

ments of men to be snuffed in the bosom of his slaves. He is not a man. The allied armies, insensible to frost and fatigue, defying alike the rage of elements and the rage of man, throw themselves over the Rhine. They march through the cantons of Switzerland, not merely authorized by their permission, but furthered by their assistance, marking strong places by corps of observation, they penetrate the interior of France, on the east and the north, while Wellington pours in on the south, his Britons, Spaniards, and Portuguese. Mark. The representatives of Bourdeaux were first to proclaim a French republic. Bourdeaux is first to unfurl the royal standard. Napoleon, surrounded, beaten, on the verge of ruin, remains unmoved. The allies, anxious to spare the effusion of blood, and terminate the misery of Europe, again tender peace, with the possession of undivided, undiminished, France. They are actuated by motives of humanity, and governed by dictates of human policy. But he and they, mighty though they be, are only instruments in a mightier hand. The heart of this modern Pharaoh is hardened. He will not release those whom he holds in bondage. His demands, far from being suited to this condition, would have been unreasonable even had he been victorious. His severity had silenced truth. His violence obliged all who approached to feed his vain glory with pleasing falsehood.

Ignorant, therefore, of his peril, he believes the French attached to his person. Yes—Strange as it may seem, he who led them so long through every stage and degree of suffering, believes himself to be the object of their tender affection. But why wonder at his self-delusion? Has not the same strange thing been asserted by men among us, reputed wise? Nay, has it not been believed by hundreds and thousands of their followers; men who shut their eyes to reason and their ears to truth, from the fear of perceiving their own delusion? In the great scheme of Providence as far as man may without impiety, attempt to raise the veil, miraculous events appear to be wrought by human intervention. Thus we discover in the preceding tyranny of Napoleon, the cause of that self-deception and false information which prompted his extravagant conduct. Spectators, amazed that an adventurer, followed by a few exhausted, dispirited soldiers, remnant of reiterated defeats, in the midst of a great nation which holds him in abhorrence, should persist in refusing the throne of France unless other thrones were added, cannot resist the conviction that he is blinded by the direction of the Almighty will. And yet we can trace back the present madness to preceding crimes. Thus punishment springs from offence. That determined, inflexible will, which had beaten down so many thrones, now recoils on himself and drives him to ruin.

Again the cannon roar. The long arches of the Louvre tremble. The battle rages. The heights of Montmartre are assailed. They are carried. The allies look down victorious on the lofty domes and spires of Paris. Lo! the capital of that nation which dictated ignominious terms of peace in Vienna and Berlin; the capital of that nation which wrapt in flames the capital of the Caars, is in the power of its foes. Their troops are in full march. The flushed soldiery may soon satiate his lust and glut his vengeance. See before you, princes, the school of that wretched philosophy which undermined your thrones. In those sumptuous palaces dwell voluptuaries, who, professing philanthropy love only themselves. There recline, on couches of down, those polished friends of man, who revelling in the bosom of delight, see with indifference a beggar perish, and calmly issue orders for the conflagration of cities, and the pillage of kingdoms. Listen to the voice of retributive justice. Throw loose the reins of discipline. Cry havoc! avenge! avenge! No. Yonder is the white flag; emblem of peace. It approaches. They supplicate mercy. Halt! Citizens of America, what, on such an occasion would Napoleon have done? Interrogate his conduct during fifteen years of triumph. See this paragon of philosophers spread ruin around him—his iron heart insensible to pity—his ears deaf to the voice of religion and mercy. And now see two christian monarchs, after granting pardon and protection, descend from the heights of Montmartre and march through the streets of

that great city in peaceful triumph. See following them half a million of men, women and children, who hail with shouts of gratitude, Alexander the deliverer. They literally kiss his feet. And like those of old, who approached the Saviour of the world, they touch in transport the hem of his garment and feel sanctified. He enters the temple of the living God. In humble imitation of his divine master, he proclaims pardon and peace. Those lips, which victorious in the plain of Leipsic, cried out glory to God, now again victorious, complete the anthem of benediction. "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace. Good will towards men." Let all nature join in the triumphal song. Glory to God! to God! and on earth peace.

