John Caline Jr.

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. V.---No. 67. EASTON, MD.---TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1833. WHOLE No. 275.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING,
(during the Session of Congress,)
and every TUESDAY MORNING, the residue of the year—BY
EDWARD MULLIKIN,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS
Are THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

JOHN RANLOLPH OF ROANOKE,

[We give, as our leading article for this evening, the auto-biographical letter, of the late John Randolph, of Roanoke—omitting some few expressions of harshness, which might, perhaps, wound the feelings of surviving relations in Virginia. It was written in 1813, to his nephew, who afterwards died—we believe, in England. It was never intended for the public eye by the writer; but with the very few omissions we have made, we cannot perceive the least objection to its publication.—The fling at Dr. Witherspoon, will in no wise affect that great and good man's memory. It was obviously the malignant petulence of a dissolute school boy, thwarted in his purposes by being restrained in his pocket money;—it is a flaunt daily repeated in the case of every similar guardian. Probably the charges against Mr. Tucker and Edmund Randolph, are no better founded.]

DECEMBER 13, 1813.

You *shall* "know something of my life," nay, every thing, my dear son, that it can be desirable or profitable for you to know. It is a tale not devoid of interest or events, and might be wrought up into a more engaging narrative, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the hasty volumes which minister to the mental green of our misses and masters. Like yourself, I was left by my father an orphan, when too young to be sensible of my loss. The first thing that I can remember, is, finding myself in my mother's family, the *pin bosket* of the whole house. I think that I can recollect some circumstances that must have happened in 1776; but I distinctly remember events which took place in the year following. I shared my mother's widowed bed, and was the nestling of her bosom. Every night after I was undressed, and in the morning before I rose, I kneeled down in my bed, and putting up my little hands, repeated after my mother the Lord's prayer and the "belief;" and to this circumstance I attribute some of my present opinions, I say *present*, because they lay long dormant, and as if extinguished within me.*

In the autumn of the year 1783, my mother married St. George Tucker. From that day there was a change in my situation. The first blow that I ever received, was from the hand of this man, and not a week after his union with my mother. At *his* instance, I was sent at the age of *nine* to the school of Walker Murray, (who had been his fellow-student at College,) in the county of Orange; *then*, and perhaps yet, a wild and savage country, inhabited by the coarsest, the most ignorant, and vicious of the human race! A new world was opened to me. Our school fellows, (your father and uncle Theodoric were at the same school,) were, with the exception of one or two *gentlemen's* sons, adepts in every species of profligacy,—vulgar, brutal savage. Our schoolmaster was the most petulant and malignant wretch in creation. We had scarcely the necessaries of life, without an opportunity to acquire any thing more than as much Latin, as sufficed to furnish out a bald translation of the ordinary school books. Indignant at his treatment, your father, hardly thirteen years old, determined to desert and go home. From our step-father, we looked for nothing like sympathy of tenderness. My brother was deterred by his expostulations from executing his purpose. Murray transferred his school to Williamsburgh, and we were transferred along with it. In 1784, the state of my health induced my mother to send me to Bermuda, where I arrived in the month of July; and just twelve months afterwards, she came over with her whole family, and remained till Nov. 1785; when she encountered a long and boisterous passage, in a wretched sloop to Virginia. This laid the foundation of that disease, which, deprived me, two years afterwards, of the best mother that ever man had.

My sojourn in Bermuda was of essential service to me in many respects. It was a respite from the austere rule of my step father, and the tyranny, hardly tolerable, of Murray; and lacquired a temper not to brook tamely their unreasonable exactions. There was a good country gentleman's library in old Mr. Tucker's house, where I staid; and here I read many sterling English authors. Your father and myself were always book worms. It was a sort of bond to the affection that united us. Our first question at meeting was, generally, "what have you read? Have you seen this or that work?" By going to Bermuda, however I lost my Greek; I had just mastered the grammar *perfectly*, when I left Williamsburgh. Walking round the base, (it was a circular iron railing that protected it,) of Lord Botetourt's statue, I had committed the Westminster grammar to memory, so as to be able to repeat every word of it. The pendulum of the great clock which vibrated over my head, seemed to concentrate my attention on my book. My Bermudian tutor, Ewing, had no Greek class, and would not take the trouble of teaching a single boy.

