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**THE GOV. TOMKINS, SHALER.**  
Extract of a letter from Nathaniel Shaler, Commander of the private armed schooner Governor Tomkins, to his agent in this city, dated

At Sea, Jan. 1, 1814.

Two days after dispatching the *Netzeid*, I took a whaleman from London bound for the South Seas; but the being of no value, I took out such stores &c. as I could stow, and being much lumbered with prisoners and baggage, I put them on board and ordered her for Falmouth. The chasing of this ship had taken me some distance from my ground, and owing to calms, I could not regain it till the 25th ultimo, when at sun-rise, 3 sail were discovered ahead. We made sail in chase. The wind being light, we came slowly up with them. On a nearer approach, they proved to be two ships and a brig. One of the ships had all the appearance of a large transport, and from their manoeuvres to have concerted measures for mutual defence. The large ship appeared to be prepared to take the bulk of an action. Boats were seen passing to and from her. She had boarding nettings almost up to her tops, with her topmast studding sails out, and sails at their ends ready for running, as if prepared for a running fight. Her ports appeared to be painted, and she had something on deck resembling a merchantman's boat. After all this, what the devil do you think she was? Why have a little patience and I will tell you. At 3 P. M. a sudden squall struck us from the northward, and the ship not having yet received, before I could get our light sails in, and almost before I could turn round, I was under the guns (not of a transport) but of A LARGE FRIGATE!!! and not more than one third of a mile from her.

I immediately hauled down English colours, which I previously had up, set three American ensigns, trimmed our sails by the wind, and commenced a brisk fire from our little battery; but this was returned with woeful interest. Her first broadside killed two men and wounded 6 others (two of whom severely, and one since dead)—it also blew up one of my salt boxes with two 9 pound cartridges; this communicated fire to a number of pistols, and three tube boxes, which were lying on the companion way, all of which exploded, and some of the tubes penetrated through a small crevice under the companion leaf, and found their way to the cabin floor; but that being wet, and the firescreen being up, no further accident took place.—This, together with the fire from the frigate, I assure you, made warm work on the Tomkins' quarter deck, but thanks to her heels and the exertions of my brave officers and crew, I still have the command of her.

When the frigate opened her fire on me, it was about half past 3. I was then a little abaft her beam. To have attempted to tack in a hard squall, would, at least have exposed me to a raking fire; and to have attempted it, and miss, would have been attended with the inevitable loss of the sch'r. I therefore thought it most prudent to take her fire on the tack on which I was, & this I was exposed to from the position I have mentioned, until I passed her bow; she all the while standing on with me; and almost as fast as ourselves, and such a tunc as was played round my ears, I assure you, I never wish to hear again on the same key.

At 4 his shot began to fall short of us. At 4:30, the wind dying away, and the enemy still holding it, his ship began to reach us—we got out sweeps and turned all hands to. I also threw over all the lumber from the deck, and about 2000 wuz of shot from the after hold. From about 4 P. M. all his shot fell short

of us. At 5:25, the enemy hove about and I was glad to get so clear of one of the most quarrelsome companions that ever I met with.

After the first broadside from the frigate, not a shot struck the hull of the Tomkins, but the water was literally in a foam all around her.

The moment before the squall struck us I told Mr. Farnum that she was too heavy for us, and he went forward with the glass to take another look; when the squall took the sch'r. as if by magic, up with her, before we could get in our light sails.

My officers conducted themselves in a way that would have done honour to a more permanent service. Mr. Farnum 1st. lieu. conducted himself with all his usual vigour. Mr. Acheson, performed his part in the style of a brave and accomplished seaman. Messieurs Miller and Dodd, 2d and 3d lieuts. were not immediately under my eye, but the precision and promptitude with which all my orders were executed is sufficient proof that they are to be relied on. Mr. Thomas boatswain and Mr. Caswell master's mate, were particularly active and deserve encouragement.

