

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1786.

LONDON, December 1.

HERE happened last week, says our Paris correspondent, in a letter dated November 10th, a kind of popular tumult at the Palais Royal, which arose, as most of these events do, from a trifling cause; even so trifling as the sacred toes of a reverend clergyman, Monsieur l'abbé de Lubersac, being pressed too hard upon. This gentleman is known by a monument planned by him to be erected to the honour and glory of the Barebone family. The case was as follows:—A knight of St. Louis walking about the gallery, inadvertently trod on the abbe's foot, and made him, what he conceived, a proper apology: but the reverend clergyman, whose feelings it seems were no where so keen as in that part, thought it not satisfactory, and loaded the officer with the most opprobrious language. The latter retorted, and from words they proceeded to blows, and the black cloak of his reverence was dulled to some purpose. This occasioned great confusion: the Swiss, or doorkeepers, attempted to disperse the mob, but they were so roughly handled, that they thought it highly expedient to draw out their toledos, in order to force their way through the crowd: eight of whom were grievously wounded. The guards were called upon for assistance; and coming in great force, they met much difficulty, quelled the riot, which had become personal between the public and the doorkeepers. Some of the persons present, insisted on the drawcanfirs being punished; but they pleaded in extenuation, that thinking themselves in danger, they had drawn their swords in their own defence. This passed, and the populace dispersed. There is no joking with the sacred toes of Roman priests!

A few days since, during some alterations in a chapel, formerly an oratory, on the north side of Mavefyn Kidwar Church, in Staffordshire, a stone coffin, with a circular compartment for the head, was found, and in it a human skeleton, which from many circumstances, appears to be the remains of Hugo Mavefyn, who was buried in the reign of Henry the first, and son of Henry Mavefyn, a Norman, who came into England with William the Conqueror, and had lands given him in Staffordshire. The skeleton is amazingly strong boned, and the teeth singularly white and sound, though buried 640 years ago. In an adjoining Gothic niche in the wall near the abovementioned coffin, was discovered (with small portions of linen fear cloth) the skeleton of Henry Mavefyn, a knight hospitaller, (and great-grand-son to Hugo) in a coffin of lead of uncommon form. These remains, after being exposed to gratify the curious, were ordered to be covered again with the greatest care possible, by their descendant C. Chadwick, Esquire, of Mavefyn Kidwar hall, and owner of the aforesaid chapel.

A certain noble duke was in a large assembly a few days since, extolling the constitution of Great-Britain, upon which a gentleman near him observed, he thought it was much like his lordship's very good naturally, but at present in a bad condition: Though to be sure, continued he, your lordship has greatly the advantage, for you have the assistance of able surgeons, but our poor country is committed to the care of a parcel of quacks.

When the glorious and wise queen Elizabeth was at war with the Spaniards, instead of loading her people with taxes for the carrying on of that war, she found by the assistance of admiral Drake a set of private men in England and Holland, who, at their own expence, in hopes of reimbursing themselves by the plunder they should meet with, fitted out a fleet of upwards of one hundred sail of ships, with twelve or fourteen thousand land forces on board, with which they invaded Spain itself, took and plundered several of their towns, and would have taken the rich city of Lisbon, which was then in the hands of the Spaniards, if it had not been for an accident. In this expedition, neither the queen nor the public was at any expence, nor did either of them contribute any thing towards it except a few ships of war, which the queen let to the undertaker of the expedition. This shews what great things might have been done by private adventurers during the late war with America, and the house of Bourbon, a proper encouragement had been held out to them, and further prove, how necessary it is for the public on these occasions, to stimulate, countenance and authorise such undertakings.

Dec. 10. It has been often asked, as well in private conversations, as in public assemblies, what can have brought on that actual rapid decline of the British nation, which nothing but the most exquisite

impudence, or the most exquisite stupidity, or both, would deny. Many are the concurrent causes which might be assigned: Two only, shall here, for the present, be selected. The one in the public itself, a total failure of that delicacy of sensibility, as necessary to prevent great evils in the political body, as in the merely animal œconomy. This is the first mentioned here, for its being so inseparably connected with, and capitally the cause of, most of the horrid disorders we have seen take place and effect in this wretched state.—The other is then but the natural consequence of that miserable defect, and will very rationally account why a nation, which might have not impossibly recovered from the horrors of a disastrous war, could not survive the infinitely greater ones of an ignominious peace: The one could only humiliate, the other annihilates. Alas! Is it not perfectly clear, that a few personages remarkable for no merit either literary, military, or political, had taken it into their little heads that they would have ribbons to decorate their grotesque figures; peverages which they were sure to disgrace, and places which they could never fill? In the rage then of this their silly vanity, ambition and avarice, how were they to effectuate their noble purposes? To Britain's eternal shame, their means were as respectable as their ends.—While disseminating sedition through the land on both sides of the Atlantic, the horrid ideots did not see that they were labouring the destruction of their country and of themselves. At length, however, they carried their point, not indeed in spite of their want of merit, but precisely for that want. There was then palpably among them an emulation of worthlessness. They succeeded: The nation perished, and Great-Britain is no more!

NEW-YORK, February 27.

Extra of a letter from Paris, November 24.

