

BLOWING UP OF A SHIP OF THE LINE.

We have rarely seen a more graphic sketch, than the following account of the blowing up of a large Turkish ship of the line off Scio, by a Greek fireship under the command of the brave Canaris.

"The Turkish fleet was lying quietly and unsuspectingly at anchor off Scio, on a fine night, in the month of June; the hour was waxing very late; the coffee-shops on board had ceased to give out the chibouques and cups; the Turks were reposing, huddled together like sheep, on the decks; the Captain Pacha had retired to his splendid cabin, his officers had followed his example; no regular watch being ever kept on board a Turkish man-of-war. I, and a few Greek lads, still lingered on the upper deck, and, for want of better amusement, were watching the progress of a dark sail, which we saw emerge from the Spalmar-dor Islands, and bear down the channel in our direction. She came stilly on, approaching us nearer and nearer, and we kept gazing at her, without, however, apprehending any thing until we saw another sail in sight, and perceived that the vessel we had first made out was hauling up in such a manner as would soon bring her right alongside of our lofty three-decker. I then ventured to go below and speak to one of the Turkish officers. This gentleman cursed me for disturbing him, and called me a fool, and after speaking disrespectfully of the mother that bore me, grumbled out that they must be merchant vessels from Smyrna, turned himself on his other side, and fell again to sleep. Still the suspicious ship came on nearer and nearer; I spoke to some of the men, who replied much in the same manner as the officer had done, wondering what I had got into my head, to be running about breaking people's rest at such a time of the night. What more could I do?"

"When I again ascended the quarter deck, the vessel was close astern—within hail. She was a large brig, as black as Satan, but not a soul could I see on board except the man at the helm. Of my own accord, I cried out to them to hold off, or he would be split to pieces against us. No answer was returned, but favored, by a gentle breeze, on came the brig, silent and sombre as the grave. Whilst fixing my eyes intently on these incomprehensible proceedings, I saw the helmsman leave his post, having secured his tiller-haul a port—the next instant I heard a noise like that made by the mowing of oars—then I saw a boat drop astern from under the lee of the brig—and ere I could again draw breath the brig struck violently against our side, to which (by means I could not then conceive) she became at once attached, like a crab, or the many armed polydorus. Before one third of the slumbering Turks were aroused, before a dozen of them had seized their spikes and spars to detach their dangerous neighbor, she exploded! A discharge—a fire—a shock, like the mighty eruption of some vast volcano, rose from her dark, narrow bosom, and quickly she was scattered in minute fragments, high in the placid heavens, wide over the sea, and among our decks and rigging, destroyed herself in the act of destroying, though we could see the hands that had directed and impelled the movements of the dreadful engine pulling fast away in the boat. They might have taken it more coolly, for the Turks had other matters to think of, than pursuing them—our ship was in a blaze—the flames were running like lightning along our rigging, and had seized on so many parts at once, that the confused crew knew not where to direct their attention."

"The Captain Pacha rushed upon deck like a man who had heard the sound of the last trumpet; he did not, however, lose much time in beating his forehead and tearing his beard but proceeded with great firmness of mind to give judicious orders, but the fire was too widely spread, and the concentration of the crew too excessive to admit of any good being done. While he gave commands to intercept the flames that were already playing down the main-topmast, he heard the cry from below, that the lower deck was on fire, and numbers of his men rushed by him and leaped into the sea. It was in vain he ran from place to place, attempting by prayers and threats to establish something like a unity and purpose of action—the fellows had lost their reason in their extreme fear. It was all in vain that he drew forth his splendid purse and scattered its rich contents before them—what was money to a man who felt that, if he lingered for a minute, he should be sent in to the air on the wings of gunpowder! Some of our boats had caught fire; others were lowered, and you will not wonder that these were all swamped or upset by the number that rushed into them.—Meanwhile the fire spread and spread—at each instant it might reach the powder magazine—the guns too, that were all double-shotted or crammed with grape, began to be heated; and as the flames flashed over them, already went off at intervals with tremendous roar. The wild shrieks, curses, and phrenzied action of some of the crew, the speechless despair, and stupid passiveness of others; and the shrill reckless maniac laugh, (for many of them were downright mad) were horrible to witness. People may talk about Mahometan resignation, and the surprising influence of their doctrine of fatalism, but for my part, I saw little result from their boasted unanimity of firm set belief; they seemed to be just affected as other mortals would have been in a similar trying situation, and indeed (with the exception of a few of superior rank among the Turks) the despised Greek lads showed infinitely more firmness and presence of mind than their masters. For the greater part of the latter

