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BY  
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MISCELLANEOUS

To the Editor of the London Courier.

SIR.

The enclosed is the extract of a letter written by a friend of mine to the gentlemen of a German Club here, whereof both he and myself are members; perhaps its not altogether uninteresting contents may be worth your inserting in your valuable paper (to which I am a constant subscriber) after regulating and adapting the style, &c. necessary for the purpose, being aware of its being susceptible of much improvement. I am a German, and have done my best in giving a true translation of my friend's letter:—

While at Stralsund, I frequently saw transports of French prisoners, of whom the superior and subaltern officers were allowed to walk the streets at liberty. In one day I saw 2 of the latter look at the parade of the English troops in garrison, and I really felt pity in observing their melancholy appearance; but as soon as the music struck up, these men began to dance—Frenchmen to the tune of an English military band. I do not think the people of any other country capable of so much inconsiderate nonchalance.

At length I arrived at Berlin; and although I had formed very great expectations of this capital, I found that my imagination had not done justice to the reality; the majesty and beauty of the buildings are unequalled; but compared with the patriotism and manly virtues of its inhabitants, they sink into insignificance. It would be an endless task to enumerate the sacrifices they have made, and continue to make, for their native land and the common cause; and the unostentatious zeal and eagerness with which they do it, not for Prussia alone, but for Germany, entitles them to the eternal gratitude of us all. I, as a German, shall forever remember what I owe these noble, generous souls, and shall always reckon amongst the happiest of my life the twelve days I passed among them.

The newspapers will have conveyed to you an idea of what the Prussian soldiers are in the field; but to form an idea of their perseverance and cheerfulness in surmounting every obstacle and fatigue, you must be an eye-witness to their exertions. When I arrived at Berlin, some fears were entertained for the safety of the city, by the movement of Ney's corps on the right bank of the Elbe; but the speedy arrival of the Prussian corps made its entrance into Berlin, and I assure you of the infantry, one fourth was literally without shoes (amongst one battalion of 800, I counted myself 267 bare-footed soldiers), their habiliments were very much torn, and their legs were covered with a single pair of thin linen trousers, which by long use and continual washing, were so transparent that they might as well have been replaced by gauze; and notwithstanding all this, the men looked so gay and cheerful as if they had nothing to wish for: almost all the officers and volunteers wear long beards, having made a vow not to use a razor as long as a Frenchman, in a soldier's garb, is to be found on German ground.

In this light the Prussian soldier shows himself; not less estimable is the Prussian citizen. At the time I am speaking of, more than 20,000 sick and wounded were in Berlin, and government was under the necessity of announcing that the hospitals were no longer capable of affording sufficient relief; immediately every householder voluntarily took one or more wounded soldiers into his house, (besides the ordinary quartering of troops) and took care of them at their own expense, and as soon as one of them was convalescent, they immediately went and replaced him by another. The wo-

men were not to be surpassed in generosity and patriotic zeal; they formed a society, and every day five hundred of them (wives of nobles, merchants and artisans, without distinction) in rotation, imposed upon themselves the task of aiding in the cure of the wounded in the hospital; this was scarcely done when another society of young ladies formed itself;—angry at being almost the only persons excluded from doing any thing for the common good, the heavenly creatures hired a large room on the exchange and exposed there for sale, an infinity of handsome baubles, made with their own hands, and mostly for the use of gentlemen, who of course became eager purchasers, at very handsome prices, and this was destined for the use and better care of the wounded warriors. But this is not all, for if in the evening a circle met, they would sing us some patriotic songs, or give a narrative of the arrival of a fresh column of wounded soldiers, followed by a collection for the above purpose, which made by them, was naturally large and handsome.

Among these people I lived twelve days, from the 14th till the 25th of October, the proudest period for Berlin and for all Germany. The daily arrivals of expresses with news from the armies, which every night were read at the Theatre to the audience and answered by loud hurrahs, worked our expectations to the highest pitch.—On the 20th, a report was spread, announcing a great victory! I was on my way to a party, but turned about and hastened as fast as I could to the Theatre, which was filled in a few moments.—After some time our venerable Maud made his appearance, amidst the thundering applause of the audience, and raised by his speech such a feeling of enthusiastic joy, that nobody cared any thing about the play, and the whole evening was spent in singing, and long & repeated vivas and hurrahs. I could bear it no longer, and was compelled to leave the house, when I found the whole city one blaze of lights, and was almost stunned with reports of rockets and pistols. This joy and intoxication continued on the 1st and 2d, when the courier with the official news arrived, preceded by 64 postillions in their state liveries, sounding their horns, and followed by the mounted city volunteers. On the 24th the King arrived in a similar manner, and amongst such a demonstration of joy and enthusiasm, as no pen can give a feeble idea of.

