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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832. WHOLE NO. 420.

THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

The following account of the famous fight between those two ships, is from the article 'Navy,' in volume nine of the Encyclopædia Americana.

"Of all the naval battles in ancient or modern times, none has ever been more obstinately contested than that which took place during our revolution, between the Bon Homme Richard, as she was called (after Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard,) and the British frigate Serapis. The first was commanded by commodore Pearson, a very distinguished officer. The Richard carried 56 guns and 380 men; the Serapis 56 guns, 320 men. The former was old and decayed, with a motley battery, throwing only 280 pounds at the single broadside, and 20 of her best men and second lieutenant, were absent during the whole action. The Serapis, on the contrary, was a new ship, of approved construction, considered the fastest sailer in the British navy; and besides her superiority in the weight of metal, they were of heavy calibre throwing 340 pounds at a single broadside. Jones, having borne down to cut off the Baltic fleet from the harbor of Scarborough, the Serapis and her consort stood out to divert the attention of the American ships and give the convoy time to escape. In this way the battle began. One of Jones' consorts engaged the consort of the Serapis; the other took no part in the action until towards the close, when it fired with equal injury upon both. No guns were fired from either ship until they approached within pistol shot, when Pearson cried out, 'What ship is that?' This was at eight in the evening. The sky was beautifully clear, and the sea smooth; the moon, just then rising lit the combatants, whilst it enabled crowds of people already collected on Flamborough Head, to watch the progress of the battle. When commodore Pearson had waited in vain for an answer to his challenge, the Serapis opened a terrible fire upon the Richard. It was at once returned; but three of the Richard's heaviest guns burst in the discharge, not only becoming lost for the rest of the fight, but destroying more men than the whole broadside of the Serapis, and scattering death and confusion on every side. The battle had not continued long, ere Jones found that he was suffering so much from the Serapis being able, by her superior sailing, to choose raking positions, that he would soon have to yield if the contest continued so unequal; he therefore ordered his ship to be laid on board of the Serapis. This manœuvre did not succeed, for the Richard could not bring a single gun to bear. Jones therefore backed his sails, and sheered off, when Pearson, thinking the American about to yield, because his fire had ceased, asked him if he struck; to which Jones answered, that he had not yet begun to fight: He was not long, however, in making a commencement; for having sailed by the Serapis, he once more put his helm up, and ran across her bow. Her jib-boom came over the Richard's poop. Jones himself assisted the master in making jib stay, which had been shot away, and hung down upon his deck fast to his mizen mast. At the same time the anchor hooked one of the Richard's ports, so that when presently Pearson anchored to let his enemy sweep clear of him with the tide, both ships swung beside each other, the stern of the Richard to the bow of the Serapis and their starboard sides so close that the guns met, muzzle to muzzle, the rammers entered into opposite ports, and were dragged from those who used them, who presently began assaulting each other.

It is a singular proof of the coolness of Jones, that while engaged with the master in making the vessel fast, he should have thought to check him for his profanity, saying, "This is no time for swearing; next moment you may be in eternity. Let us do our duty." Thus grappled, the ship kept up a long and desperate struggle for victory. In battering, the superior metal of the Serapis gave her a decided advantage; the shot went through and through the rotten sides of the Richard, cutting the men to pieces, and destroying them with splinters. The rudder was destroyed, the quarter beat in; and while the water entered on every side, one of the pumps was shot away. There was already four feet water in the hold, and it was gaining. Upon this the carpenter, instead of concealing the ship's situation from all but the captain, cried out that she was sinking. The panic spread. The master-at-arms, moved by the supplications of a hundred English prisoners confined below, released them from irons; and the gunner ran terrified on deck, and bawling for quarters. Among the prisoners thus at large, one of them, a ship master, crawled through the ports of the Serapis, and meditated a surrender. Nevertheless, Jones quickly recovered from his desperate position. He punished the cowardice of the gunner by throwing his pistols at him: one of which fractured his skull, and precipitated him down the hatchway. At the same time he repulsed an attempt to board from the Serapis, and removed the danger of so many prisoners at large below by employing them at the pumps, and telling them they must work or sink.

Whilst the battle had taken this unfavorable turn below, the face of affairs was reversed above, by the exertions of a few men stationed in the tops of the Richard. According to Jones' orders, they had just directed their fire into the enemy's tops, until not a man remained alive, except one in the foretop, who kept loading his musket, and dodging, now and then, from behind the mast, to fire.

