Tales of Naval and Military Life.

Loss of the Royal George.

TALES

OF

Naval and Military Life.

New York:
The Catholic Publication Society,
126 Nassau Street.

1868.

CONTENTS.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A FRENCH PRIVATEER.

THE following animated description of the chase of a French privateer, during the continental war, by His Majesty's ship Endymion, is from the narrative of an officer who was on board the latter vessel:

"On the 8th of November, 1810, when we were lying in that splendid harbor, the Cove of Cork, and quietly refitting our ship, an order came for us to proceed to sea instantly, on a cruise of a week off Cape Clear, in quest of an enemy's vessel, reported to have been seen from some of the signal-towers on the west coast. We were in such a predicament, that it was impossible to start

before the next morning, though we worked hard all night. Off we went at last; but it was not till the 11th that we were able to reach our appointed station.

"Toward evening it fell dead calm, at which time there were two strange sails in sight; one of them a ship, which we 'calculated' was an American, from the whiteness of her sails; the other a very suspicious, roguish-looking brig; but as both of them were hull down, much of this was guess-work.

"As the night fell, a light breeze sprang up, and we made all sail in the direction of the brig, though she was no longer visible. In the course of the middle watch, we fortunately got sight of her with our night-glasses, and by two in the morning were near enough to give her a shot. The brig was then standing in the wind, while we were coming down upon her, right before it, or nearly so. The sound of our bow-chaser could hardly have reached the vessel it was fired at, before her helm was up; and in the next instant her booms were rigged out, and her studding-sails, low and aloft, seen dan-

gling at the yard-arms. The most crack ship in His Majesty's service, with everything prepared, could hardly have made sail more smartly.

"For our parts, we could set nothing more, having already spread every stitch of canvas; but the yards were trimmed afresh, the tack hauled closer out, and the halyards sweated up till the yards actually pressed against the sheave-holes. The best helmsman on board was placed at the wheel; and the foot of the foresail being drawn slightly up by the bunt slab-line, he could just see the chase clear of the foremast, and so kept her very nearly right ahead. The two forecastle guns, long 9-pounders, were now brought to bear on the brig; but as we made quite sure of catching her, and did not wish needlessly to injure our prize or to hurt her people, orders were given to fire at the sails, which, expanded as they now were before us, like the tail of a peacock in his fullest pride, offered a mark which could not well be missed. Nevertheless, the little fellow would not heave to, for all we could do with our forecastle guns. At four o'clock, therefore, we managed to get

one of the long 18-pounders on the main-deck to bear upon him from the bridle-port. Still, we could not stop him, though it was now bright moonlight, and there was no longer any tenderness about hurting his people or injuring his hull. The vessel, however, at which we were now peppering away with round and grape shot, as hard as we could discharge them from three good smart guns, was so low in the water, that she offered, when seen end on, scarcely any mark. How it happened that none of her yards or masts came rattling down, and that none of her sails flew away, under the influence of our fire, was quite inexplicable.

"The water still continued quite smooth, though the breeze had freshened till we went along at the rate of six or seven knots. When the privateer got the wind, which we had brought up with us, she almost kept her own, and it became evident that she was one of that light and airy description of vessels which have generally an advantage over larger ships when there is but little wind. We therefore observed, with much anxiety, that about half-past four the breeze

began gradually to die away, after which the chase rather gained than lost distance. Of course, the guns were now plied with double care, and our best marksmen were straining their eyes, and exerting their utmost skill, confident of hitting her, but all apparently to no purpose. One or two of the officers, in particular, who piqued themselves on knowing how to level a gun on principles quite unerring, in vain tried their infallible rules to bring our persevering enemy to acknowledge himself caught.

"By this time, of course, every man and boy in the ship was on deck, whether it was his watch or not; even the marine officer, the purser, and the doctor left their beds—a rare phenomenon. Every one was giving his opinion to his neighbor; some said the shot went over her, some that they fell short; and the opinion that she was a witch or the Flying Dutchman, or some other phantom, was current among the sailors, while the marines were clicking their flints, and preparing to give our little gentleman a taste of the small-arms when within their reach.

"While things were in this anxious but

very pleasurable state, our foresail flapped slowly against the mast—a sure indication that the breeze was lulling. The quadruple rows of reef points were next heard to rattle along the topsails—sounds too well known to every ear as symptoms of an approaching calm. The studding-sails were still full, and so were the royals ; but by and by, even their light canvas refused to swell out, so faint was the air which still carried us, but very gently, along the water, on the surface of which not a ripple was now to be seen in any direction. As the ship, however, still answered her helm, we kept the guns to bear on the chase without intermission, and with this degree of effect, that all her sails, both low and aloft, were soon completely riddled, and some of them were seen hanging in such absolute rags, that the slightest puff of wind must have blown them away like so many cobwebs. By five o'clock it was almost entirely calm, and we had the mortification to observe that the chase, whose perseverance had kept him thus long out of our clutches, was putting in practice a manœuvre we could not imitate. He

thrust out his sweeps, as they are called, huge oars requiring five or six men to each. These, when properly handled by a sufficiently numerous crew, in a small light vessel, give her the heels of a large ship, when so nearly calm as it now was with us. We were not going more than a knot through the water, if so much, which was barely enough to give us steerage-way.

"The Frenchman got out, I suppose, about fifteen or twenty of these sweeps, and so vigorously were they plied that we could see by the moonlight, and still more distinctly when the dawn appeared, that the foam was made to fly in sheets at each stroke of these gigantic oars, which were worked together by their looms being united by a hawser stretching fore and aft. Our chief anxiety now was to pitch a shot amongst his sweeps, as one successful hit there would have sent half his crew spinning about the decks. But we were not so fortunate; and in less than an hour he was out of shot, walking off from us in a style which it was impossible not to admire, though our disappointment and vexation were excessive. By

mid-day he was at least ten miles ahead of us ; and at two o'clock we could just see his upper sales above the horizon. We had observed, during the morning, that our indefatigable little chase, as soon as he had rowed himself from under the relentless fire of our guns, was busily employed in bending a new suit of sails, fishing his splintered yards, shifting his top-gallant mast, and rigging out fresh studding-sail booms—all wounded, more or less, by our shot. As the severe labor of the sweeps was never intermitted, we knew to a certainty that the chase, though small, must be full of hands, and consequently it was an object of great importance for us to catch him. Of this, however, there now seemed but very little chance ; and many were the hearty maledictions he received, though shared, it is true, by our own crack marksmen, now quite crest-fallen, or driven to the poor excuse of declaring that the moonlight on the water had deceived them as to the distance.

" It really seemed as if every one on board had been seized with a fever. Nothing else was thought of, or talked of, but the French

brig; every glass, great and small, was in requisition, from the pocket spy-glass of the youngest midshipman, to the forty-inch focus of the captain. Each telescope in its turn was hoisted to the cross-trees, and pointed with a sort of sickening eagerness toward the lessening speck on the distant horizon. One might also have thought that the ship was planted in a grove of trees, in the height of spring-time, so numerous were the whistlers. This practice of whistling for a wind is one of our nautical superstitions, which, however groundless and absurd, fastens insensibly on the strong-minded sailors at such times. Indeed, I have seen many an anxious officer's mouth take the piping form, and have even heard some sounds escape from lips which would have vehemently disclaimed all belief in the efficacy of such incantation.

"But it would be about as wise a project to reason with the gales themselves, as to attempt convincing Jack that, as the wind bloweth only when and where it listeth, his invoking it can be of no sort of use one way or the other. He will still whistle on, I have no doubt, in all time to come, when

he wants a breeze, in spite of the march of intellect; for, as long as the elements remain the same, a sailor's life—manage it as we will—cannot be materially altered. It must always be made up of alternate severe labor and complete indolence—of the highest imaginable excitement, and of the most perfect lassitude. If I were not anxious at this moment to get back to my chase, I think I could show how these causes, acting upon such strange stuff as sailors are made of, lead to the formation of those superstitious habits by which they have always been characterized.

"In the course of the afternoon, we perceived from the mast-head, far astern, a dark line along the horizon, which some of our most experienced hands pronounced the first trace of the breeze coming up. In the course of half an hour, this line had widened so much that it could easily be perceived from the deck. Upon seeing this, the whistlers redoubled their efforts, and whether, as they pretended, it was owing to their interest with the clerk of the weather-office, or whether the wind, if left alone, would have come

just as soon, I do not venture to pronounce; but certain it is, that, long before sunset, our hearts were rejoiced by the sight of those numerous flying patches of wind, scattered over the calm surface of the sea, and called by seamen cat's-paws—I presume from the stealthy, timorous manner in which they seem to touch the water and straightway vanish again. By and by, the true wind, the ripple from which had marked the horizon astern of us, and broken the face of the mirror shining brightly everywhere else, indicated its approach, by fanning out the sky-sails and other flying kites, generally supposed to be superfluous, but which, upon such occasions as this, do good service by catching the first breath of air that seems always to float far above the water. One by one the sails were filled; and as the ship gathered way, every person marked the glistening eye of the helmsman, when he felt the spokes of the wheel pressing against his hand by the action of the water on the rudder. The fire-engine had been carried into the tops, and, where its long spout could not reach, buckets of water were drawn up and

thrown on the sails, so that every pore was filled, and the full effect of the wind was exerted on the canvas.

"The ship now began to speak, as it is termed; and on looking over the gangway we could see a line of small hissing bubbles, not yet deserving the name of spray, but quite enough to prove to us that the breeze was beginning to tell. It was near the middle of November, but the day was as hot as if it had been summer; and the wind, now freshening at every second, blew coolly and gratefully upon us, giving assurance that we should have no more calms to trouble us, whatever might be our other difficulties in catching Monsieur Frenchman.

"Of these difficulties, the greatest by far was that of keeping sight of the brig after it became dark. We overhauled him, however, so fast, that we had great hopes of getting near enough to be able to command him with the night-glasses, in which case we made pretty sure of our prize. The night-glass, it may be right to explain, is a telescope of small power, increasing the diameter of objects only about eight times. It has

a large field-glass ; and in order to save the interception of light, has one lens fewer than usual, which omission has the effect of inverting the object looked at. But this, though inconvenient, is of little consequence in cases where the *desideratum* is merely to get sight of a vessel, without seeking to make out the details.

" Meanwhile, as we spanked along, rapidly accelerating our pace, and rejoicing in the cracking of the ropes, and the bending of the lightest and loftiest spars—that butterfly sort of gear which a very little wind soon brushes away—we had the malicious satisfaction of observing that the poor little privateer had not yet got a mouthful of the charming wind which, like the well-known intoxicating gas, was by this time setting us all a skipping about the decks. The greater part of the visible ocean was now under the influence of the new-born breeze ; but, in the spot where the brig lay, there occurred a belt or splash of clear white light, within which the calm still lingered, with the privateer sparkling in its centre. Just as the sun went down, however, this spot was likewise melt-

ed into the rest, and the brig, like a poor hare roused from her seat, sprang off again. We were soon near enough to see her sweeps rigged in—to the delight, no doubt, of her weary crew, whose apprehensions of an English prison had probably kept up their strength to a pitch rarely equalled.