I could no longer withstand my ardent desire to see the renowned field of battle, were German patriotism, supported by foreign aid, broke the fetters of enslaved Europe, and annihilated the power of the conqueror of conquerors.

On the 25th October, at 5 o'clock, therefore see me rolling out of the Potsdamgate on the road to Leipzig; the details of this part of my journey I omit, and making use of my 7 mile boots, beheld me in Duben, 4 leagues from Leipzig. Here again I mount into my chaise where I fall very soon, thro' the various and, for me, very new & striking sights, into a melancholy turn of mind. We could not have found a more interesting person for our conductor, for it was the very same man who drove Buonaparte's carriage ten days before, on the 17th of October, when he was here on a reconnoitering excursion. As soon as we had left Duben, we observed a good many dead horses lying on the road, and in the adjacent fields, which, as far as the eye could reach, and in the direction of Leipzig, formed an immense bivouac; a little further on, the carcasses became so numerous that we could no longer count them; and we passed some places where shot and shells lay as thick as if they had been poured out of sacks there; cartridges, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, shoes, bayonets, red epaulets (worn by the French grenadiers) regimental lists and other papers, all lay around in such a confusion and chaos, that my friend & I were as children in a toy-shop not knowing what to take in preference; we took all we could, and filled our chaise so full that we could scarcely move our feet: but still we had not

yet gratified our desire of seeing the adornments, if I may be permitted to express myself so, of a field of battle; dead human bodies were as yet invisible, but it was not long before this unnatural curiosity was more than gratified. Some hundred paces we saw the first dead body, a very fine man, probably a French officer, who had been killed either by a bomb or Congreve rocket; he was almost torn to pieces, his right arm lying some distance from his body; he must have died almost instantaneously and without a struggle, for not a feature of his face, nor a muscle was convulsed, and he seemed to sleep tranquilly to wake again, but it was the deep sleep of death. Further on, the dead became more numerous, and we observed amongst others, a sutler's little boy, who lay dead in the cover of his broken tontine cart. All the dead were without any clothes, and only distinguishable by their features; but they seemed to be mostly Frenchmen, and now and then a Russian was seen lying amongst them like a Hercules amidst boys. Undescribably shocking was the sight of these corpses, often very much cut and torn to pieces; but what affected us still more, was a scene we beheld soon after. Near the village of Euttrisch we found, under a heap of straw (it was on the 27th of October, and consequently the ninth day after the last battle) two still living half-naked wounded Frenchmen. One of them, although he had been there with a broken thigh ever since the 16th of October, still kept up his spirits, but the other was just struggling with death. I endeavoured to make him take a few drops of wine, when I was seized with an involuntary trembling, seeing his dry tongue lick the bottle I held in my hand.

The wine seemed to do him good, but a small piece of bread was too much for him; he could not swallow nor even chew it, and he died almost in my arms. The houses of the village that were not burnt down, stood empty; but some of the inhabitants began to shew themselves, and we did all we could to prevail on them to take care of these unhappy wretches; they were enemies but still human beings. The villagers remained cold and insensible, and instead of lending their aid to remove the wounded, pointed their fingers towards their burned houses, plundered habitations, and destroyed fields and gardens, cursing the hand that would help and save a Frenchman. We left with them our bread and wine, and with emotions which I shall not undertake to depict, we continued our journey; some sick and loitering Frenchmen came begging to our chaise, and at 6 o'clock in the evening, we reached Leipzig, where contrary to my expectations, we soon found a lodging, but bread was not to be had for love or money. The next morning I made a tour outside the gates, and took a view of the immense field of battle round the town; dead horses were lying by hundreds there, but the men who fell in the battle were almost all buried; still I saw some hundreds of human skeletons (for such they were, being reduced to skin and bone) who did not shew any signs of having been wounded, but whose distorted countenances and shocking features, demonstrated but too clearly that they died of famine, and the partly consumed carcasses of some horses around them, gave still more probability to our surmise. They were all without covering except one whose clasped hands were a proof that he prayed in the moment of death, and for this reason his enemies spared him after his dissolution.

We saw more than one troop of villagers busy in burying the dead bodies, and it was really shocking to see them sling ropes round the feet of corpses, and drag them to the grave; and to complete this picture I cannot omit mentioning that we saw many herds of dogs, who found no food in the town and surrounding villages, devour the remains of dead men and horses.