This bold fellow was at length struck by a ball from the Richard's main top, and sent headlong upon deck. And now the exertions of the sharpshooters were all turned to clearing the decks of the Serapis. Some of the bravest even passed by the yards, into the tops of the Serapis, whence they threw stink pots, flasks and grenades down her hatches, stifling her men and firing the ship in every direction. At this time, both ships having taken fire, the cannonade was suspended to extinguish it. Jones soon renewed it, however, from some guns which remained in order in the forecastle, and which he directed himself. At this time a grenade thrown from the Serapis's top, having bounded into the lower deck, and fired some loose powder, this communicated to the cartridges which had been brought from the magazine faster than they were used, and laid carelessly upon deck; and a general explosion took place, by which every man in the neighborhood was blown to pieces, or dreadfully burned. No way remained for Commodore Pearson to save the remnant of his crew, but to yield; but even this it was not easy to signify, for none of his crew would take down the flag, which had been nailed, before the action, to its staff;—and he was compelled to perform the perilous and humiliating task with his own hand. Thus ended the battle of the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis.

The victory was dearly bought, for the carnage on both sides was terrible. The Bon Homme Richard lost three hundred men in killed and wounded; and nearly all of the last died, from the indifferent care which they received, and the dreadful gale which followed the battle.

The loss of the Serapis was nearly as great. Of the men who were blown up, some lingered until the flesh dropped from their bones, dying in excruciating agony. The Poor Richard, assailed by fire and water, was abandoned to her fate, and went down, carrying with her many of her wounded crew.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TARS.

I have a thousand times observed one peculiar trait in the character of seamen. Whenever English sailors are in an American port, or Yankees in an English place, they are sure to quarrel—but put the same men in a French or Spanish seaport, and they will unite most firmly against the common enemy. I have often been amused at the promptness and alacrity with which the English sailors uniformly espoused our quarrels on the coast of South America. Without stopping to count noses, or to make any tedious, unnecessary investigations of the row, we commonly received the first advices of their arrival and co-operation from seeing half a dozen of the enemy rolling in the gutter, and the rest in full retreat. It was enough for them to see "one of us put upon" by the natives, to induce them to lend us their aid. Another trait more amiable than combattiveness, is their unreflecting generosity to each other. Many a time have I seen a groupe of English and American seaman, whose money was expended before their "liberty" was out, disencumbering themselves of jackets, shoes and silk handkerchiefs, to "make a raise" for the mutual accommodation of the party.—*Mariner's Sketches.*

People of Africa.—If it be thought that I have spoken too favourably of the natives we were thrown amongst, I can only answer, that I have described them as I found them, hospitable, kind-hearted, honest and liberal. To the latest hour of my life I shall remember them with affectionate regard; and many are the untutored children of Nature in central Africa, who possess feelings and principles that would do honour to the most civilized Christian.—*Denham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa.*

The way of doing things sixty-six years ago.—We have before us, a singular sheet, a little above foolscap size, called the Virginia Gazette, printed at Williamsburg in the year 1766, which contains some very curious matter. Among the advertisements, we notice several describing runaway negroes in a most unique style. John Brown describes negro Bob, rather oddly, and then says: "He is outlawed. Twenty pounds will be given to any person who will *kill the said negro, and bring me his head*, or 40s. if brought alive and well, including twenty lashes well laid on *from constable to constable*, until he is brought home to me, which I desire he should have, or *nothing to be paid for bringing him.*"

The *same* John Brown offered for sale, in the *same* advertisement, 120 acres of land in Warwick county, "very convenient to *church*, courthouse, warehouse, mill, *oysters and fish.*" One would naturally think that such a *Christian* felt a deep concern in church matters.

