

war President, capt. Billings, mounting 6 eighteens and 2 twelve pounders.

At *Sackett's Harbor*, about the 1st inst. the naval force of the United States, armed and manned by gallant crews, was on the point of sailing to meet the enemy. Commodore Chauncey had hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Oneida* of 18 guns, lieut. Woolsey, and his squadron consisted of one brig and eleven schooners—a power supposed sufficient to wrest the trident of the lake from the enemy.—We look-out for valiant deeds—for we cannot avoid believing that whenever our sailors touch the *British*, they must succeed. Every man of them, perhaps, has some private wrong to avenge, and thousands of them, while panting under the lash of "his majesty's" officers, have prayed more devoutly than sailors ever did before, for the glorious opportunity of wiping off the indignity, in *honest war*—man for man.

The frigate, building in *Sackett's Harbor*, was expected to be ready for service about the 20th instant!—Excellent proceedings.

The prisoners on board the cartel *Potomac*, that sailed a few days since from Boston for Halifax, made a violent attempt to prevent their return to the service of their *dearly beloved* sovereign. Several are supposed to have been drowned in effecting their escape; but only a few succeeded. The poor fellows would rather remain prisoners here than enjoy the *British freedom*! This spirit will work mightily, by and bye.

We observe with pleasure that some of our vessels with *British* licenses, for Europe, are adroitly turned from their course by our privateers—they are good prizes. See the case of the brig *Tulip*, page 71.

*Gallant—but "unprofitable" contest*—The *Nonsuch* privateer of Baltimore, captain Levely, carrying 12 twelve pound carronades, and (at that time) between 80 and 90 men, on the 28th of September fell in with a ship and schooner under *British* colors—the ship carrying sixteen 18 and 24 pound carronades, and 200 men, including soldiers, and the schooner six 4 pounders, and 60 men. "When within reach of the ship (says the log-book of the *Nonsuch*) she gave us a broadside; bore down upon her and hoisted American colors, and returned ten broadsides, accompanied each time with a heavy volley of musketry; the ship and schooner keeping up a heavy fire upon us with their great guns and musketry; the engagement lasted 3 hours and 20 minutes, when the bolts and breachings of our guns, fore and aft, were carried away both sides; we could then only fire our musketry, or should certainly have captured them both—dismounted several of the ship's guns, and damaged her very much in her hull and rigging.—From the confusion which appeared on board, we judge that we must have killed a number of men—she bore away for Martinico—we being much crippled in our rigging, could not pursue her. After getting our decks and rigging a little repaired, hauled to the N. and E. our sails and rigging cut to pieces fore and aft, and hull considerably damaged, having received one shot between wind and water, which caused her to leak considerably. Our crew all fought like true Americans.

*Officers wounded*.—Mr. Wilkinson, dangerously in the body, since dead. Mr. Williams, prize-master, severely in the feet.

*Seamen killed*.—Samuel Christain, Lewis Riley, and David McCarthy, and six wounded."

[The ship has arrived at Barbadoes; had 7 killed and 16 wounded—among the former some persons of distinction. The *British* speak of the attack upon them as exceedingly brave.]

*A Yankee trick*.—Capt. Swift, in the sloop *Friendship*, of Providence, (R. I.) was lately captured off

Charleston by a *British* brig. In the night after the capture, during a heavy squall, and while the sloop was at anchor, somebody cut the cable, hoisted the jib, and plumped her ashore on Folly-Island, about 25 miles from Charleston, where the crew and passengers have arrived with their *British* prisoners.—The vessel will probably be lost, but most of her cargo is saved.

The United States brig *Argus* has arrived in the Delaware. She has sent into Philadelphia as a prize, the ship *Adriane*, from Alexandria for Lisbon, laden with 5000 barrels of flour, having a *British* license.

Copy of a letter received by the Secretary of the Navy from Commodore Rodgers:

*U. S. Frigate President, at sea, Oct. 17, 1812.*

SIR—I have the honor to acquaint you that on the 15th instant, near the Grand Bank, this ship, the Congress in company, captured the *British* king's packet *Swallow*, Joseph Morphew commander, bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to Falmouth. The rank of the commander of this vessel is that of a master and commander in the navy. She had no cargo on board except eighty-one boxes of gold and silver, amounting to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand dollars. The specie I took out of her, and had intended sending her to England in the character of a cartel with her own crew: having fallen in with the American schooner *Eleanor*, bound from Baltimore to France, dismasted, induced me to change my first determination, and instead of sending her to England I have sent her to the United States in charge of the master and crew of the before mentioned schooner, who, at the moment of writing this, have charge of the *Swallow* with the schooner in tow, but which, as soon as the weather will permit, they intend abandoning, after having taken her cargo on board the *Swallow*.

I parted company with the United States and *Argus* five days since; they are not however far from me at present, I apprehend.

We have not seen a single *British* vessel of war as yet, except one frigate, which the want of wind and the approach of the night prevented our chasing with any effect; although from information afterwards received we must have passed very near a squadron of five frigates the evening preceding that on which we saw the one before mentioned.

I have the honor to be,

With the greatest respect, sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN RODGERS.

Hon. P. HAMILTON, sec'y of the navy.

The *Sarah-Ann* privateer of Baltimore, by the fortune of war, after a brilliant cruize, has been captured and sent into New-Providence. In consequence of the following letter from capt. Moon, being received by a cartel at Charleston (S. C.) twelve *British* prisoners, including a midshipman were taken from the prison ship, and put into close confinement, to be detained as hostages:—

NASSAU, (N. P.) October 18, 1812.

Six of my crew, claimed as *British* subjects, were this day taken out of jail, and put on board his majesty's brig the *Sappho*, and sailed for Jamaica, where, it is said, they are to be tried for their lives. In consequence of this, I questioned each respectively as to the place of his nativity, and his title to protection by the American government, when they stated as follows—to wit:

David Dick, (seaman) says he was born in Marblehead, state of Massachusetts, where his parents, brothers and sisters now reside; is married in New-York, and his wife, (Mary Gaul) lives in Roosevelt-street, No. 37; has a regular discharge from the na-