

# MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, February 25, 1746.

A Genuine intercepted LETTER, from Father *Patrick Graham*, Almoner and Confessor to the Pretender's Son, in *Scotland*, to Father *Benedict Yorke*, Titular Bishop of *St. David's*, at *Bath*.

May it please your Lordship,

THAT I may execute the Commands you gave me about four Months ago, to write you the Success of our Expedition to *Scotland*, with my Opinion of our Prince, and those about him; I can now with the utmost Pleasure assure you, that we are actually landed in *Scotland*; that hitherto our Enterprize seems to be guided by the immediate Hand of Providence, and that the Prospect before us seems adequate to all the Successes that have hitherto crowned his R——l H——s's Attempts.

IMMEDIATELY upon our landing, the Prince of *W——* kneel'd down, with the utmost Transport, and kiss'd the Earth with great Humility; then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he implored the Aid and Blessing of the Mother of God, and St. *Bartholomew* (for whom he has always had a particular Devotion); after that he ordered his Standard to be set up; and all his Followers, to the Number of about 200, being round him, he addressed me first, and then the principal Lords and Gentlemen, to the Honour of kissing his Hand.

SINCE that Time, every thing has happened as the most sanguine could expect; the Usurper's Forces fly before us, and in every Skirmish the Hand of the blessed Virgin is visibly with us; and of consequence a Success attends us. Which Success his R——l H——s, and I too, attribute intirely to his wearing constantly about his Neck a small Medal, which his Holiness caused to be struck for the Purpose, and sent him a little while before we embark'd for *Scotland*: On one Side of which is represented his R——l H——s leading *BRITANNIA* repentant to kiss the Pope's Toe; his Holiness, from his Throne, extends his open Arms to receive her; round the Margin of that Side is read this Sentence:

*Perirat, & inventa est.*

On the Reverse is the Figure of the Prince of *W——*, with a lifted Sword, ready to stab Heresy who lies sprawling at his Feet, with the Cap of Liberty fallen off on one Side, and the Electoral Cap lying among the Ruins on the other; and round the Margin is read

*Ille Vulnus ense recludendum*

His Majesty's Secretary, *John Dineen*, has the Honour to inform you, that he has received from the Secretary of the Admiralty, a Letter bearing the following Contents: That the Admiralty has ordered, that the Ship *the Phoenix*, which was formerly the property of the late *John Dineen*, Esq; and which was formerly employed in the Service of the Admiralty, should be sold to the best Advantage, and that the same should be sold to the best Advantage, and that the same should be sold to the best Advantage.

I CANNOT enough applaud his R——l H——s's Zeal for the Catholic Religion: It is constantly breaking-out upon all Occasions (and indeed sometimes more than I could wish): But when I reprove him for it in private, he promises to be more upon his Guard. Yet, as his Tongue always speaks the Language of his Heart, the Moment any Occasion offers, he can never omit declaring his Detestation of Heresy; and I question whether the immediate quiet Possession of all his Father's Kingdoms could bring him to sign a Declaration, that had in it even a Promise of Toleration. If you see any such come out, you may be certain 'tis the forged Word of some of his Protestant Followers, without his Knowledge or Consent. He has some Heretic Noblemen with him; and 'tis wonderful to hear how his R——l H——s, whenever they talk to him of his temporal Affairs, makes the Discourse always turn to some religious Point; wherein he never fails to shew them their Errors, and sometimes with Success; for I have already reconciled the Lord *George Murray* (a young Nobleman of the greatest Honour), and *Mr. Cameron*, to the Bosom of our Holy Mother. His R——l H——s's usual Arguments are, that no Man can be a good Subject to his Father, that does not believe in the Queen of Heaven (for so he always styles the blessed Virgin); and that no Person shall ever be of his Councils, that is not of his Communion. He is well furnished with all that can be said for our Faith: His Father has train'd him up to it from his Cradle, and I believe that holy King had rather hear his Son was beheaded upon *Tower-hill*, than that he had even promised the least Toleration to Protestants. His last Words to him at parting were, (for I was by,) *Go, fight for your Religion and my Kingdoms, and remember, Charles, there is no Faith to be kept with Heretics.*

Oh, my Lord, what a glorious Scene opens to my View! Shall the Cross once more be erected in *Britain*? Shall our Altars be again exalted? Shall our Churches be again restored to us? Shall our Abbey-Lands revert to their right Owners? Shall the Clergy have their due Honours and Weight? Shall we rush like a Torrent upon the Laity, and make them know they are our People, and the Sheep of our Pasture?

Your Lordship well knows, that all the Rent-rolls and Surveys of our former Possessions (preserved from the Impiety of the Times) are safe, and kept in good Order at *Dorway* and *St. Omer's*, and ready to follow our Successes here: His Majesty has constantly allowed a Salary to some of the Reverend Fathers in each Place, to preserve them for better Days. — I have seen many of them with Tears, and surely our Church met not more with more dutiful Children, than this apostate Island once produced. — And were we once more Masters, the same