

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Analytic Magazine.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

(Concluded from page 135.)

Samuel Livermore, Esq. of Boston, who from personal attachment to Capt. Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Capt. Broke, but missed him; the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance. The comparatively small number of men, therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieutenant Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place, in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieut. Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by the enemy's cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, Captain Lawrence, who was lying in the wardroom in excruciating pain, hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds; having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officer to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle however was decided. Finding all further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieut. Ludlow gave up the ship; after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew, which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his age in the service; highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had not the ships ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-hole in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas, the Shannon had received several shots between wind and water, and consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed to the loss of the Chesapeake.

There have been various vague complaints circulated of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of our crew after the surrender. These have been, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing can be more liberal than this. Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place by the men, which it is impossible to prevent. They are inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation. Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the centinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was hauled down by the enemy; consequently, the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated. It is wearisome and disgusting to observe the war of slander kept up by the little minds of both countries, wherein every paltry misdeed of a paltry individual is insiduously trumpeted forth as a stigma on the respective nations. By these means are engendered lasting roots of bitterness, that give an implacable spirit to the actual hostility of the times, and will remain after the present strife shall have passed away. As the nations must inevitably, and at no very distant period, come once more together in the relations of amity and commerce, it is to be wished that as little private animosity may be encouraged as possible; so that though we may contend for rights and interests, we may never cease to esteem and respect each other.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle. Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delicious from a wound in

his head, when he is said to have received while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.

The wounds of Captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his condition being very much shattered he remained in the ward room. Here he was attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was he heard to utter a word, except to make some simple requests as his necessities required. In his way he lingered through four days, in extreme bodily pain, and the stern melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax, for interment.

At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, nearly sixteen of which had been honorably expended in the service of his country. He was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do through affection what severity never would have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collected courage, and elevated tranquility which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a general benevolence, that, like a lambent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there is one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dares not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of the former was one of those ones which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle. The utmost precautions had been taken by her relatives to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's fate; their anxiety has been relieved by the birth of a son, who, we trust, will inherit the virtues and emulate the actions of his father. The unfortunate mother is now slowly recovering from a long and dangerous confinement; but has yet to learn the heart-rending intelligence, that the infant in her arms is fatherless.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is a subject of admiration, but in some measure of envy; whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause excites the fullness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its reproaches. The last sad scene of life hallows his memory; it remains sacred to misfortune, and honored not by the acclamations, but by the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names which every nation preserves as watchwords for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so amiable an officer, there are some reflections consoling to the pride of friendship, and which may sooth, though they cannot prevent, the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence of defeat. He fell covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowments, and the freshness of reputation; thus leaving in every mind, the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honor, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the bridgetness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his reputation to shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility.

With the feelings that swell our hearts do we notice the honors paid to the brave Law-

rence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a general concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax, and the naval officers crowded to view the last sad honors to a man who was laid to rest, but now their forebodings. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that know no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they cherish and adore in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of the brave Lawrence presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the noble feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—in the living, who showed such generous sensibility to departed valor, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the contest of magnanimity calls forth the feelings, and the conquest is over the affections. We hope that in such a contest we may never be outdone; but that the present unhappy war may be continually softened and adorned by similar acts of courtesy and kindness on either part, thus sowing among present hostilities the seeds of future friendship.

As to the event of this battle, deeply as we mourn the loss of so many valuable lives, we feel no further cause of lamentation. Brilliant as the victory undoubtedly was to the conquerors, our nation lost nothing of honour in the contest. The ship was gallantly and bloodily defended to the last, and was lost not through want of good conduct or determined bravery, but from the unavoidable chances of battle. It was a victory over which the conqueror mourned—so many suffered. We will not enter into any mechanical measurement of feet and inches, or any nice calculation of force; whether she had a dozen men more or less, or were able to throw a few pounds more or less of ball, than her adversary, by way of accounting for her defeat; we leave to nicer calculators to balance skill and courage against timber and old iron, and to tout victories by the square and the steel-yard. The question of naval superiority, about which so much useless anxiety has been manifested of late and which we fear will cause a vast deal of strife and ill blood before it is put to rest, was in our opinion settled long since, in the course of the five preceding battles. From a general examination of battles it appears clearly to us that, under equal circumstances of force and preparation, the nations are equal on the ocean; and the result of any contest, between well-matched ships, would depend entirely on accident. This, without any charge of vanity, we may certainly claim: the British, in justice and candour, must admit as much, and it would be arrogant in us to insist on anything more.

Our officers have hitherto been fighting under superior command to the British. They have been eager to establish a name, and from their limited number, each has felt as if individually responsible for the reputation of the navy. Besides, the haughty superiority with which they have a various time been treated by the enemy, had stung the feelings of the officers, and even touched the rough pride of the common sailors. They have spared no pains, therefore, to prepare for contest with so formidable a foe, and have fought with the united advantages of discipline and enthusiasm.

