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FOREIGN.

[Translated for the Federal Gazette.]

Extraordinary Gazette of the Regency. Friday, July 2, 1813. OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

The minister of war has received by express the following report from his excellency the Duke de Ciudad Rodrigo.

SIR, The enemy on the night of the 19th June, took a position in front of Vitoria—his left was protected by the heights that terminate in the village of Arganzon, extending himself from them through the valley de Zadorra, in front of the village de Arinez, occupying with the right of his centre, a height which commands the valley of Zadorra. The right of the enemy's army was situated near Vitoria, in order to defend the passages in that neighbourhood, by which he could pass the river Zadorra. Upon the left of his rear guard, he had a reserve in the village of Gomecha. The nature of the country through which the army had marched since its arrival at Ebro, had necessarily extended our columns—and, to unite them, we halted on the 20th; the left advancing to Murgria, where, according to appearances, it would be most useful. The same day, I reconnoitred the enemy, in order to attack them the next morning, if they still remained. In effect, and according to the dispositions made, we attacked the enemy yesterday, and annihilated to inform your excellency, that the allied army under my command has gained a complete victory driving the French from all their positions, taking their baggage, cannon, ammunition wagons, provisions, flocks, treasure, etc. with a considerable number of prisoners.

The operations of the day began by Sir Rowland Hill's possessing himself of the heights of the village upon which the enemy's left rested, but which they had not occupied with much force. A brigade of the Spanish division under the command of Gen. Morillo, was detached to attack them, employed the other to support the communication between the body of the army under his command (which was upon the Royal road from Miranda to Vitoria) and the troops detached to said heights. The enemy soon discovered their importance, and reinforced his troops largely, that Gen. Hill was himself compelled to detach also to the same point, the 71st reg. with the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 1st and 2nd regiments of light infantry from Gen. Walker's brigade, under the command of Lt. Col. Cadogan, and other troops in succession. And the said important heights, but maintained themselves in possession spite of all the efforts of the enemy during the whole of the transaction.

The action was without doubt warmly contested, and the loss sustained considerable. Gen. Morillo was wounded, but did not leave the field. I am grieved to relate that Lt. Col. Cadogan has died this wound—in him the army has lost an officer of zeal and approved our, possessed of the affections of those of his profession, and of whom, had his life been spared, the country might have anticipated most brilliant services. Protected by these heights Sir Rowland passed repeatedly the Zadorra, by the village, following the line which that river forms with it, attacked Subijana de Alava in front of the enemies line, which the enemy fruitlessly attempted afterwards to possess.

The unevenness of the ground was more than I expected, the communication of the different columns marching to the attack from their position they occupied on the Bayas, and it was on this account that I only learnt in the evening that the column composed of the 3d and 7th divisions under Lord Bussell, had arrived at their appointed station.

respect, they begin to find that are an enemy that calls for all their skill and circumspection. They are therefore resorted to a strict discipline, and to excessive precautions, and preparations that had been neglected in their navy, and which no other modern foe has been able to compel. Thus, circumstances every future contest must be bloody and precarious. The question of superiority, if such an idea is still kept up, will in all probability be shifting with the result of different battles; as either side has superior advantages, or superior good fortune.

For our part, we conceive the great purpose of our navy is accomplished. It was not to be perfected that with so inconsiderable a force, we should make any impression on British power, or materially affect British commerce. We fought, not to take their ships and plunder their wealth, but to pluck some of their laurels wherewith to grace our own brows. In this we have succeeded; and thus the great mischief that our little navy was capable of doing to Great-Britain, in showing that her maritime power was vulnerable, has been effected, and is irremediable.

The British may now swarm on our coasts—they may infect our rivers and our bays—they may destroy our ships—they may burn our docks and our ports—they may annihilate every gallant tar that fights beneath our flag—they may wreak every vengeance on our marine that their overwhelming force enabled them to accomplish—and after all what have they effected? redeemed the pre-eminence of their flag? destroyed the naval power of this country?—no such thing. They must first obliterate from the tablets of our memories, that deep-traced recollection, that we have repeatedly met them with equal force and conquered. In that inspiring idea, which is beyond the reach of mortal hand, exists the germ of future avies, future power, and future conquest. What is our navy?—a handful of frigates; let them be destroyed, our forests can produce hundreds such. Should our docks be laid in ruins, we can rebuild them—should our gallant band of tars be annihilated, thanks to the vigorous population of our country, we can furnish thousands and thousands of such—but so long as exists the moral certainty that we have within us the spirit, the abilities, and the means of attaining naval glory—so long the enemy in wreaking their desecration on our present force, do but bite the stone which has been hurled at them—the hand that hurled it remains uninjured.

