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."

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NEW PUBLICATION.

Thirty Years from Home or a voice from the Main Deck, by SAMUEL LEACH.

As a literary production (says the New York Tribune) this little volume claims very little merit; but as the record of the experience and feelings of a simple sailor during a service of six years in the British and American navies, it possesses a degree of interest to which larger and more pretending books cannot aspire. It is, of course, mainly concerned with the details of sea service—with precisely those minute incidents and ordinary occurrences of daily life on the ocean which professional authors deem quite beneath their notice and which yet give by far the most correct impressions. Mr. Leech writes with ease, and a certain graphic ability, if not always with elegance, and we are sure many will find in his book much to repay a perusal. We copy the following spirited account of the celebrated battle between the United States frigate United States and the British frigate Macedonian, in which the latter was taken. Leech, at the time, was a lad on board the captured frigate, and his impressions of so terrible a conflict are much more vivid than one gleaned from official despatches:

"The Sabbath came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holy day of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar deck, sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times, in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats, ornamented with black ribands, and with the name of our ship painted on them. After muster, we frequently had church service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the masthead shouted, 'Sail, ho!'

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming Masthead, there!'

'Sir!'

'Where away is the sail?'

The precise answer to this question I do not recollect; but the captain proceeded to ask, 'What does she look like?'

'A square-rigged vessel sir,' was the reply of the look-out.

After a few minutes, the captain shouted again, Masthead there!'

'Sir!'

'What does she look like?'

'A large ship, sir, standing towards us!'

By this time most of the crew were on deck eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting 'Keep silence, fore and aft!' Silence being secured, he hailed the look out, who to his question of 'What does she look like?' replied 'A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir.'

A whisper ran along the crew that the strange ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of 'All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!'

The drum and fife beat to quarters; bulk-heads were knocked away; the guns were released from their confinement; the whole dread paraphernalia of battle was produced; and, after a lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band; who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list; and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below, on the berth deck, with orders (given in our hearing) to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

Our men were all in good spirits; though they did not scruple to express the wish that the coming foe was a Frenchman rather than a Yankee. We had been told by the Americans on board, that the frigates in the American service, carried more and heavier metal than ours. This, together with our consciousness of superiority over the French at sea, led us to a preference for a French antagonist.

The Americans among our number felt quite disconcerted at the necessity which compelled them to fight against their own countrymen.—One of them, named John Card, as brave a seaman as ever trod a plank, ventured to present himself to the captain, as prisoner, frankly declaring his objections to fight. That officer very ungenerously ordered him to his quarters, theatening to shoot him if he made the request again. Poor fellow! He obeyed the unjust command, and was killed by a shot from his own countrymen.

As the approaching ship showed American colors, all doubt of her character was at an end. 'We must fight,' was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could ensure success was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted; for, although our guns were furnished with first-rate locks, they were also provided with matches attached by lanyards, in case the locks should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders, who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, & pistols, how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was then followed by the captain, who exhorted them to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson—'England expects every man to do his duty.'—In addition to these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small arms, whose duty it was to attend to the trimming the sails, and to use their muskets, provided we came to close action. There were others, also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship should it be necessary to change her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main deck. It was my duty to supply the gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun for this purpose A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys. We received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns.—These precautions are observed to prevent the powder from taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, waiting orders, in motionless suspence. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main deck. This was followed by the command, 'Cease firing, you are throwing away your shot!'

Then came the orders to 'wear ship,' and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this, I heard a firing from some other quarter which I first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter deck guns, though it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I never heard before next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing after a few minutes' cessation recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shots strike the sides of our ship, the whole scene became indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awful tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet, as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of that dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the groaning wretch below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in; for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had grape or canister shot sent through his ancle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him up in his arms and hurried him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonized boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and, as he could not live, threw him over board.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart. Exclaiming, 'Oh! my God!' he fell, & was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr Hope, our first lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring—probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might.—There was not a man in the ship but would have rejoiced had he been in the place of our master's mate, the unfortunate Nan Kivell.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiring in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction around us it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we several boys & men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had also passed through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The school master received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick bed to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a backstay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to peices by a cannon ball, another man going to complete the unfinished task was also struck down.—Another of our midshipman also received a severe wound The unfortunate ward-room stewart, who attempted to cut his throat on a former occasion, was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence, had been sent on board as punishment was carried past me wounded I distinctly heard the large blood drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage, her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

