EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XVIII. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1835. NO. 8.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENT
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

From the United Service Journal.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG BOOK.

* * * * * * * * *

Myself, with *Harvey* and Jennings, had been removed to the frigate that captured us; my hat and shoes had been taken from me whilst I lay insensible on the deck; my jacket pleased one of the boys in the frigate, who gave me an old tattered one *in exchange* and my whole wardrobe consisted of the few clothes I had on me.

The prisoners were closely confined down in the hold, which was in a very foul state, and the want of air and proper food made quick work in thinning their numbers: The officers were not so extremely restricted; a certain number were permitted to be on deck at a time, their allowance, though poorer than what they had been accustomed to, was nevertheless sufficient, and claret was far more abundant than water. My wound had been dressed by the French surgeon, and being free, I was enabled to afford many little indulgencies to my preserver and friend, old Harvey, from my own allowance. The veteran, however bore his misfortunes with great patience, but was sadly puzzled with the 'outlandish lingo,' as he termed it, of our captors.

La Corneille was a lovely ship, mounting 44 guns, and having a remarkably fine looking crew, originally consisting of 320 men, including officers, but many had fallen in the fight. She sailed like a witch, going as fast under her two top sails and gib as the prizes did with every sail set that could draw. Yet with all her fine ship's company, it was two days before a jury mizzen mast was completely rigged—a work I have seen done in an English frigate in a little more than as many hours.

A few days after quitting Port Prava, a stranger hove in sight to windward, and the signal was made for La Corneille to go in chase. The frigate immediately braced sharp up and made sail, and we soon distinguished that the stranger was a British man of war brig of the first class, running down towards us. The French ships hoisted English colors, but the prizes, instead of showing the red ensign, displayed the flag of the East India Company; and the brig, unaccustomed to see it flying at sea, became suspicious, took in her studding sails, hauled to the wind, and made the private signal, which of course the Frenchmen were unable to answer.

The mortification of the Corneille's captain was excessive, as he expected to decoy the brig down and make an easy capture; but now, the saucy little craft hugged the wind as she reconnoitered and danced over the waters at a rate which plainly showed she had long heels, and knew well how to use them. Still the Corneille continued the chase, and the English officers and seamen who were prisoners, on board of her, and were permitted to be on deck, soon discovered that the brig was trying her speed upon a bowline, which having accomplished to his satisfaction, he hove in stays and went away on the opposite tack. The Corneille lost no time in getting about, but her yards were swung round heavily in her endeavors to imitate the English style, and the commander of the brig was speedily made sensible of the character of the squadron, and the nature of the ships *under convoy.*

On seeing the brig tack, the French officers uttered many a 'sacre' at the cowardice of the English for running away; not taking into consideration the disparity in size and armament of the two vessels; but old Harvey, whose well practised eye watched every manœuvre, whispered that 'she was only trying the frigate hank for hank, and small as she was, the crapeaus would catch it yet.'

For my own part, I could not conceive that such a diminutive craft, compared with the Corneille, would ever have the temerity to approach so formidable an antagonist; yet there was a degree of saucy daring about her as she rode gallantly over the blue waters with her long, low, snake-like hull below, and her white sun-lit sails above, that gave her a very suspicious appearance, but presenting to the view of a seaman just the sort of beautiful creation that his fancy or his sight loves to dwell upon.

For some time the frigate and the brig kept turning to windward, and it was evident, swift sailer as the former was, the latter had the advantage on a bowline, and there was no danger of her being captured. But the Corneille was getting away from her squadron and the prizes and seeing the fruitlessness of further chase, the line of battle ship made her signal to join and take her station.

Up went the frigate's helm, and up went the brig's, as if both had been acted upon by the same tiller, and the prisoners could scarcely be restrained from expressing their admiration by a British cheer; but it was repressed, though the Frenchman, mortified at seeing the little vessel give chase in her turn, ordered all the English seamen below. The officers, however, were suffered to remain; and highly delighted were every heart, when, in an instant, our pursuer was covered with an immense cloud of canvass, and she came tearing along like a race horse determined to win.