"The corpse of the late duke of Orleans, was on Tuesday, the 22d instant, carried in the evening to the Val-de-Grace to be interred in the family vault. The dukes of Bourbon and Engulen were present, and accompanied by marshals de Segur and Castries, ministers of state, and a great concourse of noblemen. The hearse was partly preceded, and partly followed by the prince's household, a great number of indigent persons all bearing lighted torches. The mourning coaches, all the livery servants in crapes, an incredible number of our good Parisians in the deepest mourning, presented a spectacle altogether pompous and awful. There wanted nothing to the funeral obsequies, but the presence of the prince's successor, as chief mourner; but his highness was himself confined to his bed; yet filial piety getting the better of his prudence, his highness, against the advice of his physician, insisted upon being dressed instantly. He was soon convinced, that bodily strength does not always keep pace with our mental affections; he fell on the floor, and received a contusion on his forehead, and thus was obliged to give up his intention of accompanying the remains of his royal father to the grave.

"It was an affecting sight to see the poor peasants of St. Assie assisting at divine service in their parish church; the corpse of their illustrious benefactor deposited there, drew tears from every beholder. Those good people wept bitterly, they regretted a good prince who employed them the whole year round, and who gave them bread and wood when he knew they stood in need of either."

PHILADELPHIA, March 4.

They write from Charleston, that a number of uniform companies are now forming in that city, with great spirit and alacrity, and will soon, they hope, make a very handsome appearance. This is a pleasing proof of that harmony and public spirit which gained us our freedom and independence, and we trust, will now guard and support them, together with our happiness.

Mom La Porvre, late envoy from his most christian majesty, to the king of Cochin-China, gives the following account of his visiting Canton a few years since, viz.

"I now approach the period of my travels. Departing from the coasts of Cochin-China, and directing my course towards the north-east, I proceeded for China, which the Cochin-Chinese call, with great respect, Nuse d' ai Ming—the Kingdom of the Great Luminary. After some days navigation, before there was any appearance of land, I perceived along the horizon a forest of masts, and soon after, an innumerable multitude of boats, which covered the surface of the water. These were thousands of fishermen, whose industry drew from the deep subsistence for numbers. The land now began to rise to

my view; I advanced to the mouth of the river, still amidst crowds of fishers; throwing out their lines on every side. I entered the river of Canton; it is peopled like the land; its banks lined with ships at anchor; a prodigious number of small craft are continually gliding along in every direction, some with sails, others with oars, vanishing often suddenly from the sight, as they enter the numberless canals, dug with amazing labour, across extensive plains, which they water and fertilise. Immense fields, covered with all the glory of the harvest, with stately villages rising to the eye, on every side, adorn the remoter view, whilst mountains, covered with verdure, cut into terrasses, and shaped into amphitheatres, from the back ground of this noble landscape.

"I arrive at Canton, where new subjects for admiration arise: the noise, the motion, the crowd augments; the water as well as the land, being every where covered with multitudes. Astonished at the amazing appearance, I inquire into the numbers of inhabitants of this city and suburbs; and after comparing different accounts, find that they must amount at least to eight hundred thousand souls. My surprise, however, is greatly increased, when I learn that to the northward of Canton, about five leagues up the river, is a village named Fathan, which contains a million of inhabitants, and that every part of this great empire, extending about 600 leagues from north to south, and as much from east to west, was peopled in the same proportion."

However shocked we must feel at the recital of the enormities perpetrated by the negroes in Dominica, on the unfortunate settlers there, candour and impartiality must confess, that the severities and cruelties exercised by many white people on those creatures, are of equal weight in the scale of reason and common sense. Ferocious, easily inflamed with passions, among which, perhaps, the most predominant and characteristic is revenge; it cannot excite much surprise, that a repetition of such treatment should drive those ill-fated beings to madness. The declaration of one of the chiefs, Congoree, that the manager of the Rosaly estate had killed his son—and that he had dispatched him for it—is a convincing proof, that a spirit of retaliation actuates them. The discrimination they make between the French and English clearly shews, that their steps are not marked by wanton and undistinguished fury—but that revenge for oppression is their grand stimulus.

The various letters lately published, said to be received from gentlemen in the back country, stating the great probability of an Indian war in the spring, merit serious consideration. It is hard to suppose that any person would be villainous enough to forge them, merely to spread an alarm. And if they are well founded, it would be a fatal mistake to defer making preparations, until the Indians commenced depredations. The retention of the frontier posts by the British, and the movements of the Indians, seem pregnant with dangers to the confederation.

Philadelphia at present affords an example of what is rarely to be met with. Amidst a general scarcity of money, the rates of a variety of articles continue as high as when money abounded here. Some, it is true, have fallen: but none in proportion to the scarcity of cash. House rent is considerably reduced—but it is still so high in many places, as to render it impossible for tenants to acquit themselves of their obligations to their landlords.

The Courier of the Rhine, a paper published at Cologne, in Lower Germany, of Saturday the 29th of October last, has the following curious advertisement; "To be sold, to the best and last bidder, at the town-house of Frankfort on the Maine, on Monday the 21st of November, a principality, or a fodial inheritance, consisting of twenty thousand square acres, on which are twelve villages, four market-towns, and a small neat city, with a handsome castle, park, gardens, and pleasure grounds, inclosed with strong pailing and a high wall, a good foundery & arsenal, a barrack for two companies, a printing-house, laboratory, and theatre, all within the precincts of the place. The net income, arising from quit-rents, gabals and other duties, computed to be about two hundred and eighty, or three hundred thousand crowns. Any person of distinction and honourable connections, who is disposed to render himself and family illustrious, by such a purchase, will be treated with, previous to the above day, by applying to J. B. Hammul, notary at Frankfort; G. Vanderdussen, Procurator-fiscal at Bologna, or Michael Jacob de Spiegel, merchant at the Hague, who can furnish further particulars."