Such was the terrible scene, amid which we kept on our shouting and firing. Our men fought like tigers. Some of them pulled of their Jackets—others their jackets and vests; while some, still more determined, had taken off their shirts, and, with nothing but a handkerchief tied round the waistbands of their trousers, fought like heroes. I also observed a boy named Cooper, stationed at a gun somes distance from the magazine. He came to and fro on the full run, and appeared to be as 'merry as a cricket'—The 3d lieutenant cheered him along occasionally, by saying, 'well done, my boy you are worth your weight in gold.'

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and dead, is too absurd an idea to be entertained a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters, would have been certain death from the hand of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to show fear would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and ensure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal however, of the other world; every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the Earth. For this I felt unprepared; but, being without any particular knowledge of religious truth, I satisfied myself by repeating again and again the Lord's prayer, and promising that, if spared, I would be more attentive to religious duties than ever before. This promise I had no doubt, at the time, of keeping; but I have learned since that it is easier to make promises amidst the roar of the battle's thunder, or in the horrors of shipwreck, than to keep them when danger is absent, and safety smiles upon our path.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued.—Grape and canister shot were pouring through our port holes like leaden rain, carrying death in their trail. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel or passing through her timbers; and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appaling work than even their own death giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What, then with splinters, cannon balls, grape, and canister, poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages, for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty; while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and maintopmast were gone; the mizzenmast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall; we were in a state of complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled, many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt, bear down upon us in a few moments; and as she could now choose her own position, would, without doubt, rake us fore and aft. Any further resistance was, therefore folly. So, in spite of the hot brained lieutenant Mr. Hope, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our bunting. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath—more than I wished to see again on a week-day. His Brittannic Majesty's frigate Macedonian was now the prize of the American frigate United States.

MR. ADAMS'S SPEECH AT BUFFALO.

—The following is the speech of the Hon. John Quincy Adams at Buffalo, in reply to the Hon. Millard Fillmore, who had been deputed by the citizens to welcome him to that city:

"Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Mayor, and Fellow Citizens:

"I must ask your indulgence for a moment's pause to take breath. If you ask me why I ask this indulgence, it is because I am so overpowered by the eloquence of my friend the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, whom I have so long been accustomed to refer to in that capacity, that, with your permission, I will continue so to denominate him now that I have no words left to answer him. For so liberal has he been in bestowing that eloquence upon me which he himself possesses in so eminent a degree, that, while he was ascribing to me talents so far above my own consciousness in that regard, I was all the time imploring the god of eloquence to give me, at least, at this moment, a few words to justify him before you in making that splendid panegyric which he has been pleased to bestow upon me; and that the flattering picture which he has presented to you, may not immediately be defaced before your eyes by what you should hear from me.

"There was, however, in the midst of the profusion of compliments, the sincerity of which I am not permitted to doubt, one word, which caught my ear, most gratifying to my feelings, and of the truth of which I was certain; that word was *welcome*—welcome—welcome for him, welcome for you; and if I felt that of all the rest of his discourse I could not flatter myself I was at liberty to receive as well founded, it made up in itself for all the exaggeration of partial friendship in the rest. That word at least was perfectly intelligible, and the answer to it was ready at hand; it consisted also of one single word—*thanks*—*thanks*—and still *thanks*—beginning and ending with thanks. Having said this, I return to my embarrassment.

