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JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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From Cooper's "Wing and Wing."

THE FIRE SHIP.

Raoul then went forward, where he could command as good a view of the felucca, in shore, as the obscurity of the hour permitted; and he felt a little uneasiness, when he found how near she had got to the lugger. When he last noted her position, this vessel was quite half a mile distant, and appeared to be crossing the bows of le Feu-Follet, with sufficient wind to have carried her a mile ahead in the interval! yet could he not perceive that she had advanced as far in that direction as she had drifted down upon the lugger the while.

'Have you been examining her long?' he demanded of the New-Hampshire man.

'Ever since she has seemed to stand still, which is now some twenty minutes. She is dull, I suppose, for she has been several hours getting along a league; and there is now air enough for such a craft to go three knots to the hour. Her coming down upon us is easily accounted for, there being a considerable current out of this river, as you may see by the ripple at our own cut water; but I find nothing to keep her from going, at the same time I set her by the light you see here in the wake of the nearest mountain, at least a quarter of an hour since, and she has not advanced five times her own length since.'

'Tis nothing but a Corsican coaster, after all, Etoocl; I hardly think the English would risk our canister again, for the pleasure of being beaten off in another attempt to board!'

'They're a spiteful set aboard the frigate, and the Lord only knows! See, here is a good heavy nightair, and that felucca is not a cable's length from us; set her by the jib stay, and judge for yourself how slowly she goes ahead. That it is which non-plushes me.'

Raoul did as the other desired, and, after a short trial, he found that the coaster had no perceptible motion ahead, while it was certain she was drifting down the current directly athwart the lugger's hawse.—This fact satisfied him that she must have drags astern; a circumstance that at once denoted a hostile intention. The enemy was probably on board the felucca in force, and it was incumbent on him to make immediate preparations for defence.

Still, Raoul was reluctant to disturb his people, like all firm and cool men, and was averse to the parade of a false alarm; and it seemed so improbable that the lesson of the morning was so soon forgotten, that he could hardly persuade himself to believe his senses. Then the men had been very hard at work throughout the day, and most of them were sleeping the sleep of the weary. On the other hand, every minute brought the coaster nearer, and increased the danger, should the enemy be really in possession of her. Under all the circumstances, he determined first to hail, knowing that his crew could be got up in a minute, and that they slept with arms at their sides, under an apprehension that a boat attack might possibly be attempted in the course of the night.

'Felucca, ahoy!' shouted the captain of le Feu-Follet, the other craft being too near to render any great effort of the voice necessary. 'What felucca is that? and why have you so great a drift?'

'La Bella Corsienne!' was the answer, in a patois, half French, half Italian, as Raoul expected if all were right. 'We are bound into la Padullella; and wish to keep in with the land, to hold the breeze the longer. We are no great sailer at the best, and have a drift, because we are, just now, in the strength of the current.'

'At this rate, you will come athwart my hawse, You know I am armed, and cannot suffer that.'

'Ah, Signor, we are friends of the republic and would not harm you, if we could. We hope you will not injure poor mariners, like us. We will keep away if you please, and pass you under your stern,'—

This proposition was made so suddenly, and so unexpectedly, that Raoul had not time to object, and, had he been disposed to do so, the execution was too prompt to allow him the means. The felucca fell broad off, and came down almost in a direct line for the lugger's bows, before the wind and current, moving fast enough, now, to satisfy all Ithuel's scruples.

'Call all hands to repel boarders!' cried Raoul, springing aft to the capstan, and seizing his own arms—'Come up lively, *mes enfans!*—here is treachery!'

These words were hardly uttered before Raoul was back on the heel of the bowsprit, and the most active of his men—some five or six, at most—began to show themselves on deck. In that brief space, the felucca had got within eighty yards, when, to the surprise of all in the lugger, she luffed into the wind again and drifted down until it was apparent that she was foul of the lugger's starboard bow. At that instant, or just as the two vessels came in actual contact, and Raoul's men were thronging around him, to meet the expected attack, the sounds of oars, pulled for life or death, were heard, and flames burst upward from the open hatch of the coaster. Then a boat was dimly seen gliding away, in a line with the hull, by the glowing light.

