

LAW,  
y given, That  
ion of George Scott,  
el County, taken up  
-bitten Horse, brand-  
something like two Fi-

n again, on proving  
urges.

the *Busb* River  
last, a *Scotch* Servant  
blaten; he is a very  
side in the Shoulders,  
e walks, and is very  
s, and flow of Speech.  
away, a coarse white  
n Jacket, and an old

above-mentioned Ser-  
at his Master may get  
Pistoles Reward.  
njamin *Welfsb*.

June 14, 1754.

intending home  
es this public Notice,  
is indebted may bring  
and have them dis-  
o are indebted to him,  
red either to discharge  
otes of Hand, before  
Trouble and Expence  
etermined to put every  
lects it, in Suit, with-  
*Robert Peters*.

ORTED,

JOHN THOMPSON,  
to be Sold by the Sub-  
Retale, for Bills of Ex-  
Paper Money,

Tortment of Eu-  
GOODS.

celot *Jacques*.

N directly,

good Ship HANBURY,  
MES CREAGH  
Commander;

new Vessel, built at An-  
napolis, staunch, strong,  
and well fitted, and now  
ing in the Ferry Branch  
Patapasco River,

OBACCO on

gn'd to any of the Len-  
ception, on the follow-  
Sterling per Ton, of  
o the Ship's Side; or at  
on, if fetch'd from any  
Ship's Charge.

this Vessel will be early  
near one Third of her

apply as follows, viz.

Annapolis,  
Elk Ridge Landing,  
Baltimore Town,

board the said Vessel.

er of the above-named  
ve to all the Gentlemen  
Hanbury and Company,  
ed for their Service, and  
nary Expence to get her  
aded last Fall, but could  
ertheless, that the Good-  
being the Built of this  
the Freight (a Confide-  
now Tobacco is so low)  
being an early Vessel,  
er Gentlemen Shippers  
re her the Preference of  
be gratefully acknow-

and obliged Servant,

Patrick Creagh.

Charles-street;

s of a moderate  
week after for Con-

THE  
MARYLAND GAZETTE,

[Numb. 484.]

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, August 15, 1754.

THE INSPECTOR.

*Sic fractus illabatur orbi  
Impavidum serient ruina.*

HORACE.

**T**O be assured of Truth, the first Step is to distinguish Error: We no way so readily or so certainly arrive at a Knowledge of what is right, as by first considering what is wrong; nor is there any Road by which we can so certainly attain Happiness, as that in which we see the Course and Termination of those Paths that lead to Misery.

We see continually the Mistakes of others who aim at the same Point with ourselves; and yet we follow the rash Steps: And we expect to be pitied when we fall into the same Misfortunes. We see the Licentious old in his Youth, sick in the best Time of his Life, and feeble when Nature meant he should be most strong: We perceive him miserable, yet we follow the same Paths by which he reached that Misery.—If we look upon the Pillow of successful Avarice, what do we see but Tortures; and it needs not there should be a Window in the Breast of the Ambitious, that we might see the everlasting Conscience shaking the secret Whip; and cutting through the Heart at every Remembrance.

O Man, thou wouldst be happy! These are not the Paths that lead to it: But the Way is open. Thy God designed thee so: That God of *Moses* and that God of *Paul*, whom the Writings said by their Publisher, to be Lord *Bolingbroke's*, (for I shall not censure the Dead so rashly as to call them so) deny. That God whom the Scriptures of the old and the new Testament declare to thee; and whom this Writer calls thee almost an *Atheist* for believing: He gave thee Being, and he intended thee for Happiness; for so much Happiness as could not in thy present State be possessed independently of thine own free Choice; and therefore left thee free. Being possible to err, thy Follies chuse that Path: But he has given thee a Principle of Action superior to the Necessity of Error.

To be happy, be wise: Reverence thy Soul as the superior, and the nobler Part of thee; and be guided by thy Reason, not thy Passions. Experience shews they mislead all who trust them: Follow therefore that better Guide who never can deceive thee.

