

No. 106.

THE MARYLAND GAZETTE

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, March 31, 1747.

The Sixteenth ODE of HORACE's Second Book Imitated,
AND INSCRIBED TO
His Excellency SAMUEL OGLE, Esq;
Otium Divos regat, &c.

HE pow'ful Prince, by Lust of Empire driv'n
To tempt, by War unjust, avenging Heav'n,
While yet his murd'ring Sword lays waste Mankind,
Prays for a Peace with glorious Ease of Mind.
Vain Hope! for mad Ambition knows no Bounds,
Swifter than Winds it presses on before;
With all the vanquish'd World's collected Crowns,
The Macedonian Youth still wept for more.

But not alone to Princes Breasts confin'd,
Contending Passions vex the wav'ring Mind;
Thro' the whole Race extends the fell Disease,
And some fond Wish encounters Love of Ease:
When horrid Mars sends out his dire Alarms,
And injur'd Nations call aloud — to Arms;
The dauntless Hero feels his Soul on Flame,
Yet prays for Safety thro' the Fields of Fame;
Thro' Dust, and Blood, and Smoke, he seeks Renown,
That Rest and Fame his future Life may crown.

That bold advent'rous Trader on the Main,
Whose chief Delight is Wealth and fordid Gain,
In Storms forgets his avaritious Care,
And for an easy Life lifts up his Pray'r:
When black'ning Clouds oppress the troubled Sky,
And hide these faithful Pilots of the Night
The Moon and Stars; and whistling Winds reply
To roaring Seas, that gleam a dreadful White;
His Views of Cent per Cent delight no more,
He longs to quit his Trade, and live at Ease on Shore.
Yet then'd kind Heav'n vouchsafe the fond Request,
And guide him safely to the wish'd for Port;
Some further Aim wou'd soon invade the Breast,
Where senseless Passions anxiously resort.

What then can free th' uneasy Mind from Care?
Riches? Not treasur'd Loads of purest Gold,
Not the whole Stock of India's sparkling Ware;
For Peace of Mind is neither bought nor sold.
But Honours can? then let the Statesman say,
When, Heart at ease, he pat's the cheerful Day?
His vaulted Domes, with Marble Pillars grac'd,
Tho' guarded round, admit the baneful Guest:
The cringing Tool refus'd Admittance there;
No Guards can stop this bold Intruder — Care.

HAPPY the Man, and blest beyond all those,
Who lives, tho' poor, contented and resign'd;
No watchful Fears disturb his sweet Repose,
Nor Aims ambitious vex his humble Mind:
No Dainties deck his Board, but coarsely fed,
Some few paternal Acres yield him Bread.

What endless Schemes perplex the human Race;
And yet, how few their Wants, how short their Space?
Why do we chuse to quit our native Shore,
And other Climes in new-found Worlds explore?

Th' ambitious Man shall there no Succour find;
He cannot leave his restless Soul behind.
Where e'er he goes, still wretched Cares attend,
And urge him headlong, like a treach'rous Friend,
To Fields of Battle, or to cross the Seas,
(The Foe declar'd of comfortable Ease;)
Or, still to render more accur'd his Case,
Prompt him to fawn and flatter for a Place.

Not so the Man whose Passions gently move,
And half subdued lie silent in the Breast;
Cool Reason's Dictates his Desires approve,
For all his Wish is social Ease and Rest.
His present Bliss no anxious Thoughts annoy,
He tempers Grief with Hopes of future Joy.
Tis all these chequer'd Scenes of Life admit,
No perfect Bliss on Earth the Gods permit.
Behold the Hero, crown'd with early Bays
For noble Acts, cut off in youthful Prime;
While some are curs'd with painful Length of Days,
Strangers to Peace and Honour in their Time.
What one requests, another mourns his Fate,
By Turns invidious of each other's State.

To you kind Heav'n all bountiful appears,
Bestowing Ease, with Dignity and Pow'r;
Uncertain till how few the happy Years;
Whilst healthy Age may bless my Life obscure.
Your large Possessions rich Attire afford,
With all that's grand and elegant in Life:
A willing Province welcomes you her Lord,
And hopes a happy Period to her Strife.
Thus you are blest'd; for me, I live at Ease
On small Affairs, and think what e'er I please:
Not vain enough to claim a higher State,
And yet I scorn the Vulgar — *Small and great;*
Sometimes I write, but ne'er think Flatt'ry due,
Not, were I *Horace*, and *Mecenas* you.

N A P L E S, December 28.

Esterday arrived an express, with the news that the
Genoese had revolted; upon which a grand council
was held, and a resolution taken to support that
people, conformable to the engagements contracted
with them. Several expresses have been sent to-
wards the frontiers; and a report spreads, that 8000 men have
filed off by Tuscany for Genoa.

Turin, Decem. 25. The capitulation of the Citadel of Savona
is comprized in seven articles, which contain in substance, that
the garrison shall march out through the breach, on the 20th,
with the military honours; but that upon their arrival on the
edge of the ditch, they should lay down their arms and colours,
and be made prisoners of war. That the troops which compo-
sed the garrison should be conducted where the King judged ne-
cessary. That the chief officers should, with the King's leave,
have permission to go where they will, provided they do not
retire to Genoa. The rest differ nothing from the common
terms of capitulation.

Further advices say, that after general Roque had thrown a
sufficient number of troops into the citadel, he marched the rest
of his men, employed in reducing the place, to join general
Botta. He is to be reinforced on the road with a great number