After our return, we went back to Williamsburgh; your father continuing to board with Murray, but attending Mr. Wythe in Greek, Mathematics, and I think Latin also. Soon afterwards he entered college. We were at the grammar school kept in the old capitol, which has been since pulled down, to save the expense of repairing the hall, where Henry spoke and independence was declared. The shocking barbarity of Murray towards my brother Theoderick, drove him from the school, (our mother was then in New York for her health,) and soon after, I left it. Having spent some months at home, we (Theoderick and myself) were sent in March 1787 to Princeton, where we were joined in the summer by your father. Doct. Witherspoon, in order to make the most out of us, put Theoderick and myself into the grammar school, although we were further advanced than any of the freshmen or most of the Sophomores. In this subterranean abode of noise and misrule, I was pent for five long months, and in September was transferrnd to the college, with habits acquired in that school by no means propitious to study. At Christmas, Theoderick and I went to New York, to spend what little money we had hoarded for that purpose; (little it was, since Witherspoon's necessities drove him to embezzle our funds;) and were recalled in a few days by a letter from your father, enclosing one from our mother, which summoned us to her dying bed-side. We hastened home, and saw her for the last time.—In January, 1788, she died. The sun, rose and set; the rivers flowed; the order of nature went on. This seemed to me at first unnatural and shocking. My mother had been a faithful executrix of my father's will, a faithful steward of the effects committed to her charge, in trust for her children. She left clear accounts, and money (not a small sum) in hand. In May, 1788, Theoderick and I were sent to College in New York; and your father came on here to attend the debates of the Convention on the question of adopting or rejecting the federal constitution of 1787. This visit gave rise to the attachment between himself and your mother, which terminated in their marriage about eighteen months afterwards.

