

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, October 14, 1747.

THE EXPERIMENT.

A TALE.

VIRTUE and VICE, two mighty Powers,
 Who rule this motley World of ours,
 Disputed once which govern'd best,
 And whose Dependants most were best.

They reason'd, raily'd, crack'd their Jokes:
 Succeeding each like other Fools.
 Their Logic waited, and their Wit,
 Nor one nor t'other wou'd submit;
 But born the doubtful Point content
 To clear by fair Experiment:
 For this some Mortal, they declare,
 By Tunes shall both their Bounty share,
 And either's Pow'r to beis him try'd,
 Shall then the long Dispute decide.

On *Hodge* they fix, a Country Boor,
 As yet roun, ignorant, careless, poor——
Vice n't exerts ner Pow'r to beis,
 And gives him *Riches* in Excels,
 With Gold she taught him to supply
 Each rising Wish of *Luxury*;
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
 And liv'd like Minister of State;
 He swore with Grace, got nobly drunk,
 And kept in Pomp his twentieth Funk

One Morning, as in easy Chair,
Hodge sat with ruminating Air,
Vice, like a Lady fair and gay,
 Approach'd, and thus was heard to say,
 (Behind ner *Virtue* all the while
 Stood shy list'ning with a smile)

' Know, favour'd Mortal, know that I,
 ' The Pleasures of thy Life supply;
 ' I rais'd thee from the clay built Cell,
 ' Where *Want*, *Contempt*, and *Slavery* dwell;
 ' And, as each Joy on Earth is sold,
 ' To purchase *all*, I gave thee Gold;
 ' This made the Charms of *Beauty* thine,
 ' This bliss'd thee with the Joys of *Wine*;
 ' This gave thee, in the rich *Repast*,
 ' What'er can please the *tutor's* Taste.
 ' Confess the Blessings I bestow,
 ' And pay the grateful Thanks you owe;
 ' My name is *Vice*.——Cry'd *Hodge* (and sneer'd);
 ' Long be your mighty Name rever'd!
 ' Forso'd it, Heav'n! thus blest by you,
 ' That I shou'd rob you of your due——
 ' To *Wealth* 'twas you that made me Heir,
 ' And gave, for which I thank you, *Care*;
 ' Wealth brought me *Wine*, 'tis past a Doubt,
 ' And *Wine*, see here's a Leg! The *Gout*.
 ' To Wealth I owe my *French Ragout*,
 ' And that each Morn'nd Night——I *sue*;
 ' This *Beauty* brought, and with the *Dame*
 ' The *Pex*, a best Companion! came.
 ' And now, to shew how much I prize
 ' The Joys which from your Bounty rise,
 ' Each coupled with to dear a Brother,
 ' I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.——
 ' Avaunt, depart from whence you came,
 ' And thank your stars that I am lame.

Enrag'd and griev'd away she flew,
 And all her Gifts from *Hodge* withdrew.
 Now, in his sad repentant Hour,
 Celestial *Virtue* try'd her Pow'r;
 For *Wealth*, *Content* the Goddess gave,
 'T' a unevn'd Treasure of the Slave!

From wild *D-fires* she set him free,
 And fill'd his Breat with *Charity*;
 No more loud Tumults *Riot* breeds,
 And *Temp'rance* *Gluttony* succeeds.

Hodge, in his native Cot at rest,
 Now *Virtue* found, and thus address'd:
 ' Say, for 'tis yours by Proof to know,
 ' Can *Virtue* give thee *Biss* below?
 ' Content my Gift, and *Temp'rance* mine,
 ' And *Charity*, tho' meek, divine.——
 With blushing Cheeks and kindling Eyes,
 The Man transported thus replies:
 ' My Goddess! on this favour'd Head
 ' The Life of Life thy Blessings shed!
 ' My annual Thousands when I told,
 ' Insatiate still I sigh'd for Gold;
 ' You gave *Content*——a boundless Store!
 ' And, rich indeed! I sigh'd no more.——
 ' With *Temp'rance*, came delightful Guest!
 ' *Health*,——*tasteful Food*, and *balmy Rest*;
 ' With *Charity's* seraphic Flame
 ' Each generous *social* Pleasure came,
 ' Pleasures which in Possession rise,
 ' And retrospective Thought supplies!
 ' Long to attest it may I live,
 ' That all *Vice* *promis'd*, you give.
Vice heard, and swore that *Hodge* for Hire
 Had giv'n his Veruict like a liar;
 And *Virtue*, turning with *Disdain*,
 Vow'd ne'er to speak to *Vice* again.

From the West-India Monthly Packet of Intelligence, for
 July, 1747.
 F L A N D E R S.

JULY the 3d, the town of Bergen-op-zoom was attacked
 by a body of troops under the command of Count Lowen-
 dahl, and the trenches opened against it in the evening, on the
 side of the gate of Woufe. On the 8th, they had finished a
 parallel from the sea on one side to the causey of Woufe, which
 terminates the inundation that covers the lines on the other.
 Next day they began firing from three batteries of cannon and
 two of mortars, which have destroyed the church, and done
 considerable damage to the town, but have hitherto had no
 effect on the batteries of the place, as not one gun had been dis-
 mounted on the 11th, when the last advices came away. The
 garrison, according to some accounts, have made several suc-
 cessful sallies upon the besiegers; in one of which they destroyed
 or filled up great part of their works, took 250 prisoners, and
 killed a considerable number.

Count St. Germain, with his corps of 10,000 men, has been
 detached from the French army, to reinforce M. de Lowen-
 dahl. Prince Hildbourghausen has likewise received some rein-
 forcement from the allies.

Vice. Marshal Belleisle having, in the beginning of June,
 sent a detachment from his left to go over the eminence of
 Ventimiglia, General Leutrum abandoned that important post,
 and fell back to Pena and Broglis, leaving only a garrison of
 about 250 men in the castle; which the enemy loon after be-
 sieged with 11 pieces of cannon and 5 mortars, and about the
 20th of June obliged it to surrender.

Upon the reduction of Ventimiglia, M. Belleisle, with the
 infantry, began their march towards Savona, in order to assist
 the Genoese; while the troops in Dauphiny were to endeavour
 to penetrate into Piedmont, by the vallies of Oux, Mount Dau-
 phin, and Barceloneta. But neither of these bodies have as
 yet made any considerable progress. The corps under General
 Leutrum, and some small parties which he had posted in the
 mountains, greatly harassed the former; while the King of
 Sardinia,