

# The Maryland Gazette

Samuel Thomas

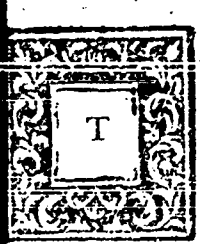
From Tuesday December 17, to Tuesday December 24, 1728.

(Numb. LXVII.)

*Ut Pictura Poesis erit.* —

Hof.

SIR,



THE Verses in the Close of this Paper, furnish Me with a proper Occasion to make a few Reflections upon POETRY and PAINTING, which may not be unacceptable to such as delight in Either, or Both of these Arts.

THE surprizing Excellency, which is peculiar to a GREAT POET, is the Skill of conveying to Another, by the help of Words, those just and lively Ideas, which rise in his Imagination, in the same Force and Perspicuity that he conceives them in himself. Words in his Disposal are Things: And the Deception proves so strong, that the Reader forgets he is perusing a Book of Writing; or at least takes the Poem for a Piece of Magic, which (as he passes from one Period to another) surrounds him with amazing Objects, and drives him from Passion to Passion; transporting him into Joys and Grievs, Pleasures and Pains, with a Violence not to be resisted.

THE Perfection of the MASTERLY-PAINTER, is to be able to perform the same Wonders by Colours, which the POET commands by Language. His Ideas pass from his Mind into his Pencil, and rise upon the Canvass in their full Vigour and Proportion. His every Touch is a Creation: The Canvass is no longer a level, lifeless Surface; but a Scene, diversify'd with Buildings, Mountains, Forests; or perhaps a Sea, deformed with Tempests; a Sky wraged with Storms, flashing out Lightning, and Clouds bursting with Thunder: Or a Field of War, stained with blood, and filled with Uproar and Confusion: Or perhaps, the silent, solitary Retreat of Sorrow and Despair; or if he pleases, the Enchanted Bower of Bliss, the Residence of Love and Beauty.

SUCH is the Efficacy of Words and Numbers; and such the Energy of Lights and Shades, under the Conduct of a Superior Genius: Both equally wonderful in their Operations; both equally pleasing: But not alike instructive; in which Point alone the POET justly claims Pre-eminence over the PAINTER.

IT would be hard to determine, which of these Two Arts requires the greatest Strength of Imagination, more Experience, and the most unwearied Application. It seems equally difficult to *paint* in Words, or in Colours; and to impose the One upon the Reader, and the Other upon the Beholder, for Realities. The GREAT POET and the GREAT PAINTER think alike: But they express their Thoughts by very different Powers: The Painter's Language is his Colours: The Poet's Colours is his Diction. The strongest Colouring will fade; and the most significant Words grow obsolete. Many of the most celebrated WRITINGS of Antiquity are preserved: The PAINTINGS are all perished. The Painter is equally understood in all Nations: And the Poet can distribute every One of his Performances into the Hands of all his Countrymen.

THE POET and the PAINTER may mutually improve one another, by judiciously perusing each others Works. The Similitudes, the Descriptions and Metaphors of the One; and the Landshapes, Figures and Postures of the Other, equally tend to regulate and enliven the Imagination. The violent Motions of Nature are so very Transient, that it is difficult to catch distinct Ideas of them from the Life: Whereas when a Great Painter has fix'd a Passion in the Face, the Poet may there study the Workings of it in the Features at his Leisure: And the Painter may in his Turn receive the like Advantage from the Poet.

IT is true, it shows the greatest Skill in these Artists, when they arrive to the Perfection of copying happily One from the Other. There is not the least Resemblance between Words and Colours, as there is between Languages: And therefore it requires a strong Faculty of Imagining, and a just Manner of Thinking, to be able to Translate out of One of These into the Other without losing the Spirit.

THESE Observations are the Result of what occurred to Me upon reading the following VERSES; in which the Reader will find a Poet copying with Success the Beauties of the Greatest Masters in Painting:

THEY express the Admiration which the Gentleman who writ them was struck with at the Sight of the Variety of