"As the twilight—the brief twilight of winter—galloped away, a hundred pairs of eyes were almost jumping out of their sockets in their attempts to pierce the night; while those who had glasses kept scrubbing them without mercy, as if they imagined more light would be let into the tube the more they injured the lenses. One person, and only one, continued, as he asserted, to see the chase, faintly strung, like a bead, on the horizon. I need not say that this sharp-sighted gentleman was nailed to his post, and ordered on no account to move his head, fatigue or no fatigue. There happened to be a single star, directly over the spot to which this fortunate youth was directing his view, with as much anxiety as ever Galileo peered into the heavens in search of a new planet. This fact being announced, a

dozen spy-glasses were seen wagging up and down between this directing star and that part of the horizon, now almost invisible, which lay immediately below it. Many were the doubts expressed of the correctness of the first observation, and many the tormenting questions put to the observer as to which way the brig was standing, what sail she had set, whether we were drawing up with her or not, as if the poor youngster had been placed alongside of the vessel. These doubts and fears were put an end to, or nearly so, by bidding the boy keep his eye fixed on what he took to be the chase, and then, without acquainting him with the change, altering the ship's course for half a minute. This experiment had scarcely been commenced before he cried out, 'I have lost sight of her this very moment! I saw her but an instant ago!' And when the ship's head was brought back to the original course, he exclaimed, 'There she is again, I declare! just to the right of the star.'

"This star served another useful purpose at the same time. The man at the wheel could see it shining between the leech of

the fore-topsail and that of the topmast studding-sail, and was thus enabled to steer the ship with much greater steadiness than he could possibly have done by the compass alone. Before midnight, as the breeze had freshened greatly, and we were going at the rate of nine knots an hour, we had drawn up so much with the privateer that every one could see her with the naked eye, and the gunner, with his mates, and the marksmen who had lost their credit on the preceding night, were fidgeting and fussing about the guns, eager to be banging away again at the prize, as they now began, rather prematurely, to call her—little knowing what a dexterous, persevering, and gallant little fellow they had to deal with, and how much trouble he was yet to give us.

"It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within good shot of him; and as it had been alleged that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the utmost attention was now paid to laying them properly; and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled, till the person looking along

the gun felt confident of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like, invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her to cry, 'Peccavi,' nor bring down a yard, nor lop off a mast or a boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge monster as the Endymion tearing and plunging after her, like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying-fish.

"In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig; for as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect, and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence. The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her sails, till we had reached within musket-shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman, and every one else on her deck. This, however, was not our captain's plan—or perhaps he became impatient—at all events, he gave orders for the whole starboard broadside to be got ready;

and then giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his unfortunate victim.

"Not a mortal on board the frigate expected ever to see the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little brig gliding away more merrily than before! As far as good discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the Frenchman's gallantry. In the next instant, however, this sound was converted into hearty laughter over the frigate's decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a 6-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonist's prowess.

"Instead of gaining by our manœuvre, we had lost a good deal; and in two ways. In the first place, by yawing out of our course, we enabled the privateer to gain several hundred yards upon us; and, secondly, his funny little shot, which had excited so much mirth, passed through the lee fore-topsail yard-arm, about six feet inside the boom iron.

Had it struck on the windward side, where the yard was cracking and straining at a most furious rate, the greater part of the sails on the foremast might have been taken in quicker than we could have wished—for we were now going at the rate of eleven and a half, with the wind, on the quarter.

"Just as we made out where his first shot had struck us, another cut through the weather main-top-gallant sheet; and so he went on firing away briskly, till most of our lofty sails were fluttering with the holes made in them. His own sails, I need scarcely add, were by this time so completely torn up by our shot, that we could see the sky through them all; but still he refused to heave to—and by constantly firing his single stern-chaser, was evidently resolved to lose no possible chance of escape. Had one or two of his shot struck either of our topmasts, I really believe he might have got off. It therefore became absolutely necessary that we should either demolish or capture him without further loss of time. The choice we left to himself, as will be seen. But such a spirited cruiser as this was an enemy

worth subduing at any cost; for there was no calculating the mischief a privateer so admirably commanded might have wrought in a convoy. There was a degree of discretion, also, about this expert privateer's-man which was very remarkable, and deserving of such favor at our hands as we had to spare. He took care to direct his stern-chaser so high that there was little chance of his shot striking any of our people. Indeed, he evidently aimed solely at crippling the masts—knowing right well that it would answer none of his ends to kill or wound any number of his enemy's crew, while it might irritate their captain to show him less mercy at the last moment, which, as will be seen, was fast approaching.

"The breeze had now freshened nearly to a gale of wind, and when the log was hove, out of curiosity, just after the broadside I have described, we were going nearly twelve knots, (or between thirteen and fourteen miles an hour,) foaming and splashing along. The distance between us and the brig was now rapidly decreasing, for most of his sails were in shreds, and we determined to bring

him, as we said, to his senses at last. The guns were reloaded, and orders given to depress them as much as possible—that is, to point their muzzles downward—but not a shot was to be fired till the frigate came actually alongside of the chase. Such was the poor privateer's sentence of death—severe indeed, but, as we deemed, necessary; for he appeared resolved never to yield.

"On we flew, right down upon our prey, like the enormous roc-bird of the *Arabian Nights*. We had ceased firing our bow-chasers, that the smoke might not stand between us and the lesson we meant to read to our resolute pupil, so that there was 'silence deep as death' along our decks—and doubtless on his; for he likewise had intermitted his firing, and seemed prepared to meet his fate, and go to the bottom like a man. It was possible, also, we thought, that he might only be watching, even in his last extremity, to take advantage of any negligence on our part, which should allow him to haul suddenly across our bows, and, by getting on a wind, have a chance of escaping. This chance, it is true, was very

small; for not one of his sails was in a condition to stand such a breeze as was now blowing, unless when running nearly before it. But we had seen enough, during the two days we had been together, to apprehend that his activity was at least a match for ours; and as he had already shown that he did not care a fig for shot, he might bend new sails as fast as we could.

"At all events we were resolved to make him surrender or run him down: such was our duty, and that the Frenchman knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taff-rail; and that the narrow space between us was filled with a confused, boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows, and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports, and along the decks, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave the signal of surrender.

"The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and characteristic as any part of his previous conduct. The night was very dark; but the ships were so near to each other that we

could distinguish the tall figure of a man mount the weather main rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hand, held out at right angles from his body. Had this light not been seen or its purpose not understood, or had it been delayed for twenty seconds longer, the frigate must, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him, and the salvo of a double-shotted broadside would have done the last and fitting honors over the Frenchman's grave.

"Even as it was, it cost some trouble to avoid running him down; for, although the helm was put over immediately, our lee quarter, as the ship flew up in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing, we ordered him to bring to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room, though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manœuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had set was blown, in one moment, clean out of the bolt-ropes. His halyards, tacks, and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that everything not made of canvas remained in its place; the yards at the mast-heads, and the booms rigged out—

while the empty leech and foot ropes hung down in festoons, where, but a minute before, the tattered sails had been spread.

"We fared, comparatively speaking, not much better; for although, the instant the course was altered, the order was given to let fly the topsail-halyards and every other necessary rope, and although the down-haul-tackles, clewlines, and buntlines were already manned, in expectation of this evolution, we succeeded with great difficulty in saving the fore and main topsails; but the top-gallant-sails were blown to pieces. All the flying-kites went off in a crack, whisking far away to leeward, like dried forest-leaves in autumn.

"It may be supposed that the chase was now completely over, and that we had nothing further to do than take possession of our prize. Not at all! It was found next to impossible to board the brig, or at least, it seemed so dangerous that our captain was unwilling to hazard a boat and crew till day-light came. The privateer, having no sail set to keep her steady, became so unmanage-able that the sea made a clean breach over all, rendering it out of the question to board

her on the weather side. Nor was she more easily approachable to leeward, where a tangled network of broken spars, half-torn sails, shattered booms, and smacking ropes'-ends formed such a line of chevaux-de-frise from the cathead to the counter, that all attempts to get near her on that side were useless.

"The gale increased before morning to such a pitch that, as there was still a doubt if any boat could live, the intention of boarding our prize was, of course, further delayed. But we took care to keep close to her, a little to windward, in order to watch her proceedings as narrowly as possible. It did not escape our notice, in the meantime, that our friend (he was no longer our foe, though not yet our prisoner) went on quietly, even in the height of the gale, shifting his wounded yards, reefing new ropes, and bending fresh sails. This caused us to redouble our vigilance during the morning, and the event showed that we had good need for such watchfulness. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and

rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up, and set off once more, right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize ; and such a hubbub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before.

"'Where is she?' 'Who was looking out?' 'Where did you see her last?' and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths, were poured out in abundance—some on the privateer whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance, others upon those who by their neglect had given him the opportunity, and many imprecations were uttered merely to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this stupid loss of a good thing which had cost so much trouble to catch. All this passed over in the first burst. Sail was made at once, the topsails, close reefed, were sheeted home like lightning, and off we dashed into the thick of the squall, in search of our lost treasure. At each mast-head and at every yard-arm there was planted a lookout man, while the forecastle hammock-netting was filled with volun-

teer spy-glasses. For about a quarter of an hour a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the utmost, for no one knew exactly where to look. There was, indeed, no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward, far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the fore-top, who had perched himself on the jib-boom end, calling out with a voice of the greatest glee:

"'There he goes! there he goes! right ahead, under his topsails and foresail.'

"And, sure enough, there we saw him, springing along from wave to wave, with his masts bending forward like reeds, under the pressure of sail enough to have laid him on his beam-ends had he broached to. In such tempestuous weather a small vessel has no chance whatever with a frigate; indeed, we could observe that, when the little brig fell between two high seas, her foresail flapped to

the mast, fairly becalmed by the wave behind her.

"In a very few minutes we were again alongside. Doubtless the Frenchman thought we were at last going to execute summary vengeance upon him for his treachery, as we called it. Nothing daunted, however, by the style in which we bore down upon him, the gallant commander of this pretty little egg-shell of a vessel placed himself on the weather-quarter, and with a speaking-trumpet in his hand indicated by gesticulations a wish to be heard. This could not well be refused; and we steered as close as possible, without bringing the two vessels in contact or risking the entanglement of the yards.

"'I have been compelled to bear up,' he called out in French, 'otherwise the brig must have gone to the bottom. The sea broke over us in such a way that I have been obliged, as you may perceive, to throw all my guns, boats, and spars overboard. We have now several feet of water in the hold, in consequence of your shot, which you may likewise observe has nearly destroyed our upper works. If, therefore, you oblige me

to heave to, I cannot keep the vessel afloat one hour in such weather.'

"'Will you make no further attempt to escape?' asked the captain of the Endymion.

"'As yet I have made none,' he replied firmly. 'I struck to you already—I am your prize, and, feeling as a man of honor, I do not consider myself at liberty to escape, even if I had the power. I bore up when the squall came on as a matter of necessity. If you will allow me to run before the wind along with you, till the weather moderates, you may take possession of the brig when you please; if not, I must go to the bottom.'

"Such is the substance of the conversation, very difficult to keep up across the tempest, which was now whistling at a great rate. To have brought the ships again to the wind, after what had been said, would have been to imitate the celebrated 'Noyades' of Nantes, for the privateer must have been swamped instantly. Although we distrusted our companion, therefore, most grievously, we sailed along most lovingly together, as if we had been the best possible friends, for about sixty or seventy miles.

"At eight o'clock in the evening it began to moderate, and by midnight we succeeded in getting a boat on board of the prize, after a run of between three and four hundred miles. Such is the scale of nautical sport! And where, I now beg to ask, is the fox-hunting, or the piracy, or anything else, more exciting than this noble game?

"The brig proved to be the Milan privateer, from St. Malo, of fourteen guns and eighty men, many of whom were unfortunately wounded by our shot, and several were killed.

"The captain's name was Lepelletier—I have pleasure in recording it—M. Pierre Lepelletier, of St. Malo; and wherever he goes I will venture to say he can meet no braver or more resolute man than himself.

"Long before he came on board he had well earned the respect of his captors, high and low; and his manners and information, after we became personally acquainted with him, raised him still more in general estimation.

"One day, when I was walking with him under the half-deck, I overheard two of the

sailmakers conversing about the chase, the prize, and the prisoners—the only topics which occupied our thoughts for a week afterward. These men were repairing one of the sails which had been shot through and split during the chase. One of them laid down his palm and needle, and, looking very significantly to our side of the deck, exclaimed :

"'I say, Bill, is it not a pity that the French captain walking there is not an Englishman ?'

