

At Sea on Board Schr. Ann Eliza, May 30, 1862.

I am compelled to write that which I am sorry for, yet it cannot be helped. I left Boston, if you remember, under a heavy North wind. I ran that night under three reefed foresail. During the night we shipped considerable water, and to my surprise I found that the vessel leaked badly; for ten days we had rather a rough time, but the Ann Eliza behaved well. As soon as we got in fine weather, I went to work on her stanchions, on which I spent two days caulking; I could put my hand down behind any of them. Since then we have had a tight vessel.

We had a fine run up to the river LaPlate. From thence to the Strait, we had rather rough weather. We were seventy days to the Strait and from there my troubles began. On the second night, we lost our small chain and anchor. We reached Port Famine on the 12th of April, and there we got wood and water. We anchored in Fortescue Bay on the 15th. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th it blew heavy, with snow and rain, during which time we lay in Fortescue Bay and were visited by about twenty Indians some twice or three times. We allowed only three or four on board at a time. They appeared to be harmless, and when ordered on shore went without reluctance. On the morning of the 20th, about six o'clock, all hands were called to get underway. The wind was moderate, but rainy weather. I went on deck in my shirtsleeves, saw the Indians coming off, but apprehended no trouble. As I went below to dress myself, Mr. Cook went on deck. The men were in the forecastle putting on their oil clothes.

As Mr. Cook went forward, I heard him say to the Indians, "Go ashore, what do you want here?" And then he went forward. Soon after I heard him making his way abaft, crying for help. I siezed my pistol and attempted to gain the deck, but was knocked back with stones, one striking me on the left shoulder, another slightly cutting me over the eye and nearly severing my nose from my face. It stunned me for a moment; but I soon recovered. Mr. Cook had reached the gangway, but was there dispatched with clubs by those merciless Indians. They kept the cabin and forecastle guarded with clubs; and throwing their spears, arrows and stones every chance they could get. I received two wounds from their spears: one through the fleshy part of my left hand tween the forefingers and thumb; the other entered ~~my~~ my right arm two inches above my wrist, passing between the bones of my arm and coming out on the opposite side near the bend of my arm, leaving about five inches buried in my arm. Still I kept shooting every chance I could get. They had possession of the deck for about one hour. How many I shot I cannot say, but I saw several wounded, and I think I killed one outright.

They built two fires on deck, threw brands into the sail and cabin but it being rainy, the sails did not burn.

T. Hutchings was in the cabin with me: he came off unhurt. I did not expect to escape with my life, but fortune, with the aid of my pistol favored me, and at last I succeeded in driving them from the deck.

They had thrown the boat overboard and were towing it on shore, but I soon made them drop her by firing a few shots.

They threw the windlass brake overboard and stole some small things; but with the exception of the loss of the boat, they did not do much damage to the vessel.

I found one man dead in the forecastle, Frank Joseph; the steward badly wounded in several places, and the other so beastly drunk that he was unable to stand. The poor fellow thinking we were all dead, took this method to drown his sorrow, supposing he must soon follow.

It was about eight o'clock when Thomas and I commenced to heave up.

We worked until three before we got underway. I could do but little. We ran until two o'clock that night, and anchored in Port Famine, washed and dressed our wounds as best we could. The next day we reached Sandy Point, the Chilian Settlement. There we lay for fifteen days under medical treatment.

On the fifth of May, we started again, I having received from the Governor a boat chain and anchor, twelve guns and three Spanish sailors (that is about as good as a spare tholepin) on conditions that I am to leave them at Valparaiso.

The body of Mr. Cook they removed from the deck. Whether they threw it overboard or carried it ashore for his clothes, I am unable to say. That of the Portuguese we buried at Sandy Point. We passed Cape Pillar on the morning of the 15th. That night about 8 o'clock the man at the wheel caught her aback, the boom came over and threw him overboard. We used every exertion to save him, but all in vain. It was blowing strong and a heavy sea running: so the poor fellow instead of being killed by indians, lived but a few days to be swallowed up by the restless ocean.

The cook is yet in a bad condition. I don't know whether he will make a die of it or not. Thomas Hutchings and the cook are all there are left of the old crew.

Since I passed Cape Pillar, I have had nothing but gales of wind from the North. At this moment I am hove to under three reef foresail and have been for 24 hours.

I am within 450 miles of Valparaiso and have been within that distance for three days. My mainsail and jib are rather poor. I blew the jib to pieces about a week since, and it took me three days to repair it. I shall be glad when I get on my track for Honolulu off this nasty coast. I shall finish this after I arrive at Valparaiso (if I ever do) and let you know how I get along etc.

My wounds are all healed, but I have but little use of my right arm as yet, although it is improving fast. Ten days since I could not hold a pen to write, now I can lift ten or fifteen pounds quite easy.

Good-by until I arrive at my Port.

Calvin

Probably Calvin Freeman
of Provincetown

Gift of George D. Bryant