

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, September 4, 1755.

From the LONDON MAGAZINE, for May, 1755.

Number of the British Subjects, Men, Women, and Children, in the Colonies in North-America, taken from Militia Rolls, Poll-Taxes, Bills of Mortality, Returns from Governors, and other authentic Authorities.

The Colonies of	Inhabitants
ALIFAX and Lunenburg in Nova-Scotia	5000
New-Hampshire	30000
Massachusetts-Bay	220000
Rhode-Island and Providence	35000
Connecticut	100000
New-York	100000
The Jerseys	60000
Pennsylvania	250000
Maryland	85000
Virginia	85000
North-Carolina	45000
South-Carolina	30000
Georgia	6000
Total Number	1,050,000

Exclusive of military Forces in the Pay of the Government, and Negroes.

Number of the French Inhabitants in North-America, exclusive of Regular Troops and Negroes.

The Colonies of	Inhabitants
Canada	45000
Louisiana	7000
Total	52000

So that the English are more than in the Proportion of 20 to 1; but (in the Words of a Memorial quoted by the Author of *The State of the British and French Colonies in North-America*) "Union, Situation, proper Management of the Indians, superior Knowledge of the Country, and constant Application to a Purpose, will more than balance divided Numbers; and will easily break a Rope of Sand."

PARIS, May 18.

THEY write from Acadia that there has been a most terrible Fire in the Neighbourhood of that City, which has laid no less than twelve Parishes in Ashes, besides several Country Seats and Mills. Many Persons, and a great Number of Cattle, perished in the Flames. The Damage is computed at upwards of a Million. The worthy Bishop of the Place, seeing a great many good Families reduced to the greatest Extremity, has taken their Children of both Sexes, and put them out to be boarded and educated according to their Rank, at his Expence; and also distributed Money and Corn to the other Families.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, to a Gentleman at Utrecht, dated May 14.

"To speak sincerely, late Years have not produced an Instance of greater Contentment than this Court is thrown into by the Hasty Resentment and Inflexibility of the English. For tho' something of this Kind could not but be expected, in Consequence of our spirited Motions in America, yet no Politician here doubted the Efficacy of our Art in Negotiation; for three or four Years at least by which Means, a Delay sufficient would have been obtained, and have better qualified us for an open Rupture, to which, in Effect, all the Measures taken by this Court since the last War, have conduced; and, had not the Diminution of our Naval Force threatened its total Destruction by prosecuting that War; it is certain the Peace would not have been then concluded. This cannot be doubted, if we consider on what Terms this Court relinquish'd

its Conquests in Flanders, which make plainly appear the favourite Scheme which it has most vigorously pursued since we were put into the Possession of Cape-Breton. It is certain, however, a Rupture now would be premature, and highly displeas'd by this Court, which will spare no pains to effect a Reconciliation on any Terms that do not interfere too much with our Plan; but no demolishing or abandoning our Forts beyond Canada, unless we can obtain Seven-Years Truce by building two or three Castles on Purpose to beat them down again. Our Court is in the mean Time industriously persuading (by its Ambassadors) the several European Powers, that the Place contested is not worth the Dispute; by which Means, if a Reconciliation is not to be obtained, the Spirit of Hostility may possibly be attributed to the English."

L. O. N. D. O. N.

May 24. Among some other Ecclesiastical Entertainments, which the Rev. Mr. Whitefield had occasion to see, whilst he lay windbound at Lisbon, in his Way to South-Carolina, he gives the following Account of that on Good-Friday last, in a Letter to a Friend, dated at Lisbon, April 13, 1755.