leaped into the sea, without reflecting whether they could swim two miles or indeed whether they could swim at all. (among nearly eight hundred Turks) and without calculating the certain havoc to be committed on them in the water by the terrible discharges of the guns. I shall not attempt to vaunt my own courage; I was a worn-out spirit-broken man—I was going to throw myself overboard, when a Greek, a townsman of mine, as brave and clever a lad as ever lived, caught hold of my arm, and drew me aside. What! are you mad, like the stupid Turks?" said he, in an under tone of voice; if you leap into the water now, you will be either drowned in the dying grasp of some heavy Osmanli, or have your brains knocked out by the cannon shot—the ship may not blow up yet awhile; and do you not see, that now as the cables are cut, and the wind is towards shore, we are every moment drifting nearer to the island? Come along Yorghli!"

"I followed my adviser to the bow of the ship where I saw a number of Greeks, hanging on the bowsprit and on the rigging outside of the bows. We took our station with them, awaiting in almost breathless silence the moment when the powder magazine should explode. I should tell you, though, that before I left the deck I saw the Captain Pacha make an attempt to leave the ship, in a boat that had sustained very little injury. His attendants succeeded in embarking his treasures and valuables, and he was descending the ship's side, when a number of frantic Turks leaped into the boat, and down she went, mahmoudiers* golden coffee-cups, amber pipes, shawls, Turks and all! It has been generally said that the Captain Pacha was killed in the boat by the fall of part of the ship's masts; but this, I can assure you, is not correct—he was blown up with the ship. As I was getting over the bows, I saw him through the smoke and flames, standing with his back against the bulwark, his hands crossed on his breast, and his head raised towards the heavens, which looked pitilessly and on fire; and one of my companions afterwards assured me he saw him in the position the very moment before the final explosion."

"Of the explosion itself I can say little, but that it was indeed tremendous—I remember nothing but a dreadful roar, an astounding shock, a burst of flames that seemed to threaten the conflagration of the globe, and a rain of fiery matter that fell thick, and hissed in the troubled sea like ten thousand serpents. The shock threw us nearly all over from the bows; some though not many, were killed by the falling timbers, the rest swam off for shore from which we were still distant more than a mile. My limbs had no longer the strength & activity that in former times enabled me to swim from Stanchio to Calymna; but with the assistance of a floating fragment, I did very well, and was among the foremost of the Greeks who reached the light house, that stands on Scio's ancient and ruined mole. On looking back to the wreck, the fore-part of the ship appeared still afloat, and the foremast erect, but they soon parted, and the next day nothing was seen of the immense ship, but minute and innumerable fragments scattered on the water and on the shore of the island. Of about nine hundred persons in all, who were on board, only eighty three escaped, and among these, as far as I could ascertain, there was not one Turk! Many unfortunate Greek prisoners or slaves perished with the ship, and among them, three young Sciote children."

*Mahmoudier, a coin, value 55 piastres.

DOMESTIC.

As Mr. EVERETT passed through the State of Ohio, lately, on his return homeward from a tour to the West, he was detained, by the kindness of the People at the Yellow Springs, to a Public Dinner at that place. On which occasion, he returned thanks in an address which is well worthy of publication entire; but we content ourselves with extracting from it the following passage.

"It has been frequently remarked, that our beloved Country is set up by Providence as a great exemplar to the world, from which the most enlightened and best governed of the ancient nations have much to learn. When we think how recently our continent itself was discovered, that, almost ever since, it has been subjected to foreign rule, and left unshielded to receive every impression that could be fixed on it by foreign ascendancy, we must feel that it is extraordinary that we have been able to constitute ourselves an acknowledged subject of envy and imitation to the oldest communities on earth. But when we of the old States turn our attention to the spectacle beneath our eyes at home, we are astonished to find that our comparatively ancient Commonwealths, monitors as we deemed them in the great school of improvements, are obliged to come, in our turn, and take a most important lesson from you. In your great works of Internal Improvement—in the two Canals, one of which you have completed, and the other of which you are pushing to its completion—at large public expense, and under circumstances requiring no ordinary measure of legislative courage, you are setting an example to the oldest States of the Confederacy. Forty years since, and the only white population connected with Ohio was on its way, in a single wagon, from Massachusetts to this place. You have now a system of artificial navigation of nearly four hundred miles rapidly advancing to its completion; while the

Massachusetts Rail Road is still locked up in the port folio of the Commissioners who have surveyed the route. It is, however, one of the happy effects of our separation into different States, that it gives scope for a generous emulation in objects of public utility. It is hardly to be believed that the ancient settlements on the coast will consent to be long behind the younger States of the West in the march of improvements—or fearful, with their abundant capital, to commence those great public enterprises, which have not been found beyond the reach of your infant resources. Happy the region where such are the objects of competition between neighboring States!

