

THE  
MARYLAND GAZETTE

No. 192.

*Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.*

WEDNESDAY, December 28, 1748.

A F A B L E.

*The Post, and his Patron.*

HY, Celia, is your spreading waist  
So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
How ill that dress adorns your head,  
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!  
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,  
A little water might displace,  
As nature ev'ry morn bestows  
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.  
Those tresses, as the raven black,  
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
Destroy the face, that once thy deck'd.  
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.  
Nay, thou indeed the wonder ceases,  
No matter now how loose your dress is;  
The end is won, your fortune's made,  
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!  
From hence proceed averfion, strife,  
And all that fours the wedded kind  
Beauty can only point the dart,  
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;  
Let neatness then, and beauty strive  
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
To keep the conquest, than subdue;  
Admit us once behind the screen,  
What is there farther to be seen?  
A newer face may raise the flame,  
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve  
The charm, that fix'd your husband's love.  
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,  
That gave your beauty power to bless?  
Pursue it still; be neater seen;  
'Tis always frugal to be clean;  
So shall you keep alive desire,  
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)  
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;  
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear,  
Apollo, and the muses there;  
Thro' all the town his praises rung,  
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;  
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,  
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,  
And with peevish fury fir'd,  
What Bacchus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth of taste and wit,  
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
And sought him in his cobweb dome,  
Discharg'd his reat and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,  
Who, but the Post, and my Lord!

Each day, deliciously he dines  
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;  
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;  
Astonish'd at the change so new,  
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,  
Neglected lay the drooping muse;  
Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
He stifled the poetic flame;  
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw,  
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
And thus, with anger in his look,  
The late repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,  
Whence has the sun of favour shone?  
Delighted with thy tuneful art,  
Esteem was growing in my heart;  
But idly thou reject'st the charm,  
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools, alone despise  
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

P A R I S, September 20.

THE king's journey to Fountainbleau, which was to have taken place in a few days, is put off till the 4th of next month. It is said, that this was occasioned by an express which his majesty has received from Aix la Chapelle; from whence we hear that the definitive treaty of peace is drawn up, and was to be signed forthwith by the king's ministers, and those of the Maritime powers.

*Aix la Chapelle, Sept. 4.* Upon an article being inserted in the Cologne Gazette, in which it was said that a protest from the Pretender's son had been formally delivered to the chief burgomaster of this town, and accepted by him; the earl of Sandwich and sir Thomas Robinson, his Britannic majesty's ministers here, sent to the said burgomaster to enquire into the affair, who thereupon sent them the original journal of what had passed, when the said protest was offered to the magistracy; by which it appeared that they had not only refus'd registering, but even receiving that infamous and scandalous libel; and they have since written to the Cologne Gazetteer, acquainting him with the falshood of the facts intierd in his paper, and insisting that he should contradict it in form in his next Gazette.

*Paris, September 6.* As we have received news that Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, are evacuated, the infant Don Philip has, it is said, quitted the army, in order to go and take possession of those states.

We are assur'd, that the court, in consequence of this evacuation, has dispatched orders for the entire restitution of the towns of Bergen-op-zoom and Maestricht; and that as the court of England is on the point of doing the same with respect to Cape Breton, our court is making dispositions for evacuating the conquests in the Austrian Netherlands.

*Orinda, September 8.* The French have drawn out here, and at Newport, all the battering cannon, in order to divide it into two parts, one consisting of the artillery found in the places when they were taken, and the other of what they brought in themselves.

According