"I lost no time in translating this observation to the person whom it most concerned, who declared it was by far the highest compliment he had been honored with since he came on board the Endymion."

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.

IN the month of November, 1776, Major-General Lee was surprised and taken prisoner by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of that valuable officer, William Barton, then a major in the Rhode Island line, in the service of the Continental Congress, and one of the most daring and patriotic soldiers of the Revolution, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months elapsed, after the capture of General Lee, before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton

had in view. In the month following that of the capture of General Lee, the British took possession of the islands of Canonicut and Prudence, in Narragansct Bay. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton, and for some months anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired. At length, on the 20th June, 1777, a man of the name of Coffin, who made his escape from the British, was seized by some of the American troops and carried to Major Barton's quarters. Major Barton availed himself of the opportunity to inquire respecting the disposition of the British forces. Coffin, on examination, stated that General Prescott had established his head-quarters on the west side of Rhode Island, and described minutely the situation of the house in which he resided, which he said was owned by Mr. Pering. His account was a few days afterward corroborated by a deserter from the ranks of the enemy. Major Barton was now confirmed in his belief of the practicability of effecting his favorite object, but serious obstacles were first to be encountered and removed

Neither his troops nor their commander had been long inured to service, and the intended enterprise was of a nature as novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major Barton was aware that the undertaking, should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and that non-success, though his life should be preserved, would be followed by degradation and disgrace. Moreover, to involve, in the consequences of an enterprise devised and undertaken without previous consultation with his superiors in rank, the interest and perhaps the lives of a portion of his brave countrymen, was a subject that excited reflections calculated to damp the ardor and appall the courage of the bravest mind. Still, however, upon mature reflection, aided by a consciousness that his only motive was the interest of his country, he resolved to hazard his reputation and life in the attempt.

The regiment to which Major Barton was attached was commanded by Colonel Stanton, a respectable and wealthy farmer in Rhode Island, who, in the spirit of the times, had abandoned the culture of his farm and the care of his family, and put at hazard his

property and his life, in defence of his country. To this gentleman Major Barton communicated his plan, and solicited permission to carry it into execution. Colonel Stanton readily authorized him "to attack the enemy when and where he pleased." Several officers in the confidence of Major Barton were then selected from the regiment for the intended expedition, on whose abilities and bravery he could rely; these were Captain Samuel Philips, Lieutenant James Porter, Lieutenant Joshua Babcock, Ensign Andrew Stanton, and John Wilcox. (Captain Adams subsequently volunteered his services, and took an active part in the enterprise.) These gentlemen were informed by Major Barton that he had in contemplation an enterprise which would be attended with great personal hazard to himself and his associates, but which, if success attended it, would be productive of much advantage to the country. Its particular object, he stated, would be disclosed to them in due time. It was at their option to accept or decline his invitation to share with him in the dangers and, as he trusted, in the glory that would attend the undertak-

ing. The personal bravery of Major Barton had been previously tested; and such were the esteem and confidence which he had acquired among the officers under his command, that without insisting upon a previous explanation of his plans, his proposal was immediately accepted. Major Barton experienced more difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of boats, as there were but two in the vicinity. But this difficulty, though it caused a few days' delay, was at length obviated, and five whale-boats were procured and equipped for service. Major Barton had purposely postponed procuring the necessary number of men until the last moment, from an apprehension that an earlier selection might excite suspicion and defeat the object of their enterprise. Desirous that his little band might be composed entirely of volunteers, the whole regiment was now ordered upon parade. In a short but animated address, Major Barton informed the soldiers "that he projected an expedition against the enemy, which could be effected only by the heroism and bravery of those who should attend him; that he de-

sired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and requested those who would hazard their lives in the enterprise to advance two paces in front." Without one exception or a moment's hesitation the whole regiment advanced. Major Barton, after bestowing upon the troops the applause they merited, and stating that he required the aid of but a small portion of their number, commenced on the right, and, passing along the lines, selected from the regiment, to the number of thirty-six, those who united to bravery and discipline a competent knowledge of seamanship for the management of the boats. Having thus obtained an adequate number of officers and men, and everything being ready, the party, on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. While crossing Mount Hope Bay, there arose a severe storm of thunder and rain, which separated three boats from that of their commander. The boat containing Major Barton and one other arrived at Bristol soon after midnight. Major Barton proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he found a deserter who had just

made his escape from the enemy at Rhode Island. From this man he learned that there had been no alteration for the last few days in the position of the British. On the morning of the 5th, the remaining boats having arrived, Major Barton with his officers went to Hog Island, not far distant from Bristol, and within view of the British encampment and shipping. It was at this place that he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprise, his reasons for attempting it, and the part each was to perform. Upon reconnoitring the position of the enemy, it was thought impracticable, without great hazard of capture, to proceed directly from Bristol to the head-quarters of the British general. It was determined, therefore, to make Warwick Neck, a place opposite to the British encampment, but at a greater distance than Bristol, the point from which they should depart immediately for Rhode Island. The most inviolable secrecy was enjoined upon his officers by Major Barton, and the party returned to Bristol.

On the evening of the 6th, about nine o'clock, the little squadron again sailed, and

crossing Narraganset Bay, landed on Warwick Neck. On the 7th, the wind, changing to E.N.E., brought on a storm, and retarded their plan. On the 9th, the weather being pleasant, it was determined to embark for the island. The boats were now numberned, and the place of every officer and soldier assigned. At 9 o'clock in the evening Major Barton assembled his party around him, and in an address, in which were mingled the feelings of the soldier and the man, he disclosed to them the object of the enterprise. He did not attempt to conceal the danger and difficulties that would inevitably attend the undertaking; nor did he forget to remind them that, should their efforts be followed by success, they would be entitled to, and would receive, the grateful acknowledgments of their country. "It is probable," said he, "that some of us may not survive the daring attempt; but I ask you to hazard no dangers which will not be shared with you by your commander; and I pledge you my honor, that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead." He received the immediate and unanimous assurance of the

whole party, that they would follow wherever their beloved commander should lead them. Major Barton then, reminding them how much the success of the enterprise depended upon their strict attention to orders, directed that each individual should confine himself to his particular seat in the boat assigned him, and that not a syllable should be uttered by any one. He instructed them, as they regarded their character as patriots and soldiers, that in the hour of danger they should be firm, collected, and resolved fearlessly to encounter the dangers and difficulties that might assail them. He concluded by offering his fervent petition to the great King of armies, that he would smile upon their intended enterprise and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to the shore. Major Barton had reason to apprehend that he might be discovered in his passage from the main to Rhode Island, by some of the ships of war that lay at a small distance from the shore. He therefore directed the commanding officer of the port at Warwick Neck, if he heard the report of three distinct muskets, to send

the boats to the north end of Prudence Island to his aid. The whole party now took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole of about ten feet long in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy which lay off against Hope Island. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinels on board the shipping of the enemy the cry of "All's well." As they approached the shore of Rhode Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which threw a momentary consternation over the minds of the whole party, but in strict conformity to the orders issued not a word was spoken by any one. A moment's reflection satisfied Major Barton of the utter impossibility that his designs could be known by the enemy, and he pushed boldly for the shore. Ap-

prehensive that if discovered the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Major Barton ordered one man to remain in each boat and be prepared for departure at a moment's warning. The remainder of the party landed without delay. The reflections of Major Barton at this interesting moment were of a nature the most anxious. The lapse of a few hours would place him in a situation in the highest degree gratifying to his ambition, or overwhelm him in the ruin in which his rashness would involve him. In the solemn silence of the night, and on the shores of the enemy, he paused a moment to consider a plan which had been projected and matured amidst the bustle of a camp, and in a place of safety. The night was excessively dark, and, a stranger to the country, his sole reliance upon a direct and expeditious movement to the head-quarters of the British general, so essential to success, rested upon the imperfect information he had acquired from deserters from the enemy! Should he surprise and secure General Prescott, he was aware of the difficulties that would attend

his conveyance to the boat, as well as the probability of an early discovery of his design by the troops on the island; and even should he succeed in reaching the boats, it was by no means improbable that the alarm might be given to the shipping in time to prevent his retreat. But, regardless of circumstances, which even then would have afforded an apology for a hasty retreat, he resolved at all hazards to attempt the accomplishment of his gallant enterprise.

To the head-quarters of General Prescott, about a mile from the shore, the party, in five divisions, now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, east, and west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second on the west, and the third on the east, the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act on emergencies. In their march they passed the guard-house of the enemy on their left, and on their right a house occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying with expedition the orders of the general to remote parts of the island. On ar-

riving at the head-quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by the sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of about twenty-five yards from the sentinel, but a row of trees partially concealed them from his view, and prevented him from determining their number. No reply was made to the challenge of the sentinel, and the party proceeded on in silence. The sentinel again demanded, "Who comes there?" "Friends," replied Barton. "Friends," said the sentinel, "advance and give the countersign."

Major Barton, affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel, who was now near him, "Confound you, we have no countersign—have you seen any rascals to-night?" And before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Major Barton seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened in case of noise or resistance to put him to instant death. The poor fellow was so terrified, that upon being demanded if his general was in the house, he was for some time unable to give

any answer. At length, in a faltering voice, he replied that he was. By this time each division having taken its station, the south door was burst open by the direction of Major Barton, and the division there stationed, with their commander at their head, rushed into the head-quarters of the general. At this critical moment one of the British soldiers effected his escape, and fled to the quarters of the main guard. This man had no article of clothing upon him but a shirt, and having given the alarm to the sentinel on duty, passed on to the quarters of the cavalry, which was more remote from the head-quarters of the general. The sentinel roused the main guard, who were instantly in arms, and demanded the cause of the alarm. He stated the information which had been given him by the soldier, which appeared so incredible to the sergeant of the guard, that he insisted he had seen a ghost. The sentinel, to whom the account of his general's capture appeared quite as incredible as to his commanding officer, admitted that the messenger was clothed in white; and after submitting to the jokes of

his companions as a punishment for his credulity, was ordered to resume his station, while the remainder of the guard retired to their quarters. It was fortunate for Major Barton and his brave followers that the alarm given by the soldier was considered groundless. Had the main guard proceeded without delay to the relief of their commanding general, his rescue certainly, and probably the destruction of the party, would have been the consequence.

The first room Major Barton entered was occupied by Mr. Pering, who positively denied that General Prescott was in his house. He next entered the room of his son, who was equally obstinate with his father in denying that the general was there. Major Barton then proceeded to other apartments, but was still disappointed in the object of his search. Aware that longer delay might defeat the object of his enterprise, Major Barton resorted to stratagem to facilitate his search. Placing himself on the landing of the stairs, and declaring his resolution to secure the general dead or alive, he ordered his soldiers to set fire to the house. The

soldiers were preparing to execute his orders, when a voice, which Major Barton at once suspected to be the general's, demanded what was the matter. Major Barton rushed to the apartment whence the voice proceeded, and discovered an elderly man just rising from his bed, and, clapping his hands upon his shoulder, demanded of him if he was General Prescott. He answered, "Yes, sir." "You are my prisoner, then," said Major Barton. "I acknowledge that I am," said the general. In a moment General Prescott found himself, half-dressed, in the arms of the soldiers, who hurried him from the house. In the meantime Major Barrington, the aide-de-camp to General Prescott, discovering that the house was attacked by the rebels, as they were termed, leaped out of the window of his bed-chamber, and was immediately made prisoner. General Prescott, supported by Major Barton and one of his officers, and attended by Major Barrington and the sentinel, proceeded, surrounded by soldiery, to the shore. Upon seeing the five little boats, General Prescott, who knew the position of the British shipping, appear-

ed much confused, and, turning to Major Barton, inquired if he commanded the party. On being informed that he did, he expressed a hope that no personal injury was intended him, and Major Barton assured the general of his protection while he remained under his control.

