

Chester-Town, December 31, 1759.

be SOLD by PUBLIC SALE, on the 24th Day of January next, to the Highest Bidder, for ready Money or short Credit, with giving Security if required.

THE DWELLING HOUSE and LOT of Dr. RICHARD PORTER, lately Deceased, lying in Chester-Town, and some Household Furniture; and there will be likewise Sold, the Books, Instruments, and Medicines of the said Dr. Porter: any Person that wants a Supply of Medicines may have them well furnished, as the said Porter had, just before his Death, imported a large Quantity of them, which yet remain untouched.

All Persons who are indebted to the said Porter, are desired to make speedy Payment, otherwise they will be sued; and those that have any Claims against the said Porter, are requested to produce them, that they may be paid, by

SARAH PORTER, Executrix.

Chester-Town, December 31, 1759.

To be SOLD by the SUBSCRIBER, by Virtue of a Power from BARTHOLOMEW PETTIT, at PUBLIC VENDUE, on the Premises, on the 24th Day of January next,

A LOT in Chester-Town, where the said Bartholomew lately dwelt, with one large Wood Dwelling House, and Brick KITCHEN, and another Brick TENEMENT on the said Lot. The Lot is inclosed with a good Pail Fence.

THOMAS RINGGOLD.

To be SOLD by the Subscriber, at his STORE between Mrs. Catharine Jennings's and Mr. Nathan Hammond's, on the same Side of the Way, near the Dock, in ANNAPOLIS,

A NEAT Assortment of EUROPEAN and EAST-INDIA GOODS, at a low Price, for ready Cash, Corn or Wheat; he will give as high a Price as is current at the Time.

JAMES M'MORDIE.

Anne-Arundel County, December 16th, 1759.

NEAR the Head of South River, at his Dwelling-Plantation, the Subscriber proposes to Teach Reading, Writing in the most usual Hands, and Arithmetic, Vulgar, Decimal, Instrumental, Algebraical, at Forty Shillings Current Money per Annum. Also, Geometry, Trigonometry, Plain and Spheric, with their several Applications in Surveying, Navigation, Astronomy, Gauging, Dialling, the Use of the Globes, and other Branches of the Mathematics, the Italian Method of Book-Keeping or Double Entry, at Three Pounds like Money per Annum, or by the Branch, as they shall agree. Likewise, he Teaches Latin as they can agree. And forasmuch as some mean Aspersions have been cast on him by Persons belonging to the Family of the *Stallows* or *Wrongheads*, he hereby satisfies the Public, and his Employers, that he is ready to undergo any Scrutiny or Examination about Teaching the above Sciences, by any Person or Persons concern'd; which he trusts will squash such mean Artifices, and prove to the Content of

Their humble Servant,

JOHN WILMOT.

Youth may Board within less than Half a Mile of said School with John Wilmot, junior.

To be SOLD by the Commissioners of the Paper Currency, at PUBLIC VENDUE, on Wednesday the 12th of March next, being the second Day of Anne-Arundel County Court, at Two o'Clock in the Afternoon, at the House of William Reynolds, in the City of Annapolis, for Paper Currency,

THE following Tracts of LAND, lying in the County aforesaid, viz.

Hazard, containing 60 Acres.

Hood's Hall, 100 Acres.

Part of Ben's Luck, 25 Acres. And,

Part of Freeborn's Progress, 130 Acres.

Also, Three Lots of Land lying in the New-Town of the said City, with a Brick House, with two Chimneys standing thereon, on the South-West Side of Scotts-Street, late the Estate of William Cumming, deceased.

LIAM RIND, at the PRINTING-Persons may be supplied with this late Length are taken in and inserted and in Proportion for long Ones.

THE

[Numb. 768.]

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, January 24, 1760.

MOST People complain of Fortune; few of Nature: And the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the Injustice of the former.

Why have not I the Riches, the Rank, the Power of such and such, is the common Exposition with Fortune: But why have not I the Merit, the Talents, the Wit, or the Beauty of such and such others, is a Reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The Truth is, that Nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her Gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and Situations make the great Difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit natural Talents. I make no Doubt but that there are potentially (if I may use that pedantic Word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells and Marlboroughs, at the Plough-Tail, behind Counters, and, perhaps, even among the Nobility; but the Soil must be cultivated, and the Seasons favourable, for the Fruit to have all its Spirit and Flavour.

If sometimes our common Parent has been a little partial, and not kept the Scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due Counterpoise of Vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one Man would, without Reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the Dispositions of Nature, how few listen to her Voice? How few follow her as their Guide? In vain she points out to us the plain and direct Way to Truth; Vanity, Fancy, Affectation and Fashion, assume her Shape, and wind us through Fairy-Ground to Folly and Error.

These Deviations from Nature are often attended by serious Consequences, and always by ridiculous Ones: For there is nothing truer than the trite Observation, "That People are never Ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting to appear what they really are not." Affectation is the only Source, and at the same Time, the only justifiable Object of Ridicule. No Man whatsoever, be his Pretensions what they will, has a natural Right to be ridiculous: It is an acquired Right, and not to be acquired without some Industry: Which perhaps is the Reason why so many People are so jealous, and tenacious of it.

Even some People's VICES are not their own, but affected and adopted (tho' at the same Time unenjoyed) in Hopes of shining in those fashionable Societies, where the Reputation of certain Vices gives Lustre. In these Cases, the Execution is commonly as awkward, as the Design is absurd; and the Ridicule equals the Guilt.