Your father joined us in New York. He was in his nineteenth year, and the most manly youth, and most elegant that I ever saw.—Mrs. Bingham of Philadelphia, used to send him invitations to her parties, and he often went from New York to that city to them!—Yet he was neither debauched, nor dissipated. He was regular, studious, above low company of any sort, "the great vulgar or the small;" his "apparel," according to Lord Burleigh's advice, was "costly, not fine;" and you might see in his old attendant, Syphax, whom he carried with him to New York, that his master was a gentleman. Columbia College was not yet recovered from the shock of the revolution; it was just emerging out of chaos. The Professor of Humanity, (Cochrane, now in the college of Nova Scotia,) was an Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin and a most accomplished scholar. With him I entered as a private pupil, paying eight dollars a month, (out of my own allowance for clothes, &c.) for the privilege, I had devoted the fall vacation at Princeton, (1787,) to an attempt at regaining my Greek; and now (July 1787,) burning with the thirst of knowledge, (which I was not permitted to slake at the fountain of Nassau,) and emulous of literary distinction, I sat seriously to work, and was greatly encouraged by my tutor, who was, or affected to be, amazed at the rapidity of my progress.—To my irreparable loss, he left college about two or three months after I had entered myself as his private pupil. Your father's return to Virginia left me without a friend.—"Where," you will ask, "was my uncle Theodorick?" Alas! my poor brother differed in every respect from your noble father. Of all things in the world, he detested most a book. Devoted to pleasure and "fun," as he termed it, he not only set me a bad example, but, with his dissolute companions, absolutely prevented me from reading. Often have they forced the door of my study, and tossed the books over the floor, sometimes out of the window. In two years, he undermined his constitution, and destroyed his health forever; and after lingering a long time a mere skeleton of himself, he died at Bizarre, just before the birth of your brother St. George. My guardian—for under the impulse of the ascendency he had acquired over me, I had chosen Mr. Tucker as such—was so scanty in his supplies, that I had became necessitous; of course, unhappy; and (why should I conceal it?) gradually fell into the habits and way of life of my unfortunate brother,—with this difference, that I continued to read, but books of amusement only, enervating and almost destroying my intellectual powers, and vitiating my taste.—Your father was married on the last day of the year, 1789, and in the summer following, Theodorick and I left New York for Virginia. In consequence of my mother's death, her husband left Mattoax, to reside in Williamsburgh; where Edmund Randolph, just appointed Attorney Gen. of the U. S., at that time lived.—He proposed to Mr. Tucker, that I should study law under him; accordingly I went to Philadelphia in the month of September, 1790, the year of the removal of Congress from New York. I had seen the old Congress expire, and the new one rise like a Phenix from its ashes. I saw the coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison, when they first took their seats on the floor of the House of Representatives. Congresss met at Philadelphia, and Mr. Randolph was too much engrossed by politics and his own necessities, to think of me. He too embezzled the funds which Mr. Tucker entrusted to him for my use. Had they been faithfully applied, they were inadequate to my decent support—only $400 per annum. For what cause I know not Mr Randolph put into my hands, by way of preparation for a course of law, Hume's metaphysical works. I had a great propensity for that sort of reading. The conduct and conversation of Mr. Tucker and his friends, such as Col. Jones and Beverly Randolph (every other word an oath) had early in life led me to regard religion as the imposition of priestcraft. I soon became a deist; and, by consequence, an atheist. (I shuddor whilst I write, although my intentions were pure, and I was honestly seeking after truth.) I say "by consequence," because I am convinced that deism necessarily leads, by the fairest induction, to that conclusion. My late friend Joseph Bryan, was placed by Major Pierce Butler, then in the Senate from South Carolina, also under the direction of Mr. Randolph, to read law. The Attorney General had no *office*, and we were to read at our rooms such books as he pointed out. After getting *almost* through the *first book* of Blackstone, Bryan and myself abandoned a profession, for which neither of us had been qualified by a regular education and commenced men of pleasure,—plunging into the 'gaiety that fills the mouth with blasphemy and the heart with woe.' In July 1792, I returned to Virginia, from want of means for remaining in Philadelphia. In this town, on my way to Williamsburgh, I was taken ill with the scarlet fever and brought to the brink of the grave. So few charms had life for me, so strong was the disgust that I had taken to the world, that I was indifferent as to issue of the disease. Reaching Williamsburgh, saw, for the first time, Mr. Tucker's new wife. * * * * *

I shall never forget the chilling coldness of my reception. In a few days I set out for Bizarre, and was once more restored to the society of the fondest of brothers. The events which soon followed, are those which I have already related to you, and which you say most truly, can never be forgotten. In July, 1793, I again returned to Philadelphia, at my guardian's instance, to while away the time of my minority; and after encountering the horrors of the yellow fever, (which broke out a few days after my arrival and drove my friend Bryan to Georgia) I passed the winter less unpleasantly than the two former which I had spent there, and left the right angled city in April or May 1794. In June I came of age. The crop of that year was destroyed, and also that of 1795, by the flood. My guardian showed me no accounts, paid me nothing for the profits of my estate during a minority of nineteen years, and I found myself overwhelmed with overseers', blacksmiths', and sheriffs' claims of several years standing. This reconciled me to the sale of Matoax, urged by your father. I made his house (at his request) my home and lived the life of a mere lounger.

The society of your father, the conversation and company of T. Thompson, (for I was half my time in Petersburg,) did not rouse my literary ambition I rode about from one race field to another; and whilst at New Market races, my earliest friend, (your father excepted,) Henry Middleton Rutledge, son of Edward Rutledge and nephew of the celebrated John Rutledge, of South Carolina, called at Bizarre, on his way to Charleston, and not finding me at home, left a letter, informing me of his intended voyage to Europe. I knew Rutledge in New York; we were in College together, and I burned with desire to see him once more. My guardian had always frowned upon my wish to travel; and now I had not the means indulging the inclination to any extent. I borrowed, however, as much money as would defray the expense of my journey; and in January 1796 went to Charleston, (leaving you an infant in the cradle,) and then to Savannah, to see Bryan. I returned in May, and a few weeks afterwards, whilst I lay ill of bilious fever, at Petersburg, your father who had left me convalescent, although I immediately relapsed, was the most strange and mysterious manner, snatched away from us not a week after he had reached his own house.

