

# THE STATE GAZETTE

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## N O R T H - C A R O L I N A .

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From the MASSACHUSETTS CENTINEL.  
[The variety of important information—the just and pertinent observations—and the elegance of the report of the celebrated speech of Mr. Sheridan, contained in the following letter—must make it a very acceptable treat to our readers. It was received per the Neptune, Captain Scott.]

London, August 1, 1788.

I AM exactly the same sort of being as when we last conversed together—Europe having had no effect in working the smallest alteration, either in my mental or animal nature—excepting only that it has caused me to be rather more grave and contemplative, for want of that sensible and facetious society, to which I have been habituated in America. I know not how it is, but really the more intimate I become with European modes of action and thinking, the more do American minds and manners rise in my estimation. In a very few years we shall equal, if not rival Europe in all those arts and sciences in which alone she transcends our young country. And whenever this era arrives, the superiority of the free citizens of our union, in all respects whatsoever, over every other portion of the human race will be manifest to the whole world. The establishment of the general government, the proposed plan of which I rejoice that nine states have already ratified—will accelerate the period of our welfare and renown. Europe at present seems too busy in her own commotions to regard with very acute attention the measures of the United States of America. Pray heaven her domestic occupation may continue and augment—even until our national politics are ripened into system and operation! Then if we mind our own business, and pursue our own interests resolutely and like men of sense, we may equally resist her allurements and her menaces.

[BELLIGERENT POWERS.]

In the North—the Russians, Turks and Germans are at war—and seem likely to remain in this state of hostility for some time. The Kingdom of Sweden is just armed by sea and land—it is imagined to take an advantage of its old enemy Russia, and smiting her while she is engaged with the Turks, obtain a little more territorial elbow-room for the Swedish subjects. The Germans and Russians have not yet gained much of the Turks on land—but in a naval conflict which happened on the 10th of June—the Russian fleet overcome that of the Turks—and sunk or captured eight ships of the line—among them the Admiral and Vice Admiral—and took between four and five thousand prisoners: So writes Prince Potemkin to the Emperor of Germany.

[COMMOTIONS IN FRANCE.]

Mean while the disturbances which have prevailed in France for a year past, continue to agitate the subjects of Lewis the XVth. They clamour for liberty and a free constitution—and all the Parliaments, most of the nobility and clergy, with the bulk of the people, say these objects are unattainable but by a convention of the States General. The Monarch and his Minister, on the other hand, are resolute at the head of a few hundred thousand troops, to establish the ancient maxim of government—the sovereign's will is law. In pursuance of which many hundreds of the nobility have been exiled—and some committed to the Bastille. A few days ago our friend the Marquis de la Fayette, and eleven noblemen of Brittany, were committed to the Bastille, not for presenting, but only consulting together, for the purpose of signing a remonstrance to their Master, against the harsh, impolitic measures of the French ministry. How the contest will terminate it is not possible to con-

jecture, as the army are formidable enough to controul and over-awe the nation—notwithstanding their fervour and unanimity in the public cause. Both parties seem determined at present—the one to enforce the King's edicts at the point of the sword—the other by a persevering, but pacific resistance and refusal to fulfil the mandates, passively but effectually to defeat, all innovations that proceed from the Court. In this interior derangement, of French affairs the British nation is strengthening herself with alliances, which she has recently formed both with Prussia and Holland. In the Court of the latter she dictates every measure—even of the internal government—by means of the Stadtholder, whom she has newly created by her influence in the separate provinces, an essential part of the constitution of the States General.—An instrument proclaiming the House of Orange an integral part of this constitution, has lately been ratified by each province. So that in fact the distractions in France have enabled the executive of Britain to detach from her enemy two allies, and attach them to herself—who but for this temporary debility of the French government, would not have hazarded such a measure on any consideration. Britain now seems to think herself a very great creature. She certainly has rather more ascendancy in the European world than she possessed at the peace of Paris. And Mr. Pitt, her prime minister, seems resolute to exalt her still more by a formidable preparation for war, to secure the emoluments of peace. While France shall continue occupied in domestic commotions, his system may remain uninterrupted. But the next hour after the fermentation subsides, a war between the countries must ensue. In that war I wish we may not be involved. I hope the United States will keep aloof from all the quarrels of Europe.

[SHERIDAN'S SPEECH.]