General Orders,

Annapolis, June 28, 1813. THE Officers commanding detachments of the militia, who have been ordered on duty, will proceed to make out Muster Rolls according to law, and return them to the accountants of militia, that pay rolls may be prepared, and arrangements made for the payment of them as early as possible. The Commissaries, and others who have furnished provisions or supplies for the militia, will prepare their accounts, accompanied with the necessary vouchers, and lodge them with the accountants for adjustment. The officers of companies will immediately divide their companies in ten divisions, agreeably to the law of the last session, and notify the first and second class to hold themselves ready to move at the shortest notice.

By order of the Commander in Chief, JNO. GASSAWAY, Adj. Gen.

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The Report

Of the Committee of Grievances and Courts of Justice relative to the Rights and Mobs in the City of Baltimore. Together with the DEPOSITIONS Taken before the said Committee July 15, 1813.

Public Sale.

Intending to leave Town, I will sell at Public Sale, on Saturday the 21st day of August next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. my house and lot, situate in West street, in the City of Annapolis, and also my Black-Smith and Wheel-Wright Shop with the lot on which they stand situate in said street. The said house and lots afford a good and convenient stand to any person engaged in either of the above businesses, or in the mercantile business. The terms will be made known on the day of sale. RICHARD B. WATTS, Annapolis, July 29, 1813.

the remains of the brave Lawrence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a generous concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax; and the naval officers crowded to yield the last sad honours to a man who was late their foe, but now their foe no longer. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they feel proud of in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of Lawrence presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the nobler feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—on the living, who showed such generous sensibility to departed virtue, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the conquest of magnanimity calls forth the better feelings, and the conquest is over the affections. We hope that in such a contest we may never be outdone; but that the present unhappy war may be continually softened and adorned by similar acts of courtesy and kindness on either part, thus sowing among present hostilities the quickening seeds of future friendship.

As to the event of this battle, deeply as we mourn the loss of so many valuable lives, we feel no further cause of lamentation. Brilliant as the victory undoubtedly was to the conquerors, our nation lost nothing of honour in the conflict. The ship was gallantly and bloodily defended to the last, and was lost, not through want of good conduct or determined bravery but from the unavoidable chances of battle. It was a victory "over which the conqueror mourned—so many suffered." We will not enter into any mechanical measurement of feet and inches, or any nice calculation of force; whether she had a dozen men more or less, or were able to throw a few pounds more or less of ball, than her adversary, by way of accounting for her defeat; we leave to nicer calculators to balance skill and courage against timber and old iron, and mete our victories by the square and the steel-yard. The question of naval superiority, about which so much useless anxiety has been manifested of late, and which we fear will cause a vast deal of strife and ill blood before it is put to rest, was in our opinion settled long since, in the course of the five preceding battles. From a general examination of these battles, it appears clearly to us that, under equal circumstances of force and preparation, the nations are equal on the ocean; and the result of any contest, between well-matched ships, would depend entirely on accident. This, without any charge of vanity, we may certainly claim: the British, in justice and candour, must admit as much, and it would be arrogant in us to insist on any thing more.

Our officers have hitherto been fighting under superior excitement to the British. They have been eager to establish a name, and from their limited number, each has felt as if individually responsible for the reputation of the navy. Besides, the haughty superiority with which they have at various times been treated by the enemy, had stung the feelings of the officers, and even touched the rough pride of the common sailor. They have spared no pains, therefore, to prepare for contest with so formidable a foe, and have fought with the united advantages of discipline and enthusiasm. An equal excitement is now felt by the British. Galled by our suc-

\* In this we speak of the loyal, and really American part of the crew. We have, it is true, been told of treacherous conduct among the murderers, a number of whom, headed by the dastardly Portuguese boatswain's mate, are said to have deserted their commander at the moment of most need. As this matter will come under the scrutiny of the proper tribunal, we pass it over without further notice. If established, it will form another of the baleful disadvantages under which this battle was fought, and may serve to show the policy of admitting the leaven of foreign vagabonds among our own sound-hearted sailors.