Transparency of the sea.—There is nothing perhaps that strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and the farther he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of 20 fathoms, or 120 feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds composed entirely of shells, sand lightly sprinkled with them, and sub-marine forests, present through the clear medium new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes on the shores of Norland the sea is transparent to a depth of 4 or 500 feet; and that when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visible illusion is so perfect that one who has gradually in tranquil progress passed over the surface, ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vortex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes; though an exception be made in favor of the China seas, and a few isolated spots on the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Saya de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the worlds of shell and coral which the translucid water exposes to view at a depth of thirty to five and thirty fathoms.—*Eliot's Letters from the North of Europe.*

Contest with a Rattlesnake.—Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head and looked him steadily in the eye, without offering to strike. When he advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck as quick as thought; and sprang upon his feet, holding it out at arms length!—The reptile, after a few revolutions of his tail, fixed it firmly round the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand; and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him, when at last he saw his white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife. The snake was severed in two, and Pinchion cast the part he held from him.

Sagacity of Elephants.—The battering train going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the Peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of a considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quick sands. It happened that an artillery man, who was seated on the limber of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that in a second or two, the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was standing behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.—*Military Adventures.*

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

The habits of Prince Talleyrand are of an extraordinary character, considering the great age which he has reached. He takes but one meal daily, which is dinner, at which he drinks about a pint of good wine, with three or four tumblers of iced water. After dinner he usually goes to his club, where he frequently remains playing cards till three in the morning. His usual time of rising is between eleven and twelve: his receptions commence at about one. Notwithstanding his advanced age he enjoys the most perfect health, and his mental faculties are as vigorous as they were forty years ago. He is, in fact, as a diplomatist, quite as effective as if the burden of years was not upon him. His fortune is very large, being, it is said, upwards of £30,000 per annum, the greater part of which he spends in this country.

The bulk of his fortune will, we believe, be inherited by Mdlle. Pauline, the daughter of the Duchess de Dino. This little girl is a great favorite with the Prince, and promises to become a very fine woman. Prince Talleyrand is exceedingly hospitable, keeps an excellent table, and allows his house to be the rendezvous of all Frenchmen distinguished by intellect and character. His suite is very numerous, and he has several secretaries, who have been selected from different bureaux in which they had made themselves remarkable by their zeal and diligence.

In most embassies the secretaries are the porteges of the court and ministry, and are chosen without regard to talent; but Talleyrand would not accept such persons, and his embassy is, therefore, from himself downwards, the most effective in this country. A report has prevailed lately in the fashionable circles that Prince Talleyrand was about to publish his memoirs. This report is utterly without foundation. His Excellency, indeed, has prepared his memoirs for publication after death, but he has not the remotest idea of allowing any part of them to be published during his life time.

[*London Court Journal.*

To Apprentices.—While serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your minds with much useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business—never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by your master or employer, make it your business to see and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.

Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work; they seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out to be poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes men healthy, it procures them food, clothing and every other necessary, and frees them from temptations to be dishonest.

Next to your hand labor, you should be constant in the labor of your mind. You can never hope to rise to a respectable standing in the world, without long, persevering, and constant application to study. When you read you must not throw away your time by reading novels and romances; you must study natural and moral philosophy, geography, history, and the arts. Let not a large book discourage you, or a long history or other work prevent you from reading it through. When you have read, reflect upon the principles and facts you have perused; revolve them in your mind and endeavor to understand their meaning and utility, so that you may readily apply them to all the ordinary purposes of life. If you do not understand and comprehend what you read, you may as well let reading alone. You have to deny yourselves the amusements enjoyed by most men, if you would prepare yourself for being a respectable old man.—*Buffalo Bulletin.*

A SCENE IN THE SENATE.

The close of the Debate in the Senate upon the Veto Message was of an extraordinary character. Mr. BENTON having concluded a speech full of bitterness against the Bank, (which we shall publish when we come to it,) in the course of which he indulged in some allusions calculated to wound the feelings of Mr. CLAY, and the question being about to be taken, the following scene occurred, as described by the reporter, who vouches for the accuracy of the report.—*Nat. Intel.*

Mr. CLAY rose to say a few words in regard to the personal allusions made to himself by the Senator from Missouri. He would previously remark, however, that the fact was now established by the Senator, that the famous Tariff *project* of the Secretary of the Treasury, which had absorbed so much legislative deliberation during the present session of Congress, originated from a resolution in the hand-writing of that functionary, presented to and adopted by the House of Representatives. That fact was unimpaired by any circumstances which may have led to the drafting of the resolution, and proves beyond a doubt, that the duty of preparing the scheme, if not voluntarily sought, was by no means reluctantly assumed by the Secretary.

