

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

"HERE LET THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBOUGHT BY GAIN."

VOLUME 2—NEW SERIES.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1862.

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Poetical.

The Picket Guard.

A lonely spot. Dark forests dense,
For weary miles outstretched around;
And far the lonely path from hence
That echoes back the wagon's sound.

How monarch-like, leaf-crowned their forms,
Uplift those noble pine and oak—
They know a hundred winter's storms,
But not the axman's ringing stroke.

A dreary night, nor moon nor star,
Scarcely yield one ray to cheer the gloom;
Away from camp and comrades far,
The picket where may be his tomb!

The boughs overhead low bending grow,
The moss beneath is old and green;
Amid bushes crouching low
He peers, death-still from forth between.

His rifle rests upon his knee,
And on the stock two firm hands press;
Ah! well he knows how cheerily
It heeds his finger's quick caress.

Three weary hours—or more—are gone:
The midnight mist is drawing nigh;
The brooklet at his feet runs on,
He hears its murmuring melody.

A soothing sound! He thinks of home,
Of loved ones, left at duty's call;
And frowning round him there they come,
The same old faces, forms and all.

The gray-haired sire leans on his staff,
The matron lives with God in Heaven—
He hears his brother's ringing laugh,
His sister's loving counsel given.

But there is yet another still,
A girlish form of simple grace;
How beats his heart, his pulses thrill,
Still gazing on that trusting face.

Not long—a near, quick startling crash,
And home, and friends, and all are lost,
As, where he looked for foe's flash,
The prowling beast steals past his post.

The night wears on—a full hour more
Creeps drearily and slow away;
He knows to-night the storm King dread
No common revelry will keep.

Long-echoed through those forest aisles,
The snuffing wolf's his warning cry,
The answering cry from distant hills,
The stealthy panther's haunt betrays.

The flitting night bird's shrill scream,
Defiant of the gathering blast,
With hollow roar and fitful gleam,
The storm around him bursts at last.

A fearful sound! The night is black,
The torrent pours, the tree tops reel,
And, as it were dark day's wreck,
Red lightning's flash and thunder's peal.

The quivering leaves their shivers still,
The swollen stream sweeps madly on,
The north wind low is humming chill
To him that weary waits the dawn.

It comes at last—Oh beam of hope!
Thank God, that deth the day restore;
The sun mounts up the eastern slope,
And, comrades, camp is gained once more.

Only Waiting.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam has flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gay.

Only waiting till the rosy
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, rapidly, gather quickly
For the last ripe harvest of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear the footstep,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear—
And the soldier leaped upon his sword
And brushed away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
A girl was on her knees,
She held a snowy scarf
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear—
But he passed to bless her as she knelt,
And wipe away a tear.

He turned and left the spot;
O, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go, watch the foremost rank,
In danger's dark career—
Be sure the last and most during there
Has wiped away a tear.

The Stone Fleet at Charleston— The Harbor Effectually Closed.

Correspondence of the New York Times.
STEAMSHIP CAHAWA, OFF CHARLESTON,
Dec. 21st, 1861.

The main channel of approach to Charleston harbor has been destroyed. Sixteen stone-filled hulks, placed checker-wise across the passage, in the deepest water just at the inner and outer edge of the bar, are the mediums through which the righteous retribution has been measured out.

The vessels which have been sunk left Port Royal last Tuesday, under the direction of fleet Captain Charles H. Davis, of the Wabash. They were nearly all condemned whalers—some of them sixty and seventy years of age—the queerest, quaintest specimens of ship-building afloat.

On Thursday morning, the light-house, which had loomed vastly through the haze the evening before, was not to be seen; but a look through our glasses showed us its ruins on the ground. The fact explained a loud explosion which had been heard in shore soon after dark.

Supposing that our whalers were first class frigates come to bombard the city, the rebels had blown the light-house up, that the bearings of the channel might be lost. The trick hurt nobody except themselves, but after all, light houses henceforth will be useless establishments at Charleston.

At 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the channel had been buoyed, and the old Tenedos was soon afterwards towed to her final moorings. The position chosen for her was at the northeastern edge of the passage, and she was grounded where there is eighteen feet of water at high tide. Probably she is anchored as firmly as her island namesake of the Egean Sea. The Leonidas was next sunk, in the same depth of water, an eighth of a mile from the other. These two vessels formed the right and left flanks of the barricading column, and the remaining fourteen settled comfortably down between them.