The general had travelled from head-quarters to the shore in his waistcoat, small clothes, and slippers. A moment was now allowed him to complete his dress, while the party were taking possession of the boats. The general was placed in the boat with Major Barton, and they proceeded toward the sea.

They had not got far from the island, when the discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal of alarm. It was fortunate for the party that the enemy on board the shipping were ignorant of the cause of it, as they might easily have cut off their retreat. The signal of alarm excited the apprehensions of Major Barton and his brave associates, and redoubled their exertions to reach the place of their destination before they could be discovered. They suc-

ceeded, and soon after daybreak landed at Warwick Neck, near the point of their departure, after an absence of six hours and a half.

General Prescott turned toward the island, and observing the ships of war, remarked to Major Barton, "Sir, you have made a bold push to-night." "We have been fortunate," replied the hero. An express was immediately sent forward to Major-General Spencer, at Providence, communicating the success which had attended the enterprise. Not long afterward a coach arrived, which had been despatched by General Spencer to convey General Prescott and his aide-de-camp prisoners to Providence. They were accompanied by Major Barton, who related to General Spencer, on their arrival, the particulars of the enterprise, and received from that officer the most grateful acknowledgments for the signal services he had rendered his country.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE,

SUNK AT SPITHEAD, AUGUST 29, 1782.

THIS memorable calamity occurred during the last year of the American war. Great Britain having at that time to contend not only with her revolted colonies, but also with the united forces of France, Spain, and Holland, it was found necessary to put as many ships as possible to sea. The practice of coppering having at that time come only partially into use, it was often needful to examine and repair such parts of vessels as are usually under water; and in order to do this, the Royal George had to be laid to a certain degree on her side. On the morning of the 29th of August, the water being very smooth and the weather calm, some carpenters from the dockyard at

Portsmouth attended to assist those belonging to the ship. Admiral Kempenfelt was on board; and the order for the fleet, for the relief of Gibraltar, was expected in a day or two. On examination, repairs were required lower down than was at first expected; and it was necessary to take out and replace the water-cock by which the sea-water is admitted into the hold of the ship, whence it is pumped up to wash the decks. To get at this water-cock, the ship had to be heeled on her side, so as to raise it above the water. This was done by driving all the guns and ballast as much as possible to one side of the ship, by which the water came to be nearly on a level with the port-holes on the left side of the lower gun-deck. But there would have been no danger, had it not been for some accidental circumstances. The ship, as is usually the case in coming into port, was crowded with people from the shore, particularly with women, of whom there were nearly 300 on board. Many of the wives and children of the seamen and petty officers, knowing that it was soon to sail, had taken this opportunity of coming to

see their husbands and fathers. Between 800 and 900 of the crew, including marines, were also on board; hence the tendency to overset was much increased by the weight of such a number of people. About ten o'clock in the morning, while the admiral was engaged in writing in his cabin, and the greater part of the people were between the decks, the ship was thrown so much upon her side, that the water rushed into her gun-ports with such an overpowering force that she almost instantly filled and sank. The shipping at Spithead—about forty sail of the line, many frigates, etc., and two or three hundred merchant-vessels—were riding to the flood-tide; so there was no want of assistance. Boats innumerable, with wind and tide in their favor, were soon on the spot; but, alas! too late; those who could swim were drowned by those who could not; and a few days after, numbers were seen floating about Spithead, five or six together, clasped in each other's arms. It is calculated that nearly a thousand men, women, and children lost their lives, and only 300 were saved. A few years since, a short narrative was

written by a worthy old man, Mr. James Ingram, who was on board the ship at the time of this fearful calamity, and then about twenty-four years of age. The following is an extract:

He says: "At about nine o'clock, or rather before—we had just finished our breakfast—a sloop, with rum on board, had come alongside. This vessel belonged to three brothers, who used her to carry things on board the men-of-war. She was lashed to the side of the Royal George. I was in the waist of our ship, bearing the rum-casks over, as some men of the Royal George were aboard the sloop to sling them. At first, no danger was apprehended, though the water kept dashing in at the port-holes at every wave; and there being mice in the lower part of the ship, which were disturbed by the water which dashed in, they were hunted in the water by the men, and there had been a rare game going on. However, by a little after nine o'clock, the additional quantity of rum on board the ship, and also the quantity of sea-water which had dashed in, brought the port-holes of the lower gun-

deck nearly level with the sea. As soon as that was the case, the carpenter went on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant of the watch, to ask him to give orders to right ship. However, the lieutenant made him a very short answer, and the carpenter then went below. The captain's name was Waghorn: he was on board, but where he was I do not know; however, captains, if anything is to be done when the ship is in harbor, seldom interfere, but leave it all to the officers of the watch. The lieutenant was, if I remember right, the third lieutenant; he had not joined us long; his name I do not recollect; he was a good-sized man, between thirty and forty years of age; the men called him 'Jib-and-foresail-Jack;' for, if he had the watch in the night, he would always be bothering the men to alter the sails; and it was 'up jib' and 'down jib,' and 'up foresail' and 'down foresail,' every minute. Altogether the men considered him more of a troublesome officer than a good one; and, from a habit he had of moving his fingers about when walking the quarter-deck, they used to say he was an organ-player from London. The admiral

was either in his cabin or in his steerage; and the barber, who had been to shave him, had just left him. Kempenfelt was a man of upward of seventy years of age, a tall, thin man, who stooped a good deal.

"As I have already said, the carpenter left the deck and went below. In a very short time he came up, and again asked the lieutenant of the watch to right ship, saying the ship could not bear it; but the lieutenant replied, 'If you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command.' Myself and a good many more heard what passed, and knew the danger. We began to feel ourselves aggrieved, for there were some capital seamen on board. In a very short time—in a minute or two, I should think—the lieutenant ordered the drummer to be called to right ship. The drummer was called in a moment; but the ship was then just beginning to sink. There was no time for him to beat his drum, and I do not know that he had even time to get it. I ran down to my station; and by the time I got there, the men were tumbling down the hatchways, one over another, to get

to their stations as quick as possible to right the ship. I said to the lieutenant of our gun, whose name was Corvell, (for every gun has a captain and a lieutenant, though they are only sailors,) 'Let us try to bouse our gun out, without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right ship.' We pushed the gun, but it ran back upon us. The water then rushed in at nearly all the port-holes on the larboard side; and I said directly to Corvell, 'Ned, lay hold of the ring-bolt, and jump out of the port-hole: the ship is sinking, and we shall all be drowned.' He did so; and I believe he was drowned, for I never saw him afterward. I immediately jumped out of the same port-hole; and when I had done so, I saw it as full of heads as it could cram, all trying to get out. I caught hold of the best bower anchor, which was just above me, and seized hold of a woman who was trying to get out of that same port-hole. I dragged her out, and just after that the air between decks drafted out of the port-holes very swiftly, and it blew my hat off. The ship than sank in a moment. I tried to swim, but the sinking of the ship

drew me down so that I could not: indeed, I think I must have gone down within a yard as low as the ship did. When the ship touched the bottom, the water boiled up a great deal; and then I felt that I could swim, and began to rise. At the time the ship was sinking, there was a barrel of tar on the deck that had rolled and staved as the ship went down; and when I rose to the top of the water the tar was floating like fat on the top of a boiler, and got about my hair and face. I heard the cannon on shore firing for distress; I looked about me, and at the distance of eight or ten yards I saw the main-topsail-halyard block above water: the water was about thirteen fathoms deep then, the tide coming in. I swam and got upon the sail-block, and there I rode. The fore, main, and mizzen tops were all above water. I saw the admiral's baker in the shrouds of the mizzen topmast; and directly after that, the woman whom I had pulled out of the port-hole came rolling by. I called to the baker, 'Bob, stretch out your hand, and catch hold of that woman.' He caught hold of her, and put her head over

one of the shrouds, and there she hung by her chin. A captain of a frigate which was lying at Spithead came up as fast as he could. I dashed out my left hand in a direction toward the woman, as a sign to him: he saw it, and saw the woman: his men left off rowing, and they pulled the woman aboard the boat. The captain of the frigate called out to me, 'My man, I must take care of those who are in more danger than you are.' I said, 'I am safely moored now, sir.' There was a seaman named Hibbs hanging by his two hands from the mainstay; and as he hung, the sea washed over him every now and then as much as a yard deep, and when he saw it coming he roared out; however, he was but a fool for that; for, if he had kept himself quiet, he would not have wasted his strength, and would have been able to take the chance of holding on so much the longer. The captain of the frigate had the boat rowed to the mainstay; but they got the stay over part of the head of the boat, and were in great danger before they got Hibbs on board. They then got all the men that were in different parts of the rig-

ging, including the baker and myself, and took us on board the Victory, where the doctors recovered the woman; but she was very ill for three or four days. On board the Victory I saw the body of the carpenter; he was then quite dead. The captain of the Royal George, who could not swim, was picked up and saved by one of our seamen. The lieutenant of the watch, I believe, was drowned. I believe that, if the lieutenant of the watch had given the order to right ship only two minutes earlier, nothing amiss would have happened."

Among many remarkable escapes, two may be mentioned of children. Captain Crisps was a midshipman of the quarter-deck watch at the moment of the accident, and escaped by swimming. He was but nine years old at that time, and so small in stature that, when about being examined before the court-martial which sat to inquire into the circumstances of this lamentable event, one of the members of the court lifted him with one hand on the table, and said, "Now, my lad, you can be seen; speak up, and boldly; for from this moment you are

an adopted son of the British navy." At the end of twenty-eight years from that day, John Crisps was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and is still on the half-pay list. Lately, speaking of the exertions of Captain Pasley to raise the Royal George, Captain Crisps said, with some earnestness, "I wish he may fish up my chest, for there are twenty-two guineas and two half-guineas in it." A poor little child was almost miraculously preserved by a sheep, which swam with him for some time, the little fellow holding by its fleece; he was taken up by a gentleman in a wherry. His father and mother were drowned, and the boy did not know their names; all that he knew was that his own name was Jack; so they christened him John Lamb, and the gentleman took care of him. The masts of the Royal George remained standing out of water for several years afterward; and some parts of her deck, before being covered with sand, could sometimes be indistinctly seen at low water. Several unsuccessful attempts were made, at different times, to raise the vessel, and persons would go down in diving-bells to

find all they could. At length, in the months of May and June, 1840, Captain Pasley succeeded, by means of gunpowder, in tearing the wreck asunder, and so bringing up to the surface of the water the long-buried remains of the Royal George.

A GLIMPSE OF DETROIT.

THE position of Detroit is one of the finest imaginable. It is on a strait between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, commanding the whole internal commerce of these great "successive seas."

The origin of the city was a little palisaded fort, erected here, in 1702, by the French under La Mote Cadillac, to defend their fur trade. It was then called Fort Pontchartrain. From this time till 1760 it remained in possession of the French, and continued to increase slowly. So late as 1721, Charlevoix speaks of the vast herds of buffaloes ranging the plains west of the city. Meantime, under the protection of the fort,

the settlement and cultivation of the neighboring districts went on, in spite of the attacks of some of the neighboring tribes of Indians, particularly the Outagamies, who, with the Iroquois, seem to have been the only decided and irreconcilable enemies whom the French found in this province. The capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe being followed by the cession of the whole of the French territory in North America to the power of Great Britain, Detroit, with all the other trading-posts in the West, was given up to the English. It is curious that the French submitted to this change of masters more easily than the Indians, who were by no means inclined to exchange the French for the English alliance. "Whatever may have been the cause," says Governor Cass, "the fact is certain, that there is in the French character a peculiar adaptation to the habits and feelings of the Indians; and to this day the period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences."

