

THE
MARYLAND GAZETTE

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Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, January 16, 1751.

WE hope our Readers will not be displeas'd with the following mournful Lines, compos'd last Night in the ancient TUESDAY CLUB in this City, bewailing the present lamentable Indisposition of their worthy PRESIDENT.

LUGUBRIS CANTUS.

In Imitation of Spencer, Author of the *Fairy Quilt*.

HE Members of the ancient TUESDAY CLUB,
Sat nodding o'er their Pipes, in pensive mood,
Whiles' at each Whiff a heavy sigh and sob
Burst forth, and eke, of briny Tears a flood.
The Chair bereft of COLZ, deserted stood;
Bereft of COLZ, the Club's main prop and stay:
For why? in COLZ is center'd all their Good:
And not a Sound was heard but 'lake and 'wail a Day!

The Deputy, with Phyz demure and sad,
And Groans repeated, eyed the Members round;
The Champion lost his Courage fierce and Drad,
And the Musician his melodious Sound.
Each countenance sad was fix'd on the Ground,
And sullen Silence spread her influence,
As if the Club had got a mortal Wound;
Depriv'd of COLZ I ween, their Safeguard and Defence.

The GENIUS of the CLUB, beheld from high,
In what dire dumps the Members sunken were,
She from Olympus' top Straitway did fly,
And like a Ghost in midst of them appear:
She ask'd of them the Cause of all their Care.
"What dismal hap, my Sons, has you betid'n?
"Compoise yourselves, forbear to gape and stare;
"Your pitcous Cafe I hope's not des'p'rate, past abiding.
"If my Celestial Pow'r can you relieve,
"On that Support you safely may rely;
"Forbear, my Sons, forbear to sigh and grieve."
—*Al! grieve we must, said they, if COLZ should Die!*—
"Woe's me! (then dith'd) adonith'd Genius cry)
"If COLZ should Die, your Glory's at an End:
"But Courage, I'll back to Olympus fly,
"And urge almighty Jove the Intake stroke to send.

"My earnest Pray'rs, perhaps, the hand of Jove
"May stay, and eke avert the destin'd blow,
"—But first, to show my heartiness and Love,
"My Sons, I'll tast your Pain; before I go,
"Long then may mighty Jove his Visage show
"In that exalted noble Chair of State,
"And may he Rule a Thousand Years and more!
"This ancient TUESDAY CLUB; ere he submits to fate."

She spoke, and fled; the Members all uprous'd,
With new-born Joy each Comedance was crown'd:
Her kindly Words new Courage soon infus'd,
And with a smile the sparkling Bowl went round.
The Hail re-echo'd with a joyful sound,
And every Lip dip't deep into the Bowl;
That soon all Grief in jovial Mirth was drown'd,
And all the jolly Song was, *Long Live Noble COLZ.*

From a late LONDON GAZETTEER, 1750.

S I R,

PERUSING some of the Magazines, I observed a Set of Speeches spoke, as supposed to be spoke on certain public Occasions; which, as I did not readily comprehend the View of the Author, I was naturally led into an Inquiry concerning them, and have had the good Luck to be informed, that such Things are much read and considered amongst a certain Set of Men in the City of London, and other Towns and Corporations, as it intrusts the Magistracy, or those who intend to rise to it, in the Art of Eloquence. I have indeed often wondered to hear some Men of no great Parts shine in this Way, and with great Spirit and Address keep up the Ball, and talk half an Hour upon a Subject, that in the Laconic Way might very well have been deliver'd in six well-digested Sentences.

But it seems, that the Pride of Oratory has extended itself not only over this Nation in particular, but has, if I may so express myself, infected all our Plantations, where it is said, that our Speeches in Parliament, are a very good Commodity to trade in, because from them, as in a new Athenian Academy, every Man who will apply himself closely, and speak with Temper and Deliberation, may readily become an Orator; and as one Man has, or supposes himself to have, as good Talents as another, so every one purchases these Pieces of Eloquence to instruct him in the prevailing Art.

I am told, I know not how truly; that this is become so much a Fashion in America, that Infants are trained up to it from their Cradles, and are taught by their Mothers to lip the Learning of a British Parliament as soon as they can well speak: From this great and laudable Part of Education great Matters are expected in the Event, and more than one Mother has the best Reasons to hope, that from them will one Day spring another Roman Cicero, or another Grecian Demosthenes, that is to say, Men as greatly valued, and as happily endowed, as either of them. However, I cannot help thinking, but that this extraordinary growing Emulation in America is a kind of waging War, with the City Orators. But, I shall only consider further, for what Reason it is, that Men affect Verbosity, or the Multiplication of Words, when they might deliver themselves more to the purpose by a cool and temperate Brevity: This seems to me either to result from a Vanity of hearing themselves talk, a Design to amuse or perplex their Auditors, or that their Ideas of the Subject are so separated and dispersed, that it requires a long Space of Time to get them together, and range them in Battle-Array, prepared for a loquacious Combat. This last may account for a Course of tedious Intervals, where the Point in Debate has not Share, and may sometimes discover the Person who intends to reply, by filling his Head with Matter, nothing to the Purpose, and thereby gratifying all that is essential. As this may prove Master of Triumph, so it feeds the Vanity of the Orator, who, finding himself too powerful for his Adversary, to gain that End, makes no Scruple of talking himself out of Breath, and then sits down crowned with Applause.

I could give several Instances of our City Orators, who make no mean Figure in the dusty stile; but my Business is to silence them for a while, that they may attend to the Dictates of one, who has more than once shone in Public, without presuming to wander from his Subject, or in any Respect to cheat or amuse his Audience; this is the celebrated Mr. JACOB LEE, the Soul of Orators, and the Prince of Printers, who being thoroughly sensible of the great Advantages flowing from his Art; has given it, as the Reader will see below.