The name of one of my poor fellows who was killed ought to be registered in the books of fame, and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue; he was a black man by the name of John Johnson; a 24 lb. shot struck him in the hip and took away all the lower part of his body; in this state the poor brave fellow lay on deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates "fire away my boy; no haul a colour down." The other was also a black man, by the name of John Davis, and was struck in much the same way; he fell near me, & several times requested to be thrown overboard, saying, he was only in the way of others.

While America has such tars she has little to fear from the tyrants of the ocean. From the circumstance of her shot being 24's, which I assure you is the case, and as we have felt and weighed them, I am of opinion that it was the Laurel, a new frigate, which I had information of. A gentleman which I took, told me she was in the fleet; that she was built and manned for the purpose to cope with our frigates; and that if she got sight of me she would certainly take me, as she was the fastest sailer he ever saw.

Enclosed I send you a list of the killed and wounded; in every thing else we are in good order and high spirits.

Killed—John Johnson, John Davis—Wounded—John O'Farnum, 1st lieu. slightly; Thomas Davis since dead; Thos. Loveland, severely; James Doughty, John Parker, John Synaholm, all slightly, and doing well.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 21.  
PUBLIC CELEBRATION.

The arrangements contemplated, having been completed, between two and three hundred citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity, honoured by the presence of the Minister of Spain and suite, the Consuls of Russia, Spain and Sweden;—the Right Reverend Bishop White, the Reverend Dr. Collins, Provost Beaseley, Judge Griffith of Jersey, and other distinguished guests, assembled at the City Hotel on Wednesday last, where an excellent dinner was provided by Mr. M'Laughlin—and the magnanimous efforts & splendid victories, which have produced the emancipation of Europe, were celebrated in a manner worthy of the great and interesting occasion.

It was most gratifying to notice, in this joyful assembly, citizens from every class of the community—Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Farmers and Mechanics, were all, and equally, emulous to testify their heartfelt satisfaction at events, which have not only restored the freedom of Europe, but given assurance to the independent of the United States.

Colonel Jonathan Williams was appointed President, and Moses Levy, Riquie, Vice President, of the entertainment, at which the follow-

ing Toasts, interspersed with appropriate Songs, and accompanied by an excellent Band of Music, were drank.

The Opr. written for the occasion by Paul Allen, Esquire, was sung with great effect by Mr. Harding. The eloquent and appropriate discourse delivered by Charles W. Hare, and Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esqs. were received by the company with distinguished and grate ul applause, as contributing much to the enjoyment of the day, which was passed and closed in harmony, hilarity and happiness.

TOASTS.

1. *The Memory of Washington.*  
Drank standing—and followed by solemn silence.
2. *The Emperor Alexander.*—A patriot king: In generosity, and gallantry a true chevalier.  
Nine cheers—Music—Russian Grand March.
3. *The Emperor Francis.*—May he continue to lead a brave and illustrious people to victory in the cause of virtue and independence.  
Music—Austrian Air.
4. *The King of Prussia.*—Emancipated from the toils and power of Napoleon, may he prove himself a worthy successor of the Great Frederick; and the deserving monarch of a gallant people.  
Music—Prussian Grand March.
5. *The Crown Prince of Sweden.*—His talents, valour and fidelity, have eminently justified the choice of the nation.  
Six cheers—Music—"See the conquering hero comes."

After the fifth toast, one of the guests sung an original ode in the Swedish language—Of this we have not been able to obtain a copy.

6. *The Patriots of Spain and Portugal.*—First in opposing the Tyrant's power; their glorious and successful struggle will be, hereafter, an awful lesson to the oppressor, and a bright example to the oppressed.  
Nine cheers—Music—Spanish March.

After the sixth toast, the following Ode, composed for the occasion, was sung with great spirit and effect by Mr. Harding, who was joined in chorus by the whole company.

ODE

BY PAUL ALLEN, ESQ.  
TUNE—"Rise Columbia."

