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From the United Service Journal.

DEATH BY A CABLE.

The first land we made was Saugor island, then so noted for the extraordinary size and fierceness of its tigers, and for the many human sacrifices offered up to idolatrous superstition. We brought up here for one night, and the next day dropped up with a light breeze, occasionally letting the anchor go to check her off the shoals. When off Culpee the tide was amazingly rapid, and evening closing in, old Welldon determined to bring up for the night; a double range of cable was overhauled on the deck, and the command given to "let go." Down went the anchor into the mud, the ship felt its weight, and was swinging just as an unfortunate lascar, half-stupified by chewing opium, was caught in a bight of the cable as it surged up the main hatchway, and like a boa-constrictor held him firmly in its convulsion; to extricate him was impossible—he was borne with irresistible impetuosity to the bits, the cable flew round, there was a piercing shriek, not only from the unhappy victim, but also from all who witnessed it, and in less than half a minute the dismembered halves of a human carcass were quivering on the deck, a most horrible and revolting spectacle to look upon. This event caused a momentary panic, and the ship was left to the impetuosity of the current. The friction of the cable round the bits set them on fire, and the utmost confusion prevailed; the pilot and the officers on the quarter-deck being wholly unconscious of what had taken place. Welldon, from the fore-castle, stamped and swore, on finding his commands to check her were not obeyed; and old Snatchblock made very little more than one step down the fore-hatchway, where, seeing no one at the stoppers, he caught hold of the laniard of one of them, but on drawing the turns taut, they snapped like a carrot. Several of the seamen followed the example of the boatswain, but everything was torn away in an instant; the small bower was let go, and held her for a moment, but being checked too suddenly, the cable, which was old, would not bear the strain, and parted before any security could be got upon the best bower, so that the latter flew with surprising velocity round the burning smoking bits, and fears were entertained that the clench would not be able to hold on. In this dilemma old Snatchblock bundled a sick man out of his hammock, and cutting the laniards, he dragged the whole into the manger, and thrust it towards the hawse-hole, the cable caught and drew the whole in, but in such a manner as effectually to jam it for several minutes, and time was gained to pass ring-stoppers and lashings so as to bring her up. Well was it for the worthy old boatswain that his scheme took effect, for in his haste his leg got entangled in the clew of the hammock, and he would have lost his limb and probably his life had it not succeeded. The whole occurrence, from first to last, occupied but little more time than I have taken in narrating it; and as soon as the ship was secured, water and wet swabs were plentifully supplied to extinguish the fire, which was readily accomplished; the sails were tossed up, the cable shortened in to the half-service, and everything made snug. During the bustle the mutilated body had been dragged in amidships between the bits, and when the hurry had subsided it was sought for, but only the upper portion could be found; and as inquiry grew loud about it, the boatswain pulled the crushed hammock out of the tanger, and opening it, showed the lower part of the body squeezed into a mere jelly—in fact he had doubled it into the folds of the hammock and bedding whilst rousing the latter forward to the hawse-hole; and to this momen-

tary act, by swelling the hammock, it mainly contributed to stopping the cable. I have seen a similar result with a hammock lashed up, but never before or since with one unlashd. The dismembered parts of the poor lascar were placed under the charge of the serang, and were afterwards conveyed on shore for burial.

From the United Service Journal.

VIRTUES AND VICES.

We passed Fort William and brought up amidst a wood of masts, near the Custom-House; and as it was evening, I purposed remaining on board for the night, as I must do the black master of the Hunter the credit to say that he strove by every means in his power to make me comfortable. A little before sunset, sounds of native music were heard at one of the landing-places: there were domoms beating, and a sort of trumpet-like noise, yielding no harmony, but keeping regular time. Boats were quitting the vessels, and were hurried towards the spot which seemed to be a point of attraction from all parts of the river; and I requested to be conveyed thither: this was immediately complied with, and on reaching the place I found it was a religious ceremony, a great portion of which was over before my arrival. Along the shore were several thousand natives practising all sorts of frantic gestures; many rushing into the water and throwing somersets, others on the land standing on their heads for a long period, and nearly all shouting and making a noise. Near the immediate scene of action were several superb cars drawn by buffaloes, and beneath the canopies were images splendidly arrayed, before whom a great number of worshippers were prostrated. An intelligent native, who spoke good English, informed me that these were designed to represent the "Virtues." Close to the river's brink were several men clad in white, who were officiating as priests, and a number of images were laid on the ground, over which these priests were very busy. This continued for several minutes, when the last-mentioned images—several of them the most abominable and indelicate monsters that could be conceived—were raised, one by one, and plunged singly into the water. In an instant the natives rushed down, splashing about, pressing over each other, and not unfrequently from forty to fifty were under at the same moment of time, all striving to get at the image for the purpose of destroying it; which they did, bit by bit,—for it was of tough materials,—until not a vestige was left. The other images underwent the same process; and I am much mistaken if there were not lives lost in the scuffle; especially as darkness began to spread its veil before the whole was finished. From the same native before alluded to, I learned that these were intended as the representatives of the "Vices;" the priests having removed the sins of the people, which were supposed to pass into these detestable figures. On mentioning the subject afterwards to the Rev. Mr. G——, he ascribed it to Jewish origin in the scapegoat of the Israelites.

From the United Service Journal.

THE MALAYS.

THE Malays, who inhabit all this portion of India, that is, the Peninsula, below Pegu, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and almost all the southern chains and archipelagos of islands south-west of China, are a curious race, an odd mixture of

the savage and civilized; and, to this day, neither done justice to, nor understood by us. Witness the still constant mistakes about their pirates and their proas,—not pirates. Witness our giving up Java, which deserved a better fate. Nor are the tales of treachery and horror, so often true, of the Sumatrans and other islanders, at all applicable to Java, whose inhabitants are the most virtuous, and the mildest of all these tribes, as they are the most valuable in every point of view.

