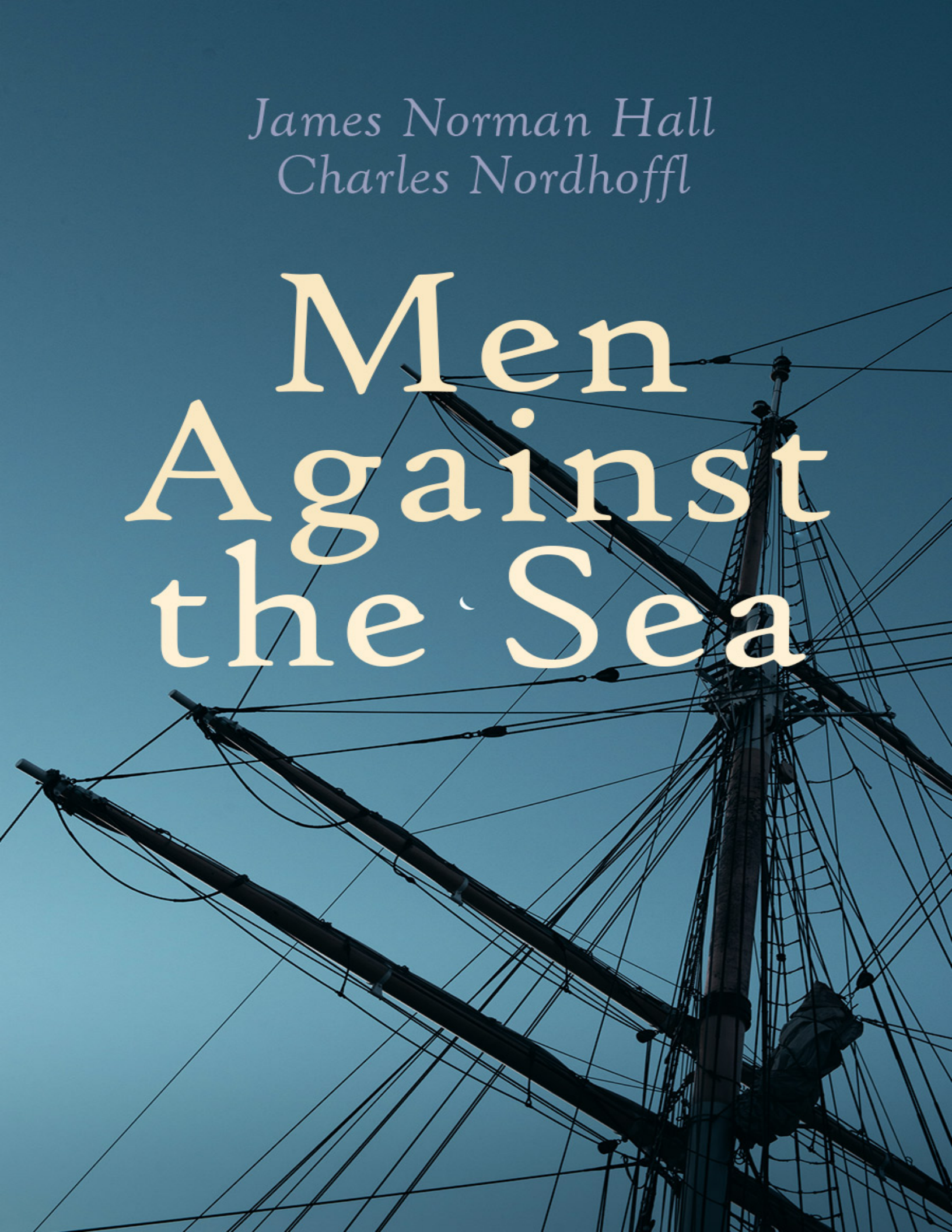


*James Norman Hall
Charles Nordhoff*

Men Against the Sea



James Norman Hall, Charles Nordhoff

Men Against the Sea

e-artnow, 2021

Contact: info@e-artnow.org

EAN 4066338120045

TABLE OF CONTENT

[Chapter I](#)

[Chapter II](#)

[Chapter III](#)

[Chapter IV](#)

[Chapter V](#)

[Chapter VI](#)

[Chapter VII](#)

[Chapter VIII](#)

[Chapter IX](#)

[Chapter X](#)

[Chapter XI](#)

[Chapter XII](#)

[Epilogue](#)

CHAPTER I

[Table of Contents](#)

This day my good friend William Elphinstone was laid to rest, in the Lutheran churchyard on the east bank of the river, not five cable-lengths from the hospital. Mr. Sparling, Surgeon-General of Batavia, helped me into the boat, and two of his Malay servants were waiting on the bank, with a litter to convey me to the grave.