This calls to my Mind a Thing that really happened not many Years ago. A young Fellow of some Rank and Fortune, just let loose from the University, resolved, in order to make a Figure in the World, to assume the shining Character of what he called, a Rake. By Way of Learning the Rudiments of his intended Profession, he frequented the Theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one Night at the Representation of that most absurd Play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the Profligacy of the Hero of the Piece, that to the Edification of the Audience, he swore many Oaths that he would be the *Libertine destroyed*. A discreet Friend of his who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable Design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the *Libertine destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary Part of his Plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first Resolution, and insisted upon being the *Libertine*, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the Presumption is in his Favour. There are,

I am persuaded, so many Cases of this Nature, that for my own Part, I would desire no greater Step towards the Reformation of Manners for the next twenty Years, than that People should have no Vices but *their own*.

The Blockhead who affects Wisdom, because Nature has given him Dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted Character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native Mud, or perhaps have engrossed Deeds, collected Shells, and studied Heraldry, or Logic, with some Success.

The shining Coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every Thing, because Nature has given him Pertness. The Degree of Parts, and animal Spirits, necessary to constitute that Character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many Parts of Life; but his Affectation and Presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine Gentleman might, probably, from his long Experience and Knowledge of the World, be esteemed and respected in the several Relations of domestic Life, which, at his Age, Nature points out to him: But he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten Thread of his former Gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at Five and Twenty; and modestly intimates that he is not without a *bonne Fortune*; which *bonne Fortune* at last appears to be the Prostitute he had long kept (not to himself) whom he marries and owns, because the poor Girl was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made an honest Woman.

The sexagenary Widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty Years ago, and thinks herself so, or, at least, very likeable still. The pardonable Affectations of her Youth and Beauty, unpardonably continue, increase even with her Years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the Number. All the gawdy glittering Parts of Dress, which rather degraded than adorned her Beauty in its Bloom, now expose to the highest and the justest Ridicule, her shrivelled or her overgrown Carcase. She totters or sweats under the Load of her Jewels, Embroideries and Brocades, which, like so many Egyptian Hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable Antiquity of her august Mummy. Her Eyes dimly twinkle Tenderness, or leer Desire: Their Language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the Half-pay Captain understands it. He addresses his Vows to her Vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to Credit, Decency, and every social Duty. He tenderly prefers Her (though not without some Hesitation) to a Jail.

Self-love, kept within due Bounds, is a natural and useful Sentiment. It is, in Truth, social Love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: It is the Spring of many good Actions, and of no ridiculous Ones. But Self-flattery is only the Ape or Caricature of Self-love, and resembles it no more than is absolutely necessary to heighten the Ridicule. Like other Flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed, and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this Subject, with the Substance of a Fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a Lottery in Heaven, in which Mortals, as well as Gods, were allowed to have Tickets. The Prize was Wisdom; and Minerva got it. The Mortals murmured, and accused the Gods of foul Play. Jupiter, to wipe off this Affection, declared another Lottery, for Mortals singly and exclusively of the Gods. The Prize was Folly. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The Loss of Wisdom was neither regretted nor remembered; Folly supplied its Place, and those who had the largest Share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

[The WORLD, N^o 120.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR, I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the basest of Mankind. My Father was a Merchant of considerable Note in this Town; but by unavoidable Losses and Misfortunes, he died two Years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only Child, and the Delight of his Life. My Education, my Dress and Manner of Living were such as would hardly have discredited a young Woman of Fashion. Alas! the dear Parent, to whose Fondness I was indebted for every Advantage and Enjoyment, intended to have given me a considerable Fortune; but he died as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a Beggar from my Cradle.

I was ignorant of his Circumstances, and therefore felt not my Misfortune in its full Force till a Month after his Death: At which Time his Creditors entered upon his House, sold all his Furniture and Effects, and left me nothing but my Clothes and Trinkets, which they had no Right to take from me.

In the Days of my Prosperity I had a Maid Servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom upon her Marriage with a reputable Tradesman, I gave a little Portion of Fifty Pounds, which were left me by a Relation. This young Woman was lately become a Widow; and being left in but indifferent Circumstances, she hired a large House near the Exchange, and let Lodgings for her Support. It was to this Woman that I flew for Shelter; being no more than eighteen Years of Age, and, as my Father used often to tell me, too handsome to have Friends.

I do not mention this Circumstance, indeed I do not, as any Thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very Dust: I only introduced it as the best Excuse I could think of for the Unkindness of my Acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite Servant with great Appearance of Gratitude and Esteem. She seemed to pity my Misfortunes, and to take every Opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the Gentlemen who lodged at her House, there was one whom she used to talk of with great Pleasure. One Day, after I had lived with her about a Week, she told me that this Gentleman had a great Inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no Objection to Company, he would drink Tea with us that Afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the Gentleman entered the Room. I was angry in my Heart at this Freedom; but his genteel Appearance and Behaviour soon got the better of my Resentment, and made me listen to his Conversation with more than common Attention. To be as short as I can, this first Visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more; all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The House was so crowded with Lodgers, that the Mistress of it had only one Parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant Employment at home, my Lover had very few Opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the Presence of a third Person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable Love for me, nor did it awe me from discovering how pleased and happy I was at the Conquest I had made.

In this delightful Situation near a Twelvemonth passed away; during which Time he would often lament his Dependence upon an old Uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, if he married a Woman without a Fortune.

I wanted no better Reason for this Delay; and was waiting for an Event which promised me the Possession of all I wished for, when my Happiness was interrupted by the most villainous Contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had