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## LIFE OF COM. MURRAY.

From the Port Folio.

Commodore Alexander Murray was born in Chestertown, Maryland, on the 12th day of July, 1755, of honest and respectable parents. From early life he was devoted to the watery element; and at the age of 18, commanded a vessel in the European trade. The revolution shortly after breaking out, zealously attached to the cause of his country, he forsook the mercantile life, and was appointed a lieutenant in the first Maryland Regiment, commanded by Col. Smallwood. He had previously received an appointment to the same station in the navy, but as we had no frigate then in service, he entered the army. He took an early and conspicuous part in the hard fought battles that ensued at White-plains, Flatbush, York, &c.

His sense of hearing was much impaired by the explosion and bursting of sundry pieces of cannon, on the New York battery, while firing at the enemy's fleet, on their passage up the North river. This infirmity he laboured under until his death. At the close of this campaign he was severely afflicted by chronic complaints, and was compelled to retire, soon after having been appointed to the rank of captain in the second regiment. At this time two hundred effective men only returned, out of nine hundred that marched from Annapolis; the rest having been either killed, or taken, or having fallen victims to the maladies of the camp.

On the re-establishment of his health, captain Murray resumed his rank in the navy. As there were no public ships ready for service, he was appointed at various times, to command sundry letters of marque, repeatedly passing and repassing the enemy's fleet, and seldom escaping without a battle. One of these engagements is worthy of record:—Having been appointed to the command of the Revenge, a letter of marque, carrying 18 six pounders, with a complement of 50 men only, he sailed from Baltimore for Holland. He had the chief command of all the vessels then lying at that port, bound on foreign voyages, some of which were well armed. Meeting with the enemy's force much superior, he was compelled to return with his fleet, consisting of 40 vessels, and to seek refuge in the river Patuxent. The number afterwards increased to about 50 sail—the commanders of which all agreed to fight their way through the opposing fleet. With this determination they put to sea, when a fleet of privateers hove in sight. A signal was made for all the unarmed vessels to return, and for the remainder to rally round their commander. The enemy's fleet, consisting of one ship of 18 guns, one brig of 16 and three privateer schooners stood for the body of the fleet. One brig and one schooner only obeyed capt. Murray's signal to rally. He soon discovered himself lying between the ship and brig, when a severe engagement ensued. Captain Murray kept up an incessant fire from both broad sides, and in an hour's time had the satisfaction to see his enemies haul off, after having sustained much damage. The brig and the schooner likewise behaved extremely well, and repelled the assaults of their adversaries. Captain Murray after this action, returned to Hampton Roads to refit; his sails and rigging were much injured; but fortunately no lives were lost; few only were wounded, himself among the number. After captain Murray had repaired his vessel, he sailed for the banks of Newfoundland, and was unfortunately overtaken and surrounded by an English fleet of one hundred and fifty men of war and transports, bound to New York.—He was pursued and captured by a frigate. The captain and lieutenant were his intimate friends, from whom he received every kindness and attention. He at last arrived in Philadelphia, where he was regularly exchanged.

The United States frigate Trumbull, of 32 guns, commanded by his gallant friend and relation, the late captain Nicholson, was then ready for service. This officer had before distinguished himself in a very severe engagement off New York, with a British ship of war called the Witt. She was manned with a picked crew, and sent expressly to take the Trumbull. The action continued for 2 hours; both sides received much injury, and a dreadful carnage ensued. The British ship hauled off, and was towed into New York. The captain being asked the name of the Trumbull's commander, replied, that he must be either Paul Jones, or the Devil—for never was a ship fought before with such frantic desperation. Captain Nicholson likewise put into port to repair; and when he sailed on his second cruise, capt. Murray volunteered his services as a lieutenant; and he had the pleasure of finding his gallant friend, the present commodore Dale, one of the lieutenants on board likewise. In the midst of a violent gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the Trumbull lost her foretopmast.—When the storm abated, the crew discovered themselves to be close on board an English frigate. All hands were, nevertheless, called to their quarters, and a dreadful action ensued. At the time when the enemy's fire began to slacken, it was discovered that most of the battle lanterns were extinguished, and that the crew had fled from their stations. A second English ship was laid along the stern of the Trumbull, which poured in her raking broadsides, and put an end to the action. Two of the lieutenants, with lieutenant Murray, were severely wounded; and one third of the crew were either killed or disabled. The Trumbull was the next day towed into New York, without a mast standing, and several of her gun ports beat into one.

