

From the Boston Commercial Gazette, June 21.

History of the Frigate Constitution; COMMONLY CALLED OLD-IRONSIDES.

As in the course of a few days the above noble ship will be hauled into the new dry dock which has recently been completed at the Navy Yard, in the presence probably of the President of the United States, and of many other distinguished officers of the Government, as well as of an immense concourse of our fellow citizens, and as every circumstance relative to this favorite ship will now be rendered doubly interesting, we propose to offer a brief history of her splendid and glorious career, part of which is from memory, having been present when she was launched, part from official documents, and part we have gleaned from the old newspapers of the day. She was built at Hart's ship yard, at the north end, situated between the Winnammit ferry ways and the Marine Railway, and was launched under the superintendance of Col. Claghorn, the builder, on Saturday, the 21st of October, 1797, consequently she is now nearly 36 years old. In Russell's Boston Commercial Gazette of the next Monday, we find the following notice:—

"THE LAUNCH.—A magnificent spectacle!—On Saturday last, at 15 minutes past M. the frigate CONSTITUTION was launched into the adjacent element, on which she now rides an elegant and superb specimen of American Naval Architecture, combining the unity of wisdom, strength and beauty. The tide being amply full, she descended into the bosom of the ocean with an ease and dignity, which, while it afforded the most exalted and heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction to the many thousand spectators, was the guarantee of her safety, and the pledge that no occurrence should mar the joyous sensations that every one experienced, and which burst forth in reiterated shouts which "rent the welkin." On a signal being given from on board, her ordance on shore announced to the neighboring country, that the CONSTITUTION WAS SECURE. Too much praise cannot be given to Col. Claghorn, for the coolness and regularity displayed in the whole business of the launch; and the universal congratulations he received, were evidences of the public testimony of his skill, intelligence, and circumspection."

The severe labor that attended her birth, which was only affected at a third trial, was seized upon by the enemies of the navy, who at that time were numerous and powerful, as prophetic of ill-luck! With how little reason, her brilliant career has fully demonstrated. We may safely challenge the annals of naval history to name the ship that has done so much to fill the measure of her country's glory. She sailed on her first cruise on Sunday, the 22d of July, 1798, and in the Commercial Gazette of the next morning we find the following:—

"Yesterday sailed on a cruise for the protection of our commerce, the frigate Constitution, commanded by Capt. Samuel Nicholson. This noble frigate reflects honor on all concerned in her construction;—on the agent for obtaining every material of the best kind for her equipment, and for having the same manufactured in a superior manner;—on the builder for the execution of the hull, in a style demonstrating our capability of building ships of war, at least equal to any of Europe. The Captain is a brave and experienced commander, in whom may be reposed perfect confidence. Her Lieutenants are young men, who have commanded merchant ships with approbation, and of whom fair expectation may be entertained. Her crew are, with very few exceptions, native sons of Massachusetts, many of them connected by the strongest of human ties, wives and children. Upwards of one hundred seamen have given orders in favor of their families, to draw monthly half their pay, the public having made an arrangement for this purpose, evincive of its paternal care and encouragement of our marine. It would seem that nothing is wanting to render this ship and her crew perfect, but that experience, which can only result from actual exercise at sea."

She returned from this cruise about the middle of November. This was during the brief war with the French republic. We notice the appointment of Isaac Hull as her 4th Lieutenant, who, after the lapse of 14 years, was fortunate enough to occupy a higher station on her quarter deck, when the charm of British invincibility was destined to be broken. On the 25th of December of the same year, she again sailed from Boston harbor, on her second cruise, from which she returned a few months after, without having had the good luck to fall in with any of the enemy's national ships. Less fortunate in this respect than the Constellation, under the gallant Truxton, who, about this time, succeeded in capturing the French frigate L'Insurgente, of 40 guns and 417 men. La Vengeance, a large French national ship of 54 guns and 520 men, likewise struck her colors, but was fortunate enough to escape in a squall, and arrived at Curacao 5 days after, a complete wreck.

