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*Judice me frauds est, concessa repellere fraudem,  
Armaque in armatos sumere jure sunt.* OVID.

IF the several Powers on the Continent of Europe, who secretly abet, faintly oppose, or with Indifference behold the Conduct of France, were impartially to consider the Frauds and Violences practised by that perfidious Court, without other Respect of Persons or Engagements, than just what suits her own present Convenience; they would certainly think themselves bound in Interest to unite all their Arms, and all their Forces, to stop her Progress, which she makes, by very large Strokes, towards the universal Monarchy of the Christian World.

IF they were to examine the Tendency of all her Measures, and how they incline, without Exception, to the dear Center of the French Grandeur, whether professedly taken to revenge an Injury, or succour an Ally, or under any other most Royal and Lying Pretence whatsoever; they would see her equally a public Enemy in opposing the Dutch, in saving the Genoesi, and in seeking the Establishment of the Infant Don Pbilip. Whatever Quarrels or Grudges the other Christian Princes and States may have with each other, they should always unite, when the French are in the Field, against the general Foe; as Britons, amid their Party Disputes, lately united in Support of their Constitution, and the Protestant Succession, when Violence was attempted on both by a Popish Pretender, abetted by Rome and the House of Bourbon.

IT will signify little, a Century hence, whether the French King shall be nominally the sole Monarch of Christendom, if he be really, 'til that Time, to increase in Power and Influence, without Check or Controul; as we have seen him do in every War, except one, for a Century past. What his Power and Influence is at present, and how increased within that Period, do we not see in the Behaviour of the Empire, tho' lately invaded; of the Dutch, 'til he was at their very Doors; of Denmark, notwithstanding their close Family Alliance; of Sweden, tho' Protestant and free; of Russia, tho' bound by Treaty to assist the House of Austria; and of a Prince perhaps not less ambitious, tho' far from being so powerful, as Louis XV himself? Let us look with Wonder on this general Stupor, and at the Magic that can create it! Does Venality every where reign, and is France all-sufficient to supply it? What will be the Consequence, if Virtue does not return?

I WAS sinking under the Weight of these Reflections, and the excessive Warmth of the Season, when a gentle Slumber overtook me in my easy Chair, and presented a Picture in my Imagination, which I instantly committed to Paper upon waking, and which I shall now lay before the Public.

I WAS placed, methought, upon an Eminence, the whole Prospect from which was confined to a small fertile Spot low, which seem'd to have been curiously laid out by Art, resembled exactly a Map of Europe. A small Part, tearing about the just proportion of Great Britain, and lying towards the North-West Corner, which was the most distant from me on my left Hand, was divided from the rest by a narrow Rivulet, which was lost at either End in the Inclosure of the Garden. By this the Reader will understand, that I took my view from the South, as indeed the Heat of the Sun had just before put me in mind of the sultry Plains of Africa.

UPON this Corner Portion, to which my Eye was drawn by peculiar Delectation, I observ'd a grave Matron sitting,

and holding in her Hand a long Staff or Wand, with which she could reach a great Way over the Rivulet, that separated her part from the rest of the Garden. As Fancy is always bold and free in drawing her Pictures, and making her Comparisons, she immediately satisfied me, that this Matron was the Original of the Britannia on the Reverse of a Halfpenny: She could with her Wand not only reach over the remotest parts of the whole Spot, but had the absolute Command of the Stream itself, which at once abounded with Fish, and was continually bringing to her Feet the rich products of the various parts of the Universe.

A CROSS the Rivulet, and nearer me to the Southward, lay the Spot, which by the Figure and Place of it answered to France. The Tenant of this part of our Scene was a boisterous well-set Man, who by his Countenance was drawing near to Forty. Tho' few parts of the Garden were larger, and not one more beautifully laid out than this, it seem'd to give no Satisfaction to the ideal Owner; who look'd round him continually with Envy and Desire, but disguised now and then in an affected Smile. As all her Neighbours round, except the Lady of the separate Corner, were either in a profound Sleep, or less attentive than he to the Culture and Enlargement of their several portions. I observed that he very often removed the Boundary Marks of his Divisions farther upon the next adjoining parcels, and never was detected in those Incroachments, but he kept some Advantage from them to himself: So dexterous was this great Bully, and so did he seem, by the Vigour and Health of his Constitution, to convey Terror with all his Words and Actions, that few cared to dispute their property with him, tho' they saw it invaded before their Faces.

OF those pacific Neighbours, I observ'd one very grotesque in his Appearance, whose little portion less than a tenth part of that possessed by the blustering Hero, and here and there covered by the Rivulet which wash'd the Side of it, was most particularly the Aim of our general Invader. The Owner, by the Name of Hogan, of a very clumsy Make, aukward Mein, heavy Countenance, laden with Apparel, and remarkably distinguished by the Length and Capacity of his Trowlers, in the two Sides of which he usually put his callow weather-worn Hands: When I first cast my Eyes upon him, he was sitting on a Barrel of HERRINGS, which the good-natur'd Lady over the Water had suffer'd him to catch:—His Head reclin'd on his Breast, his Senses seemingly lock'd up in a profound Sleep, and his Feet standing at the Extremity of his Limits.

I SHALL not have Room at this Time to describe the other surrounding Personages, with what happened to each of them in my Imagination, or to go thro' the whole historical part of my visionary Scene; and shall therefore confine myself to what seem'd to pass between Mr. Hogan and the Bully, with the Interlude of the Lady in the separate Corner.

IN Dreams there is seldom a nice Description of Time, which makes them afford a better Plea for Anacronism, than his Epic Subjects could do to Virgil; tho' Virgil is excused for his History of Dido.

HOGAN, I took Notice, was intirely unattentive to what pass'd about him. I was contemplating his Figure and Posture, when the Bully, with a Grin on his Countenance, came and stamp'd with all his Might on the Toes of his Neighbour's right Foot. Hogan gave a Start, half open'd his Eyes, push'd back his Herrin Barrel, and dropp'd again into the same state of profound Sleep. The Lady seeing this, attempted to waken him with her Gole, and at the same Time to rebuke the Bully from repeating the Insult: But in vain. A second and a third Time our Bully trod on the Corns of patience Hogan, who a second and a third Time drew back, and was ready to utter, Pray, Sir, be quiet, before he was call'd again into the