# EASTON GAZETTE.

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*From the New York Express.*

## HAULING OUT THE TWO POLLIES.

ON THE 4th.'

ON BOARD THE "TWO POLLIES," Nigh the Dry Dock, New York, July 5th, 1838.

*To the Editors of the Express*—the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight had a spell ago:

I have heard tell of rale sport in *boating*, but I never did see the beat of that we had yesterday—I never did believe afore that any thing could come up to a *husking frolic*—but I never see a *husking frolic*—nor a *raising*—nor a *ploughing match*—nor, *but one quilting*, that came any way nigh the *boating frolic* we had yesterday in hawling the Two Pollies off into the stream; and I don't know that I can come within gun shot of telling *all* about it—but I'll try—one thing is sartain, that what I do tell is as true as that there is a Two Pollies—and what I dont tell, would be long enuf to make this letter too long to be good for nothing.

True to the day and to the hour, about ten o'clock in the morning, an etarnel swad of boats of all sizes, from Wall street *skiffs, yawls, and clinkers*, all came pulling along up our way and landed nigh the 'Two Pollies'—I was on board; and had a few friends I had invited with me; and so all the folks of the boats came on board the "Two Pollies"—to take a look round and see what my notion was, and how I wanted the trail made. Each boat had its own steersman, who did pretty much all the talking for his own oarsmen—one said, if I only wanted the Two Pollies hawled out of the slip into the river he could do it alone, provided I'd fix on the top of the flood and jist before the tide turn'd—and with that pretty much all the other steersmen spoke up, and said that *their* boats could do that, and they did not see the right of giving a preference—and here came a jangle right off.—Now, says I, gentlemen, we aint in Congress now, and cant have no long speeches at 8 dollars a day and do nothin besides—so I should like to see you all back in your boats and take a little exercise; and in the mean time, says I, arter you have given a little show of your skill, I'll decide. I thought I'd give 'em a little 'non-committal'—jist to make 'em work sharp—and with that they all went at it, and this was one of the most complete sights I ever did see. When *Amos Kindle* was on here a spell ago, and made some sick o' money among these very same folks, it wasn't no touch at all to the present.

Every boat, with a flag, past the head of the slip, turned about: pulled back, and then off, and then back gin; one arter another: and the folks cheered and huzza'd like all posset; and any one to look at 'em would say: they could alone, any one on'em, pull the Two Pollies through an anger hole. Arter this they all came into the slip along side the Two Pollies, and I tell'd 'em: 'Now my boys,' says I, 'Your skill in pullin your own boats is complete as ever was, but you have got a job now to do, that will pull the hull scrape on you to a pritty tight pull. 'The *Two Pollies*,' says I, is going out of this slip at the top of the tide, to be sure: but when she gits in the River, and when the tide turns, what is to be done then? 'Oh drop anchor,' was the answer. 'No, no,' says I, 'that aint my plan; you must keep her *jist so*; at any rate, and if I say go ahead *agin the tide*, you must do it. I cant come to anchor no how.

'You know,' says I, 'that three on you a spell ago; (and am glad to see you here agin)—once undertook a matter like this and you made fine work on't: till the tide turn'd, and then,' says I, 'the Two Pollies went a starn and you all followed her; however;' says I, 'we wont talk about that now.' So arter a little talk, they all thought the best way would be to hitch on all together; but coming to try this plan, nara one on'em had rope enuf to let'em pull clear of each other. 'Well,' says I, 'why not go in a string one ahead of tother?' but this brought on another tangle and snarl. Every one wanting to take the lead; so I let em work it out their own way, and what with knotting pieces of rope, and knotting handkerchers, and borrowing and buying small kiles of rope, they hich'd on to the Two Pollies, and as the flood tide was jist on the pint of turning, they all set up a rale huzza, and sure enuf out went the Two Pollies, as slick as ile, and sich a shout as went with her made me go almost through my shirt collar, for I never was so glad in my born days, and the best on't was they did'nt brake a rope yarn or tare a handkercher; in fact some of the boats did'nt seem to pull at all ony to keep up in their places.