Shortly after this, our commerce in the Mediterranean having suffered severely from the depredations and insults of the Barbary cruisers; our government determined on chastising them. In May, 1803, Com. Edward Preble was appointed to the command of this favorite ship, and in June he sailed with the squadron destined to act against Tripoli. To all conversant with this scene of war, it is well known the Constitution acted a conspicuous part, in acting the blunt of the battle. After the destruction of the Philadelphia, of 44 guns, she was for a long time the only frigate on the station, and being ably seconded by the gallant Decatur and the smaller vessels, did more in a single year to humble the pride of the Barbary States than all christendom ever did before or since.

In short, such a variety of service, hair breadth escapes, hard knocks, and perilous adventures have never been achieved by any single vessel. Peace having been concluded with Tripoli, she soon after returned home, where she remained unemployed, or nearly so, till the commencement of the late war with Great Britain.—This was on the 18th June, 1812. On the 12th of July she left the Chesapeake for

New York, preparatory to a long cruise, and on the 17th discovered and was chased by a British squadron, consisting of the Africa 64, Shannon and Guerriere 38, Belvidere 36, and Eolous 32, under the command of Com. Broke of the Shannon. During the most critical period of the chase, when the nearest frigate, the Belvidere had already commenced firing, and the Guerriere was training her guns for the same purpose, the possibility of kedging the ship although in nearly 30 fathoms of water, was suggested by Lieutenant, now Com. Morris, and was eagerly adopted with the most brilliant success. The enemy, who had before been gaining, was now almost imperceptibly falling astern, without their being able to conceive of the mysterious manner in which it was effected. A lucky mile or thereabouts had been gained in this way, before the discovery was made, and then it was altogether too late to avail themselves of it, with any probability of success; a propitious breeze springing up at this moment, of which the Constitution felt the first effects, soon increased the distance, and rendered any further exertions in warping and towing unnecessary.

The Shannon had for some hours all her sails completely furled—with 13 boats towing ahead.—The Constitution had 3 boats towing—the remainder being engaged in carrying out kedges, while the crew on board found sufficient employment in warping up to them; and to this most fortunate expedient her miraculous escape to be attributed. She bid a final adieu to her kind friends on the 19th, after a chase of nearly three days and three nights, and arrived safe in Boston on the 26th of July. This has always been considered, and undoubtedly was, one of the most brilliant exploits that occurred during the war. The deep feeling—the intense anxiety that reigned throughout the ship during this long and arduous chase and which were pictured in the countenances of all on board in characters too strong to be mistaken—may be imagined, but cannot be described. Let us suppose for a moment, it had been the destiny of this fine ship to have fallen thus early in the war, into the hands of the enemy—a misfortune as has already been shown which was only escaped as it were by miracle—what a vast difference it would have made at the close of the war, not to speak of the great moral influence of a first victory, in the profit and loss of our naval glory, and although the balance would still have been greatly on our side, yet the sum total would have been very sensibly or nearly one half diminished. In the first place the loss of so fine a frigate at this early period would have been irreparable, and in following up the consequences—three of the most splendid victories of the war, together with the same number of hair breadth escapes from a superior enemy, would now have to be deducted from the aggregate of our glory, making a difference, both ways, of more than 200 guns and almost 1500 men.

After remaining a few days in port she sailed again, and on the 19th August—precisely one month after her escape—was lucky enough to fall in with one of the same frigates cruising alone and with her name emblazoned in large characters in her foretopsail. Nothing daunted at this, however, the Constitution took the liberty of edging down for the purpose of ascertaining the object of such a close pursuit a few weeks before.

As soon as the two ships were within whispering distance, an explanation commenced, which, after a close conference of thirty minutes, ended to the complete satisfaction of Capt. Hull. She proved to be H. B. M. frigate Guerriere, Capt. Dacres, of 49 guns and 302 men, and had been totally dismantled and in other respects rendered such a complete wreck, that getting her into port was altogether out of the question. She was accordingly burned, and the Constitution returned again to Boston, where she arrived on the 30th of August. Never shall we forget the enthusiasm with which she was received.

The news arrived in town during divine service on Sunday morning, and the crowds that flocked to State street to hear the particulars of such a glorious victory, and the shouts that rent the air, fully evinced the deep interest that was felt by every class of the community.

