

Provisions are extravagantly dear.—What is to become of the Poor, GOD only knows.

Feb. 22. It is said that at a Political Club, a Question was lately started, which was the most dangerous to a free People, an Army of Soldiers, or an Army of Pensioners? After much Altercation, it was the universal Opinion, that a free People would be in more Danger of being subdued by Pensioners than Soldiers. In either Instance with the utmost Exertions of Virtue and Public Spirit, the Case would be hazardous: But should a People be attacked by both these formidable Powers at once, it would then be desperate!

Feb. 25. The London Prints chiefly contain Accounts of the Distresses of the Poor, occasioned by the Scarceness of Provisions, and the Severity of the Winter: It is said that the Cold in December exceeded any they have had since the Year 1739. Capt. Jenkins left London the 15th of January, and was almost a Fortnight getting to Forbay, being hindered by the Ice. He left Torbay the 30th of January, and arrived here the 20th of February.

Feb. 29. Soon after the Meeting of the Parliament, Mr. G—G—, when the House was sitting, produced some American News Papers, which he said contained Doctrines of a dangerous and alarming Tendency; and proposed that the Printer should be sent for, and the Author enquired after:—Upon this Mr. C—y replied, that the Gentleman's Motion was contrary to the Order of the House; that beside it was only reasonable, before they sent for Printers and Authors from such a Distance, they should make Reformation at home among those who were just at Hand.—Upon which it was put off for Six Months.

Letters from London mention, that American Affairs will be taken into Consideration, on the 16th of January, immediately after the Meeting of Parliament. No Person whatever is to be admitted, and the Doors are to be kept shut during the whole Time of the Deliberation.

Extrañ of a Letter from London, dated Dec. 31. "Mr. Wilkes hath sold the Property of his History of England to Mr. Almon, Bookfeller, and Mr. Say, Printer of the Gazetteer, for 500 l. Sterling a Volume. Lord Litteton sold the 3 first Volumes of Henry II for 2500 l. and he is to receive another 1000 l. on the Delivery of the 4th Volume. Mr. Hume is so immersed in Politics, being Secretary to General Conway, that there are small Hopes of having a Continuation of his History soon. Tristram Shandy, and Parson Yorick, are at present asleep.

ANNAPOLIS, March 24.

TO THE PRINTERS.

Ex quoque Ligno non fit Mercurius. Jack will never make a Gentleman.

IN Verse immortal, who can shine, A Poet's born, 'tis said: How then dare you attempt a Line, A Poet born, nor bred?

What senseless Jargon, wretched Stuff! Delato—res, Discomfi—ture! 'Faith Phœbus owes thee a good Cuff; Ne'er was such horrid Rhyme, sure!

How hard to squeeze one Dogg'el Line, With ekes and ands to pais us; The Muses shall their Forces join To kick thee down Parnassus.

† Carminative from such a Shop, Roughly prepar'd by you,

* The following Lines not only deserve a second Edition, but to be immortalized as a Specimen of a new invented Art of Rhyming, with peculiar Grace and Facility:

"If still I shou'd meet with Discomfi—ture, "There's a Card left to play, both delightful and sure, "The Art I'll revive of the old Delato—res; "Who wreak'd their dread Vengeance in Tales and in Stories."

The Choice and Division of the Words, the musical Pronunciation that is adopted, is truly original; and, indeed, how much sorer their Opponents might have pilfered, these Gentlemen seem so much Originals both in Law and Poetry, that it is certain they could only steal from their own dear selves.

† "Carminatives aid me! to pop off my Spleen!"

EMPEDOCLES 'tis said threw himself into Ætna to satiate the Profound.—This Author thinks he may have a better Chance in discovering it at the Bottom of the Bog-House; and a great Critic observes, that true Students in the Law, have constantly taken their Methods from low Life.

SCRIBLERUS.