was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do through affection what severity would never have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collected courage and elevated tranquillity which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a general benevolence, that like a latent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there is one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dares not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family, who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of the former, was one of those cares which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle. The utmost precautions have been taken by her relatives, to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's fate; their anxiety has been relieved by the birth of a son, who, we trust, will inherit the virtues and emulate the actions of his father. The unfortunate mother is now slowly recovering from a long and dangerous confinement; but has yet to learn the heart-rending intelligence, that the infant in her arms is fatherless.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is an object of admiration, but in some measure of envy; whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause excites the fullness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its rewards. The last sad scene of his life halows his memory; it remains sacred by misfortune, and honoured, not by the acclamations but the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names which every nation preserves as watchwords for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so gallant and amiable an officer, there are some reflections consoling to the pride of friendship, and which may soothe, though they cannot prevent, the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence, of defeat. He fell covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowment, and the freshness of reputation; thus leaving in every mind the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honour, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the brightness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his reputation to the shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility. With feelings that swell our hearts do we notice the honours paid to

age in the service, highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character. Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety: whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind and water, and consequently could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake.

There have been various vague complaints circulated of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of our crew after the surrender. These have been, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing can be more illiberal than this. Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate, as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place among the men which it is impossible to prevent. They are the inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation. Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is the report, that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the sentinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and an alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected, likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was hauled down by the enemy; consequently the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated. It is wearisome and disgusting to observe the war of slander kept up by the little minds of both countries, wherein every paltry misdeed of a paltry individual is indistinctly trumpeted forth as a stigma on the respective nation. By these means are engendered lasting roots of bitterness, that give an implacable spirit to the actual hostility of the times, and will remain after the present strife shall have passed away. As the nations must inevitably, and at no very distant period, come once more together in the relations of amity and commerce, it is to be wished that as little private animosity may be encouraged as possible; so that though we may contend for rights and interests, we may never cease to esteem and respect each other.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle. Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delirious from a wound in the head, which he is said to have received while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.

The wounds of Captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his cabin being very much shattered, he remained in the wardroom. Here he lay, attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was he heard to utter a word, except to make such simple requests as his necessities required. In this way he lingered through four days, in extreme bodily pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter-deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax, for interment.

At the time of his death he was but 32 years of age, nearly 16 of which had been honourably expended in the service of his country. He

(From 1st page.) It was on the morning of the first of June that the Chesapeake put to sea. The Shannon, on seeing her come out bore away, and the other followed. At four P. M. the Chesapeake hauled up and fired a gun; the Shannon then hove to. The vessels manœuvred in awful silence, until within pistol shot, when the Shannon opened her fire and both vessels almost at the same moment poured forth tremendous broadsides. The execution in both ships was terrible, but the fire of the Shannon was peculiarly fatal, not only making great slaughter among the men but cutting down some of the most valuable officers. The very first shot killed Mr. White sailing master of the Chesapeake, an excellent officer, whose loss at such a moment was disastrous in the extreme. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received also a mortal wound in this broadside, and at the same moment captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket ball; he however supported himself on the companion-way, and continued to give his orders with his usual coolness. About 3 broadsides were exchanged which from the closeness of the ships were dreadfully destructive. The Chesapeake had 3 men shot from her helm successively, each taking it as the other fell; this of course produced irregularity in the steering, and the consequence was, that her anchor caught in one of the Shannon's after ports. She was thus in a position where her guns could not be brought to bear upon the enemy, while the latter was enabled to fire raking shots from her foremost guns which swept the upper decks of the Chesapeake, killing or wounding the greater portion of the men. A hand grenade was thrown on the quarter deck, which set fire to some musket cartridges, but did no other damage.

In this state of carnage and exposure about twenty of the Shannon's men seeing a favourable opportunity for boarding, without waiting for orders, jumped on the deck of the Chesapeake. Captain Lawrence had scarce time to call his boarders when he received a second and mortal wound from a musket ball, which lodged in his intestines. Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, rushed up at the call for boarders, but came just in time to receive his falling commander. He was in the act of carrying him below, when Capt. Broke, accompanied by his first lieutenant, sprung on board the Chesapeake. The brave Lawrence saw the overwhelming danger; his last words, as he was borne bleeding from the deck, were "don't surrender the ship!"

Samuel Livermore, esq. of Boston, who from personal attachment to Captain Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Captain Broke, but missed him: the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance. The comparatively small number of men therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieut. Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieut. Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, captain Lawrence, who was lying in the wardroom in excruciating pain hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds; having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle however was decided. Finding all further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieut. Ludlow gave up the ship; after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his