HE following Piece, occasion'd by the setting up a Printing-Press in Williamsburg, justly claims a Title to some Share of your Protection, as the Subject-Matter of it, the Art of PRINTING, owes to You its Patronage and Encouragement; whence, by a natural Deduction, this ought as necessarily to follow the Fate and Fortune of that, as Effects do their Causes.

If upon the Prospect of a great many Advantages beyond-peradventure likely to accrue to this Colony, from an Art so long wanting among us, I have not been able to restrain my own Inclinations to write the ensuing Tract, (the first Essay of this Kind attempted here,) I hope this at least will make it the less ineffectual, that I have laid nothing herein, which, I am confident, will not be readily affected to, by all who have the Happiness to live under the present Administration, in this Colony: Unless, perhaps, this Exception be taken, that where a disinterested and unprejudice'd PATRIOTISM,
DEDICATION

(for I will not be ashamed of the Word) of a Governor to his People, and a reciprocal Affection and Obedience of them to Him is to be describ'd, the Author of this Piece may have required a Scale of Thought and Comprehension equal to the Height of the Merits of the One, or the soulful Duty of the other; and that on such a Subject it were better to be silent, than to say too little. I must confess there is some Weight in the Argument; but I seek not to palliate my Imperfections of that Nature, lest I should be answer'd with the same sarcastic Question as Ammianus, a Roman Author, was by Cato, on the same Occasion, Whether any one hath compelled me to write?

But, to obviate this Objection, I would only have Recourse to the Sense of this whole Colony, so often and so heartily expected in their several Addresses; which I hope will freely meet me to the Moderation of O N E, whose Judgment, thou' it must confute the Weakness, whose Modesty, thou' it must tax the Boldness, yet His Cander will excute the Endeavours of so humble a Talent as mine, who could propose no other to myself by this present Undertaking, than to manifest with what Sincerity of Obsevance and Respect to be thought,

SIR,

Your Honour's,

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. MARKLAND.
(6)

Whether on Pindus' lofty Top you play,
Or, with Heav'n-kindled Fire,
Memoru Notes inspire,
And forge another Jove's fatal Day;
Or, in the Elysian Plain
You sing the Victor's glorious Deeds,
Where Pindar labored his fiery-footed Steed,
His fire-lit Steel's impatient of the Rain.

II.
Or if your more exalted Will
To those sweet Seats of blissful Quiet leads,
Where gentle C. A. M. the flow'ry Meal,
With genial Malice overflowing,
Or, where the Silver Isis, smooth and still,
Doth, like a fruitful Bride,
Into the Arms of amorous FLAME
Without a Murmur glide:
Hence ADDISON, the Briti'sh Maje, ride,
Thence DRYDEN soar'd the highest Pitch of Fame:
Leave, leave awhile those blest Abodes,
To view a new-arising Land,
A Land, where gentle Plains,
And peaceful shady Woods,
May well demand

(7)

Your sweetest Notes, and lofty Strains,
Where, with supreme Command, your own AUGUSTUS reigns,

III.

AUGUSTUS reigns;
His far-extended Swell,
Not Length of boundless Land restrains,
Nor separating Sea,
But oh! much more extended is the Pow'r,
Than o'er the Length of boundless Land,
Or o'er the Sea's remotest Strand,
Where Goodness and paternal Care
The Sovereign's native Vertues are,
And Subjects Hearts with Loyalty run o'er:
Where envious Thoughts abortive die,
Nor Malice's woe her lowering Eye,
Where, with contending Zeal,
The Prince and People thrive,
The Prince to make his People thrive,
Their Grievances to heal;
And all their good and adverse Fortune shares;
They, in Return to Him,
Pay mutual Reverence and Esteem,
And all his Pow'r, his Honour, Happineis, is their.

IV. Such
IV.

Such BRITAIN is,—"Oh happy envy'd Isle,
"Sea-wall'd Commander of EUROPA's Trade,
(Mournful VIRGINIA, sighing said)
"Plac'd in thy Sovereign's Smile,
"Whose Presence, like th' enliv'ning Sun,
"Who, where his genial Rays appear,
"Productive of a fruitful Year.
"The lab'ring Hind's most grealy Hopes does blest
"Does a diffusive Courtic of Goodness run,
"And ripens all thy Hopes into Success.
"While I— and yet thy eldhest Fore— care—
"Am numb'd with Winters cold and bare,
"And toil'some Summers fruitless Harvets share.
"O happy were my Lot,
"Would that kind Sun dispense
"On me a nearer Ray of his mild Influence!
"I see his Light, I guess his Warmth,— I feel it not.

V.

She said, she sigh'd,—AUGUSTUS heard;
And straight, with willing Mind,
For her Relief prepar'd;

Her

(9)

Her Sufferings to remove;
He knew the MAN desig'n'd
To be VIRGINIA's future Boast and I we;
He knew His native Vertue and His Worth;
Not long He staid,
But all Things ready made,
With eager Haste He sent Him forth.

VI.

