

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1806.

American Intelligence.

BOSTON, August 23.

THE Tunisian ambassador is likely to turn out a "harder bargain" than the executive has yet found him. We are told, his excellency, dissatisfied with the conduct of some of the agents of government at Washington, with respect to some property he had purchased, set off, with one of his attendants for Washington, to remonstrate with the president, or whomever he may find representing the government, on the subject. Mr. Cathcart remains here. It is expected the minister will, on his return, embark in the Two-Brothers.

NEW-YORK, August 27.

Cap. Bates, of the Ranger, from the Isle of France, informs, that when he sailed, that place was blockaded by a British 74 gun-ship and a frigate.

August 28.

LOSS OF THE SHIP ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

It is with much regret we have to state the loss of the ship *Rose-in-Bloom*, commanded by captain S. Barker, bound from Charleston to this port. This ship upset at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning last, off Barnegat, during the gale which was severely felt in this city. It is painful to state, that out of forty-nine persons on board, twenty-one were drowned. Gen. Macpherion, of Philadelphia, in saving the life of his daughter, lost his own. On Monday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. the survivors were taken off the wreck by the British brig *Swift*, captain Phelan, of St. Johns, and brought safe to this port.

The following are the names of the persons saved: Captain Stephen Barker, captain Oliver Champlin, Miss Eliza Macpherion, hon. John Rutledge, Mr. L. Petroy, M. Brennan, Joseph W. Page, B. Booth, John Davis, D. Botifeur, H. Turner, N. Perry, D. Crocker.

Seamen.

Benjamin Brayton, W. Van Fichten, John W. Gibbs, Randall Cornell, Lloyd B. Burt, John Hathaway, Lewis Divison, Lewis Riley, James Quin, Thomas Conly, William Cowan.

Men of colour.

Baptiste Hagerdie, John Murray, Henry Davis—28 saved.

DROWNED.

Gen. Macpherion and servant, Mrs. Booth and son, Mr. Clark, James Miller, jun. Thomas Tait, Henry Bowring, Doctor Ballard and servant, Mr. Botifeur's servant, Mr. D. Crocker's ditto.

Steerage passengers and seamen.

William Whitelege, John Forcha, D. McCarty, William Robinson, Charles Bryce, Fortune Johnson, John Trully, (black) Adam Knott do. Harry Kid. Drowned 21.

August 29.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF THE ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

Since the wreck of the *Hawell* Indiaman, on the horrors of which the most pathetic strains of the mourning muse have been lavishly poured forth, and the painter's pencil so frequently employed, nothing of the kind has occurred, at least that we can at present call to recollection, so calculated to wing the heart of humanity, and to excite sorrow and sympathy in every bosom not wholly shut against the tender visitings of our nature, as the ship-wreck of the *Rose-in-Bloom*. Convinced that our readers will be anxious to get minute information respecting that disastrous event, we have been at some pains to obtain the particulars, which we found to be simply as follow:

The *Rose-in-Bloom* left Charleston on Saturday, the 16th of August, inst. with the wind at S. W. which continued till the Tuesday following, when it changed to the East, occasioned a very high sea, tho' the wind was by no means great. Thus it continued till Friday, the morning of which was ushered in with every appearance of a heavy gale. At noon on that day, a storm arose of great violence attended with thunder and lightning so fierce and vivid as had rarely been witnessed, never exceeded, even by the oldest inhabitants of South-Carolina who were on board. More need not be said of it than that it appalled the hearts of the stout mariners, and made such an impression on their imaginations as to induce them to think that there was a strong sulphurous stench about the vessel. About four o'clock it began to clear away. But in the evening the gale increased to a tempest, accompanied with heavy rain, both of which continued with unrelaxed severity, and without intermission the whole night. On Saturday the violence of the tempest and the heavy agitation of the sea suggested to the captain the expediency of endeavouring to heave to, which he endeavoured to do under a top-sail; but this was in less than half an hour torn to shreds by the wind, and by the working of