I could tell you many more still more shocking scenes, which I heard from the people at Leipzig; but as I will speak only of what I person-

ally saw; I omit them, and only mention what I have been told concerning Buonaparte's personal escape from Leipzig. It is said he remained there till 11 o'clock on the 19th—it was time, and almost too late then; the Ramstadt gate by which the retreat was made, was entirely blocked up by the concourse of flying soldiers, guns, carriages, &c. and he must have fallen a prisoner, had he not escaped by a small bridge over the city fosse, and afterwards by an unlucky bridge over the Elester, at the Richtershe Garten; he repaired thither, followed by the whole swarm of fugitives; but no sooner had he himself passed to the other bank than he ordered the bridge to be destroyed (a second Berenzya) and still no one dared to blow the ruffian's brains out. Despair seized the unfortunate on this side, who unable to return, and driven by increasing numbers, were precipitated into the stream only 15 or 16 feet wide, till it was choked up, and their corpses formed a kind of bridge for those that were behind. In this part, between 900 and 1000 dead bodies have been found, the greater part of them officers. Nothing has enraged me more than this villainous conduct of the arch destroyer, and still there are people to be found who advocate him and defend his conduct. You recollect we were sometime at a loss what name properly to give him, and I own I find none more characteristic than that which he acquired at Leipzig—he is called there,

“Napoleon, Enterreur des Francais.”

## HOUSE OF BOURBON.

The following appeared about a year ago in a London paper; the present state of France renders it more interesting:—

In these eventful times every day, as it approaches, appears pregnant with occurrences still more important, if possible, than those which preceded it. The revolution of France, in its convulsive throes, overturned its government, extinguished its nobility, immolated the monarch, and in the phrenzy which inflamed the people's mind, they swore eternal hatred to Kings! And yet the same age and people lived to see an usurper ascend the throne from which they had driven the lawful owner! It would not be more wonderful were Europe soon to witness the same people recall the Bourbon family to fill the throne of their ancestors; and many circumstances seem to conspire, at the present moment to render such an event not improbable. For some years past the royal family of France have been little heard of, it may therefore be interesting to our readers to peruse the following account of the surviving branches of that family.

There were three grand branches of the Capet line: the Bourbon, the Conde and the Orleans family. The first was the reigning branch; it was represented by three sons before the revolution.—Louis 16th, Monsieur the present king (Louis 18th) now resident in England, and the Count D'Artois. Monsieur was married to a Savoyard princess, by whom he never had any children.—The only daughter of Louis 16th, married the son of his father Count D'Artois under a dispensation of the late Pope, they being cousins german, and of course requiring such dispensation. The son of the Count D'Artois is the present Duke D'Angoulesme, and the sole surviving child of the ill-fated Monarch is the present Dutchess D'Angoulesme.—This interesting couple were regarded by all the emigrant adherents of the old regime, as the union which should perpetuate the claimants to the throne of their ancestors. They were driven from Courland, their last continental retreat, by the policy of the present Alexander, when he had formed his first alliance with Buonaparte. In England they were never received at court by the king, but they received the most delicate and marked hospitality from the Grenville family, at Stowe, and lately from the Prince Regent at Carlton house. They have been married many years; but have not had any children. Thus the first branch is like to be extinct.

The second branch was the house of Conde. The sole representative of this family, and the residuary heir to the hopes of the French royalists, was the highly gifted and unhappy Duke D'Enghien. He was the youngest of his family, distinguished for vigor, spirit, talent and enterprise. He was, in truth, the hope; and we fear that his death extinguished his family. No doubt Buonaparte foresaw that this young prince would be most likely to settle or overturn his throne, or his successor; and no doubt that circumstance may have created new motives to remove effectually this alarming claimant to the Bourbon crown. He is gone & with him have vanished the second branch of the Bourbon family.

The third and last branch is the Orleans. The late infamous Duke of Orleans, Monsieur Egelite, left five children; two daughters were illegitimate children, by the celebrated Madame de Genlis. One of them, Adelaide, married a French nobleman; and the other Pamela, was wife and relic to the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The 3 sons were legitimate, and with their father, resigned nobility, and embraced the principles of the jacobins. The two elder fought under Dumourier with the ranks of Generals at the battle of Jemappes. They at length became obnoxious to the terrorists; and abandoned the army with Dumourier. They had also made themselves odious to the emigrants by their persecution of the royalists—of course they had no asylum in England, and thus shut out from Britain and the continent were compelled to seek refuge in our settlement of Canada: in this country the eldest son of the wealthiest subject and most high born family of Europe, the heir of the duke of Orleans, who had also been second in command under Dumourier—the son of the richest subject in Europe—a subject whose fortune was rated at 500,000 pound per annum; this young prince and young revolutionist—proscribed alike by royalists and republicans—excluded from Europe was obliged to seek refuge in America, and for many years supported himself in Canada, in the capacity of a teacher of the French language. He has subsequently made his peace with the French princes, and returned to England, when the three sons resumed the proper titles of their family—the eldest as duke of Orleans; the second as duke of Berri; and the third as count Beaujolais. The youngest, count Beaujolais, died two or three years ago, his death being caused in a manner similar to that of the late duke of Bedford—the awkward management of a country apothecary in dressing a wound occasioned by a fall from his horse. He went to Malta, where he died. The duke of Berri is unmarried, and the duke of Orleans has no children—he is a man of considerable talent; he lately tendered his services to the king of Sicily and the cortes of Spain—by both he was rejected. He possibly might yet be a father to a son who could still give perpetuity to the family: but from the recollection of his early revolutionary principles, and the severity with which he persecuted the royalists, he is viewed with distrust by emigrants; and although highly talented, he is among them unpopular.