No human Condition can be above Contingencies; therefore none can be secure from Misfortune: But tho' Man cannot be above that Contingence, he may place himself beyond the Reach of all its Consequences; tho' it is impossible for him to prevent or to secure himself from Accidents, he may be superior to Misfortune.

Sickness may attack the Temperate; and the Designs of ill Men may prevail against the Virtuous: But being conscious that all he could do, he has done to prevent the Misfortune, he will bear it with Resignation as the Lot of human Nature, from which he has no Right to stand excused; and having nothing to reproach himself withal as the Occasion of what he suffers, he will know nothing of that Sting of Folly or of Guilt, which is the severest Part of Sickness or Affliction.

In the deepest Scenes of Distress there is a Pride attending Innocence, that gives a nobler Pleasure than all successful Folly has to boast of: As to Death, far from dreading, he will see it as the End of Pain; and he will be convinced from the Integrity of his own Heart, and the Bitterness of his Sufferings, that there is, beyond that Death, a State of Being in which he shall be made happy.

This the Heart tells us, as well as our Reason; and what we feel there laughs at the Subtilties of a false Philosophy. But all is natural. An honest Beggar believes what his Understanding tells him of a Futurity in which he shall be rewarded; and it becomes the bid great Man to pervert that Reason, which would inform him of the same Truth, because in that Condition he must be punished.

No Man, however he may put a bold Face upon his own Fears, and have attempted to delude others, ever was able to drive perfectly from his Thoughts this Belief of Immortality. The Conclusion that there is a God, is as irresistible and as strongly rooted; and all that the perverted Reason of those Infidels can do, does but banish it for a Time. *Spinoza* in his last Moments looked up to Heaven: And the dying *Bolingbroke* was confounded. Afraid to believe what Nature and Reason would have then forced upon him, he struggled and he fell like one of those Beasts, in the Manner of which he had supposed he was to perish.

As it is impossible to divest ourselves of Hopes and of Fears in an Hereafter, and as those Hopes are built on Virtue, and those Fears on Crimes, it is plain that the Foundation of all Happiness is Piety. Under the Direction of this celestial Guide, the Soul is always composed: Above the Transports of a weak Joy; and capable of looking down with Contempt upon what others would call Sorrow. The Man thus influenced, being above Disguise, is free from all Restraint; and being sensible that the God, from whom all his Hopes arise, sees all his Actions, he is indifferent if the Eyes of all Men are upon him. He is above those little Condescensions by which Men court the Applause of the World; but tho' he could disregard, he is also above it's Censure.

He who fears himself may despise all other Accusers. His Conscience is sure to reproach him if he do amiss; and no Subtlety or Subterfuge can palliate or mislead it: Of what Consequence, therefore, is the World to him, whom he knows if he could descend to the low Artifice, he could deceive.

The Man who places his Expectations higher, is above Disturbance from any Thing that can affect him here; and to be above that Disturbance is at once to be open to all the Satisfaction, and defended against all the Misfortunes of the human Being. This is the State which Wisdom, and which that Virtue which is the truest Wisdom, offers to Mankind: And to what is it that we see the other sacrificed? To the Joy of the Idiot, or the Sensuality of the Beast.

The Pleasures Wisdom proposes to us are those which Angels might share with us: Those, Men accept in Preference to them, are less than what the Beasts possess. The Poets have well painted Man as beneath the Brutes in these; but they have stopp'd, when the only worthy Sentiment would else have rested upon them; that there were other Pleasures which it became Man to pursue, and which no Object of the visible Creation could share with him.

Philosophy has pretended to defend Men from Pain, and to set them above the Reach of Misfortunes; but 'tis the Philosophy of Religion alone that can effect this truly. Not to feel Evils, is not the Point at which Men should aim, who are determined to be happy; because they cannot divest themselves of their Nature; but to despise them while they feel them, from the Consciousness of an approaching State in which they can no longer suffer them, is rational and noble. This is the utmost Height the human Mind can reach, and this is the Height to which Religion carries it. He who is firm in his Belief in this, may see unmoved, Nature herself tumble into Disorder. To describe him with the Poet,

*Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break  
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd:  
He unconcern'd would bear the mighty Crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling World.*

L O N D O N, May 14.  
Extract of a Letter from Major *Stringer Lawrence* to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, dated at the Camp near *Trichenapaly*, the 15th of Sept. 1753. (which it is supposed should be the 25th of Sept.) received by the *Delaware*, May 7, 1754.