By the time the Two Pollies got well in the River the ebb tide begun to make, and I hail'd em, and tell'd em 'to pull up stream'; & here cum on the beginning of a *tug*, & every minit it was *tugger*; but they pull'd like good fellows for a spell, and I don't know but they would gained on the tide if it hadnt got stronger and stronger; and just then the boats began to git foul of one another; and there sich a crossing of oars and scraping of noses; and sich jangle of orders; every body right and every body wrong; to hear em talk any one would suppose, that any one on em was enuf: if talkin was any out of the way. One got so frightened that he begun to pull for the shore, and forgot to unhitch, and this made bad work; another said he would not pull at all, and this was worse.—'Pull all togedare every way in de world' says one; 'a pritty kittle of *Fish*' says a long wind dri'd yankee,' you are making on't, what in natur is in you; you dont git a head NO HOW AND NO WAY IN THE WOURLD.'

Seeing how that things was gitting all in a snarl, my dander began to rise; the *Two Pollies* was going a starn, and every thing going to everlasting smash; I yell'd out to em;—'pull'—says I, 'you tarnal toads—pull for your lives—and your fortuns and your etarnal honor—and if that dont stir you up—pull' says I—*'for the deposits.'* This quieted the noise for a spell, and some on em did make the water fly considerably; but the tide was too strong for em, and all hands, Two Pollies and all was going down stream: for my part I got so wrainblecrop'd that I felt as tho I was going right down into my boots. 'All's over' thinks I: and I began to look astarn to see a soft spot to strike on; when what should I see jist coming round the pint of the Battery but a great long barge; oars out on each side; like a GREAT DADDY LONG LEGS: and then line up along the docks and shipping a real rouser of a shout,—*Squire Biddle—huzza'—old B. U. S—huzza—huzza'*—and afore I had time to cool down my dander; sure enuf up cume along side the Two Pollies; my old friend the Squire; sittin in the starn sheets of his 24 oared long boat one leg cock'd up over the gunnell; and the tiller sticking out under his left arm; he jist wav'd his hand to his men and they all bac'k water right side. Well, says I Squire 'taint no time to chat now, but I am glad to see you, and if folks don't say you have come in the *nick* of time, then, say, I, there aint no *nicks* now a days; that's all; 'now,' says I; 'you see what is wanting, and all you have got to do is to spring to and let us see if there is any GRIT in you.—And with that he jist got up and taking the eend of a mortal big kile of rope he had stow'd away under him; he threw it on board and, says he, 'make that well fast Major on board the Two Pollies'—and then, turning to his oarsmen, he bow'd and smil'd and said 'all together'—and with that they sprung to—the Squire all the while stiring and paying out rope—and taking a sweep away off in a half circle till he got away ahead of the foremost boat a then steer'd round and cut in on a line ahead—'hellow'—says I—Squire 'where are you going; have you got rope enough aboard?'—yes, says he—'Major—rope enough to snake the Two Pollies out of the tother eend of the Mississippi if she was there.—'How you talk' says I—'have you made well fast?—'says he—'according to my kalklation I have'—says I, 'Well' says he, 'you take care that eend and I will 'tother' and with that I seen him catch a turn round a strong hook and his oarsmen did bend to it for a spell till their backs crack'd like a new saddle—as soon as the ropes come strait, it twich'd up a considerable number of the oars of the small boat and knock'd off some hats: but hat was only a trifle to the work that follow'd,—*some* of the folks in the small boats did'nt do the clean thing—one chap said for his part he'd rather see the *Two Pollies* go on the rocks than have the Squire take a hand in it, and order'd his men to back their oars, but one on em dash'd a hat full of salt water in his face, whilst his mouth was open. and he gag'd as tho' he'd swallow'd a glass of *Manhattan mutre*. Another advi-e'd cutting the Squires big rope but an old gentleman in another boat said,—'every man cut *his own* rope if he will, but cut or mending ropes—bevare'—and with that he hook'd on the Squires ropes and tell'd his men to pull in aid on't—and the most of the boats follow'd the same lead—them that did'nt, it made very little odds—for the Two Pollies was going up stream jist for all the world as tho' she had the "Great Western' hook'd on to her—and there sat the squire with his *long medium* at astern taking the hull scrape along with him—YALL, SKIFF, CLINCHER, AND THE TWO POLLIES—his men pulling together jist like one—the tide running like a mill race agin us, and then he turn'd—and shifting his position—all let go his ropes, and the small boats and the Two Pollies swung round, went down stream full chizzle for a spell, till the squire fetch'd her all up on tother tack, his men jist pulling strong enuf like a drag chain to keep things as tho' in still water, and then he pull'd round and round sometimes agin the tides and sometimes across tides it made no odds which way—tho Two Pollies and the hull raft of small boats went jist the way he steer'd his *great daddy Long Legs*—threw the shipping at anchor and the ferry boats under way and no harm came to any one. In one of his movements he cross'd the bows of the Two Pollies and says he Major aint 'Hell gate' pretty nigh here—suppose says he, we try a pull through that?—'well' says I *'Squire* I'm content with what we have done if you are,' and, say I, 'if you will only take the *Two Pollies* back to the slip nigh the Dry Dock agin where she come from, my notion is all parties will be content and satisfied'—'I think,' says I, 'we have had 'GLORY ENUF FOR ONE DAY' and with that the Squire cock'd his legs over the gunnell agin and in a little while, the Two Pollies was where she started from.

