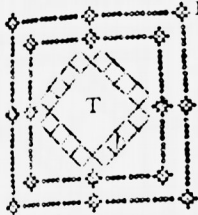


# MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, O C T O B E R 17, 1771.

### FRONTIERS OF POLAND, July 16.



THE Confederates have formed the Project of taking Cracow; and proceeding to the Election of a new King. According to some Advices, they are already Masters of the Town, and are battering the Castle, wherein there is a Russian Garrison. It is feared Col. Daring will arrive too late to succour that

Paris, July 22. This being the Season for the Return of our Ships from the East-Indies, several of our Merchants are alarmed at their not receiving Advice of the Arrival of any of them in our Ports. But it should be remembered, that in the ticklish Situation of Affairs between England and Spain last Year, it was thought necessary to give Notice of it to our Settlements in Asia, and that, doubtless, is the Reason for their being detained.

### L O N D O N.

From the LONDON-PACKET, of July 31.  
A publick SALE of ANTI-CITY PATRIOTS.  
As bid in Order of the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Alderman Wilkes, in Guildhall, this 31<sup>st</sup> Day of July.

Such Dogs and Men there are, mere Things of State,  
And always cherished by their Friends, the Great.

THE Vote being put to the Livery, it was unanimously carried, that Mr. George Selwyn should be the *Belian Crater* upon this Occasion. Accordingly he took his Staff at the Door, and began to wind abroad. "Crack! crack! crack!" walk in, walk in—just going to begin—a rare Collection of rare Creatures now actually to be sold and disposed of, the City having no farther Occasion for them: Doctor Samuel Johnson being Auctioneer elect for this great and memorable undertaking. Now is the Time to seize a Bargain—Ministers and Mariners may now be both supplied with Knaves and Transports—American Merchants may be served at an easy Rate with Patriots to harangue round Liberty-Tree—they have all Subjects at their Fingers Ends, and for a good Dinner will be all Things to all Men—they are not nice in their Sentiments of Religion. All Things are equal to their Minds and Hearts—an Essay or a Lie—a Wilkes or a King—a Jew or a Gentleman—Miss Kennedy, or a Miss d'Esta—Silence! Gentlemen, the great *Doctor Johnson* is about to begin: He is the Leviathan of Literature—no *Jays* Alarms now, Gentlemen, you may depend upon his clamp Words—walk in and see!

### A U C T I O N E E R.

"Gentlemen and Ladies,  
To proportion the Eagerness of Contest to its Importance seems too hard a Task for human Wisdom. Fortune often delights to dignify what Nature has neglected: Which will be visibly demonstrated in this heterogeneous Vendition of these conglomerrated Plebeians of the City, who will afford an Orator but few Opportunities of descriptive Splendor, or narrative Elegance; to denounce and proclaim the Virtues and Vices of these patriotic Rammers—intoxicated Enthusiasts—infected with the Bawls of Bellows, and the Barbarity of Beckford. Nil mortalius arduum est. Nothing can frigate the Rapacity of human Courage, unless an Undertaking of this variegated Nature; I confess I shrink from the boisterous Blat, and shudder with uncommon Tremperity at the bellowing Billows of City Politicks: This is an hostile Civility forced upon me. A Declination of the Office would gratify my Senses: The Operation of such Enemies should be reciprocally discontinued. Moderation is commonly firm, and Firmness is commonly successful. Let us not swell our first Acquisition with any superfluous Appendages, but what must be the Priest, where a Monkey is the God? Or what must be the Druide of a Party, of whose Heads are Grafton, Sandwich, and Talbot; these Animals of Bulk, rendered so by Indigestion, whom their Power of roaring persuaded us to think formidable? But the Noise of a Sargee proves nothing but his Hunger; which will be made apparent and conspicuous in the Character of the redoubtable Harley."

Here the Court began to hiss and whoop, declaring the Language of the learned Doctor to be quite unintelligible, and one and all insisted upon Dr. Johnson's Defence, and that Mr. Deputy Judd should take the Hammer. The Doctor resigned with this Speech. Auctioneer. "Ye seem to be determined Slaves of Discord—I was elected to this Eminence of Importance by your *vox populi*—I am humiliated by the same Vociferation.—The Conquest, if such it may be called, is without Blood-shed, and from a Power that makes Resistance ridiculous: It is unworthy the Zeal or Officiousness of an Individual to apply for a Continuation of the Formality of Remonstrance. This Obstruction arises from that noisy Faction, which fills this Kingdom with the Roar of empty Menace, and the Yell of hysterical Lamentation: But they may as well hiss a Post as Dr. Johnson."  
Mr. Deputy Judd then mounted the Rostrum.

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### A U C T I O N E E R.

