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(Office in the Honolulu House.)

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N., C. B.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

The subject of the following brief memoir, Frederick, was the second son of the late Mr Marryat, the eminent West India merchant, and was born July 10, 1792. Having acquired the rudiments of education at an academy in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, he was sent to a classical school at Ponder's End, kept by a Mr. Freeman. It is to be hoped that the discipline of the school, described by the hero in his earliest novel, is no true picture of the treatment he experienced at Ponder's End; but the following anecdote suggests that, of whatever punishments were in course of infliction at that seat of learning, he was likely to have come in for his due share. The master, coming into the school one day, saw young Marryat standing upon his head. Surprised at this reversal of the ordinary practice of mortals, he inquired the reason of it, when the lad with audacious readiness replied, "I had been trying for three hours to learn my lesson on my feet, but I couldn't; so I thought I'd try whether I couldn't learn it on my head."—There is no reason to doubt him when he says, "Superior in capacity to most of my schoolfellows, I seldom took the pains to learn my lesson previous to going up with my class. I was too proud not to keep pace with my equals, and too idle to do more."—But he acknowledges that besides "a little Latin and less Greek," he made some proficiency in mathematics and algebra.

Withdrawn from this school, he was placed with a teacher of mathematics in London, under whose tuition he remained a year, and on the 23d of September, 1806, he entered the navy as a first-class boy, on board the Imperieuse, forty-four guns, command by the illustrious Lord Cochrane. During his service under this gallant officer, which lasted till the 18th October, 1806, he took part in more than fifty engagements, in which many ships of war and merchantmen were cut out, off the coast of France and in the Mediterranean.

Having chased a ship into the Bay of Arcupon, which sought safety under a battery, Lord Cochrane, resolved to cut her out, and young Marryat was one of the boarding party. He followed closely the first lieutenant who headed the expedition, and who at length, after his party had sustained a severe loss, succeeded in gaining the deck of the enemy. He had scarcely done so when, struck by thirteen musket balls, he fell back a corpse, knocking down his follower in his fall, who was trampled on and almost suffocated by his shipmates, who, burning to revenge their leader, rushed forward with impetuous bravery.

The vessel captured, an examination took place of the bodies of the killed and wounded. Marryat was numbered among the former, and being in a state of stupor was unable to deny the doom assigned to him. But soon arrived the surgeon and his assistants, and with them came a midshipman who bore no good-will to Marryat. The worthy youth, seeing the supposed lifeless body of his comrade, gave it a slight kick, saying, "Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!" This salutation, with its comment, revived the almost expiring energies of the other, who faintly exclaimed, "You are a liar!" a retort which, nothwithstanding the melancholy scene around, produced a roar of laughter.

Shortly after this he was engaged in a rather "untoward" enterprise. His ship fell in with a vessel of a suspicious appearance. It was under French colors, which it soon hauled down, showing no others, and threatening to fire into the English ship if it attempted to board her. Upon this, she was boarded and taken, with a loss of twenty-six killed and wounded on her side, and of sixteen on ours; and not till then was it discovered that she was a Maltese privateer, and a friend, who had made a like mistake in supposing her opponent to be French.—After this unfortunate mistake, the Imperieuse proceeded to Malta.

It was while lying in this harbor that one night, a midshipman—a son of the celebrated William Cobbett—fell overboard. Young Marryat jumped in after him, and held him up till a boat was lowered to their assistance. For this daring and humane act he received a certificate from Lord Cochrane.

The road from Barcelona to Gerona which latter place was besieged by the French, had been completely commanded by them, for they had possession of the castle of Mongat. On the 31st July, 1808, Marryat had a hand in the reduction and levelling of that fortress. This proceeding greatly delayed the transmission of the enemy's stores and provisions which were designed for their operations in Catalonia; so much so, indeed, that on one occasion the French general was under the necessity of abandoning the whole of his artillery and field ammunition. During these operations he was twice wounded, and he a third time sustained injury in the defence of the castle of Rosas, under Lord Cochrane. On the arrival of the Imperieuse in the bay, she perceived that the castle of Trinidad—the maintaining of which was essential to the preservation of the main fortress—had been so hotly bombarded by the enemy, that the British portion of the garrison had withdrawn from it. Lord Cochrane, therefore, taking with him a party of officers and seamen, amongst whom was Mr. Marryat, went on shore, and defended the fortress for some days—indeed, until the main fortress was taken, notwithstanding that the castle, by this time a complete ruin, was attacked, sword in hand, by 1200 chosen men of the enemy.