'Now' says I Gentlemen I haint got but one favor to ask of the whole scrape on you and that is that you all come aboard the Two Pollies and take dinner with me and on this day the 4th of July a reel Independence and no party day, let us all jine side by side like a band of good patriots and eat and drink and be merry and social.'

This invitation was carried as unanimous as an argument in Congress on a hot Saturday night, and we had a complete time on't I tell you, as you will say when you git my next letter giving you a description on't. So no more at present,

From your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade.

MR. FORREST'S ORATION.—Dr. Palmer, co-editor of the Boston Centinel and Gazette, being in New York on the 4th, attended the delivery of the Oration of Mr. Forrest. After some prefactory remarks, the Doctor gives the following graphic outline of the performance.

* * * * But what seemed to create the most interest was the oration before the Locofocos, which you well know was to be delivered by Mr. Forrest the Tragedian. And here again I was indebted to a friend for a ticket to the Broadway Tabernacle, where the oration was to be delivered. The exercises were to commence at 2 o'clock. Accordingly about half past one, I proceeded to the place, but found the avenue to the entrance & a large portion of the street completely blocked up by a dense mass of human beings, all eager for admission.—But the iron gates were closed & officers were stationed to keep off the crowd. Occasionally one of the gates would be forced partly open, and a few would gain admission before the constabularie could check the pressure of the crowd, and ever and anon one would climb over the top. During this time an omnibus came along from up town, the driver of which held a jug in his hand, and when he arrived opposite the crowd, he brandished it over his head, and cried out with a stentorean voice, 'gentlemen, will you take something?' 'Who wants a horn?' &c., but nobody seemed to heed his invitation, all being anxious to gain admission into the Tabernacle. Occasionally a gentleman, apparently one of the marshals, would mount the gate and harrangue the multitude, requesting them, as near as I could understand, to keep back until the doors were opened, but the noise and clamor was so great that I could only now and then hear a sentence. Once he cried out at the highest pitch of his voice, 'gentlemen, keep back, you are squeezing a lady to death.' 'Well, she ought to be squeezed,' exclaimed a loafer in the crowd. At this time there was a cry that entrance could be gained at the side door. This drew off a portion of the multitude who ran round the corner for a chance. But there the crowd was just as difficult to penetrate. Despairing of gaining admission I retired to the opposite side of the street, and there a few minutes afterwards I saw the orator of the day conversing with another gentleman, whom he soon left, and proceeded 'solitary and alone' to the side door afore mentioned, where after considerable dely, he succeeded in effecting an entrance. The doors were soon afterwards thrown open, and the crowd rushed in, but the house being very large and capacious, in a few minutes I succeeded not only in getting in, but was fortunate enough to procure a seat but a few feet from the orator.

