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THE

# MARYLAND GAZETTE,

*Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.*

THURSDAY, June 27, 1754.

From a late WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.  
*Vita mortis proprius est quotidie.* Phædrus.

**I**T is impossible to think of any Subject in Nature that more unavoidably leads a Writer into Triteness and Common Place, than the Consideration of our Mortality; and yet it is never improper, never unseasonable, nor is it ever unnecessary, seeing most Men lead their Lives in such a Manner, as if they thought, that either their Bodies were immortal in this World, or that their Souls would be mortal in that which is to come. You cannot (says the learned and humorous Dr. South) do the Devil a more eminent, nor a more acceptable Piece of Service, than by denying his Existence; for by so doing you take away all Terror from Sinners; and what you take away from their Fears you add to their Impiety, and render them more effectually his own. Upon the same Method of Argumentation a Writer cannot do a greater Diservice to Mankind, than by publishing such Tracts as have the least Tendency to decoy any one's Attention from the Contemplation of his approaching Dissolution: A Man, who does not (as St. Paul nobly expresses it) DIE DAILY; that is, who has not Death as it were perpetually before his Eyes, can scarcely think of making due Preparation for that invincible Enemy, that is every Moment on the Advance. Not only therefore all Books of an Atheistical Turn (which cannot, I apprehend, be written without the immediate Assistance of the Devil himself, and with which to the Scandal of this Nation and the Offence of all Christendom we abound) not only these, I say, but all Books that contain nothing more than idle Amusement, nay, some that are professedly on a moral Plan, are of infinite Detriment to the human Species. The Soul (says Monsieur Pascal) discovers nothing in herself, that can furnish her with Contentment. Whatever she beholds there, afflicts her, when she considers it sedately. This obliges her to have Recourse to external Enjoyments, that she may lose in them the Remembrance of her real State. In this Oblivion consists her Joy; and, to render her miserable it suffices to oblige her to enter into, and converse with herself. But however irksome a mental Commerce with one's self may be, 'tis certain the most salutary Thing in the World; and when a Man flies from himself, it is a terrible Symptom, that all is not right within him. Hence it is, that our Theatres are crowded, and our Churches are empty: Hence it is, that the most despicable of all despicable Amusements, even the Italian Burlettas find an Audience: Hence it is that the Bible is neglected, whilst a Book wrote avowedly against it, and which ought to be burnt by the common Hangman, obtains a Place in the Studies of some of our Divines: Hence, finally it is, that Astring, Dancing, Fiddling, Dressing, Gaming, Mimicking, Whoring, Drinking, and some other Kinds of Preaching, have banished Virtue, Religion, and common Sense from the triumphant Majority of an abandoned World. It is strange that Death, which in Fact can never be remote even from the longest Liver should not be terrifying till the very Instant of his Arrival. How affecting he is at that Time, we have a fine Description in *Shakspear's Measure for Measure.*

*Aye, but to die, and go we know not  
To lie in cold Obscurity, and to  
This sensible warm Motion to become  
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted  
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside  
In thrilling Regions of thick ribbed Ice:  
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,  
Or blown with restless Violence about  
The pendant World, or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought*

*Imagines Howling; 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,  
That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment,  
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise  
To what we fear of Death.*

Our shunning an Acquaintance with ourselves, and not frequently weighing in the Coolest of Speculation the precarious Instability of our Natures occasion this Dread. But were we to familiarize Death to our Imaginations by repeated Meditations thereon, it would not only have a very great Influence on our Lives, but disarm him of a great Number of his Terrors. He would then appear rather in an amiable, than a formidable Light, as he is drawn by Dr. Garth.

*'Tis to the Vulgar Death too harsh appears:  
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.  
To die is landing on some silent Shore,  
Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;  
E'er will we feel the friendly Stroke 'tis o'er.  
The Wife thro' Thought th' Assaults of Death defy,  
The Fool thro' bliss Insensibility.  
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,  
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave:  
It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free,  
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.*