The conciliating manners of the French toward the Indians, and the judgment with

which they managed all their intercourse with them, have had a permanent effect on the minds of those tribes who were in friendship with them. At this day, if the British are generally preferred to the Americans, the French are always preferred to either. A Chippewa chief, addressing the American agent at the Sault Ste. Marie, so late as 1826, thus fondly referred to the period of the French dominion: "When the Frenchmen arrived at these falls, they came and kissed us. They called us children, and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge, and we had always wherewithal to clothe us. They never mocked at our ceremonies, and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they toward us!"

The discontent of the Indian tribes upon the transfer of the forts and trading-posts into the possession of the British, showed itself early, and at length gave rise to one of the most prolonged and savage of all the Indian wars, that of Pontiac, in 1763.

Of this Pontiac you have read, no doubt, in various books of travels and anecdotes of Indian chiefs. But it is one thing to read of these events by your fireside, where the features of the scene—the forest wilds echoing to the war-whoop, the painted warriors, the very words scalping, tomahawking—bring no definite meaning to the mind, only a vague horror; and quite another thing to recall them here on the spot, arrayed in all their dread yet picturesque reality. Pontiac is the hero *par excellence* of all these regions; and in all the histories of Detroit, when Detroit becomes a great capital of the West, he will figure like Caractacus or Arminius in the Roman history. The English contemporaries call him king and emperor of the Indians; but there is absolutely no sovereignty among these people. Pontiac was merely a war-chief, chosen in the usual way, but exercising a more than usual influence, not by mere bravery—the universal savage virtue—but by talents of a rarer kind; a power of reflection and combination rarely met with in the character of the red warrior. Pontiac was a man of geni-

us, and would have ruled his fellow-men under any circumstances and in any country. He formed a project similar to that which Tecumseh entertained fifty years later. He united all the North-Western tribes of Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawattomies, in one great confederacy against the British, "the dogs in red coats;" and had very nearly caused the overthrow, at least the temporary overthrow, of their power. He had planned a simultaneous attack on all the trading-posts in the possession of the English, and so far succeeded that ten of these forts were surprised about the same time, and all the English soldiers and traders massacred, while the French were spared. Before any tidings of these horrors and outrages could reach Detroit, Pontiac was there in friendly guise, and all his measures admirably arranged for taking this fort also by stratagem and murdering every Englishman within it. All had been lost, if a poor Indian woman, who had received much kindness from the family of the commandant (Major Gladwyn) had not revealed the danger. I do not yet quite understand why Major Gladwyn, on the discov-

ery of Pontiac's treachery, and having him in his power, did not make him and his whole band prisoners. Such a stroke would have ended, or rather it would have prevented, the war. But it must be remembered that Major Gladwyn was ignorant of the systematic plan of extermination adopted by Pontiac; the news of the massacres at the upper forts had not reached him; he knew of nothing but the attempt on himself, and from motives of humanity or magnanimity he suffered them to leave the fort and go free. No sooner were they on the outside of the palisades, than they set up the war-yell "like so many devils," as a bystander expressed it, and turned and discharged their rifles on the garrison. The war, thus savagely declared, was accompanied by all those atrocious barbarities, and turns of fate, and traits of heroism, and hair-breadth escapes, which render these Indian conflicts so exciting, so terrific, so picturesque.

Detroit was in a state of siege by the Indians for twelve months, and gallantly and successfully defended by Major Gladwyn, till relieved by General Bradstreet.

The first time I was able to go out, my good-natured landlord drove me himself in his buggy wagon, with as much attention and care for my comfort as if I had been his near relation. The evening was glorious; the sky perfectly Italian—a genuine Claude Lorraine sky; that beautiful, intense amber light reaching to the very zenith, while the purity and transparent loveliness of the atmospheric effects carried me back to Italy and times long past. I felt it all, as people feel things after a sharp fit of indisposition, when the nervous system, languid at once and sensitive, thrills and trembles to every breath of air. As we drove slowly and silently along, we came to a sluggish, melancholy-looking rivulet, to which the man pointed with his whip. "I expect," said he, "you know all about the battle of the Bloody Run?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, not without a slight shudder at the hateful, ominous name, which sounded in my ear like an epitome of all imaginable horrors.

This was the scene of a night attack made by three hundred British upon the camp of

the Indians, who were then besieging Detroit. The Indians had notice of their intention, and prepared an ambush to receive them. They had just reached the bank of this rivulet, when the Indian foe fell upon them suddenly. They fought hand to hand, bayonet and tomahawk, in the darkness of the night. Before the English could extricate themselves, seventy men and most of the officers fell and were scalped on the spot. "Them Indians," said my informant, "fought like brutes and devils," (as most men do, I thought, who fight for revenge and existence,) "and they say the creek here, when morning came, ran red with blood; and so they call it the Bloody Run."

As they have called Tecumseh the Indian Napoleon, they might style Pontiac the Indian Alexander. Here, for instance, is a touch of magnanimity quite in the Alexander the Great style. Pontiac, before the commencement of the war, had provided for the safety of a British officer, Major Rogers by name, who was afterward employed to relieve Detroit when besieged by the Indians. On this occasion he sent Pontiac a bottle

of brandy, to show he had not forgotten his former obligations to him. Those who were around the Indian warrior when the present arrived, particularly some Frenchmen, warned him not to taste it, as it might be poisoned. Pontiac instantly took a draught from it, saying, as he put the bottle to his lips, that "it was not in the power of Major Rogers to hurt him who had so lately saved his life." I think this story is no unworthy pendant to that of Alexander and his physician.

A SKIRMISH OFF BERMUDA.

THE evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous that the lieutenant of the watch had ordered the lookout at the mast-head down on the deck. The man on his way down had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sang out, "A sail on the weather-bow!" "What does she look like?" "Can't rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward." "Stay where you are a little. Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the fore-

yard." Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the lookout again hailed: "She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack; the weather clears, and I can see her now."

The wind ever since noon had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling lulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing set but her close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily, when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to the windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the setting sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of His Britannic Majesty's sloop Torch. And, sure enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendor; for, right in the wake of the moon-like sun, now half-sunk in the sea, at the distance of a mile or more, lay a long, warlike-looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling

heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the glorious horizon.

Jenkins now hailed from the fore-yard, "The strange sail is bearing up, sir." As he spoke a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadened report of the gun, as if it had been an echo, and the sharp, half-ringing, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and from the length of the range was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon. Mr. Splinter, the first lieutenant, jumping from the gun he stood on, called out, "Quartermaster, keep her away a bit," and dived into the cabin to make his report.

The captain was a staid, stiff, old first-lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney cut, broad skirts, long waist, and standing-up collar, over which dangled either the cue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables, of what had once been white kerseymere, and long boots, the coal-scuttle tops of which served

as scuppers to carry off the drainings from his coat flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the "last of the sea monsters," but, like all his tribe, as brave as steel, and, when put to it, as alert as a cat. He had no sooner heard Splinter's report than he sprang up the ladder. "My glass, Wilson," said he to the steward.

"She is close to us, sir; you can see her plainly without it," said Mr. Tree, the second lieutenant, from the weather nettings, where he was reconnoitring. After a long look through his left eye, (the other had been shut up ever since Aboukir,) he gave orders to "clear away the weather-bow gun;" and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main rigging.

"All ready forward there?" "All ready, sir." "Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—fire!" Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal. He had shaken a reef out of his topsails and was coming down fast upon us.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawed, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth ; and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main-deck, with his due quantum of carronades on his quarter-deck and forecastle ; while his short lower masts, white canvas, and the tremendous hoist in his topsail showed him to be a heavy American frigate ; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main-deck ; but in this instance, the sound of the cannon was followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear that we had got an ugly customer ; poor Jenkins now called to Tree, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired, "O sir! and it's badly wounded we are here." The officer was an Irishman as well as the seaman. "Which of you, my boy ; you or the yard ?" "Both of us, your honor ; but the yard the

most." "Come down, then; or get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the arm.

Jonathan, no doubt, "calculated," as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little eighteen-gun ship close under his lee; but the fight was not so easily taken out of our captain, although even to his eye it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter; that chap is too heavy for us. Mr. Kelson," to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyawl will carry. Keep her away, my man," to the seaman at the helm. "Crack on, Mr. Splinter; shake all the reefs out; set the fore-topsail and loose top-gallant sails; and see all clear to rig the booms out if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight

and drag the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, with the freshening breeze, under a press of canvas. It was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns!" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment. Who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant were heard, through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve-pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shot and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water and of the rising gale among the rigging. The men stood clustered at their quarters; their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all

without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing on but their trousers.

"Now, men, mind your aim; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and, as your guns come to bear, slap it right into his bows. Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long guns in succession, with good-will and good aim, and down came his fore-topsail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear; the head of the topmast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralyzed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawed, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it disfigure us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of one hundred and twenty as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron shower sped: ten of the hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise

again ; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally ; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-topmast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded ; but, by this time, we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after sail, we could do nothing else ; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-topmast paid off the brig, on the one hand, the loss of the head sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind, on the other ; thus most of her shot fell astern of us ; and before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her and carried her main-topmast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled though we were ; and, as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining topmast by the board ; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our blood-stained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St. George's Harbor.

CHARLES WAGER.

DURING one of the old wars between France and England, in which the then American colonies bore an active part, a large ship sailed from one of the American ports for England, with a strong and effective crew, but totally unarmed. When near her destination, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavor to escape, but seeing, from the superior sailing of the Frenchman, that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below. He was followed into the cabin by his cabin-boy, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager. He asked him if nothing more could be done to

save the ship; and, on the commander replying that it was impossible, that everything had been done that was practicable, and that they must submit to be captured, he requested permission to make one last attempt. The captain agreed; and Charles then returned upon deck and summoned the crew around him. "If you will place yourselves under my command, and stand by me," said he, "I have conceived a plan by which the ship may be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors, no doubt feeling the ardor and inspired by the courage of their youthful leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and, as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exhilarated conquerors, elated beyond measure with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into the vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzaing; and not foreseeing

any danger, they left but few men on board their own ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel. Some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board; the others, by a simultaneous movement, undid the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero now, having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and, placing her out of boarding distance, hailed, with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crowd of Frenchmen who were left on board the vessel he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of water, (a threat they well knew he was capable of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase.) They sorrowfully acquiesced in his commands, while the gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause. The former master of the merchant vessel was examined by the admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprise as it occurred, and

declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honor and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an admiral, and known to the world as Sir Charles Wager.

CLEARING A WATERFALL.

FEW men have been more remarkable than General Putnam for acts of a bold and intrepid kind.

When he was pursued by General Tryon at the head of fifteen hundred men, his only method of escape was by precipitating his horse down the steep declivity of the rock called Horseneck; and as none of his pursuers dared to imitate his example, he escaped.

But an act of still more daring intrepidity was his venturing to clear, in a boat, the dangerous waterfalls of Hudson River. This was in the year 1756, when Putnam fought against the French and their allies, the Indians. He was accidentally with a boat and

five men on the eastern side of the river, contiguous to these falls. His men, who were on the opposite side, informed him by signal that a considerable body of savages were advancing to surround him, and there was not a moment to lose. Three modes of conduct were at his option: to remain, fight, and be sacrificed; to attempt to pass to the other side, exposed to the full shot of the enemy; or to sail down the waterfalls, with almost a certainty of being overwhelmed. These were the only alternatives. Putnam did not hesitate, and jumped into his boat at the fortunate instant, for one of his companions, who was at a little distance, was a victim to the Indians. His enemies soon arrived, and discharged their muskets at the boat before he could get out of their reach. No sooner had he escaped this danger through the rapidity of the current, than death presented itself under a more terrific form. Rocks, whose points projected above the surface of the water, large masses of timber that nearly closed the passage, absorbing gulfs, and rapid descents, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, left him no

hope of escape but by a miracle. Putnam, however, placed himself at the helm, and directed it with the utmost tranquillity. His companions saw him, with admiration, terror, and astonishment, avoid with the greatest ease the rocks and threatening gulfs which they every instant expected to devour him. He disappeared, rose again, and directing his course across the only passage which he could possibly make, he at length gained the even surface of the river that flowed at the bottom of this dreadful cascade. The Indians were no less surprised. This miracle astonished them almost as much as the sight of the first Europeans that approached the banks of this river. They considered Putnam as invulnerable; and they thought that they should offend the great Spirit, if they attempted the life of a man that was so visibly under his immediate protection.

