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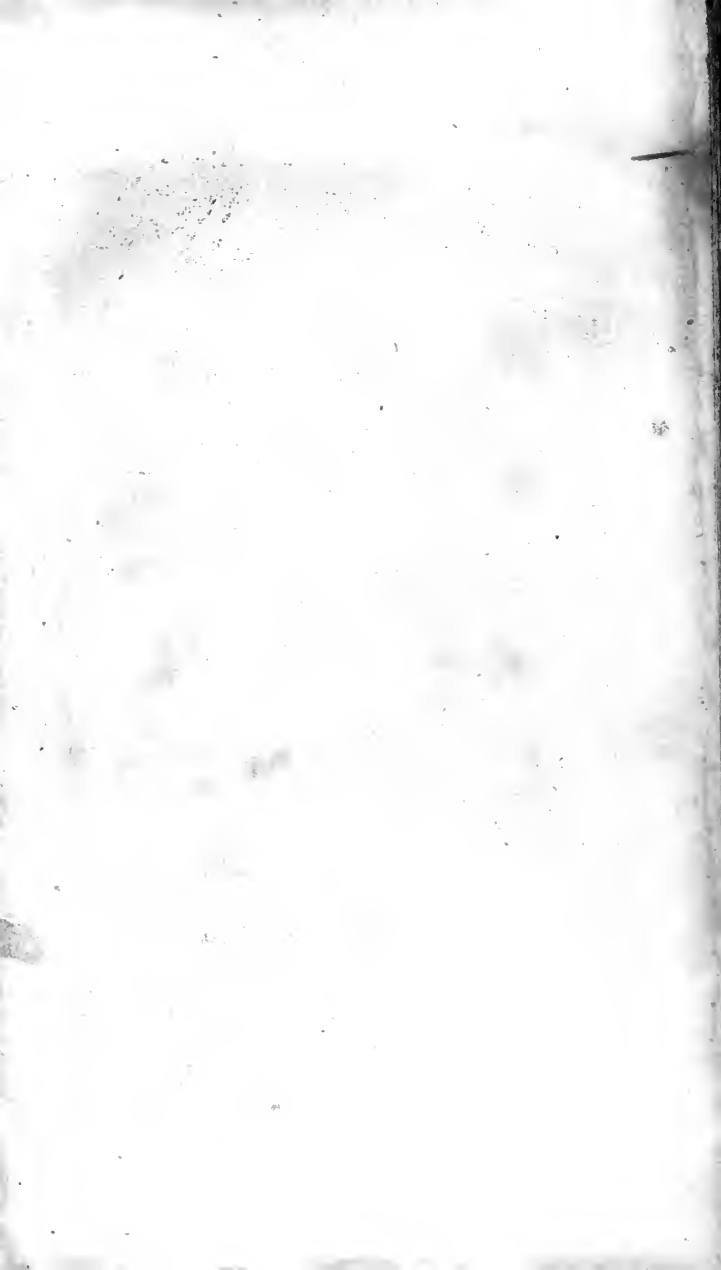


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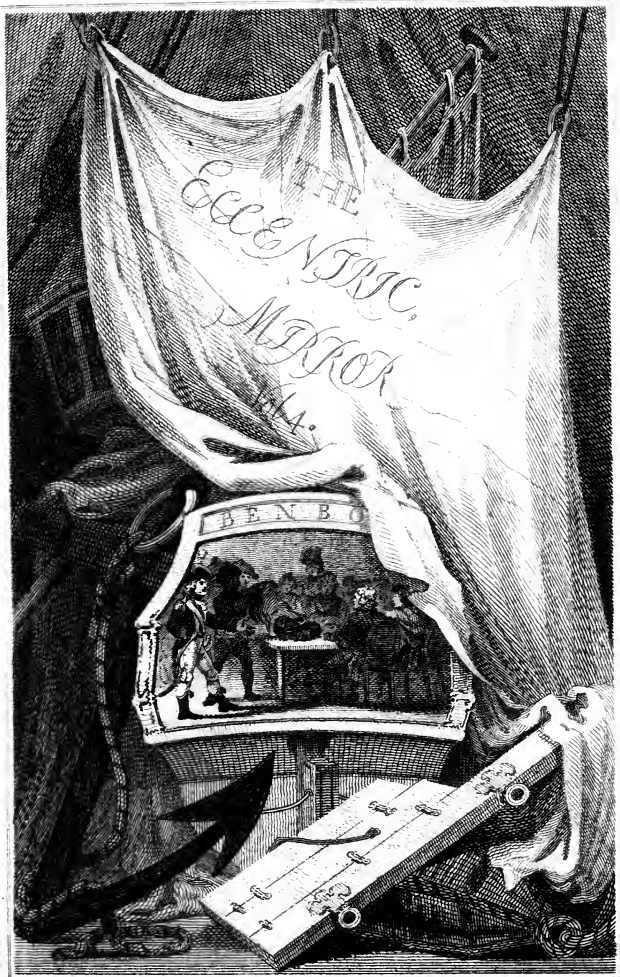
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W. J. Johnson, Tubber, resisting a Preaching.



