as he could go home by way of New York for £40. M.<sup>r</sup> Smith told him that he had no doubt but that some arrangement might be made with Capt.<sup>n</sup> Snell, upon which the Gentleman was well satisfied. We received no more intelligence of him for a day or two. One afternoon, shortly before we proposed to leave Kingston, a stout and rather gentlemanly fellow, about 40, came up

to the Mate, and begged the favour of being landed at Port Royal, which was readily granted. Whilst our men were getting ready, he entered into conversation with me, and soon gave me to understand that he was the gentleman who had spoken to M.<sup>f</sup> Smith. Well off we started, and when we were abreast of Port Royal, I asked him if he wished to be put on shore there. He said he would prefer going on board with us, and endeavour to come to an agreement with M.<sup>f</sup> Snell. To this we had no objection, and he went on board accordingly with us. There he was introduced to our Commander, with whom he agreed to pay £60 as his passage money. Afterwards he continued chatting with him, and by his remarks, shewed himself to have been a great traveller in different parts of the world. He spoke of many noblemen and gentlemen, civil, naval and military, as if he had been hand in glove with them, and mentioned several particulars in their history – some traits in their character - & the minutiae of their personal appearance, as would have convinced any one, that he knew something of them at least. Our Captain seemed highly pleased with him, and his spirits, before depressed, rose as he talked old matters with our gentleman, who went by the name of M.<sup>f</sup> A. B. Brennen. M.<sup>f</sup> Brennen dined and took tea with us, in an easy free way, as if he had been familiar with us all his life – and we were soon told that he intended to stop all night. Next morning, we according to his desire landed him at Port Royal, whilst we proceeded to Kingston. Two days afterwards I met him, and he gave me a letter to be delivered to Capt.<sup>n</sup> Snell – and at the same time informed me of its contents. After making the agreement with the Captain, he said that he immediately went to his friend the Commissary to get him to cash a Bill of his – but unfortunately he found that he was gone to the country, and he was afraid that from the shortness of time, he would not receive an answer before we sailed. His request to Capt.<sup>n</sup> S was to ask if he would take his Note, which he had no doubt would be immediately cashed by Mess.<sup>rs</sup> Fox of Falmo.<sup>th</sup> with whom he professed to be intimately acquainted. I delivered the letter to our Commander, who was much struck with the contents and began to entertain some suspicions of our Friend M.<sup>f</sup> Brennen, and under the influence of these, he desired me to say, that unless he received the passage money at Jamaica he begged to decline taking him home in his Packet. When we arrived at Kingston, I saw M.<sup>f</sup> Brennen, and plainly told him what the Captain had said. He seemed to be taken all aback, but soon recovering himself, he said he hoped he would receive the money before we sailed, and that at all events he would see us in the course of Monday as we were appointed to start on Tuesday. He left us on this understanding, but we never had the pleasure of seeing him again. We heard afterwards that he had gone on board the *Anfield* bound for Liverpool,<sup>5</sup> made himself quite at home there – talked about taking a passage there – and could hardly be made to leave the vessel even at 8 o'clock at night. He had also been talking with a M.<sup>f</sup> Harvey commanding the Brigantine *William* of Quebec,<sup>6</sup> whom we knew, as if he would like to accompany him to Quebec. In short from all we could learn, he seemed to be a most accomplished swindler, and I am glad that we at least were not favoured with his Company.

M.<sup>f</sup> Hyde

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<sup>5</sup> *Anfield*, Capt. J. Newland, a 303 ton copper sheathed Brig, built in Quebec in 1828, owned by Parkes & Co., of Liverpool. Classed A.1 at Lloyd's. – *Lloyd's Reg.*- 1831.

<sup>6</sup> Possibly the *William*, Capt. McDougal, a 331 ton Ship, built in Quebec in 1829, and owned by Smith & Son. Classed A.1. at Lloyd's – *Lloyd's Reg.*- 1831.