When Lord Cochrane proceeded against the boom constructed by the enemy, before he sent in the fireship to attack the French fleet in the Basque Roads, Mr. Marryat was in one of the explosion vessels commanded by Captain Ury Johnson, which his lordship led for that purpose. For his gallantry on that occasion, he received a certificate from Captain Johnson, who brought his services under the notice of the Admiralty, and for his whole conduct in the Mediterranean he was recommended in Lord Cochrane's despatches.

The log of the Centaur, 74, flag-ship of Sir S. Hood, attests, that in September, 1810, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman named John Mowbray, who had fallen from the main-top; and in 1811, when on his passage to join the Æolus, on the American station, he leaped overboard, and endeavored to save a seaman named John Walker, but did not succeed in doing so. But we must give this incident in his own words. "One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard, the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and, seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I arose, I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him; but, O God! what was my horror, when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear; I was nearly paralyzed.—The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death, in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes.—I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me.—I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself."

Whilst in the Æolus, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a boy, for which he received a certificate from Captain Lord Jas. Townshend; nor was this the sole testimonial of approbation accorded to him by that gallant officer. He had previously been mainly instrumental in saving the frigate from shipwreck during a tremendous hurricane. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her top-masts and mizen-masts had been blown over the side, when the question arose, who would be found daring enough to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard; "which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topmast and topsail-yard resting upon it."—We must let the Captain tell how he conducted himself in this case of awful suspense and dismay: "Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the Captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me; sailors will rarely refuse to follow when they find an officer to lead the way. The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers and crew gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catharpens, where we had foot-room.—We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging, I the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers and the congratulations of most of our shipmates." For this heroic deed, Lord James Townshend gave him a certificate, and reported him to have "conducted himself with so much courage, intrepidity, and firmness, as to merit his warmest approbation."

When he belonged to the Spartan, he was put in command of a boat, and cut out the Morning Star and Polly, privateers, from Haycock's Harbor, and likewise a revenue cutter and two privateers in Little River.

Mr. Marryat obtained his promotion as lieutenant in 1812, and in the following year was appointed to l'Espeigle, Capt. J. Taylor, in the West Indies. Whilst on service in this vessel, he once more risked his life in an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard in a heavy sea. Lieutenant Marryat was picked up, utterly exhausted, more than a mile and a half from l'Espeigle. Having burst a blood vessel, he was left behind in the West Indies, in sick-quarters, and after a time was sent home invalided.

In January, 1814, he joined the Newcastle, 58, Captain Lord George Stuart, and led an expedition which was dispatched to cut out four vessels off New Orleans. This he did with the loss of one officer and twelve men. He acquired his commander's rank in 1815, and in 1820, commanded the Beacon, sloop, at St. Helena, from which he exchanged into the Roserio, 18, in which vessel he brought home duplicate despatches, announcing the death of Napoleon. He was now actively engaged in the Preventive Service, in which he effected thirteen seizures. Appointed to the Larne, 18, in 1823, (March) he sailed to the East Indies, where, until the Burmese war in 1825, he was fully employed as senior officer of the naval forces, the order of Commodore Grant being, that none should interfere with or supersede him. Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander-in-chief, was received on board the Larne at Calcutta, and Commander Marryat led the attack at Rangoon. When Captain Chads, of the Arachne, relieved him in September, 1824, he had lost nearly the whole of the ship's company. He now proceeded to Penang and Calcutta, returning to Rangoon in December, 1824, and in the following February sailed with the late Sir Robert Sale, of glorious memory, on an expedition to reduce the territory of Bassein. On his return in April, having successfully performed his perilous duty, he was promoted to a death vacancy, and commanded the Tees, which, on her arrival in England, he paid off.

Captain Marryat commanded the Ariadne in the Channel and Western Islands, from November, 1828, to November, 1830. Twice thanked for his services in the Burmese war by the Governor-general of India, he received three letters of thanks from Sir Archibald Campbell, commander-in-chief of the forces, and was five times recommended by him. He was likewise thanked for his expedition with Sir Robert Sale, and was three times recommended and thanked by Commodore Coe. In June, 1825, he received the decoration of C. B., and—an honor, a record of which must not be omitted—he was presented with a medal by that admirable institution, the Humane Society, for his daring and humane exertions to save the lives of so many men. That Society has not on its list a name so worthy of honor as that of Marryat.