London Jul<sup>o</sup> June 1, 1807 by J. Smiles



THE  
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Manifested in the Lives and Conduct of Characters who have rendered themselves  
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**WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF HUMAN ACTION**

IN THE

*Grand Theatre of the World.*

Collected and re-collected, from the most authentic Sources,

BY

**G. H. WILSON.**

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

**VOL. IV.**

London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CUNDEE,

*Ivy-Lane, Paternoster-Row.*

1807.

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THE  
ECCENTRIC MIRROR.

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LORD CAMELFORD.

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WE cannot survey the circumstances of the life of this eccentric and unfortunate nobleman without regretting that the virtues and good qualities which he occasionally manifested, were obscured by passions often dangerous to the peace and welfare of society. At the same time these mischiefs were not the result of a bad heart; for when reason and reflection recovered the dominion which the love of every species of extravagance had usurped in his mind, he thought no sacrifice too great, to repair the injuries which the gratification of his humour had occasioned. He exhibited a truly singular compound of human virtues and frailties; being distinguished for eccentric boldness and intrepidity of spirit; for many acts of noble, but oddly irregular, beneficence; for a love of frolic; and a passion for national and scientific pursuits; at one time, for

uncommon dignity, good sense, and enlargement of sentiments; at another, for unreasonable positiveness; for liberality of expence without foolish vanity or mad profusion; so that those who studied his character with the greatest attention, knew not whether they ought to admire his virtues and rectitude of understanding, or to lament his dangerous eccentricities.

Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, was the great grandson of the famous Governor Pitt, who acquired the greater part of an ample fortune in India, by the advantageous purchase of a diamond, which was sold in Europe with great profit to the Duke of Orleans, regent of France. He was allied to some of the first families in the kingdom; his father, who was elevated to the peerage, in 1784, being the nephew of the late Earl of Chatham, and his sister having married Lord Grenville.

Lord Camelford was born February 26th, 1775. In his spirit and temper, when a boy, there appeared something which, though vigorous and manly, was, however, peculiar and unmanageable. He received at Berne, in Switzerland, the first rudiments of his education, which he afterwards completed at the Charter-House. In compliance with a predilection of his own, he was suffered at an early age, to enter the royal navy, as a midshipman. In this capacity he sailed in the year 1789, in the Guardian frigate, commanded by the late gallant Captain Riou, and laden with stores for the new colony of con-



victs settled at Botany Bay. The calamity which befel that ship was well calculated to inure the youthful seaman to the perils of the element which he had chosen for the theatre of his professional life. At that early period he manifested the same contempt of danger which so particularly distinguished the whole of his career. It is well known that when all endeavours to save the vessel appeared to be fruitless, her commander gave permission to such of the crew as chose to avail themselves of it, to consult their safety and betake themselves to the boats. On this occasion Lord Camelford was one of those who to the number of ninety resolutely resolved to remain in the ship, and to share her fate with their gallant commander. After a passage little less than miraculous in the wreck to the Cape of Good Hope, his lordship, in September, 1790, arrived at Harwich in the Prince of Orange packet.

So far from being daunted by the hardships and dangers he had encountered in the *Guardian*, Lord Camelford, soon after his return, solicited an appointment in the voyage of discovery which was then fitting out under the command of the late Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that officer in the ship *Discovery*, during part of his circumnavigation; but in consequence of his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, the result rather of a certain peculiarity of temper, than of either badness of heart or want of understanding, he put Captain Vancouver under the

necessity of treating him with a severity of discipline, which he would not endure.

He accordingly quitted the Discovery in the Indian Seas, and entered on board the Resistance, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, by whom he was appointed lieutenant. During his absence his father died, and he consequently succeeded to the title and family estates. On his return home, in October, 1796, he sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver, for the ill treatment he alledged he had received while under his command. The Captain replied, that his Lordship's misbehaviour had obliged him to resort to the measures of which he complained, and that they were absolutely necessary for the preservation of discipline. At the same time, the Captain offered to submit the affair to the judgment of any flag-officer in his Majesty's navy, and if the latter conceived that, by the laws of honour, he was liable to be called upon, he would willingly give his lordship any satisfaction he required. This method of settling the dispute was by no means congenial to the fiery disposition of Lord Camelford, who now threatened the Captain with personal chastisement. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself for the execution of his menace; for meeting with Vancouver in Bondstreet, he was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. The chagrin of this unmerited disgrace is said to have preyed with such violence on the spirits of that merito-

rious officer, as to accelerate his death, which happened not long afterwards.