The ship had anchored in President roads about five miles from town, and in the afternoon the harbour was alive with pleasure boats, anxious to take a closer view of Old Ironsides, and to exchange congratulations with her gallant crew. We among hundreds of others sailed round her several times, endeavoring in vain to trace the effects of an engagement with a British frigate of nearly equal force, that had occurred only eleven days before, and in which her antagonist was entirely demolished in the short space of half an hour. We could hardly believe our own eyes—no serious damage whatever was visible; now and then a place or two were pointed out where a splinter had been driven off, but on the whole she appeared in almost as perfect order as when she left the harbour only about three weeks before; indeed it seemed to us like Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego, she had passed the fiery ordeal entirely unscathed. This was indeed a new state of things, and served not a little to increase the hope and confidence of the friends of our gallant navy throughout the Union.

Capt. Hull, being now called upon, if we remember right, to attend to the affairs of a deceased brother—gave up the command of the ship to Captain William Bainbridge, who, with the same crew, shortly after sailed on another cruise to South America—the sloop of war Hornet, Capt. Lawrence, also under his command, from whom however he was soon after separated. On the 29th of December of the same year, while cruising about 10 leagues from the coast of Brazil, she fell in with and after a close engagement of nearly two hours, captured H. B. M. ship Java, of 49 guns, and upwards of 400 men—Captain Lambert being mortally wounded during the engagement. In addition to her full crew, the Java had upwards of one hundred supernumeraries on board—officers and seamen—to join the British ships of war on the East India station. Besides these there were a number of land officers; among the rest Lieut. Gen. Hislop, Major Walker and Captain Wood.

This was one of the best contested battles that was fought during the war—the Java indeed only struck her flag, when every mast, bowsprit and all had, one after another, gone by the board. Com. Bainbridge, in his official account, says, "The great distance from our own coast, and the perfect wreck we made of the enemy's frigate, forbade every idea of attempting to take her to the United States. I had therefore no alternative left but burning her, which I did on the 31st of December, after receiving all the prisoners and their baggage, which was very hard work, only having one boat left out of eight, and not one left on board the Java." After blowing her up, the Constitution returned to Boston, where she arrived on the 18th of February, 1813.

Well do we remember being at the Federal street Theatre, when the news of this victory was announced from the stage by the manager, Mr. Powell; and shortly after, when the gallant Commodore, together with some of his officers appeared in one of the boxes, the whole house resounded for many minutes with the cheering of the audience. The veteran Cooper, then in the prime of life, was in the second act of Macbeth, and although he stood a little behind the scenes, entirely forgetting the gracious Duncan he had murdered, we saw him swing his cap round with as much enthusiasm as any one.

In June, 1813, Capt. Charles Stewart was appointed to her command, and on the 30th of December, she proceeded to sea, notwithstanding Boston was then blockaded by 7 ships of war, and safely run the gauntlet through the whole of them. She returned on the 4th of April, 1814, and was chased into Marblehead by two of the enemy's heavy frigates, La Nymphe and Junon.

About the middle of December 1814, she proceeded on her second cruise under Capt. Stewart, and on the 28th of Feb. off Madeira, fell in with and after a severe action of 40 minutes, succeeded in capturing H. B. M. ships Cyane of 31, and Levant 21 guns, and 3-8 men. A more perfect specimen of nautical skill was probably never witnessed, than was exhibited throughout the whole of this memorable battle. The advantages of a divided force, or as the boys call it, of two upon one, are well known to all, particularly to men of naval science. A raking fire is almost always very sure to be decisive of the fate of a battle: and to have avoided this from either of her opponents, and with a leading breeze too, is indeed miraculous, especially when we recollect that the Constitution succeeded in raking both of her antagonists more than once during the engagement.

After taking possession of her prizes, the three ships made ships for the Cape de verd Islands, and on the 14th of March came to anchor in the harbour of Port Praya in the Island of St. Jago. Two days after this, a squadron of the enemy hove in sight, consisting of the Newcastle and Leander, of 50 guns each, and the Acasta frigate of 40, the whole under the command of Sir George Collier, and in 7 minutes after the discovery was made, the Constitution with her two prizes had cut their cables, and were under way, being at this time only about gun shot to the windward of the enemy. The Levant was recaptured. The Cyane had the good fortune to escape and now forms a part of our Navy. The Constitution continued her cruise, and shortly after returned to Boston, where she was for the third time received with every possible demonstration of joy and exultation. The last news from her had been brought by the Cyane, arrived at New York, when the above squadron was left in chase, and she had heard a heavy cannonading shortly after losing sight of her, so that the most intense anxiety had for some time been entertained for her safety.