The wrecks are not ranged in a straight line across the channel. That arrangement might prove an effective blockade for a time, but not permanently. The theory of Capt. Davis was that the inland waters about Charleston must have a channel to the sea, and if the usual ones were artificially closed, another would naturally form. His scientific mind devised another plan. The hulks are placed in three lines, checker-wise. This arrangement not only does not prevent the passage of the water, but forms a series of shoals, around which the tide will whirl and eddy, making an intricate labyrinth which no vessel could navigate.

From Fortress Monroe.

We make the following extract from a letter to the Lafayette Courier, dated Camp Hamilton, Va., Dec. 29, 1861:

This Sunday morning, about 6 o'clock, as the Newport News boat was on her way to the fort with a schooner in tow, and about half way between the two places, she observed a gunboat; taking it for one of ours, and paying little or no attention to her, until, to the surprise of all hands, there came a shot from her directly over the bow of her boat, then another directly over her, between the chimney and pilot house. She cut loose from the schooner in order to save herself, when a third passed over her stern, all without any damage.

Those left on the schooner put off in the small boat for the shore—the gunboat coming up and fastening on the schooner and taking her off a prize. This seems strange work to be perpetrated in the midst, I may say, of a powerful fleet and almost under the guns of one of the strongest artificial forts in the world, but it is nevertheless a fact, as it was witnessed by thousands of others as well as myself. Then the fun commenced. One and another, and finally in all eight gunboats gave chase, and for an hour or more the firing was very interesting. But the bird had flown, and perching herself under the guns of Sewall's Point, bid ours defiance. There were some two hundred shots fired in all, and the damage not worth mentioning. So ends another of their sharp tricks. Full particulars may vary some from this but not much.

Tariff on Tea, Coffee, and Sugar.

The President has approved the bill increasing the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar. It provides for a tax on all teas of twenty cents per pound and on coffee of all kinds five cents per pound. On all raw sugar, commonly called Muscovado, or brown sugar, two and a half cents per pound; or refined sugar and sugar candy eight cents per pound. On molasses six cents per pound. The law goes into force immediately.

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but its capital one for drinking your own.

Fremont in Beecher's Church.

On the Sunday after the arrival of Gen. Fremont in New York he attended Beecher's Church. The text selected was contained in the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, from the 25th to the 28th verses inclusive. After the sermon and the religious part of the exercises had been gone through with, the following, as stated by the local of the New York Herald, is said to have taken place, notwithstanding it was the Sabbath day:

"At the conclusion of the services the congregation again arose and a general rush was made for the pew in which Major General Fremont and lady sat. Hundreds of hands were outstretched to greet him, and after submitting to a severe manipulation for about half an hour, he and company made their exit from the church, followed by the entire congregation."

"As soon as the Major General and his party were seated in their carriage, the crowd got up a cheer and continued to surround the carriage, shaking hands with himself and lady until the patience of the latter was nearly worn out, and directions were given to the driver to go ahead, which he did, and the crowd followed the carriage nearly as far as Fulton Ferry, where the party got aboard and returned to New York."

An exchange, in noticing this Sunday and church ovation to General Fremont well says:

"Now is not this making of religion a very mockery and a farce? The spectacle of a preacher and his congregation, in a church erected and dedicated to the service of the living God, thus diverting their attention from the solemn and impressive service which should have engaged them, to worship at the shrine of a political adventurer, but recently dismissed from high military command for dishonesty and incapacity, must surely bring a blush of shame to the cheek of any one who has a true regard for the advancement of religion and morality. Manifestly Mr. Beecher and his people are entirely ignorant of the text: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Large Armies.

It is generally known, says the New York Staats Zeitung, that there is now concentrated on the shores of the Potomac a larger body of troops than has ever been concentrated in modern times, except in the battle of Leipzig. Neither Gustavus Adolphus, nor Frederick the Great, nor Washington, nor Wellington, nor Scott, had ever under his immediate command anything like the number which is now under the command of Gen. McClellan. Frederick the Great never led into the field more than 80,000 men at a time; but all his great battles were fought and won with bodies of troops ranging between 30,000 and 60,000. Napoleon at Austerlitz, vanquished with 80,000 men the united Russian and Austrian armies containing about 100,000. At Jena and Austerlitz there were 130,000 men under the command of the Emperor of the French. The bloody battle of Wagram, was fought with 150,000 men against the Austrians, and in the equally celebrated battle at Borodino about 120,000 Frenchmen were opposed to the Russians.

