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# MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, September 14, 1752.

From the UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

A Letter from a dying LIBERTINE to his Friend.

**D**EATH already seizes my Extremit-  
ties; but, as my Heart still survives,  
and checks me for the many Follies  
you have been Witness to in my former  
Life, and the bad Advice which I have  
so often given you in Regard to a future State, I  
think it my Duty, by Way of Requisition, to send  
you my present Thoughts, which can't be suppo-  
sed to be any Ways byassed, when I am waiting  
the Dissolution of my mortal Frame.—For, while  
you are reading these Lines, I shall, in all Prob-  
ability, be either groaning under the Agonies of  
absolute Despair, or triumphing in Fulness of Joy.  
It is impossible for me to express the present  
Disposition of my Soul, the vast Uncertainty I am  
struggling with; no Words can paint the Force  
and Vivacity of my Apprehensions; every Doubt  
wears the Face of Horror, and would presently  
overwhelm me, but for some faint Beams of Hope,  
which dart across the tremendous Gloom.

What Tongue can utter the Anguish of a Soul  
suspended between Extremes of infinite Joy, or  
eternal Misery? I am throwing my last Stake for  
Eternity, and tremble and shudder for the impor-  
tant Event.—Good God! How have I employ-  
ed myself! How have I consumed my Days in a  
sinful Lethargy!—I never waked 'til now!—  
I have but just commenced the Dignity of a ratio-  
nal Creature; 'til this Instant I had a wrong Ap-  
prehension of every Thing in Nature; I have  
pursued Shadows; entertained myself and Friends  
with Dreams. I have been treasuring up Dust,  
and sporting myself with the Wind.—While I  
look back on my past Life, I find it all a Blank,  
a perfect Vacancy, except some Memorials of In-  
famy and Guilt. Oh! I never had a just Ap-  
prehension of the Solemnity of the Part I am to act,  
'til now. I have often met Death insulting on the  
hostile Plain, and with a stupid Boast defied his  
Terrors; with a Courage, as brutal as that of the  
warlike Horse, I have rushed into the Battle,  
laughed at the glittering Spear, and rejoiced at the  
Sound of the Trumphet; nor had a Thought of any  
State beyond the Grave, nor the great Tribunal,  
to which I must have been summoned,

Where all my secret Guilt had been reveal'd,  
Nor the minutest Circumstance conceal'd.

It is this that arms Death with all it's Terrors;  
else I could still mock at Fear, and smile in the  
Face of the gloomy Monarch. It is not giving up  
my Breath; it is not being for ever insensible, that  
makes me shrink:—It is the terrible Hereafter,  
the Something beyond the Grave, at which I re-  
coil.—Those great Realities, which, you know,  
I, in the Hours of Mirth and Vanity, treated as  
Phantoms, and as the idle Dreams of superstitious  
Brains, start forth and dare me now in their most  
terrible Demonstrations. O Philo! my awakened  
Conscience feels something of that eternal Ven-  
geance I have so often stupidly defied.

To what Heights of Madness is it possible for  
human Nature to reach? What Extravagance is it  
to jest with Death! To laugh at Damnation! as  
we have done in the Greatness of our Folly.—  
Every Thing in Nature seems to reproach this Le-  
vity in human Creatures. The whole Creation,  
but Man, is serious; Man, who has the highest  
Reason to be so, while he has Affairs of infinite  
Consequence depending on his short uncertain Du-  
ration. A condemned Wretch may with as good  
a Grace go dancing to his Execution, as the great-  
est Part of Mankind go on with such a thoughtless  
Gaiety to their Graves.

Oh, Philo! with what Horror do I recall those  
Hours of Vanity we have wasted together! Return,  
ye lost neglected Moments! How should I prize  
you above the Eastern Treasures! Oh, could I be  
permitted to live; to dwell with Hermits; to rest

on the sold Earth; to converse in Cottages; and  
once more stand a Candidate for an immortal  
Crown, and have my Probation for Celestial Hap-  
piness!—What Worth is there in the vain Gran-  
deurs of a Court! In sounding Titles! In perish-  
able Riches! What Consolation! what Relief can  
they afford me.

I have had a splendid Passage to the Grave; I  
die in State, and languish under a gilded Canopy;  
I am expiring on soft and downy Pillows, and am  
respectfully attended by my Servants and Physicians;  
My Dependents sigh, my Sisters weep, my Fea-  
ther-Bed beareth a Load of Years and Grief; my  
endearing Wife, pale and silent, conceals her in-  
ward Anguish: My Friend Euphermia, who was as  
my own Soul, suppresses his Sighs, and withdraws  
from me to hide his bursting Grief.—But, alas!  
who can answer my Summons at the high Tribu-  
nal? Who can Bail me from the Arrests of Death?  
Who will descend into the dark Prison of the  
Grave to relieve me there, or defend me from  
Corruption?

Here they all leave me, after having paid a few  
idle Ceremonies to the breathless Carcass, that  
Lump of Clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in  
State, while my Soul, my only sensible Part, may  
stand trembling before my Judge. The Love and  
Gratitude of my Friends, may perchance honour  
my Remains with a stately Monument, inscribed  
with, *Here lies the Great.*—But, could the pale  
Corpse speak, it would soon Reply,

—False Marble, where?  
Nothing but poor and sordid Dust lies here.

COWLEY.

While some flattering Panegyric is pronounced  
at my Interment, I may perhaps be hearing my  
just Condemnation at a superior Tribunal, where  
an unerring Verdict may Sentence me to everlasting  
Infamy. But I find Comfort in the Promises of  
God, and hope for Mercy through CHRIST.  
Therefore repent, and farewell, 'til we meet in  
the World of Spirits.