After captain Murray had recovered from his wounds, he repaired to Baltimore, where he was furnished with another fine brig, a letter of marque. As he was unable to procure a complement of men and guns, he took a cargo of tobacco, and went on an intended voyage to St. Croix. When he sailed from Hampton Roads he had only five six pounders on board, and the crew amounted to no more than twenty five men. A privateer of fourteen guns, and one hundred men, came alongside, by superior sailing, and lay fast upon his quarter. The five guns were brought to bear, and the privateer was repelled. Perceiving captain Murray's weakness, the attack was renewed with redoubled fury, while his own guns were perpetually shifted from side to side, as occasion demanded. In attempting to board, the privateer was again driven back, but succeeded in carrying away the mast, leaving not a stick of timber standing but the mainmast and the stump of the bowsprit. A final and desperate attempt was at length made to board, but the crew of the privateer, with the loss of half their number, were again repulsed. Captain Murray, after much hazard, arrived in safety at St. Thomas, where he made sale of the cargo.

Having refitted at this place, he captured a British packet by stratagem, in the Gulf of Florida, without firing a gun, and brought his prize into the Havana. An embargo was laid at this port in consequence of an expedition then fitting out against the Bahama Islands, in which he obtained a command. Several other American vessels then lying in port, were armed and attached to this expedition, which set sail with a large Spanish fleet of transports, carrying five thousand men, all under the American flag. Captain Murray arrived off New Providence, and the wind blowing hard, no alternative was left but either to attack a fort well mounted with heavy ordnance, or to be driven on shore by the violence of the gale. The former of these alternatives he adopted, and entering the port, summoned the fort to surrender. This was immediately done, and the Spanish flag waved triumphantly on the ramparts.

The governor and his aid (since the noted general Miranda) who both sailed on board captain Murray's ship, were engaged in forming

the terms of capitulation. It was in vain suggested to Miranda, by the subject of the present memoir, that an unconditional surrender might be obtained, as the principal forts were then in their possession. Miranda, then a captain of Spanish grenadiers, mortified at the thought that the Americans should have so large a share in the glory of this enterprise, made shameful and disgraceful terms of capitulation.

A controversy with Miranda ensued, which ended in a formal challenge on the part of Captain Murray. That officer believing, with Falstaff, that "the better part of valour was discretion," refused to answer the call.

Captain Murray, after a successful voyage, arrived at Baltimore, & was ordered on board the Alliance frigate, as first lieutenant, under the command of his old friend, the gallant commodore Barry. Peace, in a short time, ensued between the United States and England; and after the ratification was signed, captain Murray was the last officer who held a commission in the naval service. He had been in thirteen battles in the army and navy, was frequently wounded, and often taken prisoner, which was the only thing that ever withdrew him from active and honourable engagement in the service.

During the administration of president Adams, at the commencement of our hostilities with France, the name of captain Murray was found amongst the officers appointed in the navy. He repaired to Baltimore, and took the command of the United States ship Mont-zuma, of 24 guns; cruised for eight months along the whole range of West India Islands, and conveyed nearly one hundred sail to the different ports of the United States, without the loss of a single vessel. Returning, he arrived at the Delaware, received the public thanks of the president, and was ordered to the command of the Insurgent. With a crew of three hundred and twenty men he repaired on board of this ship, and sailed under a roving commission. Understanding that the French frigate Ambuscade was in the neighbourhood of the West India Island, he cruised there for several weeks, and put into the port of Lisbon to recruit his provisions.

He next proceeded in company with the British frigate Phœton, on board of which were lord Elgin and suite, in quest of two French frigates, reported to be cruising off Cape St. Vincent, with whom he sailed until her arrival at the Straits of Gibraltar.

He then blockaded two large French corvettes in the bay of Cadiz; but hearing that a number of American vessels were watched by French privateers at Algiers, he repaired to Gibraltar for information. Here admiral Duckworth was anchored with a fleet of several ships of the line, from whom he received every testimony of civility and kindness. He next cruised off Madeira and the Canary Isles; but never obtained sight of the enemy; the two corvettes excepted. Receiving information that the French frigate Volunteer, of 44 guns, was cruising off Cayenne, he arrived at that port, where he understood she had sailed for Guadaoupe. At length he discovered this frigate, of which he had been so long in chase, at Point Petre, where he blockaded her until all his provisions were consumed, and repaired to Saint-Christophers to recruit. On returning to renew the blockade, he fell in company with the Constellation, and learnt from the gallant Truxton that this frigate was the Vengeance. The particulars of that memorable battle are too well known to require a specific detail.

