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ABRAHAM MILTON, Author of the *FARMER'S COMPANION*, informs the Public, That altho' the Time appointed for taking in Subscriptions for the same is compleated, yet the several Accounts not being sent in, he cannot ascertain what Number is subscribed for, and therefore refers the same till about the last of June next, hoping by that Time to have every Thing in Order for the Press.



THE PHENIX a very fine Ship for Force and Heels, and carries about 600 Hogheads now lying in PATOWMACK River, Takes in TOBACCO for LONDON, consigned to Mr. JOHN STEWART and Company,

at Twelve Pounds Sterling per Ton. She will sail about the first of June, but her Stay is limited, so that she cannot exceed the 10th of that Month. And the Insurance of the Tobacco is made in such a Manner in London, that the Shippers may have what they put on board insured for as to recover, in Case of Loss, from Five Shillings per Hoghead to Fifty Pounds per Hoghead, or they may choose whether they will accept of any Insurance or not; provided Notice of their Intention is given to Captain *William Mc Gachin*, or to the Subscriber, before the Bills of Lading are signed.

DAVID ROSS.

RAN away from the Subscriber, on Thursday the 18th of October last, Two New Negroes; the one a Man, about 5 Feet 8 Inches high, supposed to be about 25 Years of Age. Had on when he went away, a Crocus Shirt and Trowsers, and a new white Plaiding Jacket. He will answer to the Name of *Isaac*. The other a Woman, is very small, talks in her own Language very fast, and appears to be older than the Man. Had on when she went away, a Crocus Shift, and a white Plaiding Petticoat; she also carried with her a Piece of greenish colour'd Cloth, which I suppose may supply the want of a Jacket. She will answer to the Name of *Sarah*.

Whoever takes up the said Negroes, and brings them to me at *George-Town* on *Patowmack* River, or secures them so that I can have them again, shall have a Reward of Twenty-five Shillings for each, besides reasonable Charges paid, if taken up 20 Miles from home, and delivered to me.

ROBERT PETER.

Since first publishing the above Advertisement, some Circumstances have been discovered, by which it is conjectured the above Slaves were stolen.

March 26, 1760.

TEN POUNDS REWARD.

RAN away last Night from the *Baltimore* Iron-Works, on *Patapsco* in *Maryland*, two Convict Servant Men, viz.

Thomas Woodcock, a thin faced Englishman, about 30 Years of Age, about 5 Feet 7 or 8 Inches high, dark Complexion, short brown Hair, stoops in his Walk, and snuffles in his Speech. Had on when he went away, a Cotton Jacket and Breeches, Oznabrig Shirt, Country Shoes nailed round the Sole, Yarn Stockings, a knit Yarn Cap, and old Hat.

Lawrence Farrols, an Irishman, a lusty, well-set Fellow, about 23 Years of Age, 5 Feet 10 Inches high, black Hair, has a long sharp Nose, and lubberly Walk. Had on when he went away, a Cotton Jacket and Breeches, Oznabrig Shirt, speckled Yarn Stockings, Country Shoes, and Felt Hat.

Whoever secures the said Servants, so that they may be had again, shall have, if taken in *Baltimore* County, Forty Shillings for each; if in any other County of the Province, Fifty Shillings; and if out of the Province, Five Pounds Reward for each or either of them; and reasonable Charges if brought home.

R. CROXALL.

N. B. They may steal other Cloaths, and change their Names.

Upper-Marlborough, March 18, 1760.

ALL Persons Indebted to the Subscribers, in Account of above one Year's standing, are desired to make immediate Payment, or they may expect to be sued without further Notice.

ALEXANDER and ANDREW SYMMER.

WILLIAM RIND, at the PRINTING-Shop, all Persons may be supplied with this moderate Length are taken in and inserted in the Paper, and in Proportion for long Ones.

THE MARYLAND GAZETTE, [Numb. 785.]
Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, May 22, 1760.

FROM A LATE BOSTON GAZETTE.

*Quis Cladem illius Nescit quis santra fando,
Explicit — Urbis Antiqua ruir.* Virg.
Translation of the Motto.
*That Night's Destruction, and its deadly Fate,
What Words express, what at Mortal will relate?
Enough to say, an ancient City fell,
Such Ruins speak; attend, and they will tell.*