The decisive battle at Waterloo was fought with only 80,000 Frenchmen against Blücher and Wellington. But the battle of Leipzig set in motion a gigantic army of about 500,000 men, Napoleon having under his command about 200,000, and the united forces of Russia, Austria and Prussia about 300,000. It will appear from this comparison that the armies on the Potomac were exceeded in number only by those vast armies which, on the plains of Leipzig, decided the fate of Europe.

Ground and Lofly Tumbling.

Ten days ago the Republicans denounced as traitors every one who questioned the right and legality of the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The word came that they were given up, and straightway Republicans said it was right to give them up and prevent war with England. Then, the report was contradicted, and the Republicans said they knew Old Abe would never give the rebels up—they would never yield an inch to England. Then, again, came the authentic report that they were delivered up, and the Republicans cry traitor at every man who don't justify it. If this ain't getting to be a right smart chance of a country, then, we are no judge.

"Every time they turn about they do just so, And every time they jump about they jump Jim Crow."—Hudson Co. (O.) Farmer.

A green one, who had crossed the Atlantic, told a story of a storm, when the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose six inches.

"There is no mistake," said he, "besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

A Defeat Instead of a Victory.

The Wheeling Intelligencer of the 22d, says that the late battle near the top of the Alleghenies between Gen. Johnston on the rebel side and Gen. Milroy on our side was a defeat to us instead of a victory. The first accounts were fictions, for it turns out not to be true that Johnston was shot through the mouth, neither did the rebels slip away in the night, burning their camp. The Intelligencer gives as facts the following:

Gen. M. took part of some four or five regiments—the 2d Virginia, the 9th and 12th Indiana, the 25th and 32d Ohio, marched from Cheat Mountain, to the Alleghenies, some thirty miles, and came upon the enemy in ambush, some two thousand strong, with his own men quite exhausted. Our men discovered at the first fire that a great mistake had been made. They had been led to expect a different meeting. Scouts had reported the enemy only about a thousand strong, and in a place where they could easily be taken. Our men were all eagerness to bag them. They supposed themselves double as strong as the enemy. Instead of that, they were scarcely more than half as many. No wonder, then, that in finding their mistake, and coming on a heavy fire, one or two of the regiments flinched badly at first. The expedition was a volunteer one altogether, and companies were made up of the different regiments just as individuals offered.

How many we lost does not seem to be known with any degree of certainty. Most of our dead were left in possession of the enemy. Neither do we know their loss. It is only presumed that they suffered more than we did. It is well known, that the design of the expedition was frustrated, and we were compelled to fall back with the enemy unbagged.

A correspondent of the Ohio Statesman, who was in the battle, speaks of it as "another repulse." Twice did our friends drive the rebels, but after five hours fighting, and the giving out of the ammunition, our forces withdrew, leaving the dead on the field.

A Craven Cry.

"The Scotch are upon us. Ho! niggers to the rescue! Can it be believed that there are American freemen dastardly enough to raise a cry like that? There is not a day we do not hear it. It is bawled at every point of the compass, and comes down to us even from the sacred walls of the capitol. They demand emancipation as a military necessity. In effect we are told that the twenty millions of the North are no match for the six millions of the South—that we are doomed to defeat, unless we get the help of the black man. They do not like to have it put in just that style, but it amounts to exactly that. Short of that, their 'military necessity' would be a misnomer, and their claim to abolish under the war power, the baldest pretext. We say that a vile insult was never heaped upon the Northern name. The worst libel uttered by Southern slave drivers does not equal it. If it be true that, with such numerical odds in our favor, and with the noblest cause that ever appealed to man, we must crave the succor of the slaves; if we must look to the poor, blind, creeping African to help vindicate our birthright and stay us up in our extremity, then let it be recorded, we are 'muddills' indeed. There is no word of scorn too low for us. We cannot court the alliance of slaves, without proving that we are ourselves fit to be slaves. It is our heritage that is assailed, not theirs; and if our own good right arms, with all they have, cannot protect it, we may as well at once advertise our degeneracy and to take our place as underlings. Emancipation as a military necessity! A military necessity! If emancipation must come, for the honor of our fathers, for our own independence, for the prospects of our children, for the good name of free government, and for the dignity of the white race, let it take any shape but that.—New York World.

Red Hot Shot.

When red hot shot are fired, the ordinance used is elevated to the position desired before the gun is shot. The powder in the gun is kept from explosion by means of the wadding. Between the explosive substance and the heated mass are generally three layers of wad. That against the ball is dry, and the second wet, and upon the powder another dry piece rests. The ball is discharged very soon after being placed in the cannon.

Lying.