In the oration of Mr. Forrest I was agreeably disappointed. It was a fair, calm disquisition on political government generally, free from loco-focoism and party bias. There was hardly any sentiment advanced which would not meet a hearty response from every Whig in the country. He said we were assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the birth-day not of a despot, but of our country's liberty. He avoided the beaten track which has been followed by most of our fourth of July orators, of giving a history of the origin, progress and termination of the American Revolution, but discoursed upon the general principles and policy of our republican government. He occasionally introduced the terms 'democratic government,' democratic policy,' 'democratic principles,' and so on, and whenever the word 'democratic' was uttered it would bring down thunders of applause from the loco-foco listeners, of whom I observed a goodly number without their coats, but in their 'democratic' shirt sleeves. He said that to Jefferson he longed the *exclusive* honor of having framed the charter of our American liberties. Of the correctness of this wholesale assertion, attributing all the merit to this individual, I had my doubts and misgivings, but the locos greedily swallowed it all, and applauded the sentiment to the skies. He discoursed for a consid erable time upon *experiments.*' As soon as the word experiment' was uttered it brought down a round of applause. He however treated the subject in very general terms. He said it was an experiment which led to the discovery of America; that it was by means of experiments that Newton reached his stupendous discoveries; that it was by experiments that Franklin wrested the thunderbolt from Heaven, and in some measure disarmed it of its terrors. He thought it betrayed a want of wisdom, energy and enterprise to always go on in the old hackneyed path of our forefathers without ever trying any new experiments, and he added in conclusion, that our present government was not afraid to try *experiments*. This of course was loudly applauded, but he was cautious not to say a word about the effects of the Tom Benton gold humbug, and currency experiments. He appeared to go entirely upon the non-committal principle· It appeared to me, that he felt obliged to say something upon the subject but that he avoided going into particulars and dealt in general remarks, and was glad when he got through with the matter.—He intimated that some of those who cried corruption, and were most anxious for a retorn of the abuses in our government, were rather in favor of a government like that of England. This I suppose was intended as a sly hit at one of the parties of olden times. He however; complimented England in very high terms. Although he did not admit that the English government was perfect, yet, said he, with all her faults, I love, I respect, I venerate England. England is our mother country; we are the child of England. I admire her for her superior attainments in litterature, in her civil & military achievements; I respect her as the country that is the birth-place of Hampden, of Sidney, of Newton, of Bacon, of Milton, of *Shakspeare*. Perhaps it is uncharitable, but I could not help thinking that he intends visiting England again.—He concluded his oration by alluding to the sublime spectacle which this country would present to the world when its population should amount to hundreds of millions, controlled and directed by a self government.

His oration occupied an hour and seventeen minutes in the delivery, was listened to with the most marked attention, interrupted by repeated bursts of applause, and at the conclusion the cheers were long and loud, and yet it appeared to me that a large number of the audience were disappointed in it. It did not seem to be radical enough for them, and therein I thought was its great merit. I hope they were satisfied; I certainly was not only satisfied with its general tone, a few things only excepted, but felt gratified to find that the author was not disposed to act the character of the political brawler and leveller, which I feared he would feel himself obliged to assume. As to the manner of delivery, it was fine, very fine: free from rant, free from excessive theatrical action and gesture, till near the close, when for a few moments he seemed to forget himself and assume the character of an actor on the stage, playing the part of Damon, for instance, rather than addressing a political audience on the anniversary of the birth-day of their independence.