The reading of good Books written on this truly interesting Subject must have a necessary Tendency to season and moralize our Minds. Many of the Ancients have render'd their Names immortal by finely handling the Subject of their own Mortality. Many of our own Countrymen have done the same: But above all Writers either ancient or modern, Mr. Addison has distinguished himself in the following most inimitable Passage: "When I look upon the Tombs of the Great (says that incomparable Author) every Emotion of Envy dies within me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tombs of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those, whom we must quickly follow; when I see Kings lying by those that deposed them; when I consider rival Wits placed side by side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that died Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day, when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together." The human Mind may be greatly assisted, relieved, and even entertained by Emblems of its approaching Separation from the corporeal Mass. There is a Place in the Gardens of Mr. Jonathan Tyers at Denbigh's near Dorking in Surry, a Walk or two in which will do a Man more good than any practical Discourse in the World. You are conducted thro' a very pleasant winding Walk down into a little deep Valley, in the Center of which, upon a small Grass Plot is erected the Figure of a naked Woman treading on a Mask—an apt Emblem of TRUTH. On the left Hand side of this little Spot, which honest Jonathan and Nature have conspired, to make delight are two Paintings admirably executed by the Artist Mr. Hayman. The one is a dying Rake, and the other a good Man. The Rake is deformed with Horror, agonized with the utmost Tortion of Despair, and (tho' nothing but Colouring and Canvass) terrible in the highest Degree to the Beholder. Before him stands the Figure of Time with a most formidable and menacing Aspect shewing him that there are few, very few Sands left in his Glass. A

round him is a Study of Books written by Men falsely called Wits, falsely indeed, for they are the worst of all Ideots, viz. Hobbes, Spinoza, Teland, Tindal, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and several more of the same infernal Stamp. After the Spectator is sufficiently shocked, and (I hope) improved by this Picture; he may relieve and feast his Eye with the other, which is in every Respect a Contrast to this. The expiring Saint is in his Bed, his Hands stretched out in a devotional Posture, and (tho' the Image of Death stands full before him) his Aspect is serene, full of Christian Confidence, and illuminated with a Smile, which, corrected as it is by the convulsive Throws of his Departure, gives yet a Signal of the Beatification, that is at Hand. His Study is adorned with the Works of Tillotson, Sharp, Sherlock, Nelson, Barrow, Lecke, Addison, West, and Lyttelton, with many other Christian Heroes, who have purchased for themselves and all that duly attend to them, the eternal Laurel. I think Mr. Tyers can never be sufficiently commended for turning Ornaments into Morals, and making his Garden the Vehicle of Instruction; for by this Means People may be some Times alarmed with Thoughts they come thither on Purpose to shun, and be surpris'd into a Sense of their Duty. It would be well perhaps, if there was something of this Nature at Vauxhall, where too many Folks go merely to be fiddled out of their Reflection, and to drown their Sorrows in Champagne.—I cannot take my leave of this useful, tho' melancholy Subject, without condoling with my Countrymen on a late great and national Loss, no less than that of the right honourable Henry Pelham, Esq; a Gentleman, who both at home and abroad maintained the Character of a most worthy and able Statesman. The Violence of Party, the Clamour of Faction, the Discontent of the Unprovided, nor the Ambition of the Unsatisfy'd, could ever raise Clouds enough to obscure the Character of this Minister. He obtained his Place by Merit, he retained it without Envy, nothing but Death or Disease could have made him resign it; for happy in his Prince's Favour, in his Kinred, his Alliance, his Attachments, in the Clearness of his Head, and the Integrity of his Heart, he could not possibly have a Competitor, much less a Supplanter. It is much to the Honour of this great Man, that Mr. Pope, who was no Flatterer of Ministers in the Meridian of their Power, has thought him worthy of an high Panegyric.

*God knows I praise a Courtier, when I can.  
When, I confess, there is who stels for Fame,  
And melts to Goodness, need I scard'row Name?  
Pleased let me own, in Esber's peaceful Grove  
(Where Kent and Nature vie for PELHAM's Love)  
The Scene, the Master opening to my View,  
I sit, and dream, I see my Craggs anew!*

In a Note to this Passage on the Word *Esber*, Mr. Pope expresses himself in this Manner.—The House and Gardens of *Esber* in Surry belonging to the honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother to the Duke of Newcastle. The Author could not have given a more amiable Idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. CRAGGS.

LONDON, March 9.  
**T**HIS Week surrendered herself at the Old-Bailey, and gave in unexceptionable Bail for her Appearance at the April Sessions, to an Indictment for Perjury, Elizabeth Canning; who, if innocent, is doubtless the most injured Subject in Great-Britain. Nothing, indeed, has yet appeared in Court to prove her otherwise, although the solicited Recantation of a common Prostitute, the daily Exaggerations of a Writer equally shameless, and the flimsy Reasonings of nameless Pamphleteers, may have been termed unanswerable by Folly and Prejudice, because Elizabeth Canning's Friends thought

• Bolingbroke. † H—ley's, for Example.