An equal excitement is now felt by the British. Galled by our successes, they begin to find that we are an enemy that calls for all their skill and circumspection. They have therefore resorted to precautions and preparations that had been neglected in their navy and which no other modern foe has been able to compel. Thus circumstanced, every future contest must be bloody and precarious. The question of superiority, if such an idle question is still kept up, will in all probability be shifting with the result of different battles, as either side has superior good fortune.

For our part, we conceive that the great purpose of our navy is accomplished. It was not to be expected that with so inconsiderable a force we should make any impression on British power, or materially affect British commerce. We fought, not to take their ships and plunder their wealth, but to pluck some of their laurels wherewith to grace our own brows. In this we have succeeded; and thus the great mischief that our little navy was capable of doing to Great Britain, in showing that her maritime power was vulnerable, has been effected, and is irremediable.

The British may now swarm on our coasts—they may infest our rivers and our bays—they may destroy our ships—they may burn our docks and our ports; they may annihilate every gallant tar that fights beneath our flag—they may wreak every vengeance on our marines that their overwhelming force enables them to accomplish—and after all, what have they effected? redeemed the preeminence of their flag? destroyed the naval power of this country?—no such thing.

They must first obliterate from the tablets of our memories, that deep-urged recollection that we have repeatedly met them with equal force and conquered. In that inspiring idea,

which is beyond the reach of mortal hand, exists the germ of the future navy, future power and future conquest. What is our navy? A handful of frigates; let them be destroyed; our forests can produce hundreds such. Should our docks be laid in ruins, we can rebuild them—should our gallant band of tars be annihilated, thanks to the vigorous population of our country, we can furnish thousands and thousands of such; but so long as exists the moral certainty that we have within us the spirit, the abilities and the means of attaining naval glory, so long the enemy, in wreaking their resentment on our present force, do but bite the stone which has been hurled at them—the hand that hurled it remains unjured.



RURAL ECONOMY.

GREEN COFFEE.

Among the popular errors prevalent in our country, there is probably not one more striking than the general preference which is given to Green Coffee, which will not unfrequently command two to three cents per lb. more than the white grain.

Bryan Edwards, esq. in his admirable history of the West Indies particularly remarks upon this error.—He observes "a rich deep soil, frequently meliorated by showers, will produce luxuriant tree and a great crop; but the beans, which are large, and of a dingy green, prove for many years rank and vapid. It is singular that the North Americans prefer this sort to any other; and as they have hitherto been the best customers at the West Indian markets, the planters, naturally enough have applied their labours to that cultivation which turned to the best account."

The blue dingy green, which, the Americans is the best of good Coffee, is considered by the London dealer as a proof that it has not been sufficiently cured." The best and highest flavored coffee, is unquestionable, the growth of either a warm gravelly mould, a sandy loam, or the dry red hills which are found in almost every Island in the West Indies."

In rich and spongy soils (which produce this dingy green coffee) a tree has been known to produce from 6 to 8 lbs. pulped and dried. In the warm gravelly mould (where the white Coffee is grown) 1-4 lb. from each tree on an average is great yielding, but then the Coffee is infinitely better in point of flavor."

The dingy green Coffee is, until improved by age (when by the use it becomes as white as any other coffee) rank and vapid.—It has a bitter taste, which is almost universally mistaken for strength. White Coffee is much the strongest. Moreover, to correct the bitter taste of Green Coffee, requires at least 1-3d more sugar, than is sufficient to make a cup of the white grain, which is no unimportant consideration in the present scarcity and high price of sugar. Upon this point, any gentleman may satisfy himself by making the following experiment:—Take of the two kinds an equal quantity of roasted ground coffee, put to each an equal quantity of water, and when made add equal quantities of sugar, regulated by the quantity you generally put in a cup—you will then find that while your dish of white Coffee has a mellow, pleasant taste and sufficiently sweet, your cup of Green Coffee tastes bitter, and requires the addition of at least 1-3d more sugar to make it palatable.

It may not be amiss to remark that Mr. Edwards resided many years in the West Indies, that he was a gentleman of very extensive observation; and that the learned and ingenious Dr. Benjamin Mosely concurs with him in opinion as to the propriety of this valuable bean. AN OBSERVER.

From a Maryland paper.

I find the labor of the plough so much lessened, and the soil in so much better a state for pulverising by the cutting the soil, as received, with an instrument called a scarifier, that I think this communication will be useful to your agricultural readers. This instrument is not the scaricator used in England, and described in books on agriculture, but is a very simple cheap thing, calculated to facilitate considerably the breaking up, or the ploughing of soddy land, covered with blue grass, wire grass, or any strong rooted grass, or the ploughing of foul land covered with other brambles, briars, stick weeds, brooms, or small young underwood.

This scaricator is nothing more nor less than a pole—not too heavy—about ten feet long, with a duck bill couler fixed through the middle, at the big or heavy end of the pole just far enough to leave room for a pair of handles to steady it. One horse draws it; and any negro who has common ingenuity, can make it. So great is the advantage of this machine, and so simple its construction, that I am astonished it has not been brought into general use sooner. A plough-beam without the moul-board, does not answer. It is length of beam which keeps it steady.

I am told this utensil is used in the Carolinas, but I never saw or heard of it in any part of Maryland.