Before, all used to be Noise and Hurry; now, all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound Silence. No Clock or Bell had been heard since Yesterday Noon, and scarce a Person was to be seen in the Street. About Two in the Afternoon we got to the Place where (I had heard some Days ago) an extraordinary Scene was to be exhibited. Can you guess what it was? Perhaps not. Why then I will tell you. It was the Crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb Images, and partly by living Persons, in a large Church belonging to the Convent of St. De Beato. Several Thousands crowded into it; some of which, as I was told, had been waiting there ever since Six in the Morning. Thro' the kind Interposition and Assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the Church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole Performance. We had not waited long before the Curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high Scaffold, hung in the Front with black Bays, and behind with Silk Purple Damask laced with Gold, was exhibited to our View, an Image of the Lord Jesus at full Length, crowned with Thorns, and nailed, on a Cross, between two Figures of like Dimensions, representing the two Thieves. At a little Distance, on the Right Hand, was placed an Image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long Ruffles, and a Kind of Widow-Weeds. Her Veil was purple Silk, and she had a Wire-Glory round her Head. At the Foot of the Cross lay, in a mournful pensive Posture, a living Man, dressed in Woman's Cloaths, who personated Mary Magdalen; and not far off stood a young Man, in Imitation of the beloved Disciple. He was dressed in a loose green Silk Vesture, and bob Wig. His Eyes were fixed on the Cross, and his two Hands a little extended. On each Side, near the Front of the Stage, stood two Centinels in Buff, with formidable Caps and long Beards; and directly in the Front stood another yet more formidable, with a large Target in his Hand. We may suppose him to be the Roman Centurion. To complete the Scene, from behind the purple Hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged Boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted Wax Taper in his Hand, and a Crimson and Gold Cap on his Head. At their Entrance upon the Stage, they gently bowed their Heads towards the Spectators, then knelt and made Obedience, first to the Image on the Cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other; and then took their respective Places over against one another, on Steps assigned for them at the Front of the Stage. Opposite to this, at a few Yards Distance, stood a black Friar, in a Pulpit hung in Mourning.

For a while he paused; and then, breaking Silence, gradually lifted up his Voice till it was extended to a pretty high Pitch, tho' I think scarce high enough for so large an Auditory. After he had proceeded in his Discourse about a Quarter of an Hour, a confused Noise was heard near the Front Great Door; and, upon turning my Head, I saw four long-bearded Men; two of which carried a Ladder on their Shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt Dishes in their Hands, full of Linen, Spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the Representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a Signal given from the Pulpit, they advanced towards the Steps of the Scaffold. But, upon their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful Centurion's Nod, the observant Soldiers made a Pass at them, and presented the Points of their Javelins directly to their Breasts. They are repulsed! Upon this a Letter from Pilate is produced. The Centurion reads it, shakes his Head, and, with Looks that bespoke a forced Compliance, beckons to the Centinels to withdraw their Arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their Homage, by kneeling first to the Image on the Cross, and then to the Virgin Mary, they retired to the Back of the Stage. Still the Preacher continued declaiming; or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful Scene. Magdalen persists in wringing her Hands, and variously expressing her personated Sorrow; whilst John (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified Figure.

By this Time it was near Three o'Clock, and therefore proper for the Scene to begin to close. The Ladders are ascended, the Supercription and Crown of Thorns taken off, long white Rollers put round the Arms of the Image, and then the Nails knocked out which fastened the Hands and Feet. Here Mary Magdalen looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunder-struck than before. The Orator lifts up his Voice, and almost all the Hearers express Concern by weeping, beating their Breasts, and smiting their Cheeks. At length the Body is gently let down, Magdalen eyes it, and gradually rising, receives the Feet into her wide-spread Handkerchief; whilst John, (who hitherto stood motionless like a Statue) as the Body came nearer to the Ground, with an Eagerness that bespoke the intense Affection of a sympathizing Friend, runs towards the Cross, seizes the upper Part of it into his clasping Arms, and, with his disguised Fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the Play should end, was I not afraid you would be angry with me, if I did not give you an Account of the last Act, by telling you what became of the Corpse after it was taken down. Great Preparations were made for its Interment. It was wrapped in Linen, Spices, &c. and being laid upon a Bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the Church-Yard in grand Procession. The Image of the Virgin Mary was chief Mourner, and John and Magdalen, with a whole Troop of Friars with Wax Tapers in their Hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its Return, and in about a Quarter of an Hour the Corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open Sepulchre prepared for the Purpose; but not before a Priest, accompanied by several of the same Order, in splendid Vestments, had perfumed it with Incense, sung to, and knelt before it. John and Magdalen attended the Obsequies; but the Image of the Virgin Mary was carried away and placed upon the Front of the Stage, in order to be kiss'd, adored, and worshipp'd by the People. This I saw them do with the utmost Eagerness and Reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's Tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous Droll. A Droll, which whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a high Indignation. In an Advertisement prefixed to the Letters, which

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WILLIAM H. ...
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