If the Etymology of ARCHILOCHUS, signify Princeps Infidiarum, it may be applied to a Person, who lay in Wait with a Blunderbuss, to take away another Man's Life; or, to an infamous Scribbler, who would blast the Reputation of an honest Man; but ARCHILOCHUS being a Greek Name, is not understood by all Sorts of People. The Derivation may be better explained by Princeps Verborum, a Person, who by a Command of Words, and just and spirited Severity of Expression, drove to Despair, and an ignominious End, a Man who had retraced his Promise, and violated his Faith with him.—A Fate which all such false and treacherous Friends deserve.—

As the numerous Partizans and Relations of one Party, have grossly misrepresented the whole Transaction, to which this black Design of an Assassination relates, much to the Discredit of the other, the Public are desired to suspend their Judgment a little Time, when a minute Detail will be given them, which was drawn out for the Inspection of an eminent Person, immediately after it happened; and to their Judgment the latter willingly submits his Conduct and Behaviour, as to stand well in their Opinion, is one of the chief Objects of his Ambition.

If the Bytander knows any Thing of the Point of Honour, and of the Rules by which it is regulated in civilized Countries, he is confident, that the Story will turn out much to the Credit of his Friend, and to the Confusion of his Antagonist. And he further ventures to say, that before this Dispute is ended, he will prove to the Satisfaction of every unprejudiced Person, that his Conduct, with respect to

Doctor, won't make your Patient pop, Tho' it may make him sp-w.

Lawyer, thy Wit will be thy Ruin, Thy Client's Cafe is bad; Thy Physic's Poison, Law Chicanery, Thy Poetry Prose run mad*.

C R A M B O.

the Question of Pluralities, has not only been strictly legal, but once thought reasonable, by his most inveterate Enemies now, whom he will cover with the Infamy they deserve.

THE BYSTANDER.

* The Malignity of this Writer's Disposition is discoverable even by his very Name. His Profession is very well described by a celebrated Biographer, "That it is his Business to imbrue his Hands in Blood, to cut off the Heads, and to pull out the Hearts of those that never injured him; to rip up big-bellied Women, and tear Children's Limb from Limb." C. D.

* See Memoirs of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

TO THE PRINTERS.

THERE is a laudable Ambition in some Men, to undertake Offices of great Labour and Trust, for the Good of Mankind. Actuated by these Sentiments, I have long cast about me for a Place, where I could most benefit the Public, and reflect the greatest Credit on myself: The First that occurred, was that of Petty Constable, Lord it over Negroes! Carry my Whip in my Hand! Look stern! Flea the Dogs alive! But my tender Heart made me turn my Thoughts to a more civil Employ. Crier of the Provincial, or Wood-Corder; walk about like a Gentleman, with my Stick under my Arm, or twirling on the Tops of my Fingers: Very pretty! The next that came in my Thoughts, was that of Clerk of the Parish, to become, like my Brother P. P. of immortal Memory, a Shred of the Vestment of Aaron. A fine Bass Voice, but can't pitch the Organ! A Sexton—Bones and Sculls put me too much in mind of—Mortality. Where to fix next! Whither will my aspiring Thoughts transport me? My Head swims with Rapture! I see with Ecstasy, the glorious, tho' distant Prize! A Churchwarden or Vestryman. Pardon my Ambition, Gentlemen; but, if I may be so happy as to meet with Encouragement, on Easter-Monday, you may depend upon my best Endeavours to discharge so important a Trust, to the Satisfaction of my kind Constituents, and the Approbation of my own Conscience: This was a happy Thought! Fortunam favit audacis. Fortune favours the bold. Now thinks I, within myself, if so be, that a Counsellor to my Lord, be a Vestryman, why may not a Vestryman be a Counsellor to my Lord? A very good Step to Prefarment, I assure you; unless that strange Composition of Squire—Lawyer—Parson—the Bytander, undertake to prove, that a Vestryman is disqualified for being a Counsellor, as he has proved a Counsellor is disqualified for being a Vestryman. But having a Conscience, Gentlemen, a tender Conscience—strain at a Knave, and swallow a Camel—I resolv'd to learn my Duty before I undertook it. I applied to the Bytander: What do I read? Oh! blasted Hopes, and frustrated Ambition! To glaze Church-Windows, to pave Church-Floors, to mend Church-Yard Rails—A Principal too into the Bargain—Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the Streets of Askelon—Not invade my Lord's Rights! Not bully a Parson! Not cuff a Churchwarden! Not kick a Constable! Then will not I be a Vestryman. No! decay Churches—fall Chapels—be broken Windows—be plowed up Pavements—and be burnt Rails—ere I submit to the mean low menial Office of seeing you repaired; suitable perhaps to the real Dignity of a Counsellor; but much beneath a Man of my Spirit.—My Ambition will not let me rest. I turn my Eyes to the Worshipful Corporation. Is there a Vacancy, or is there not? Is Master Jackey Common Council-Man, or is he not?—That is the Question—between Hawk and Buzzard.—Give me Leave then to recommend myself to your Notice, at the next Court—dressed in White, according to antient Custom, under the humble and obsequious Character of

A CANDIDATE.