"Gemmen,  
"I am happy to be the Phoenix of Doctor Johnson's Ashes; 'tis a difficult Matter to please this Mob: But I am sensible that they are sensible of my Merits, otherwise they would not have elected me, a poor Deputy Duodecimo, over the Head of this miscellaneous Follio. No more Apologies—I have scarce Time to save Alderman Harley for Sale.

Alderman HARLEY, Gemmen,  
This is the true *Jacobus* of this Reign—the tawdry Toy of the City—the true Blood of the Oxford—the original Harleian Miscellany. Few People know his Dexterity—he can break his Neck, fracture his Skull, and perform a Thousand equestrian Tricks, to try the Hearts and Eyes of his Friends, and to discover the Exultations of his Foes—he is dead To-day, alive To-morrow. No Harlequin ever turn'd into such a Variety of Shapes, he is the very Mountebank of Politicks, and will be ever found an excellent Antagonist against any Thing—a Turtle, or a Wilkes.—Who bids, Gemmen, for this *rara Avis*? The notorious Mr. Atley is a mere Sand-Bag on Horseback to him—Atley never hurt his Skull—Zounds! no body bid! Bidder. Five-pence.  
Auctioneer. A Price of Merit verily—he is worth more for a rough Rider to Sir Sidney Meadows—or a Yorkshire Jockey to back young Fillies—going for Five pence—the Harleian Miscellany for Five-pence—going—now bid! or he is gone!—going—gone.

This will never do—my Lady Bridget will confirm her Assertion; and we shall really appear the scum of the Earth. Bring in Alderman Kennet!—now, Ladies, there's a laughing, rosy old Fellow of all Work—here is Charity in full Perfection; 'tis he that supports the Fatherless and Widow; he is an Ornament to the Court, and wades in all their dirty Ways, for dirty Praise. O had the City but throughout such Aldermen, what would not King and Commons do?—I suppose the Board of Green Cloth will bid for this valuable Piece of Nonfence—I now elevate him in his Ten Thousand Carl Wig—(say away—not a Word!—don't be afraid of his Stomach—though he has an excellent Twist at Venison, he can dine off of an Ox Cheek—he is a fine Wag at a *double Entendre*—and would do rarely at the Chaplain's Table.  
Bidder. A Shilling—(I will buy him for my Plantation in Maryland.)  
Auctioneer. Alderman Kennet for a Shilling! O such fine Fleesh—to be sold as cheap as Bull-Beef! an Alderman for a Shilling!—going—going—going—gone.

Crier. It is the merriest Sale that ever was exhibited—Mr. Deputy Judd, for the first Time in his Life, is clever. Walk in and hear him—if you don't chuse to purchase, you will entertain your Ears. Alive O!—alive O!  
Auctioneer. Don't be rough with Mr. Sawbridge—he is greatly shaken by this last Horn-Itom.—Alas! with Blushes I own, he is but the Shadow of an Alderman—the rosy Cheek—the sleek Head—the bow Window Belly—the firm Calf—the Yard-wide Shoulder—are vanished into Air—into thin Air. Alas! he is only fit for Surgeons-Hall—a Dissection of his Heart might discover his Err r—for the Gentleman has certainly been deluded by the Bell-weather of Brentford—come, come, he had Virtues, but they are tainted with this hot feverish Time—perhaps if purchased for America, Transportation may bring him to Repentance—now bid for this Cullen-der of a Patriot!  
Bidder. Forty-five Pence.  
Auctioneer. Come, Come, Forty-five Pence—the standing Number—he shall go for that, if it is only to pleasure our glorious Jack Wilkes.—Now lead in hopping Jemmy Townsend! the little Apostate—the Soul of Schism—the Deserter of the true and only Faith—the Cause of Liberty. Ah! gentle Jemmy, why? ah? why didst thou run to the Half-Moon Tavern, to mend a batter'd Constitution?—thou too wast deluded by a Priest, and read a rascally Recantation—repent, dear Jemmy, on the Hullings, and sell for more than those who sold before! who shall I knock down Jemmy Townsend to?  
Bidder. To the Troublesome, gangreen old Gentlewoman in Pall-Mall.  
Auctioneer. 'Tis well; and Forty-five Pence a plentiful Price, for a putrid old Carcass.  
Crier. We do it rarely—we sell them off like Smoak—I never did better in my little Skiff upon the Coast of Holland—when I used to plump the India Goods on Shore—rare Work—walk in!  
Auctioneer. Now prepare your Eyes for a fallen Angel—Black as the Devil.—An Parson Horne—how hast thou brought thyself to shame! shall I, (Mr. Deputy Judd) put thy pure Hand on thy infected Head—a Head, that infected the putrid, epidemick Paw of 's Bishop to defile it—no, no, no.