Ye who are promoters and supporters of war! Ye whose envenomed tongues have slavered out invective on all who wear legitimate crowns! Ye who represent sovereigns as wild beasts, for whose destruction all means are lawful! Approach! Behold! Come ye, also, who wrapping yourselves up in self-conceit, look with affected pity on such as believe in a Saviour. Ye who dwell with cynic satisfaction, on crimes committed by fanatics! Look there. Those kings are christians. And thou, too, Democracy! savage and wild. Thou who wouldst bring down the virtuous and wise to thy level of folly and guilt! Thou child of squinting envy and self-tormenting spleen! Thou persecutor of the great and good! See, though it blast thine eyeballs, see the objects of thy deadly hate. See lawful princes surrounded by loyal subjects. See them victorious over the legions of usurpation. See, they are hailed, followed, almost adored, by the nation they conquered, pardoned and liberated. See that nation seize the first moment of freedom to adopt a constitution like that of England. The land of our great and glorious forefathers. The land you abhor. The land at which your mad-men, if Heaven indulged them with power, would hurl the bolts of vengeance, and merge millions of their fellow-men in the billows of the surrounding sea. Yes democracy, these are the objects of thy hate. Let those who would know the idol of thy devotion seek him in the Island of Elba.

He abdicates. He shows, thee Democracy, his kindred blood. He takes money for his crown. Look at him. Him whom you hailed as invincible, omnipotent. He goes guarded to protect him from being murdered by those lately his subjects. He goes, assassin of D'Enghein, a pensioner of the house of Bourbon. That royal house now reigns. The Bourbons are restored. Rejoice France! Spain! Portugal! You are governed by your legitimate kings. Europe! rejoice. The Bourbons are restored. The family of nations is completed. Peace, the dove descending from Heaven, spreads over you her downy pinions. Nations of Europe, ye are her brethren once more. Embrace. Rejoice. And thou too, my much wronged country! My dear, abused, self-murdered country, bleeding as thou art, rejoice. The Bourbons are restored. Thy friends now reign. The long agony is over. The Bourbons are restored.

From the Baltimore Telegraph, Extra of July 10.

We have received at a late hour last evening a copy of the New-York Evening Post, transmitted by the editor of the Freeman's Journal Philadelphia, to the Editor of the Federal Gazette, to whose politeness we are indebted for its reception. We deeply lament that we should be compelled to record any misfortune to our navy. Captain Porter has, however, nothing but misfortune to lament. We think that claims of this character apply more powerfully to the sensibility of their countrymen than the most brilliant victories. This desperate engagement it appears lasted for two hours and 57 minutes, with a frightful disparity of force.

	GUNS	MEN
Phebe,	35	220
Cherub,	28	180
Essex	64	400
	32	225

Superiority of British force; 32 175!!! Victory commands the homage of the million; bravery in adversity is ever prone to receive unmerited neglect. We trust that our country-

men are, from this dazzling example, satisfied of the headlong injustice too often committed, by making victory the standard of merit. We trust that Capt. Porter will receive all those marks of affection and respect that have distinguished his more successful, though not more meritorious brethren of the navy. Our naval character either in victory or defeat, maintains the integrity of its splendor. We should be proud of an opportunity of taking Capt. P. by the hand, and of congratulating him that he has achieved every thing but victory. The deep anxiety expressed by our countrymen, must be our apology for intruding on the day dedicated to devotional exercise.

We congratulate our fellow citizens of Maryland, that this naval hero is one of their native brethren—the cruise of Captain Porter has, for the length of time in which it was maintained, been almost unparalleled in the history of naval warfare. He has ended his cruise in blaze of glory, and we repose with confidence, in the belief that his countrymen, & the citizens of Maryland in particular, will do justice to his fame.

From the New-York Evening Post. New-York, July 7—7 P.M.

The U. S. frigate Essex captured.—By the arrival this forenoon at quarantine, of the cartel ship Essex Junior, in 70 days from Valparaiso, we have received the painful intelligence of the capture of the U. S. frigate Essex, captain Porter, of 32 guns and 225 men, by the united force of the British frigate PHOEBE, captain Hillyar, of 36 guns and 220 men, and the sloop of war CHERUB, of 28 guns and 180 men, after an obstinate engagement of two hours and fifty-seven minutes, in which the Essex lost in killed, wounded and missing, 152 men. The following is an extract from the log book giving the particulars:—