THE Uncertainty of human Life, the transitory Nature and continual Vicissitudes of this present State of Being, and of all Enjoyments and Possessions in it, are Truths so well known to every thoughtful Person, and have so often been the Subjects of judicious Writers in all Ages, that the strongest Invention can perhaps scarce find any Thing new to offer, and a modest Muse with Reluctance undertakes the Theme: Yet such is the Frailty of human Nature, that when a sudden Catastrophe furrows us, the Mind is fluster'd and disconcerted, and does not readily collect those Reflections suitable to the Occasion, or else by having been used to neglect such Reflections, from a Conception that they must needs flow naturally from such Calamities as should produce them, the Mind thro' Disuse, may not immediately conceive them when wanted. 'Tis true, the Voice of Nature has always been the same, is continually sounding, and understood by all; yet strange to say, what we hear the ofteneft we attend to the least, and what we are the most certain of, we give the least heed to; but there are Times when good Providence sends a louder Summons by the Struggles of Nature, and proclaims those Truths, which tho' they could not operate by the Importance of their Nature, yet may force their Effect by rousing the Passions; but here Frailty again takes place, from extreme Thoughtlessness, the Passions being roused, we rush on to Confusion and Error,—like Pilots growing careless by a long Calm, we steer by the Gust of Passion, instead of the Compaſs of Understanding, heedless of the Port of Truth, and negligent of those Duties to which the Passions were only designed to urge us.

To point forth and familiarise these Truths, has been the well handled Subject of the best Writers; but while Nature continues to summon, and the Wisdom of her Voice remains in any Measure neglected, the Theme can't be truly exhausted nor the Reputation of it needful.

For these Ends, this Essay is presented to public View, if it pass under the Judgment of able Minds, they will acquiesce in any Truth, and at least may from hence take a Hint for nobler Thoughts; besides, there is a Satisfaction we all feel in giving vent to the Throbbings of the Bosom, and in collecting to some Order, those Thoughts which float thro' the Mind on such Occasions.

Let this then be the Apology; but if still any one should censure me for treading in this unaccustomed Path of writing, I must quit the Dispute, and screen myself beneath the Horrors of that never-to-be-forgotten Night, when the Flames broke loose on our Houses, and laid so large a Part of our Capital in Ruins: I am sensible that painted Terrors ill-become real Sorrow, and are never to be used but when the Passions are sluggish; and therefore passing over that ample Field for Description, which the late unhappy Catastrophe affords, shall confine myself to those sober Facts which no Body should be ignorant of, and with which every Body must needs be affected.

'Twas then in the first Watches of the Morning, when our Bodies were fast fettered with soundest Sleep, that the Fire was first discovered, and the Town alarmed with an Out-cry; the Inhabitants were speedily collected, and tho' the Fire was found in the Cellar of a Brick House, yet it soon eat thro' its Prison; the Wind-blowing fresh urg'd on the Flames, and with surprising Fury they ravaged in spite of all Opposition or Means to suppress them; the Cinders and burning Ruins were carried to the leewardmost Part of the Town, by Means of which, some, who thought themselves in no Danger, were the soonest consumed, and the Inhabitants of them being gathered to assist at the Head of the Fire, suffered the greatest Losses at their own Houses; the like Evil happened to Numbers of Tradesmen, whose Shops were such quick Fuel for the Flames, that their Tools and Stock were all consumed before they could repair to them; in some Places were heard the Shrieks of Mothers and Children roused from their Beds by the surrounding Flames, and no Man to help; here we might behold the Aged, the Sick and the Bed-ridden, whose Distance from the Seat of the Fire gave 'em hopes of Security, driven forth to the Inclemencies of the Weather, not knowing where to shelter; there we might see those whose least Thoughts were placed on their Substance, and whose greatest Anxiety was to save their Lives: Thus raged this Fire, forcing its way at the Windows of Brick Houses, whose slated Roofs were thought a sufficient Defence, thus adding Burning to Burning, till it left no Building unconsumed where the Wind would let it pass. The natural Horrors of the Night added Terror to this Catastrophe, and at once rendered it more dismal to the Eye, more grievous to be borne, and more difficult to be suppressed, till the tedious Night were out, and with it vanished the Height of our Fears; but not so the Reality of our Sorrow, the risen Sun assuaged the Gloom of the Night, but gave us a dismal Prospect of its Havock: a Spectacle shocking to Sensibility!