Let the Squire of Tyburn consecrate thee—let a Halter be thy meritorious Installation: Let a Gallows be thy Exaltation. But let us be Christians amidst our Politicks—he may repent and be a good Servant to the Publick—Is there no sweet, *Water-drinking*, Female that will bid for this Jew Judas—Is there no Chalk and Water Virgin pining with Grief—that wants to be betrayed by a Kiss!—is there no salt Widow—that requires the Gospel and Withes the Divinity within her!—come bid—you shall have him cheaper than his Brother's Capons—old Cleaths, and Pony to the Bargain, not a Word—Matter Wilkes—wont you purchase his Redemption!—Zounds what a Smoak and Smell of Sulphur—the DEVIL!—the DEVIL!—the DEVIL!  
These Words being delivered by Mr. Judd, with uncommon Horror—the People frighted to death quitted the Hall—tumbling one over another, each expecting the unhappy Fate of the apostate Priest—Aldermen tumbled over Widows—and Common Council-Men over Maids—such a Racket, such a Jumble, such a Chaos was never seen before since the Days of Ovid. But when the few, had collected the few Brains they had—it appeared to Doctor Willson that the Devil had taken the Parson to himself: Upon which the worthy patriotick Doctor attempted an Exorcism—but he was thrown down by the superior Bulk of Mr. Hurtford almost over shadowed with the Imminency of his Wig, and smothered with Powder, and the Effluences of my Lord Mayor's good Victuals and Drink, which had been pent up like a Volcano; and from this Exertion got Vent, to the great Offence of his Majesty's liege Subjects.

July 24. Letters from Leghorn advise, that Thirty Christian Slaves, on board an Algerine Galley, had risen upon the Moors, and after destroying best Part of the Crew, carried the Vessel into Ceuta, a Spanish Port, with 2000 Turkish Sequins on board.

July 25. It is said, that the Scheme for establishing a Bishop in America is privately carrying on, and that a Clergyman at the Head of a Church Seminary there, is shortly expected over to facilitate the Plan concerted between the Missionaries in America and their Superiors in this Kingdom.

Extra<sup>ll</sup> of a Letter from Paris to the Printer, dated July 23.

"A few Days ago, as the King was returning from Chapel, he was taken with a fainting Fit, attended with Dimness of Sight; the Alarm spread, but the Physicians in waiting soon remedied the Disorder, which they attributed to the Revolutions of Nature, in the different Changes of the Seasons:

"This Cause not being altogether satisfactory, the King ordered La Martiniere to be sent for: As soon as he arrived he entered the King's Apartment, who was along with the Captain of his Guards, and the first Lord of the Bedchamber. As soon as M. La Martiniere had been informed of the Disorder, the Duration of it, the Cure, and the Causes that had occasioned it, he felt the King's Pulse with fixed Attention, and in about a Minute said to him, Sire, you ordered me to tell you the Truth, and I must obey you. Your Pulse indicates a Consumption. It is in your Power to prolong your Days, or shorten them. The King looked at him with Astonishment, but a Moment after, he said to him in a very obliging Manner, La Martiniere, I thank you; prescribe, and I shall execute."

July 30. As 60 of the King's Subjects have been murdered, and above 200 of them wounded in Carolina, through a sad mistaken Policy in this Kingdom, and the Discontent of the People was increasing, it is expected that Disorder and Rebellion will soon spread through all the back Parts of Virginia, &c. to the great Injury of the Sea Coast Colonies, and the Commerce of this Kingdom: Now therefore is the Time for Ministers to give a substantial Proof of their Attention to American Affairs, as Parliament will certainly enquire into the Cause of those Murders and Insurrections.

August 4. The Cabinet has at present Two capital Objects under Consideration, viz. A private Altercation with the Court of France, arising from one of those Causes which are important only from their being made so, and the Prospect of the Discovery of the Fire at Portsmouth.—Several Consultations have been held on these Subjects; the last was Yesterday, another will be on Saturday. The Truth is, the Discussion of the Affair with France is purposely procrastinated by the Council for a very wise and obvious Reason, viz. Till the Portsmouth Affair is brought to an Issue; when, if it will be found that the French had any Hand in the Mischief, the Ministry will have them then in their own Power, and will be able to silence one Complaint by Means of another.

August 5. It is confidently asserted, that the Duke of Gloucester's Voyage to the Mediterranean is merely political; and that he is charged with an important Commission to the Court of Turin.

There are great Apppearances of some Changes in Administration before the Meeting of Parliament. It is imagined that a Coalition of Parties is intended.

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of Juliana Park...  
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June 19, 1771...  
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HARD PENWICK...  
September 17, 1771...  
Testament of Robert...  
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red.  
LORSH, Executrix...  
roughs Sept. 24, 1771...  
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jun. expires the 1st...  
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at a low Advance by...  
hole, as may best fit...  
reasonable Credit...  
LIDER & HERBURN...  
ED IN LONDON...  
N.