He left considerable debts of his own, (produced as I have before explained to you,) and my father's whole estate was under mortgage for a heavy British debt. Unpractised in business, ignorant of the value of property, I made a compromise with the creditors, and saved much of the estate, that must otherwise have been sacrificed. On you but St. George the dearest of my affections and hopes entered, and [illegible] I had the sweetest companions, and most dutiful children. In 1799, chance threw me into public life. The rest you probably know.

I omitted to state, that in the winter of 1792—3, I spent some weeks at William and Mary's Colledge, and made a slight beginning in mathematics and natural philosophy.

These are but hints and dates, an outline that I will on some other occasion fill up. With this superficial and defective education, I commenced politician. I can truly say, that except from my mother, who taught me to read, I never learned any thing from one of my preceptors. I must make a further exception in favor of Cockrane, with whom I was for a few weeks only; I think not more than five or six. The little that I know has been self-taught, picked up from the most desultory reading, and chiefly from an intercourse with the world. When I took up my pen, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to dash off this loose and imperfect sketch. Take it as it is. Of the books that I have read with most pleasure, and profit too, I reckon Shakspeare, Milton, Pope's Homer, Don Quixotte, Chaucer, and Robinson Crusoe. This last was, I believe, the second book I ever read. Voltaire's Life of Charles XII. was the first and ought to have been named above. My mother pointed my attention to the Czar, and I may say, "Videa, Meliora, etc."

Enclosed is a draft for $300. May it afford you pleasure and profit. I wish it were a cypher more. I am as ever,

Your fond uncle,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

*This letter was written, it will be perceived, before Mr. Randolph's supposed conversion. As illustrative of the general facts above stated, we quote the following anecdote from the S. S. *Journal*."—The late John Randolph, some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following,—"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father, which art in Heaven.*"

LOSS OF THE SHIP MENTOR

Communicated for the Philadelphia Gazette.

Copy of a letter from Capt Edward C. Burnard, late of the whale ship Mentor, of New Bedford, lost on the Pellew Islands.

CANTON, March 12, 1833.

To Edward Butler,

Dear Sir,—On the 18th May, 1832, I passed the Island of Mortz with a strong breeze from the S. S. W. steering N. N. E. and going 7 or 8 knots. On the 20th at noon I steered N. E. on the 21st at noon I judged the ship to the N. & W. of the Pellew Islands, (but I had not seen the sun since leaving Mortz) the wind blowing strong from the S. S. W. and heavy showers of rain, with a heavy following sea.—At 11 P. M. on the 21st, the ship struck on the rocks; (the noon before the lat. by account was I think 8 50 N. and the longitude 130 20 E. showing that the ship had been acted upon by a very strong current) in a moment all the crew were running to clear the boats, and it was with difficulty that any of the men could be kept out of the one boat that got off. The waste boat being stove by the sea when the ship struck. In the boat that got clear went the following persons, viz—

Thomas W. Colesworth, of Nantucket, 1st officer; Peter O'Connor, of New Bedford, 2d do; Benjamin F. Haskell, David Jenkins, Jas. M. Fish, of Nantucket, boat steerers; John Baily, of New Bedford, seamen; James Blackmer, of Rochester, do; James Holiday, of Sedland, do; Augusta Malorz, of Africa, do; Lewis Berguin, of Boston, do.