SINCE my Letter of the 14th Instant, Captain *Ridge* joined me, with a Detachment of above

200 Europeans. This Addition of Force made me resolve to attack the Enemy, as the Moonsoon approached, and their Situation was such; that they cut off our Provisions, which must have ended in the Loss of *Trichenapaly*: Accordingly on the 19th, I made a Motion in the Night towards the left of the Enemy's Camp, for they had Possession of two large Rocks, about a Mile distant from each other, and I found it necessary to gain one of them. The whole Day of the 20th was spent in cannonading; and the better to conceal our Design, I had ordered out an 18 Pounder from the Fort, that they might think we had no other View than that of disturbing them in their Camp with our Shot. This lulled them into a Security, and at 4 o'Clock in the Morning of the 21st, our Europeans being disposed in three Lines, with the Seapoys on our Flanks, and the Horse in our Rear, we attacked the Rock on our left, call'd the golden Rock, and gained it without any Loss, the Enemy retiring after a faint Resistance, and leaving behind them two Pieces of Cannon. This earnest of Success encouraged the Men greatly, and determined me to push on the main Body; so, that no Time might be lost, I disabled the 2 Guns, and advanced towards the Sugar-loaf Rock just as the Day began to break. The Enemy were drawn up close to the Rock, and had fortified themselves with Breastworks; so it was necessary to gain their black Camp, that we might fall upon them in the Rear: This was effected with little Trouble, and our Soldiers marched through a constant Fire from nine Pieces of Cannon, attacked a Lice of Men, which greatly outnumbered themselves, and in ten or twelve Minutes drove the Enemy out of their Lines.

They however rallied, and made some faint Resistance afterwards, supported by the *Morattas*, who rode up very desperately: But as these could not sustain a galling Fire, which fell upon them from all Quarters, they at length run away, and left us complete Masters of the Field of Battle, their whole Camp, Baggage, and Ammunition, and 10 Pieces of Cannon. The Remains of their Army retreated, some towards *Altoora* and *Syringham*, some towards *Tondamons's* Country, and some towards *Tanjour*. The *Polligars* and Seapoys bring in Prisoners every Minute. The Action lasted near two Hours. We took eight Officers, and 100 Soldiers, besides the killed, which might be about 60 more. The *Morattas* saved the Rest, and prevented a Pursuit, as they were vastly superior to *Monage*, our *Tanjour* Friend, in Numbers. On our Part, we had six Officers wounded, and several Men killed and wounded, as you will see by the inclosed Return. I received a slight Wound in the Arm with a Mullet Ball; but thank God it does not prevent me from keeping the Field, and continuing to do my Duty.

May 18. To Day's Accounts from Spain, by the Way of *Bayonne* in France, are full of the military Preparations carrying on in that Kingdom. Catalonia and the Kingdom of *Valentia* are full of Troops, whose Motions greatly excite the public Curiosity. All the Forts, from *Rose* to *Malaga* and the Frontiers of *Murcia*, are in a warlike State. The Magazines are all well furnished notwithstanding the great Scarcity in that Kingdom; and Artillery and Ammunition are no where wanting along the Coasts of the Mediterranean, where they have more large Ships, Frigates, Chebques, than in the rest of the Monarchy. In France, till the true Cause of these Despositions is known, we are told they content themselves with adopting the Suspensions of the English News Writers in relation to *Gibraltar* or *Mahon*.

The News of the *Marquis de Grimalda's* late Proceeding at *Cape Corse*, (where he plundered some Villages whose Inhabitants were suspected of carrying on a secret Correspondence with the *Malcontents*) no sooner reached the Corte, than the Grand Council of the *Malcontents* issued a Decree, declaring that *Noblemao* an Enemy to the Nation, and setting a Price upon his Head: And the *Marquis*, on the other Hand, offers high Rewards to whosoever