HEROISM AND DEVOTEDNESS OF A WOMAN.

DURING the latter part of the Revolution, Thomas McCalla lived in Chester district, South Carolina. He removed thither from Pennsylvania, with his young wife, in 1778. He had served in the American army before moving to the South, and again enlisted soon after reaching his new home. He was in all the engagements attending Sumter's operations against the enemy, till the 17th of August, 1780, when, by permission, he went to visit his family. A short time afterward he again joined the army, but was almost immediately taken prisoner, sent to Camden, and thrown into prison. The persevering

and heroic endeavors of his affectionate and patriotic wife to obtain his release are detailed in the following interesting manner by the author of the *Women of the American Revolution.*

While McCalla was languishing in prison, expecting death from day to day, his wife remained in the most unhappy state of suspense. For about a month she had been unable to obtain any tidings of him. The rumor of defeats of the Americans came to her ears ; she visited the places where the disasters had occurred, and sought for some trace of him, but without success. She inquired of the women who had been to Charlotte for the purpose of carrying clothes or provisions to their husbands, brothers, or fathers, not knowing but that he had gone thither with the soldiers ; but none could give her the least information. Imagination may depict the harrowing scenes that must have occurred when females, returning to their homes and children after carrying aid to the soldiers, were met by such inquiries from those who were uncertain as to the fate of their kindred.

In the midst of Mrs. McCalla's distress, and before she had gained any information, she had another claim on her anxiety; her children took the small-pox. Her little boy was very ill for nine days with the disease, and his mother thought every day would be his last. During this terrible season of alarm, while her mind was distracted by cares, she had to depend altogether upon herself, for she saw but one among her neighbors. All the families in the vicinity were visited with the disease, and to many it proved fatal. As soon as her child was so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, Mrs. McCalla made preparations to go to Camden, for she clung to the hope that she might there learn something of her husband, or even find him among the prisoners.

With her to resolve was to act, and having settled matters at home, she was in the saddle long before day, taking the old Charleston road leading along the west side of the Catawba River, and by two o'clock she had crossed the river, passing the guard stationed there, and had entered Camden. Pressing on with fearless determination, she

passed the guard, and desiring to be conducted to the presence of Lord Rawdon, the English general, she was escorted by Major Doyle to the head-quarters of his lordship.

On being ushered into the presence of this august personage, Mrs. McCalla at first conceived a favorable impression of him. He was a fine-looking young man, with a countenance not unprepossessing, which we may suppose was eagerly scanned by one who felt that all her hopes depended on him. His aspect gave her some encouragement, and being desired to explain the object of her visit, she pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of nature and feeling; making known the distressed situation of her family at home, the fearful anxiety of mind she had suffered on account of the prolonged absence of her husband and her ignorance of his fate, and her children's urgent need of his care and protection. She had come, therefore, to entreat mercy for him; to pray that he might be released and permitted to go home with her.

Lord Rawdon heard her to the end. His reply was characteristic. "I would rather

hang such —— rebels than eat my breakfast." This insulting speech was addressed to his suppliant while her eyes were fixed on him in the agony of her entreaty, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks. His words dried up the fountain at once, and the spirit of the American matron was roused. "Would you?" was her answer, while she turned on him a look which spoke volumes. A moment after, with a struggle to control her feelings, for she well knew how much depended on that, she said, "At least, may I crave of your lordship permission to see my husband?"

Lord Rawdon felt the look of scorn which his language had called up in her face, but pride forbade his yielding to the dictates of better feeling. "You should consider, madam," he answered, "in whose presence you now stand. Your husband is a rebel—"

Mrs. McCalla was about to reply, but her companion, the major, gave her a look warning her to be silent, and in truth the words that sprang to her lips would have ill pleased the Briton. Doyle now interposed, and requested his lordship to step aside with him

for a moment. They left the apartment, and shortly afterward returned. Rawdon then said to his visitor, with a stately coldness that precluded all hope of softening his determination, "Major Doyle, madam, has my permission to let you go into the prison. You will remain ten minutes only. Major, you have my orders." So saying, he bowed politely both to her and the officer, intimating that the business was ended, and they were dismissed. They accordingly quitted the room.

The sight of the prison-cell, or rather pen, almost overcame the fortitude of the resolute wife. An enclosure like that constructed for animals, guarded by soldiers, was the habitation of the unfortunate prisoners, who sat within on the bare earth, many of them suffering with illness and stretched helpless on the ground, with no shelter from the burning sun. "Is it possible," cried the matron, turning to Doyle, "that you shut up men in this manner, as you would a parcel of hogs!" She was then admitted into the jail, and welcome indeed was the sight of her familiar face to poor McCalla. The time allotted for

the interview was too short to be wasted in condolement or complaint; she told him she must depart in a few minutes; informed him of the state of his family; inquired carefully what were his wants, and promised speedy relief. When the ten minutes had expired, she again shook hands with him, assuring him that she would shortly return with clothes for his use, and what provisions she could bring; then turning, she walked away with a firm step, stopping to shake hands with some other captives with whom she was acquainted. The word of encouragement was not wanting, and as she bade the prisoners adieu, she said, "Have no fear; the women are doing their part of the service." "I admire your spirit, madam," Doyle observed to her, "but would advise you to be a little more cautious in what you say."

Mrs. McCalla was furnished by the major with a pass, which she showed to the officer on duty as she passed the guard on her return, and to the officer at the ferry. She rode with all speed, and was at home before midnight; having had less than twenty-four hours for the accomplishment of her whole

enterprise ; in that time riding one hundred miles, crossing the river twice, and passing the guard four times.

It is proper to say that Mrs. McCalla met with kinder treatment from the other British officers to whom she had occasion to apply at this time, all seeming to be favorably impressed by the courage and strength of affection evinced by her. Even the soldiers, as she passed them, paid her marks of respect.

Mrs. McCalla set about her work immediately after her arrival at home ; she began making new clothes, altering and mending others, and preparing provisions. All being ready, she again set out for Camden. This time she had the company of one of her neighbors, Mrs. Mary Nixon. Each of the women drove before her a pack-horse, laden with the articles provided for the use of their suffering friends. They were again admitted to the presence of Lord Rawdon to petition for leave to visit the prisoners, but nothing particular occurred at the interview. From this time she made her journeys about once a month to Camden, being often accompa-

nied by other women bound on similar errands, and conveying articles of food and clothing to their captive fathers, husbands, or brothers. They rode without escort, fearless of peril by the way, and regardless of fatigue, though the journey was usually performed in haste, and under the pressure of anxiety for those at home, as well as those to whose relief they were going. On one occasion, when Mrs. McCalla was just about setting off alone upon her journey, news of a glorious event was brought to her; the news of the battle of King's Mountain, which took place on the 7th of October. She did not stop to rejoice in the victory of her countrymen, but went on with a lightened heart, longing, no doubt, to share the joy with him who might hope, from the changed aspect of affairs, some mitigation of his imprisonment.

About the 1st of December, Mrs. McCalla went on one of her journeys to Camden. On the preceding trip she had met with Lord Cornwallis, by whom she was treated with kindness. Whatever hopes she had grounded on this, however, were doomed to

disappointment; he was this time reserved and silent. She was afterward informed by the major that a considerable reverse had befallen the king's troops at Clermont, and the annoyance felt on this account, Doyle said, was the cause of his not showing as much courtesy as he usually did to ladies. "You must excuse him," observed the good-natured officer, who seems to have always acted the part of a peace-maker on these occasions; and he added that Cornwallis had never approved of the cruelties heretofore practised.

Toward the end of December the indefatigable wife again performed the weary journey to Camden. McCalla's health had been impaired for some months, and was now declining; it was therefore necessary to make a strenuous effort to move the compassion of his enemies, and procure his release. Rawdon was in command, and she once more applied to him to obtain permission for her husband to go home with her. As might have been anticipated, her petition was refused; his lordship informed her that he could do nothing in the matter; but that

if she would go to Winnsboro and present her request to Lord Cornwallis, he might possibly be induced to give her an order for the liberation of the prisoner.

To Winnsboro, accordingly, she made her way, determined to lose no time in presenting her application. It was on New Year's morning that she entered the village. The troops were under parade, and his lordship was engaged in reviewing them; there could be no admission, therefore, to his presence for some time, and she had nothing to do but remain a silent spectator of the imposing scene. A woman less energetic, and less desirous of improving every opportunity for the good of others, might have sought rest after the fatigues of her journey, during the hours her business had to wait; but Sarah McCalla was one of a heroic stamp, whose private troubles never caused her to forget what she might do for her country. She passed the time in noticing particularly everything she saw, not knowing but that her report might be of service. After the lapse of several hours, the interview she craved with Cornwallis was granted. He

received her with courtesy and kindness, listened attentively to all she had to say, and appeared to feel pity for her distresses. But his polished expression of sympathy, to which her hopes clung with desperation, was accompanied with regret that he could not, consistently with the duties of His Majesty's service, comply unconditionally with her request. He expressed, nevertheless, entire willingness to enter into an arrangement with General Sumter to release McCalla for any prisoner he had in his possession. Or he would accept the pledge of General Sumter that McCalla should not again serve until exchanged, and would liberate him on that security. "But, madam," he added, "Sumter must pledge himself personally for the keeping of the parole. We have been too lenient heretofore, and have let men go who immediately made use of their liberty to take up arms against us."

With this the long-tried wife was forced to be content, and she now saw the way more clearly to the accomplishment of her enterprise. She lost no time in returning home, and immediately set out for Char-

lotte to seek aid from the American general. She found Sumter at this place, nearly recovered of the wounds he had received in the action at Blackstock's, in November. Her appeal to him was at once favorably received. He gave her a few lines, stating that he would stand pledged for McCalla's continuing peaceably at home until he should be regularly exchanged. This paper was more precious than gold to the matron whose perseverance had obtained it; but it was destined to do her little good.

A few days after her return, the British army, being on its march from Winnsboro, encamped on the plantation of John Service, in Chester district, and afterward at Turkey Creek. Mrs. McCalla went to one of those camps in the hope of seeing Lord Cornwallis. She succeeded in obtaining this privilege; his lordship recognized her as soon as she entered the camp, and greeted her courteously. After some conversation she presented to the noble lord the paper which she imagined was to secure her husband's freedom. What was her disappointment when he referred her to Lord

Rawdon as the proper person to take cognizance of the affair! The very name was a death-blow to her hopes, for she well knew she could expect nothing from his clemency. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike in vain; Cornwallis was a courteous man, but he knew how, with a bland smile and well-turned phrase of compliment, to refuse compliance even with a request that appealed so strongly to every feeling of humanity as that of an anxious wife pleading for the suffering and imprisoned father of her children. She must submit, however, to the will of those in power; there was no resource but another journey to Camden, in worse than doubt of the success she had fancied just within her reach.

It was a day or two after the battle of the Cowpens that she crossed the ferry on her way to Camden. She had not yet heard of that bloody action, but, observing that the guard was doubled at the ferry, concluded that something unusual had occurred. As she entered the village, she met her old friend Major Doyle, who stopped to speak to her. His first inquiry was if she had heard

the news; and when she answered in the negative, he told her of the "melancholy affair" that had occurred at the Cowpens. The time, he observed, was most inauspicious for the business on which he knew she had come. "I fear, madam," he said, "that his lordship will not receive you well."