'Un brulot! un brulot! a fire ship!' exclaimed twenty voices together, the horror that mingled in the cries proclaimed the extent of a danger which is, perhaps, the most terrific that seamen can encounter.

But the voice of Raoul Yvard was not among them. The moment his eye caught the first glimpse of the flames, he disappeared from the bowsprit. He might have been absent about twenty seconds.—Then he was seen on the taffrail of the felucca, with a spare shank-painter, which had been lying on the forecastle, on his shoulder.

'Antoine! Francois! Gregoriel' he called out in a voice of thunder, 'follow me! the rest clear away the cable and bend a hawser to the better end!'

The people of le Feu-Follet were trained to order and implicit obedience. By this time, too, the lieutenants were among them; and the men set about doing as they had been directed. Raoul himself passed into the felucca, followed by the three men he had selected by name. The adventurers had no difficulty, as yet, in escaping the flames, though by this time they were pouring upward from the hatch in a torrent. As Raoul suspected, his cable had been grappled; and, seizing the rope, he tightened it to a severe strain, securing the in-board part. Then he passed down to the cable, himself, directing his companions to hand him the rope end of the shank painter, which he fastened to the cable with a jamming hitch. This took half a minute; in half a minute more he was on the felucca's forecastle again. Here the chain was easily passed through a hawse hole; and a knot tied, with a marlinspike passed through its centre. To pass the fire on the return, was now a serious matter; but it was done without injury, Raoul driving his companions before him. No sooner did his foot reach the bows of le Feu-Follet, again, than he shouted—

'Veer away! pay out cable, men, if you would save our beautiful lugger from destruction.'

Nor was there a moment to spare. The lugger took the cable that was given to her fast enough, under the pressure of the current, and helped by the breeze; but at first the fire vessel, already a sheet of flame, her decks having been saturated with tar, seemed disposed to accompany her. To the delight of all in the lugger, however, the stern of the felucca was presently seen to separate from their own dows; and a sheer having been given to le Feu-Follet, by means of the helm, in a few seconds even her bowsprit and jib had cleared the danger. The felucca rode stationary, while the lugger dropped astern, fathom after fathom, until she lay more than a hundred yards distant from the fiery mass. As a matter of course, while the cable was paid out, the portion to which the lanyard, or rope part of the shank-painter was fastened, dropped into the water, while the felucca rode by the chain.

These events occupied less than five minutes, and all had been done with a steadiness and promptitude that seemed more like instinct than reason. Raoul's voice was not heard, except in the few orders mentioned; and when, by the glaring light, which illumined all in the lugger and the adjacent water to some distance, nearly to the brightness of noon day, he saw Ghita gazing at the spectacle in awed admiration and terror, he went to her, and spoke as if the whole were merely a brilliant spectacle, devised for their amusement.

'Our girandola is second only to that of St. Peter's' he said, smiling. "'Twas a narrow escape, love; but thanks to thy God, if thou wilt it shall be so, we have received no harm."

'And you have been the agent of his goodness, Raoul; I have witnessed all. from this spot. The call to the men brought me on deck; and, Oh! how I trembled, as I saw you on the flaming mass!"

'It has been cunningly planned, on the part of Messieurs les Anglais: but it has signally failed.—That coaster has a cargo of tar, and naval stores, on board; and, capturing her, this evening, they have thought to extinguish our lantern by the brighter and fiercer flame of their own. But, le Feu-Follet will shine again, when their fire is dead!"

'Is there, then, no danger that the brulot will yet come down upon us—she is fearfully near!"