The Constellation, then in a crippled state, and the Insurgent sailed in company to Jamaica, for the purpose of refitting, where the two American officers experienced every kindness and courtesy from sir Hyde Parker, who commanded on that station.

Captain Murray received orders from Havana to return to America. Meeting with strong and heavy gales, and a lee current, the ship sustained much injury, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was brought into Baltimore; thus terminating a cruise of nine months, never longer than a week in one

port, and his ship almost reduced to a wreck—the bolts and nails starting from her decks and sides in every gale.

Scarcely had he time to visit his family at Norfolk before he received orders to take command of the Constellation, commodore Truxton having been transferred to the President. His first cruise was for the Leeward Islands, where he relieved captain Talbot of the Constellation, off Cape Francis. He had several sloops of war, brigs, &c. under his command; and such were his arrangements, that our trade in that quarter was effectually protected—not a single capture having been made by the French cruizers.

While sailing in quest of the French frigate Vengeance, after the action with commodore Truxton, he received information of her capture by the English. He was afterwards relieved by captain Sevier, in the frigate Congress, and sent on his return to Delaware. Passing through the Bahama straits, he stopped at the Havana, to convoy some American vessels, and was introduced to the vice-roy of Mexico and his lady, on their route to Spain, by whom he was noticed with every mark of cordial respect, participating in all the splendid entertainments given by them to the principal inhabitants of that place.

His stores being replenished he sailed for the Windward Islands, and on his passage encountered a dreadful gale, where he had nearly foundered, and was on the eve of cutting away his masts, when the storm abated. He proceeded northwards towards Guadaoupe, and fell in with the British frigate Magnanime of forty-four guns, in a dark night, from which a gun was fired without the preliminary ceremony of showing a signal. At this moment captain Murray's ward room officers crowded around him, indignant at the insult offered the American flag, and anxiously inquired if he did not intend to return the fire. He sternly ordered them instantly to their quarters, without deigning to give any other reply to their urgent interrogations. Disgusted they obeyed the command, suspecting no very honourable motives for such haughtiness, coldness, and reserve. It requires but very little aid from fancy to observe by the light of the battle lanterns, this little group of officers at their guns, bending their full, expressive, and indignant looks on their commander, their eyes gleaming with reproaches which their tongues dare not utter. From him they cast their eyes upon each other, and their silent glances accompanied by sgrugs and indignant smiles, emphatically expressed what opinion was prevalent. The captain meanwhile maintaining a cold tranquillity of deportment, saw and enjoyed the scene, appearing perfectly unconscious of the impression which his orders had made.

This silent interchange of thoughts and sensations more eloquent, however, than all the powers of language, lasted some time. Not a word was spoken—all was attention and dumb resentment. These officers at length to their astonishment and delight, received orders from their commander to return the salute with a full broadside. Another train of sensations occurred, and the frowns of anger were exchanged for gleams of the fondest admiration. The orders were promptly executed, when the explanation ensued, and precluded further hostility.

The next day he captured a French lugger of eighteen guns, from which he received the first intelligence that preliminary treaties of peace had been signed between the two belligerents; and falling in with admiral Duckworth, these tidings were confirmed. Arriving off Point Petre, he sent a flag of truce to the French commissioner, by whom he was invited on shore, and was received with every testimonial of respect. Feux de joie were fired from the forts as he passed, and during the two days of his residence at that place, all was hilarity and mirth. He communicated the pacific intelligence to the other American commanders with whom he fell in, and taking a convoy, sailed for Philadelphia.