Generally speaking, however, from whatever cause, the Malays are considered very vindictive, often very cruel; but often, to my knowledge, under great provocation, which we were too careless about, from ignorance of their customs, or from our own insolence and presumption. When disastrous consequences ensued we stood aghast! but so it was. We often wantonly made them enemies. How could they—how can they judge of our dominion in India? Our dominion of its seas! They had their own laws; and laws of nations!—thence some of our fatal mistakes, which, I still fear, go on; and when we tell the story—it is to ourselves.

I should like to see the Malay version of some bloody affairs, that cost us many men, to no purpose that I could ever understand. The running a *muck*, we have heard so much of, is rather accident, and the effect of drunkenness by opium, &c. But when quarrelled with, whether on shore or afloat, the Malays nor take nor give quarter; they do not understand it. While a Malay (all I have seen) breathes, and can lift his arms, though down and stabbed, or pierced in a dozen places, and must die, yet you are not safe while he breathes. They have no idea of giving up alive. Thence the butcheries that have taken place in our fights with them; and, I conclude, among each other. They certainly are very savage, and under affronts or supposed wrongs, sadly treacherous. They wait, in short, for revenge—a dire revenge. This is their fashion.

Being on shore once at Acheen (not far from Penang,) in Sumatra, buying white game cocks (we on board caught the mania of cock-fighting from the natives,) I was strolling about among the crowd of the market-place cheapening these beautiful birds, when one of my men offended a Malay, I know not how. All were armed with that detestable knife, a *creis*—some poisoned, some wormed, all sharp as a penknife. The first thing I saw was the savage with it already drawn, his arms spread out and stooping forward, glaring round as if determined to strike some one, for the sailor had got away in the crowd; and I and others of my men were at this instant the nearest to him. I certainly felt every way very uncomfortable; for we were a mere boat's crew, only armed with ship's blunt cutlasses, and totally off our guard, with the empty boat two hundred yards off, hauled up by the river's side, with a careless boat-keeper. I had nothing but a most insignificant *bodkin*—(vide *Morning Chronicle*)—called a dirk, by my side; nor was it ever "bare:" for, not knowing what the man would be at, and being so taken by surprise, I stood staring too! Two of my men, however, got their old iron out, I believe; but at the same instant, the Malay, looking still most diabolically, stretched out his own left arm and chopped at it as at a piece of wood. It seemed incredible! a sort of insanity. And so it was: the insanity of rage. He made a wretched gash, of course, to the bone; but he seemed to exult in it, holding it at us, and raving like a madman indeed. I expected every instant to be attacked; but we were lucky. He was instantly surrounded by his friends and others, and they led him aside and seemingly expostulated with him. I gave my fellow a good rowing when we shoved off; which we did

with half the stock we intended, as things did not look by any means settled in the market, and we were not at all prepared for hostility; being, indeed, otherwise, on very friendly terms, and often on shore.

Now, this was a mere nothing; but it convinced me of these people's violent passions. So great, it would seem, that not being able to cut at the aggressor, he cut at himself,—just to show us how little he cared for that sort of work,—and what he might expect if he caught him within short arm's length. Returning on board, we made up for our hurried departure by killing *guanas*, which, poor things, half out of the water on the banks as we swept along, basking in the sun like alligators, (being, indeed of the lizard tribe) exposed themselves to our shot. They are a great delicacy; better, much better, than turtle: tasting like very delicate chicken, or that quintessence of dishes—frogs! But then, who knows any thing of the taste of frogs—no Englishman, of course, untravelling. The idea of a delicate dish of guana! What a thing it is to voyage over the face of "dis circumlar globe," as Mass Quashy says.

From the United Service Journal

THE SEA AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In all my experience in hurricanes, bad gales,—typhoons of the China seas, whose fury it seems difficult to surpass,—nothing have I ever seen so bad (as to a dangerous sea) as doubling the Cape: nor ever have I felt as if so near being engulfed by overwhelming mountains of roaring waters; which are not long nor short, but somehow do come on, one after another, with a *steepness* and *wickedness*, if I may so say, that sets seamen's knowledge and prudence at naught.

Ships that have rode out gales in other places quietly and snugly enough, there have had to throw quarter-deck and fore-castle guns overboard. And we brats, that often and often have laughed at gales of all sorts, and turned-in and snored, let it blow as it would, the moment our watch was out, there looked grave enough, and slept, but with one eye open. Whether it is the peculiar conformation of the banks of Lagullas, or of the *fetish* of the sea, or what, I know not; but somehow or other, there most accidents happen. It may be, other spots of the Atlantic and Pacific are as bad; but it is certain that a "chops of the Channel" sea is nothing to it: nor a short confused China seas' sea, nor the longer roll and swell of any part of the open ocean that I have seen. Besides, it is a perpetual caldron of commotion. How busy and sad fancy would plunge to its bottom to the rescue of many a fine fellow, rich freight, and glorious warlike vessels in their pride gone down—down—and now lie in eternal silence and thick profusion, strewn, it may be, in ocean's caves, but too well preserved in brine!

From the United Service Journal.

THE CHINESE.

How much we are in want of some minute, new, and authentic account of the Chinese! We have the meagre, doubtful tales of Marco Polo; of French missionaries; Sir George Staunton has said something, Mr. Barrow, and Mr. Ellis—all clever men; but we still know absolutely nothing of this extraordinary nation. The experiment of the ship—Amherst?—sent up the coast two or three years