Two others of our little company, worn out by the hardships of the voyage, and easy victims to the climate of Java, have preceded Elphinstone to the churchyard. They were men of humble birth, but Elphinstone should be well content to lie beside them, for they were Englishmen worthy of the name. Lenkletter was one of the *Bounty's* quartermasters, and Hall a cook. Mr. Sparling had dosed them with bark and wine, doing everything in his power to save their lives; but they had been through too much. Mr. Fryer, the master, Cole, the boatswain, and two midshipmen, Hayward and Tinkler, were rowed four miles up the river to attend the funeral.

After we had paid our last respects to the master's mate, I was grieved to learn that my friends had been informed by the Sabandar that they were to sail for Europe on the morrow, with the last of the *Bounty's* people, aboard the *Hollandia*, a ship of the Dutch East India Company's fleet. Grieved for myself, I must add, but glad for the sake of the others, whose longing for England, after an absence of nearly two years, was as great as my own. The deep ulcer

on my leg, aggravated by the tropical climate, renders it imprudent to take passage at this time; in Mr. Sparling's opinion I shall be unable to travel for several months. I am grateful for the friendship of my Dutch colleague and sensible of the deep obligations he has placed me under, yet I am taking up my pen to ward off the sense of loneliness already descending upon me in this far-off place.

The seaman's hospital is a model of its kind: large, commodious, airy, and judiciously divided into wards, each one a separate dwelling in which the sick are accommodated according to their complaints. I am lodged with the Surgeon-General, in his house at the extremity of one wing; he has had a cot placed for me, on a portion of his piazza shaded by flowering shrubs and vines, where I may pass the hours of the day propped up on pillows—to read or write, if I choose, or to sit in idleness with my bandaged leg extended upon a chair, gazing out on the rich and varied landscape, steaming in the heat of the sun. But now that my shipmates will no longer be able to visit me, the hours will drag sadly. My host is the kindest of men, and the only person here with whom I can converse, but the performance of his duties leaves little time for idle talk. His lady, a young and handsome niece of M. Vander Graaf, the Governor of Cape Town, has been more than kind to me. She is scarcely twenty, and the Malay costumes she wears become her mightily: silk brocade and jewels, and her thick flaxen hair dressed high on her head and pinned with a comb of inlaid tortoise shell. Escorted by her Malay girls, she often comes of an afternoon to sit with me. Her blue eyes express interest and compassion as she glances at me and turns to

speak with her servants, in the Malay tongue. I have been so long without the pleasure of female company that it is a satisfaction merely to look at Mme. Sparling; were I able to converse with her, the hours would be short indeed.

When we had buried Mr. Elphinstone, and I had asked the Surgeon-General for writing materials, it was his wife who brought me what I required. She took leave of me soon after; and since night is still distant, I am beginning to set my memories in order for the task with which I hope to while the hours away until I am again able to walk.

Of the mutiny on board His Majesty's armed transport *Bounty*, I shall have little to say. Captain Bligh has already written an account of how the ship was seized; and Mr. Timotheus Wanjon, secretary to the governor at Coupang, has translated it into the Dutch language so that the authorities in these parts may be on the lookout for the *Bounty* in the unlikely event that she should be steered this way. He questioned each of us fully as to what we had seen and heard on the morning of the mutiny; I should be guilty of presumption were I to set down an independent narrative based upon my own knowledge of what occurred. But of our subsequent adventures in the ship's launch I feel free to write, the more so since Mr. Nelson, the botanist, who informed me at Coupang that he meditated the same task, died in Timor, the first victim of the privations we had undergone.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the sea has a captain performed a feat more remarkable than Mr. Bligh's, in navigating a small, open, and unarmed boat—but twenty-three feet long, and so heavily laden that she was in