"Permit me, in conclusion, gentlemen, to revert to the idea with which I commenced. The astonishing, the marvellous progress of the West. The settlement of Ohio and the other Northwestern States may be considered as dating from the Ordinance of 1787. The individual who drew that ever-memorable statute is still living, a respected citizen and eminent jurist of Massachusetts, the Hon. Nathan Dane. Of those, also, who first emigrated to this region, and encountered the hardships of the wilderness and the perils of the savage foe, all have not passed away. What events have been crowded into the lives of such men! It is only when we consider what they found the country, and what they handed it to this generation, that we learn the efficacy of public and private virtue—of wise counsel—of simple manners—a firm purpose—and an inborn love of liberty!"

INTEMPERANCE.

Extract from an address pronounced before the Medical Graduates of the University of Maryland, April 6, 1829, by Nathan K. Smith, M. D. Professor of Surgery and Dean of the Faculty.

How few there are who realize that while the sword is sleeping in its scabbard, while plenty smiles upon our land, and pestilence withholds its arrows, there is still abroad among us a destroying demon "more fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea." It is ascertained that more than thirty thousand lives are, in our own country alone, annually destroyed by his suicidal excess. The poisoned chalice is filled at the expense of more than three times the revenue of the nation. What waste of treasures is here, without even the poor recompense of ease and pleasure! What destruction of human life without one wreath of that mistaken honor for which it is bartered in the field of blood! Of use do I say? This obscene idol demands the immolation of the soul, and in her horrid orgies tramples upon all which is great, or good, or godlike in our nature. Well then may war, pestilence, and famine, drop for an instant their weapons of destruction, and look on, with astonishment and envious admiration, to behold their own havoc so far outdone.

Who better than a physician can appreciate the magnitude of this wide spread evil? And who can accomplish more in arresting its career, than he who goes forth as the sworn enemy of disease and vice, and whose allies are temperance and virtue?

Such, then, gentlemen, being the character of your profession, and such the noble objects of your ambition, let me entreat that your exertions may correspond. If you are enlightened by science, if you are stimulated by a virtuous ambition, and if you discharge your duty with the alacrity of benevolence, fear not that your efforts will be otherwise than happy.

The following, from the Providence Journal, will, in its essentials, apply to other meridians than that of Rhode Island.

"Our citizens are startled at the pressure of the times, if not without cause, at least beyond all reason. The failures which have recently taken place have so shaken the confidence of the community, that credit has become more scarce than cash itself. The storm which has been for some time gathering, has at length burst upon us, and we confidently hope the severest part of it has passed over.—The manufacturing interests of this town will not be materially injured by the effects of the times.—The 'hard times' are purifiers, to restore to us a better and a more wholesome business.—It is probable that for some time to come, the profits of business must be small, traders and manufacturers must make up their minds to endure such a state of things, and shape their course accordingly. They should commence immediately in their business and living, not theoretically, but practically, a rigid and judicious system of economy. Without this no business can prosper. It is easy to talk and write in favor of economy; the practice of it is sometimes extremely difficult; yet to it we must come at last.

When business was prosperous, profits large, and money plenty, the community was liberal, and men were willing to indulge themselves and their families in extravagancies not suited to the temper and spirit of these times. But the times are changed, and our habits must change in conformity to them. Our regimen must be reduced.—Where shall we begin? It would be easy for us to tell our neighbors where to commence the work of retrenchment. Their extravagancies are apparent, while our own are effectually concealed. We must, however, commence with ourselves, our own families, in our business; we must lop off every unnecessary expense, and, at every sacrifice, live within our means. There are necessary and unnecessary expenses; the former we must regulate, the latter abolish.

Female fashions, in a great measure, belong to the latter class. According to the fashion, nothing Cis-Atlantic is fit to be worn. Our fabrics, are absolutely excluded from the market, to make room for foreign silks, satins, laces and gewgaws, which are only calculated to flatter the vanity of beauty. The fashions also require a superabundant use of these articles. They are used with a profusion that would indicate their cost to be trifling.—A Parisian dress contains at least, silk enough for three ordinary dresses. When it is considered that those dresses are made of foreign materials, which we have to pay for in gold and silver, at great prices; and all should protest against such ridiculous fashions, and make it fashionable by our precept and practice to dress in our calicoes, and thereby encourage our own manufactures. The cost we are annually put to for foreign articles of female attire, is almost incredible, & may be considered one of the principal causes of the distress in the money market. We should enter into an agreement to abolish the use of such articles, until they can be manufactured at home.—The manufacturer could not possibly have a better tariff for his protection than such an agreement, if faithfully complied with.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Philadelphia, July 15.