like the blasted Trees of Summer, or the Skeleton of some delightful Body; yet far less ungrateful to the Sight than sorrowful to be reflected on: Take a Survey then of these extended Ruins; here once lived the loyal Subject, the tender Father, the obliging Friend, and the good Commonwealth-man; but their Habitations, as with one Sweep of a Scythe, are all cut off, and they thrown on the Charity of their Friends: And is this all? Alas! there are still more Heart-piercing Scenes; walk thro' the Ruins, and take a more particular Account; here lived the laborious Tradesman, on whose daily Industry depended the Sustainance of a numerous Family; there lived one whose Circumstances were straitened with Poverty, and distressed by Sickness; here lived one just emerging from Indigence, and reaping the first Fruits of honest Industry; there lived those whose comfortable Circumstances afforded a Refuge for the Needy, and an Habitation for the Friendless; here lived those whose Subsistence depended on their Situation for Business; there lived those whose All was in their Houses, and here those who are still unhappily answerable for all they lost; there lived, and there was the Subsistence of the Aged and Infirm, whose frugal Industry in Youth had procured them the merited Support of easy old Age, when the Body unfitted for Labour can no longer support itself: But all cut off, their Industry appears no more, and the Fatigues of Youth overtakes them when Age should be at Rest; the Children must beg, and the Industrious must be dependent, the Forehand repeat his Toil anew, and the Debtor lay at Mercy; the Friendless must seek for other Patrons, and they who patronized implore Compassion; the Affluent Aged must forget their Ease, and too soon lose the Benefit of that Substance which they could not carry hence.

Amazing Shock! is this the Uncertainty of human Life! is it thus we have no abiding Place here! is it thus the Places that knew us shall know us no more! and do Riches thus take to themselves Wings! What a Gust of Passion breaks forth in all our Minds! Yet let us compose our Thoughts and attend to the Voice of Reason, to those solemn Admonitions so loudly proclaimed by this dread Catastrophe: What a Lesson then is here of the Uncertainty of earthly Enjoyments! We lay ourselves down to our natural Rest possessed of Subsistence and Affluence, and in a few Hours we are awakened to take leave of all: Where shall the Miser bestow his Hoards, or the Extortioner his ill gotten Gains, or how shall the worldly Man secure his Happiness when Flames surround them? The huge Pillars of Smoke which we beheld floating to the Sky were at once emblematical of our Possessions and declarative of their Loss: But what say these mighty Ruins? they shew us at how uncertain a Tenure we hold our Enjoyments, for next under a Sovereign Providence we seem indebted even to the Stability of the Wind, that it did not vary and roll the Flames over the whole Town; with how much Ease then can we shift the Scene and suppose ourselves in the Situation of the present Distressed; was it our Goodness or Vigilance that protected us? and if being destroyed, we should have felt Sorrow; being so narrowly saved can we fail to melt with Sympathy? and if ever the golden Rule was capable of a benevolent Application, the most Inflexible must now feel it, and the most Hardened put it in Practice; and he who on this Occasion does not bestow bountifully to the Relief of the immediate Sufferers, must either flatter himself with some peculiar infallible Protection, or being desperate in Greediness, bid a bold Desiance to all Calamity. Nor can any one, tho' not immediately exposed to this Destruction, or tho' distant from this Capital, surmise that they have no Part in its general Admonition; 'tis Nature's Voice, that well-known Herald of the Almighty, which tho' it be now uttered here, yet echoes every where; 'tis but one Lash of that amazing Scourge, brandished by the Hand of Vengeance, against a guilty World; the same Fire may parch up that Land which it does not consume, and Earthquakes make its Desolation worse than the present; if therefore we are common Tenants of a State variegated with Joy and Sorrow, methinks 'tis natural we should in some Measure share the Good of it which we all want, seeing we are equally exposed to the Evils of it, under which we all desire to be relieved.

O my Soul, what a Thought arises! can it with Truth be said, that any in human Shape, tho' their daily Support were Robbery, should lurk for the Confusion of a public Calamity, and plunder the Property of the Distressed; or that any after cool D. liberation, upon whatsoever Pretences, should either publicly or privately discountenance that Relief to the Distressed, which we may all at some Time want, and which Humanity suggests? Forbid it Heavens!

Alas! we sojourn in a Vale of Tears, Sorrow on every Side surrounds us, and calls for those Duties which we feel impressed in our Natures, Duties so indelibly engraven that a Heathen said "in nothing do we more imitate the immortal Gods, than in doing Acts of Kindness;" the Voice of Revelation is still more explicit, and so plain that he who runs may read. Possessions take to themselves Wings; to what purpose is it then that we distress, perplex and corrupt our Minds in getting Wealth, the Possession of which is so precarious? With what Face can we swell with the Conceit of Riches and assume Airs of Importance, disdain, oppress and tyrannize over those beneath us (perhaps only) in Fortune, when a few Hours may set us all on a Level? How much does it become us while in Affluence to demean ourselves with such Honesty, Humanity and Beneficence, as

that if Calamity should overtake us we may stand confessedly the worthy Objects of needful Relief? Methinks this Catastrophe is big with Instruction, could any one see the dire Havock produced from so small a Fire, and not feel the Obligations we owe to the Community in our Oeconomy of this necessary but devouring Element, and of every Thing that is apt Fuel for the same? for as our Possessions are not secured by our own single Carefulness, the Duty therefore becomes general: And may I be permitted to take a hint from this dreadful Desolation, and point it forth as an Emblem of that Destruction, which the Passions when let loose, produce in human Minds; when the first Excess is not suppressed, like the late Fire, they ravage, increase by running, and may destroy every Thing valuable in the Mind; may intirely strip us of that real Treasure which only can stand us in Stead when a greater Conflagration shall seize this Earth, when we shall be as little anxious to save our Lives, as many lately were to save their worldly Possessions.