PLUDGE wetheman, who while he fights,  
Rejects the bloody wreath of Fame;  
Freedom and Conquest he unites—  
Such triumphs only grace his name.  
Let joy pervade each patriot soul—  
To Russia's Monarch fill the bowl.  
The glorious light that crowns his head,  
No blood-stain'd Chieftains ever know;  
It brings to tyrants only dread;  
'Tis Mercy's mild and gentle bow,  
Be conquers but to break the chain.  
On Uri's rocks the shade of Tell  
Majestic walks in stern disdain;  
His form the Tyrant knows full well,  
He points the vengeful shaft again.  
Let joy pervade each patriot soul,  
To proud Helvetia fill the bowl.

Iberian hills! what fearful beams  
Illume your cloud-capt summits o'er!  
Resistless, as your mountain streams,  
Your patriot bands in torrents pour.  
Let joy pervade each patriot soul,  
To FREE HISPANIA fill the bowl.

Romans arise, and claim the wreath—  
Attendance more when Freedom calls;  
For lo!—your marble heroes breathe,  
And point destruction to the Gauls.  
Let joy pervade each patriot soul,  
And to Hispania fill the bowl.

Austria thine Eagle too we greet  
What strength his spreading plumes display!  
Free as the cloud beneath his feet,  
He holds his proud imperial way.  
While joy pervades each patriot soul,  
Pledge us his triumphs in the bowl.

That haughty Chief, whose iron crown  
Now gleams with diamonds set in gore;  
Behold, he lies at Freedom's frown—  
And now he sinks to rise no more.  
Let joy pervade each patriot soul,  
Pledge us his downfall in the bowl.

7. *The People of Germany.*—Ever champions of their liberty, and daring in their efforts to maintain it.  
Nine cheers—Music—Vienna March.

8. *The People of Russia.*  
"Patient of toil, serene amidst alarm,  
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."  
Nine cheers—Music—Life let us cherish.

9. *Regenerated Holland.*—Her dykes yielded to a temporary inundation—her energies will restore them to their pristine strength.  
Nine cheers—Music—The Prince of Orange's March.

10. *The Helmsman Pluff & his bravo Cossack.*—Hatred to the minions of Tyranny—They have executed great designs for the prosperity and happiness of the world.  
Nine cheers—Music—Cossack March.

11. *Blucher.*—Brave, skilful and indefatigable—the worthy pupil of the Great Frederick—the firm pillar of the Prussian power.  
Nine cheers—Blucher's March.

12. *The memory of the Great and virtuous Morau.*—The true patriot and cherished friend.  
Dead March in Saul.

13. *The memory of the brave and venerable Kutusoff.*—Whose long and glorious career terminated in the triumphant expulsion of the invaders of his country.  
Russian Dead March.

14. *The People of the United States.*—Exulting in the success of their own struggle for independence—they rejoice in the emancipation of others.  
Nine cheers—Yankee Doodle.

After the last toast the following song was sung.

SONG.

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."  
Once more over Europe's long desolate plains,  
See the day-star of freedom appear,  
While each heart filled with rapture to throw off its chains,  
Hails the hour of deliverance near.  
No longer shall myriads resistless advance.  
By a tyrant's stern mandate array'd,  
The world long enchanted has wak'd from her trance.  
And the standard of union display'd—  
'Tis you valiant Russians, as generous as brave,  
Who Europe's deep wrongs have redrest:  
And your gallant Chieftains, who conquer to save,  
By your sons yet unborn shall be blest  
By your great example all nations in spird,  
Now their honours long dormant reclain:  
'Twas the glorious brand by which - Moscow was fired,  
Lighted Europe to freedom & fame.  
Americans hail then the prospect so bright,  
Which the Russians present to our view,  
For 'tis not against France, but her tyrant they fight,  
If France to herself be but true.  
Long may Liberty's banner triumphantly wave,  
Firmly grasp'd be each patriot's sword,  
Till victory graces the helm of the brave,  
And peace is by conquest restor'd.

VALUNTEERS.