In 1837, the Captain published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels employed in the Merchant Service." That admirable invention is now in use in the royal and mercantile service, not only of this country but of foreign nations. He twice received the thanks of the Ship Owners' Society for it, and the publication having been translated into French in 1840, was brought under the notice of Louis Phillippe, from whom he received the gold cross of the Legion of Honor.

In connection with this last distinction, we have a story to relate which we are sorry to feel ourselves constrained to tell, because it presents our late king in a light in which it is not pleasant, and has not been customary to regard him. William IV. had read and had been delighted with "Peter Simple." It was likely that so true and striking a picture of naval life and manners would have captivated a sailor. He expressed a wish to see the author. The captain, standing in an ante-room, in his favorite attitude, the king came forth, and observing him, asked a gentleman in waiting who he was. The captain overheard the question, and said, addressing the gentleman, "Tell His Majesty I am Peter Simple." Upon this, the King came forward and received him graciously. Some time after this his majesty was waited upon by a distinguished member of the government, to request permission for the captain to wear the order conferred upon him by the King of the French, and to obtain, if not some further promotion, some higher distinction for one who had so long and ably served his country. The former request was granted as a matter of course; and as to the latter, the king said: "You best know his services; give him what you please." The minister was about to retire, when his majesty called him back. "Marryat! Marryat! by-the-bye, is not that the man who wrote a book against the impressment of seamen?" "The same, your majesty." "Then he shan't wear the order, and he shall have nothing," said his majesty.

Every reader will make his own comment upon this. The work in question had been written by a man who had the best interests and the honor of his profession at heart, who had done much to maintain them, and whom the Earl of Dundonald—best known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Road—in a letter recently written, has thus characterized: "He was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties." It is painful to expose one act of injustice on the part of a sovereign whose nature, in the main, was manly, upright, and generous.

In 1829, Captain Marryat turned his attention to authorship, and having published "The Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay," the reception of which gave him encouragement, he set to work with an earnestness and a zeal which he brought to all his undertakings. "The King's Own," "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," followed each other in rapid succession. To these he added, in the course of a few years, "Japhet in search of a Father," "Newton Foster," "Midshipman Easy," "The Pacha of Many Tales," "The Poacher," "The Phantom Ship," "Snarley Yow; or, the Dog-Fiend," "Percival Keene," "Masterman Ready," "Poor Jack," "The Settlers," "Olla Podrida," "Diary in America," in Two Parts; "Monsieur Violet's Adventures," &c. All these works obtained a considerable popularity, and even gained the author a reputation which very few modern writers of fiction have succeeded in acquiring.

It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the genius of Marryat as a novelist. His merits lie upon the surface, are obvious to every man, woman, and child, who take up one of his works and find themselves unable to lay it down again. He tells plainly and straightforwardly a story, tolerably well constructed, of diversified incidents, alive with uncommon characters, and, as his experience was large and had been acquired over a wide expanse, he had always something to tell which would excite curiosity or rivet attention. He had one quality in common with great men, and in which men of finer genius than himself have been deficient,—a thorough manliness of heart and soul, which, by clearly showing him what he was able to accomplish, preserved him against the perpetration of that sublime nonsense and drivelling cant which now-a-days often pass for fine writing and fine sentiment. "Peter Simple" has been pronounced his best novel; but we confess we like "Jacob Faithful" at least as well; although we think it would have been better if the Dominie had been mitigated, who is rather an extravagance than an original, and if that passage had been discarded in which the parish-boy tells us he read Tacitus and Horace at a charity-school.

His "Diary in America" gave great offence on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not know whether the captain ever regretted it, but it was an ill-advised publication, and was certain, from its tone as well as its matter, to wound deeply a gallant and sensitive people, who, say what some few of them may to the contrary, are anxious to stand well in the estimation of the mother-country. But that this work was written with malice prepense against the Americans we cannot believe, for the author's venerable mother is a native of the United States; and it may be pleasing to our brother Jonathan to know, what we are pretty certain is the fact, that from that lady he inherited the energy of will and the vigor of mind which he displayed in all the occurrences of his life.

Captain Marryat had been seriously ill for more than a year, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels, which forbade all hope of his recovery, and on the 9th of Aug., 1848, his sufferings were brought to a termination.