constant danger of foundering—from the Friendly Islands to Timor, a distance of three thousand, six hundred miles, through groups of islands inhabited by ferocious savages, and across a vast uncharted ocean. Eighteen of us were huddled on the thwarts as we ran for forty-one days before strong easterly gales, bailing almost continually to keep afloat, and exposed to torrential rains by day and by night. Yet, save for John Norton,—murdered by the savages at Tofoa,—we reached Timor without the loss of a man. For the preservation of our lives we have Captain Bligh to thank, and him alone. We reached the Dutch East Indies, not by a miracle, but owing to the leadership of an officer of indomitable will, skilled in seamanship, stern to preserve discipline, cool and cheerful in the face of danger. His name will be revered by those who accompanied him for as long as they may live.

On the morning of April 28, 1789, the *Bounty* was running before a light easterly breeze, within view of the island of Tofoa, in the Friendly Archipelago. I was awakened a little after daybreak by Charles Churchill, the master-at-arms, and John Mills, the gunner's mate, who informed me that the ship had been seized by Fletcher Christian, the acting lieutenant, and the greater part of the ship's company, and that I was to go on deck at once. These men were of Christian's party. Churchill was armed with a brace of pistols, and Mills with a musket. I dressed in great haste and was then marched to the upper deck. It will be understood with what amazement and incredulity I looked about me. To be aroused from a quiet sleep to find the ship filled with armed men, and Captain Bligh a prisoner in their midst, so

shocked and stupefied me that, at first, I could scarcely accept the evidence of my eyes.

There was nothing to be done. The mutineers were in complete possession of the ship, and those who they knew would remain loyal to their commander were so carefully guarded as to preclude all possibility of resistance. I was ordered to stand by the mainmast with William Elphinstone, master's mate, and John Norton, one of the quartermasters. Two of the seamen, armed with muskets, the bayonets fixed, were stationed over us; and I well remember one of them, John Williams, saying to me: "Stand ye there, Mr. Ledward. We mean ye no harm, but, by God, we'll run ye through the guts if ye make a move toward Captain Bligh!"

Elphinstone, Norton, and I tried to recall these men to their senses; but their minds were so inflamed by hatred toward Captain Bligh that nothing we could say made the least impression upon them. He showed great resolution; and, although they threatened him repeatedly, he outfaced the ruffians and dared them to do their worst.

I had been standing by the mainmast only a short time when Christian, who had been chief of those guarding Mr. Bligh, gave this business into the charge of Churchill and four or five others, that he might hasten the work of sending the loyal men out of the ship. It was only then that we learned what his plans were, and we had no time to reflect upon the awful consequences to us of his cruelty and folly. The ship was in an uproar, and it was a near thing that Bligh was not murdered where he stood. It had been the plan of the mutineers to set us adrift in the small cutter; but her bottom was so rotten that they were at last persuaded to let

us have the launch, and men were now set to work clearing her that she might be swung over the side. Whilst this was being done, I caught Christian's eye, and he came forward to where I stood.

"Mr. Ledward, you may stay with the ship if you choose," he said.

"I shall follow Captain Bligh," I replied.

"Then into the launch with you at once," he said.

"Surely, Mr. Christian," I said, "you will not send us off without medical supplies, and I must have some cloathes for myself."

He called to Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen: "Quintal, take Mr. Ledward to his cabin, and let him have what cloathing he needs. He is to take the small medicine chest, but see to it that he takes nothing from the large one."

He then left me abruptly, and that was my last word with this misguided man who had doomed nineteen others to hardships and sufferings beyond the power of the imagination to describe.

The small medicine chest was provided with a handle, and could easily be carried by one man. Fortunately, I had always kept it fully equipped for expeditions that might be made away from the ship; it had its own supply of surgical instruments, sponges, tourniquets, dressings, and the like, and a hasty examination assured me that, in the way of medicines, it contained most of those specifics likely to be needed by men in our position. Quintal watched me narrowly while I was making this examination. I put into the chest my razors, some handkerchiefs, my only remaining

packet of snuff, and half a dozen wineglasses, which later proved of great use to us. Having gathered together some additional articles of cloathing, I was again conducted to the upper deck. The launch was already in the water; Captain Bligh, John Fryer,—the master,—the boatswain, William Cole, and many others had been sent into her. Churchill halted me at the gangway to make an examination of the medicine chest. He then ordered me into the boat, and the chest and my bundle of cloathing were handed down to me.