After the boat was off, I cut away the masts to ease the ship, as she thumped heavily and the sea flying clear over; she then appeared to get bedded in the rocks and labor less. In about an hour I observed the deck to rise fast and fearing she would part before morning, I endeavored to get the other boat off, but lost her by the sea, and at the same time lost William Jones, of Boston. At day light saw an Island to the S. E. and a part of the reef dry, distance 3 or 4 miles; after much trouble, got out the only remaining boat and succeeded in reaching the dry part of the reef, where we spent the day and following night. On the 23d at day light we saw a number of canoes coming towards us, the nearest of which landed and immediately began to plunder; and enquiring for muskets; having informed them of the number on board, they left us and proceeded to the ship. At this time the weather had become fine, and a great number of canoes approaching from the S. E. some towards the ship and others to the Island. After being left to ourselves, we launched the boat, put in what things we had left, which was a few clothes, a box of bread, and keg of water, and sailed for the Island of Kyangle; when near half way a canoe came alongside and offered to take us in tow which was cheerfully agreed to. After towing about two miles, they lowered down the sail, hauled the boat alongside for the purpose of plunder if not murder. On perceiving their intentions I ordered the warp out, and threw some clothes overboard, and then took to the oars, which being done, and giving the boat's head to windward, (the wind at the time being light) we got clear of them, and continued to pull to the S. all day: before night we saw the Island of Banhelthouah; towards morning finding myself nearly surrounded by breakers, for safety I had the line that was in the boat thrown over and fortunately hooked to a rock where we lay till day light, then got underway and pulled to the S. the wind appearing but a short way off; but owing to the extreme heat and the scarcity of water our progress was very slow, about noon we landed on a small island and found water; and there another canoe came and plundered us: after they left we steered off to follow them; but before reaching the shore saw several canoes coming towards us, and on their getting alongside began the third section of plunder, which when closed left most of the crew naked; but they left me a shirt for which I wish to express my thanks. On landing I found assembled a number of Chiefs, who interrogated me relative to the ship, voyage and where the ship was; after they were satisfied they gave us drink, and offered food, which was refused. Of the manners of the people, I would remark that they go entirely naked, that is the men; the women wearing a mat around their loans and that they are of a savage and warlike disposition, always going armed with spears and swords. Their treatment to me and my crew was of the most hospitable kind, not only sharing what they might have, but giving the best house in the town to us, and furnishing us with pigs and goats when they had not fish. In consequence of our situation, they offered to build a boat but had to give it up for want of fastenings, they then built a large canoe, procured a quantity of nails from the ship, with which I repaired the whale boat, and furnished with clothes and other necessaries. The canoe being finished, we only waited for the easterly winds, when I was told six of my crew must stop, and six chiefs must go with me.—When I asked the reason of that order, I was told that Capt. Wilson did so at Corror, and that these men must stop with them, till they get their pay; but what was to be their pay—and who was to pay them?—why the English gave muskets to Corror for doing the same, and they expected to be treated in the same manner. After many long and tedious arguments, they at last consented that all might go but three, with taking three of their chiefs. I told them in substance as follows—that I was a stranger to their manner of arguing, that it was a long way to my country, and that for them to think that I could take these men with me was impossible. I could not pay for a passage for them, and no one would take them without. Arguing was in vain,—I was told if these men did not go, the canoe should be broke up, and we should all stay. Finding they were determined to have their own way, I yielded with as good grace as possible, but telling them they would get nothing from me, as I had nothing they wanted; but if they kept any of my crew and sent their own people, I would do all I could to get along, and that Government should be informed of what they had done for me, which perfectly satisfied them.