There was a famous problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says 'I lie,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem. Cyprius favored the world with no less than six, and Philatus studied himself to death to solve it.

Prophecy.

We had an abundance of predictions that Mason and Slidell would not be given up; but very few public men ventured to assert the contrary, and, when they did, were most unmercifully badgered for lack of patriotism. For instance, we find the following in the Congressional Globe's report of a debate in the House on the 17th ult., regarding the disposition to be made of Mason and Slidell:

"Mr. VALLANDIGHAM—These men will be surrendered before three months, in the face of a threat. I make that prediction here to-day."

This raised a perfect storm about Vallandigham's ears, and cries of 'no,' 'no,' 'no,' re-echoed from all parts of the House. But the Ohio member understood the administration better than did Stevens, Colfax, and the Tribune. Ex-President Buchanan, too, made a similar prediction, and was soundly berated for it. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial who visited Wheatland soon after the arrest, stated in a letter extensively copied at the time, that Mr. Buchanan 'hesitated not to say that the prisoners would of course be given up as soon as the facts came officially before the government. The ground of this opinion was that the British flag was the same in its responsibilities on the sea that it is on the soil of England. The men under it were entitled to its protection.'

Human Life.

Men seldom think of the event of death until the shadows fall across their path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose loving smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley although its passes may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. There is no appeal from the great law that dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a fainter hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In 1851-2 Daniel Webster uttered the following, which furnishes a lesson for the times:

"If I have attempted to expound the Constitution, I have attempted to expound that which I have studied with diligence and veneration from my early manhood to the present day. If I have endeavored to defend and uphold the Union of States, it is because my fixed judgment and my unalterable affections have impelled me, and still impel me, to regard that Union as the only security for general prosperity and national glory. Yes, gentlemen, the constitution and the Union! I place them together. If they stand, they must stand together; if they fall, they must fall together."

Draft the Negroes.

There is one way in which Congress could get rid of the offensive petitions which the numerous Republican Abolitionists are sending to that body. Pass a law requiring the signer of every free nigger petition to be drafted into the army, and made to perform guard and picket duty incessantly, and allowed to hold intercourse with no one but niggers. This would rid the national legislature of a dirty nuisance. These nigger-worshippers are not in the army to any extent, unless holding commissions, and some plan ought to be adopted whereby they could be compelled to render the country a service, instead of being a disgrace to the age we live in.—Macomb Eagle.

Not to be Permitted to Hold Office.

We make the following extract from the congressional proceedings of Tuesday: "Mr. Morehead's resolution, instructing the committee on Judiciary to report a bill providing that any person or persons engaged or employed in the present rebellion be forever rendered incapable of holding any office of trust under the constitution and laws of the United States, was adopted."

Old Abe's Dancing.

The Leavenworth Conservative says: A few years ago we were so unfortunate as to be present at a dancing party in the flat town of Springfield, Ill., and there were treated to the hideous sight of A. Lincoln, in "all promenade." We defy the most enthusiastic advocate of salutary exercises to see Old Abe on a ball room floor without having his most primal principles severely shaken. Tears of anguish fill our eyes as we recall that terrible evening.

Voiceless Verse.

The world is rife with noble thoughts,
That tremble on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
But action is sublime,
And you may live a nobler verse
Than can be told in rhyme!

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
To love sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
I'm weary of the waste of words—
Our world were not so dead
If half our words would cease to write,
And live their verse instead.

What Manner of Man.

Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, fully comprehended the enormous crime and the enormous folly of the proposition to arm the slaves when he made that proposition in his report,—for those enormities had been described in his presence by one of his colleagues in the Cabinet. At the famous dinner to George D. Prentice in Washington where Cameron first indicated the nefarious scheme, Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, promptly combated it. "Putting arms into slaves' hands!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "If this be attempted to any extent, the whole world will cry out against our inhumanity, our savagery, and the sympathies of all mankind will be turned against us, as they were against the blacks that murdered and drove the French from Hayti. And, if it be attempted, the soldiers in the army from Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, all Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, Pennsylvania nearly all, and from New York south of the Erie Canal, with the strong regiments from New Jersey, will, before God, protest against being thus put on an equality with negro soldiers in their ranks."

These consequences weighed as nothing with Mr. Cameron, for he coolly proceeded to invite them, and at the same time to kindle a fire brand in the Cabinet, which, had not the President promptly quenched it, would have blown up the whole concern (which of itself was perhaps desirable) and produced infinite mischief in the country. What manner of man must he be?—Chicago Times.

A "Chunk" of Wisdom.

