

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, July 28, 1747.

To the Publisher of the MARYLAND GAZETTE.

S I R,

THE Inspection Law is at last brought to a happy Conclusion, I take this Opportunity to congratulate the Province upon it; not in the least doubting, but that those who have been assiduous in promoting it, will, in a very short Time, be justly esteem'd THE DELIVERERS OF THEIR COUNTRY. Seeing this Affair, however, was not only agreeable to the Bulk of the People, but likewise to the Government; the Favourers of it ought to be carefully distinguish'd; and if there are any of them who have given evident Marks of other *so did Views*, and, under Pretext of writing for it, advanced Things of a pernicious Tendency, I hope the most sanguine for the Law, will not judge the single Merit of being for it a sufficient Reason for letting such pass without Observation. Among the various Speculations in your late Papers, there is one, I think, deserves particular Notice. It is that Letter which the remarkable Modesty of the Author address'd to the Representatives of the Freemen of the Province of MARYLAND. The People of Maryland are certainly Freemen at present, but were the magisterial Precepts, laid down in that Piece, pursued, one may venture to affirm they could not long continue so. The Sum of them is this, — *You may very safely trust the Government, and rely upon the Assurances given, that whatever Power is intrusted in their Hands, will be exercised for the Benefit of the Country.* It is judiciously added, and then you will act the Part of true Patriots. I believe every one is convinc'd, that when this Author pretended Patriotism, he only acted a Part, and perform'd it but very clumsily. — The Arguments used to enforce this Doctrine are as *sophistical and senseless*, as the Doctrine itself is *ruinous and destructive*. The principal of them are to this Purpose: *There cannot be a good Government without good Officers; and good Officers must have good FEES; for good Fees will preserve their Virtue, by which Means they will be restrain'd by a Sense of HONOUR and SHAME, from pursuing any vile Practices.* This being the Reasoning, and that the Doctrine, contained in that labour'd Performance, as must be evident to every Man that reads it with Attention, it would in my opinion be affronting the Common Sense of the Country, and doing the *Sycophant Author* too much Honour to blot Paper in expelling it. — Let the Virtue of the present Administration be what it will, yet, as *Slaves* does not consist in the Number of Stripes given; but in the Power to give them at Pleasure, it is the Duty of every true Friend to Liberty to oppose every Measure which may, in any Degree, put the Happiness and Welfare of the People upon the precarious Foundation of the Honour and Virtue of Officers. — In this I am certain they will act agreeable to the Opinion of all those Philosophers who have seen the farthest into human Nature. Thus much was thought necessary to be said as to the Reasoning Part; but as the Performances of this Writer are generally more the Subject of Ridicule, than of serious Argumentation, I leave his Ill-manners and Absurdities to be chastised by the following Piece, which you'll please to give a Place in your Gazette, and oblige,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

TOWN SIDE.

TEAGUE turn'd Planter.

MY Honey dear, now by my Shoul, (excuse familiar Banter) it was a wild Conceit you took, to write, and sign — *A Planter*. Too true it is, subscribing plain, wou'd been a sad Betraying; But then, alas! a Lion's skin will ne'er conceal a Braying. When on a Time you advertis'd a Monthly Magazine, and wou'd have had it open Light to let your Name be seen;

St. Patrick's Wrath was kindled high, and order'd you Chastisement,
He sent a Wit, to prove by Bulls, 'twas Teague's own Advertisement.

The Proof was clear; but some alledg'd, you ne'er so much wou'd blunder'd,

Had those wrote Advertisements, from whom you always plunder'd:

For then you might have borrow'd some few Sentences of Locke's;

To mitigate the Nonsense, that came from your own Block.

But having no Director, Dame Nature took her Course,
From Bull to Bull you blunder'd on, just like a founder'd Horse.

For a long Season this did prove a sad bleeding Stroke,
'Til now again, in the old Strain, you have that Silence broke.

In vain you strive Concealment — avant all Cheat and Roguing,
We know you, dress which Way you will — we know you by your Broguing.

You say, when Staple bore a Price, then you found Time to read;

But now you have no Leisure from making it with Speed:

For why, 'tis sunk into Contempt — the Reasoning is bright;
Because in Things contemptible you always took Delight.

Yet Beer is not contemptible, they say you love Strong Beer;
But by the working in your Head, I doubt it is not clear.

Foam high, ye frothy Fumes of Yiff; inspire this Lump of Lead,

That something worth a Tun of Beer may grace his muddled Head.

While others from Experience in Trade their Reasons draw,
'Tis yours, of all such Reasoning, O Teague, to show the Flaw.

For tho' without Experience all schemes of Trade are vain,
Yet you can make Improvements from Whims in your own Brain.

Experimental Skill in Trade you modestly decline;
Yet had not others handld this, you say 'twas your Design.

Now should the Factor spy the Bull, how could you ward the Blow?

For how the Devil — I could you write the Things you did not know?

The worthy House of Burgesses have listned to your Lecture,
And think you have outbluster'd far the Eastern Shore Factor.

But do not find the Government has had Abuse 'till so gross,
Because in your own Magazine they're treated ten times worse.

They think it strange Assurance when to that House you write,
To call a Thing a gross Abuse, which claims the People's Right;

A Right asserted warmly by all that e'er sat there,
You tell them is a gross Abuse — Ah by my Shoul that's rare.

As Spaniel, when besmeat'd with Mud by hunting of his Prey,
Jumps, and bedaub's his Master, should he but cry — *Poor Tray*;

So smite but on a Sycophant, he'll plange thro' thick and thin,
To prove all Courtiers upright Men, and Opposition Sin.

I'll tell you now, my Honey dear, without one Word of Flattery,

You'll bull and blunder on 'til Death, and never change your Batt'ry.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

* This Advertisement was published in the *Pbiladelphia Paers*, in the Year 1740-1. It contained a String of Bulls from one End to the other; and was extremely well burlesqu'd in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, under the Title of *Teague's Advertisement*: so that we do not claim the Honour of churlishing this Author.

** He has Mr Locke continually in his Mouth, prostituting that sacred Name upon all Occasions, to patronize his own wrong headed Notions. Any thing like Common Sense you meet