"I have no hope," was her answer, "that he will let Thomas go home; but, sir, it is my duty to make every effort to save my husband. I will thank you to go with me to Lord Rawdon's quarters."

Her reception was such as she had expected. As soon as Rawdon saw her, he cried angrily, "You here again, madam! Well—you want your husband—I dare say! Do you not know what these cursed rebels have been doing?"

"I do not, sir," replied the dejected matron; for she saw that his mood was one of anger.

"If we had hung them," he continued, "we should have been saved this. Madam, I order you most positively never to come into my presence again!"

It was useless, Mrs. McCalla knew, to at-

tempt to stem the tide of fury; she did not therefore produce, nor even mention, the paper given her by Sumter, nor apologize for the intrusion by saying that Lord Cornwallis had directed her to apply to him; but merely answered in a subdued and respectful tone by asking what she had done to displease him.

"Enough!" exclaimed the irritable noble. "You go from one army to another, and heaven only knows what mischief you do. Begone!"

She waited for no second dismissal, but could not refrain from saying, as she went out, in an audible voice, "My countrymen must right me." Lord Rawdon called her back and demanded what she was saying. She had learned by this time some lessons in policy, and answered, with a smile, "My lord, we are but simple country folk." His lordship probably saw through the pretence, for, turning to his officer, he said, "Upon my life, Doyle, she is a wretch of a woman!" And thus she left him.

That great event—the battle of the Cowpens—revived the spirits of the patriots

throughout the country. Everywhere, as the news spread, men who had before been discouraged flew to arms. The action took place on the 17th of January, 1781; on the 22d of the same month, six wagons were loaded with corn at Wade's Island, sixty miles down the Catawba, for the use of General Davison's division. The whole country of Chester, York, and Lancaster may be said to have risen together, and was rallying to arms. On the 24th of January, General Sumter crossed the Catawba at Landsford, and received a supply of corn from Wade's Island. His object was to cross the districts to the west, in the rear of the advancing British army, to arouse the country and gather forces as he went, threaten the English posts at Ninety-Six and Granby, and go on to recover the State of North Carolina. While Cornwallis marched from his encampment on Service's plantation, the men of Chester, under the gallant Captains John Mills and James Johnston, were hovering near, watching the movements of the hostile army as keenly as the eagle watches his intended prey. Choosing a fit

opportunity as they followed in the rear, they pounced upon a couple of British officers, one of whom was Major McCarter, at a moment when they had not the least suspicion of danger, took them prisoners in sight of the enemy, and made good their retreat. By means of this bold exploit the liberation of McCalla was brought about, at a time when his wife was wholly disheartened by her repeated and grievous disappointments. When General Sumter passed through the country, a cartel of exchange was effected, giving the two British officers in exchange for the prisoners of Chester district in Camden and Charleston.

The person sent with the flag to accomplish this exchange in Camden was Samuel Neely, of Fishing Creek. As he passed through the town to the quarters of Lord Rawdon, he was seen and recognized by the prisoners, and it may be supposed their hearts beat with joy at the prospect of speedy release. But in consequence of some mismanagement, the unfortunate men were detained in jail several weeks longer. Neely was in haste to proceed to Charleston, being

anxious, in the accomplishment of his mission in that city, to get his son Thomas out of the prison-ship, and in his hurry probably neglected some necessary formalities. His countrymen in Camden were kept in confinement after his return from Charleston with his son. Captain Mills was informed of this, and, indignant at the supposed disrespect shown by Lord Rawdon to the cartel of General Sumter, wrote a letter of remonstrance to Rawdon, which he entrusted to Mrs. McCalla to be conveyed to him.

Our heroine was accompanied on this journey by Mrs. Mary Nixon, for she judged it impolitic that the letter should be delivered by one so obnoxious to his lordship as herself. Still she deemed it her duty to be on the spot to welcome her liberated husband, supply all his wants, and conduct him home. The distance was traversed this time with a lighter heart than before, for now she had no reason to fear disappointment. When they arrived at Camden, they went to the jail. John Adair was standing at a window; they saw and greeted each other, the women standing in the yard below.

Perhaps in consequence of his advice, or prudential considerations on their part, they determined not to avail themselves of the good offices of Major Doyle on this occasion. Adair directed them to send the jailer up to him, and wrote a note introducing his sister to the acquaintance of Lord Rawdon. The two women then proceeded to the quarters of that nobleman. When they arrived at the gate, Mrs. McCalla stopped, saying she would wait there, and her companion proceeded by herself. She was admitted into the presence of Lord Rawdon, who read the note of introduction she handed to him, and observed, referring to the writer, that the small-pox had almost finished him; still, he had come very near escaping from the jail; that he was "a grand 'scape-gallows." On reading the letter of Captain Mills his color changed, and when he had finished it, turning to Mrs. Nixon, he said in an altered tone: "I am sorry these men have not been dismissed, as of right they ought." He immediately wrote a discharge for eleven of the prisoners, and put it into her hands, saying: "You can get them out, madam. I

am very sorry they have been confined so many weeks longer than they should have been." At the same time he gave Mrs. Nixon a guinea. "This," he said, "will bear your expenses."

His lordship accompanied her on her way out, and as she passed through the gate his eye fell on Mrs. McCalla, whom he instantly recognized. Walking to the spot where she stood near the gate, he said fiercely: "Did I not order you, madam, to keep out of my presence?" The matron's independent spirit flashed from her eyes, as she answered: "I had no wish, sir, to intrude myself on your presence; I stopped at the gate on purpose to avoid you." Unable to resist the temptation of speaking her mind for once, now that she had a last opportunity, she added: "I might turn the tables on you, sir, and ask, why did you come out to the gate to insult a woman? I have received from you nothing but abuse. My distresses you have made sport of, and I ceased long since to expect anything from you but ill-treatment. I am not now your suppliant; I came to demand, as a right, the release of my husband!" So

saying, she turned away and left the room, without stopping to see how her bold language was received. Mrs. Nixon hastened after her, pale as death, and at first too much frightened to speak. As soon as she found voice, she exclaimed: "O Sally! you have ruined us, I am afraid. Why, he may put us both in jail!"

Mrs. McCalla smiled. "Never fear; it is not the first time, Mary," she replied, "that I have given him to understand what I thought of him!" The two made their way back to the prison, but even after they got there Mrs. Nixon had not recovered from her terror. She was informed that it would be some time before the prisoners could be released. The blacksmith was then sent for, and came with his tools. The sound of the hammering in the apartments of the jail gave the first intimation to the women, who waited to greet their friends, that the helpless captives were chained to the floor. This precaution had been adopted not long before, in consequence of some of the prisoners having attempted an escape. These men left the place of their long imprisonment

and suffering in company with the two women, and as they marched through the streets of Camden, passing the British guard, they sang at the top of their voices the well-known and stirring songs of the "liberty-men."

THE BLACK-HOLE AT CALCUTTA.

THE old Suba or Viceroy of Bengal, dying in the month of April, in the year 1756, was succeeded by his adopted son, Sur Raja al Dowlat, a young man of violent passions, without principle or good faith, and who began his administration with acts of perfidy and violence. In all probability, his design against the English settlements was suggested by his rapacious disposition, in the belief that they abounded with treasure; as the pretences which he used for commencing hostilities were altogether inconsistent, false, and frivolous. In the month of May, he caused the English factory at Cassimbuzzar to be invested, and inviting Mr. Watts, the chief

of the factory, to a conference, under the sanction of a safe conduct, detained him as prisoner; then, by means of fraud and force intermingled, made himself master of the factory. This exploit being achieved, he made no secret of his design to deprive the English of all their settlements. With this view, he marched to Calcutta at the head of a numerous army, and invested the place, which was then in no posture of defence. The governor, intimidated by the number and power of the enemy, abandoned the fort, and, with some principal persons residing in the settlement, took refuge on board a ship in the river, carrying along with them their most valuable effects and the books of the company. Thus the defence of the place devolved on Mr. Holwell, the second in command, who, with the assistance of a few gallant officers, and a very feeble garrison, maintained it with great courage and resolution against several attacks, until he was overpowered by numbers and the enemy had forced their way into the castle. He was then obliged to submit; and the suba promised, on the word of a soldier, that no

injury should be done to him or his garrison. Nevertheless, they were all driven, to the number of 146 persons, into a place called the Black-Hole Prison, a cube of about eighteen feet, walled up to the eastward and southward—the only quarters from which they could expect any refreshing air—and opening to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, through which there was no perceptible circulation.

Mr. Holwell, one of the few survivors, published an affecting account of all the circumstances attending this fearful imprisonment, and the following is in substance his narrative.

"Figure to yourself," says he, "if possible, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, previously exhausted by continual fatigue, thus crammed together in a room eighteen feet square. What the consequences would be were only but too evident to me the instant I cast my eyes round and saw the size and situation of the room.

"Among the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old jemmautdaar (or sergeant of the Indian guards) near me, who

seemed to have some compassion in his countenance; and indeed he was the only one among them all who discovered the least trace of humanity. I called him to me, and, in the most persuasive terms I could command, urged him to commiserate our sufferings, and endeavor to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another, for which act of kindness he should, in the morning, receive a thousand rupees. He promised he would endeavor to do so, and withdrew; but in a few minutes he returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had not offered enough, and promised him two thousand; he withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and (with I believe much real pity and concern) told me it was not practicable; that it could not be done but by the suba's order, and that no one dared to wake him. We had been but a few minutes in the room when every one fell into a profuse perspiration. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of; every hat was put in motion to produce a circulation of air, and Mr.

Baillie proposed that every man should sit down from time to time on the floor: we were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, and no wonder we caught at everything that bore a flattering appearance of saving ourselves. This latter expedient was several times resorted to; and each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than others, or who had been more exhausted and could not immediately recover their legs, as others did when the word was given to rise, fell to rise no more; they were instantly trod to death or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could put themselves in motion to get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were again made to force the door, but in vain. Insults even were used to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon us, (which, as I learned afterward, were carried to much greater lengths when I was no more sensible of what was going on.) By keeping my face between two of

the bars I obtained air enough to give my lungs play, though the perspiration was excessive, and thirst beginning to be felt. Everybody, excepting those situated in and near the windows, now began to grow outrageous, and many became quite delirious: 'Water, water!' became the general cry; and the old sergeant before mentioned, at last taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water, little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would destroy the small chance left us, and tried many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamor was so loud, I found it impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. Until the water came, I had not myself suffered much from thirst, but now it became excessive. We had no means of conveying it into the prison, but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself, and Messrs. Coles and Scot (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have expe-

rienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation ; the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get at it, that, before it reached the lips of any one, there was scarcely a teacupful left in them. These supplies, like water sprinkled on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, which made the throng and press upon the window beyond bearing ; forcing their passage from the further part of the room, they pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death. Can it be believed that this scene of misery proved an entertainment to the wretches without? But so it was ; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion. From about nine till near

eleven, I occupied this painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broken with the weight against them. By this time my two companions, with Mr. William Parker, (who had forced himself into the window,) were pressed to death, and I was nearly so. For some time my companions preserved a respect toward me, more than, indeed, I could well expect, our circumstances considered; but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Law, and several others, for whom I had a great esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet, and were now trampled upon by corporals and common soldiers, who, by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, that I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give everything up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, that they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I

forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less, owing to the numbers dead, (then, I believe, amounting to a third,) and those who flocked to the windows ; for by this time they had water also at the other window.

