

TYPOGRAPHIA.

AN

O D E,

ON

PRINTING.

Inscribed to the Honourable

WILLIAM GOOCH, Esq;

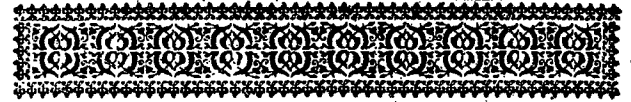
His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in
Chief of the Colony of *VIRGINIA*.

*... sapientum voces,
plena Exemplorum vetustas; quae jacerent in Tenebris
omnia, nisi Literarum Lumen accederet.*

Cic. Orat. pro Archia.

WILLIAMSBURG:

Printed by WILLIAM PARKS. M,DCC,XXX.



To the Honourable

WILLIAM GOOCH, Esq;

His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in
Chief of the Colony of *VIRGINIA*.

S I R,

THE following Piece, occasion'd by the setting
up a *Printing-Press* in *Williamsburg*, justly
claims a Title to some Share of Your Protec-
tion, as the Subject-Matter of it, the Art of
PRINTING, owes to You its Patronage and En-
couragement; 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 be-
yond-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
Trifle, (the first Essay of this Kind attempted here,) I
hope this at least will make it the less inexcusable, that
I have said nothing herein, which, I am confident, will
not be readily assented 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 unprejudic'd PATRIOTISM, (for

IV DEDICATION.

(for I will not be asham'd of the Word) of a Governour 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 wanted a Scale of Thought and Comprehension equal to the Height of the Merits of the One, or the cordial 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 *Albinus*, a *Roman* Author, was by *Cato*, on the same Occasion, *If better any one had 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 express'd in their several Addresses; which I hope will freely remit me to the Moderation of ONE, whose Judgment, tho' it must censure the Weakness, whose Modesty, tho' it must tax the Boldness, yet His Candor will excuse 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 Observance and Respect I am to be thought,

S I R,

Your Honour's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. MARKLAND.

(5)



T Y P O G R A P H I A

A N

O D E,

O N

P R I N T I N G

I.

THE NYMPHS, who-o'er *Casalian* Springs,

With joint Command preside,

Who trill the Lyre's sonorous Strings,

Record the great and glorious Things,

Of Godlike *Rulers*, matchless *Kings*,

And poetic Numbers guide;

Daughters of eternal *Jove*,

Gently to my Assistance move:

B

Whether

(6)

Whether on *Pindus*' lofty Top you play,
Or, with Heav'n-kindled Fire,
Mæonian Notes inspire,
And shew another *Lion's* fatal Day;
Or, if upon the *Elian* Plain
You sing the Victor's glorious Deeds,
Where *Phalar* lashed his fiery-fostered Steeds,
His fiery-fostered Steeds impatient of the Rein

II.

Or if your more exalted Will
To those sweet Seats of blissful Quiet leads,
Where gentle *CAM* the flow'ry Mead,
With genial Moisture o'erflows;
Or, where the Silver *ISIS*, smooth and still,
Does, like a bashful Bride,
Into the Arms of amorous *THAME*
Without a Murmur glide:
Hence *ADDISON*, the *British* *Mayo*, rise,
Thence *DRYDEN* soar'd the highest Pitch of Fame:
Leave, leave awhile those blest Abodes,
To view a new-arising *Land*,
A *Land*, whose fertile Plains,
And peaceful shady Woods,
May well demand

Your

(7)

Your sweetest Notes, and loftiest Strains,
Where, with supreme Command, your own *AUGUSTUS* reigns.

III.

AUGUSTUS reigns;
His far-extended Sway,
Nor 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 Virtues are,
And Subjects Hearts with Loyalty run o'er:
Where envious Thoughts abortive die,
Nor Malice rows her low'ring 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, Happiness, is theirs.

IV. *Such*

(8)

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 greedy Hopes does bless)
“ Does a diffusive Course of Goodness run,
“ And ripens all thy Hopes into Success.
“ Whilst I — and yet thy *eldest* Fore: Care —
 “ Am numb'd with Winters cold and bare,
“ And toilsome Summers fruitless Harvests 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* design'd
To be *VIRGINIA*'s future Boast and Love;
He knew His native Vertue and His Worth;
 Nor 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 to blest,
Which had so much our Envy bore,
We found --- and glad we found it not before ---
We found, that when by Love and Peace,
A Prince has fix'd his Throne
In every Subject's loyal Breast,
No wonder Factions end, and Murmurs cease, ---
Since now, what *GEORGE* is there, *GOOD* here has amply
shown.