Peace had now been proclaimed, and to have lost this noble vessel and her gallant crew at this late hour, and after such a catalogue of glorious services too, would have cast a gloom over the whole country.

No wonder then that her safe arrival, after so many "moving accidents by flood and field," and after having escaped so many perils of "the waters, winds and rocks"—should be greeted with such universal enthusiasm. Capt. Stewart not only received the thanks of Congress, but of almost every State Legislature then in session, and from many quarters some more substantial marks of approbation.

After this, Old Ironsides was taken to the Navy Yard and immediately dismantled,—where she remained unemployed, we believe, with a single exception, till the spring of 1815, when she was again fitted out and sailed under the command of Capt. Daniel T. Patterson, to join the squadron in the Mediterranean. She remained there about three years, after which she returned again to the United States, and as if to add one more to the many instances of good luck that have always attended her—she was so fortunate as to arrive and fire a federal salute in her native city—during the celebration of the 4th of July, 1828, and contributed not a little, as well by her beautiful appearance as by the delightful associations that are ever uppermost in the presence of such a glorious vessel, to heighten the splendor and add a zest to the festivities of the day.

We have now we believe briefly touched upon most of the leading incidents in the eventful history of this favorite ship; doubtless there are many others well worth recording, but which can be only known to those who at the time of their occurrence were on board of her. We have never been able to find any but very unsatisfactory accounts of her operations before Tripoli, and the other Barbary States. A complete and impartial history of the movements of our several squadrons in these seas from 1803 to the present moment, would not only prove extremely interesting, but as a matter of record would be invaluable. We sincerely hope some competent person may be found who is willing to undertake it. About 12 years since the Constitution was hove out and completely examined at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, when her timbers, &c. were found to be in remarkable good order, a fact which, after 25 years wear and tear and hard service, redounds not a little to the credit of the old fashioned mechanics of Boston.

In her actions with the Guerriere and Java she mounted 54 guns, and 62 when engaged

with the Cyane and Levant, her armament being 30 long 24 pounders on the main deck and 24 32 pound canonades on the upper deck. Her loss in the action with the Guerriere was killed and wounded 14; with the Java, 34, and with the Cyane and Levant, 14 more—total 62. The Guerriere's loss, killed, wounded and missing, was 103; the Java's 161; Cyane's 38; Levant's 49—total, 341, or in the proportion of five and a half to one. The prisoners were nearly one thousand.

The dry dock into which Old Ironsides is now about to be taken, as well as the one which has been recently completed at Norfolk, is undoubtedly one of the most splendid specimens of stone masonry to be found in the world.

We have heard it spoken of by intelligent travellers, who have visited most of the naval depots in Great Britain, France and Russia, as by far surpassing any thing of the sort they had ever before witnessed. Indeed no expense has been spared by the government to render these magnificent public works as complete and perfect in every respect as possible. They were planned and have been constructed under the superintending care of Col. Loammi Baldwin, a gentleman who for skill and science, has no superior in the country.

From the Auburn Journal.
PRACTICAL HINTS.