The Senator from Missouri has adverted to the fact of crowded galleries. If, impelled by curiosity, the galleries are occasionally filled, when it is understood that certain Senators are to speak, I believe no member is more sensibly alive to the fact than the honorable gentleman, that, when some *others* rise, the galleries are as effectually emptied. The member, nevertheless, ought not to be dissatisfied with his audience to-day; for, among them is a lady* of distinguished literary eminence.

Mr. CLAY proceeded to observe that he had been accused by the Senator from Missouri, of a want of courtesy and decorum to the President of the United States in the comments he had deemed it his duty to make upon the message accompanying the Executive veto on the Bank bill. How, he would ask, had he subjected himself to this accusation? A bill to re-charter the Bank had passed the Senate, with the concurrence of his (Mr. Clay's) vote as one of the majority. The President disapproves it, and in an elaborate paper states his objections at length. Now, what was the most respectful course in relation to this message? Should we, said he, examine, discuss and decide upon its merits, or proceed to the re-consideration of the bill in total silence? Mr. Clay would take leave to appeal from the Senator to the Senate, and inquire if he had not manifested towards the President and his message all the respect which the occasion seemed to demand, and with that high responsibility under which every member of the Senate was bound to act.

In by-gone times, it was well known to the public that he (Mr. Clay) had had some rough passages with the President; but such feelings were altogether incompatible with the discharge of official duties, and he was entirely unconscious of their operation on his mind while in the fulfilment of his public obligations.

The Senator from Missouri had ascribed to him (Mr. C.) a peculiar motive for his remarks on the consequences that would ensue in the Western section of the country, from the discontinuance of the Bank of the United States. But had not the President in his message assigned a distinguished place for *his* opinions of the pernicious effect of the Bank in the West? Had he not emphatically called the attention of the Senate to the prejudicial operations of the institution upon the property of the West? The member from Missouri would certainly be among the last to challenge the motives of the President in this behalf; and wherefore should he attribute to others an improper motive?

Mr. President, continued Mr. C., I cannot allow the member from Missouri to impart to me lessons in etiquette and courtesy, or to instruct me how to bear myself towards an exalted personage. I can submit to no instruction from such a source. I cannot, at this late period of my life, accompany the member from Missouri, with his Indian blanket, to Boone's Lick, to be indoctrinated into the rules of politeness. Moreover, if I could consent to become his pupil, I should be at a loss to know to which of his antagonist opinions, at different periods entertained by him of the Chief Magistrate, I ought strictly to conform. I never was engaged in a personal brawl with the President. I never issued a bulletin of any such brawl. I never complained of an unwarrantable assault made by the President on a brother of mine, and of his beating him after he was prostrate, and apparently lifeless. The member from Missouri must be aware of the transaction to which I allude; it would be superfluous in me to indicate it more specifically. Neither am I a prophet, to predict events that would follow the elevation of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency—predictions abscribed by the newspaper press to the honorable Senator from Missouri.

Mr. C. closed his remarks by observing that he did not intend to occupy the Senate by any further notice of the observations of the Senator from Missouri. He had now, and *for ever*, discharged all obligations to that Senator, and would here accord to him a full acquittance.

Mr. BENTON again took the floor, and said that it was true he and general Jackson had had a personal conflict. Sir, it is true I fought with him, but I hope we fought as men. When that contest was over so was our enmity: three months after, we were good friends; and at any time since that period, each would have assisted and done any thing in his power for the other. Yes, sir, we had a contest, it is true; but there is no question of *adjourned veracity*, sir, remaining on the public mind. Were that the case, sir, the yawning gulph which separates heaven from hell would not be wider and deeper than that which would divide us, sir. As regards the famous placard, sir, placed to my account, wherein it is set forth, that Members of Congress, in a certain event, would have to legislate armed, sir, it is but a few days since, that a St. Louis paper contained a card from Col. Lawless in refutation of the charge respecting me, sir, as the author of the prediction referred to. In that card, sir, Col. Lawless demanded of any one in the State who had heard me utter it, to come forward and make the allegation; but no one had come forward, nor can any one. Col. L., who is well acquainted with the transactions of that day, has denied, from his personal knowledge of me, sir, and from the intimate connexion subsisting between us at that period, that such assertions were consonant with my sentiments, or that I had ever uttered them. But, sir, though the calumniator, who in the dark affixed the fabricated placard to the lamp posts, has remained unseen, I am, sir, no longer in doubt as regards a responsible author in the Senate, who has now, sir, given currency to the *atrocious calumny*, and such, sir, I will pronounce it.