The Southern correspondent of an exchange relates the following amusing story of the yellow fever in Mississippi:

A gentleman from the country who had been in Port Gibson some time during the first week of the epidemic, and was riding home at a pretty smart gait, was brought up by a man running out of the house inquiring:

"Say, have you got the rale yellow fever in town?"

"Oh, yes!—there's no doubt of that I reckon," was the answer.

"And is it a fact they've got the quarantine 'long with it? I'll swear, its bad enough to have one disease, without another to help it along!"

This filled the gentleman on the road 'too full for utterance,' and putting the switch to his horse, he was off to make the woods resound with his laughter. Reaching his destination he must tell it to a friend, a plain honest-hearted man, who, however, had neglected the 'rudiments.' The incident was too good to keep, and so he related it.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared honest John,—"why, dod darn the all-fired fool's soul to thunder, didn't he know that the quarantine was nothing but the black vomit?" The last brick floored the news-bringer, and he "rolled."

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who makes great pretensions to abolitionism and evangelical Christianity, is reported, by the Albany Evening Journal, to comment on American affairs as follows:

"I, in common with almost every English statesman sincerely desire the rupture of the American Republic. It has been the policy of England to brook no rivalry, especially in the direction of her own greatness. We justly fear the commercial and political rivalry of the United States. With a population of thirty millions now, they will soon, if not checked, overshadow Great Britain. We cannot look upon such a monstrous growth without apprehension."

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ITEMS.

Speak low, ladies, and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you.

To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies.

To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain.

'One Swallow does not make a Summer,' but one swallow often makes us want to swallow more.

The man who tried to arrange his hair with a honey comb, has been trying to catch a whale with a sandy hook.

What is the difference between a school master and an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

An old maid on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a pretty young lady, her friend, observed, with a deep and sentimental sigh:

'Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come to.'

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine.

'I beg pardon,' said he, 'I did not mean to say what I did; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge.'

From Indianapolis, Jan. 2.

Since Gen. Dumont issued his proclamation at Bardonia, Ky., Gen. Buell has issued a proclamation prohibiting proclamations or other similar addresses to the public by Generals or other subordinate officers in his department.

Col. Jeff. C. Davis, who recently captured so many rebels in Missouri, will be married to-night at the Third Presbyterian Church, to a daughter of Dr. Athol, of this city. He has procured an order from the War Department allowing him to remain in command of his regiment, the Twenty-second Indiana.

Brig. Gen. Reynolds and staff arrived in this city to-night on their way to Romney, Va., where the General will take command.

Col. Willcox has buried thirteen of his men up to this date, since his fight on Green River.

The Right of Every American Citizen.

At the recent term of the Bergen Co. Court, Judge Elmer delivered a charge in relation to treason, which the Bergen Co. (N. J.) Democrat says was remarkable for its firm adherence to law and to the spirit of liberty. He charged that it is a right which every citizen has to freely criticize, to approve or condemn, the acts and measures of a administration, without subjecting him to the suspicion of being disloyal to his country, or rendering him liable to the charge of treason.

Disgraceful.

The following appears in the proceedings of the United States Senate on Tuesday last:

"Mr. Sumner offered a resolution that the committee on Patents inquire if any additional legislation is necessary to secure to persons of African descent the right to take out patents. Agreed to."

Isn't that refreshing! Was there ever known such trifling whilst a nation was on trial for its existence? That this cowardly abolition fanatic dared, amidst a state of public anxiety such as existed on Tuesday last, to intrude a matter of so trifling a character on the Senate of the United States, is a most deplorable evidence of his callousness and degeneracy.—Newark Advocate.

A Desperate Naval Engagement.

In these war times some of the incidents of past wars become interesting. One of the most desperate engagements we ever read of occurred in 1757. On December 23d of that year the British privateer Terrible, Captain William Death, of 26 guns and 200 men, captured a large French ship after an obstinate battle, in which Captain Death lost his brother and sixteen men killed. A few days after he fell in with the French privateer Vengeance, 36 guns and 360 men, who recaptured the prize, and having manned her, both ships bore down on the Terrible, whose mainmast was shot away by the first broadside. After a desperate engagement, in which the French captain and his second mate were killed, with two thirds of his company, the Terrible was boarded, when no more than 26 persons were found alive, 16 of whom had lost a leg or an arm, and the other ten were badly wounded. The ship itself was so badly shattered that she could scarcely be kept afloat.

There was a strange combination of names in this affair, as the Terrible was equipped at Execution dock, was commanded by Death, with Devil for lieutenant, and Ghost for surgeon.