I have already mentioned a M.<sup>r</sup> Hyde whom we took as passenger from S.<sup>t</sup> Vincent and left at Jamaica with a recommendatory letter to Earl Belmore the Governor. When we returned from Carthagena, I saw him and he told me that, being deceived in his expectations from the Governor, he was under the necessity of returning home and wished to go with us. But the sum he had was so small, that it was impossible to take him, and he finally took his passage home in the *Anfield* of Liverpool.<sup>7</sup>

We had now been nearly a week at Port Royal, and I was not sorry when our time expired and we were ready to set out on our return home. At last on Monday 12<sup>th</sup> Sept.<sup>r</sup> at 6 P.M. we received our Mail, and very early on the morning of Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> we slipped from the buoy and stood for Crooked Island.

Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. Tacking about occasionally to get up the windward passage.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. Wind foul.

Friday 16<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – foul wind.

Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – wind pretty fair.

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – foul wind.

Monday 19<sup>th</sup> – very fine weather – fair wind.

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup> – altho' we had a fair wind and fine weather, the Commander, not wishing to run on during the night as the navigation was dangerous, and we had on a former occasion got on shore at Fortune Island, came to anchor off the N W end of the island called Great Ineagua. This was about 2 in the afternoon. One of our passengers myself, and the Mate went ashore, but saw there nothing to reward us for travelling, under a broiling sun, over sands & stones, and forcing our way thro' trees & shrubs, which cover this part of the island. The is very low lying & I should imagine very unproductive, and it was with no small pleasure, that we arrived, hungry & almost exhausted '*lingua fancibus \_haesit*' that I returned on board. At 10 P.M. we again weighed and set sail for Crooked Island.

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> September – fresh and favourable breezes – squally w.<sup>r</sup> in the forenoon, very fine in the afternoon. At 1 accompanied the Mate with the Mail on shore, and saw our old acquaintance M.<sup>r</sup> Moss, whom we found quite well. After some hours stay we returned on board, when immediately after we started for England ho!

From Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> to this day (Saturday 24<sup>th</sup>) we have been highly favoured with fine weather, & fresh & favourable breezes.

Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> – fine weather. Strong & favourable breeze.

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<sup>7</sup> *Lloyd's List* of Tuesday, November 15<sup>th</sup>, reported the *Anfield* as off Holyhead on the 12<sup>th</sup>. And the next edition reported Captain Newland's arrival at Liverpool on the 13<sup>th</sup> from Jamaica. She took about a month longer than the *Duke of York* on her homeward passage.

Monday 26<sup>th</sup> – fine W.<sup>r</sup> Strong & favourable breeze.

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> - strong but favourable breezes, fine weather. This morning, at 7.30 died William Poulson (aged about 28) of fever. He had been ill only eight [days?] after he had first complained to me – but from – the accounts of his Shipmates, he had been unwell ever since we left Port Royal. When I saw him first, his symptoms were those certainly of fever, but none indicating any danger, or any determination to any important organ. For some days he seemed to be rather better, but never to be free from fever – he had rather a remission than intermission. Yesterday he for the first time began to complain of his chest, which he said felt as if it were very hot, resembling heartburn – but he said he had no pain. His pulse was rather good, about 84. I entertained as yet no serious apprehensions of danger, altho' I thought that this pectoral symptom should if possible be removed – and therefore applied a large blister. During the first part of the night he was restless and uneasy, sometimes wandering in his mind. At 4 his respiration became hurried & quick – which became worse & worse so – his feet were cold and he was delirious. All these symptoms increased, till death took place at the time I have mentioned. M.<sup>r</sup> Crelin<sup>8</sup> our passenger, and Surgeon of the *Magnificent*<sup>9</sup> was of opinion (and a period of four years passed in the West Indies, entitled him to pronounce upon it) that this was a case of true yellow fever. – You can readily imagine that where we are so few, the death of one of our number, would be an event of great interest to us all. Indeed it cast a general gloom around & the downcast looks of most, proclaimed how deeply they were affected by the sudden departure of one whom but a few days before they had seen in the enjoyment of robust health. At half past ten every thing having been previously prepared, that is, the body having been sewed up in a hammock, with a great weight attached to it, and placed on a board covered with our ensign, the captain assisted by myself proceeded to read the burial service, which is one of the most solemn & affecting I have ever heard. It was felt in its full force by us, and when the Capt.<sup>n</sup> came to those words “we commit the body to the deep, in the hope of a perfect resurrection,” the body was propelled from the board and launched into the sea, while at the same time there was hardly a dry eye among us.