I should have added that throghout his whole oration he did not once allude to the Illustrious Hero of two wars, the Greatest and Best, the Venerated Chief, Gen. Jackson, nor to the Smallest and Meanest, who professes to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, any more than if such beings had never existed. He probably thought he could say nothing in their praise, and therefore it was the most discreet course to pass them over in silence.

The day has been celebrated with great splendour and eclat in this city.—There was a most splendid display of Fire Works from the top of City Hall this evening. I have heard of no accident to interrupt the festivities of the occasion. I saw two or three fights towards night in the streets between some drunken men, and some dozen or more loafers were lying senseless this evening on the grass in the Park, sleeping out the effects of the grog which they had taken in honor of the glorious fourth.

At Faneuil Hall, Governor Everet, the Mayor the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and others prefaced their patriotic toats, by eloquent addresses. We give Mr. Barney's below:—

'Wit, wine, and lovely women have been the concentrated essences, of admiration, enjoyment and delight, to poets, heroes and philosophers ever since the flood. Here in this cradle of liberty, on this classic ground, where every spot teems with incidents connected with the Revolution, bearing testimony to the intelligence which asserted, and the chivalry which accomplished our Independence. it is peculiarly appropriate to yield to the inspiration which prompts me to desire to add another element. My motto henceforth is,—Wit, wine, *men* and women. A long and intimate association with northern intellect gives additional conviction of its propriety. Although born south of Mason and Dixon's line, I have none of the sickly sensibility on the subject of constitutional powers, which fetters the intellect and palsies the nerves of Southern Statesmen,—with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, have closed, I fear, forever, the brilliant career of Southern rulers;—Statesmen of distinguished abilities have shown in the Halls of Legislation, but their meteoric course has only dazzled without enlightening, and like sparks flashed off from the anvil, only bright while they are falling, leaving no trace of their usefulness, or practical beneficial results, from their unquestioned abilities.

My, ruling passion has been a desire to appreciate greatness by associating with distinguished men. In boyhood I stole a horse from my father's stable, and rode 20 miles to meet the immortal Washington, and go in his escort to Baltimore. It was an era in my life of inestimable value. Subsequently I succeeded in passing a day with the great Napoleon at St. Cloud—and an entire winter devoted to the eloquence of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, in the British Parliament. I refer to these associations with delight, as it enables me to appreciate native talent. It has been truly said that wise men came from the east. I have to thank my God for many blessings, among them I reckon not the least, that it has been my good fortune long to know, and highly to enjoy an intimate intercourse with many of the distinguished sons of New England, whose giant and overmastering intellect have won my warmest admiration. With all the enthusiasm of youthful ardour, still glorious in memory at the recollection of the illustrious men of England and France, your WEBSTER has no parallel in my judgment—the fascinating eloquence, the vast stores of learning flowing from the lips of your mild, persuasive and interesting EVERETT, gratifies, instructs and delights—and however elevated the position he now occupies as chief of this wide spread and ancient Commonwealth—'tis a domain too limited for his sphere of usefulness. The Republic claims him as her own—to the National Councils he appropriately belongs, and you will have to consent to the sacrifice of yielding him to our common country. In jurisprudence and law, who so distinguished as STORY, and though not titled, Mr. Chief Justice, he is Chief Justice in fact, no matter how learned, how talented may be those who occupy the bench which he adorns—Boston may well exclaim as she points to her sons; these are my Jewels. So small a space never contained three men so great as WEBSTER, EVERETT, and STORY.

The South claims to possess genius almost unrivalled, but it is in cultivation you surpass us. Your common schools lay the foundation, your high schools, colleges and universities, erect and complete the edifice.

The industry of New England frets a bed of rocks, until it gives forth the rich products of a more fertile soil, and yields in fruit and flowers every thing that is delicious to the taste, and grateful to the eye—sweet as the tuneful greeting of a bird to the first flowers of spring time.

The full foliage of your forest trees expand not, the grass of your glorious mall assumes not its verdure, and the fairest portion of God's creation, although 'their eye hath the glow of the sun of our clime, which warms every feeling at once into flowers,' smile not until the first are warmed into existence, by long continued summer heats, and the latter woo'd with unceasing devotion through a full probationary term, yet once propitiated, it like the ripe harvest of the new mown hay, breathes forth delicious odours.