This gallant officer and distinguished man had two sons in the navy. The elder was a lieutenant, and bade fair to have proved himself a worthy son of his father. He jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman in the Tagus, and his exertions at the wreck of the Syphax were of the most heroic kind.—He perished with nearly the whole of his crew in the wreck of the Avenger. The younger son is still a midshipman, and has, we are told, displayed great talents as an hydrographer.

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.—The following is from a small volume on Gambling in its Infancy and Progress, from the pen of J. H. Green, the Reformed Gambler.

In the year 1810, in company with several others of the gambling fraternity, I took passage at Louisville, Kentucky, on board a steamer bound to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers, but there appeared to be very few who gave promise of being profitable to me or my companions.—It was, therefore, determined that several of the party should return, and await the departure of another steamer. I went to the hurricane deck to observe their departure. As the boat left the steamer, I discovered a very young man anxiously gazing upon the party in the boat. He maintained this position till the boat returned to the steamer, when, turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "I am ruined! I am lost!" and hastened into the cabin, wholly unconscious of observation.

I followed him into the cabin, and renewed my observations. He was, apparently, about eighteen years of age. His countenance was pleasant, and his features were delicate. As he walked backward and forward in the cabin, agony was depicted on his countenance in marks too decided to be mistaken.

I approached and addressed him as follows: "Are you bound for the south?" He replied, "I do not know where I am bound," and turning away from me, resumed his walk.

I approached him a second time, and remarked that he appeared to be in ill health. "I *am*, sir—I am sick," he replied, turning upon his heel, and walking into his state-room. In a few moments he approached me, and said it was strictly true, that he did not know where he was going; and, if I would hear him, he would give me a full account of his troubles, and his reason for answering me in the manner he had. We sat down, and he gave me the following narrative:

"I am a native of one of the eastern states; my parents now reside in an eastern city. I have a sister residing in Louisville, Kentucky, whom I have never seen. She married, and removed to Louisville before my birth. Her husband died a few months since. Shortly after her husband's death, my sister wrote to my father, requesting him to send me, her eldest brother, to live with her.

"The request was granted, and I fitted for the journey. Before my departure, my parents gave me strict caution concerning the vices of the day. I received sufficient money for the expenses of my journey, and permission to spend a few days in any of the largest cities on my route.

"My first delay was in Philadelphia, where I spent some days, during which time I formed some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom were two of those gamblers who just now left the steamer. Shortly after my acquaintance with these persons, I was invited to a card-party, where '*whist*' was the game introduced. This was a game taught me by my parents, and their strict caution had not interdicted it. I was induced to make the small bet of twenty-five cents a corner, during the evening. The party had several similar meetings. At the last of these meetings I made known my intention of leaving the next morning. The two persons before referred to immediately proposed to accompany me if I would remain one day longer. I readily acceded to their proposal. On the day appointed we left by way of Pittsburg, on the canal. We had scarcely left when cards were introduced. We played for small stakes, until I found myself minus some twenty-five dollars. I became excited, and enlarged my bets, with the hope of regaining what I had lost. I continued to lose, and on my arrival at Pittsburg, had barely sufficient money left to pay my passage to Louisville. I paid my fare immediately on going on board. The boat had scarcely left the wharf, when the two gamblers proposed a game, that I might make myself *whole*. When they found I had no money, they proposed to stake money against my watch. I lost it; and my breast pin, rings, &c., were disposed of in a similar manner. Becoming desperate, I sought my trunk, where I had a package in charge to carry to my sister. I forced open the casket, which contained a bracelet with a beautiful gold chain, sent as a present from my mother to her daughter. I discovered an unsealed letter, which contained a hundred dollar bank note. The letter was from my father to my sister, directing her to give the money to me when she should deem it proper to do so. I seized upon the note, and soon the gamblers fleeced me of that. I again resorted to the casket, and lost the jewelry it contained. Desperate in every respect, when I arrived at Louisville, I called at the door of my sister's house, rang the bell, and leaving the package I had robbed on the threshhold, hastened on board the boat, where the two villains who had robbed me had taken passage. They appeared glad that I came on board," said he, "and I felt confident that I should be assisted by them. They both left in the yawl, and without even bidding me farewell; and *that* sir, was what caused me to weep."

I looked at him—*desperation was painted on every feature*. I was then a hardened gambler, and had been for eight years; but this tale of sorrow made me feel that if the curse of heaven ever fell on wicked men, it would descend and rest upon the gambler.

