

'Because sir,' answered the tar, 'there's no end to the sticks them fellows put in their crafts; and besides if ye'll observe, she han't half the beam of them ten gun tubs; her yards are squarer, too, and she's no roach to her sails.'

'Your observations are conclusive, Bobstay,' said the commander, 'but can we serve her out thank you?'

The older tar smiled at the question, and replenishing his mouth with a bet or two of pigtail, replied:

'Ay, sir, two such fellows, and two more in thirty minutes afterwards.'

'Go to your duty,' said the commander, good humoredly; 'you've turned boaster in your old days.'

At meridian, the English brig was some six or seven miles in advance of the headmost ship of the squadron and not more than two in the rear of the chase. Although Captain Buntline had determined on fighting her, he still continued under press of sail, for the purpose of drawing his adversary at such a distance from the main body as to preclude the possibility of their interference in the engagement. Another hour, however, brought the English man within gunshot;—and determined to secure every advantage of circumstances, he put his helm down and bringing his batter to bear, fired a broadside into the still retreating Rover.

It was not until that moment, that Buntline could ascertain the force of his antagonist, but a single glance, previous to her falling away, convinced him of her superiority.

'Take in the light sails, and haul up the courses!' said the commander of the privateer; and another moment beheld the gallant brig moving along under her two topsails.

'Beat to quarters, and open the magazine!'

'Ay ay, sir,' was the reply, and the loud roll of the drum was heard summoning every man from the depths and heights of the vessel to their respective stations. In a few moments, the order to cast loose the guns followed, and every man commenced getting the iron machines ready for the work of death, with an alacrity and good humor peculiar to a sailor, and with an expedition and regularity that was the result of much previous experience in like matters. The tompions were taken out—the train and side tackles cut adrift—the pumps rigged and decks scudded fore and aft, to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood, cutlasses, pistols, and boarding pikes were placed in convenient situations about the decks, the ports were triced up, the hatches closed with the exception of a small opening, left for the purpose of passing powder from below, the loggerheads were heated, matches burned beside every gun, and in short every preparation was made that such cases render expedient.

The Englishman had not taken in any of his canvas, and was consequently rapidly nearing the Rover. It was the mutual desire of the commanders that their vessels should be brought into close action—the Englishman, from a wish to decide the contest before the squadron could be close enough to assist, and thereby rob him of his anticipated glory, and the American, from a knowledge that his escape depended upon his success in disabling the only vessel in the fleet, that was superior in sailing. At length but a quarter of a mile intervened between the ships; and the Briton commenced hauling her light sails; studding sails, royals, and courses, were successively taken in and the pursuer appeared under nearly the same canvas as the chase.

'Starboard!' shouted Buntline to the man at the wheel, as he beheld the bows of his adversary sweep gracefully to port.

'Starboard, sir,' answered the quarter master and the Rover's broadside was brought parallel to that of the Englishman, while at the same time the stars and stripes ascended with a graceful flutter to the main peak. A volume of smoke and flame burst from the bulwarks of the Briton and his iron crashed fearfully through the spars and rigging of the privateer. Although Captain Buntline's manœuvre prevented his

vessel from being raked by his adversary's fire, it could not prevent its entire destruction, and with sorrow he beheld his main top-mast, with its attendant spars go by the board. A deep shade settled upon his brow, at this unexpected exclamation, and the blank of doubt and uncertainty grew upon his features. The success of the Englishman's broadside had completely destroyed his plan of operation, and he stood upon the quarter deck of his crippled ship in painful reflection as to his future course. This suspense was but momentary; a thought dawned upon his mind—and applying his trumpet to his mouth, he gave the order to the impatient seamen not to fire but to be ready for making more sail. 'Leave your quarters men,' said he; 'put your hobs up Bobstay—man the fore-tack and and sheets—lay aloft, topmen, and clear the wreck. Stir yourselves, my lads!—stand by to set both fore-topmast studding sails.'

This sudden outlook for change in the state of affairs surprised, but did not disconcert the crew, so great was the confidence they reposed in him; and they sprang forward to execute his order with an alacrity that was needful, under such circumstances, a proud eulogium upon the bravery & judgment of their commander. The brig was again put before the wind, more canvas was spread along the booms, and the Rover once more resumed the course she had steered through the morning. A wild and exulting huzza came down from the Englishman, as her antagonist filled away and made sail without firing a gun; but the scornful smile that curled the lips of Buntline indicated 'oo well deception of appearances, and imparted a stronger confidence in the breasts of his seamen. His character for bravery was too well established to be doubted by them, and they only stood impatient to hear the next order that should issue from his trumpet.