The Corneille shortened sail and came to the wind again under her three topsails, but still the brig bore down till within range of shot, when up went her foresail, and bang went a four-and-twenty pounder from amidships; the shot passed between the frigate's masts; without doing any mischief, and fell a short distance to leeward. The smoke from the discharge partly concealed the brig from view, but on its clearing away she was discovered on the same tack with the frigate, all her studding sails down—even the booms rigged in. The Corneille fired her eighteens, but the shot fell short, which being perceived by her tiny antagonist, he ran down a little closer, and again sent a four-and-twenty pounder that struck us in the quarter-gallery, knocking away the gingerbread, and crashing and tearing every thing to shreds as it danced among the cabin gear—invaliding the furniture, and throwing the arms of the chairs around the legs of the table.

Never was vexation more strongly pictured upon a man's countenance than upon that of the captain of the Corneille when he reluctantly ordered his jib to be run up, and saw the ship's head paying off in obedience to the helm for the purpose of joining the squadron, whilst her indefatigable enemy kept within a convenient distance, and occasionally gave us a shot (though most of them fell short,) till the frigate resumed her station, and each ship prepared to take a prize in tow for the double advantage of security and speed.

A lovely night succeeded to a gorgeous day; the moon beams sported and glistened on the light ripple of the clear, blue wave: the heavens were resplendent with that soft silvery brightness that spreads a halo round the contemplative mind of the seamen; the breeze just kept the heavy sails asleep; and all was so tranquilly serene, that even the watch conversed in whispers, as if fearful of breaking the quiet of the hour.

The brig continued to hover on our quarter, sometimes approaching very near, and then hawling off again, and occasionally adding lustre to the atmosphere by letting off rockets and burning blue lights, which created a suspicion that either she was the look out from a fleet, or else had a consort cruising in the neighborhood, to whom she was giving information that an enemy was in sight.

Nor was the suspicion unfounded for the following morning two large ships were seen closing in, one upon each beam; and the brig as if delighted at their approach, treated us with another twenty-four pound shot. We were towing the Asia at the time, and the report had not reached us when we heard a cracking, splintering noise, and looking astern beheld the Indiaman's main-topmast, with topsail, top-gallantsail, royal, and studding-sails, hanging in wreck over the side.

"Hard up and she cracks!" cried old Harvey, who had just made his appearance on deck; 'my eyes but the crapeaus are in for it now!"

The officer of the watch examined the strangers through his glass, and then called to the bluff old chief mate of the captured ship, and very politely requested of him to try and make out what they were. T—— mounted the gun and took a long, but breathless look—so eagerly intent was his gaze; he then returned the glass, slapped the Frenchman on the back and exclaimed, winking at the same time at me. A three decker and a whacking frigate!'

The lieutenant understood, and could speak English tolerably well, and the information came with such startling vehemence, that in a moment he ran—nay, almost flew to the companion, for the purpose of informing the Captain, just at the moment the latter was ascending the ladder in nearly equal haste to come on deck. The lieutenant was a diminutive little fellow, rather bandy-legged, but the Captain was gigantic in frame and stature; and the former in his hurry, not observing his commander coming up, dropped his legs over the Captain's shoulders, who, without waiting to ascertain what caused the additional weight, appeared on the quarter-deck, carrying the lieutenant like a flying griffin, to the great astonishment of his juniors and seamen; but certainly to the unrestrained mirth of all hands who witnessed the strange spectacle. As for old T——, he laughed till his sides ached, particularly when the Captain pitched his burden on the drum head of the capstan in the most unceremonious manner, and by the contortions of his countenance, manifested strong feelings of disgust at such a gross *breach* of naval discipline, right in his very face

Old T—— who had produced the mischief (for the captain himself had heard the exclamation.) walked forward to the forecastle and explained to the boatswain the cause of the uproar; and the latter, though now under the French flag, had been too much accustomed to the British tars, not to relish the joke; at the same time T—— admitted that the ship he called a three-decker was in fact nothing more than a small frigate, or probably only a sloop of war.

The Swede was called aft to the quarter-deck to give his opinion as to the nature and armament of the strangers, which, after a moment's look, he unhesitatingly did, by repeating that which he had but a few minutes before received from the chief-mate, who apologized for the error he had made by swearing that he never was accustomed to use any other glasses but Dollond's *fog*-glass.

The captain was extremely angry at the trick which had been played, and poor T—— paid dearly for it in the end: he was ordered below into confinement, to the great gratification of the lieutenant, but I honestly believe, to the regret of the other officers, with whom the latter was no favorite. But other duties now occupied their attention; for it was time to come to some decision, as the strange ships were nearing each other fast, and the French commodore seemed at a loss how to act. At length the prizes were cast off, and the men-of-war took their stations, so as to be ready to come to immediate action if they should be attacked.