They then selected my brother in law, Jas. Mender, to stop, and the other two I might select, but as the time drew near for preparing, as the winds were to be our guide, Horatio Davis of Cambridge, (Mass.) and Calvin Catlin, of Fairhaven, (Mass.) volunteered to stop, not liking to go in the canoe. The 15th of November, we began to prepare the boat and canoe, getting provisions and other necessaries, and on the 23d of November, 1832, I left Pellew in the whale boat, taking with me Horace Holden, Bartlett J. Rollins, (of Bangor, Me.) Bergo Fute, of Portsmouth, and in the canoe went Charles R. Bowkett, of London, Wm. Siddon, of Manchester, Milton P. Hewlett, of Massachusetts, and Peter Andrews, also 2 chiefs and one man of the Islands. At sunset, N. point of Pelhon bore E. S. E. distance 20 miles. At night, on the 23d November, I found myself at sea in an open whale boat and in company with a canoe with provisions and water for twenty days, without any means of finding my situation at any time, only having a compass, and six hundred miles from any land where I could stop at with safety, Ternate being the nearest port. After getting clear of the reefs I steered S. W. the sailing very heavy: at 7 P. M. the rudder unhung or rather the eye bolt drew out and we could not get it replaced before dark, and accordingly was obliged to lay by till morning losing a night's run, with a strong breeze at N. E.; through the night it rained heavy, attended with thunder (which drew from some of the crew the remark "that if I were at Pellew I would wait till some ship came there." For myself I can but say that my situation was not the most enviable; but when the day dawned the rain ceased, and the wind moderated, we got the ruder hung and went on from that time till the 29th; the winds were light and flattering, the boat was nearly tight, but the canoe leaked much. I was steering S. W. the whole time for Mortz or Gillolo; at about 8 P. M. of the 29th, when going with the wind abeam, the boat in tow of the canoe, one of the Pellew men tending the sail boat, by his negligence the canoe was upset so far as to fill; the mast went over the side, then she came up on her bottom full of water; for more than an hour we strove to get the water out of her, but without success.

At about 10 P. M. it came on to blow and rain. I got the crew from the canoe, all but three who stopped till morning, through the night the canoe had been so wrenched that it was impossible to get the water out of her; I then took all hands into the boat [making 11,] then took in as much water and provisions as prudent [I would mention that the water was in large bamboos cut in length of joints, and that the provisions consisted of cocoa nuts, and some fresh pork, fried and packed in jars with the fat.] After getting in the provisions and water, and throwing every thing of weight out of the boat that could be spared, saving only a shirt and pair of trowsers to a man, we then took our departure from the canoe and steered S. W. When it was a calm we would pull, and when favored with a breeze spread our sails; we continued on this way until the 6th December, at day light we saw the land, distance about 6 miles; at the same time the wind was light and pleasant; in a short time I saw a number of canoes under way, and coming towards us; escape was impossible had we been so minded, but water we must have at the risk of our lives; but our deliberations, were short, for the canoes were coming up fast, though I kept on my course until within half a mile of them, when I steered direct for the nightest, and when within a few yards, they held up cocoanuts and made signs of bartering and saying pecio, pecio; at the same moment a canoe on the other side of the boat was not only alongside; but into the boat and in less than five minutes the boat was a wreck, and all hands divested of all our clothing, and distributed in different canoes; some were thrown overboard and came very near being drowned. After sharing out the things in the boat, they put three or four men in her to take her ashore; the canoes then made sail for the Island which is a spot about three fourths of a mile long, and half a mile in width with about three hundred inhabitants.

As we came near the shore I could see the women and children running along the beach dancing and capering and singing and hooting: we were at length landed and soon supplied with food and drink. The island is low, surrounded with a reef, laying off from ¼ to ½ of a mile from the shore; the men are a stout powerful race, the women were not. During my stay among them my treatments was generally good; they exacted nothing from me except once or twice to go with them to gather cocoanuts; but their curiosity was troublesome; as no respect was paid to age, the children was most annoying; their manner was the most filthy I ever saw, and the men assist in domestic affairs more than any savages that I ever heard of, and the contrast between this and Pellew was very great.

I was now wondering about a small Island frequently hungry, and not knowing what Island it was, and no means of knowing; but I suppose that I had passed to the west of Mortz, and that it might be Maggo, and accordingly I thought that if I could be able to take a canoe I should steer first to the East for Ternate, but if I should not see land in twenty four hours, I should steer S. W. knowing that I could not miss the land in that course; but the greatest objection to this was the difficulty we should have to get cocoanuts for a sea stock. Scarcely a day passed without some plan being proposed for our escape, not doubting our being able to get a canoe; but on the 3d of February, 1833, at day light a ship was seen to the South, steering direct for the Island with a prospect of fetching near the West side; in a moment from her appearance, the alarm was given, when were seen men, women and children running from every direction, bringing their cocoanuts to the beach and making preparations for boarding; my crew were all down on the beach and around different canoes, but I saw that my *Friend* did not intend for me to go off.