'Not sufficiently so to do us harm, more especially as our sails are damp with dew. Here she cannot come, so long as our cable stands; and, as that is under water, where she lies, it cannot burn. In half an hour there will be little of her left; and we will enjoy the bonfire, while it lasts."

And, now the fear of danger was past, it was a sight truly to be enjoyed. Every anxious and curious face in the lugger was to be seen, under that brilliant light, turned toward the glowing mass, as the sun flower follows the great source of heat, in his tract athwart the heavens while the spars. sails, guns, and even the smallest object on board the lugger, started out of the obscurity of night, into the brightness of such an illumination, as if composing parts of some brilliant scenic display. But so fierce a flame soon exhausted itself. Ere long, the felucca's masts fell, and with them a pyramid of fire. Then the glowing deck tumbled in; and, finally, timber after timber, and plank after plank fell, until the conflagration, in a great measure, extinquished itself in the water upon which it floated. An hour after the flames appeared, little remained but the embers which were glowing in the hold of the wreck.

"ROW ON."—"For the first five years of my professional life," once said a gentleman to us, "I had to row against wind, and stream, and tide."—"And what did you do?" was our question. "Do!" replied he, "do! why I rowed on, to be sure."—And so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to the open sea, took favorable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation of worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the respectful memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead, is to "row on." Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end,—this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are "lions" in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man, with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will almost despair; every thing will seem to be against him; but let him not be cast down—let him "row on," and by-and-by matters will very likely grow brighter. As with the poor man, so with all men. Head winds are to be expected; contrary currents will come, the tide does not always run with us, but never mind, "row on;" pull the harder, till the oars bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavors. Those who have risen from obscurity to eminence—those who, from being poor, have become rich—those who, born in the midst of ignorance, have found their way among the learned—those who have made themselves, and made themselves well, have generally been those who understood the importance of "rowing on." "Faint heart never won fair lady," nor any thing else.—*Newburyport Herald.*

MUTINY—EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS—*U. S. Naval Officer, Son of the Secretary of War, hung.*—From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of Saturday afternoon, we copy the following recital.—The event is one unparalleled in the history of our country:—

We announced on Thursday the arrival of the U. S. brig Somers, Commander Mackenzie, from the coast of Africa and last from St. Thomas. In the first report of her arrival no mention was made of any unusual occurrence; but reports—variant in some particulars, but of the same general tenor—have since become public, that soon after her departure from the African coast a mutiny broke out, headed by Passed Midshipman Spencer, who had drawn off into his bad revolt some forty or fifty of the crew. A smaller number, including the apprentices, remained faithful to the officers, and after a short but severe conflict the mutineers were over-powered and put in irons.

A court martial was held the same night; Mr. Spencer, the gunner and the master-at-arms were found guilty and sentenced to death, which sentence was carried into execution the next morning by hanging at the yard arm.

The plot of the mutineers is said to have been long in arrangement and preparation, and their intent was to murder the officers, seize the brig, which is a remarkably fast sailer, then cruize off Sandy Hook for the capture of one or more of the Liverpool packets, supposed to have large sums in specie on board, and after this go pirating.

Mr. Spencer, the leader of the revolt, was a son of the Hon. Secretary of the War Department. The agony of the father's feelings under this terrible infliction, language would vainly endeavor to express.

Another account says that a large proportion of the mutineers were from among the apprentices; and that the two executed with Spencer were not petty officers but sailors. This account says that the plot was disclosed by the master-at-arms, who was solicited to join it.

Immediately upon the arrival of the Somers, we understand, the surviving mutineers were transferred to the North Carolina, and it is to be presumed that they will be brought to trial.

Thus much was written and published in the morning edition of our country paper, and contains an epitome only of the rumors which reached our ears last evening. We have spent the entire morning in vain attempts to obtain information of a more minute and reliable character than is ordinarily found in the first floating reports of startling events. Captain Mackensie has been so circumspect in his conversations that not even his nearest relatives in the city had heard a syllable upon the subject, previous to his departure to visit his family at Sing-Sing last evening. Meantime the morning papers have given various accounts of the dreadful affair, from which we compile the particulars appearing the most authentic.