The English squadron (now consisting of a forty four gun frigate, an eight and twenty, & a man of war brig.) joined company together; but the Frenchmen affected to ridicule the idea that so inferior a force would venture to give them battle. The English prisoners thought otherwise, for they were well convinced, that if the French frigates could be detached from the line of battle ship, they would soon have the British ensign flying above the tricolor.

The loss of the Asia's main-topmast had rendered her a dead drag upon the rest, and the Corneille was not only compelled to take her in tow, but all her boats were hoisted out and lowered down for the purpose of sending the prisoners on board of her to get up another mast. The boats filled with English prisoners (excepting four French marines with their loaded muskets, two in the bows and two in the stern of each) were veered astern by a hawser, sheered along side the Indiaman, and having discharged their cargo were again hauled up for a fresh draft. Willing to change the scene for a little while, I contrived to get into the pinnace and stow snugly away amongst the seamen.

We were just dropping alongside the Asia when the man in the boat endeavoring to hook on with his boat hook, suddenly and no doubt intentionally, gave one of the marines a desperate shove with the inner end of it that capsized the unfortunate gulpin overboard. The bowman immediately shoved off to pick him up, and the other marines, in their eagerness to save a comrade, dropped their firelocks and got forward over the thwarts, when another by pure accident, followed his companion. The ships were going at the rate of five knots thro' the water; the pinnace was soon a cable's length astern of the Indiaman, and the Frenchmen were not yet rescued; indeed, one had wholly disappeared, and never rose again.

The Asia being in a direct line between the boat and the frigate, the latter did not at first observe what was going on, but the Indiaman giving a sheer to port, they saw the pinnace from the Corneille, and suspected that the prisoners had run away with her. The frigate, without casting off her tow, hauled up suddenly to the wind; but through the confusion that prevailed, and the little control that the officers had over the men, it was done in so lubberly a manner, that her sails took a back, she got stern-way, and the Asia ran slap into her, carrying away the aftmost main-shrouds, and tearing her mainsail into shreds scarcely large enough for baby-linen, whilst the jury mizen mast, a poor concern at first, fell over the quarter a complete wreck.

'Belay all that!" exclaimed a boatswain's mate, "and take a severe turn round the hen coop;" then seizing the stroke oar, he cried out —"Down, down, you lubberly warmint! coil yourselves away along the bottom of the boat in tiers,—bread and butter fashion; bear a hand my worthies; now stretch out and make her fly—and Mr. Grummet, if you please, Sir, just lay hold o'the tiller, and keep her starn on to the enemy, and then they'll have the smaller mark in case they should fancy to make a target on us. *Rusty tronkill*, you frogating sodger," observing one of the marines endeavoring to rise, "d'ye hear? —now stretch out, lads."

I grasped the tiller, not, however, without some compunctious misgivings that I should be nearer to the enemy than any one else, and consequently more exposed to their fire; but still I took my seat: the men (as fine a boat's crew as ever I set my eyes on) bent to their oars, and away flew the pinnace through the yielding element like an arrow from the bow.

"Give way, my boys!" exclaimed the strokesman; "The Cleopatra" (the other frigate) "is rounding to, and she'll pelt us with something a little harder than gooseberries.—as I hope to be made a warrant-officer, there it comes."

The beautiful vessel came majestically to the wind, and presented her broadside towards us, in an instant, sheets of red flame issued from her guns, and we heard the hissing of the iron shower as it hurled through the air above our heads, producing sensations in the human breast, which only those who have been placed in similar circumstances can form any adequate idea of.

"Well hove and strong," said the strokesman, "if any on you are killed, sing out and let us know. As I hope to be made a *boasun* (boatswain.) Mr. Grummett, but them there wer some'at more nor green peas. Howsomever we're all safe this bout."

I watched the shot, as they dropped into the water a head of us like a shoal of porpoises at play, skimming along and rebounding, scattering the spray hither and thither; but in a few minutes we were directly on the spot, which was as smooth as ever. "Well behaved, my men," I exclaimed encouragingly; "there she dances, and our friends are carrying on to help us,—well-behaved; stretch out, my boys!"

And they did stretch out, occasionally giving some poor hapless fellow a crack on the head with the loom of the oar, as he raised himself to catch a glimpse of what was passing. "Lay still, you lubber, do; I shall spring my paddle against your sconce presently, and just now it's worth a half a dozen such *skulls* as yourn."