"What shall I say to you? But, as the return for welcome is gratitude, and as gratitude is somewhat loquacious, I must say something further to you. What can I say but to congratulate you? I congratulate you, then, upon your condition in the world. I congratulate you upon the freedom which you enjoy—I wish I could say above all on earth. I congratulate you upon the land in which you live—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of mountains and valleys; of mountains—and mountains all over the world are the abode of liberty. Liberty is a mountain nymph. But, besides that general property possessed in every quarter of the globe, you possess a blessing reserved by the Creator for you alone—and that is the phenomenon of which, so late in life, I have within the last four days been a witness. Your land is not only a land of mountains, but of cataracts and whirlpools—objects of nature, in which the Creator of the world has displayed his sublimest power. In visiting them—in gazing at them—in dwelling upon them, as in the last four days I have done, I have felt somewhat as I seem in your presence. I felt unable to speak. It seemed as if there was a suspension, not only of words, but of thought; that it threw a man, seeing them for the first time, into the condition ascribed to the prophets of old—as if the spirit of God came upon him; as if he saw the vision of the Almighty; falling into a trance, having his eyes open. The fall of those dashing and roaring waters, the instant destruction with which we know them to be fraught; the danger; the leap which they tempt us to make, and mingle with them; the serene tranquillity of the long river open in vista before them, and the smooth and silent current in which they flow again after the fall, showing in contrast, at one view, the extreme of violence and repose; and, above all, that rainbow set in cloud, the covenant pledge of God to man that what in its nature is destruction shall not destroy, form altogether a picture for the imagination which one feels that words cannot express. When the recollection comes that the intelligence and industry of man have made these waters tributary to a great public improvement, and the cataract itself an instrument of the bounty of God for the benefit of the human family, by borrowing from this stupendous wonder of Nature a portion of its stream for manufacturing purposes, we cannot but exclaim: 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Omnipotent! in wisdom hast thou made them all.'

"I congratulate you on the state of your social feeling—upon the men whom you possess, and upon whom you have lavished your honors. I came from the house of one of them (Gen. P. B. Porter) whose hospitalities I enjoyed during my visit to the Falls. A man illustrious before this nation in war & in peace—a statesman and a soldier with whom I have long had the happiness of enjoying a cordial & uninterrupted friendship; whose mind and heart and temper, I have had numerous opportunities of observing in various and important relations; and who, in spite of age and infirmity, no longer ago than yesterday accompanied me to one of the scenes of his danger and his glory, in the dominion of our neighbor, the British Queen. I have seen the fields of Lundy's Lane, and of Chippewa; and there he pointed out to me the spots of those glorious incidents of the late war in which he himself had taken so distinguished a part. There was no trace left there of those *desolations* of war, which in former days exhibited such bloody testimonials While blessing God for those energies displayed by my countrymen in the cause of their country, I blessed him still more for that peace and tranquillity which have now made the rivals of that day neighbors and friends This sentiment has been deeply impressed upon my mind through the whole course of the short excursion which I have just made into those dominions of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Yesterday, while I contemplated the stupendous object of the cataract on that side of the river, I could not but consider that the Creator of this world, & of all the worlds, in creating that stupendous and unrivalled monument of his power, had divided the gift between the two nations, as too great to be bestowed on one alone, and as a perpetual admonition to enjoy it common between themselves.

"I congratulate you again upon your possession of another dear and intimate friend of mine, in the person of the gentleman who has just addressed me in your name, and whom I have taken the liberty of addressing as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—the capacity in which he has rendered so recently services of the highest importance to you his constituents—by whose favor he was enabled to render them—to us, and to our common country. And I cannot forbear to express here my regret at his retirement in the present emergency from the councils of the nation. There or elsewhere I hope and trust he will soon return; for whether to the Nation or to the State, no service can be, or ever will be rendered by a more able or a more faithful public servant. I congratulate you still further upon the possession of a gentleman whom I have heretofore met, and with whom I have acted in harmony at the seat of the General Government, who is among those citizens to whom you committed the charge of inviting me to your city.

"Fellow citizens, I congratulate you upon your attachment to moral principle. My friend, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, has interdicted to me the topic of politics in addressing you at this time, and my inclinations most cordially concur in the interdiction. He has however alluded to your sympathies with my speeches in the public councils of the nation, and I cannot, in justice to myself, or to you deny myself the satisfaction of saying that in all the troubles which have befallen me within the last few years, I have received more warm and cordial testimonials of sympathy from the western part of the State of New York than from any portion of this vast and almost boundless Union. In former years, in the heat of the Masonic and Anti masonic controversy in which I took a deep and solemn interest, it was in sympathy with the people of Western New York. That cause of dissension has happily passed away.—In later times, and on two several occasions, when my sense of duty to my country led me into difficulty and danger in my public capacity, in relation to the right of petition, I have again received more cheering and encouraging testimonials of sympathy from the people of Western New York than any other portion of the Union. In both of these cases the object of contention was moral principle; and I could not but consider that the standard of moral principle must be elevated among a people taking so deep an interest in its conflicts with lawless power.