He came, He saw, and was belov'd;
Like Lightning, quick, but strong,
An universal Gladness mov'd
Throughout th' admiring Throng.
No sooner was He seen;
His calm, yet awful Look,
Majestic, yet serene,
The very Pow'r of Prejudice remov'd,
And ev'n His Silence spoke.

But when His graceful Tongue,
Copious of Reason, did display
To Happiness, our nearest, surest Way,
Ev'n Party-Rancour dy'd away,
And private Spleen,

C

We
(10)

We found whence Britain is so blest.
Which had so much our Father bore,
We found -- and grief, we found it no. before --
We found, that when by Love and Peace,
A Prince has filled his Throne
In every Subject's Heart becalm,

Now wonder Factions end, and Murmurs cease:
Since now, what GEORGE is there, GOOD here has ended.

VII.

Great REPRESENTATIVE:
What thanks shall we return, What Honours Ever To whom our Style does its King owe,
By whom our Hope revive;
By whom all arts receiving live.

That erst like drooping Plants had drop'd their Head,
And once again, with native Vigour throve:
From whom VIRGINIA's Laws, that lay
In blotted Manuscripts obscure'd,

By vulgar Foes untold,
Which while my glass the Light endird,
Begin to view again the Way,
As rising from the Dead,
For this the careful Artist wakes,
And o'er his countless Breech he stands.
Of speechless Letters, unform’d Words,
Injuncted Questions, and annoyning Breaks,
Which, into Order tie, and Form, at his Commands.

VIII.
At his Commands they tie,
And cloth themselves with Shew,
Whether an ancient Law that dormant lies—
The Sage judicious FIER reviles,
Great is your Care, your Pains be blest,
In all you undertake or do,
Ye Separated Poets,
Cut from Gains of the soil,
Or where the newer Acts commence,
Or where, on jocund Subjects to enlarge,
In more harmonious Words they shine;
New Beauties crowning every Line.
Come forth their Patron’s CHARGE.
There, PARMEN, thy Pains are lost—We find
The Eloquence employs the Mind,
The Artificer lags behind.
His laboring Thoughts, with Wilding temes,
And struggle with the mighty Birth.
(12)

Thy Art does like Lucina seem,
And only helps to send t.  at Embrio forth.

Yet fair befall His Fame,
And may his Memory long
In latest Annals live,
Who first contriv'd the zoological Frame.
That to dead Types supply'd a Tongue,
And Speech to lifeless Characters could give.
O, well was he employ'd the while;
And happy was the venturous Toil,
His Breast had compass'd some great Thought.
The fumblest yet, and void,
His busy Faculties were all employ'd,
How future Ages might be taught,
By old Examples, long since done,
What Paths to follow, what to shun,
How Vertue ev'n in Death befriends,
And how Ambition ends.
How Socrates instructed, Caesar fought,
Long Time, his swelling Breath
The great Idea had oppress'd,
Till, free'd at Length, he in a Rapture bid,
Come up a glorious, great Design.—And so it did.

X.

With less Expense of Care and Thought
Did th' ancient Sage furnish
The Frame, (thus Epicurus taught)
And Order of the Earth to life;
And first he told the Dance
Of Atoms through th' expanded Space,
With Accidents end'd,
Of Figure, Gravity, and Magnitude;
By whose Colossus left,
As each to other did advance,
The homogeneous Parts ally'd,
Were in the nearest Circles ty'd,
And Matter hence on
Directed thence by lightest Chance,
The jumbled Mote fortuitous was hurl'd,
Where Hap a beauteous Fabric did compose,
And made an accidental World.

XI.

Thus sung Neander unenlighten'd Son,
When Nature, not improv'd by Grace,
But dimly on her Features shone,
And half conceal'd her Face;

Footnot
Forty's Whi-men: Not was their Sense
Auctor to perceive a Providence.
To Us, a Framer-Doctrine's shown,
Which Truth it self has spoke;
And faithful Types, by Time unber'd,
Through many Ages have continued down
The mighty Works to Them unknown
In Clouds of wilful Ignorance They err'd,
Perceiv'd in wild Conjectures of their own,
And each his own prefer'd,
Hence fame the World eternal Thought,
To Dignity's its Origin assign'd,
Others a perfect Harmony could find,
Defective of that Scheme;
All with delusive Fancies fraught,
Dreamt idle Whims — Creation only was no Dream.

XII.
Happy the Art, by which we learn
The Glo's of Errors to detect,
The Vice of Hastes to correct,
And sound Truths from Falsity to discern!
By which we take a far-stretched View,
And learn our Fathers Virts to pursue,
Their Follies to eschew.

And may that Art to lofti Times proclaim
Its PATRON's Honourable Name.
As some Sibylin Book of old,
Had Sibyls known the Times to come,
Wapt in Futurity's dark Womb,
Would thus their happy Days have told:
Revolving Ages hence,
In Climates now unknown,
A Ruler's gentle Influence,
Shall o'er his Land be shewn;
Sala'sian Reigns shall be renew'd,
Truth, Justice, Virtue, be pursu'd,
Arts flourish, Peace shall crown the Plains,
Where O Geh admisters, AUGUSTUS reigns.

FINIS.