

## CURIOUS RELICS OF 1777.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Mr George W. Murphy and others recently conceived the idea of raising the hull of the British 64 gun ship *Augusta*, sunk in the Delaware river, about a mile and a half below Fort Mifflin. The ship was one of his Royal Highness, King George's fleet, and was blown up, the concussion driving one of her sides out. This occurred in the year 1777, and since that time the waters of the Delaware have had full sweep at forcing the mud and sand into and through the shattered hull. Very many have been the difficulties encountered by the brave men who battled with the elements to bring the old craft to the surface. They have depended entirely upon their own resources, and have expended about \$5,000, without counting their labor. Canal boats, barges, and drivers have long been in use, and all difficulties have been surmounted. Yesterday the party, who now consist of Messrs. Murphy, James Powell, Moore, Shipley, and Myers, succeeded in floating the hull and getting it to Gloucester. An immense excitement was created along the river and among the Jersey folks, who were anxious to see the vessel they had read of and heard so much about.

It is the intention of those who raised the craft to place canvas about her, and charge the moderate sum of twenty-five cents to those who desire to inspect her. Mr. Murphy kindly showed us last evening some of the relics he had recovered from time to time. Among them were silver spoons, very heavy, bearing the maker's mark, and a crest conspicuously engraved upon the end. Near the bowl is engraved "H. W. 1748."

Upon a piece of metal, about four inches long and an inch wide, is very plainly engraved the Lord's Prayer, appended to which is the name of David Pyett, 1774. On the reverse side is engraved various designs.

A wonderful-looking silver watch, small in size, and almost round in shape, is another curiosity. Yesterday the drivers brought up a number of British guineas of the date of 1765, and they are perfect, and now that they are no longer in circulation in Great Britain, are, of course, very valuable.

These were all the curiosities we had time to inspect, but Mr. Murphy is convinced that there is on board the vessel many others. Two heavy cannons have been recovered bearing the British coat of arms, and it is estimated that at least one hundred tons of kentledge is in the hull. This kentledge is composed of flat pieces of iron about two feet long, and used for ballast. Each piece bears the royal stamp of the king the letter R. It is supposed that there are at least one hundred tons of shot on board the vessel. Battle axes, cutlasses, guns, pistols, and all of the paraphernalia of a man of war are visible, and much of it will be saved. The timbers of the ship are in an elegant state of preservation, and a novel feature of her construction is that she was put together by trunnels, no bolts being used.

## A BRAVE OLD MAN.

The following incident of the recent wreck of the steamer *Sierra Nevada* on the Pacific coast deserves imperishable record:

Captain Bogert, seeing the effort the report of the engineer was likely to have, instantly turned to carry out his original idea of sending the old men with the ladies, and said, in loud, sharp tones, "Now, Governor Wood, it is your turn; make haste." To which he received the following answer,

which, spoken under the circumstances, shows that the days of true heroism have not yet passed away. "No!" said the brave old man; "nearly all here are young men, to whom life is of value. I am 74 years of age. I will wait." If there had been for a moment the slightest feeling of "every one for himself," that feeling was instantly dissipated by the noble, self-sacrificing sentiment thus expressed. Captain Bogert, whom "one of ours" heard describe the incident, said in a true, blunt, sailor like fashion, while tears were brought to his eyes by recollections of the moment: "When I received the answer, a lump rose in my throat as big as my fist. I couldn't speak for some seconds. As soon as I could, I took hold of the Governor, and said as loudly and harshly as I could, 'Sir, I command you to get into that boat!' and in this manner the generous spirit was almost performed passed into the boat."

## NATIONAL MUSIC

The *Sandwich Dominion* discusses with excellent taste this subject. We append the third of the series of articles:

A difference, and a great one, exists in the renowned national music of the two especial lands of song of our own country. That of Ireland, either filled with rolicking jollity, or plaintively dwelling on true or imagined wrong; that of Scotland appealing to the best feelings of our race, the love of our kind and devotion to country. Irish music is dangerous. - Let a man sing "Boyno Water," or "Crappies lie Down," in the County of Galway and we would not give much for his scone. Nor would we, if he was indulging in the "Shan Van Voight" in the streets of Derry.

