

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, SEPTEMBER 12, 1805.

Miscellany.

From the WEEKLY WANDERER,

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INTERESTING LETTER FROM TRIPOLI.

To Americans, every thing from our captive prisoners in Tripoli, is very interesting; indeed there is nothing which so much attracts the public attention at present, as our affairs with that barbarous State. The following letter is from Jonathan Cowdery, Esq. who was surgeon on board the late frigate Philadelphia, to his father in Tunbridge, in this county; we copy it from the original.—It contains as much, and as interesting information, as any letter we have ever seen from that quarter.]

TRIPOLI, (in Barbary,) 7th Nov. 1804.

My Dear Father,

NO doubt you have often heard of the loss of the frigate Philadelphia, and the capture of its whole crew, (by the barbarians,) among whom your unfortunate son. We were taken on the 31st of October, 1803, and entirely robbed of property, even the greatest part of the cloaths on our backs were taken from us. Our seamen were immediately put to hard labour, without wages; and they have suffered much for the necessaries of life. Five have paid their last debt to Nature, and five have turned Turks. Myself and fellow-officers were permitted to occupy the house where our consul, Mr. Cathcart, resided while in Tripoli. On our first arrival we signed a parole of honour, but have not been allowed to enjoy it. The Bashaw, (or head of the regency,) compels me to exercise my profession in his palace, and among his slaves; to relieve the distresses of the latter, is a pleasure to me. About the first of February we were removed to the castle, and placed in close confinement, under a powerful guard of Turks, who examined every paper and letter with the utmost scrutiny, to prevent our having any communication with our squadron off the town, which they much feared; what few letters we receive from our friends, are opened before we get them; no doubt many have been suppressed. Mr. Nelson, the Danish consul, has done us many favours, and is entitled to our utmost gratitude. We live in hopes of being liberated in due time, and in a manner that will do honour to our country, whose service we were in, and whose wrongs we were avenging, when, by a sad misfortune, we fell into the hands of a monster foe, who divested us of liberty and property and plunged us into a prison; from thence we were removed to a more gloomy one, the dreary cells of a castle, the gloomy walls of which bespeak the miseries of christian slaves, who erected them under the lash of tyranny; the glimmering light of which is admitted through the iron grating in the top; the doors are secured by large locks and bars of iron, and guarded by infamous Turkish soldiers, who are ready to plunge their daggers into our hearts at the nod of a tyrant, who preserves us only for the ransom which he expects from our country. We hope and expect, that the free sons of Columbia will soon relieve us, their oppressed countrymen, and restore us to our native shore, that we may join them in the protection of its rights, and the enjoyment of its blessings.

May the day soon arrive, when we shall have the pleasure of joining our countrymen hand in hand, to erect dungeons for vice, and temples for virtue. May we teach the haughty tyrant, and the barbarian, that our rights, the common rights of man, are sacred, and not to be infringed; that we will establish and maintain them in spite of its enemies. Ever since our captivity the Bashaw has been prepossessed in favour of me; I have had two fits of sickness, one of the dysentery, and the other Ophthalmia, both very severe, during which the Bashaw paid me every attention that could be expected from a Turkish foe. On the 30th of July he took me from the prison of my brother officers, and gave me a pleasant and well furnished apartment in his palace. I now have liberty to walk about the town where I please, and to take a short ride into the country, on a mule, occasionally; a Turk, who speaks the English language, is appointed to walk and ride with me to prevent my running away or meeting with insults, and to act as interpreter; he is very polite, and pays me every attention. I can speak Arabic, (the language of the place,) tolerably well; I have received some of the books which were taken from me when we ran on the rocks, these I make use of as my best companions; I spend the best of my time in perusing them, and in attending the sick slaves, particularly my countrymen. I am not allowed to hold any conversation with our officers, who are still in close confinement, and our letters to each other are examined with the utmost scrutiny,

Our worthy captain Bainbridge has established a credit with Dr. Davis, our consul at Tunis, and with the French and Danish consuls in this place, so that we draw a little money when we are in want; by this our seamen are often supplied with bread, or perhaps they would perish with hunger. The harbour is closely blockaded by the American squadron under commodore Barron, who lately relieved commodore Preble; in consequence of which there is a great scarcity of provisions in this place, and I fear it will be worse among us before we get from hence. Our squadron made five vigorous attacks upon this place last summer, in which much blood was shed. Terms of peace have been offered, without effect; the Bashaw demands, for us and for peace, 1,000,000 of dollars; our government has offered, through commodore Preble, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, a very wide difference. An additional armament is expected from our country in the spring; I suppose you know more of this than I do; we expect warm work next summer. I assure you it is not very pleasant to be a prisoner in a besieged city; but God is our protector. The present Bashaw has been on the throne about eleven years; on the death of his father, the former Bashaw, he usurped the throne, by killing one of his elder brothers, and driving the other out of the dominions into Egypt; he is very cruel to his subjects, when he finds them guilty of crimes; for murder, treason, &c. he beheads them; for theft, he breaks off the hands and the right foot; at the joints, and dips the stumps into boiling tar; for less crimes, he gives them from five to a thousand bastinadoes, as the Turks call it; this is done by tying up the feet with a rope, and beating upon the breech and the soles of the feet with a large stick; they often perish under the operation. Yet this cruel prince is remarkably fond of his children, and kind to the poor. He is about thirty-five years of age, has two wives, one white and one black; by the former he has five, by the latter, four children. A plurality of wives is allowed in this country. He is a white man of middle size, rather portly, and tolerably handsome. He has a bomb-proof room, which he occupied during the rattling of shells and shot, and the sounding of Columbian thunder.