"Well, Johnson," replied the other,—a landsman,—I *must* stretch myself a bit."

"You'd best not, you wagabone," replied the strokesman, "you're half a cable's length too long already, and if you goes to stretch yourself, we must tow you astern. It's coming again, Mr. Grummett, steer small, Sir, as if you wor threading a daning needle, we're in better range of 'em now. Starboard a little, Sir—shove her right into the wind's eye."

I sat with my back to the enemy, attending solely to my steering; but when I again heard the ominous sounds, as they whistled in the breeze, I could not help glancing over my shoulder, and on seeing the fierce flashes, my head sunk down, and I felt a crouching sensation that for the moment rendered me unconscious, and I gave the boat a broad yaw.

"What lubber's that catching crabs?" exclaimed the spokesman, as one of the oars caught aback in the water. "As I hope to be made a boasun, he deserves to have his grog stopped for a month." A deep groan was the only reply, and another oar lay idly on the surface of the blue waves. The bow-man sat for an instant literally a headless trunk—a horrible spectacle to look at,—and the man on the middle thwart raised the stump of a shattered arm as he deeply groaned; but his noble courage rising at the moment, he loudly cried, "Stretch out, my boys!" and both fell. The dead body was instantly consigned to the ocean, and two fresh hands supplied the place of those who had fallen.

"Mr. Grummett, will you lend us your neckerchief?" inquired the boatswain's mate, still bending to his oar: "I wants it for a *tourniquet* for Bill Ransom's arm—poor fellow," he added with a faltering voice. "we've weathered many a bout together for years past, and now —— Well no matter."

The neckerchief was applied by way of tourniquet to the limb, the parts being twisted up taut by applying a spare tiller for a purchase by the people lying in the boat's bottom It was peculiarly gratifying to see that the English ships were crowding every stitch of canvass for our rescue, the brig taking the lead; and well did the men in the boat struggle for promised liberty.

The Corneille had paid off before the wind, and got clear of the Indiaman; the seventy-four had gone to her assistance; and the Cleopatra, under her courses, topsails, and top-gallant sails spanker and jib, was making a reach to windward on the larboard tack, for the purpose of cutting us off, or getting a few more shots at us. We were now about midway between the two squadrons, and the brig, with studding sails alow and aloft, was cracking on to get the Cleopatra within range of her long Billy. It certainly was an interesting and exciting spectacle, though I must own that I felt very little at ease as the single shots from the frigate came skipping and dancing past us, sometimes brushing the blades of the oars, at other times deafening the men by their close approximation to the ears, then splashing the spray in upon us, as if in sportive pastime they would conceal their real character as messengers of death.

"Keep her head a couple of points more to port, Sir," said the strokesman: "it will widen our distance with the frigate, and give the brig a better chance of getting a slap at her. Bravo! my lads, together and with a will!" A simultaneous cheer followed this appeal, and "Hurrah, hurrah!" was hurriedly shouted as their stout sinews plied the toilsome task.

"Harrah again boys!" exclaimed another; "and there goes the brig with sweet lips."—Wreathes of smoke were curling round the brig's bows, obscuring the hull, and rising above the ocean: but the shot fell at least two cables' length short, and the frigate in derision fired a gun to leeward.

"Now that's what I call uncivil" says the boatswain's mate, "as a wasteful expenditure of powder; but rounds no comes as I hope to have a warrant—and, Mr. Grummett," he added with great solemnity, "it isn't them who fires the gun, but He who directs the shot that knows where away it will leave its wake; it may drop harmless in the ocean, or it may-hap it will be stained with the red blood of you or me, like Bill Hanson there, who sits as quiet, though he must be in great pain—I say he sits as quiet as a marine over his grub, waiting for the pipe to grog. Lower up heart, Bill, we shall get the weather guage yet!"

The Cleopatra hove in stays, making a haul of all her yards at one time, and onward she came, stretching towards us at a rate that excited rather fearful expectations, but stirred up the spirit of the men to renewed exertions, and urged them to the extreme strength of desperation.

"Well behaved men!" exclaimed I, as the pinnace rolled swiftly over the light swell, tracking her wake with foam. 'Well behaved, men—give way together, and we shall hold her a tug-yet.'

