

Albionian

Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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Fearless and Faithful.
Labor fearless, labor faithful
Labor while the day shall last,
For the shadows of the evening
Soon the sky will overcast;
Ere shall end the day of labor,
Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun;
Strive with every power within thee,
That the appointed task be done.

Life is not the trackless shadow,
Nor the wave upon the beach,
Though our days are brief, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.
Life is real, life is earnest,
Full of labor, full of thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living vigor fraught.

Fearless wage life's earnest conflict,
Faithful to thy highest trust,
If thou'lt have a memory cherished,
And a path bright as the just.
Labor fearless, labor faithful,
Labor until set of sun,
And the welcome shall await thee,
Promised plaudit of "Well done!"

a handsome dress pattern with the invitation.'

"Perhaps we had better do so," was Mrs. Sunderland's approving remark, and the thing was done as I had suggested.

The pruning down of the invitation list was no easy matter, and it was not without many fears of giving offence that my wife at last fixed upon the precise number of persons who were to honor us with their company.

The exact character of the entertainment was next to be considered, and an estimate cost made. Several ladies, *au fait* in such matters, were consulted; and their opinions compared, digested and adopted or rejected as they agreed with, or differed from what we thought right.

"It will cost at least a hundred dollars," said Mrs. Sunderland after we had come to some understanding as to what we would have. The sum seemed large in her mind.

"If we get off with two hundred we may be thankful," I replied.

"Oh no. It can't go above a hundred dollars."

"We shall see."

"If I thought it would cost so much, I would—"

"There is no retreat now Mrs. Sunderland. We have taken the step initiative, and have nothing to do but go through with the matter as best we can. My word for it we shall not be very eager to give another party."

This threw a damper on my wife's feelings that I was sorry to perceive, for now that the party must be given, I wanted to see it done in as good a spirit as possible. From that time therefore, I was careful not to say anything likely to awaken a doubt as to the satisfactory result of the coming entertainment.

The evening came in due time, and we had all things ready. I must own that I felt a little excited, for the giving of a fashionable party was something new in the history of my life, and I did not feel altogether at home in the matter. Unaccustomed to the entertainment of company, especially where ceremony and the observance of a certain etiquette were involved, my poor wife found it impossible to retain a cheerful exterior; and my nieces looked as if almost any other place in the world would have been a paradise in comparison.

We had rather a dull time after the withdrawal of Mrs. L. For a while the spirits of the company rallied, under the effects of wine and a good supper, but they soon flagged again, and a sober cast of thought settled upon almost every countenance.

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The next time we give party—

"We won't," said I, taking the words out of my wife's mouth. She was recovering from her state of mortification and beginning to feel indignant.

"You've said it exactly," responded Mrs. Sunderland. "I call this throwing away a couple of hundred dollars in a very bad cause."

"So it strikes me. When fifty or sixty people eat an elegant supper and drink costly wine at my expense again, they will behave themselves better than some of our high bred ladies did to-night." As for Mrs. L. Fanny and Ellen are worth a hundred of her. It's my opinion if she knew everything she would curtail her dignity a little. If I'm not mistaken her husband will go to the wall before a twelve-month passes."

On the next day we settled all accounts with confectioner, wine merchant, china dealers and waiters. The bills were over a hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of a hundred dollars paid, as before intimated, for parlor ornaments to grace the occasion.

"So much paid for worldly wisdom," said I; after all was over, "I don't think we need to give another party."

Mrs. Sunderland sighed and shook her head.—Poor soul! Her kind and generous nature was hurt. She had looked upon a new phrase of character, and the discovery had wounded her deeply.

A few months after this unfortunate party, from which so little pleasure and so much pain had sprung, I said to my wife on coming home one day—

"It's as I expected. Pride must have a fall."

"What's all this about?" said I to myself. And I kept my eyes upon the ladies as intently as they did upon Ellen and Fanny.

