

who sent you, that we wish for a man of principles more analogous to ours; tell them besides, that the new director, (to be chosen in Germinal next) does not please us; that he has not a republican phiz; that he has the look of a man who favours the Bourbon family, and French nobility; that we want one quite Jacobinic or at least an Orleansist." I now ask the question, what would the Executive Directory do? What would the two councils bring forth? *Vengeance! War unto Death!* would be the exclamation of our representatives. We must confound the insolence of that nation!

The republic has just ordered Mr. Pinckney to withdraw; is it not to be feared that national pride will require reparations for this insult?

No! The Americans will not quarrel with us; in order to disappoint the schemes of their natural enemies, the English, they will know how to dissemble. The English wish for nothing more, than such a rupture. But I am much more afraid lest the influence of the British cabinet should cause the eruption to burst forth from Paris, and lest we should have the immodesty of laying to Americans, "*ave chuse to be your enemies.*"

Let us turn from sinister an event; and confine ourselves to consider not the effects of such a war, but only the evil consequent upon the dread of such a rupture.

Commerce is made only because monied men have favourable opportunities. The more its dangers and difficulties are multiplied, the less speculators will venture in enterprises. The fear of war, the most destructive scourge, will doubtless drive away the Americans from France, to avoid losing their vessels and their fortunes, by the act of declaration, or exposing their liberty by an embargo. Prudence commands them to undertake no new operations before the two governments have removed all the difficulties.

A late Scotch paper informs, that the Austrians are again advancing on the side of Italy, and that one of their regiments has taken post in the Puster thal. This, if true, proves at least, that the Austrians advance most rapidly in their retreat, for the Puster thal (valley of Puster) is the most remote north-east corner of Tyrol, situated between Brixen and Klagenfurt.

Another British paper refuscitates the celebrated marshal Laudon, who died in 1799, at Neu Titschein, and appoints him commander of the right wing of an imaginary Austrian army in Tyrol.

The only officer of the name of Laudon, in the Austrian army, is a young man, nephew and heir of the late marshal, who has in a few years been promoted from the rank of a subaltern officer to that of major-general, merely on account of the great services rendered to Austria by his uncle.

Among the curiosities of the present day is a patent granted to a man for contriving a coffin so constructed as to secure the dead against a future resurrection!

April 21.

Extract of a letter from the consulate of the United States, at Cadix, to Joseph M. Izard, Esq; in this city.

"It appears that on the 14th instant, the Spaniards, to the number of 24 sail of the line, 8 frigates, 4 corvettes, and a brig, under the command of admiral de Cordova, met the English fleet off Cape St. Vincent's, composed of 15 sail of the line, 4 frigates, a brig, and a cutter, commanded by admiral Jervis. The van-guard, consisting of 7 ships of the line, came up to action at half past eleven in the morning, and fought till six in the evening. La Trinidad was in the van-guard, and being the foremost ship, suffered the fire of 3 three deckers, which did terrible execution. She was towed out of the action by two frigates, and is expected here with the first good wind, it being now easterly, as it has hitherto been since the 14th. Strange to tell! we have not yet had a certain account of this action; but it is believed as undeniable, that the St. Joseph, 112, Salvador, 112, St. Nicholas, 80, and a 74 have been taken by the English and carried into Lagos. Winta; ten who commanded this division was killed; at least, it is confidently asserted and believed. Of the rest of the fleet nothing has yet been heard. A reinforcement of seven sail of the line and 3 frigates sailed a few days ago, from which we have not since heard!"

Extract of another letter from Cadix to a respectable mercantile house in this city, dated 20th February.

"Captain Suter, will, no doubt, inform you of the engagement which took place the 14th inst. about 10 leagues east of this place. We have as yet learnt nothing of the affair, further than it was the Spanish squadron, commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova, composed of 24 ships of the line, 7 of which were three deckers, and the English fleet consisting of 15 ships. It commenced at 3 quarters past eleven in the morning, and was vigorously kept up till half past 11 in the evening, at which time the admiral's ship, the Trinidad, a heavy unwieldy vessel, separated much shattered, and was towed off by one of the fleet. The admiral, with his principal officers, went on board the Diana, where he made most vigorous exertions, and it is said, much injured the enemy.

A thousand conjectures are made here, according to the dispositions of the authors, concerning the event of this dreadful engagement, which, it is expected, will make a new epoch in maritime history, and perhaps destroy the mean opinion in which the English hold the Spanish navy, as well as inspire it with a just idea of its own superiority and ability to conquer; from the goodness and number of its ships, opposed to the valour and discipline which is generally attributed to the English. I am inclined to think the English have been worsted; perhaps I am mistaken, time, however, will determine. Should any further accounts arrive before I close this letter, I will inform you."