'Keep her more to port, Sir, if you please,' said the strokesman, 'for if she opens us upon her weather bow, we're a-reaching withal, nothing will save us. Our only hope is heading her; and as I hope to be a boasun, if we travel at this rate, we'll find a starn chase. There goes her lee gun, howsomever.'

I did as I was requested, and instantly became sensible of the propriety of the course; for, though it carried us further away from our friends yet it also carried us ahead of our pursuer, and prevented him from bringing his guns to bear upon us, for the one he fired went very wide of the mark, and drew forth a shout of 'hurrah!' from the boat's crew.

'Here's more boats running away!' exclaimed our Irish topman directing our attention down to leeward, and we quickly discovered the boats of the 74 pulling directly in a slanting course to cut us off ahead.

'Is it running away they are, Paddy!' said the strokesman, laughing.

'Well, then, true for you, boy, they are running; but it is after us, you thief of the world!' *He* tossed his oar perpendicularly, and stood up in the boat,—deliberating in his mind the best plan to pursue. 'If we head this way much longer,' continued he, talking to himself, 'the line-o'-battle ship's boats will cross our hawser, and we shall be done up to a moral sartainty; if we pull dead to windward we shall open the frigate's broadside, and them shots playing at ducks and drakes, like a witch on her skimmer, may stick some poor fellow's spoon in the wall, or may-hap send us all to Davy Jones together.

"But the brig is coming down fast," said I; "and then, Joe, there's the frigates are not far astern of her. Say but the word as to what we are to do; and you know there are willing hearts and ready hands to perform it."

"I know, I know, Sir," replied the boatswain's mate: "I don't misdoubt the men, Mr. Grummett; but this is a box-the-compass sort of affair, that 'ud puzzle any man's edication. The parson used to read us a long yarn about the children of Israel getting land locked in the wilderness, and working a traverse out at last; but then you see—give way, ye lubber, with that bow oar, and port a little, Mr. Grummett—you see the children of Israel—steady so, and stretch out, my lads—the children of Israel had forty years to do it in, and we haven't as many minutes. Give way together, men!"

Whilst speaking, his keen and observant eye was measuring the probable distance we should gain before the frigate could open her fire, and how near our friends could approach by that time. "Port a little more, Mr. Grummett," said he; "one of them boats has got a twelve-pounder in the bow, and I'll bet my six month's wack against a scupper nail, is loaded with cannester or musket balls. That green barge is going two foot for our one, and overhauls us in grand style."

"But she has nothing but small arms, Joe," said I; and you know we have four muskets.

"Only three, Mr. Grummett—only three," replied the strokesman, "the jolly took one along with him. But now it's come to this here point, boys, death or glory! We must stick her right away to windward, Mr. Grummett, and take our chance. Now, my lads," as he dropped his oar in the water, & resumed his seat on the thwart, "now my lads do your hardest."

The change in our course soon brought us broad upon the frigate's bows, and she opened her fire with every gun as she could bring it to bear, whilst the seventy-four, observing the approach of the English squadron, made sail to succour the Cleopatra. The brig, seeing this manœuvre, took in her studding sails to wait for the English frigates, and hope of rescue died away in our hearts; indeed I was upon the very point of speaking to Johnson as to the propriety of surrendering, when the long line of silvery or rather pearly brightness on the water astern of the brig, and the dropping of the sails of the frigates, proclaimed an approaching calm. In a few minutes afterwards the French ships felt the loss of the breeze, and lay nearly motionless; the sea was like a highly polished mirror, smooth and glassy, or rather like a huge mass of quicksilver, undulating from some unseen motion below.

Our distance from the Cleopatra, and the smallness of the boat as an object for a mark, were good securities against her shot, which however, frequently dropped pretty close to us, splashing the water in our faces; but the green barge of the seventy four, was rapidly gaining on us, and the marines had more than once tried the range with their firelocks. Our three muskets were laid along the stern sheets, and as I handled one of them the boatswain's mate requested me "not to throw away a ball, but to order some of 'em below to secure the jolly's magazines."

The cartouch boxes of the captured marines were quickly seized and handed aft, and even this our small means of defence had something cheering about it. The brig tried her long gun, and the shot went over the barge, which for a moment, brought them to lay upon their oars; but they again resumed their task, and the musket balls rattled about us, passing through the thin planking of the boat, splintering the oars and in one or two instances peeling the outer bark off the men, but without doing any very material injury.