the vessel. A stay-sail was then set; but it too was shivered to pieces before midnight. At this time, the captain, becoming apprehensive that the wind, being at North-East, blowing very violently, and of course the drift of the vessel towards the land being very great, he might get ashore, set a close reefed fore-sail in hopes of the vessel clawing off. Under this she continued labouring till twenty minutes after nine on Sunday morning, when she upset. None of the hatches being battered down, the sea made its way through and rushed by them into the hold, while the cabin was immediately filled with water by the way of the companion. With an extraordinary presence of mind, supplied by the love of life operating upon brave and intrepid spirits, some of the passengers in the cabin, rushed up the companion, and some burst their way through the sky-light, and got into the sea. Among the first of those was Miss M'Pherion, whom Mr. John Rutledge by vigorous effort got up the companion. The vessel being on her side, those who went out of the sky-light of course got into the sea, where they were entangled among the tackle and cordage, and in their struggles, clung to various parts of the masts, yards and rigging. The only chance they appeared now to have was to cut away the masts, but this was found to be impossible, neither axe nor hatchet being to be had. Some persons however, who had run up the side of the ship by the shrouds, contrived, with much labour and difficulty, having nothing but small pocket knives with which to do it, to cut away the lanyards, on the giving way of which, all the masts broke off short by the board. The ship now began to right gradually, but very slowly. The laden below as well as on deck being cotton, she was, so far fortunately, buoyant, and continued to float with her stern above water; so low however, as to be swept by the waves as they passed along. On this wretched support, the little chance or hope of life, which those passengers who had escaped the sea, now wholly rested. In the gallant efforts of a brave father to save a beloved child, gen. M'Pherion, who from the outlet to the last moment, incessantly exclaimed, "Save my daughter," had been numbered with the dead. Mr. Booth, another of the passengers, had seen his wife and child buried for ever in the deep. They had lain in the weather state room. On the vessel's over-setting, he had burst out the dead light, and this unhappy pair getting upon the wreck with their only son, all clinging in an embrace together, were swept into the sea, where a wave separated them, never more to embrace.—He rose in the mizen top—she was seen for a moment at the peak, and sinking, appeared no more.—The child after a few feeble efforts sunk also. Those who escaped from being carried away by the sea, and from drowning in the cabin, now collected upon the stern, and bound themselves with ropes to the weather railing, nearly naked, utterly destitute of food or drink. The cold too, was extremely great; and what with the hurts and fatigue from the tossing about of the vessel, four of those died in the course of the afternoon. Every thing that could tend to dishearten them, was forbidden to be uttered, and such measures as their desperate means allowed, were taken to preserve them. They were arranged in three tiers, joined close for warmth; these changed places at stated intervals, so that each tire should have a turn of the middle place for shelter from the cold winds which blew upon them. In this perilous and painful state they continued all night. About midnight the wind shifted to N. W. the sea fell considerably, and the weather became moderate, and the night clear. About three o'clock in the morning they were cheered by a distant light, which the mariners insisted was a ship's light. It increased in size—it rose fast from the horizon, and they had soon the affliction to perceive that it was the morning star instead of a light of a ship. At daylight on Monday the gale had quite abated, and the heat became almost as painful as the cold had been before. At this time bags of cotton began to emerge from the hold, and a trunk escaped from the cabin, which had a small bag of biscuit in it. This, though reduced to a paste with the water, and salt as brine, they were rejoiced to get, resolving to husband it, by an allowance barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. In little more than an hour after sunrise, a fail was deflected in the S. W. standing, as they thought, towards them. She afterwards seemed to change her course, which probably was owing to the weather being calm, and her consequently not answering the helm. Fearing that they should escape the notice of the vessel, and desirous to multiply objects in the sea, in order to increase their chance, two seamen were induced, by a reward promised by Mr. Rutledge, to get upon a mast or spar, and with badders made from a weather board, to move towards the fail. At 8 o'clock, while the men were with great difficulty, but not more danger than they would be on the wreck, were making their way, they and the wreck were dis-

