

**DICK BOLDHERO; OR, A
TALE OF ADVENTURES
IN SOUTH AMERICA**

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Dick Boldhero; Or, a Tale of Adventures in South America by Samuel Griswold Goodrich

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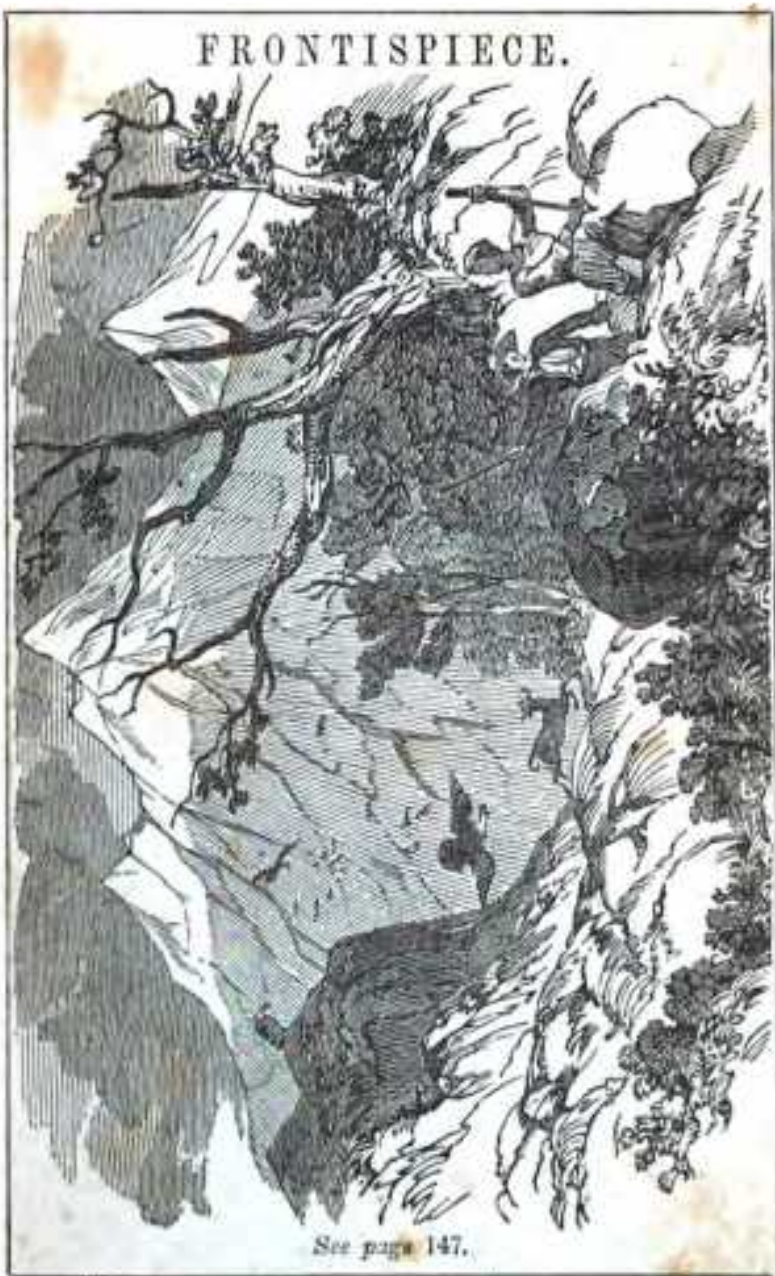
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SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH

**DICK BOLDHERO; OR, A
TALE OF ADVENTURES
IN SOUTH AMERICA**

FRONTISPIECE.



See page 147.

DICK BOLDHERO;

OR,

A TALE OF ADVENTURES

IN

SOUTH AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

S. G. Woodruff

SORIN AND BALL, PHILADELPHIA.

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DICK BOLDHERO.



CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS — THE KEG OF GOLD — MISFORTUNES — VOYAGES.

As I am about to tell my story, it is proper that I should say something of my birth, parentage, and early days. About half way between Hartford and New Haven, in Connecticut, is a small, pleasant city, called Middletown. It is situated upon the western bank of Connecticut River, and lies upon the

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turnpike which constitutes the great avenue between the two places first mentioned.

About a mile and a half south of Middletown, upon this high road, is a turnpike-gate, and contiguous to it is a small toll-house. This was originally called Hill-gate, being situated on a hill, but at last it was familiarly called Hell-gate. In the house which bore this ominous title, I was born, about five-and-forty years ago.

Our family then consisted of my father and mother, a brother, named Seth, and myself. Seth was two years old when I was born. When I was about two years old, a girl was added to our circle, and she was named Sarah. We were now very poor, but had once been in good circumstances. My father had formerly been a merchant in Middletown, in partnership with his brother Benjamin. They traded to the West Indies, with a sloop called the Carbuncle, and my uncle Ben used to command her. He usually went to St. Domingo, where he carried horses, mules, cows, oxen, potatoes, onions, &c., and brought back sugar and molasses.

From all I can learn, it seems my uncle

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