'As I hope to be a boasun, that boat's coming up with us, hand over hand, Mr. Grummett," said the strokesman. "I've good reason to know we're within hail of their arms by the love token they've guv me. He dropped his hand to his knee, and a stream of blood instantly ran down; but raising it again he pulled away as if nothing had happened." "I say, Mr. Grummett, just poke one o' them muskets at 'em take a steady aim, and hold on behind."

I was much distressed to see the brave fellow was wounded; for I felt the loss of old Harvey, and Joe Johnson had in some measure supplied his place; but I had little time to think, and raising the butt of the firelock to my shoulder, I fired at our pursuers, and felt a gloomy, diabolical satisfaction when the boatswain's mate exclaimed "well aimed Mr. Grummett. the bowman has dropped his oar any how, and I'm thinking he'll not be in a hury to toss his boat hook again."

"Give 'em another peppercorn, Sir, and here you wagabone" he added to the man who lay extended in the bottom below him, 'jumped up by the side of the officer, and re load as fast as he fires! Hurrah! hurrah, men! stretch out, and make her fly!"

The frigate had discontinued firing at the pinnace, and I verily believe that every eye in both squadrons was directed at the contest going on between the boats. I discharged the muskets as soon as they were given to me, and was in the act of firing one when a sudden concussion to my whole frame and a stinging, benumbing pain in my shoulder, made me imagine that the piece had burst; but, on examining, I found that every part was uninjured, and therefore concluded that the charge was heavier than the others had been. I turned round to grasp another musket, when the old boatswain's mate exclaimed, in tones of kindness, "Sit Down, Mr. Grummett; sit down, Sir; I hope you are not much hurt. 'For God this is no child's play any how."

"I put my hand to my shoulder, and withdrew it again covered with blood; a ball had not only grazed my neck, but had actually torn away a portion of the flesh. I assured him that it was of no material consequence; and to prove it, sang out, as loud as I could, 'Hurrah men! hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" was responded with hearty good will; and on looking ahead, I saw that the boats from the English squadron were all in motion pulling away towards us, and the cheers of their crews sounded like sweet music to our ears. The men were informed of their advance, and again the "hurrah!" was raised as the shattered oars bent to their strong arms. Several of my poor fellows, however, were desperately wounded, but they stifled their groans, though the boat's well was fast filling with blood."

"There goes the brig and the Cleopatra at long balls," said the strokesman, as the two vessels commenced a distant action. "May I never get a warrant, if the captain o' that craft is not a tar to the back bone. We shall have hot work of it presently, Mr. Grummett, if we can but hould on till our friends come."

The sun had now risen high, and was pouring his burning rays upon us: and every now and then the poor wounded creatures would implore for water to quench their thirst, but alas! we had none to give.

"A few more strokes, lads, and we are free," said I; "the barge has dropped the chase, and the men are lying on their paddles."

"Hurrah, boys!—Pumps and cotton stockings instead of wooden shoes & iron shackles!" exclaimed the strokesman. "Beef from the sallyport, instead of soup-meagrim and frogs at Wardun! We're clear now, and I shall live to be a ——"

He sprung up from the thwart, his eye balls seemed starting from their sockets, and an instantaneous quivering agitated each limb, and shook the boat with its violence and the gallant, daring seaman fell a corpse at my feet; at musket ball had passed through his noble heart.

In a few minutes more we were in the midst of the British boats, and hailed with three hearty cheers. They took us in tow; and we were soon alongside the brig as the nearest vessel.

AN UNUSUAL SCENE.

Mr. Brooks, of the Portland Advertiser, has given an admirable description of the scene presented by the assembling in the U. S. Senate, of Clay, Jackson, Adams, Buchanan, &c. &c., almost in personal contact, while waiting the delivery of the Eulogium upon Lafayette.

"The spectacle, to witness which, I have said, that I deprived myself of the pleasure of hearing the eulogy, as it cannot be printed, of course cannot be well described on paper. A painter alone could do it justice, and the most eminent of painters could do it but faint justice. I felt a curiosity to witness the assembling and the meeting of all the very prominent men of the nation in a single room, and that not a very large room, where there could be but little dodging. I went into the Senate chamber at 12 o'clock, when the Senate met: not six spectators were present, and of course there was but little noise, such as comes from the bustle of a multitude, and soon after, when the Journal was read, out went the committee of arrangements in behalf of the Senate, headed by Mr. Clay—and immediately after, under this escort, came in Gen. Jackson; then the whole cabinet, then Mr J. Q. Adams, and the committee of arrangements in behalf of the house—all seating themselves in the narrow area of the Chamber, between the Senators' seats, and just under the clerk's desk.