"What did you expect to gain by the course you have taken?" I said. "Why did you not go to your sister, tell her freely what you had done and ask her forgiveness and protection?"

"O, sir!" said he, "I can never go to her until I am able to replace what I have lost."

Poor deluded youth! thought I, as I discovered the slender point on which his hopes were suspended, you can never recover the money or property those gamblers have stolen from you; far better if you could think so.

"I don't know, sir," said he; "I have no money, no friends. I am here, and what to do I know not."

"I think," said I, "you had better return; I will loan you sufficient money, which you can repay when convenient."

"You are very kind indeed, sir," said he; "but I *cannot* return—no, never. But, sir, I will, if you feel safe in loaning me sufficient to carry me to St. Louis, accept it as a great favor."

I loaned him twenty-five dollars. When we arrived at the mouth of the Ohio, he left the boat for another bound for St. Louis.

In 1841, I was passenger on another steamer, on her upward passage from New Orleans to Louisville. Not far from New Orleans, we broke a shaft, which caused several hours' delay. I had been on shore; and as I was returning, a gentleman informed me that he had just witnessed a revolting sight—a number of convicts on the deck of a steamer, under the charge of an officer, who was conveying them to the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, State Prison. I went to look at them for a moment. As I approached, I recognized the face of the same unfortunate youth. He turned his head, and attempted to evade my notice. He had large irons upon his ankles, and handcuffs upon his wrists. I inquired of the officer what crime he had committed; he said "Forgery," and added, "he is under five years' sentence."

In 1845, I was lecturing in one of the principal cities of the East, when I related this same incident, mentioning as near as I could remember, the name of the unfortunate youth. After my lecture closed, a young man came to me and asked my address. I gave it; and on the following day he called with a carriage, and invited me to accompany him. I acceded, and we shortly drew up at the door of a handsome house. I entered a parlor richly furnished, where the family were assembled, consisting of the mother, two sisters, and three brothers. They were silent. The two brothers who had accompanied me, addressed me as follows:

"Sir, you may think this a strange visit. Last night, at the lecture, we learned something of the fate of the son of this old gentleman and lady. We are the brothers of that ruined youth. Five years have elapsed since he left this house guiltless. The strange deposit of the box at his sister's door, could not permit us to hope any thing but his ruin. Now, sir, could you tell us how we may learn whether he is living?"

I suggested that they should write to the agents of the Louisiana Penitentiary, giving the name the young man had assumed at the time of his conviction. They followed my suggestion, and learned that in eighteen months after his incarceration he had died of the fever.

To the moralist, this incident will teach a lesson. To fathers and mothers, this young man's ruin and premature death should teach the danger of the innocent game of whist.—This his unhappy friends acknowledge to be the primal cause of the ruin of one of the members of their family and their own lasting reproach. We call upon all friends of religion and morality to decide whether it is not wrong to indulge in any amusement which carries in its train misery and death! May we not safely challenge any man to produce the first instance where one single individual has been benefitted, in a moral point of view, by such amusements? Then cast for ever from your parlors those games of chance, which, step by step, lead on so many youths of bright promise and high hopes to dissipation, disgrace, and premature death.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL DEBT.—*Its origin, progress and amount.* In the several wars of Great Britain, hereafter mentioned, amounting to sixty-five years, that government raised by taxation, £1,189,000,000, or about $5,595,000,000, and by loans, £834,000,000, or about $4,000,000,000. The amount of the national debt in 1815 was £785,053,022, and the expenses for interest and management, for several years past, have been about £29,000,000. These sixty-five years of war, which cost Great Britain nearly ten thousand million of dollars, are as follows:

1. The war of the Revolution of 1688, against the French—with the Dutch, Austrians, Prussians, Spaniards, and the people of Savoy, allies of England; lasted nine years, and ended by the peace of Ryswick, 1697. Raised by taxes, £16,000,000, and by loans £20,000,000.

2. The war of the Spanish Succession, against France and Spain—the Dutch, Austrians, and people of Savoy allies of England. Commenced 1703, lasted eleven years, and ended with the peace of Utrecht, in 1713. Raised by taxes, £30,000,000, and by loans, £32,500,000.

3. Spanish war, 1739, and the war of the Austrian Succession, against France and Spain—the Austrians, Dutch, Russians, Sardinians and Hungarians, allies of England