To the AUTHOR of the VERSES in your last.

A BRAVE bonny Scot A strange Notion had got, That 'twas easy to lie on a Bed; The Trial to make, He a Feather did take, And laid it smooth under his Head.

Awaken'd at Morn, He kenn'd it with Scorn, And swore it was hard as a Stone; If one Feather in Use, Such cursed Cramps can produce, A Number would break every Bone.

Thus Pope once declar'd, That of Learning, who shar'd But a little—a dangerous Thing; Each Booby decreed Ne'er to think, write, or read, Left he pass for a Conjuror, and swing.

From the Fount Aganip, To take a small Sip, Each Fool vow'd he could not tell how; 'Bove the Vulgar to think, 'Was one eager to drink, All cried he was drunk as a Sow.

For such a poor Scote, Fine Verses to quote, Is throwing of Pearl before Swine; So maul'd and so marr'd, It would puzzle the Bard From your Dung, to pick out his own Line*.

* I really pity a poor Gentleman, who, in his old Age, is oblig'd to take up Two new Sciences, hardly compatible even in Youth, and to study alternately Covarruvia and

By Tarantula bit, A dull solemn Cit Sat down in a Rage to make Rhyme; He caught his thick Head, Bit his Nails 'til they bled, Found at last he wrote Prose all the Time.

In your Head and your Heart, One may find a weak Part, In your Verie, as your Conscience, a Flaw; In the Arts you pursue, Give the Devil his Due, Your Poetry's good as your Law.

Of your Conscience you cant, Made by Satan a Saint, Prate of Payment, to take the Folks in; Strip off your Disguise, Full of Spleen, Fraud, and Lies, 'Twill be found 'tis all rotten within.

Favours ne'er to forget, To discharge each just Debt, Is an Avarice that all must commend; To speak without Trope, Tho' you scape a Hemp-Rope, Yet a Jail, like poor Mac's, is your End.

The Name you would blast, Unblemish'd, will last, As the Palm-Tree, press'd down, rises higher, And Virtue oppress'd, Is refin'd by the Test, As purify'd Ore by the Fire.

March 22, 1768.

Pope's Essay on Criticism. The only passable Lines are pick'd out of Pope, just alter'd enough to jest them:

Some have at first, for Wits, then Poets pass, Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

This is not only good Poetry, as it here stands, but conceals a good Hint.—But, when our Poet writes from his own Stock, what a Profundity of Thought does he display! What an Arrangement of Words! What a happy Choice of Rhymes!

"The blunt Shaft shall sink, e'er it verges there, "And the dull Hiss, but die away in Air. "Had he, to've pleas'd thee, sacrific'd his Oath, "He still had been the—REAL MAN OF WORDS!"

Bravo! Bravo!—He flatters too in so delicate a Manner: What a Pity his Talents so long lay hid! You shall be Poet Laureat: A new Birth-Day Ode every Year, (let be the Banjour.) The Reign of Dulness's commences! A second Colley!

"And Dunce the second, reigns like Dunce the first."

TO THE PRINTERS.

March 22, 1768.

TIS with Concern I have read your last Papers, wherein I find a Gentleman lately come amongst us, abused in a vile and scandalous Manner. I am an American, and sorry to see there should be such a Spirit of Malevolence and Envy in my Countrymen, especially as it is generally thought to be wrote by those, whose Station in Life ought to make them set better Examples: If Education teaches People to behave gently, C. D. I think should know better. How does C. D. prove the Facts? For, let me tell him, 'tis dangerous to advance such Things upon mere Summisse. I have had the Pleasure to know the Gentleman ever since he came into this Country; his Appearance pleas'd me; he is a genteel well bred Man, his whole Carriage and Behaviour bespeak the Gentleman, and his Conversation the Man of Learning, drawn from a good Education and strong Genius. Ought not we to encourage such Persons to come amongst us? Would it not be advantageous, as well as pleasing, to see polite Literature flourish in our Colony, and not send them back, prejudiced with unfavourable Ideas of us?