Mr. Clay, in reply observed, that as to the question of "adjourned veracity," when the President lent his name to the charge, to which he supposed the member to allude, he, Mr. C. promptly and unequivocally, denied the charge, and demanded the proof. The witness was accordingly produced, and Mr. Clay was content to abide the judgment of the present generation and of posterity as to the testimony he rendered on that occasion; and he pronounced the charge, by whomsoever made—*master* or *man*—utterly destitute of truth. The witness has recently departed for St. Petersburgh as Minister Extraordinary of the United States.

[Mr. Benton, after a momentary conference with a Senator near him, exclaimed from his seat—"The fisheries"—"the fisheries!"] In relation to the prophecy in the public press, said Mr. C., the Member from Missouri, refers to Col. Lawless's denial, and says no man *in Missouri* had come forward to substantiate it. Mr. Clay, pausing and scrutinizing the member from Missouri, demanded of the Senator to throw his eyes on him, (Mr. C.) *Can he*, said Mr. C.—*dare* he look in my face, and assert that he never employed language, in regard to the President, similar to that imputed to him? [Mr. Benton, after a considerable pause, directing his finger towards Mr. C., indicating that he observed him, said "he could," "he could."] Mr. Clay repeated, can the Senator look me in the face, and say he did not make use of such language *out of the state of Missouri?* [Mr. Benton reiterated his answer as above.] Mr. C. again asked, CAN THAT MAN PRESUME TO LOOK ME IN THE FACE AND DENY IT? [Mr. B. repeated his last reply.]

Mr. Clay resumed his seat, and Mr. Benton again rose, and said, he had already pronounced it an *atrocious calumny*—he had pointed out the author in the Senate—he would pin it to his sleeve—it would *stick, stick*, aye, *stick*, sir, there, and there he wished it to remain.

Mr. Clay rose from his chair, and, with an emphatic action of his hand, said he reiterated the charge of calumny to the Senator from Missouri.

The Chair (Mr. Tazewell) observed, the debate could not longer be suffered—the Senator from Kentucky must take his seat!

Mr. Clay.—I desire to explain, Sir!

The Chair.—No further explanation will be heard from the Senator from Kentucky.

Mr. Clay.—I tell the President I *must* be heard, and I demand to know the point of order?

The Chair.—The gentlemen was out of order in using the language he did to the Senator from Missouri.

Mr. Clay.—Then I will make another point of order. Was not the Senator from Missouri out of order?

The Chair.—The present incumbent was not in the chair when the debate arose. (Mr. Poindexter had temporarily occupied the chair.)

Mr. Poindexter rose to explain—

Mr. Benton rose (Mr P. on his feet) and said an apology is due from me to the Senate—I was out of order, Sir!

Mr. Clay also said (Mr. P. still in the eye of the Chair) I will take the same opportunity to apologize to the Senate, so far as relates to them—to the Senator from Missouri I have no apology to make.

Mr. Poindexter here explained—and after repeated cries of "question," it was decided against the Bank—22 ayes, 19 noes—not two-thirds.

*Mrs. Royal was the person referred to.

We had yesterday an opportunity of seeing one of the neatest things in the way of presents that we ever met with. It was a walking-stick, of arbor vitæ, cut from a tree growing at the tomb of Cicero, transmitted as a gift to Mr. Clay, from an officer of the Navy now in the Mediterranean. It has a head of agate, or some stone resembling it, which is surrounded, where it joins the stick, by a silver band bearing this inscription: "FROM THE TOMB OF CICERO, FOR HENRY CLAY." This is a compliment, at receiving which, no man of sensibility, situated as the Orator of the West is, but must feel highly gratified. It was accompanied by an elegant letter from the donor. *National Intelligencer.*

In Italy, the mourning was formerly white for women and brown for men; in China, it is white; in Turkey, Syria and Armenia, it is blue; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, grey. Each of these colors had originally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; grey presents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe, is an allusion to the eternal night.

The leading editorial in the last number of the Wellsborough Phœnix is as follows:

"No paper will be issued from this office next week. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' *The boys must go a fishing.*"