I accordingly went to his brother's canoe, and as soon as she was through the surf, I got in, they got in their cocoa nuts, then ordered me out, but I told them that I could get them some *iron* if they would let me go, it being the most valuable article they can have; but no that would not do, I must get out; but to get out would not do for me; when two of them took hold of me for the purpose of throwing me overboard, when an old man told them to let me go; the sail was soon set, and we cut it gallantly through the waves towards the object in sight; after getting through the surf, I looked back and saw that they had driven all on shore but one man beside myself; what feelings I approached that ship no man, unless he has been in a like situation, can tell; but as she drew near I saw that she was a large ship with a crew of blacks, and I supposed she was a Dutch ship with a crew of Malays. After I got near enough to hail, I requested permission to come on board; the mizen topsail was hove to the mast, and on gaining the deck I found her to be the Spanish ship Sabina, captain Somes, of Manilla, from Bengal, for Macoa. Captain Somes received me with the greatest hospitality, for which I return him my grateful thanks. After a short stop, he got Bartlett, J. Rollins, of Banger, from another canoe, being the only one who got off besides myself. Captain Somes having had a long passage, and being short of provisions and water could not stop to get the rest of the crew, as it would have detained him 24 hours. Captain Somes furnished me with some iron hoops which I gave to those who took me off; a reward which was much more than they would have asked for us; but I believe the reason for not taking us all off was; that as they had stove my boat, they were afraid that it would be revenged.

By their getting so great a reward I have no doubt that the remainder of the crew will meet good treatment, and if any ship should pass near the island will be taken off to her.—Those left were Charles R. Bowkett, William Siddon, Milton Hewlitt, Horace Holden, Peter Andrews, Benjamin Nute, Lebac, Tet and Kyer, the three last Pellew men. It was not until I got on board the Sabina that I found what Island I had been on: it was Lord North's latitude 3 03 North, long. 131 20 East. On the 22d February I arrived at Macoa, and on the 28th I reached Canton.

Yours with much respect,
[Copy] [Signed]
EDWARD C. BARNARD.

THE PUBLIC DEPOSITS.

We understand, from good authority, that there is no foundation for the report, which we copied from the Philadelphia Gazette, relative to the refusal of the banks in this city to receive the government deposits. On the contrary, we learn, that *four* of the Banks have already offered to undertake the collection and disbursement of the public moneys in Pennsylvania; and that, although specific offers have not been made from others, in consequence of their boards not having convened, none had refused.

We are also informed, that in Baltimore offers have been made to transact the business on more favorable terms than it has been done by the Bank of the United States; and that some of the Banks in the city of New York, of the largest capital and best standing, have offered to do it on the same terms as the Bank of the United States.—*Amer. Sentinel.*

Opinions of distinguished men on the importance of Music.

"Niemyer, one of the most celebrated writers on education in Prussia, observes:—"The organs of Speech are improved by singing, the ear is formed and rendered more acute, and the well known power of music, even upon savages, proves that we should least of all neglect a branch of instruction which exerts so important an influence in softening the passions, in elevating the social and finer feelings, in aiding the moral cultivation, and cherishing the spirits of devotion."

Schwartz, one of the surviving fathers of education in Germany, remarks,—"In the cultivation of the ear, we have a means of cultivating the harmony of the soul and the purity of the heart, and of promoting heavenly love and spiritual life which will probably not be fully appreciated for a long time to come."

Derzel a veteran of this cause, who has been employed in organizing the social system of two of the German States, observes:—"The formation of the voice is too important, and the influence of vocal music on the mind and heart too great to permit us to dispense with it in common schools. It is no longer doubted that it ought to constitute a branch of study in every institution for elementary education."