I was among the last to go into the launch; indeed, there were but two who followed me—Mr. Samuel, the captain's clerk, and Robert Tinkler, a midshipman. The launch was now so low in the water that Mr. Fryer, as well as Captain Bligh himself, begged that no more men should be sent into her; yet there were, I believe, two midshipmen and three or four seamen who would have come with us had there been room. Fortunately for us and for them, they were not permitted to do so, for we had no more than seven or eight inches of freeboard amidships. There were, in fact, nineteen of us in the launch, which was but twenty-three feet long, with a beam of six feet, nine inches. In depth she was, I think, two feet and nine inches. Each man had brought with him his bundle of cloathing; and with these, and the supplies of food allowed us by the mutineers, we were dangerously overladen.

But there was no time, as yet, to think of the seriousness of our situation. The launch was veered astern, and for another quarter of an hour or thereabouts we were kept in tow. The mutineers lined the *Bounty's* rail, aft, hooting and jeering at us; but it was to Mr. Bligh that most of their

remarks were addressed. As I looked up at them, I found myself wondering how a mutiny into which well over half the ship's company had been drawn could have been planned without so much as a hint of danger having come to the knowledge of the rest of us. I personally had observed no sign of disaffection in the ship's company. To be sure, I had witnessed, upon more than one occasion, instances of the rigour of Captain Bligh's disciplinary measures. He is a man of violent temper, stern and unbending in the performance of what he considers to be his duty; but the same may be said of the greater part of the ships' captains in His Majesty's service. Knowing the necessity for strict discipline at sea, and the unruly nature of seamen as a class, I by no means considered that Captain Bligh's punishments exceeded in severity what the rules and necessities of the service demanded; nor had I believed that the men themselves thought so. But they now showed a passion of hatred toward him that astonished me, and reviled him in abominable language.

I heard one of them shout, "Swim home, you old bastard!" "Aye, swim or drown!" yelled another, "God damn you, we're well rid of you!" And another: "You'll flog and starve us no more, you ..." Then followed a string of epithets it may be as well to omit. However, I must do their company the justice to say that most of the jeering and vile talk came from four or five of the mutinous crew. I observed that others looked down at us in silence, and with a kind of awe—as though they had just realized the enormity of the crime they were committing.

They had given us nothing with which to defend ourselves amongst the savages, and urgent requests were made for some muskets. These were met with further abuse; but at length four cutlasses were thrown down to us, and for all our pleading we were given nothing else. This so enraged Captain Bligh that he stood in his place and addressed the ruffians as they deserved. Two or three of the seamen leveled their pieces at him; and it was only the superior force of his will, I believe, which prevented them from shooting. We heard one of them cry out: "Bear off, and give 'em a whiff of grape!" At this moment the painter of the launch was cast off, and the ship drew slowly away from us. I cannot believe that even the most hardened of the mutineers was so lost to humanity as to have turned one of the guns upon a boatload of defenseless men, but others of our number thought differently. The oars were at once gotten out, and we pulled directly astern; but the ship was kept on her course, and soon it was clear to all that we had nothing more to fear from those aboard of her.

At this time the *Bounty* was under courses and topsails; the breeze was of the lightest, and the vessel had little more than steerageway. As she drew off, we saw several of the men run aloft to loose the topgallant sails. The shouting grew fainter, and soon was lost to hearing. In an hour's time the vessel was a good three miles to leeward; in another hour she was hull down on the horizon.

I well remember the silence that seemed to flow in upon our little company directly we had been cast adrift—the wide silence of mid-ocean, accentuated by the faint creaking of the oars against the tholepins. We rowed six

oars in the launch, but were so deeply laden that we made slow progress toward the island of Tofoa, to the northeast of us and distant about ten leagues. Fryer sat at the tiller. Captain Bligh, Mr. Nelson, Elphinstone,—the master's mate,—and Peckover, the gunner, were all seated in the stern sheets. The rest of us were crowded on the thwarts in much the same positions as those we had taken upon coming into the launch. Bligh was half turned in his seat, gazing sombrely after the distant vessel; nor, during the next hour, I think, did he once remove his eyes from her. He appeared to have forgotten the rest of us, nor did any of us speak to remind him of our presence. Our thoughts were as gloomy as his own, and we felt as little inclined to express them.