United States frigate Essex, David Porter, Esq. Commander, March 28th, 1814. Light winds and cloudy, at daylight got every thing ready to weigh expelling the enemy's ships were to leeward, according to the report of lieutenant Maury, who was last evening entrusted with an expedition to effect this end; we were much surprised at about half past six to see both ships, close to the weather point of the Bay—they stood within the point, tacked and stood out again; at noon, the wind freshened at SSW, and increased to a strong gale—struck royal yards and masts, at 45 minutes past 2, parted the larboard cable, which caused us to drag the starboard anchor—Capt. Porter hailed the Essex Junior to send her boat to take Mr. Poinstall on shore, —Immediately after he left us, captain Porter gave orders to cut the cable, which was done, and sail made on the ship; the enemy's ships were at this time standing in for the port. On luffing round the point of Angles, a heavy squall struck us which carried away our main top mast by the lower cap; 2 men, Samuel Miller and Thomas Browne, fell overboard and were drowned as we suppose; the ship wore and heeled to the wind on the starboard tack, orders given to clear the wreck; the main topsail was cut away from the yards, so as not to act against us in working into the Bay. Captain P. finding it impossible to gain our former anchorage, concluded to bear up for a small bay situated on the westward side of the harbor. At 45 minutes past 3 came to with the best bower in 9 1-2 fathoms water, and in half pistol shot of the shore. The western fort (Castello Viego) bore E. by N. distant 3 miles; the eastern fort, (or Castello del Barren) bore S. W. by W. distance about one and a half miles. This fort was not in sight, as we anchored under a high bluff that screened us from it. There was a long 24 pounder detached from it on a rising ground to the N. E. distant 4-2 a mile, and consequently so much nearer to where we anchored. In this situation we considered ourselves perfectly secure. Capt. Porter gave orders to clear the ship for action, although he did not, I believe, entertain an idea that the enemy would attack him. At 55 minutes past three, the Phoebe commenced firing on our larboard quarter and at four the Cherub commenced firing on our starboard bow. In about half an hour they were round and stood out to repair damages. They appeared to be much cut in their rigging, their top sails sheets flying away. In this interval we got the third spring on the cable, the two first being shot away as soon as put on. They soon returned and took their position out of reach of

our short guns, and opened a most galling fire upon us; the wind shifting about this time Capt. P. determined to lay the Phoebe aboard—the cable was accordingly cut, but the only halyards standing were those of the flying jib, this sail was partly hoisted, but not sufficient to wire the ship off—we were now in a most dreadful situation as the enemy bulletted us every shot, and our brave fellows falling in every direction, but were all so animated by the brave, cool and intrepid conduct of our heroic Commander, that every man appeared determined to sacrifice his life, in defence of our Ship and of Free Trade and Sailor's Rights, for which they were continually huzzing fore and aft; but an unlucky accident took place which frustrated all our hopes, to wit: the explosion of some loose cartridges in the main hatch way, which caused a general consternation among the crew, the greatest part of which jumped overboard. Capt. Porter seeing no hopes left gave orders to fire the ship, but humbly considering that many of his brave companions were lying wounded below, he countermanded this order and gave the one to lower our ensign, which was executed precisely at half past six, the enemy did not cease firing for some minutes afterwards—During this interval some of our men were wounded and four shot dead—thus fell the Essex into the hands of the English, after a resistance worthy the cause which animated us.

Since the action I have been informed by the 1st Lt. of marines of the Phoebe (Mr. Burrows) that they passed these 2 unfortunate men on our life buoy, which had been thrown over to them, to perish in the waves, without endeavoring to afford them the least assistance.

A return of the killed, wounded and missing on board the late U. S. ship Essex, of 32 guns, 225 men, David Porter, esq. commander, in an action fought on the 28th March, 1814, in Valparaiso bay with the British frigate Phoebe, of 36 guns, 320 men, James Hillyar, esq. commander, and the sloop of war Cherub, mounting 28 guns, 180 men, commanded by T. Tucker, esq.

Killed in the action and have since died of their wounds.