But little of party feeling has existed in the songs of Scotland since the times of the Cavaliers. Strains which excite the deeds of daring; strains which stir our tenderest emotions. These are what now constitute the music of Scotia, and make it popular far beyond its own limits.

It would have repaid a journey to the Crimea to have heard the glorious chorus which burst from the whole British army before Sebastopol as the sweet and simple strain of "Annie Laurie" swelled on the midnight air from so many thousands of throats not unaccompanied by the solemn bass furnished by the deep boom of the Russian guns.

America possesses no national music. "Yankee Doodle" was composed by an army surgeon in a British regiment at the time of the war with the English and the French in Canada, many years before the Declaration of Independence. It was designed to cast ridicule upon the New Englanders for their backwardness in assisting in the war against the French in Canada.

The original words, silly enough, were:

"There is a man in our town  
I'll tell you his condition,  
He sold his wig for half a crown,  
To buy him a commission."

CHORUS—Ma-l'heahd's a rocky town,  
Salem it is sandy,  
Boston is a Yankee town,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

"When 'emission he had got,  
He was so great a coward,  
He would not go to Canada  
For fear of being devoured."

CHORUS—Ma-l'heahd's a rocky town, &c.

I hung some pork out on my ship,  
And as I am a sliver,  
A shark came by and ate it up,  
And so I lost my dinner."

CHORUS—Ma-l'heahd's a rocky town, &c."

Hail Columbia is a very old English march. The "Star Spangled Banner" is the

drinking song known as "Old Bibbo," or "Anacron in Heaven." The song which had the greatest run during the late war was "The Red, White and Blue," plagiarized without any notion of its adaptability from the old English origin.

The chorus as the Americans have it is

"The Red, White and Blue."

The original is intended to convey the idea of our land and sea forces.

"The army and navy forever!

Three cheers for the Red and the Blue."

That is to say for the red coats of the Army and the Blue for the Navy. Again

"Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the Red the and Blue."

By the red-coated men of the Army, and blue of the Navy, "Red, White and Blue" would make the idea simply ridiculous.

## THE GREAT IRISH MOVEMENT.

On October 24th a procession of the trades numbering 3,000, left Cork for Carrigline, with bands and banners and received large accessions as it went along. There were the usual "national" demonstrations. The only novelty to be noticed was a dark green banner borne in the van by the Fair-lane band, on which was emblazoned what we are told was the appropriate motto "Hibernia redi-vus." On reaching the village the concourse had increased it is said to 10,000 persons. A band in front of the platform struck up the Irish National Anthem. It is a tune dedicated to the memory of the "Manchester Martyrs," and repeating their last words "God Save Ireland," which the assembly devoutly joined in singing. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. Canon M'Sweeney, P. P., who stated that it was the first political meeting in which he had ever presided. He asked them to say "God Save Ireland," which they did with earnestness. He called upon them to unite in endeavouring to get justice for the prisoners, and a fair settlement of the land question. The Tralee meeting assembled in obedience, on Oct 24th, to the following extraordinary summons, which was placarded over the county. It was headed "Kerry for the Amnesty."

"Monster meeting in Tralee to protest most earnestly with Europe and America, and with the whole civilized world, against the further incarceration of our patriot brothers. Then, patriot people of Kerry, come! come!! Out with your horses and gigs, wagonettes and side cars, and common carts. Up with the saddles; out with whips and spurs? Come along to assist in the moral struggle for the rescue of the political prisoners. Come to save the confessors of liberty from hunger and insanity, from insults worse than death, which are crushing the souls and spirits of those heroes."

A hearse brought up the rear of the procession, and the platform, which was hastily put together, broke down under the weight of the speakers. The meeting numbered altogether about 5,000. Resolutions were adopted similar to those passed at other demonstrations.

A most imposing meeting was held at Tipperary on Oct 24. It is estimated that 70,000 persons attended, and various districts of Waterford and Limerick were represented. There was a monster procession of the trades. They had no fewer than 180 banners on the field. They included such mottoes as "How long, O Lord, how long!" "Tipperary to the rescue!" and "God save Ireland." The chair was taken by the Rev T. F. Meagher.

Writing on Oct. 27th the Dublin correspondent of the *The London Standard* says: At the Tipperary meeting to protest against