

# THE PLAIN DEALER.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

BY E. D. PARSONS.

**At morn a gallant vessel swept  
O'er Erie's emerald wave,  
She bore an hundred souls along—  
The beautiful—the brave.**

Boldly she ploughed the ocean lake—  
A power that knows no stay,  
Urged her along with heaving breath,  
Upon her watery way.

**"How low her head!" shouted the captain.  
"West—west, sir," answered Maynard;**

Carlyle would call it, exhibited itself upon the lake, a mile or two from the ship.

A very heavy storm-cloud scudding before the north-west gale, which had been blowing every thing to leeward all last night, was caught in a whirlwind, occupied by another current of air vagabonding about without any regard to the nor-west. One arm of the cloud stretched down to the boisterous lake, and seemed to clutch a handful, an almighty handful of the leaping waves, and, as one waggishly remarks, "with a peculiar to-r-r of the wind," seemed to drag them up to the very bosom in the sky. The whirling and dashing of the spray at the surface of the lake, the column of water and mist rising in a tall and tortuous line to the cloud, were so very plain and well-defined, as characteristics of a water-spout, as to cause every one who was so fortunate as to witness it, to exclaim with admiration and astonishment. It continued about five or seven minutes, when the nor-west triumphed, and swept the cloud away to the south-east of the city. There is not a more majestic and terrible phenomenon in nature. So disastrous is it in its equator, with ships at sea, sinking them in a trice, or wrenching their masts like pipe-stems from their foot-holds, that it seems a personalization of the almighty Governor, who walks the wild billows below, while his hand guides and governs the dark, rolling clouds aloft; "Who oft amid tempestuous darkness stalks alone, And on the wings of the curving winds, walks deadly lone."

### Naval Battles, and Surviving Naval Heroes.

War was declared in June, 1812. Peace was signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814, and proclaimed by the President, Feb. 19, 1815.

There were fifteen naval actions between British and American vessels of war. In eleven battles, fought by single ships, the American conquered, in four only, the British triumphed; two of which were by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52; and the Argus, 16 guns, taken by the Pelican, 20. The other two capture were two to one and four to one against us. During the war there were captured from the British, on the ocean, 3 frigates and 18 sloops-of-war, and smaller ships; and on the lakes thirteen, several of them frigates and sloops.

The whole number captured by the Americans were thirty-one. The British took from us and destroyed at navy yard but 23 armed vessels, viz: three frigates, Chesapeake, President and Essex, twelve sloops and gun brigs, and eight schooners.

Of the Commanders who fought the naval battles, there have died—

Douglas, who took the Macedonian, Oct. 23, 1812.

Bainbridge, who took the Java, Dec. 29, 1812.

Lawrence, who took the Peacock, Feb. 1813.

Burnside, who took the Boxer, Sept. 1813.

Bligh, who took the Rindeer, June, 1814; also the Aven, September, 1814.

Com. Perry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the Somers; Connelly, of the Tigress; Sennett, of the Porpoise; of Com. Perry's squadron.

Macdonough, of the Saratoga; and Hawley, of the Eagle; of Com. Macdonough's squadron, that captured the four British vessels on Lake Champlain, September 11, 1814.

Atkin, of the Argus, taken by the Pelican, 1812.

Com. Isaac Hull, who took the Guerriere, August, 1812, who died in January 1844.

David Porter, who took the Alert, August, 1812 and fought the ships Peacock and Chieftain Valparaiso in 1814, died at Constantinople in 1844; and buried at the foot of the flag-staff at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

The surviving naval commanders in the last war who achieved victories are:

Jacob Jones, who took the Frolic, in 1811.

Lewis W. Wanamaker, who took the Euryalus in 1814.

Chambers Stewart, who took the Levant, and Cyane, with the Constitution in 1815.

James D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara in Perry's Victory.

Donald Turner, who commanded the Scorpion.

John M. Rodger, who took the Porpoise.

Henry G. Cassin, of the Thucydides in Macdonough's Victory.

Henry G. Cassin, the career of this man convicted of the murder of his wife, will close on Wednesday. The applications made by his friends to the Governor for his pardon or a commutation or respite of his sentence, have been unsuccessful. The Budget says,

"When Deputy Sheriff Rose communicated to him the result of the decision of the Governor, which he did in no delicate manner; as possible, it threw him into despair, a complaint which the prisoner has long been subject to, and it was some time before they succeeded in bringing him to a calm and settled state of mind."

His mother and sister called on him shortly after, which afflicted him much; and, though he had to leave them to leave him for the time being, and until he should become more reconciled to his fate, he did not do so.

Mr. Rose infers at this meeting, that Green escaped "most of last night" in prayer on his knees; in which position he had himself seen him at different periods during the night; and Green told him this morning he did not sleep over one hour.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Cassin, in his

room, said to his wife,

"Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?"

"It comes from the engine room, sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you then, and let me know."

The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when, up he came again with much greater speed.

"The hold is on fire," he said to the captain, who by this time was standing above him.

The captain ran down, and found the account ten true. Some smoke had fallen on a bundle of tow; as one had seen the accident, and now, not only much of the luggage, but the cabin of the vessel were in smouldering flames.

All hands, passengers, &c., who happened to be called together, and two lugs were made, one on each side of the hold; buckets of water were passed and repeated; they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, and dashed hosing on the burning ship, and then passed on the other side to be hosed. For some time it seemed as if the flames were subdu'd.

In the meantime the women on board were clustering round John Maynard, the only man

left alive.

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