Presently I saw one of them toss her head with an air of dignified contempt, and rising up made her way across the room to where her husband stood. She spoke to him in evident excitement, and directed his attention to my nieces. The sight of them did not seem to produce any unpleasant effect upon him; for he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and answered in a few words that I could see were indifferent. But his wife was in earnest; and placing her arm within his drew him towards the door. He remonstrated, but she was not in a humor to listen to anything, and with surprise I saw them retire from the parlors. My first impulse was to follow them, but the truth flashing across my mind, I felt indignant at such conduct, and resolved to let them do as they pleased. In a little while the offended lady boneted and cloaked and boned, came sweeping past the parlor doors, with her husband in her train, attracting the attention of a third part of the company. A moment and she had passed into the street.

"Who is that? What is the matter?" went whispering about the rooms.

"It is Mrs. L.—"

"Mrs. L.—Is she sick?"

"Why has she gone?"

"But no one seemed at first to know,

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1849.

DEFENCE OF THE PRIVATEER.

THE BOLDEST FIGHT ON RECORD.

The annals of modern warfare do not furnish the recital of a more gallant action than that fought at Fayal, Western Islands, in 1814, between a British gun brig and the boats of a British squadron on the one side, and on the other the little private armed American brig General Armstrong, of seven guns and ninety men, commanded by Capt. Samuel C. Reid, out of the port of New York.

The terrible engagement of Paul Jones with a British cruiser, is scarcely a parallel to it, and few naval battles, even by large fleets, exhibit so great a slaughter. A British resident of Fayal, who was witness to the action, in a letter to the celebrated Cobbett, under date of October 15, 1814, thus describes the bold defence and noble conduct of the daring American privateers-

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The American private brig Gen. Armstrong, of seven guns and ninety men, entered here on the 26th ult., about noon, 16 days from that place, for the purpose of obtaining water. The captain, seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours, his majesty's brig Carnation came in and anchored near her.

About six his majesty's ship Plantagenet of 74 guns, and the Rota frigate came in and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that his majesty's officers were too well acquainted with the respect due a neutral port to molest her. But to the great surprise of every one, about nine in the evening, four boats were despatched, armed and manned, from his majesty's ships, for the purpose of cutting her out. It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and calm, we could see every movement made. The boat approached with rapidity towards her, when it appears, the captain of the privateer hailed them and told them to keep of several times. They notwithstanding pushed on, and were in the act of boarding before any defense was made from the privateer. A warm contest ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed with great loss.

The American now calculating on a very superior force being sent; cut his cables and rowed the privateer close in along side of the fort, within half cables length, where he moored her, head and stern, with four lines.

The governor now sent a remonstrance to Capt. Lloyd, of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings, and trusted that the privateer would not be further molested; she being in the dominions of Portugal, and under the guns of the castle, was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was, that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal, and should any protection be given her by the fort, he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about the walls, expecting a renewal of the attack. At about midnight, fourteen launches were discovered to be "coming in rotation for the purpose."

When they got within clear gunshot, a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned the fire; but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge, it was almost impossible for the boats to make any progress. They finally succeeded, after immense loss, in getting along side of her, and attempted to board at every quarter, cheered by the officers with a shout of "No quarters!" which we could distinctly hear, as well as their shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk, and but one poor solitary officer escaped death, in a boat that contained fifty souls; he was wounded. The Americans fought with great firmness; some of the boats were left without a single man to row them others with three or four; the most that any one returned with was about ten; several boats floated on shore full of dead bodies.

With great reluctance I state that they were manned with picked men, and commanded by the first, second, third, and fourth lieutenants of the Plantagenet; first, second, third, and fourth do. of the frigate; and the first officers of the brig, together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeded four hundred men; but three officers escaped, two of whom are wounded. This bloody and unfortunate contest lasted about forty minutes.

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning when the Carnation hauled alongside and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a most gallant defense. These veterans reminded me of Lawrence's dying words of the Chesapeake. "Don't

give up the ship!" The Carnation lost one of her topmasts, and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging, and received several shots in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair, and to cease her firing.