Mr. Editor—I am a poor man; and like many other of my fellow citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, find it sometimes difficult when the year comes round to make the income equal the expenditures. Yet poverty furnishes but a poor excuse for ignorance, and in this country a man if he is poor likes to know a little of something, and if he has an inclination to read can gratify the inclination at a very trifling expense. The plea among labouring men, mechanics and farmers, that they have no time to read, is idle; they have an hour after dinner and the long winter evenings are generally their own, and the man who reads an hour or two every day will be surprised at the amount a year will accomplish. Let the labourer keep away from the grog shop, and all places of foolish gossip and idle amusement, and learn to find pleasure in a useful paper or book at home, and he will soon find he has time enough for improvement. I love to read—"it's a way I've got," of spending my leisure hours which I like well, because I think there is a profit in it; but I dislike to borrow books and papers I desire to read, without an equivalent. Exchange on equal terms is no robbery, but borrowing I hold to be but little better than begging or stealing. Now as I said before, I am a poor man; yet I find necessary for myself one or two good newspapers; an agricultural journal; a review; a magazine; and now and then some valuable works to place on the shelves of my library, and by the exercise of a little extra economy, I find them all within my reach. My troubles in pursuing this course remain to be told. I have half a dozen neighbors, worth ten times more than I can ever expect to be—men who have written on their faces in characters that their improvident neighbours are often compelled to read,—we have cash to lend!—yet who think if they receive a single solitary weekly newspaper, they are on the verge of extravagance.—Such are the men who borrow, and to whom, to speak the truth and shame the devil! I dislike to lend. They have money enough to lend at ten or twelve per cent., but as to buying a book or a Magazine, oh its folly, they cannot afford it. Now this course, or this opinion of theirs, would be nothing to me, did it not furnish them a pretext for appropriating the avails of my labor to themselves without compensation or acknowledgment. These men frequently call upon me for the purpose of seeing the latest papers and publications.—They are produced, and all is admiration. One takes up the Farmer and turns over its pages, "What a capital article on the cultivation of corn!" he at last exclaims, "my men are just about to commence the planting of thirty acres, and I must take it home for their direction." I see him begin deliberately to fold up the sheet and significantly smooth down the edges as it is deposited in his pocket, with a full conviction on my part, that if I should happen to see it again, it would be so raked and defaced as to be illegible, or that the number is irrevocably lost to the volume; yet who could refuse a man a paper which cost only a sixpence!—no matter if the loss of the number spoils the volume; if you refuse to lend, you are mean—but he who borrows, defaces, and destroys, is the pink of honor. Another one takes up your Magazine—"Oh what a charming tale by Mr. B. I must have the No. for Julia, she so much delights in reading them; and what rich engravings,—you know she paints admirably, (all I know is that she daubs like sixty, and calls it painting) and she will make a beautiful copy for our parlour;" and away goes our Magazine.—My review always disappears in the same way;—an article on the Bank, on Nullification, or Nova Zembla, or the lord knows what, always furnishes an excuse for its appropriation; and thus, before I have an opportunity of half examining my publications they are scattered to the four winds, and leaving me the consolation, that if they were to be had, I could go to work and earn them over again, in the time I shall be obliged to spend in looking them up in their dispersion. I sometimes allow myself a little extra indulgence, by the purchase of such a volume as Friend's Offering or the Token and Souvenir; and Mr. Editor, if you ever allowed one your splendid Annual to go into a family of green girls and and hobbledoh boys who examine such engravings which garnished the last piece of bread and butter, had not done dripping, then you may know what I have suffered; and if you have seen this, and did not give vent to some half suppressed maledictions, then you have more patience than Job, or your humble servant. In this dilemma, what shall I do;—shall I refuse to lend, or shall I not?—I am resolved what to do;—hear me and determine if I am right—if A. wishes to read my paper let him become a subscriber to a different one, and I will cheerfully exchange—if B. wishes my Magazine and its engravings for his daughter, let him take one (and there are enough to choose from) and then; if he desires, mine shall

be at his service—so with my review, and annuals, and so with my other books: but it is directly against my creed to give, or take, something for nothing, and I shall never willingly do it. Am I in these resolutions, right, or am I wrong? If you think I am right, give these remarks a place in your Journal; if I hope they will add to your subscription list, by inducing some who now borrow your paper, to subscribe for it themselves; and cease the consciences of others who offend in this way, to smite them, till they cry out like Mober's cock, "as sure as I am a sinner, he means me."
June 1st, 1830. PLOUGHPOINT.