Thus all the surviving members of the house of Bourbon are like so many candles burning together; and according to the calculation of human life, seven years may see them all in their graves.

On the failure of these three grand branches, the right of succession would next devolve on the Spanish line, then on the Sicilian and lastly on the Braganza. But these families offer no character who would be likely to collect on himself the notice of Frenchmen, or guide a revolution on any issue, which would seat a Spanish, Sicilian or Portuguese Prince on the throne which was founded by the first Louis Capet.

From the Philadelphia Gazette. We understand, that the Fair American, Capt. Adams, is to be dispatched as a Cartel to England, in the course of a few days.

## ANNAPOLIS & BALTIMORE PACKETS.

The subscribers have commenced running their packets regularly between this City and Baltimore, and will be happy in accommodating ladies and gentlemen who may be travelling to or from either of the above places. On their exertions to insure safe and quick passages, it is deemed needless to speak as the establishment is of long standing and well known.—They will therefore content themselves with observing that nothing shall be wanting on their part, to render every thing agreeable to those who may favour them with their company. The cost of passage and fare must be paid before leaving the packet. They will not be answerable for packages and letters committed to the care of the hands.

Sensible of the liberal encouragement which they have received in

## The Grocery Line,

They present unfeigned thanks to their punctual customers, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their patronage. The long indulgence given to many persons indebted to them, and the total disregard shewn to the repeated requests made for such persons to call and adjust their respective accounts, constrain them, though reluctantly, to state that unless such delinquents speedily liquidate claims, legal measures will be resorted to.

They as usual have on hand a very general and well selected assortment of

## GROCERIES,

Which having been recently laid in at the lowest market prices, they will be able to dispose of on accommodating terms.

George & John Barber,  
Annapolis, May 5, 1814.

## PROPOSALS For publishing in the City of Baltimore,

## A DAILY NEWSPAPER,

TO BE ENTITLED,  
THE BALTIMORE TELEGRAPH AND  
MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

BY ALLEN AND HILL.

The subscribers, while they solicit a candid and generous public to patronize the project which they have now undertaken of establishing a daily paper in the city of Baltimore, feel with too common sensibility the delicacy and difficulty of the undertaking. Many have supposed that the citizens of the United States, are so enflamed by party animosity that it behoves every patriot to crown on every new champion who enters the field of political controversy. This hypothesis, if rigidly examined, will be found to end in this absurdity, that the condition of our country both abroad and at home, is so deplorable, that all attempts at reformation become criminal. If the national treasury is exhausted, commerce extinguished, public credit impaired, executive power enlarged while executive responsibility is lost, if our representatives in congress have so far forgotten their own dignity and the sanctity of their constitutional trust, as to declare that the will of individual forms the law of the land & if in addition to this host of calamities, we are involved in a foreign war by which nothing can be gained and every thing is put in jeopardy—are we to be told that it is criminal to speak the words of honesty and truth? On the contrary, it is conceived that the argument points directly the other way; for in proportion to the desperation of our public circumstances, should be the zeal of our attempts to reform.

The subscribers would propose to attempt, but it would in them be the height of arrogance and presumption to say that they will be able to make their paper an interesting repository of intelligence. They have no hesitation in declaring that its character will be purely federal—by which they would be understood to mean, that neither the pride of power, or the insolence of office, shall prevent them from speaking salutary, although unpalatable truths. Having seen our political circumstances growing hourly more desperate; and the precepts and example set by Washington have been hourly abandoned, they deem it no less a right than a duty to raise one more warning voice, and apprise their countrymen of their danger while it is yet in their power to escape.

Influenced by such considerations they respectfully solicit the patronage of their countrymen to aid their undertaking.

ALLEN & HILL.  
+ See the last embargo act.

## TERMS.

It will be printed on a medium sheet at Nine Dollars per annum for the Daily Paper, and Five Dollars for the Country. Advertisements will be inserted on the usual terms.

Subscriptions for The Baltimore Telegraph will be received at all the principal Book stores in Baltimore.

P. S. Editors of newspapers favourable to the establishment of The Baltimore Telegraph will give the preceding proposal a few insertions in their papers, and receive the names of those persons desirous of becoming subscribers.

Subscriptions received at this Office.