

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, June 29, 1748.

All human Race would fain be Wits;
But Millions wish for one that hits.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three Poets in an Age, at most?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A Sprig of Bays in fifty Years:
While ev'ry Foot his Claims alleges,
As if it grew on common Hedges.

Dr. SWIFT'S Poetry: A Rapsody.

Mr. Green,

HE other Night, looking over a Bundle of your News-Papers, to which I often have recourse when fatiated with more serious and solid Compositions, after I had perused several Poems and Essays with which you have obliged the Public, I came at last to a long-winded Paper, wrote by a Native of Maryland; the tedious Prolivity of which lulled me asleep in my elbow Chair, before I had half run over that important and ponderous Performance. So soon as the drowsy god had clapt his leaden Cap over my Temples, I was carried into the Region of Fictions, and dreamed such a comical Dream, that I cannot help relating it to you; and if you think it worth While, you may communicate it to the Public.

I found myself in a spacious Hall, where were assembled several strange Persons, who, by their Gesture and Discourse, appeared to be Poets, Politicians, and Philosophers: Some wicic, some disputed, others repeated Verses upon various Subjects, and many dispatched certain Paquets, which all seemed directed to you. While I admired this strange Medley, and was at a Loss what to make of it, you enter'd the Hall: Immediately I made up to you, bluntly asking, who these odd Fellows were, and what they were about? I am not surprized, you replied, that you do not know them; for I cannot say any of them are the Minions of Fame, tho' they aim at being thought so with all their Might: In short, they are my Authors, who oblige me with their Compositions in Prose and Verse, to fill up a Gap in my Gazette, in a Scarcity of News. There seems to be a Multitude of them, said I; to take Notice of every particular would be tiresome, but pray be so kind as to make me better acquainted with some of the most remarkable of them, whom I shall pitch upon. With all my Heart, said you. So, having prepared a small Nipperkin of Punch, we took our Seat at one End of the Hall, and as we handed the Bowl to and again, I made my Questions, which you civilly answered.

Who is that queer Fellow, stuck up in yonder dark Corner, or Nitch?—Strange! how could this Figure strike you first? I thought this Original had been forgot, and his Corner so obscure that none could discern him. His Name suits his Place; 'tis one Mr. Q in the Corner, a paltry Linguist and pitiful Logician: I durst publish but one Specimen of his Wit; for it was so universally laugh'd at, that I chose not to risk the Character of my Paper by putting out any more of his Stuff. That grotesque Figures, who smiles so sarcastically upon him, is his Cousin P on a Pinnacle. However, since it has been the Fate of many better Authors to die as soon as born, from which sudden Exit, I fear, few of my Authors are exempted.—here's to their good Rest; with all my Heart.

Pledge you, Jonas, said I.
That old Gentleman, who smokes his Pipe by the Window, neckins, has a Steadiness in his Countenance, common to the Herd of Authors: If I understand Physiognomy, there is Honesty and Ingenuity in his Frontisime.—That's Mr. A B, the generous Advocate for our Inspection Law, who foil'd Mr. Q in his Corner, Mr. Q B, and all the Quibblers in the Opposition: There he dis bagging himself upon his Victory.—He has done well, said I, in serving his Country with such a true and commendable Zeal; and I think, Jonas, he is the only one among your Authors who deserves to live: But he is too good for this Group, for had he not been here, I should never have

suspected him for one of your Authors, either in Prose or in Verse; his Countenance wearing more Solidity and Composure than is common to that Class of Men.—Here's to you, Jonas, —Thank you, Friend.

While we thus talked, a tall raw-boned Person hastily pass'd by us in a furious Manner, expanding his Arms, and stamping with his Foot.—“Ha, ye Gods! ye immortal Essences! What a noble Conception was there! Stop, stop the gaudy “fugitive Thought, lest it outfly my Pegasus!”—Is this Person, said I, a Pindaric Poet, or a religious Zealot? Methinks his Behaviour somewhat resembles Madness.—That there Gentleman, Sir, is the first Rate Poet in our Province; a most thundering and verbose Son of the Nine Muses; he has a Fancy like Lightning; and not only in his Compositions, but in his common Discourse, he darts out Notions and Conceptions which no Mortal but himself ever thought of. He deals much in ideal Blings, figurative Personages, and antient Pagan Mythology; and is desirous to be understood by none but People of Taste.—But his must be a strange Taste, said I, which makes the relishing of what is romantic and obscure to almost all your Readers, an essential Criterion of Taste.—Why the Gentleman himself is romantic in most Things he does or says; tho' it must be ow'd, abstracting from this strange volatile Humour, he has a good Measure of Sense and Learning.—I'm sorry to find him then in the Company of these Pops: But here's to his good Success, and may he be crowned Poet Laureat of Maryland.—I'll pledge you there; for he is one of my prime Authors, and I wish he would write oftner.

That old Gentleman, with the Spectacles on his Nose, looks like an Author of Quality and Distinction.—You have guess'd right; he transcends the common Class of Authors, not in Wit and Accuracy of Style (for many of my own Authors excel him in both), but in Honour and Title.—If he be not one of your Authors, pray what Business has he here?—He is not here in Person; but in Effigie; for I borrowed a Performance of his from a Brother Gazette-Publisher: 'Tis a Speech (for he is a notable Speech-maker) upon the dreadful Fire that consumed the Capitol of our neighbour Province; which coming into the Hands of a certain Northern Bard, Red Tye by Name, he did him the Honour to paraphrase it into long Lambs, and to metamorphos'd his lame Prose into babbling Verse.—The Gentleman seems to have weak Eyes.—Right: His Eyes are so weak that he cannot bear the New Light, and was therefore so incens'd against Wh—s—d, and his Brethren Lanthorn-Carriers, that he paid them off in a most unparallel'd and inimitable Speech.

Pray who is that young dapper Gentleman, so particularly precise and affected in his Carriage, to seemingly pointed, exact and prolix in his Discourse; who seems to dictate to all round him, talks much of Mr. Popr, and often quotes Horace? I am much mistaken if he also is not a Poet.—You're right; this Gentleman has a large Share in my Paper, and sets up for a delicate Taste in Poetry: As to his Abilities that Way, I am not learned enough to judge; yet those who set up for Men of Taste and Literature, in this our Wood-land Country, affirm that he is no great Proficient in it: However, about this, Doctors differ. His Name is Philo-Museus, sometimes Philo-Musus; he is Author of several Pieces, some in the Ode Way, or as others chuse to call it, in the Odd Way.—You'll never forbear punning, Friend Jonas —which relish a little of Sternhold and Hopkins; tho' some Judges say, that there is a little Fire mixt with his Phlegm. As to his poetical Pieces, among others, is An Ode upon the taking of Cape Breton, wrote in English Sapphics; Verses occasion'd by Colley Cibber's Epitaph on Mr. Pope, where is contain'd a just Panegyric upon Colley, that illustrious Laureat; and a Satyrical Epistle to his Friend; these two last in Heroics: And one Piece in Doggrel, upon poor Teague, the Author of the Abolishment; where he quits the romantic Name of Philo-Museus, and becomes Mr. Town Side. You see Teague, there frowning upon him, with his