

M A R Y L A N D G A Z E T T E,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, February 24, 1748.

Reddē facta referat; orientia tempora notis
Instruct: exemplis —

HOR. Epist. ad AUGUST.

Mr. GREEN,

THE above Citation is Part of Horace's Apology to Augustus for the Poets; where he takes an opportunity to praise the Emperor, by enumerating particulars, the many signal Advantages that accrue to a Commonwealth having good Poets among them, who discharge their Duty faithfully and boldly. Whither the following Epistle be, any ways, agreeable to what is said of such an one in the Motto, must be left to the Judgment of every judicious and impartial Reader.

It is pretty much the same in Satire, as in Surgery, the design of both is to amend; but foul and deep Sores must be probd to the Quick; and where there is much spungy and proud Flesh, or where the Parts are grown hard and insensible, there is a necessity for using sharp Medicaments. It is right, however, to begin with the milder sort, and not, unless these fail in having the desired effect, to have Recourse to the more painful and severe Applications. For this Reason, I chuse to be particular only in Characters of true Desert, or at least with very few Blamishes. But it is not intend'd by this, to exclude any vain offe'd Coxcomb; conceits Dunces; or political Knave, from clapping the Fool's Cap on his own Head, whenever he thinks it suit him.

If the Piece tends, in any Measure to correct the Follies ridicul'd, or to promote the Design of establishing better Opportunities for Education in the County, from which the general Degradation proceeds, the Author will think himself well rewarded.

I am Yours, &c.

PHILO-MUSZUS.

EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

WELL sung the Bard, to Critics, Wits, and Beauts,
"One Fool in Verse, makes many more in Prose."

Now shou'd the Case prove mine, among many others,
It will be rare Amusement for my Brothers.
I think the Time well spent, and can't begrudge
To pay the Fool, and write, that they may judge.
Let us see some vain fantastick Prig,
Seize the Paper, then—set right his Wig.
It up with empty Self, and Fools Applause,
He rants it o'er; and damns it Clause by Clause:
I pause here—"Who does the Blockhead mean?
Confounds the Nonsense;—damn the Printer's Gr—n."
Calm, sweet Sir, the Squire's not a you;
You rob your brother Coxcombs of their due.
Another cries, "By that sarcastic Rub,
He means the Fellows of the Loyal Club."
The Justice swears, 'tis neither Rhimé nor Reason;
And from a scatchman, might be construed Treason.

WHAT, to excuse such Follies, shall we say?
The Country's young, and Fools will oft bear Sway.
Those that at Bar, who scarce can draw Petitions;
And Quacks Apprentices, are dubb'd Physicians.
The meanest Wretch that trusts a Friend at Court,
Seeks in the Church to find—a last resort;
Which we challenge Europe's utmost Lines
To boast such Doctors, Lawyers, and Divines.
From each Class, we must except a few,
Whom 'd in their Functions—All good men and true.

† The healing Art, two H—M—L—N—S can boast,
Excell'd by none, equall'd by few at most.
The Elder shines in Goodness as in Skill;
The Younger—what? O—he has wit at Will.
† On J—K—O's Art the Miser may depend;
True to his Trust, and constant to his Friend.
Strong natural Parts, first made D—L—N—Y wife;
Social and free; at Bar, in Council wife.
Truth sweetly flows from graceful D—N—L's Tongue,
Like Music's Charms on many Changes rung.
Impetuous B—R—D—Y, for his Country bold,
Pours like a Tide, as Tully did of old.
C—L—D—R's unshaken Faith, shall meet Applause,
While Zeal remains for Liberty and Laws.
|| To Learning, G—R—D—N has a just Pretence,
And none deny to AD—S—N found Sense.
A blameless Conduct, EV—R—S—L—D is thing,
Cast but a Veil o'er * Fun'ral Rights divine.
In sober Reason H—N—D—R—S—N excels.
With L—N—G a prudent Wisdom ever dwells.
ST—R—L—N—G's bright Parts, are fair, without a Blot;
But hold, my Muse—, his Foibles be forgot.
More might be nam'd, let these suffice to show,
I mean to make no worhy Man my Foe.
The rest may storm and rage, it hurts not me;
'Tis all but Wind and Blaft—let f— go free.

FROM whence, my Friend, does these Confusions flow?
Whence every Science thus degraded low?
From whence does tyrant Ignorance prevail,
And like a Deluge cover Hill and Vale?
From one dire Cause, the fatal Mischief spreads,
And pours incessant Madness on our Heads.
For want of duly regulated Schools,
Our brightest Youth become but porter Fools.
Hence every spurious Taste, and vain Pretence;
Hence solid Merit yields to impudence;
The honest Patriot, to those crafty Knaves
Who gain their Country's Trust—to sell us Slaves.
Learning and Arts in vain their Charms display;
The vile Impostor bears the Praise away;
And each conceited Pop may chuse to think
As Doctor, Lawyer, or as grave Divine.
Or if the Fancy leads to higher Sport,
Turn Politician, and set up at Court.
Come Wisdom, come! dispel these Clouds of Night,
And o'er the Province spread thy glorious Light.
Let Colleges arise at thy Command;
And send thy wise Instructors through the Land,
To sow the Seeds of Reason, and of Truth;
To form for Virtue, every tender Youth.
So shall they learn destructive Vice to shun;
By which such Numbers daily are undone.
So shall they mark fresh Follies as they rise,
Revere the Good and Just, the Learn'd and Wise,
And every vain and empty thing despise.

Who sees a Son of so much Worth possess'd,
Feels inward Raptures not to be express'd.
Two Numbers boast, yet few attain this Bliss,
For partial Nature sees not what's amiss.
The Crow (it's said) is ravish'd with Delight,
To view her dusky young—and thinks them white.

† Physicians. † Lawyers. || Divines. * This Gentleman stands charg'd with having been guilty of gross Atakassio to the Dead, in Funeral Sermons. He is likewise an orderly Man, and minds the Duties of his Function.

* Pope's Essay on Criticism.