The Friends of the rights of Conscience, rejoicing "on account of the Triumph of Free Principles, which has recently been achieved by the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics of the British Islands," yesterday assembled in the State-House in this city, to partake of a public dinner.—Tables were laid the whole length of the State House, and a third was spread in the S. W. room; they were all well filled.—The company was probably from 300 to 350. The dinner was provided by Mr. Gilbert. The unexpected influx of company prevented the possibility of having the dinner as abundant, and in as great variety, as Mr. Gilbert had anticipated.

Matthew Carey, Esq. was President, and on his right hand sat the Mayor of the city; the Hon. Edward King, Col. John Thompson, John Maitland, Esq. & others, acted as Vice-Presidents. Mr. Dennison read, with feeling and correctness, a Poem written for the occasion by Dr. James M'Henry. A song, composed also by Dr. M'Henry, was sung with great spirit, power and effect, by Mr. Rykman, and was much applauded. A song written for the occasion and sung by Mr. Worrell, was flatteringly received.—The meeting was addressed by Mr. Binns and Mr. Rice.—The most animating and gratifying feelings appeared to pervade the whole assembly, and it was very numerous.

At the head of the room was an appropriate painting, including figures of the Genius of Ireland, George IV. the Duke of Wellington, & Mr. O'Connell, with scrolls &c. At the foot of the room, over the orchestra, were two Harps. The Hall was tastefully decorated with military State flags, and the colors of the several volunteer companies, some of which were very beautiful.—*Press.*

THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Greenbush, July 4th, 1829, by James G. Brooks, Esq. of the New-York Courier and Enquirer.

"But it is not ours to look forward thro' dark and shadowy futurity, to see the fabric of American liberty tossing on the waters of desolation! Let us not prophesy the gloom nor foretell the tempest.—Come they must—and dismay, and peril, and destruction, must come with them. It is an idle dream to attribute immutability and eternity to the institutions of man—Wisdom may foresee—genius may direct—and valor may uphold—but sooner or later the voice of destiny goes forth, and they fall to ashes at its awful sound. Let us enjoy the present, and hope for our posterity that the gray twilight which cometh from afar, may be slow in its approach to this land of freedom.

Look around, fellow citizens, and behold your present blessings! Behold your immense dominions, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Behold the fertility of your soil, the power of your arms, the increase of your population; the peace, the happiness, the prosperity, which sparkle like sunlight over our land. Compare the situation of your country now with what it was fifty years ago, when its fields were wasted by war—its women fading with famine, and its sons with no reliance but in God and their own just cause, waging an uncertain contest with the mightiest nation in Europe.—Look on the picture, and exult—for never had any people higher cause for exultation.


This is a bright view—but there is a dark one to be exhibited, at which honor turns pale and humanity shudders. To whom are you indebted for your freedom, and its concomitant blessings?—Where are your fathers—the founders of your nation—the self-devoted, the bold the resolute, and the high-hearted?—What honors have been rendered to their matchless worth? The gratitude of Republics! the faith of Republics! the honor of Republics! Alas—alas—are they indeed but shadows? or has the tardy justice so lately wrung from your unwilling Representatives redeemed the character of the nation, and buried the past in oblivion? Year after year the grey-headed fathers of the Revolution, trembling with age, pale with penury, and broken in heart, appealed to your Congress, not for charity, but for the payment of their claims. They trusted their country in her poverty—they sought not payment until she was rich and prosperous. After long years of delay, provision was made for settling their claims, coupled, how-

ever, with conditions so insulting that their hearts swelled with indignant sorrow as they complied. Yes—the soldier of the Revolution was obliged to appear in open Court, and in the presence of the gaping throng, to swear that he was a pauper, in danger of becoming the tenant of a poor-house, before he could receive the paltry pittance allotted to him by his country! And he remembered that this in payment of an equitable claim—never man held against man.

Can you wonder that some of them rejected with scorn the charity thus so fully offered? It is about ten years since I saw one of these aged warriors, who had been a Colonel in your army, apply to the Judge of a County Court for the pension allowed him by Congress. He was told that he must go into Court and swear that he was a pauper, before he could receive it. Never shall I forget the flashing of that old man's eye—the angry extension of his arm—the deep swelling of his bosom. "Never!" he exclaimed in a tone as firm as that which once led his followers to victory, "never will I proclaim and record my poverty. I reject the pension!" That was the spirit which grappled with the lion of England—that was the arm which hurled down the banner of King George—that was the eye which never slept until the last vessel of our battle-foe was lost in the convexity of the ocean, and the earth of America was unpopulated by a hostile foot. In one month that old man was a corpse—he died of a broken heart!

