

THE
M A R Y L A N D G A Z E T T E, No. 332.

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, September 4, 1751.

THE Occasion of the following Letter, which I publish for the Entertainment of my Readers, as I have learn'd, was this: Two celebrated Crambo Wits, who used to spend many a Winter's Evening in Clubs of the Young and Gay, particularly of the Fair Sex, at the delightful Games of, *I love my Love with an A, because she is Amorous, — Questions and Commands, — Cross Purposes,* — and other such witty, ingenious, and edifying Amusements, piquing themselves upon their great Experience and Knowledge in such important Matters, fell into a Dispute, Which of all the Letters of the Alphabet most frequently occurred, as the Beginning or initial Letter of Words in the *English* Language: One of the Disputants took the Part of P (for his Name begun with that Letter), and roundly asserted that to be the *prime* and *principal* Letter. His Competitor, whose Name began with a C, stood up for that, as the most *common* and *consequential* of the twenty four. After many learned Arguments *pro* and *con*, as is usual among *Proficients* and *Cornoisseurs*, it was agreed to be referred to Judges, and each was to write something, in which his favourite Letter was to be used as often as possible; whereupon the Champion for P composed the following Epistle, which he hopes may convince all Doubters and Sceptics of the Goodness of his Argument, 'til such Time as his learned Antagonist makes his Essay, and enters the Lists for his darling Letter; which when he does, the Patron of P is willing that this important Affair shall be decided by the Learned, without Favour or Partiality, according to the real Desert of either Performance.

S I R, Park Place, Nov. 2, 1742.

PERceiving you persist to know how I passed my Time in *Pembrokeshire*, I here present you with a particular Account of my Proceedings in a Progress lately made to a private Gentleman's House, purely to procure a Plan of it. I propos'd a Party of Pleasure with Mr. *Pratt* of *Piston* Castle, Mr. *Powell* of *Penally*, and Mr. *Pugh* of *Penry*, to go and dine with Mr. *Pritchard* of *Pestmain*; which was presently agreed to, and soon put in Execution: However, I thought it a proper Precaution to post away a Person privately to Mr. *Pritchard*, that he might provide for us; and we proceeded after him.

The Town where Mr. *Pritchard* lives, is a poor pitiful paltrey Place, altho' his House is in the pleasantest Part of it, and is a Prince's Palace to the rest: His Parlour is of a lofty Pitch, and full of Pictures of the prime Pencils; he hath a pompous Portico or Pavillion, finely pav'd, leading to the Parterre, from whence you have a prodigious Prospect, particularly towards *Parish* Hills, where he propagates a Parcel of *Polish* Poultry: The Name of the House is *Prawfinder*; which puzzled me plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and gave us a plentiful Dinner: At the upper End of the Table there was a Pike, with fry'd Peich and Place; at the lower End was pickled Pork, Pease, and Parsnips; in the Middle, a Pigeon Pie with Puff Paste; on the one Side a Potatoe Pudding; and on the other, Pigs Petticoes. The second Course was a Dish of *Pheasants*, with Poults and Plover, a Plate with preserv'd Pine and Pappah, another with pickled Pod-Pepper, another with Prawns, another with Parmagon for a Provocative, with a Pyramid of Pears, Peaches, Plumbs, Pippins, Philberts, and Pistachias. After Dinner, there was a Profusion of Port and Punch, which prov'd too powerful for Mr. *Peters*, the Parson of the Parish; for it pleas'd his Palate, and he pour'd it down by Fists, which made him prate in a pedantic pragmatical Manner: This provok'd Mr. *Price* the Parliament Man, a profound Politician; but he persisted, and made a long Pre-amble, which prov'd his Principles, produced and partial a-

gainst the present People in Power: Mr. *Price*, who is a great Party Man, call'd him a Popish Priest, and said he pray'd privately in his Heart for the Pretender, and that he was a presumptuous Puppy, for preaching such Stuff publicly: The Parson puff'd his Pipe passively for some Time, because Mr. *Price* was his Patron; but at length losing all Patience, he pluck'd off Mr. *Price*'s Perriwig, and was preparing to push it with the Poker into the Fire; upon which Mr. *Price* perceiving a Pewter Pils put in the Passage, presented the Parson with the Contents in the Pils, and giving him a Pat on the Pate, the Percussion of which prostrated him plump on the Pavement, and raised a Protuberance on his Pericranium; this put a Period to our Proceedings, and patch'd up a Peace, for the Parson was in a piteous Plight, and had Prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *Peccavi*, with a *Pars precor*, and in plaintive Posture to petition for Pardon; upon which Mr. *Price* was proud of his Performance, pull'd him out of the Puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had pass'd in his Passion, which was partly owing to the Provocation given him by some of his preposterous Propositions, which he pray'd him never to presume to advance again in his Presence. Mr. *Pugh*, who practises Physic, prescribed Phlebotomy and a Poulrice for the Parson; but he prefer'd whited brown Paper to any Plaister. He then placed himself in a proper Position, that the Heat of the Fire might penetrate his Posteriors, and dry his patch'd purple Plush Breeches. This Pother was seconded by Politics, as, Mr. *Palteny* the Patriot's Patent for the Peerage; the Kings of *Poland*, *Prussia*, *Prague*, and the *Palatinate*; Pandours and the *Partizans*, *Portsmouth* Paraces, and the Presumption of the Privateers who pick up Prizes almost in our very Ports, Places, Pensions, Pains and Penalties. Next came Plays and Poetry, and the Picture of Mr. *Pope* perch'd on a Prostitute, and the Price of the Pit, Pantomime, Prudes, and the Pox, the Primate of *Ireland*, Pimps and Preferments, Pickpockets and Painters, and the Pranks of that Prig the Poet Laureat's Progeny, tho' his Pappa is the perfect Pattern of paternal Piety. — To be brief, I prophecy you think I am prolix. — We parted at last, but had great Perplexity to procure a Passport from Mr. *Pritchard*, for he had plac'd a Padlock on the Stable-Door on purpose to keep us, and pretended his Servant was gone out with the Key; but finding us peremptory, the Key was produced, and we permitted to go: We prick'd our Passfrens a good Pace, tho' it was dark as Pitch, which put me to Pain because I am purblind, least I should ride against the Posts which are prefix'd to keep Horse Passengers from going the Paths which are pitch'd with Pebbles: Mr. *Price* was our Pilot, and had a very providential Escape, for his Pad fell a prancing and would not pass one Pace further, which provok'd him prodigiously, as he piques himself on his Horsemanship; I propos'd to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found that he was just upon the Brink of a perpendicular Precipice, from which he had probably fallen, had not his Horse plung'd in that Manner. This set us all into a Palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the Progression, *Piano Piano*, as the *Italians* say, or *Pas a Pas*, as the *French* Phrase has it. I shall postpone several other Particulars, 'til I have the Pleasure of passing a Day with you at *Putney*, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
PHILO. B. P. P.

To Mr. PETER PERRYWARD
at PUTNEY,
Penny Post Paid.

PETERSBURG