James P. Wilmer, 1st Lt. John G. Cowell, 2d do; Henry Kenady, boatswain's mate; Wm. Smith do; Francis Bland quartermaster; Rueben Marshal quarter gunner; Thos. Bailey, boats. yeo; John Adams, cooper; Wm. Johnson, Carpenter's crew; Henry Vickers, do; R. Wayfield, am. crew; Wm. Christopher, captain fore-castle; Nath. Jones, captain mast; Joseph Thomas, captain maintop; Jno. Russel, do; F. Green, G. Hill, W. R. Cook; Geo. Wine, seaman; Joseph Ferrell, seaman; Samuel Miller, do; Thomas Johnson, 1st do; Philip Thomas do; Thos. Nordyke, do; W. White, do; Thomas Mitchell, do; Wm. Lee, 1st o'dy seaman; Peter Allen, stamman; John Alveson, do; John C. Keeling, do; Benj. Hazen, do; Peter Johnson 1st do; Thos. Brennock, do; Thos. Browne, do; Cornelius Thompson, do; John Linghan, do; George Douglas, do; Fredk Hall, do; James Anderson, do; George Hallet, o. sea; Thomas Terry, seaman; Chas. Norgren, do; John Powell, do; Thos. Davis, do; Jas. Seller, do; John Clinton, do; Robert Brown, do; Jno. Jackson, do; Jno. Ripley, do; James Folger, do; Daniel F. Cassimer, o. sea; W. Jennings, do; Mark Hill, 2d do; Geo. Beaden, do; Thos. Russel, do; Lewis Earle, boy; Henry Ruff, do; Wm. Williamson, do.

SEVERELY WOUNDED.

Edward Barnewell, sailingmaster; Edward Linscott; boatswain; Wm. Kingsbury, boatswain Essex Junior; George Kinsingen, master at arms; Bennet Fields, armourer; John McKinsay; Otis Gale, arm-crew; Jasper Reed, do; Isaac Valence, capt's steward; Leonard Green, gr. gunner; Enoch M. Milley, do; Wm. Whitney, capt. fore top; Thomas Milburn, capt. of mast; John Stone, seaman; Ephm. Baker, capt. waist; John Lazarro, seaman; Enno Moles, capt. waist; William Wood, seaman; Francis Trepanny; do; John Penn, do; Geo. Williams, do; Wm. Cole, do; Henry Barker, do; Jno. Glasscan, do; Jas. Goldsborough, do; Landerwas, do; Peter Anderson, do; John Johnson, do; Peter Ripple, do; George Shields, do; Wm. Hamilton, o. s. Thomas Andrews, do; Wm. Nickols, do; Benj. Bardett, do; Daniel Gardner, do; Samuel M. Isaacs, boy, altho' not wounded. David Norano, sailmaker; David G. Farragut, midshipman, George W. Isaacs, do; John Langley, car-

pentier, John Wible, carpenter's mate; John Reless, carpenter's crew; Wm. Boyd, do; Benj. Wadum, carpenter's yeo; John French, capt. coxswain; Levi M. Cade, quarter master; George Stoutenbourg; Wm. McDonald; George Brown; Shubal Cunningham, Robert Scatlades, Antonio Miller; George Love; Wm. Matthews; Wm. Concord; Daniel Hyde; Joseph Williams; Frederick Heartwell; Wm. Burton; Jno. Sicks, Wm. Deacon.

George Martin, gunner's mate; Adam Roach, quarter gunner; Jno. Thompson, gr. master; Francis Davis, seaman; James Chace, do; Bartholomew Truhuman, Matthew Lindler; Wm. Holmes, John Ragnell; Thos. Hobbs, Robert Harrison, Edward Leford, Thos. Parroux, Hugh Gibson, Jas. Dorman, Henry Humphries, Wm. Taylor, Charles McCarty, James M'Graw, James Mahoney, John Deacon, Simon Rodgers, Elias W. Saddus, John Owens, Wm. Foursyth, George Schlossar, John Ayres, George Gable, Thomas Carroll, Charles More, William Holland.

RECAPITULATION.	
Killed,	58
Severely Wounded,	28
Slightly Wounded,	25
Missing	31
Total	152

During the action the Essex Junior lay in the port of Valparaiso under the guns of a Spanish Fort, unable to take any part in the contest. After the action Capt. Porter and his crew were paroled, and by arrangement permitted to come home in the Essex Junior as a cartel with his crew. Off the Hook they were detained 24 hours by the British Razee Saturn in company with the frigate Narcissus. Captain Porter left the Essex Junior yesterday afternoon in one of her yawls with 6 men, about 30 miles outside of the Hook, and landed this morning at Babylon on Long Island, where he procured a wagon, took on board his yawl and jolly tars, and reached Brooklyn about 5 o'clock this afternoon.