VII.

Great REPRESENTATIVE!

What Thanks shall we return? What Honours fly
To whom our *Stipend* does its Being owe,
By whom our Hopes revive:
By whom all *Arts* recovering live,
That erst like drooping Plants had dropt their Head,
And once again, with native Vigour thrive:
From whom *VIRGINIA*'s Laws, that lay
In blotted *Manuscripts* obscur'd,
By vulgar Eyes unread,
Which whilome scarce the Light endur'd,
Begin to view again the Day,
As rising from the Dead,
For this the careful *Artist* wakes,
And o'er his countless Brood he stands, His

(II)

His numerous Hoards,

Of *speechless* Letters, *unform'd* Words,
Unjointed Questions, and *unmeaning* Breaks,
Which into Order rise, and Form, at his Commands.

VIII.

At his Commands they rise,
And cloath themselves with Sense,
Whether an antient Law that dormant lies, —
The *Age judicious* FIVE revise,
(Great is your Care, your Pains be blest,
In all you undertake or do,

Ye *separate* FEEL

Collects Genius of the rest.)

Or where the newer Acts commence:
Or where, on *Jokum* Subjects to enlarge,
In more harmonious Word, they shine;
New Beauties crowding every Line

Come forth their Patron's CHARGE.

There, PAINS, thy Pains are lost — We find
The *Eloquence* employs the Mind;

The *Artist* lags behind.

HIS labring Thoughts with Wisdom team,
And struggle with the mighty Birth;

Thy

(12)

Thy *Art* does like *Lucina* seem,
And only helps to send t' *act Embrio* forth.

IX.

Yet fair befall His Fame,
And may his Mem'ry long
In latest Annals live,
Who first contriv'd the *wondrous 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 vent'rous Toil!
His Breast had compass'd some great Thought,
Tho' firmless yet, and void,
His busy Faculties were all employ'd,
How future Ages might be surest 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, *Cæsar* fought;
Long Time, his swelling Breast
The great *Idea* had oppress'd,
'Till, fix'd at Length, he in a Rapture bid,
Come up a *glorious, great Design*, — And so it did.

X. With

(13)

X.

With less Expence of Care and Thought
Did th' antient *Sage* furnish
The *Frame*, (thus *Epicurus* taught)
And *Order* of the Earth to rise;
And first he told the *Dance*
Of *Atoms* through th' expanded *Vast*,
With *Accidents* endu'd,
Of *Figure*, *Gravity*, and *Magnitudè*;
By whole *Cobeson* fast,
As each to other did advance,
The *homogeneous Parts* ally'd,
Were in the strictest *Closure* ty'd,
And *Matter* hence arose
Directed thence by sightless *Chance*,
The jumbled *Mais fortuitous* was hurl'd,
Where *Hap* a beautiful Fabric did compose,
And made an *accidental World*.

XI.

Thus sung *Neocles*' unenlighten'd Son,
When *Nature*, not improv'd by *Grace*,
But dimly on her *Vorries* shone,
And half conceal'd her Face:

D

Footnote

(14)

Foolish Wise-men! Nor was their Sense
Acuter to perceive a *Providence*.

To Us, a surer-Doctrine's shewn,
Which *Truth* it self has spoke;
And faithful *TYPES*, by Time unbrake,
Through many Ages have continu'd down
The mighty Works to *Them* unknown
In Clouds of wilful Ignorance *They* err'd,
Peccant in wild Conjectures of their own,
And each his own preferr'd.

Hence *some* the World *eternal* Thought,
To *Discord* *some* its *Origin* assign'd,
Others a perfect *Harmony* could find,
Destructive 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 Glais of Errors to detect,
The Vice of Habits to correct,
And sacred Truths, from Falshood to discern!
By which we take a far-stretch'd View,
And learn our Fathers Vertues to pursue,
Their Follies to eschew.

} And

(15)

And may that *Art* to latest Times proclaim
Its *PATRON's* Honourable Name.

As some *Sybillin* Book of old,

Had *Sybils* known the Times to come,
Wrapt in *Futurity's* dark Womb,

Would thus these happy Days have told:

“ Revolving Ages hence,

“ In Climates now unknown,

“ A *Ruler's* gentle Influence

“ Shall o'er his Land be shewn;

“ *Saturnian* Reigns shall be renew'd,

“ Truth, Justice, Vertue, be pursu'd,

“ Arts flourish, Peace shall crown the Plains,

“ Where *OOCH* administers, *AUGUSTUS* reigns.

F I N I S .