My sympathy went out to Mr. Bligh in this hour of bitter disappointment; I could easily imagine how appalling the ruin of his plans must have appeared to him at a time when he had every expectation of completing them to the last detail. We had been homeward bound, the mission of our long voyage—that of collecting breadfruit plants in Otaheite, to be carried to the West Indies—successfully accomplished. This task, entrusted to his care by His Majesty's Government through the interest of his friend and patron, Sir Joseph Banks, had deeply gratified him, and well indeed had he justified that trust. Now, in a moment, his sanguine hopes were brought to nothing. His ship was gone; his splendid charts of coasts and islands were gone as well; and he had nothing to show for all the long months of careful and painstaking labour. He found himself cast adrift with eighteen of his company in his own ship's launch, with no more than a compass, a sextant, and his journal, in the

midst of the greatest of oceans and thousands of miles from any place where he could look for help. Small wonder if, at that time, he felt the taste of dust and ashes in his mouth.

For an hour we moved slowly on toward Tofoa, the most northwesterly of the islands composing the Friendly Archipelago. This group had been so christened by Captain Cook; but our experiences among its inhabitants, only a few days before the mutiny, led us to believe that Cook must have called them “friendly” in a spirit of irony. They are a virile race, but we had found them savage and treacherous in the extreme, as different as could be imagined from the Indians of Otaheite. Only the possession of firearms had saved us from being attacked and overcome whilst we were engaged in wooding and watering on the island of Annamooka. Tofoa we had not visited, and as I gazed at the faint blue outline on the horizon I tried, with little success, to convince myself that our experiences there might be more fortunate.

Many an anxious glance was turned in Captain Bligh’s direction, but for an hour at least he remained in the same position, gazing after the distant ship. When at length he turned away, it was never to look toward her again. He now took charge of his new command with an assurance, a quiet cheerfulness, that heartened us all. He first set us to work to bring some order into the boat. We were, as I have said, desperately crowded; but when we had stored away our supplies we had elbow-room at least. Our first care was, of course, to take stock of our provisions. We found that we had sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing about two pounds; three bags of bread of fifty pounds each; six quarts

of rum, six bottles of wine, and twenty-eight gallons of water in three ten-gallon kegs. We also had four empty barricos, each capable of holding eight gallons. The carpenter, Purcell, had succeeded in fetching away one of his tool chests, although the mutineers had removed many of the tools before allowing it to be handed down. Our remaining supplies, outside of personal belongings, consisted of my medicine chest, the launch's two lugsails, some spare canvas, two or three coils of rope, and a copper pot, together with some odds and ends of boat's gear which the boatswain had had the forethought to bring with him.

To show how deeply laden we were, it is enough to say that my hand, as it rested on the gunwale, was repeatedly wet with drops of water from the small waves that licked along the sides of the boat. Fortunately, the sea was calm and the sky held a promise of good weather, at least for a sufficient time to enable us to reach Tofoa.

Reliefs at the oars were changed every hour, each of us taking his turn. Gradually the blue outline of the island became more distinct, and by the middle of the afternoon we had covered well over half the distance to it. About this time the faint breeze freshened and came round to the southeast, which enabled us to get up one of our lugsails. Captain Bligh now took the tiller and we altered our course to fetch the northern side of the island. Not eighteen hours before I had had, by moonlight, what I thought was my last view of Tofoa, and Mr. Nelson and I were computing the time that would be needed, if all went well, to reach the islands of the West Indies where we were to discharge our cargo of young breadfruit trees. Little we dreamed of the change that

was to take place in our fortunes before another sun had set. I now cast about in my mind, trying to anticipate what Captain Bligh's plan for us might be. Our only hope of succour would lie in the colonies in the Dutch East Indies, but they were so far distant that the prospect of reaching one of them seemed fantastic. I thought of Otaheite, where we could be certain of kindly treatment on the part of the Indians, but that island was all of twelve hundred miles distant and directly to windward. In view of these circumstances, Mr. Bligh would never attempt a return there.