The laws of our country allow us full pay and rations during our captivity; this is some consolation to us in this savage land. How long we are to remain here God only knows; I am in hopes of once more seeing my parents. I wrote you a letter directly after our captivity.

I have an opportunity of sending this letter to the Island of Malta by a particular friend! from thence it will be sent to America by our consul, who resides in that place; it will therefore escape the scrutiny of my new masters.

Your affectionate Son,
JONATHAN COWDERY.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

[The following lines were composed by one of the Seamen of the Frigate Philadelphia, and enclosed in the above excellent letter of Dr. Cowdery.]

COLUMBIA! though immortal fame
Thy freedom through the world proclaim,
And Hell-born tyrants dread the name,
That will all nations free;
Remote on Barbary's pirate coast,
By force enslav'd, a miscreant host,
No more the rights of man we boast;
Adieu blest Liberty!

How fearful lower'd the gloomy day,
When stranded on the shoals we lay,
Expos'd, our foremast cut away,
To the rough dashing sea;
When hostile gun boats blaz'd around,
And no relief or hopes were found,
These mournful words swell'd every sound,
Adieu blest Liberty!

In helpless servitude, forlorn,
From country, friends, and freedom torn,
Alike we dread each night and morn,
For nought but grief we see;
When burthens press, the lash we bear,
And all around is black despair,
We breathe the silent fervent prayer,
O come sweet Liberty!

Mem'ry to mis'ty more unkind,
Brings present to the painful mind
The woes oblivion else would find,
And evils cease to be:
And fancy, when we're wrapt in sleep,
Conveys us o'er the boundless deep;
But wake to sigh, we live to weep;
Adieu blest Liberty!

And when invading cannons roar,
And streaming blood from hundreds pour,
And mangled bodies float on shore
And ruins strew the sea;

The thoughts of death or freedom near,
Create alternate hope and fear;
Oh, when will that blest day appear,
That brings sweet Liberty!

When rear'd on yonder castle height,
The naked flag-staff dress'd in white,
We gaz'd enraptur'd at the sight;
How happy shall we be!
When thundering guns proclaim a peace,
Our toils all o'er; our woes shall cease,
We'll bless the Power that brings release,
And hail sweet Liberty!

From the (Baltimore) Federal Gazette.

A few further particulars respecting our late acceptable peace with Tripoli, and some little notice of the Hero to whom our countrymen in chains have been so much indebted for their liberation, will be found under the Boston head, by this day's mail.—As the biography of Gen. Eaton is but little known in this part of the Union, any thing which can throw light upon it cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. The following sketch of this singular character is taken from the Brattleborough (Vermont) paper, and appears to have been written before the reception of, and therefore uninfluenced by, the news of his late splendid achievement.

HARTFORD, August 27.
General Eaton, lately appointed commander in chief of the forces of the exiled Tripoline monarch, Hamet Bashaw, is a Green Mountain Boy. He was appointed a captain in the western army of the United States, about the year 1797, and recruited a company at Bennington. In our army he rose no higher than the rank of captain. During the latter part of the administration of president Washington, he was appointed consul at Tunis, in which important station he supported the interests of his country with zeal and ability. When commodore Morris was at Malta, he was applied to by a Maltese blacksmith of the name of Bussitil, styling himself consul and agent of his excellency Sidi Hamet Caramanli, the first born of Tripoli, to assist in placing his master on the throne occupied by his brother. The proposal was that the United States should advance 50,000 dollars, 20,000 stand of arms, and a quantity of gunpowder, and co-operate with their whole force in the Mediterranean; promising that if successful, the new Bashaw would make peace with the United States. Commodore Morris did not think himself authorized to accept this proposal. A correspondence afterwards passed upon this subject between Mr. Eaton and Mr. Madison, secretary of state. Mr. Eaton eventually advanced a considerable sum of the public money for this object; but a committee of congress have reported in favour of his general conduct in his consulship. The project has since been sanctioned by government, and Mr. Eaton commissioned to co-operate with the exiled Bashaw, who has appointed him generalissimo of his armies. By the last account he was on his march along the coasts of Africa from Egypt to Tripoli, a distance of 1000 miles, with a considerable and increasing force. General Eaton will attack Tripoli by land, and commodore Barron by sea, and it is hoped that the result of this singular and dangerous expedition will be honourable to our country.

USEFUL.

A Machine has lately been put into the secretary of state's office, by Mr. John M'Bride, of South-Carolina, but late from Tennessee, and a patent taken out for securing the profits thereof to the ingenious inventor.—This machine, which is called the Columbian Spinstar, is so contrived as to gin, card and spin, at the same time; it is operated on by one person who is perfectly adequate to the whole direction of it. This model spins twelve threads, and machines may be so enlarged as to spin any greater number.—The machine requires no other attendance than the person who feeds it with the seed cotton, who also turns the wheel by which the operations are carried on.—It might be advantageously worked by water; the owner of the present model finished one of fifteen threads (which he left in Tennessee), that by great exertions, extended each thread seven yards in a minute. Many ladies and gentlemen of Washington and George-town have seen this model, and expressed the highest satisfaction at it.

We wish our ingenious countryman success in his invention, and we sincerely hope he may be rewarded in the sale of his machines.—No doubt a discerning public will see their utility and avail them of the use of so valuable an article.

[Washington paper.]

LORD BACON'S OPINION OF HOPE.

He used to say that Hope was a pleasant breakfast, a tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper.