

# MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestic.

FRIDAY, November 8, 1745.

Mr. GREEN,

THE following Lines were sent to be inserted in the American MAGAZINE, some Months ago; but as it is probable that Design was at an End before they came to Hand, it is supposed they have never yet been published; at least, how ever, they will be new to all your Readers, very few excepted.

To do his Laureatship Justice, as well as the Author of these Verses, you may if you please publish the Epitaph at the same Time; they are both but short, and will take up but little Room. It will be needless, I imagine, to excuse the Sharp and Severity of these Verses, especially if you publish the Epitaph along with them; because th'n any one, the best acquainted with Mr. Pope's moral Character, will at first Sight see the bar faced Injustice of it, that it is evidently the Effluvia of an impotent Malice, exerted in the most ungenerous Manner, which nothing less than a Cibberian Front could have had the Assurance to brazen out. A great deal regard for our English Homer's Memory, occasioned this, as well as what follows.

From your's, &c. PHILO-MUSUS.

These verses are by Mr. Colley Cibber's Epitaph on Mr. Pope, in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1744.

WHEN Rake now doubts he has a Soul to save,  
When graceless Colley preaches o'er a Grave;  
POPE's Verse he could nor damn, in Part or Whole;  
But, like a hot-brain'd Bigot, — damns his Soul;  
To shew this Age (the next shall never know it)  
He was as good a Christian — as a Poet.  
Wretch! do'st thou triumph o'er that sacred Urn,  
Where all the Virtuous, all the Learned, mourn?  
Yet must thou live? Late Times shall know, that once  
An English Laureat was a sprightly Duncie.  
Ungrateful Monster! thank those lasting Strains,  
That save your Carcass, too! it be in Chains.  
Let thy vile Muse take a low growling Flight,  
And scream or gabble to the Sons of Night;  
Or fawning, sooth some Lord's polluted Ear,  
With flattery Jest, or insidious Scurr:  
While all the Good and Just, — an awful Frown  
Lament the Muse who mourn'd his Song.

Our pious Praise on Tomb-Stones runs so high,  
Readers might think, that none but good Men die!

Mr. Colley Cibber's Epitaph on Mr. Pope.

If Graves held only such, Pope, like his Verse,  
Had still been breathing, and escap'd the Hearse.  
Tho' fell to all Men's failings, but his own,  
Yet, to assert his Vengeance, or Renown,  
None ever reach'd such Heights of Helicon!  
E'en Death shall let his Dust this Truth enjoy,  
That not his Errors can his Fame destroy.

Prince Henry on the Death of Hotspur.  
Adieu! and take thy Praise with thee to Heaven!  
Thy Ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,  
But not remember'd in thy Epitaph.

A View of foreign Affairs, from London, August 6, 1745.  
HERE has been an Action between the Turks and the Persians, which some Accounts represent as a very Trade, that could be attended with no great Consequence; while others say it was exceedingly obstinate and bloody. It is on all Sides however allowed, that Schach Nadir retreated afterwards to Teflis, the Capital of Georgia; but whether to seize any Advantage he forelaw in so doing, or only to get farther from the Enemy, are Questions that remain to be decided.

We have so many military Scenes nearer home, that we are the less concerned at what passes in Asia; and yet, since the re-passing of the Rhine by the Prince of Conti, and the Penetration into the King of Sardinia's Dominions by the combined Armies in Italy, there has been no great Matter effected.

In Bohemia indeed the Prussians threaten great Matters, to which the Passage of the Elbe was only a Prologue. Several Skirmishes have happened both in Bohemia, and Silesia, and in these Victories has frequently changed her Side. But these are made light of in the News from Berlin, in comparison of the important Blow that is soon to be struck. All we can venture to say from these Parts at present is, that the Insurgents do not yet seem to have mended their Affairs in Silesia, nor the Prussians theirs in Bohemia.

The main Armies upon the Rhine continue much in the same Situation, altho' some have said otherwise; but their Detachments have advanced higher up that River. The Prince of Conti has sent off 10,000 Men, to secure the Lines of Lauterburg; and the Austrian Light Troops have advanced on the other Side, to observe what passes. A French Party, which some Accounts make only 4 or 5000 Men, and others increase to 8000, crossed the Rhine upon a Bridge they have at Hardt, above Germersheim, in order to surp the same advanced Posts of the allied Army: But being discovered by General Trups, whom they saw on the March towards them, it is said they about proper course.