The account from Cadix of the 20th Feb. via Boston of war having been formally declared by the Spaniards against the Moors, must be without foundation, as Cadix papers to the 24th contain no such intelligence.

A letter from Cadix informs that the polacre Independent, Captain Robertson, on her passage from this port to Algiers, was captured by a Spanish privateer and carried into Cadiz, but, on the interposition of the American consul there, she was liberated and permitted to proceed on her voyage.

TO MARINERS.

London, February 11.

A new light-house has been erected on the east coast of the barony of Ords in the county of Down, in the Kingdom of Ireland; called Kilwarlin light-house. The house will begin to be lighted on the 25th March. To distinguish this light from the Copeland, from which it bears nearly north and south, distant six leagues and an half, it is to revolve on a perpendicular axis, and to be seen in full force from every point of the visible horizon once in every minute; it will be observed to increase from darkness until its force be seen, and to decrease after till totally eclipsed. A large bell fixed on the light-house will be tolled day and night during the continuance of thick and foggy weather, to point out the direction of the rock.

CHARLESTON, March 31.

The following information was given to the collector of this port yesterday:

Custom-house, March 30th, 1797.

Captain Andrew Young, commander of the sloop Betsey, of Falmouth, in the state of Massachusetts, now employed in the coasting trade of this state, lodges information at this office, that on the 28th inst. he was spoke to by a French schooner, off North Edisto, which had the appearance of a privateer, but showed no carriage guns. The informant saw a musket, which was in the act of being loaded by a person on board, who made particular inquiries whether any vessels were seen by him on the coast, which were answered in the negative. Upon being asked from whence she came, was told from Port de Paix, in ten days. Her crew appeared to be six in number, and Frenchmen. The boat they were in appeared to be about five tons burthen, and looked like one of the packet boats which ply in this harbour, between this city and Sullivan's Island.

There is reason to believe that the boat above described left this city on the night of Saturday last, and that she was fitted in this port. We understand that the revenue cutter has received orders to go in search of her.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Thomas's Parish, dated 28th inst.

"On Sunday evening last I hardly thought I should ever have seen you again. Between nine and ten o'clock at night we had a hail storm here which lasted about half an hour; after it was over, so that we could venture out, to see who was alive, we found the hail six inches deep. The whole of my garden was totally destroyed; pease, that would have been fit to eat in a fortnight, were torn all to pieces, and every thing in the garden underwent the same fate; my rye field that was all shot out, was cut down just as if it had been done with a scythe; the poor birds were all found dead under the trees, and I saw twenty or thirty partridges, that were found by the negroes, pelted to death. In short, I never in my time, nor does any person I have conversed with since the storm, remember such an event. There is not a peach left upon any of the trees, every one being beat off by the hail. I measured some of the hail stones; they were three inches round."

BALTIMORE, April 24.

Horrid—Horrid Murders!!!

At the general court, for the Eastern Shore, now sitting, a negro woman, the property of Mr. Eccleston, of Kent county, in this state, was found guilty of the murder of a child of one of her fellow-slaves, which she is said to have destroyed by means of laudanum. Humanity shudders at the guilt of this most atrocious wretch. She has, since her condemnation, acknowledged to have destroyed, by poison, three children of Robert Dunn, Esq; a most respectable and worthy gentleman of Kent. Her motive for this most horrid act appears to have been an expectation of being free; if all the members of a particular family (the Bowers) from whom she was possessed, were dead, she had been informed, that a clause in the will of the late Mr. Bowers, of the same county, had defined his slaves to be free; if all his family should die. Let this serve as a solemn warning, to those who are disposed to testamentary liberation of their slaves! The story of this dreadful affair is truly shocking.

The unhappy parents, returning from the funeral of their first child, found a second dead; and, by the time they had paid the last offices to the second, the third expired! What pen—what eloquence can describe the condition of the unhappy parents! The children expired in excruciating tortures.

The next attempt was upon the life of her mistress, Mrs. Beccleston, who, after sustaining torments undecipherable, with great difficulty recovered. But she continued in a state that leaves little hope that she will ever again enjoy the blessing of health—such a shock has a delicate constitution suffered.

Four children were actually killed—and the life of a fifth person nearly sacrificed. Where this horrid conduct would have terminated, God only knows, if it had not been arrested where it was.

Annapolis, April 27.

For the MARYLAND GAZETTE,
The INSPECTOR, No. IX.