REUS.

CHESTER, April 27.

**O**N last Thursday Evening, Richard Stanley,  
alias Handal, alias Tullough Owen, who,  
at the last Assizes was convicted, along with three  
other Irishmen, of robbing the House of Mr. John  
Porter, near this City, as hath been before related,  
found Means to slip off his Irons (having by some  
Disorder in his Legs, been indulg'd with very  
wide Fetters;) and changing his Coat with one of  
his Accomplices went up into the Goal, and was  
immediately let out of Prison, by those who have  
the Charge of the Doors; he afterwards passed  
through the Castle Gate, and have not since been  
heard of, tho' a Reward of Ten Pounds for ap-  
prehending him has been publicly proclaim'd.

On Saturday Morning between 11 and 12 o'  
Clock, Edward M'Canally, alias M'Nolly, and  
Henry Morgan, were carried in a Cart through  
this City, to the Place of Execution at Boughton,  
where they declared that Richard Stanley, alias  
Handal, alias Tullough Owen, and Fergy Neale,  
late Sergeant to Mr. Porter, (who was discharged  
at the late Assizes, for Want of Evidence against  
him) were the first Projectors and Contrivers of the  
said Robbery, and that Fergy Neale was to have  
an equal Share of the Booty; and that Stanley,  
alias Tullough Owen, (who was afterwards the  
most cruel Actor in the Robbery) was the Person  
who proposed the Affair to them: That there were  
Six of them in one Gang when they made the  
Attack, all which had been solemnly sworn, by  
Tullough Owen, to Secrecy, and to stand faithfully  
by one another.—Mr. Sheriff asked them, if they  
knew before Hand, of Stanley's, alias Owen's, In-  
tent to make an Escape; they answered, that they  
did know of it. They were then asked, if any  
Persons who had the Care of the Goal, were con-

senting or privy to Stanley, alias Owen's getting  
off, they replied, that they believed not. Mr. Sher-  
riff then asked them, if they knew any Thing of  
Mr. Porter's Silver Cup; they said, that it was  
not thrown over Dee Bridge, as had been generally  
imagined, but was carried off. Being further inter-  
rogated, whether they were willing to declare who  
it was that took away the Cup, or what mote  
they knew concerning it; they gave for Answer,  
that they chuse to say no farther. M'Canally si-  
lently averr'd, that he had never wrong'd Man,  
Woman, or Child, in all his Life-time, before this  
fatal Affair. Morgan declared, that he never  
before robbed any Person in England. They be-  
haved with great Decency, and acknowledged the  
humane Treatment of the Sheriff, and often de-  
siring the Prayers of the Bystanders. They died  
with much Penitence and Contrition, and their  
Bodies were afterwards delivered to their Friends.

'Tis to be hop'd, that the Mifcreant, who was  
the first Mover towards the Death of the two just  
mention'd; and who has before this time brought  
nine more Persons to the same unhappy End, will  
yet be apprehended, and receive the Reward due  
to his heinous and manifold Offences.

L O N D O N.

May 23. Letters from Vienna observe, that  
Orders have been sent from the War Office to the  
Commanders of the Imperial Regiments to keep  
all Soldiers that are yet fit for Service, and not  
to discharge them so frequently as they do, un-  
der the Pretext of their being superannuated; and  
as the Imperial recruiting Officers are still very  
busy in Franconia, the Elector of Cologne, and o-  
ther Parts of the Empire, they conclude that the  
Peace of Germany is not so well settled, but that  
there is still Reason enough to make Provision for  
War.

From Paris we are told, that the Court has issu-  
ed Orders for encamping several Regiments in  
Franche Compe, that they may be fitly exercised  
in the Method lately introduced, and afterwards  
according as the Situation of Affairs in Germany  
may require.

May 26. According to private Letters from  
Basil in Switzerland, the French have actually en-  
camped a considerable Body of Horse and Foot in  
the Neighbourhood of Besancon in Franche Compe;  
upon which the Canton of Bern has taken the Al-  
arm, and issued the necessary Orders for encamp-  
ing the like Number of Troops in their own Ter-  
ritories, which, as is very natural, occasions many  
Speculations.

Letters from Brussels say, that the Garrisons of  
Namur, Tournay, and Ypres, well be reinforced  
speedily by Dutch Troops. And we have Letters  
from Toulon which assure, that the 4 Men of War  
which are to be sent out on a secret Expedition,  
fell down into the Road of that Harbour on the  
9th Instant. Likewise from Copenhagen, that  
Orders are given for compleating all the Regiments  
of that Kingdom, both Horse and Foot.

KINGSTON, in Jamaica, June 27.

Saturday last arrived Commodore Coates, on  
board the Severn of 50 Guns, to take upon him  
the Command of his Majesty's Ship stationed here,  
in the Room of the Hon. George Townshend, who,  
we hear, soon intends to sail for England. The  
same Day came in the Viper Sloop of War, from  
a Cruise of some Months.

July 4. Some Time in March last, a Sloop  
from Barbadoes, bound for the Island of St. Lucia,  
having fallen to Leeward, and running short of  
Water and Provisions, saw to their great Comfort,  
a Sloop, which they made Sail for, and came up  
with, when they found her to be a Spanish Sloop;  
and telling them the Hardships they were in, both  
for Want of Water and other Provisions, they sent  
their Canoe on Board, with some fresh Water; and  
told the Barbadoes Man, at the same Time, that  
if he would go along with him to Carthagena they  
would supply him with what other Provisions he  
wanted, which he very readily complied with: But to  
the