The following are some of the volunteer toasts which were given. Many have been lost.  
By the *Chevalier de Onis*, the minister of Spain.  
*The new confederacy of nations.*—Destined to emancipate another continent, and unite discordant feelings in the new world, as it has reconciled jarring interests in the old.

By the Russian minister, Mr. *Daschkoff*, who being at Washington & unable to join in the celebration in compliance with an invitation sent to him, communicated by letter, his congratulations to the company, together with the following toast, which he requested might be given in his name:  
*The Commercial intercourse of the world.*—re-established by the courage, magnanimity and wisdom of the allies. It is the true means of civilization—the only rational and strong tie between nations.

By Mr. *Kosloff*, the Russian Consul.  
*Peace, Commerce and Prosperity*, to the United States.  
By Don *Joseph de Heredia*, Secretary of the Spanish Legation.

May the cause of freedom and humanity be every where supported by the same philanthropic sentiments which animate this enlightened company.

By the Rev. Dr. *Collin*, rector of the Swedes' Church.  
May the last awful visitation forever deter all Christian nations from worshipping war devils.  
By Mr. *Ranguent*, the Spanish Consul.

*The commerce of the United States.*—May it extend and flourish by reciprocal good understanding with the Spanish nation.  
By Mr. *De Lugo*, of the Spanish Legation.

The triumph of the independence of nations and their rights over the external and internal tyrants of all sorts and descriptions.  
By the President, after the Spanish minister had retired.  
*Our distinguished guest, the Chevalier de Onis*—the worthy representative of a glorious nation.  
By Mr. *Dahlgren*, the Swedish vice consul.

*The French Eagle*—her wings are clipped by a northern blast, she will never soar o'er the western hemisphere.

By the Hon. Judge *Peters*, who being unable to attend, communicated his toast in writing.  
May the deluded citizens of our beloved country learn to be wise from others harms.  
By the President.

His Excellency Mr. *Daschkoff*, the minister plenipotentiary of his imperial majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.  
By the *Vice-President*.

His Excellency Mr. *De Kantzow*, the minister of his majesty the King of Sweden.  
By Mr. *Robert Hare*.

*The monarchs who defend liberty*—in preference to republicans who defend despotism.  
By Major *McConnell*.

Hail independence I implanted in the hearts of individuals and of nations; may those who have been eminently useful in obtaining it for the oppressed, be held in grateful remembrance to the end of time.  
By Mr. *J. B. Wallace*.

The memory of a man who is justly the boast of our country—the memory of *Hamilton*—the distinguished patriot, hero and statesman.  
By Major *Jackson*.

Extinction to oppression wherever practised by principals or by agents.  
By Mr. *Hopkinson*.

The nineteenth of October, sacred to the freedom of nations. On that day the tyrant retreated from Moscow—and on that day he fled from Leipsic.\*  
Mr. *Bronson* said, that in the absence occasioned by severe indisposition, of a much respected and highly meritorious citizen, a subscriber to this entertainment, a gentleman who had eminently distinguished himself by his skill & valour in the naval service of the United States, whose heart was known to be fully with us on this occasion, and whose feelings of exultation at the events which we had assembled to celebrate were not exceeded by any who had the happiness to be present; he begged leave to offer the following toast—which was received with reiterated acclamations.

*Commander Truxton*—One of the oldest and ablest tutors in the naval school of the United States—the conduct of his pupils is a higher eulogium upon his talents and skill than we can pronounce.  
By Mr. *Allen*, the author of the ode composed for the occasion.

*The Austrian Eagle*—he has released himself from the Corsican cage—may his example be followed by another bird of the same species.  
By Mr. *Wm. Rush*.

*The united powers of Europe*—in their glorious efforts for freedom, against the tyrant of the civilized world, they have clipped his wings—may they soon adjust his proud crest.  
*The next American war*—may it be waged against our real enemy—not upon ourselves and neighbours.  
\* Mr. *Hopkinson* might have added with truth—and on that day, *Burgine* surrendered with his whole army, to the arms of the United States.