Ludens qui nescit, campesibus abscondit armas.

HORACE.

EXCELLENCE, whether absolute or relative, is the supreme object of human desires; and the idea of it is so attractive and captivating, that we rarely meet with a person, even in the lowest station of life, who does not pride himself upon the possession of some peculiar accomplishment, in which he surpasses all his companions. Whether this distinguishing quality is intrinsically useful or valuable, is not always considered; and those, who feel themselves incapable of attaining superiority in merit, will frequently boast of their pre-eminence in some folly or vice, rather than give up all pretensions to distinction. But even persons of this description are often extremely unwilling to acknowledge their inferiority in any desirable qualification; and an eagerness to obtain the reputation of learning, induces them to profess an acquaintance with subjects, of which they are totally uninformed. The desire of being called a man of wisdom and information, when it only prompts us to derive such a character, cannot be censurable. But when it induces us to grasp merely at the reputation, without possessing the necessary qualities, it renders us ridiculous or contemptible. The man who pretends to superior excellence, and attempts to palm himself upon the world as a person of universal information, without any merit to justify his claim, is far from being an agreeable associate; and if, in addition to this, he regards as a perfection, what is really a fault, he becomes an object displeasing and disgusting.

Nearchus, with whom I became acquainted six years past, is a young man, who unites in himself both of these imperfections. Although he has scarcely opened a book since he left school, and his sphere of knowledge is confined to the events of the day, yet he is extremely forward to engage in a dispute, whenever any abstruse science is the topic of conversation. He affects to be well acquainted with most of the ancient authors, and delivers his opinion, with great freedom, upon their style and manner of writing. Of the two most celebrated poets of antiquity, Homer and Virgil, he professes himself an enthusiastic admirer; but more particularly of the former. To establish this character, he frequently ventures too far, and not only defeats his design, but draws upon himself the ridicule of all who know him. One evening a small circle of us were collected together, when the conversation turned upon the beauties of Homer. Nearchus unexpectedly stepped in, and entered immediately, with much spirit and eagerness, on the subject, bestowing the highest encomiums upon that much admired poet. Every line, and every expression, as soon as mentioned by one of the company, appeared to be fresh in his memory. We were soon silenced by his excessive volubility, and a pause took place; when he very gravely asked, if Homer was not a Frenchman!

But the most remarkable trait in his character, and on which Nearchus appears to build his hopes of future eminence, is *impudence*, in which, I hope, he has but few competitors. When I speak of *impudence*, it must not by any means be confounded with *confidence*, which, in a certain degree, is absolutely necessary to qualify a person for any station in life. But *impudence* is a quality which no honest or virtuous man ever had a call for, and it is not a little surprising, that even the most illiterate of mankind should suppose it desirable, as it evidently tends to destroy that regard to public opinion, which is one of the strongest external restraints to vicious propensities. But so intimated is Nearchus, in this, as in other respects, that I have often heard him exultingly declare, that nothing could raise a blush upon his cheek, and no one withstand his penetrating stare. To support these pretensions, his behaviour is sometimes so flagrantly improper, that every one who observes him, must blush for his folly. As a lady, who was unacquainted with Nearchus, was passing a door, where he, among others, was standing, he suddenly placed himself in her way, and looked in her face with such unexampled effrontery, that she was actually frightened, and took refuge in a neighbouring house, which she would not, for some time, venture to leave. Nearchus, turning to the company, asked, with evident triumph in his countenance, if he was not a *d—nd impudent fellow!* But finding they were not disposed to admire such insupportable impudence, he, for once in his life, was abashed; and prudently apologized to the injured lady.

It must not be supposed that Nearchus, when acting in this manner, thinks himself guilty of any breach of politeness, as *impudence* is, in his opinion, essentially necessary to constitute a polite man. Being guided by such mistaken notions of excellence and propriety of behaviour, his words and actions are a continued series of incongruities and inconsistencies. His opinions have been formed at random, and he is unfortunately resolved to believe himself already possessed of every pleasing quality, and incapable of erring in his sentiments. Notwithstanding the frequent marks of disapprobation and ridicule, which the folly and impropriety of his conduct occasions, his egregious vanity renders him quite incorrigible, and he supposes every one, either blind or envious, who does not perceive and acknowledge his transcendent perfections. He often hints, that the male sex are jealous of his accomplishments, and wonders that he is not more carried by the fair.

My situation, having unavoidably thrown me frequently in company with Nearchus, I have often been led into a train of reflections, upon observing a life of conduct, so feeble with singularity and absurdity. He has been so unhappy as to adopt opinions without