Our deceased shipmate was one of the finest men, in respect of bodily qualification, we had. His frame was robust – his legs & arms in particular were exceedingly muscular – and he possessed a Herculean strength. His history is a most unfortunate one. He was a most dutiful son, and formed the only support of his aged mother, who loved him with more than ordinary affection, and would hurry to Falm.<sup>o</sup> when we came in, wherever she might happen to be at the time. How she will bear the shock of her sons death, it is impossible to say, but in all probability the news of it will bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. To add to this melancholy history, poor Poulson was to have married the girl of his choice on our return this voyage. Her mother had died when we were in Falm.<sup>o</sup> last, and but for that the marriage would have taken place then.

As a matter of precaution, although I was inclined to consider this case as an individual case of fever, induced by the impudence or intemperance of the object, and

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<sup>8</sup> Frederick Crellin - late-Surgeon of the *Magicienne*. His date of seniority In the contemporary *Navy Lists* was 3 Sep. 1830 – but the *Navy Lists* of Jan; April; July; & October 1832 do not indicate that he was appointed to any ship during 1832. But see Williamson's end of voyage remarks.

<sup>9</sup> HMS *Magnificent* (4) Receiving Ship, Jamaica, Lt. Com. John Paget. Surgeon Robert Holden (Act.) (15 Oct 31) - *Navy List* – Jan – Jul 1832. And Surgeon William Peatie (23 July 31) – *Navy List* - October 1832.

not as an epidemic, I ordered fumigations to be made with black devil i.e. powder and vinegar.

Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> Sept.<sup>r</sup> – fine weather – wind right aft, rainy at midnight.

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> – this morning little wind, much tumbling about all day – fine weather.

Friday 30<sup>th</sup> – light and favourable breeze – rainy in the forenoon – cloudy but fair during the day.

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> Oct.<sup>r</sup> – very fresh and nearly favourable breeze. Cloudy weather.

Sunday 2<sup>d</sup> – light but favourable winds – fine weather.

Monday 3<sup>d</sup> – fresh and favourable breeze – fine weather.

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> – rainy morning – cloudy but fair all day. Fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> – very strong and favourable breeze, with a heavy sea, dull gloomy weather.

Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> – d.<sup>o</sup> wind and weather.

Friday 7<sup>th</sup> Oct.<sup>r</sup> – fine weather – wind right aft.

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> – rainy with a strong SSW wind in the morning and forenoon - fair with a fresh NNW breeze in the afternoon.

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Monday 10<sup>th</sup> – fine weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> – rainy weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> – blowing a gale but favourable – disagreeable weather.

Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> – very strong breezes – weather rather better than yesterday.

Friday 14<sup>th</sup> – squally weather – fresh and favourable breeze.

Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> - exactly 14 weeks from our leaving England, we came to anchor in Falmouth Harbour at one P.M. much to the surprise of our acquaintances, who did not expect us for a fortnight at least. Several boats as usual came alongside, but they were immediately warned to keep off as we did not know whether we should be put into Quarantine or not in consequence of the death of poor Poulson.

Visited by D.<sup>r</sup> Fox Quart.<sup>e</sup> Physician

At last the Falmouth Custom Boat came to us and as soon as M.<sup>r</sup> Hawkins knew that one of our crew had died, he asked a number of questions from a printed form, after

which he went on shore to bring off D.<sup>r</sup> Fox, the Quarantine Physician. He was soon found and brought alongside, where he put a number of interrogatories, the answers to which excited some surprise in him. He demanded if Poulson had had the black vomit or yellow skin – if any other of our crew had been attacked in a similar way – I replied in the negative. How long then had he been unwell said he – I answered “8 days before his death he complained to me – Was he able to move about after the attack? Yes for three or four days he was able to be up, tho’ he certainly complained of debility. D.<sup>r</sup> Fox seemed puzzled at my answers and after some cogitation said “Well Doctor I suppose we may call this a case of typhus, as there were none of the symptoms of yellow fever – to which of course I replied. “You may, an it please it you – All that I am convinced of is this, that the case of William Poulson was an individual case of fever, induced by his own imprudence & intemperance – that it was owing neither to contagion nor infection. It would perhaps be wrong to call it a case of yellow fever, since the symptoms observed did not agree with those generally pointed as marking this fever. I would simply call it a case of West Indian fever, and I am inclined to believe that our going to the Northward produced a change in the usual train of the symptoms and prolonged our shipmates life by a few days longer.