TRIPOLY, December 13.

THIS Country is near entirely destroyed by an Earthquake, which has been felt throughout an Extent of 100 Leagues, in Length, and near as many in Breadth, forming a Space of about 10000 square Leagues, containing the Chain of Mountains of Liban and the Anti-Liban, with a prodigious Number of Villages, the greatest Part of which is now nothing but a Heap of Ruins. The Ships which were here the 30th of October, at Four in the Morning, the Waters of the Docks overflowed, and all seemed to threaten a general Destruction. They were felt in the same Manner at Burat, which is 20 Leagues to the South; but were more violent at the Attaquire, distant 25 Leagues to the North. Many Houses were thrown down at Seyde, and a Number of People buried under their Ruins. The Camp de Francois was considerably damaged, but no People perished there, all having abandoned it, and flown into the Country.

At Acre, which is fifteen Leagues higher than Seyde, the Sea overflowed its Borders, and poured into the Streets, the seven or eight Feet above the Level of the Sea. The City of Sappet, about ten Leagues distant, was entirely overthrown, and the greatest Part of its Inhabitants perished by the Fall of the Houses.

The Ships were terrible at Damas, which is three Journeys from Seyde; all the Minarets, and a Number of Houses were thrown down, and 6000 Souls perished.

Several other Ships were felt successively till the 25th of November, which did not do much more Damage; and we thought our Alarms at an End; when on that Day, about seven in the Evening, the Ships recommenced here in a Manner so terrible, that many Edifices were thrown down, and the Earth trembled under our Feet all the Time we were running into the Fields.

The next Day, about Four in the Morning, it was succeeded by others still more dreadful, and when Day-light was come, we discovered the dismal Effects, the neighbouring Towns presenting nothing but Heaps of Ruins. Our City is no longer habitable, and we now lie in the open Country.

Bulbec, which is 15 Leagues from hence, on the Side of Mount Liban, and an ancient Castle built by the Romans with Stones, of which three were sufficient to form the Arch of a large Vault, have been entirely destroyed.

The Earth is not yet staid, and we fear that all the Cities of Syria will experience the Fate of Lisbon.

Vienna, Feb. 21. Our Measures for opening the Campaign are so well taken, that the Court hope to have Success wholly on their Side. All the Regiments that compose H. Daun's Army are complete; and it has been reinforced with 10,000 Men; so that it now actually amounts to 95,000, exclusive of the Troops under Gen. Laudon, which amount to 30,000. The greatest Difficulty is to supply these numerous Forces. Between 10 and 12,000 Waggon's are daily employed in carrying Provisions and Stores to Saxony. The Provisions and Forage are drawn from every Country, where any are to be found, and cost immense Sums. The Funds of the Court are insensibly exhausting. This reduces the Ministry to set their Wits at Work, to raise Money to support an expensive War, which the Court is determined to prolong. The French Ambassador is almost daily in Conference with the Count Caunitz, on the Measures for bringing about a general Pacification; but this is a Subject to which our Court will not listen; accordingly it has just sent Orders to the Generals Daun and Laudon, to begin the Campaign as soon as possible.

Frankfort upon the Oder, February 21. The Russians are extending themselves further and further into Pomerania, and the Corps under the Command of General Tetleben, is computed to consist of near 12,000 Men. That Officer has published a Kind of Manifesto, directing the Inhabitants of that Province to pay nothing more to the King of Prussia, but to deliver to the Russians the Forage, Money, and every Thing else which they are obliged to pay as Subjects of Pomerania, assuring them in that Case, that they shall not be molested. The Contributions which they demand are, however, very exorbitant. They required of the Town of Stargard alone 20,000 Crowns, which were obliged to take up with a fifth Part of that Sum, which was paid them in ready Money. A Body of their Troops, having with them a considerable Train of heavy Artillery, seem to be advancing towards Culberg; but we are very little anxious about that Place, because the Garrison is capable of making a vigorous Resistance.

Paris, February 25. The Guns of the Royal Gun, which were all Brass, have been got out, and it is great Pity that the Slip must be lost, as they are quite new, and reputed to be the