I rejoice to have been kindly informed by a distinguished friend, that on this glorious day, and in the Hall of Liberty the demon of party was not permitted to raise his Hydra head—whose spirit of intolerance, while it jeopards the peace and prosperity of this fair Republic, forever endangers the permanency of their free and happy institutions.

Mr. *Mayor*—I propose a name which in after ages every American will recognise as that of the most distinguished of her sons.

Permit me, sir, to conclude with offering my tribute of respect:

The pride of Boston—the glory of New England—the admiration of the Republic—a Northern light, whose radiance illumes the world—*your own* WEBSTER.

## THE DEAD DANCERS.

A paragraph, copied from a French journal, describing the death of a gentleman while waltzing, is going the round of the newspapers. The incident reminds us of another which is said to have occurred in this city many years since, and which might furnish the groundwork of a fashionable tale of horror. Miss ——, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exacting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed upon the half pay list from being incapacitated for service by a musket ball which he received in his breast, and which had not been extracted. Captain —— was an elegant waltzer, but owing to the state of his health he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhaustion, and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to share in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of Salmagundi, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Miss ——, who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl. Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present, and it chanced one evening that Miss ——, entered a ball-room just when Captain —— had waltzed a few turns, and overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfeminine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur ——, though pale & sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite however which was granted, while the careless girl rattled way with the beaux who had clustered around her as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover. After a very brief time, a single quadrille only having intervened, the waltzing couples were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss —— hurried her partner into the gay circle. The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid Captain to get through the first round with apparent ease. He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster; nay, his strength was so renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples. The floor was left to this single pair; and now so swiftly did they whirl around, that the musicians in turn had to follow them with the most rapid execution. The gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn almost of a purple color, while the features of her partner *worked* as if affected by some hideous spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious, appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac. Her arms fell listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person; which folded in his embrace was flung—with the last move of the delirious and dying man—a corpse upon the floor. The horror struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but she was already gone, and her lover expired before she could be released from his arms. An examination of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and, in the sudden delirium of his death agony he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.—New York Mirror.

## DEATH OF AN OLD PATRIOT.

*The last Soldier of the old French War in Canada is gone.*

Died, in Warren county, Tennessee, on the 8th of June, Mr. JOHN LUSK, (pronounced Lisk in his native Dutch) at the advanced age of one hundred and four years.

He was born on Staten Island, New York, on the 5th of November, 1734, and was of Dutch extraction. Mr. Lusk was in regular service for well nigh sixty years! He commenced his career in the army in the war Acadie, commonly called the French war, when about twenty years of age, and served through the whole of it. He was a soldier at the seige of Quebec, fought in the memorable action of the Plains of Abraham, seventy-nine years ago—saw the brave General Wolf fall: and participated in all the sufferings and hardships of that arduous and memorable campaign. He was also at the conquest of Acadie, now called Newfoundland, by Generals Amhert and Shirley, and assisted in the dispersion of the captured French throught the colonies of New England, by the Anglo-Americans.

Mr. Lusk early enlisted in the war of the Revolution, and fought like a soldier and a patriot till its close. He was attached to the expedition to Canada under General Arnold—was at the building of Fort Edward, and was there wounded. He was in the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered, and was at the siege of Yorktown, and had the singular and remarkable fortune to see Cornwallis surrender his sword to General Washington.

On the restoration of peace the old soldier laid down his musket and knapsack for awhile, but he did not remain long in inactivity. The 'piping times of peace' where no time for him. He left 'inglorious ease,' as he esteemed it, on the first opportunity, and enlisted in the army of General Wayne against the Indians, nothing daunted by the terrors of the wilderness or the stratagems of the powerful and wily foe, though he had already weathered the storms of sixty winters

At the close of this brilliant and successful campaign, he joined the regular

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