Shall I cite other instances? Shall I take you to the prison house of Robert Morris—the gaol of the gallant Brien—cold and desolate hut of St. Clair? Can St. Clair & Morris leap from their graves to enjoy the long-withheld and late-y imparted justice of their country? Go—open their sepulchres, and shower gold into their coffins, and call upon them to awake and learn that Republics are grateful—and your answer will be the still, the awful silence of death! Your gratitude comes too late!"

J. C. STEDMAN




Has lately received a considerable accession to his Stock of Goods. He now offers for sale, on reasonable terms, the following Articles: Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches; English and French ditto; Repeating & Alarm ditto; fine Gold Watch Chains, Seals and Keys; Ear-rings, Finger-rings and Breastpins, a general assortment; fine Gold Cable Neck Chains; Coral, Amber, Cornelian, Steel, Gilt, Wax and Fancy Beads; Gold, Silver, Pearl and Shell Sleeve Buttons; fine cut Smelling Bottles; Otto of Roses, Cologne Water; Pen and Pocket Knives; Pocket Combs; *Hennings's* best Needles, sharps and betweens; Steel Watch Chains, Seals, Keys, Buckles, Clasps; Key Rings and Buttons; Percussion Pistols, Percussion Caps; Dirks; Swords; Belts and Epaulements; Walking Canes assorted, neck and ivory heads, with and without Swords; Cham Dog Collars; Razors; Pocket Books; Guard Chains; Musical Boxes; Plated Castors from \$1 50 to \$35; Plated Candlesticks from \$1 25 to \$20; Plated Snuffers and Trays; Plated and Britannia Tea and Table Spoons and Soup Ladles; Britannia Tea Pots; Dice; Chessmen; Draftsmen; Pearl, Metal and Ivory Counters; Ivory and Brass Desk Seals; Spectacles and Goggles; Silver Thimbles; a general assortment of Silver Plate, consisting of Soup Ladles; Table, Desert and Tea Spoons; Salt and Mustard Spoons and Sugar Tongs—with a variety of other Articles in his line.

WATCHES & CLOCKS carefully repaired, and warranted to keep time. All kinds of Jewellery repaired, at the shortest notice.

J. C. S. returns his thanks to his friends for the patronage he has received, and hopes to continue to receive a portion of their favors and that of the public generally, which it will be his study to merit, by a continued observance of the duties of his profession.

Raleigh, July, 1829. 90 St.

Raleigh and Newbern Stages.



THE PROPRIETOR of the above Line, having lately procured new and commodious Stages, and added several first rate Horses, with steady and accommodating Drivers, and having also obtained the best stands for the comfort and convenience of Passengers, hopes to be enabled to give entire satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

The rates of Stage Fare are as usual—viz: from Raleigh to Newbern and from Newbern to Raleigh, seven dollars, and for any less distance six cents per mile. Passengers travelling thro', will please pay their stage fare at my house, four miles from Raleigh; Way Passengers (who may not pass my house,) will set with the Drivers in advance. Applications for seats may be made to Mrs. Ann Dillard, sign of the Cross Keys, in Raleigh, and at Mr. Joseph Bell's, or to Mr. Stage Driver in Newbern. This Line of Stages leaves Raleigh every Tuesday, at 10 A. M. and Fridays at 2 P. M., and arrives in Newbern on Thursdays and Sundays, at 2 P. M. Leaves Newbern every Wednesday and Saturday at 8 A. M. and arrives in Raleigh the following Fridays and Mondays at 10 in the morning. Believing the present to be preferable to any previous arrangement, and that it will, better than any other that can be adopted, contribute to the convenience of Travellers, the Proprietor will use his endeavors to give it permanency, by preserving the Line in its present improved condition.

MERRITT BILLIARD, Proprietor.
June 27th, 1829. 90 St.

State of North-Carolina, Mecklenburg County.

Superior Court of Law—May Term, 1829.
Marion Tanner,)
vs.) Petition for Divorce.
John Tanner.)

ORDERED by court, that publication be made for three months successively, in the Raleigh Register, and Western Carolinian, that the defendant be and appear at our next Superior Court of Law to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the Court House in Charlotte, on the 6th Monday after the 4th Monday in September next, and plead or answer to the plaintiff's petition, or the same will be heard ex parte.

Witness, Samuel Henderson, Clerk of our said court, at Office, the 7th Monday after the 4th in March 1829.

SAMUEL HENDERSON, C. S. C.