Since the departure of ——— from hence, nothing has so much contributed to reconcile me to a residence in London, as the entertainment I derived from the speech of Mr. Sheridan, in Westminster-Hall, on a particular charge against the great East-India delinquent, Mr. Hastings. This oration lasted during four days, and did really transcend every other effort of eloquence that I have hitherto witnessed. Nor am I singular in this opinion—for I well remember, that on the second day of the speech, after the High Court had adjourned to the House of Lords, and the Commons to their own chamber, Mr. Burke expressed himself concerning Mr. Sheridan, to the following effect.

[For Mr. Burke's eulogium on Mr. Sheridan's speech—see the State Gazette No. 145.]

After such an eulogium I wish I could send you aught like a report of the speech itself.—But unfortunately every attempt to report it has hitherto proved miserably abortive. All the news-papers and pamphlets in which any effort has been made to furnish this speech, misrepresent, mutilate, and mangle the composition most wretchedly. Fortunately I have preserved a fragment or two, which I committed to paper when I entered my apartment each day as soon as the oration had concluded—some sentences of which I think you may depend upon as genuine. The following descriptive and declamatory passages forcibly impressed every auditor.—

OF Col. Hanway, as he is now no more, I wish, my Lords, to say nothing harsh or severe; but notwithstanding my reverence of the maxim, "that nothing disrespectful should be uttered of the dead," I am compelled, because it becomes my duty to assert, that the cruelties

exercised upon the wretched natives of Oude both by him and his associates are undescribable.—They may be traced, however, in their melancholy effects. And from these effects some faint idea may be formed of the barbarity of men, or rather of monsters, equally the dishonour of their species, and the disgrace of their country. In the evidence at your bar, your Lordships have heard, that in the reign of Sujah ul Dowlah, his dominion in Oude, was a perfect garden—so highly was the whole country cultivated. That the villages were numerous—frequent—and crowded with inhabitants—who lived in ease, comfort and plenty. You have also heard, that under Asoph ul Dowlah, the son of Sujah, the face of the whole country has undergone a total mutation—that the beauty of the scene is blemished—that culture is no more—that the buildings are in ruins—that whole villages are vacant and empty—that the race, which once peopled them, are either put to death, or driven into exile—and in one word, that a desolation, almost universally, has overspread the whole territory. But this dreadful change has not been wrought by any change of national politics on the part of the present Prince. He, like the other sovereigns of India, studied to aid his subjects, excite industry, and by countenancing to encourage their agriculture. No it was occasioned by the merciless rapacity of Col. Hanway, and the extortion of other English officers under Mr. Hastings, who, placed far beyond the reach of the Nabob's authority or controul—imprisoned—robbed and oppressed—preyed upon the property—tortured the persons, and extinguished the lives of his subjects. If a stranger at this time had arrived in the kingdom of Oude, ignorant of all that had happened since the death of Sujah ul Dowlah, that man, who mingled with a savage heart, many an outline of great character; and who, with all his rugged fierceness in war, with a cultivating hand, still preserved to his country the riches it derived from a prolific soil and benignant skies. If this stranger, ignorant of all the calamities of the brief interval—noticing the mournful solitude—observing the wide waste—surveying the general devastation—contemplating each particular horror of the scene—beholding plains unclad and uncultured—fields bereft of verdure—gardens stripped of foliage—vegetation brown burnt up and extinguished—reservoirs broken down and exhausted—temples unroofed and perishing—villages dispeopled, silent and solitary—Great God! would he not exclaim—to what shall we attribute this universal desolation? What has thus laid waste the fields of this once fertile and beautiful country? Who has waged such dire warfare, both against the workmanship and the race of man? Who has waged such terrible hostility against the fair embellishments and sweet opulence of nature? Did the ministers of divine vengeance descend upon the nation and the land? Did they dry up all the drops of the fountain, and scorch from the surface of the earth every vestige of green? Did civil dissensions divide, exasperate and destroy the devoted inhabitants? Did their rival princes contend for empire, or a disputed succession rend the society? Did a rancorous, deadly, domestic feud excite conflicting fathers, children and brethren to stifle mutual love, and extinguish kindred felicity? Did it fester in their alienated hearts, incense hatred, inflame strife, and embitter social existence? Did it quite separate and tear assunder each gentle community and cheerful connection, that once possessed these abodes in content and tranquillity? Did religious zeal, with an erroneous rage, or bigotry in her blind unholy phrenzy, prostrate the aspiring temple—over-