"Here was the spectacle I desired to see. On the right was Jackson; then, in the same row in regular order, Forsyth, the Secretary of State, Woodbury, of the Treasury, Dickerson, of the Navy, Cass, of the War, Barry, of the Post office Departments, and Butler, the Attorney General. Fronting these, on the extreme left, was J. Q Adams, the Ex-President, then the committee of arrangements for the house, then Henry Clay with his feet quite touching Gen. Jackson's directly in his front, then Hugh L. White, then Daniel Webster, then John C. Calhoun, and then came James Buchanan. Here was an Ex-President, who had defended General Jackson in the most doubtful hour of his life.—Probably a man of more varied acquirements than any other man in this country, the model of the intense and devoted scholar, now within a very few feet of the man who had rivalled him in popularity before the people, and with whom, now, and on account of political conflicts, he was not even on speaking terms. Here was Henry Clay, fronting the man whose measures he had so often reprobated with a countenance ever expressive, now more expressive than ever—his lip curling in pride, as it were, his brow elevated, his face glowing with a satisfaction, that seemed to say, "I might have had your place if I would have used your means to win it."

"Then there was White, with his patriarch look in the chair, between Clay and Webster then Daniel Webster himself, the illustrious expounder of the Constitution, who as an orator and a statesman, will go down to posterity with a fame more dazzling than any other American the Edmund Burk of this country, whose efforts the coming student will read with the same glow of enthusiasm that we now read Cicero and Demosthenes—then John C. Calhoun, the brilliant thinker, the dazzling statesman, a man full of thought, with which if I be allowed the expression, he ever seems to be boiling over: a man who strikes off axioms in sentences, and who will say more in an hour than any other man in this country can say in three hours—and last of all in the line, came Mr. Buchanan, the famous witness between Jackson and Clay, whose story, I dare say, your readers will remember. Evidently nearly all were embarrassed. As Jackson came in, he bowed to the Senate, and such Senators as were on speaking terms with him returned the salutation—but there was no response, I venture to say, from Clay, Calhoun, and Poindexter.

Here was the old Lion himself with his bristling gray hairs, in the very chamber of the body whom he has denounced in his protest,—The old gentleman was not easy. Now his eyes were upon the empty galleries, and anon he would be talking with Forsyth. King, of Alabama, came to his relief; and then Judge White gave him a whisper. Clay sat in front playing with his cloak—and in the midst of all this grave-like silence, for grave-like it had become, as if to ridicule the very gravity of the scene, sent the messenger boy "Grafton" to bring him a pinch of snuff from the box of Senator Prentis, upon whom he draws liberally for this favor. Webster was on socially good terms with all, and therefore unembarrassed. Calhoun talked to Buchanan with all his might. Poindexter, who probably has warmer and bitterer enemies than any other man in the Senate, sat near looking unutterable things. John Q. Adams had on his solemn, decisive, and somewhat obstinate face; and Forsyth his mingled look of pleasantry and scorn. Benton, the great architect of mischief, was busy writing in the distance. And over all, in the Vice President's chair, was the little magician himself, with that everlasting smirk on his mouth—now more strongly marked then ever—having on his easy, and happy self satisfied look, as if he were but a spectator in this extraordinary assemblage of so many opposite characters in one room, all crowded in the small area of the Senate Chamber! I am no phrenologist if I were, I think I could have seen more in this spectacle—but I do profess to believe something in physiognomy—and I never before saw more powerful illustrations of the force of character as displayed in men's faces, thus having the opportunity of making immediate comparisons and seeing so many remarkable men, all of them under some degree of restraint. How many were the thoughts that ran through all their minds! How many different careers each man had to run to stand in his present position! How opposite were they all in their characters! For over twenty minutes the spectacle was to be seen, and all this time in an extraordinary silence—but when it was over I had just began to see what was to be seen.

CURE FOR WEAK EYES; Take a small lump of white copperas, say about the size of a pea; put it in a small phial, holding about two ounces of water, carry this in the pocket, and occasionally taking out the cork, turn the phial on the finger's end, and thus bathe the eyes. This will positively effect a real cure in a short time.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0828.jpg