We understand the Essex had landed all her specie, amounting to TWO MILLIONS, at Valparaiso, previous to her being captured.

The brig Colt, formerly of this port, which was sold to the Patriots and fitted out by them at Chili, had on board 25 Americans. Shortly after putting to sea the Spaniards mutinied and carried the brig into Lima, when she was taken by the Royalists. Mr. Deussenbury of this city, one of the crew, has come home in the Essex Junior.

Extract of a letter from one of the officers of the late United States frigate Essex, to his friend in this city.

"January 13th, made the Continent of South America, in lat. 38, 46, S. We cruized down the coast to the northward. 21st, arrived at Valparaiso, and cruized off there until January 30, when we ran in and anchored. February 8, the English frigate Phoebe of 36 guns, mounting 49, and sloop of war Cherub of 20, mounting thirty 32 pound carronades, came to anchor in the port, and a few days afterwards put to sea, and from this time kept in the mouth of the harbour, blockading us. Though Captain Porter made every attempt to bring the Phoebe to a single engagement with us, the English commandant refused to fight us alone, notwithstanding his superiority of force. We once saw the frigate a little separated from and to windward of her consort; and supposing this was intended as a challenge, we immediately went out to fight her; but the coward immediately ran for the sloop, and then hove about and stood after us together, until we returned to anchor. We were now convinced we could outail them; therefore prepared for sea, with an intention to run from them, unless one would come at a time.

"March 28th, being ready for sea, and having a fresh gale, we put to sea, intending to give them a chase fight until we could get out of their shot; but in doubling round the point of the bay, a heavy squall struck us; carried away our main-topmast, and drowned several men. We immediately put about ship and stood in again; but in consequence of the loss of our mast we could not reach our old anchorage. We came to anchor in another bay under cover of the guns of the fort. Being in a neutral port, we exposed ourselves secure from an attack; and therefore, began to clear the wreck, as our mast still hung over the side. But the British ships came in and attacked us at a distance under our shot. We had only 2 guns on the stern that would reach the carronades did not carry half way. The two long guns so well-worked as to mangle the enemy's vessels to repair, but they returned to the attack. Our gunnery stimulated by the detestable conduct of our antagonist, stood the slaughter unflinching. The last two hours and twenty minutes. Our cables were and our sail could be set were not entangled by masts had their hauly way. Our ship caught times, and one or two signs took place; but the Yankees suffered nothing but courage them, until grew short. At the our ship we had only 15 or 20 of our guns way or disabled, and our men well and able to shoot guns. 160 men were wounded. The ward-room and steerage, were full besides many on the deck was necessary to amputate. We had about twenty burnt that 8 of them died towards."

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"March 30 and 31st, the wounded to sick shore, and all the officers paroled. April 27th, the Essex Junior with the crew for the United States, Cape Horn in the coldest May. Crossed the Equator 14th of June, and arrived New York, on the 7th of July. [Captain Porter left Essex off Long Island, and landed at Babylon morning, and arrived about 4 P. M. Capt. Porter's carriage, and crossed the steam boat Nassau, arrival in New York, the horses from his carriage drew it up to the City, from thence to his lodgings street, with cons huzzas.]

WASHINGTON. Copy of a letter from the Secretary of War, dated Charleston, 28th.

SIR, I have this moment melancholy information of the U. States Schooner Port Royal. It appeared set at anchor, by a violent whirlwind. Lt. H. 11 of the crew, are of Midshipmen Brailsfordson, with 25 men, are lost. By the next mail enabled to forward to set's report. I have the honor to be, With great respect, Your obedient servant, J. Hon. Wm. Jones.

MARYLAND GAZETTE. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY.

THE ENEMY. The British frigate which passed this place in company with a couple of smaller vessels, Bay, repassed yesterday with twelve sail of which she had captured a sloop. We have no the head of the Bay, a damage done by them. it is supposed, was to ter.

While we deplore the United States frigate the brave tars who fell, it would be in survivors to pass over and intrepid conduct. No sailors ever better wreath which fame the warrior, than our were ever more dearest of humane in victory; of time, which this war was sustained, evincing the part of the heroic commander, in the ship while there for a single gleam of the event of the battle fortunate, yet was our country, and the flag, supported by a