The act of Congress reducing the navy was now passed, and the commodore was one of the thirteen still

retained in the service. He received orders to repair to the Mediterranean, to protect the American commerce in that quarter from the ravages of the Tripolitan cruizers. Commodore Truxton was originally destined to take the command in the Mediterranean; his controversy with government and his resignation are circumstances well known. Captain Murray in the Constellation sailed in pursuance of his orders, and when he arrived in the Straits was informed by the British admiral sir James Saumarez, that the Philadelphia and Essex frigates lay at Malaga, where the two commanders Bainbridge and Barron were anxiously waiting to be relieved. As senior officer he permitted their return to the United States. While lying in that port awaiting instructions from his government, he was informed by lord Keith the British admiral on that station, of the daily expectation of the arrival of his royal highness the duke of Kent. Desiring to pay the royal duke every mark of respect, the admiral invited commodore Murray to join if it was not inconsistent with his arrangements. The commodore with his usual courtesy agreed, and the first rank was assigned to him after the admiral's own flag. As soon as the royal standard was discovered in the bay, the British fleet, consisting of twelve sail, fired a salute, followed by the American frigates, and then the Portuguese and Danish men of war. The yards were all manned, and in this manner they escorted his royal highness on shore, lord Keith leading the van in company with the royal duke. They then repaired to the parade ground, where they were all presented to his royal highness in form, in the centre of a hollow square formed by a garrison of five thousand men. When this ceremony was ended, they marched round, and at the head of each regiment were received with military music and a feu de joie was fired in rotation from all the cannon in the batteries.

Commodore Murray had a long and familiar conversation with his royal highness, which was several times repeated, and always with the warmest declarations of his respect and regard for the Americans. The next day he received a polite note from lord Keith, in which the admiral says "I am commanded by his royal highness the duke of Kent, to make his public thanks to you, and to the officers commanding the American frigates for their courtesy and attention to him yesterday, in his own person, and that of the British nation."

On the day following, the Philadelphia and Essex having departed for the United States, commodore Murray proceeded up the Mediterranean with valuable presents from his government to the Bey of Tunis, sent from England by our minister, Mr. King, which he delivered.—From this port he sailed for Tripoli, and fell in with the Boston and two Swedish frigates, with which he concerted a plan for a rigorous blockade. As the Boston was compelled to put into Malta to repair, and the Swedish ships of war to go away in quest of provision commodore Murray was left alone in sight of the town for several weeks. He repaired to Syracuse for provisions; and in the mean time very advantageous terms of peace were offered him by the Bashaw, to which, as he had no powers from his own government, he was unable to accede.

He was once becalmed, when he was attacked by all the Tripoline gun boats, and the contest was maintained for an hour. A light breeze springing up, he brought his guns to bear, and distributed among them such showers of grape, that they never annoyed him afterwards.

Commodore Murray visited the ex-bashaw at Malta, where he went in quest of provisions. He was an interesting and well disposed Turk, of free and easy manners. He detailed to the commodore in great length, the sufferings and oppressions imposed on him by his brother, and solicited his assistance; but the commodore was unable to serve him, and could only breathe a fervent prayer for his success. His brother, the bashaw, was a tyrant, whose heart was impenetrable to the touches of mercy and compassion.

He remained four months before

Public Sale.  
Notice of an order from the court of Anne Arundel county, new will annexed, the subscriber to public sale on Wednesday the 24th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, on the premises, part of the estate of Susannah Beard, deceased, consisting of—Hogs 40 head of turkeys 40 and kitchen furniture. The sale will be, cash for all sums above \$100, and for all sums under \$100, a credit of 6 months given, on purchasers giving approved security.  
John Beard, Ex'r.

Dollars Reward.  
Lost from the farm of Mrs. Merritts, on the South side of the River, near Annapolis, on the 21st, a negro man named JACOB,  
about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, person though slender in make, his colour is not remarkably lighter than usual; he has a bulky, bold expression of countenance, speaks promptly when spoken to, and is rather more intelligent than most negroes generally are; some indicate considerable activity and strength, and he walks readily and with great ease to the top of a hill. He has large nostrils and a small scar on his left hand on the third finger. He has a mark in Baltimore named Delilah, part of Mrs. Cave W. Edelen, it is likely he has gone. The reward will be paid to any person who will deliver the said slave to the subscriber at the before mentioned place, or will secure him in the county.  
G. J. Scoll, Manager.

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Dollars Reward.  
Lost from the subscriber, Liverpool, Montgomery County, on the 31st July last, a man who calls himself JOHN TRIP,  
about 19 years, thin face and nose, light made, straight, and very active, looks down and when spoken to, about five inches high, had on a cotton hat and linen trousers. He sailed on the Eastern Shore bridge, and will probably be at that place by the way of Annapolis. I will give a reward for securing and returning out of the state, so that he may be again, and Twenty Dollars in the State, and in either I will pay all reasonable expenses.  
S. S. Gaither.

16, 1831.  
The Gazette will copy the times, and forward them