

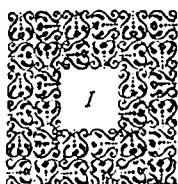
T H E No. 160.
MARYLAND GAZETTE,
Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, May 18, 1748.

To Mr. GREEN, at Annapolis.

S I R,

Kent County, April 29. 1748.



N Compliance with the Request you made to me at the beginning of this Week, I have sent to you, by the first Opportunity, an Epithalamium on the late Marriage of the Honourable BENEDICT CALVERT, Esq; with the agreeable young Lady, of your City, his Kinswoman.

As I aim'd at some Accuracy in the Versification, as well as Delicacy in the Sentiments; I expect from you an equal Care in the Correction of your Press; since the least Error, in Performances of this Kind, may not only mar the Harmony of the Numbers, but perplex and obscure the Sense.

It is an establish'd Rule among the best Critics, that in Complementary, as well as Satirical, Compositions, the Introduction of figurative Personages, and the Realizing of ideal Being, is the best Method of happily succeeding in both; where there is ample Scope for a bold Fancy, under the Disguise of a cool Judgment. The Images, thus convey'd, are the fullest, strongest, and newest of all Others; and as the Painting, if executed by a Master-Hand, is lively and glowing; so it expresses more in a single Word, than the best naked Description can do in several Lines.

Neither my Time nor Inclination will permit me to add any tedious Annotations, explanatory of the ancient Mythology; since such would be impertinent to People of Taste, and of little Use to those who have none.

I am, Your's, &c.

AN EPITHALAMIUM, &c.

OW while the Sun revolving seeks each sense
 With all the Pride, that vernal Blooms dispense:
 While Joys luxuriant the blest Season yields;
 Embalming the rich Sky from wanton Fields;
 While genial Warmth conspires, with fresh'ning
 Show'rs,

To paint th' enamel'd Mead with breathing Flow'rs:
 While feather'd Warblers charm th' enchanted Grove;
 And the reviv'd Creatrix wakes to Love.
 CLON, a Youth, with genuin Merit blest;
 Unconscious of the Virtues he possess'd:
 With native Truth; such as adorn'd the Mind,
 Ere guilty Courts degraded half Mankind:
 CLON, inamor'd of a blooming Fair,
 Near Severn's silver Streams address'd his Pray'r:
 In humid Fires his Heav'n-raisd Eye-balls rowl;
 While all ELIZA'S Image seiz'd his Soul.

Thy faithful Vet'ry hear, O Queen; (he said)
 Bright Juno, Regent of the nuptial Bed!
 So to these Arms may thy celestial Aid,
 To these fond Arms, consign this lovely Maid;
 As my Breast burns with Passion, void of Art;
 And as no venal View pollutes my Heart!

Mark her, unpractis'd in the female Wiles;
 How Innocence inthron'd directs her Smiles!
 Behold, what lambent Radiance points her Eyes!
 Set, from her Waist what gradual Wonders rise!
 Whence is that nameless Air, which Words must wrong?
 Why flows Perfum'd from that artless Tongue?

Ah! grant me quick, Connubial Pow'r, t' enjoy
 That Glimpse of your own Heav'n, which ne'er shall cloy;
 While Constancy from gen'rous Motives springs;
 And Duty lends chaste Inclination Wings!
 Propitious, smile on thy own sacred Rites;
 Peace crown our Days, and Ecstasy our Nights!
 With equal Fires her melting Senses warm;
 Whose Mind's responsive to her beauteous Form!
 Let Mind and Form, with social Grace, impart
 Bliss to my Soul, and Rapture to my Heart!
 At once the two fold Paradijs to give,
 Which Christians and Mahometans believe!
 The trembling Victim to Love's Altar bring,
 Blushing, like Morn, and fragrant as the Spring!

'Twas thus, on Ida's Top, with all your Charms,
 Goddess, you languish'd in your Ioud'rer's Arms:
 While voluntary Roses deck'd the Ground;
 And Nature teem'd with op'ning Sweets around!

Auspicious Juno heard; and thus rep'y'd.
 Hail, happy Youth! Yours is the promis'd Bride!
 Jove gives th' Assent; nor longer shall you wait:
 His Nod has shook the Skies, and made it Fate.
 This Day, to speed your Nuptials be my Care:
 And Night devotes you to the willing Fair!

Not my young Pelus' Marriage-Feast, of Yore,
 Tho' grac'd by Heav'n's bright Court was honor'd more;
 Than yours shall be. When Thetis, the Divine,
 Match'd with th' heroic Boy of mortal Line:
 When all the Gods, descending from on High,
 Left vacant for a Day th' ethereal Sky.

His Torch exulting Hymen shall prepare;
 Cupid, officious, wait with jocund Air:
 Her potent Cestus (1) Beauty's Goddess lend;
 To raise the Charms of Mistress, Wife and Friend:
 By my own Hand the white-robd Maid be led;
 And all the Virtues consecrate her-Bed!

As Pebia (2) was, Annapolis shall be,
 The Scene of Wit Divine, and heav'nly Glee:
 The Buffoon, Momus, shall not here intrude;
 And Discord (3), as before, we'll hence-exclude:
 With the sot, Bacchus; heaflly to behold:
 And fretful Saturn, impotent and old:
 Lewd Satyr, with their goatish King, (4) unclean:
 And He, (5) the Shame of Gardens, God obscene!

But, in their Read, shall come, in glowing Pride,
 Flora; and Hebe, (6) with her Zone fast'ry'd:
 Kind Comus, God of hospitable Cheer:
 And Ceres, promising the golden (7) Ear:
 The Huntress-Queen, (8) with Quiver, shoulder-hung;
 Buskin'd; with stole succinct; but Bow anstrung:

See the Iliad.

(1) The celebrated Girdle of Venus.

(2) The Capital of ancient Thessaly, where Pelus reign'd.

(3) Who in Revenge for her Extrusion is feign'd to have thrown in the Apple of Contention, which occasion'd the Rivalship of the three chief Goddesses, and the famous Judgment of Paris.

(4) Pan.

(5) Whose Name ought not in Decency to be mention'd.

(6) The Goddess of Youth, who once making an unlucky Slip, and dropping her Garments, expos'd some Charms she wish'd to conceal.

(7) Corn being now in the Blade.

(8) Diana.