Harnisch, a distinguished educator of Prussia, quotes the following remark from Ritcher:—"We cannot imagine a complete education of man without music. It is the gymnastic of the affections," and adds, "Music and bodily exercise, in suitable connexion, are necessary to keep body and soul in health."

Fellenburg observes:—"We have learned from experience how much musical exercises contribute, not merely to the pleasures of society; and to the formation of the taste, (which often affords more assistance to human weakness in resisting evil, than cold principles of morals,) but also to religious elevation, and the spirit of devotion."

Vehril, the instructor of the agricultural school of Hofwyl, regards vocal music as the highest importance; and observes, that in proportion as it was improved, the spirit of kindness and devotion among his pupils increased.

Pfeiffer and Nageli, the fellow laborers of Pestalozzi, and writing under his direction, express similar opinions in similar terms. An author who quotes them, observes—"These authors have not only given an impulse to singing, but have pointed out the only true way of teaching it, their efforts have not been fruitless; for music is already taught both in our country and city schools, with the greatest success; and what has already been accomplished, in this respect, would not long since have been deemed impossible."

THE EYES.

The following hints which we copy from the Boston Daily Advertiser, may be of service to young and old.

The last number of the Biblical Repository contains a long and interesting article, written by Dr. Edward Reynolds of this city, entitled Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes.—*We are prevented, by the length of this article from transferring it to our columns:* but, as some of the suggestions contained in it are at variance with the notions commonly entertained upon the subject, it may gratify our readers to know the results to which the experience of Dr. Reynolds, has led him unaccompanied by his full and various illustrations. The present period is marked by an unusual prevalence of diseases of the eye; and it is generally believed that a studuous course of life has an almost necessary tendency to produce them. This is declared by Dr. Reynolds to be a mistake; these diseases arise, not from the proper, but from the extravagant use of the organ; in other words, from the abuse of it, in many instances, unconsciously. One of the most common and least suspected causes of weakness of sight is the exposure of the eye to the frequent alternations of weak and strong light. In order to avoid this, the eye should never be exposed suddenly to a strong light, on awakening from sleep; the apartment selected for study should be well lighted, as well by day as in the evening, and no person, who devotes the evening to study, should previously sit for any time in darkness, with the mistaken view of giving rest to his eyes. In reading and writing the eye should have that moderate degree of light which produces distinct vision, unattended by any unpleasant sensation; the light of the room should be as equally distributed as possible; but not reflected nor concentrated. The danger of the exposure of the eyes to a highly concentrated light is shown by reference to two cases of incurable blindness, in individuals who, watched the progress of the late solar eclipse with the naked eye.—As respects the quantity of light best adapted to the evening study, Dr. Reynolds, recommends the use of the common argand study lamp without the dark shade. If any shade be used, one of oiled paper is preferable to the usual one of ground glass, the light produced by which is too concentrated. The practice of wearing a shade before the eyes in reading by candlelight is pernicious, because by keeping them in an unnatural state of darkness it exposes them to the evils arising from the sudden change from a weak light to a strong one, but this habit is less pernicious than that of reading and writing by twilight.

Gazing at the moon for a considerable time, or at the lightning, is highly injurious. Reading and writing by a side light, should also be avoided; the best light is that, which is sufficient for distinct vision, and which falls over the left shoulder, in an oblique direction from above, on the book or study table. Among the evil habits arising from neglect of these precautions are those of sitting with the back to the window, and holding the book or paper before the eyes, and holding a candle between the eye and the book. Dr. Reynolds also observes, on the subject of light, that the brim of of the hat, in summer, should be unfashionable enough to protect the eye from the direct rays of the burning sun.

The morning is the season of the day, when the eyes can best endure severe labor; but it is unwise to go immediately from the bed to the study table. Much use of them after a full meal should be avoided; as well as all labor or study, which strains the eyes, when the body is in a heated condition. The straining of the eyes by artificial evening light is pernicious.—When the student is obliged to use them much by candle light, he should select such reading or study, as is not necessarily connected with great mentil effort. Writing, when it is not attended with much intellectual exertion, is preferable to reading. Among the

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