

# SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

WILLIAM E. SMITH,

("WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS THERE IS MY COUNTRY.")

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ADVERTISEMENTS not marked with the number of insertions will be inserted until forbid & charged accordingly. Announcing candidates for office, will be \$10. No name will be inserted unless we are specially authorized by some responsible person. Publications of a personal nature will be charged double price. Letters addressed to the Editor on business connected with the office, must be Post Paid or they will not be attended to.

## MISCELLANY.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]  
TUNE OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

"I will not say how many for I intend to be very mysterious a time, with my readers—a man stepped from a country that had just arrived at the famous Chelsea Inn, and Compasses, a name turned out of the pious original, compasseth us." The young seemed about the age of 18, decently dressed, though in the rustic fashion of the times—well formed and well looking, and looks giving indications ofddy health consequent upon to sun and air in the country, popping from the waggon, which immediately led into the d. the girl stood for a moment uncertainty whither to go, mistress of the inn, who had the door, observed her hesitated her to enter and take the young woman readily obeyed, and soon, by the kind- the landlady, found herself by of a nicely sauced parlor, e withal to refresh herself after tedious journey.

"po, my poor girl," said the land- having heard, in return for ness, the whole particulars of woman's situation and histo- have come all this way to vice, and hast no friend but edge, the waggoner. Truly, he to give thee but small help getting a place."

vice, then, difficult to be had?" e young woman, sadly.

narry! good situations, at least, to find. But have a good heart, mid the landlady, and as she con- looked around her with pride ity: "thou seest what I have myself; and I left the country thing, just like yourself, with to look to. But 'tisn't every certain, that must look for such e, and in any case it must be for. I showed myself a good before my poor old Jacob, hear his soul, made me mistress of at and Compasses. So mind

landlady's speech might have a long way, for the dame loved sound of her own tongue, but interruption occasioned by the e of a gentleman, when the rose, and welcomed him hear-

dame," said the new comer, as a stout, respectfully attired of middle age, "how sells the e? Scarcely a drop left in the I hope."

ough left to give your worship a t, after your long walk," replied dladly, as she rose to fulfil the implied in her words.

alked not," was the gentleman's "but took a pair of oars down er. Thou knowest I always come sea myself to see if thou lackest ing."

"sir," replied the landlady, "and that way of doing business that ve made yourself, as all the city e richest man in the Brewer's nation, if not in all London itself."

all, dame, the better for me if it id the brewer, with a smile, "but ave the mug, and this quit: pret- of thine shall pleasure us, may- y tasting with us."

landlady was not long in pro- a stoop of ale, knowing that her never set an example hurtful to interests, by countenancing the ntion of foreign spirits.

ut, hostess," said the brewer, he had tasted it, "well made and ept, and that is giving both thee our dues. Now pretty one," e, filling one of the measures or e which had been placed beside op, "wilt thou drink this to thy heart's health?"

poor country girl to whom this dded declined the proffered ci- and with a blush; but the landlady ed, "Come, silly wench, drink rship's health; he is more likely thee a service, if it so pleased an John Hodge, the waggoner. r has come many a mile," con- the hostess, "to seek a place in that she may burden her family re at home."

yesterday was my housekeeper com- plaining of the want of help, since this deputyship brought me more into the way of entertaining the people of the ward."

Ere the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrange- ments were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city on the following day. Proud of having done a kind action, the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance to deliver an immensely long harangue to the young woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benefactress with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen, in the eye and countenance of the girl, a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have induced the cutting short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture did end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as house- maid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change in her condition which took place subsequent to that related, was her elevation to the vacant post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly in contact with her master, who found ample reason for admiring her propriety of conduct, as well as her skillful economy of management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness; and being a man both of honorable and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted, and she, who but four or five years before had left her country home barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens in London.

For many years Mr. Aylesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife lived in happiness and comfort together. He was a man of good family and connexions, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast of, but on no occasion had he ever to blush for the partner whom he had chosen. Her calm, inborn strength, if not dignity of character, conjoined with an extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station. And as time ran on, the respectability of Mr. Aylesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an Alderman, and subsequently a sheriff of the city; and in consequence of the latter elevation was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of the story, must be broken in upon, as far as time is concerned—afterwards the important place which the wealthy brewer held in the city, called down upon him the attention and favor of the King, Charles I, then anxious to conciliate the good will of the citizens, and the city knight received the further honor of baronetcy.

Lady Aylesbury, in the first year of her married life, gave birth to a daughter, who proved an only child, and round whom, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought that the widow and her daughter would become inheritors of this without the shadow of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea, upon the foundation of a will made in their favor before the deceased had become married. With her wonted firmness, Lady Aylesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her child's rights. A young lawyer, who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose abilities she had formed a high opinion, was the person whom she had fixed upon as the legal assertor of her cause. Edward Hyde was, indeed, a youth of great ability,—though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and fashionable of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish, as well as his own tastes, had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and with a feeling of anxious diffidence, that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Aylesbury's case; for certain strong though unseen and unacknowledged sensations, were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility, and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and by a striking exertion of eloquence, and display of legal ability, gained their suit. Two days after, the

successful pleader was seated beside his two clients. Lady Aylesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also tendered a fee—a payment munificent, indeed, for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Aylesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed color, looked to Miss Aylesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short and changed color again. Thinking only of best expressing her own gratitude, Lady Aylesbury appeared not to observe her visitor's confusion, but arose, saying, "In token that I hold your services above compensation in the way of money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape." As she spoke thus, she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, which every lady carried in those days, and left the room.