Poor Jack.—It was at Portsmouth-point that the poor child of a dissolute and profligate son imported his unhappy father for some bread, when the abandoned wretch, in a fit of intoxication, it is supposed, spurned him from him with his foot, and he fell into the sea, where he disappeared and was thought to be drowned. The hand of providence was, however, his protection. By clinging to a raft, he floated till he was picked up by a vessel then under weigh. The child could only tell them his name was Jack, but the humanity of the crew led them to take care of him. Poor Jack, as he grew up was promoted to wait on the officers, received instructions easily, was quick and steady, and served in some actions. In the last year he was appointed to the care of the wounded seamen. Jack had previously also formed an acquaintance with some religious sailors, and became truly pious. His notice was therefore naturally attracted to a wounded sailor with a Bible under his pillow, and who approaching his end, presented it to the lad, telling him it was the instrument of his conversion. (One thing, however, weighed heavily on his conscience—he had been guilty of the murder of his child. He then related the circumstance above referred to, and Jack recognized in the dying sailor his own father. It is needless to attempt, as it is impossible to describe, the scene of mutual joy, affection, gratitude to Heaven, which now took place. After the death of his father, Jack returned to land, left the nautical profession, and in the course of a few years became a minister.

This story, of course, drew tears of joy and sympathy from all who heard it when first related, which was at a meeting of the Bible Society, in or near London; and the narrator closed, bowing to the Chair, in these impressive words—"I, Sir, am POOR JACK!"

Saddlery and Harness Warehouse.
THE subscriber has just returned from Philadelphia with a choice and extensive assortment of Goods in his line,
JOHN TEMPLETON.
19th July, 1833.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber intending to remove from the State, has given up his appointment of constable. He is desirous of adjusting all unsettled business in his hands as early as possible, and earnestly requests that those holding his receipts for claims, or any other just demands, will bring them forward without delay. He also requests those indebted to him to call and settle.
WILLIAMS BROWN.
Newbern, July 19, 1833.

Richard B. Berry, TAILOR.
RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and friends, that he still continues to make to order all articles in his line, with neatness and despatch. Orders from his country friends will receive prompt and careful attention.
Newbern, July 19, 1833.

BOARD IN NEW YORK.
Gentel Permanent and Transient
BOARDING,
AT
MRS. LYNDE'S,
No. 15, John street, New York.
A few doors from Broadway, between Fulton st. & Maiden Lane
New York, July 1st, 1833.

NEWBERN PRICES CURRENT

BEE SWAX, lb. 16	18 cents
BUTTER, do. 20	25
CANDLES, do. 12	15
COFFEE, do. 124	13
CORRAGE, cwt. \$15	\$16
COTTON, do.	10 50
COTTON BAGGING—Hemp, per yd	15a 20c
	Flax do. 10 a 15
FLAX, per lb.	10 a 15c
FLOUR, bbl.	\$ 6 50 a 7
	Corn Meal, bushel, 70cents
GRAIN, Corn, bbl.	\$ 2 75 a 3
	Wheat, bushel, \$1
IRON Bar, American, lb.	5 a 5 1/2
	Russia and Swedes, do. 5 a 6
LARD, lb.	9 a 10 cents
LEATHER, Sole, lb.	15 a 25 cents
	Hides do. 10 a 12 cents
LUMBER, Flooring, M.	\$12
	Inch boards, do. 8 a 9
	S. antling, do. 20 a 30
	Square Timber, do. 150 a 2
	Shingles, Cypress, do. 16 a 20
	Staves, W. O. hhd. do. 16 a 20
	Do. R. O. do. 8
	Do. W. O. barrel do. 18 a 22
	Heading, hhd. do. 8 a 10
	Do. barrel, do. 8 a 10
MOLASSES, gallon, 33 cents	
NAILS, Cut, all sizes above 4d.	lb. 61 a 64 cents
	do. 9 cents
	4d and 3d, do. 15 a 20 cents
	Wrought, do. 15 a 20
NAVAL STORES, Tar, bbl.	\$1 40 a 1 50
	Tar, do. \$1 85 a 2 00
	Pitch do. 1 40
	Rosin do. 2
	Spirits Surpentine, gallon, 25 cents
	Varnish, gal. 25 cents
OILS, Sperm, gal.	\$1 a 1 20
	Whale & Porpoise do. 35 a 40 cents
	do. \$1 20 a 1 30
	Linseed, do. 15 a 18 cents
PAINTS, Red Lead, lb.	15 a 18 cents
	White Lead, ground in oil, cwt. \$10 a 12
PEASE, Black eyed, bushel,	75 cents
	Grey eyed, do. 45 a 60
FROVISIONS, Bacon, lb.	7 a 8 cents
	Beef, lb. 3 1/2 a 4 cents
	Pork, mess, bbl. \$13 a 15