The Americans now finding their principal gun (Long Tom) and several other dismounted, deemed it folly, to think of saving her against so superior a force; they therefore cut away her masts to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out their small arms, clothing, &c., and went on shore. I discovered only shot holes in the hull of the privateer, though much cut up in the rigging.

Two boat crews were afterwards despatched from our vessels, which went on board, took out some provisions, and set her on fire.

For three days after we were employed in burying the dead that washed on shore in the surf. The number of British killed exceeds 120, and 50 wounded. The enemy, (the Americans) to the surprise of mankind, lost only two killed and seven wounded. We may well say "God deliver us from our enemies," if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer, Capt. Lloyd made a demand of the governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners—which was refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore, and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired with their arms to an old Gothic Convent, knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The captain, however, thought better than to send his men. He then demanded two men, which he said deserted from his vessel when in America. The governor sent for his men, but found none of the description given.

Many houses received much injury, on shore, from the guns of the Carnation. A woman sitting in the fourth story of her house had her thigh shot off; and a boy had his arm broken. The American Consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese government for a hundred thousand dollars, for the privateer; which our Consul, Mr. Parkin, thinks, in justice, will be paid, and that they will claim on England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayley, and other English Gentlemen, disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessels on this occasion. The vessel (a ship-of-war) that was despatched to England with the wounded, was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being a witness to this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred.

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poetry; spoke no dialect fit that of love; never preached or wandered; made melody with their hearts, alone; and sent forth no books but living volumes that honored their authors and blessed the world."

An Excuse for Smok.

In the reign of James I of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of school acquire the habit of smoking, at indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the victim from their master; till one luckless evening when the impudent were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapor of their own creation, it burst holes in the master's awful dignity before them.

"How now?" quoth the domine to the first lad; "How dare you be smoking tobacco-co?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I'm subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth;" another choleric; the third, a cough; in short, the all had something.

"Now sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up to his master's face, said, in a whining hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns!"

The Verdant Groomsmen.

On no occasion, sa's the Springfield Republican, do the people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following actually occurred in a neighboring town.

In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed that interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock, two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hand to implore the blessing of heaven on the union.

At this point the groomsman, seeing the open hands reached out, supposed that it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweaty half dollars upon his open palms. The good man hesitated a moment, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation, but at last, coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions.

William Pitt.

Pitt was tall and thin, with a gloomy, sneering expression. His language was cold, his intonation monotonous, his gestures passionless; yet the lucidness and fluency of his ideas, and his logical reasoning illuminated by sudden flashes of eloquence, made his abilities something extraordinary. I saw Pitt pretty often, as he walked across St. James' Park, from his house, on his way to the king. George III. on his side, had perhaps just arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer from a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighborhood; he crossed the ugly court yard of his ugly palace in a dark carriage, followed by a few horse guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants are masters of India.

Pitt, in a black coat, and brass hilted sword, with his hat under his arm, went up stairs, two or three steps at a time; on his way he only saw a few idle emigres, and glancing disdainfully at us, passed on with a pale face and a head thrown back.

—This great financier maintained no order in his own house; he had no regular hours for his meals or his sleep. Plunged in debt, he had paid nothing, and could not make up his mind to add up a bill. A valet managed his household affairs. Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without passion, eager for power alone, he despised honors, and would be nothing but William Pitt.—Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country house in the month of June, 1823; and on his way thither pointed out to me the small house where died in poverty the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who brought all Europe into his pay, and distributed with his own hands all the millions of the earth.—*Memoirs of Chateaubriand*.

—Who is that fellow bowing right and left, and introducing Mr. Clay to the crowd? asked a gentleman of a friend at one of the levees of the giant of the West, held in the St. Charles, New Orleans. "I do not know his name," was the response, "but he is evidently Mr. Clay's right bower."—*Cincinnati Dispatch*.

The most beautiful sight in nature, Dobbs says, was a woman he met yesterday. Grace was in her steps, Heaven in her eyes, and in her arms a baby. A rosebush with a bud clinging to it, was nothing to the heavenly loveliness.