D.<sup>r</sup> Fox depending as he did on my representations of the case, gave us pratique and was the first to mount our vessels side and shake hands with our Captain. He was followed by a host of others, pilots, boatmen. And the friends & acquaintances of our crew – and greetings and news were mutually exchanged. It was 8 oClock P.M. ere I could get on shore, and install myself comfortably in my old lodgings.

The same day, all our passengers disembarked, and of these, as I wish to remember them, I shall put down the following *notabilia*.

Frederick Crellin Surgeon R.N. was our only Cabin passenger. He was of the ordinary height, with dark hair intermixed with grey. He had been four years on the West India station & during that time had belonged to the Sloop *Skipjack*.<sup>10</sup> When Admiral Colpoys was appointed to the West India station, he was the first Assistant Surgeon, who was promoted and his appointment was to be Surgeon of the *Magnificent*, a convalescent ship lying in Port Royal. He had not been Surgeon more than eight months when he felt a desire to get home, having now attained the height of his wishes. An excuse was not long awaiting and in the vague plea of ill health he was invalided home, altho’ to confess the honest truth, I never saw a person with stronger appearances of being in the enjoyment of good health, than he was. We all found him to be a very agreeable, & social fellow – fond of a spree - and ready to join in a laugh. In short he was one of the few of whom our pleasing remembrances last longest – so few indeed have we met of this description that I can now and will for years be able to mention them every one. He was very clever in his profession, and as I found from his conversation, he had received and benefited by a classical education.

The next of whom I shall speak was a M.<sup>rs</sup> Chapman – her daughter Anne, aged 17 years – another daughter Harriot aged 11 years- and a son Richard of about 6 or 7. – The whole family higgged together in my Cabin, whilst I slept in the double stateroom aft. M.<sup>rs</sup> Chapman was the wife of a Shipwright in the Dock Yard, Port Royal, and had come from England in a frigate 16 months ago – but soon finding that the climate did not agree with her, and being at the same time *enciente*, she was recommended to

<sup>10</sup> HM Schooner *Skipjack* (5), *Lt.Com.* James Pulling. *Asst. Sur.* Fred. Crellin (14.9.27) – *Navy List* – April 1829. With such foreign postings official records in England could be several months out of date.



return to England – and accordingly she came with us. Preserve us all from such another passenger. She was never out of bed above three times during the whole voyage. She was always complaining – nothing pleased her - & do what you could to give her ease, or contribute to her comfort, and instead of the thanks you naturally expected, she gave you nothing but assurances of being at death's door, and of being scarcely able to keep to keep soul and body together. And then she was such a scold – such an old harridan, that at last for her own peace the Captain was obliged to put an interdict upon the undue use of her tongue. Her eldest daughter had no peace night or day – The flame of her indignation was continually breaking forth, whilst as constantly if fresh fuel was added to it by her daughter Harriot a perfect firebrand and tale bearer. M.<sup>rs</sup> Chapman was too credulous, that our men played several tricks upon – gave her false information – and then laughed at her, when they saw the success of their stratagem. In short there was no event, which pleased me more – than her departure from our Packet, leaving us at last to welcome peace and quietness so long stranger to our society.

The only other passenger we brought to Falm.<sup>o</sup> was a young black man called Thomas May, because he had been captured in a slaver in the month of May, exactly as Robinson Crusoe named his man Friday. He was sent on board from the Hospital at Port Royal late on the night we started. Next day when I saw him, he told me, that they had neither given him medicine, dressings, proper food, nor bedding – which considering his state and that our Packet was not a man of war, was a great shame. I was informed, when it was too late, that the rule of the service was for me, to have demanded every thing necessary from the Hospital. But I had no time to do anything – he came on board at 8 o'clock P.M. & we sailed at 4 next morning, so that he had to be furnished dressings & medicines all the way home. This I should not have cared about, had - he been a poor man, wholly unable to do any thing for himself, but I was vexed when I found how the medicals at the Hospital had tricked me so nicely. His disease was said to be *scrophula*. The right inguinal glands were very much enlarged, and protruded like a bunch of grapes, thro' the integuments. By the Powder of the Red Oxide of Mercury first and afterwards more effectually by the *Hydrary-Oxymur*: the party were destroyed and then removed by the knife. By the time we arrived at Falmouth a large mass had been destroyed – but the probability is, that as the glands are destroyed in one part, they will enlarge in another. What has become of the poor fellow, I know not. On our arrival I sent him on board of the *Astrea*<sup>11</sup> and from thence I suppose he has been sent to Plymouth Naval Hospital.

