

Very Interesting.

We have been favored by a gentleman of this City with the following account of the transactions of Com. Decatur, by an officer on board his squadron. Many of the incidents are entirely new to us.—When such gallant achievements are performed by our Navy; when their intrepidity has reduced three of the Barbary powers to submission, what American heart does not thrill with pride and pleasure?

[Enquirer.]

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated

U. States Ship Constellation.

Off Messina, Sept. 1, 1815.

"The only letter, I can flatter myself that has ever reached either my Mother or yourself, was by the brig Epervier. As the Commodore's dispatches were sent out by that vessel—you are now in full possession of all the circumstances relative to our treaty with the Dey, and of course, can say whether the treaty was such a one as you expected—or of such a nature, as was likely to give general satisfaction to the government. Though an honorable one, and on such terms, that with propriety it could not be rejected—for the Dey granted every demand made, still I think the Commodore was rather hasty.—Had he cruised six weeks longer, we should have destroyed the whole of their Navy; placed it entirely out of their power to commence for, many years, any depredations on our commerce, and finally made peace on the same terms we have it now. But peace with this people was certainly the most desirable object, and as we have it on our own terms, we should not complain. From Algiers we sailed for Cagliari in Sardinia, to procure water and fresh provisions—necessaries we stood much in want of—for that most horrid complaint, scurvy, began to make its appearance in most of the vessels; and rendered our return into some friendly port of the utmost importance. This is a poor miserable place, and though I was tired after our long cruise, of the ship and sea, still I preferred being actively employed out, than remaining in Cagliari—and did not regret again putting to sea on the fourth day of our arrival, to bend our course once more towards Barbary and settle some differences with the Bey of Tunis, unknown to our government when we sailed; but which the Commodore took all responsibility as their representative to settle. The cause of complaint was this:—During our war with England, one of our privateers sent into Tunis 4 prizes, all of which were received and promised protection. Two were seized by the Bey and sold at a reduced price, he becoming the sole purchaser, while the other two were taken out of his ports under the battery, by a British brig, and carried off. Our consul remonstrated in vain, and was finally threatened with a secret visit from some of his Turban'd Majesty's faithful subjects, if he said any thing further on the subject. Prudence of course dictated silence until an opportunity should present to do the U. States justice; and as soon as our squadron arrived, he forwarded his communications to the commodore, who demanded and obtained remuneration for all the prizes. They were valued by our Consul at \$65,000 every cent of which his majesty paid; assuring the commodore double the amount should be paid with pleasure, rather than go to war with America. You must know the commodore had given him his choice the money to be paid within 12 hours after the demand, or hostilities would commence. Thus ended our difficulties with the most formidable of all the Barbary Powers, and though we had no fighting, still this demand was made before their walls, in sight of six frigates, as many corvettes and brigs, with fifty gun boats capable of acting in two harbors. As the commodore was indisposed the day the money was to be paid, capt. Gordon, the second in command, was ordered to wait on the Bey, received the amount and passed the necessary receipt. By this single good turn of fortune, I had the pleasure of being introduced to his majesty—and seeing something of the manners of a Barbary Court. To enter into every minutia respecting this visit and my sensations, &c. &c. would exceed the limits of a letter, I will therefore say nothing at present on the subject, but wait till I can in person talk over my travels, and tell you all—for I hope the time is not now far distant ere I once more turn my face to the West, and embrace in my native land, the only one of freedom under the sun—those friends I have left behind.

"We remained off Tunis 7 days, when we again weighed anchor and stood to sea, destined on a visit to our old friend the Bashaw. He like his brothers the Dey and Bey, had taken advantage of our war with England, to seize some American vessels laying in his harbor, and sent them to Malta to be disposed of for their original owners. They were vessels sent in by our privateers, and valued by our Consul at \$9000. A sum pitiful indeed—but pitiful as it was, the British Consul was villain enough to persuade the poor foolish old Bashaw to deliver them up to him—assuring him that the people of the U. S. would never have it in their pow-

er to make a demand on him for the violation of the treaty. That England destroy the whole of our navy, he need never fear a second fleet off Tripoli.—How must John Bull have felt when he saw the squadron off the town—chiefly of vessels captured from the enemy. As there was a great treachery connected with this the Commodore demanded the prize, giving as usual, some consideration.—In this he has been very fortunate.—The money paid the least difficulty.—Thus, my dear friend, have we, in the space of time settled with three of the Barbary powers, and made a peace on our own terms—and exacted tribute from others.—We left the unhappy coast of Africa on the 7th, and once more for a Christian port, and arrived in Sicily on the 10th, but was disappointed having any intercourse with the people who are chiefly composed of priests, are so superstitious that will have no communication with vessels in less than 30 days after leaving the coast of Barbary. We were gain compelled to put to sea, seeing any of those curiosities which is so celebrated for, or procure those necessaries we so much need after our long cruise. The open sea the Ear of Dionisius could be distinctly seen from our decks.—The remains of the Tower of Archimedes, which is pointed out and we had the satisfaction of procuring fresh water from the town of Arathusa. On the 21st day entering the harbor, we were again under way, and the Commodore kept shore close on board. We had for days a fine view of Aetna & the adjacent country—The whole coast appears to have been formed from Lava, and passed several villages built entirely of this substance. On the fifth day leaving Syracuse, we entered the Gulf of Messina, and anchored the evening off the town—where we immediately procured pratique, and are now enjoying ourselves in every pleasure the Sicilian towns affords.—The harbor is one of the finest in the world, and you have once entered it, but the difficulty of access. The whirlpool Charibdis stands immediately at its mouth while the rock of Scilla, no less formidable, stands about five miles above the opposite shore.—To avoid one, you are obliged to run on board the other, and it requires the greatest skill, to bring a vessel without some accident.—Though these places are dangerous, they are certainly not as formidable as represented by the ancients. We have now been here 10 days, and in daily expectation of sailing for Naples—thence to Leghorn, and on up to Carthage—where we calculated on finding Commodore Bainbridge with orders to send us home."

*Perhaps not—as he wished to be himself of the first moment of terror to extort his own terms.