Meanwhile we proceeded on our way under a sky whose serenity seemed to mock at the desperate plight of the men in the tiny boat crawling beneath it. The sun dipped into the sea behind us, and in the light that streamed up from beyond the horizon the island stood out in clear relief. We estimated the peak of its central mountain to be about two thousand feet high. It was a volcano, and a thin cloud of vapour hung above it, taking on a saffron colour in the afterglow. We were still too far distant at sunset to have seen the smoke of any fires of its inhabitants. Mr. Bligh was under the impression that the place was uninhabited. All eyes turned toward the distant heights as darkness came on, but the only light to be seen was the dull red glow from the volcano reflected upon the cloud above it. When we were within a mile of the coast, the breeze died away and the oars were again gotten out. We approached the rocky shore until the thunder of the surf was loud in our ears; but in the darkness we could see no place where a landing might be made. Cliffs, varying in height from fifty to several

hundred feet, appeared to fall directly to the sea; but when we had coasted a distance of several miles we discovered a less forbidding spot, where we might lie in comparative safety through the night.

There was but little surf here, and the sound of it only served to make deeper and more impressive the stillness of the night. Our voices sounded strangely distinct in this silence. For all the fact that we had not eaten since the previous evening, none of us had thought of food; and when Bligh suggested that we keep our fast until morning, there was no complaint from any of the company. He did, however, serve a ration of grog to each of us, and it was at this time that I had reason to be glad of putting the wineglasses into my medicine chest, for we discovered that we had but one other drinking-vessel, a horn cup belonging to the captain. The serving of the grog put all of us in a much more cheerful frame of mind—not, certainly, because of the spirits it contained, but rather because it was a customary procedure and served to make us forget, for the moment at least, our forlorn situation. Two men were set at the oars to keep the boat off the rocks, and Captain Bligh commended the rest of us to take what rest our cramped positions might afford. The light murmur of talk now died away; but the silence that followed was that of tired but watchful men drawn together in spirit by the coming of night and the sense of common dangers.

CHAPTER II

[Table of Contents](#)

Throughout the night the launch was kept close under the land. I had as my near companions Elphinstone,—the master's mate,—and Robert Tinkler, youngest of the *Bounty's* midshipmen, a lad of fifteen. The forebodings of the older part of our company were not shared by Tinkler, whose natural high spirits had thus far been kept in check by his wholesome awe of Captain Bligh. He had no true conception of our situation at this time, and it speaks well for him that when, soon enough, he came to an understanding of the dangers surrounding us, his courage did not fail him.

He had slept during the latter part of the night, curled up in the bottom of the boat with my feet and his bundle of cloathing for his pillow. Elphinstone and I had dozed in turn, leaning one against the other, but our cramped position had made anything more than a doze impossible. We were all awake before the dawn, and as soon as there was sufficient light we proceeded in a northeasterly direction along the coast. It was a forbidding-looking place, viewed from the vantage point of a small and deeply laden ship's boat. The shore was steep to, and we found no place where a landing might have been made without serious risk of wrecking the launch. Presently we were out of the lee, and found the breeze so strong and the sea so rough that we turned back to examine that part of the coast which lay beyond the spot where we had spent the night. About nine o'clock we came

to a cove, and, as there appeared to be no more suitable shelter beyond, we ran in and dropped a grapnel about twenty yards from the beach.

We were on the lee side here, but this circumstance alone was in our favour. The beach was rocky, and the foreshore about the cove had a barren appearance that promised nothing to relieve our wants. It was shut in on all sides by high, rocky cliffs, and there appeared to be no means of entrance or exit save by the sea. Captain Bligh stood up in his seat, examining the place carefully whilst the rest of us awaited his decision. He turned to Mr. Nelson with a wry smile.

“By God, sir,” he said, “if you can find us so much as an edible berry here, you shall have my ration of grog at supper.”

“I’m afraid the venture is safe enough,” Mr. Nelson replied. “Nevertheless, I shall be glad to try.”

“That we shall do,” said Bligh; then, turning to the master, “Mr. Fryer, you and six men shall stay with the launch.” He then told off those who were to remain on board, whereupon they slackened away until we were in shallow water and the rest of us waded ashore.