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Expences incurred
during
Jamaica Voyage

1831		
5 th Aug. ^t Barbadoes		
2lbs preserved Ginger -	£0	8 0
Boat hire -	0	1 0
7 th S. ^t Vincent		

¹¹ HMS *Astrea* (6), a razee'd frigate serving as the Packet Depot ship at Falmouth. Capt. William King.

	Refreshment -	0	2	6
15 th	Jamaica			
	Expences at Port Royal -	0	4	6
28	Carthagena			
	Shells	0	4	6
	2 Parrots -	0	11	0
	Refreshments -	0	2	6
	1 dozen Coco-nuts -	0	1	0
	Cegars -	0	1	0
10	Jamaica			
	Clothes – 2 dozen -	0	8	0
	Shaddocks 1 dozen -	<u>0</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>0</u>
	Carry over	<u>£2</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>
	100 oranges -	0	3	0
	3 Bottles Shrub -	0	3	6
	5 Gallons Rum -	0	10	0
	700 Cegars -	0	11	6
	Refresh. ^t -	0	9	0
	Glass (2 dec. ^{ts} 6 wine glasses, sugar basin ...?.....) -	0	7	0
	1 Basket -	<u>0</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>
		<u>4</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>

Account of Expences
at Falmouth
from 16 Oct.^r to Nov.^r 5 – 1831.

19	Oct. ^r				
		Lake's Library -	£0	2	6
		One chance at Lottery -	0	2	0
		Sundries -	0	2	0
		Letter to Mother -	0	1	3½
		Tooth brush & acid -	0	1	3
20		Refreshments -	0	1	0
		Boat hire -	0	1	0
		Fruit -	0	1	6
21		Paper -	0	1	10½
		2 Letters -	0	2	7
		Chess Men -	0	3	0
		Porryan Pens -	0	3	6
23 ^d		Board & Lodg. ^g -	1	10	6
		Sailors Knife -	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>10</u>
		Carry over	<u>£2</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>4</u>
Oct. ^r					

1/8 Jamaica & Carthagena : July-Oct.1831

23rd	Sea & heavy cake -	0	1	6
24	Boat -	0	0	6
	Medallions -	0	0	10½
25	Letter to M. ^r Bain -	0	1	3½
27	Boat hire & luggage -	0	7	6
29	Boat to S. ^t Anthony -	0	2	6
	Paper -	0	0	6
	Cage for Parrot -	0	7	0
Nov. ^r 1	Sea & heavy cake -	0	2	6
4	Washing all my clothes -	1	3	9
	Books for sea use for 3 month -	0	6	0
	Paper -	0	2	6
	Shoe making bill -	2	6	0
	2 ^d Week Board & Lodging -	1	0	8½
	3 ^d Week d. ^o -	0	17	5
		<u>9</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>10½</u>
5 th	Servants -	0	7	0
	Boat -	0	5	0
	2 letters from home -	0	2	7
	Fur Cap -	0	4	0
		<u>10</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>5½</u>

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-----------|-----------|--|
| Nov. <sup>r</sup> 1831                                                |  |           |           |  |
| Due to me last voyage (Vide last voyage's accounts                    |  | £35       | 3         |  |
| Pay from 11 June to Sat. <sup>y</sup> 29 Oct. <sup>r</sup> (20 weeks) |  | <u>40</u> | <u>0</u>  |  |
| .                                                                     |  | 75        | 3         |  |
| Laid out Jamaica last voyage -                                        |  | <u>00</u> | <u>18</u> |  |
| .                                                                     |  | 76        | 1         |  |
| Also 3 years & a half Medicine money at £5 6. per annum               |  | <u>18</u> | <u>4</u>  |  |
| .                                                                     |  | 94        | 12        |  |
| Nov. <sup>r</sup> 4 – Received from Capt. Snell the sum of            |  | <u>10</u> | <u>0</u>  |  |
| Still due                                                             |  | 84        | 12        |  |