"In the Black-Hole there was a platform, raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath, extending the whole length of the east side of the prison, and above six feet wide. I made my way over the dead, and repaired to the further end of it, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr. Dumbleton and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. The moment I quitted the window my breathing grew short and painful. At this time my poor friend, Mr. Eyre, came staggering over the dead to me, and with his usual coolness and good-nature asked me how I did ; but he fell and expired before I had time to reply. I now laid myself down on some of the dead behind me on the platform ; and, recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My

thirst now grew insupportable, and the difficulty of breathing much increased. I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a pain in the breast, and palpitation of the heart, both in the most exquisite degree. This roused and obliged me to get up again ; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped ; but I could no longer bear the pains I suffered without seeking a relief, which I knew fresh air only could give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite me ; and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased ; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud, 'Water, for God's sake!' I had been concluded dead ; but as soon as they heard me among them, they had

still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, 'Give him water! give him water!' Nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk. But from the water I found no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it; so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event; and kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain, from my head and face. You can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. I came into prison without coat or waistcoat; the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the veranda. While I was at this second window, I was observed, by one of my miserable companions to the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt sleeves. He took the hint, and robbed me, from time to time, of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reser-

voirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found afterward, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death; he has since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the draughts he had from my sleeves. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state we were reduced to. By half an hour past eleven, the greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any degree of calmness, except the ranks next the windows. By what I had felt myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered; but had only pity to bestow upon them, not then thinking how soon I should myself become a greater object of it. They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasiness; and 'Air, air!' was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that they could be loaded with,

were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could rushing tumultuously toward the windows, with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to Heaven to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and the left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows: others who had yet some strength and vigor left made a last effort at the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks, and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you that in this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees on my back and the pressure of his whole body on my head, a Dutch sergeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz (a black Christian soldier) bearing on my right; all which nothing could have enabled me to support but

the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs ; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immovable.

"I exerted anew my strength and fortitude ; but the repeated trials and efforts I made to dislodge the encumbrances above me at last quite exhausted me ; and, toward two o'clock, finding I must quit the window or sink where I was, I resolved on the former. In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Cary, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege, (his wife would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived.) This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air ; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place ; but the Dutch sergeant, who sat on my shoulder, supplanted him. Poor Cary expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too ; but it was

with the utmost labor we forced our way from the window, several in the inner ranks appearing to be dead, standing, unable to fall by the throng and equal pressure around. He laid himself down to die; and his death, I believe, was very sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great; and, I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way backward. I was at this time sensible of no pain, and little uneasiness; but I found a stupor coming on, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Rev. Mr. Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought that I should be trampled upon when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation; the last trace of sensation that I have been able to recollect after my lying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which

I untied and threw from me. Of what passed in this interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and, indeed, the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived were so absurd and contradictory, as to convince me that very few of them had retained their senses; or, at least, that they had lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

"When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no entreaties could prevail to get the door open, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes that I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly, Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me thence, and, imagining I had some signs of life, brought me toward the window I had first possession of. But as life was equally dear to every man, (and the stench arising

from the dead bodies grown intolerable,) no one would give up the station in or near the window; so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills, who was in possession of a seat at the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen and placed in the window. At this juncture the suba, who had received an account of the havoc death had made among us, sent one of the jemmautdaars to inquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him; told him I had some appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the jemmautdaar, I was restored to my sight and senses. The little strength that remained among the most robust who survived made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was

more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time."

Of the whole hundred and forty-six persons confined in this dreadful place, only twenty-three survived!

AN INCIDENT OF SAILOR LIFE.

A FORMIDABLE French fleet left Toulon on the 16th of June, 1609, commanded by a prince of the blood, the Duke de Beaufort, to deliver Candia, which was besieged by the Turks. He had with him a capuchin, Père Zephyrin. The fleet, favored by beautiful weather, for some time slowly advanced. The admiral-ship, Le Monarque, preceded by a small brigantine which served as a guide, was at the head, bearing with pride the banner of the Sovereign Pontiff. With the exception of a north-west squall, which snapped the topmasts of the Syrian when they were off the islands of Hyères, the passage bid fair to be most favorable.

The fleet had just left Cerigo, anciently called Cythera, to its left, and had doubled Cape Carobuca, which is the most easterly point of the island of Candia, when one morning the watch said that a signal from the Therèse had been given announcing that a priest was wanted for a sailor who was seriously ill. Père Zephyrin, knowing this, went immediately to the captain of the admiral's vessel, and asked him to give orders so as to enable him to fulfil the duties of his ministry.

"What you ask, father," said the captain, "is quite impossible!"

"As things are, those words are neither French nor Christian. Over there is one of our comrades dying; it is my duty to go to him."

"The man can die very well without you."

"That is exactly what he ought not to do."

"But I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of doing as you wish."

"Very well; I will go and ask the admiral."

"You must wait till he is up."

"Death does not wait, captain." So saying, Père Zephyrin went down into the Duke de Beaufort's room. The prince was shaving.

"Excuse me, my lord, if I come at so early an hour," said the chaplain.

"At whatever hour he may come, Père Zephyrin is always welcome," said the duke.

"Thanks, my lord."

"What do you wish, reverend father? Something very important, since you come so early about it."

"It is something very important, indeed, my lord; a favor I wish to ask you."

"Which I am ready to grant. Speak, I am listening."

"One of our sailors on board the Therèse is very ill, and desires the succors of religion, and I am come to ask leave of you to go to him."

"But to be able to do that, I must stop the whole fleet, which would keep us back two hours!"

"Two hours are less in eternity than two drops of water in the ocean, my lord. The

salvation of a soul created in the image of God depends, perhaps, upon your decision."

The prince had just finished dressing. "What time is it, father?"

"Five o'clock."

"How long would it take you to go in a good boat to the Therèse?"

"About three quarters of an hour."

"What kind of weather is it, this morning?"

"Beautiful weather, although the sea is rather rough."

"We shall see," replied the duke. And, throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he went on deck.

"The sea is terribly rough, father, said the duke. I would not allow you to expose your life thus in a mere boat."

"There is no fear, my lord; the sea knows me well, and the guardian angel of the sick man will protect me."

"You persist, then?"

"I beseech you, my lord, allow me."

"Very well. Go, and may God protect you!"

At the same moment the fleet was stop-

ped, and Père Zephyrin jumped into a boat, in which twelve volunteers were already seated, who began to row vigorously toward the Therèse.

The boat scarcely swerved; it seemed to glide over the waves, leaving behind a white foam. The Duke de Beaufort followed with a glass the progress of these brave men, who, to save a soul, did not mind risking their lives. Courage and self-devotion! The whole of a sailor is comprised in these two words.

At last Père Zephyrin got alongside of the Therèse. As he went on board all the sailors took off their caps—the sentinels presented arms—the captain came himself to conduct him to the sick man, who was in the infirmary."

"God be praised!" cried he, as he saw the captain enter, bringing with him the priest, "God be praised! And may God bless you, father!"

He was a brave sailor, who had often met Père Zephyrin; the father recognized him, and expressed to him those hopes of recovery which our lips often pronounce in

presence of the dying, even when our heart does not respond to them.

"You come just at the right time, father; I feel I am going to die," said the sick sailor.

"I have seen people worse than you recover, after all. One must never despair."

"I don't despair; but I feel that I must get ready to go to a country where everybody goes, but from which nobody comes back. That is to say, I don't think they—"

"Well, my friend, since you asked for me, I am ready to hear you." Then the sick man began his confession, which did not last five minutes. He seemed so piously resigned, and so generously sacrificed his life to God, that his confessor said, while administering to him: "Now, my friend, you can go whenever God calls you; you are quite prepared."

Upon a bed near to that of the dying man who had called for the assistance of God's minister, was another sailor, who, not being so ill, and having less faith, had laughed at his comrade for being so impatient to see a priest.

"Absolution won't prevent you dying," said he.

"Perhaps not," replied the other; "at all events, it will prevent me from dying badly; and, if I had any advice to give you, it would be to do as I am going to do."

"To confess!—I, Pécard—surely you are joking!"

"There have been cleverer fellows than you who have confessed themselves before now, and have not been any the worse for it."

At that moment Père Zephyrin entered; he had now been three quarters of an hour on board the Therèse. "I am going back again to the admiral's vessel," said he to the impenitent sailor; "won't you, too, take advantage of the opportunity?"

"I am not ill enough for that."

"All the better; you are in a more fit state to make a confession."

"I shall see later."

"Later! perhaps then it may be too late; better now than never."

"What should I have to say? I have neither killed nor stolen. I have always behaved like a brave and an honest sailor."

"So much the better, your confession will be the sooner over."

"If it would not inconvenience you too much, father, to come to-morrow at the same time."

"Supposing there were no to-morrow for you?"

"Well, in that case, I should not want a confessor; all would be over."

"In this world, but not in the next; believe me, my friend, to-day is yours—take advantage of it."

"And, besides," said the other sailor, joining his exhortations to those of the priest, "if you knew how much good a worthy confession and absolution does one, you would not hesitate a moment. Besides, the father is right; one ought never to put off till to-morrow what can be easily done to-day, for our hours are numbered. Now then, Pécard, you have lived like a good sailor, you ought not to die like a miscreant. That is all I can say."

"Very well, as both of you wish it, I must wish it too," said Pécard, who, after some preparation, commenced his confession. Af-

ter it was over, "Indeed our comrade was right," said he to the capuchin when he prepared to go. "Confession is a pill which, once swallowed, does one uncommon good."

The sea was still rough; but, instead of having one angel guardian, he had two on his way back. The boat reached safely the admiral's vessel.

That evening the Duke de Beaufort received to dinner all the officers of his vessel. Père Zephyrin, with a joyful heart at having done his duty, was at his right hand; the captain was on his left. The meal was, as usual, seasoned by wit and champagne; for the Duke de Beaufort, the brother and friend of his officers, preferred joyous friendly meetings to the stiffness of cold etiquette; he possessed the rare faculty of making everybody around him at home.

"By the way, father," said he to the capuchin while dessert was coming in, "you have told us nothing of your morning's expedition. I am sure the account of it would interest these gentlemen." At the prince's invitation, the capuchin briefly recounted, but much better than we have done, dear

reader, his arrival on board the Therèse, the scene with the two sailors, and his return to the admiral's vessel.

"Full success!" said the duke. "I am not surprised at this; you are accustomed to overcome hearts, and to sway the consciences of men."

The capuchin bowed an acknowledgment of these praises, justified by the affection of all ranks of sailors which he had won, and said: "I forgot, my lord, to give you the messages these poor sailors entrusted me with."

"I am ready to receive them, reverend father."

"The two sailors to whom I administered the last sacraments told me to express, in the most lively terms, their gratitude to your royal highness."

"I only did my duty."

"They owe you, my lord, a sacred debt. They will pray God to pay it for them."

"Brave men! Do you hear that?" cried the duke, glancing at the captain on his left. "You would have deprived me of a

great satisfaction, if I had not been there to give the order which you refused to give."

"Faith, my lord," said the captain, "I will frankly tell you, that I did not dare to take upon myself the responsibility of stopping a fleet in full sail for one sailor!"

"If the signal had denoted that the spiritual assistance of our reverend father was required for an officer, what would you have done?"

"I should have considered the matter more attentively."

"Very well, if the same signal had said it was for an admiral, for a duke, for the Duke de Beaufort, for instance?"

"Ah! then, my lord," said the captain, "I should not have hesitated a quarter of a second!"

"You would immediately have given the order which the father desired?"

"No doubt, my lord."

"And you would have done right, just the same as you have done wrong in refusing to a simple sailor what you would have granted to me; for remember, sir, before God, who is master of us all, the soul of a poor sailor is

as precious as that of an admiral, were he a prince of the blood." After saying these words with a firm voice, the duke rose, took his neighbor's arm, and, followed by his officers, went on deck.

Shortly after this incident the duke perished bravely under the walls of Candia.