The beach was composed of heaps of stones worn round and smooth by the action of the sea, and although the surf was light, the footing was difficult until we were out of the water. Robert Lamb, the butcher, turned his ankle before he had taken half a dozen steps, and thus provided me with my first task as surgeon of the *Bounty’s* launch. The man had received a bad sprain that made it impossible for him to walk. He was supported to higher ground, where Captain

Bligh—quite rightly, I think—gave him a severe rating. We were in no position to have helpless men to care for, and Lamb's accident was the result of a foolish attempt to run across a beach of loose stones.

The land about the cove was gravelly soil covered with coarse grass, small thickets of bush, and scattered trees. The level ground extended inland for a short distance, to the base of all but vertical walls covered with vines and fern. Near the beach we found the remains of an old fire, but we were soon convinced that the cove was used by the Indians only as a place of occasional resort.

Mr. Bligh delegated his clerk Samuel, Norton, Purcell, Lenkletter, and Lebogue as a party to attempt to scale the cliffs. Purcell carried one of the cutlasses, the others provided themselves with stout sticks. Thus armed, they set out; and were soon lost to view amongst the trees. They carried with them the copper kettle and an Indian calabash we had found hanging from a tree near the beach. The rest of us separated, some to search for shellfish among the rocks, others to explore the foreshore. Nelson and I bore off to the left side of the cove, where we discovered a narrow valley; but we soon found our passage blocked by a smooth wall of rock, thirty or forty feet high. Not a drop of water could we find, and the arid aspect of the valley as a whole showed only too plainly that the rainfall, on this side of the island at least, must be scant indeed.

Having explored with care that part of the cove which Bligh had asked us to examine, we sat down to rest for a moment. Nelson shook his head with a faint smile.

“Mr. Bligh was safe enough in offering me his tot of grog,” he said. “We shall find nothing here, Ledward—neither food nor water.”

“How do you feel about our prospects?” I asked.

“I have not allowed myself to think of them thus far,” he replied. “We can, undoubtedly, find water on the windward side, and perhaps food enough to maintain us for a considerable period. Beyond that ...” He broke off, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently he added: “Our situation is not quite hopeless. That is as much as we can say.”

“But it is precisely the kind of situation Bligh was born to meet,” I said.

“It is; I grant that; but what can he do, Ledward? Where in God’s name can we go? We know only too well what treacherous savages these so-called ‘Friendly Islanders’ are; our experiences at Annamooka taught us that. I speak frankly. The others I shall try to encourage as much as possible, but there need be no play-acting between us two.”

Nelson talked in a quiet, even voice which made his words all the more impressive. He was not a man to look on the dark side of things; but we had long been friends, and, as he had said, there was no need of anything but frankness between us as we canvassed the possibilities ahead.

“What I think Bligh will do,” he went on, “is to take us back to Annamooka—either there or Tongataboo.”

“There seems to be nothing else he can do,” I replied, “unless we can establish ourselves here.”

“No. And mark my words—sooner or later we shall have such a taste of Friendly Island hospitality as we may not live either to remember or regret.... Ledward, Ledward!” he said,

with a rueful smile. "Think of our happy situation a little more than twenty-four hours back, when we were talking of home there by the larboard bulwarks! And think of my beautiful breadfruit garden, all in such a flourishing state! What do you suppose those villains will do with my young trees?"

"I've no doubt they have flung the lot overboard before this," I replied.

"I fear you are right. They jettisoned us; it is not likely that their treatment of the plants will be any more tender. And I loved them as though they were my own children!"

We returned to the beach, where we found that the others had been no more successful than ourselves; but the exploring party had gotten out of the cove, although how they had managed it no one knew. Captain Bligh had found a cavern in the rocky wall, about one hundred and fifty paces from the beach; and the hard, foot-trampled ground within showed that it had been often used in the past. The cavern was perfectly dry; not so much as a drop of water trickled from the rocks overhead. One find we made there was not of a reassuring nature. On a shelf of rock there were ranged six human skulls which, an examination convinced me, had been those of living men not more than a year or two earlier. In one of these, the squamosal section of the temporal bone had been crushed, and another showed a jagged hole through the parietal bone. I was interested to observe the splendid teeth in each of these skulls; there was not one in an imperfect condition. These relics, gleaming faintly white in the dim light of the cave, were eloquent in their silence; and I have no doubt that they might have