The Somers is a very fine sailer, has ten guns and a crew of about twenty able men and forty apprentice boys, making with the officers some seventy-five persons on board. The conspiracy, it appears, had been in preparation for some time. The Somers being on her way home, it was known would put into St. Thomas for supplies. The design of the mutineers was to delay the execution of their purpose until after these supplies had been laid in, & the ship was again at sea.

All things being ready, at a given signal the mutineers were to have a scuffle on the forecastle in the night, while the captain and first lieutenant were asleep. On the appearance of the latter to quell the disturbance, he was to be seized and thrown overboard. They were then to murder the commander and the ward room officers, with the exception of the surgeon—who was to be kept for their own use—and take possession of the vessel.

The obligations they had entered into were of the most desperate kind. They had sworn that they were not afraid of blood; that after the brig had been watered and was prepared for a cruise, they would rise, and kill every officer except the surgeon, who might be necessary for them; that they would then proceed off the Hook of New York harbor, and capture the homeward bound packets, which they expected would contain large sums in specie. Of the people on board the captured vessels they swore that not one should be left to tell tales—the females to be subject to the brutal lusts of the captors before being put to death.

On or about the 7th December instant, the whole plot was disclosed to Capt. Mackenzie by one of the crew, who had refused to join in the mutiny. Spencer, the boatswain's mate and the quartermaster were immediately arrested, and papers were found upon them disclosing the horrible purpose in full, and signed by so large a number of the crew as would have enabled them to obtain the mastery in a moment of surprise. Indeed, the whole plain is said to have been in writing, written, in part, in hieroglyphics, to prevent discovery, and in the oath were the words—'You swear that you have no fear of shedding blood.'

After these horrible disclosures, a court martial was held upon Spencer and those most prominently connected with him. It was impossible to know how far the contamination had spread, though it had evidently spread to a most langerous extent. To crush it at all hazards was indispensable.

The court martial determined that nothing short of the prompt execution of the ringleaders would ensure the safety of the brig. Spencer and the two petty officers already mentioned were thereupon ordered to be HUNG AT THE YARD ARM, as stated above.—Whether this execution was instanter or not, we have not the means of saying, as the reports are conflicting One of them states that the sentence was pronounced in the evening, and carried into effect the next morning.

Another account states that it took place forthwith—that Spencer prayed for a short delay that he might write a letter to his father; but the request was refused—the young mutineer being told that his intentions had been to murder his commander and officers without giving them a moment for preparation, and that they now meted out to him the fate he had intended for them.

It was a moment of fearful importance when the disclosure was first made, as it was necessary to decide the question of mastery instanter, and the officers could not then know the exact strength of the mutineers.

The captain immediately ordered all hands on deck, and ordered those of the crew who were opposed to him to go upon the forward deck. Midshipman Spencer, the boatswain's mate and the master-at-arms, immediately led the way, and were followed by thirteen apprentices, and some of the crew.

These arrayed themselves upon the forward deck, without doubt supposing that they would be followed by a great proportion of the crew. Twenty-five of them remained loyal to their flag and commander, and these, with the officers, succeeded, after a conflict with the mutineers, according to one of the accounts, in which some of them were severely wounded, in suppressing the revolt and putting all the mutineers in irons.

The Somers sailed from Liberia on the night of November 11th, and from St. Thomas on the night of the 5th December. There is reason to believe that the conspiracy was formed before they left the African coast.

According to one of the published rumors, the disclosure of the plot took place in this wise.—Spencer offered his paper or roll of the conspirators to the master at arms to sign, who signed it to quiet their suspicions, and then immediately revealed the facts to the commander. The moment the conspirators found that they were discovered, they met in a body and went to the commander, demanding the possession of the ship, and young Spencer presented a pistol at his head.