But, to return to the Charge: I have made it my Business to enquire into his Character, and cannot find one who has ever seen him the least disguised in Liquor, or with a—; and all agree, he never neglected any Part of his Ministerial Function. At Church, I have been a constant Attendant upon him. His Behaviour there, is devout and solemn; fitted to the Place, and Divine Truths he utters. I will maintain this, we never had one who read Prayers, and preach'd so well, since I remember; and I may go further, and add, since you remember, C. D.

I was startled when a Friend came to my House, and told me our Parson was guilty of Forgery, a Sharper, Liar, and every Thing that was bad: Well, thought I, how am I deceived? Is it possible there can be such Disguise in the human Species? I got the Paper, and was much rejoiced to see it all a Chimera of C. D.'s own Brain, there not being one Proof to support the Charge. I was glad to find the Parson clear'd however; and, as false Assertions soon wear off, I think it will rather be of Service, than not, to the injured Party; for, however depraved the Mind of Man may be, they generally lean to the Object offended.

I think C. D. is no great Scholar any more than myself; but 'tis so long since he went to School, he may have forgot the little he learnt there. I am no Lawyer, so shall not quibble upon Words; nor have I any Design to enter into a Controversy with C. D. Abuse and Scurrility I shall ever detest; nor do I set up for a Writer. I am sorry to say our Colony cannot boast of any endowed with that happy Talent. My design in this, is to desire the Public may not be deceived, nor form their Opinions of an honest Man by those Papers.

But what has the Parson done then to deserve this vile Treatment, and genteel Discipline, C. D. would give him? Why he wanted to hold Two Living? Is that a Crime? (Would not you Mr. C. D. hold Two Places, if you could get them? Yes, Half a Dozen or I am mistaken in the Man) or is it repugnant to the Law? Not with the Consent of Vestries, all allow it to be legal: Why then should my Lord Counsellor take such Pains to influence the Vestries against this Gentleman? Why should his Conscience be pleaded, to deny his conforming to a desire of the Proprietors, to whom he is bound by such Obligations, when it is a Thing by no Means inconsistent with the Constitution? Does not

ere blame the Parson in his Place, you would find, at least, 'tis in general Interest that in than the Public Good man act thus. Let me to look with so envious thinks has superior Tal cultivate Learning, and been happy enough to having been out of the Lots here, as they are n Ornament to both Sexes Education: 'Tis the B the whole, I think, and of the last Papers, that penned, and reflect great the Country, which, gives me Pain to hear. But for the Minister, gain him Friends, go w mongit us, for we never ny it who can.— I a

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A PARCEL of choice

(3rd)

To be sold at PUBLI the 31st Inst. at the Ho on Maggoty River, ready Cash, or good L

THE whole Housh Utenfils, former with a Number of Hor Quantity of Corn.

MARY HU

* Likewise to be at the same Place, Th good SCHOONER, of a prime Sailer, and we

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SNOW, of abo Tons. The Cal Work are not yet finis Four Months, or less. Likewise a BRIG, Ten Tons. She is all c

AS a regular Interco and Philadelphia, is veniency to the Trading by giving them an Oppor dities of each Place, fro patch, and on safer and before; the Subscriber in the MARYLAND-PACKET his Advertisement of Sep tlemen of both Province ment, his Desire to serv fords them, may merit Freight, for any Part of vided the Quantity will pence. The Vessel will Merchants in Philadelphia the Gentlemen of Maryla Correspondency in Phil with the utmost Punctu Orders to them, will me to the Care of Col. Fitz to John Martin, near O The Schooner is now in the will return, and be last of April. (3rd)

COMMITTED to a Negro Boy, named Benjamin Grymes of Virgi old.—The owner is de Charges.

THERE is at the burn, near Kitcock taken up as a Stray, a The Owner may hav perty and paying Char

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