'The dogs shall have less cause for merriment before nightfall,' muttered Buntline, as another shout came down from the Englishman, who had also filled away, and was now pursuing in chase. 'Muster aft here, my men tumble aft here, every one of you, come down from aloft, and up from below; bo'son's mate, send the people aft.'

'My lads,' says Buntline, addressing his hundred bold followers, 'it is fit that you should be acquainted with the fact of my being the bearer of a message, from the French Admiral of the West India station to the government of the United States, which my men, is of vital importance to the interest of our Country, I do not tell you this to stimulate you to any greater exertion, but merely as a recognition of the confidence which I am proud to believe you repose in me. I know you will stand by me to the last—I have tested it. In the present disabled state of the Rover, it will be impossible to escape from yonder squadron now rapidly overhauling us; but my lads, I have a plan to propose, the successful execution of which will crown us with glory and success. Listen to it:

The plan was then revealed, and when Buntline had done speaking, three hearty cheers evinced the readiness with which the crew entered into it.

'Men,' resumed Buntline, 'the signal will be *Liberty*—and when I give it forth, let every one of you do as I have directed, now, my lads, don't forget the word *Liberty*.'

Groups of men were seen spiking the cannon fore and aft, so as to render them perfectly useless. The muskets were all thrown overboard, and the powder, with the exception of what each man carried with him, totally destroyed, this done, the crew armed themselves, and mustering aft, awaited the farther address of their commander.

In the meantime, the Englishman was rapidly advancing, with the intention of carrying the American by boarding. He was not ten yards astern; and at every moment was gaining on the Rover. Buntline stood watching him as the tiger does his prey, scarcely breathing, in the intensity of his interest, and awaiting

with painful suspense the moment when he might put his daring scheme into operation. The whistle of the bo'son's mate was heard on board of the Englishman, and the cry of 'Away there, boarders away' told their opponents how to expect them. Buntline cast a quick and anxious glance upon his seamen, who stood grasping their cutlasses with an emotion as intense as his own. It was a moment of fearful excitement on board of either vessel, during which nothing was heard but the ripple of the water as they sped along, at length the dark shadow of the Briton's canvas fell upon the deck of the Rover,—another minute, and they were yard arm and yard arm.

'Sheer to!' The bows of the privateer slightly deviated and her antagonist was within three yards of her. Clank went the grannels of the Englishman, and both vessels were brought broadside and broadside.

'Board!' shouted the British Captain; and two-thirds of his crew sprang over the bulwarks and upon the decks of the Rover, without the slightest opposition. Buntline gave one glance to the dark forms of the foe that crowded his fore-castle; and applying the trumpet to his mouth, thundered forth the word *Liberty!*

In an instant the Americans, who had gathered abaft the mainmast, leaped upon the hammocks and nettings and sprung like so many cats upon the deck and in the rigging of the Englishman. Like a torrent they swept away the few who had remained on board of her, and now ranging themselves along the bulwarks they prepared to repel the enemy as they attempted to regain their own ship.

'Cast off the grannels!' shouted Buntline, and that loud order awoke the Britons from the stupor of amazement in which they were thrown by the sudden and singular movements of their opponents. They mounted the bulwarks and endeavored to regain their own vessel, but they were every where met by opposing cutlasses. In vain they pressed—in vain they thronged—they were every where driven back upon the Rover's deck; or pushed into the sea. They rushed frantically forward, but their hopes were baseless, they might as well have attempted to force a wall of iron, as to beat back that rank of heroes. Some of their opponents seized a huge spar, and were pushing the two vessels apart. They separated—they were yards asunder—and the unscathed English brig with her yankee crew, forced ahead, leaving the shattered, harmless hulk of the Rover in the hands of a hundred distracted Britons!

Three of the wildest buzzas that ever yet rang upon the startled ocean, burst from the lips of the victorious Americans, as the star spangled banner unfolded itself from the peak of their prize, then pile after pile of canvas rose upon her tapering spars, and when the sun that might sought his ocean bed, a wide waste of blue water rolled between the stately prize of the Americans, and the shattered wreck of their once gallant privateer.

## UNITED STATES.

From the Portland (Me.) Argus, May 3.

The contest between this country and England for specie, has well been termed a death struggle between the capitalists of the two countries, in which those of the former have the advantage of an agent and advocate here, whose hands are strengthened against the interests of his fellow citizens by the power inseparable from a bank with a capital of thirty five millions of dollars.—The Specie Circular is the country's right arm of defence against this mighty power.

As a sample of the overtrading which has brought about the present pressure, and whose effect the Circular is called on to farther, the following article from the Journal of Commerce will be read with interest, and we put it to the good sense of every reader to say wheth-