All this was at night, and the chief part of the crew were below, when the officers on deck, not knowing the extent of the conspiracy, immediately closed the hatches and kept all confined who were below, until those above, who were conspirators, had been secured, and their ringleaders tried and executed.

Spencer was only about nineteen years of age, and received his warrant as a midshipman on the 20th of November last. Like his brother, who figured in the papers so largely for his misconduct some months ago, he has been a sad fellow from his boyhood. We presume that official accounts of this astounding affair will be speedily given, when more of its particulars will be spread before the public. It has been thus far kept secret here, we presume, in order that it might not first reach the ear of his parents through the columns of the press.

The unhappy young man was last spring attached to the Brazilian squadron. Having upon that station committed some offence for which he was arrested and would doubtless have been cashiered, the affair was compromised by sending him home, under a pledge that upon his arrival in the United States he would immediately resign.—This pledge was not kept—and being in commission, he was ordered to the Somers, on board which vessel his brief and sad career has been ended under the circumstances already related.

The mutineers were unfortunate in having such a commander to rise upon as Commander Mackenzie. Though of a humane and exemplary Christian character, there is not an officer in the service of more firmness of purpose, or greater inflexibility of decision. The promptness of his measures proved at once his coolness and intrepidity; and though the alternative was dreadful, the example was necessary. We tremble at the thought of the frightful scenes that would have ensued had the conspiracy been successful.

We can but repeat the deep sympathy we feel for his doubly bereaved parents, and his wide and most respectable circle of relatives.

"THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH."

The following is an extract from a letter which we find in the Baltimore Ocean, addressed to Dr. Thos. Nelson, of that city, by Mr. Elihu Burritt of Worcester, familiarly known throughout the country, as "the Learned Blacksmith." It shows the secret of his attainments in languages to be the husbandry of scraps of time; and it is interesting in another view, as demonstrating the connection between mathematics and the study of languages.

"An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made, unthinkingly, in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought before the public as a rather ostentatious *debut* on my part to the world, and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for sincerity, when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had, until the unfortunate *denoument* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion, which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought—fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young* men of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called "odd moments." And, sir, I should esteem it an honor of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down night by night, for years, with blistered hands and brightening hope, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the *prize*, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. 'I count myself not yet to have attained' to any thing worthy of public notice or private mention, what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

"As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics, I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became really acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaratan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian and German, under native teachers. Afterwards I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic Welsh, Gaelic and Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Sclavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides those dialects, I have attended to many different European still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages which will assist my progress. I must now close this hasty, though long letter, with the assurances of my most sincere respect & esteem."

TYLER AND HIS CABINET.—The following article from the N. York Sun, one of Mr. Tyler's organs, is worthy the attention of the curious:

Changes in the Cabinet.—Our latest advices from Washington indicate change. Immediately after the various State papers emanate from the heads of Departments, as at present organized, and time enough has elapsed for Congress to have the same printed, John C. Spencer, the lion-spirit of the Administrotion, will go into the Treasury Department, and Mr. Forward will retire. A distinguished individual from Pensylvania will be called into the War Department. The Cabinet will remain thus constituted until the close of the psesent Congress, when new combinations will be formed, and further changes take place—such as the interests of the country may at that time seem to demand.

During the coming session, therefore, this great game of political chess may be said to hang in suspense. *Checking* moves will not be attempted until spring, by which time the movers will have determined whether the moves still in reserve shall be made with a view to the election of John Tyler and Daniel Webster, or John Tyler and Silas Wright, with the promise to Wright of the succession. If the latter object be decided upon, the course of the President will be to submit his name to the Democratic Convention, and abide the issue. If Tyler and Webster are to be the men, their names will be submitted to the people, indepeneent of party. Which course will be adopted is not yet be decided upon by the President, & will remain so—at least as far as his confidence with others is concerned till the close of Congress.

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