"Of your attachment to moral principle I have this day had another and pleasing proof in the dinner of which I have partaken in the steamer in which, by your kindness, I have been conveyed to this place. It was a sumptuous dinner, but at which *Temperance* was the presiding power. I congratulate you on the evidence there exhibited of your attachment to moral principle in your co-operation in that great movement which is promoting the happiness and elevation of man in every quarter of the globe.

"And here you will permit me to allude to an incident which has occurred in my recent visit to Canada, in which I perceived the co-operation of the people of that province in the same great moral reformation. While at Quebec I visited the falls of Montmorenci, a cataract which, but for yours, would be among the greatest wonders of Nature. In going to it I passed through the parish of Beauport, and there, by the side of the way, I saw a column with an inscription upon its pedestal which I had the curiosity to stop and read. It was a column erected by the people of Beauport in gratitude to the Virgin for her goodness in promoting the cause of temperance in that parish.—Perhaps I do not sufficiently sympathize with the people of Beauport in attributing to the Virgin so direct an influence upon this moral reform; but in the spirit with which they erected that monument I do most cordially sympathize with them—For, under whatever influence the cause may be promoted, the cause itself can never fail to make its votaries wiser and better men. I cannot make a speech.—My heart is too full, and my voice too feeble. *Farewell*—and with that farewell, may the blessings of heaven be upon you throughout your lives."

The number of passengers who arrived at New York from foreign ports this year, up to the 28th of July, was 28,348. There arrived at that port during the corresponding period last year, 51,573, showing a decrease from 1842 of 23,225, or nearly one half. The decrease in the number of immigrants to Canada is still greater. The number last year, up to the 22d of July, was 36,254. This year to the same date, the number was 15,904, which shows a decrease of 20,350, more than half. The Journal of Commerce remarks—

The number of passengers who arrived at New York from foreign countries in the whole of last year, was 74,014; at other ports, 36,970 making a total in the country at large, of 110,984. So great a number never before arrived in one year.

The immigrants who have arrived at this port the present year, are in general quite superior, in point of character, to the average of former years. They are not foreign paupers, the overflowing of prisons and almhouses, expatriated with government aid, to relieve the community at home from the burden of their support,—not the peasants of Alsace, & of the poorer countries in the north of France, prompted to exile by the necessities of nature and the prospect of obtaining elsewhere an easier subsistence—but a thrifty & laborious people, who seek in more favored climes a richer soil, & under more liberal institutions a larger liberty,—'freedom to worship God,' and participation in civil rights and privileges,—than has been dispensed to them in the land of their birth.

In the short space of three days, in the last month, two thousand emigrants embarked at the single port of Havre for this country, taking with them their families, and implements of labor of every species. Nearly all of them were from the interior of Norway; and their picturesque costume & foreign physiognomy, as they crowded the quays previous to their embarkation is said to have arrested the attention and excited the curiosity even of Frenchmen, accustomed to such sights.

These emigrants came by sea to Havre, a distance of eleven degrees from North to South. The Havre journals congratulate their town, on the indication which this circumstance affords, of the advantages it possesses over the intermediate ports of Copenhagen, Hamburg, Rotterdam and Antwerp, which are not only nearer for the travellers, but offer advantages to the vessels which transport them in respect to cargo, which the port of Havre does not supply. Still, the circumstances rising out of the relations of Havre with the U. States, give to that port the preferrence.

Tom Moore, who in early life published some poetry, under a feigned name, whose distinguished characteristic was sensuality, is said in more mature years to have expressed his sorrow at having written them. A friend once asked, 'When did you first regret having written these poems, Mr. Moore?' 'When I had a daughter old enough to read them,' was the emphatic reply.

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