What passed during her absence, between the parties whom she left together, will be best known by the result.—When Lady Aylesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, but her hand within that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's entrance, and sought her consent to their union. Explanations of the feelings which the parties entertained for each other ensued, and Lady Aylesbury was not long in giving the desired consent. "Give me leave, however," she said, "to place around your neck the memorial which I intended for you. This chain," it was a superb gold one, "was a token of gratitude, from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband." Lady Aylesbury's calm, serious eyes were filled with tears as she threw the chain round Edward's neck, saying, "These links were borne on the neck of a worthy and honored man. May'st thou, my beloved son, attain to still higher honors."

The wish was fulfilled, though not until danger and suffering tried severely the parties concerned. The son-in-law of Lady Aylesbury became an eminent member of the English bar, and also an eminent speaker in Parliament. When Oliver Cromwell brought the King to the scaffold, and established the Commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde—for he had held a government post, and had been knighted—was too prominent a member of the royalist party to escape the enmity of the new rulers, and was obliged to reside on the continent till the restoration. When abroad, he was so much esteemed by the exiled Prince, (afterwards Charles II.) as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was confirmed when the King was restored to the throne.—Some years afterwards, Hyde was elevated to the peerage, first in the rank of a Baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon, a title which he made famous in English history.

These events, so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which Lady Aylesbury passed her days in quiet and retirement. She had now the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and of seeing the grand-children who had been born to her, mingle as equals with the noblest in the land. But a still more exalted fate awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London, in search of service, in a waggoner's van. Her grand-daughter, Ann Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit, and beauty, had been appointed, while her family staid abroad, one of the maids of honor to the Princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regards of James, Duke of York, and brother of Charles II, that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on a public announcement of this contract, and ere long, the grand-daughter of Lady Aylesbury was openly received by the royal family and the people of England, as Duchess of York, and sister-in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Aylesbury did not long survive this event. But, ere she dropped into the grave, at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants heirs presumptive to the British Crown. King Charles had married, but had no legitimate issue, and, accordingly, his brother's family had the prospect and rights of succession. And, in reality, two immediate descendants of the barefooted country girl did ultimately fill the throne—Mary (wife of William III.) and Queen Anne, princesses both of illustrious memory.

Such were the fortunes of the young woman of whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging to rash hopes by a reference to the lofty position which it had been her own fate to attain in life. In one assertion, at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right—that success in life must be labored for in some way or

another. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the esteem and love of the brewer, the sequel of the country girl's history could not have been such as it is.

## From the Democratic Review. OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.  
It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late Minister at the Court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at 8 P. M.; the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and bye," remarking, at the same time, to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past 9, P. M., the ship headed west, by the compass, when the call of "Light, O!" was heard from the foretop-sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the look-out-man, which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead.

At this moment the Captain appeared, and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands" was his immediate order.

"All hands," whistled the Boatswain, with the long shrill summons, familiar to all who have ever been on board a man of war.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mates, and ere the last echo had died away, all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Claude's Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead Man's Ledge replied, in hoarser notes, behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail—which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore" upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared, to the stoutest nerves, almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us though the breakers of Scilly, or, by a close graze, along the outer ledge. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the Captain, in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the Lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack!" thundered the Captain. "Keep her full and bye, Quartermaster."

"Ay, ay, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the mainsheet," and aft it went, like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm, when she goes into the sea," cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir! she has it," growled out the old sea dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm: keep her full and bye."

"Ay, ay, sir! full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly abeam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady so!" returned the Captain. "Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave on that crowded deck—except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly—and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling; it came in puffs and flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported the left bolt of the weather fore shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs and set them on all the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the Captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which, of course, relieved the chains and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship; for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston, when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds, of course, therefore, slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship), seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, when all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until at last our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt, less than a man's wrist in circumference.—Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark was the night, the white foam scowled around their thick black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was ringing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent; each officer and man was at his post; and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and of carrying the mainsail, when in another situation, it would have been considered a suicidal act, he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.

The mainsail was now hauled up by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spankers taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel under close-reefed topsails and trysails, took her departure, and danced merrily over the deep, towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the Captain to the First Lieutenant, "and splice the main brace." "Pipe down," echoed the First Lieutenant to the Boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the Boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

Soon the "Jack of the Dust" held his levee on the main gun deck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of Old Rye, forgot all their peril and fatigue.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates, the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showing me a pencil line, between the outside shoal and the light house island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is this noble and dear old frigate reserved?

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mainsail to royal, the Isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never before or since have