covered by the fail, which turned out to be the British brig *Swift*, of St. John's, N. B. commanded by an Irishman of the name of PHELAN; whose conduct upon this occasion ranks him among the noblest instances of that pure benevolence and philanthropy, which do honour to the human race, and so generally distinguish the hearts of that oppressed nation. He immediately bore down to the wreck, put out his jolly boat to succour the seamen on the spar, and his long boat to relieve those on the wreck, and got them all in safety on board his vessel, the weather being dead calm. He continued by the wreck till the evening—scuttled the after part of the quarter-deck which was above water, and by great exertions in diving, caused some few trunks to be saved, which helped to clothe the surviving sufferers. Nor was this all. To his immortal honour be it said, he would not stop doing good while any good remained to be done. He himself attended the sick, recruited and nourished the exhausted strength of those who were well; gave up his own blankets and cloaths and those of his crew to cover the unfortunate he had saved—in a word, did every thing in his power to make them comfortable. And what was more than all, without hesitation consented to go out of his course in order to bring the sufferers to New-York, where he landed them about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening.

Events of such an afflicting nature would be intolerably painful, if they were not relieved by something calculated to soothe the mind, and relieve it from the agony of reflecting upon so much horror. In this case the soul, sickened with a long detail of miseries and death and anguish turns from the sufferers, and composes with delight upon the contemplation of the humane and generous man who relieved them.

Mr. Tait, of the house of Tait and Wilson, in Charleston, than whom a worthier man lives not, and Mr. Bowring, being in births to windward when the vessel over-set, could not get out of the cabin, where they were found dead, very much bruised and lacerated as it is supposed by the rolling of the chests and trunks, and by their fruitless efforts to escape.

The following is a copy of a letter written yesterday to capt. Phelan:

New-York, August 28, 1806.

To Captain Richard Phelan, of the Brig *Swift*.

SIR,
For having under the blessings of God, rescued us from the wreck of the ship *Rose-in-Bloom*, on the 23d inst. we offer you our sincere thanks. When we were nearly exhausted by hunger, thirst, fatigue and cold, and clinging to the small part of the wreck, which was then not entirely under-water, and without any prospect of possibly escaping from the watery grave into which we were fast descending, the appearance of your vessel resuscitated our drooping spirits, and made us consider you as destined by Heaven for our relief. Your altering your course, sending off your boats, and making great and prompt exertions to save us, excite emotions of gratitude in all of us which we will not attempt to describe. We request you would do us the favour of accepting, as a small compensation for your great and benevolent services, of one hundred guineas, and to be assured that we shall rejoice in any occasion which may hereafter occur of being useful to yourself, your mate, Mr. M'Fee, or any of the crew of your vessel. We sincerely wish you may have a safe passage to St. Johns—that in your passage through life, you may not meet with any other gales than those of prosperity, and that you would do justice to the sentiments of infinite gratitude with which we are your obliged servants.

(Signed)

E. M. M'Pherion,
John Rutledge,
D. Crocker,
H. Turner,
D. Booth,
Jos. Davis,
M. Brennan,
Joseph W. Page,
Lewis A. Petroy,
N. Perry,
Daniel Botifeur.

To which he returned the following answer.

New-York, August 28, 1806.

To the signers of the foregoing.
I accept with strong emotions, the testimony you have presented me of the remembrance you preserve of my services in taking you off from the wreck. Not to have done what I did, would have been a cause of the most severest and most lasting self-reproach; while the recollection of having been instrumental, under Providence, in saving so many valuable lives, will I assure you, be one of the greatest sources of happiness to me during the remainder of my existence. Accept of my reciprocal good wishes.

RICHARD PHELAN.