Having attained the rank of master and commander, his lordship was appointed to the command of the Favorite sloop. That vessel and the Perdrix were lying in English Harbour, Antigua, on the thirteenth of January, 1798. At this time Captain Fahie of the Perdrix, was absent at St. Kitts, and had left his first lieutenant Mr. Peterson in charge of his ship. Lord Camelford, who was consequently the commanding officer at English Harbour, issued an order, which Mr. Peterson refused to obey, conceiving that his lordship had no right of command over the vessel of a senior officer. The two ships were hauled alongside each other in the dock-yard to be repaired, and the companies of each vessel collected round their respective officers at the commencement of the altercation. High words ensued; the lieutenant still refused to obey, and soon afterwards twelve of the crew of the Perdrix arrived at the spot armed. These men Mr. Peterson drew up in a line, and placed himself at their head with his sword drawn. Lord Camelford immediately called out his armed marines, and ranged them in a line opposite Lieutenant Peterson's men, at the distance of about four yards. His lordship retired, but soon returned with a pistol, borrowed from an officer in the dock-yard, and advancing towards the lieutenant, asked him whether he still persisted in not obeying his orders. "Yes, I do persist,"

was his reply; on which Lord Camelford immediately put the pistol to his breast, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate Peterson fell backward, and neither uttered a word nor moved afterwards. After this decisive measure, the crews retired quietly to their respective ships, and Lord Camelford surrendered himself to Captain Matson, of the Beaver sloop.

This fatal event excited the most lively sensation at Antigua, especially as Lieutenant Peterson was a native of a neighbouring island, of a respectable family, and much esteemed. The populace of St. John's were restrained from personal violence against his lordship, only by the most solemn assurances, that a judicial investigation should be instituted. The verdict of the coroner's jury summoned to enquire into the circumstances of the death of the lieutenant, was that he "lost his life in a mutiny."

In the Beaver sloop, Lord Camelford was conveyed to Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, where a court martial assembled on board the *Invincible*. The court continued to sit from the 20th to the 25th of January, when they came to the following determination: "At a Court Martial held on board his Majesty's ship the *Invincible*, in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, January 20th, 1798, and held by adjournment every day after, Sunday excepted, until the 25th:—Present William Cayley, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship *Invincible*, and senior Captain of his Majesty's ships and vessels in Fort Royal bay, Martinique;

Captains Jemmet Mainwaring, Richard Brown, Charles Ekins, and Alexander S. Burrows. The Court being duly sworn according to act of parliament, in pursuance of an order from Henry Hervey, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red, and commander in chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels at Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, proceeded to try the Right Hon. Lord Camelford, acting commander of his majesty's sloop Favorite, for the death of Lieutenant Peterson, of his Majesty's ship Perdrix, on the evening of the 13th of January, in the naval yard Antigua; and having heard the whole of the evidence adduced on the occasion, and what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and maturely and deliberately considered the same, and being fully sensible of the necessity of prompt measures, in cases of mutiny and disobedience of orders, the Court are unanimously of opinion, that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieutenant Peterson to the lawful commands of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbour at that time, and the violent measures taken by Lieutenant Peterson to resist the same, by arming the Perdrix's ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service; the Court do therefore unanimously adjudge, that the said Lord Camelford be honourably acquitted, and he is hereby unanimously and honourably acquitted accordingly."

After this acquittal, his lordship reassumed the command of his ship, which he soon afterwards

resigned, together with the naval profession. His personal appearance while in the service, was marked with the same eccentricity by which he was distinguished through life. His dress consisted of a lieutenant's plain coat, without shoulder-knots, and the buttons of which were as green with verdigrise as the ship's bottom. His head was closely shaved, and he wore an enormous gold-laced, cocked hat. In his professional duties he was a severe disciplinarian, and to his honor be it mentioned, he was particularly attentive to the comfort and relief of the sick.

His lordship had not long returned to England; when he conceived an idea which could scarcely have entered into the head of any other person. This was nothing less than to repair to Paris, and in the midst of their capital to attack the rulers of the hostile country. In pursuance of this plan, on the night of Friday the 18th of January, 1799, he took a place in one of the night coaches to Dover, where he arrived early the following morning, and went to the City of London Inn. After taking his breakfast, he walked about the pier, and enquired for a boat to convey him to Deal. A man named Adams, offered to take him thither for a guinea. Lord Camelford called him aside, and after some conversation, told him he thought he should have occasion to go to the other side of the water, and that he wished to be landed at Calais, as he had some watches and muslins which he wished to dispose of in France. He then bargained for

what he should pay to go to Calais. The boatman asked fifteen guineas, but his lordship told him his goods would not afford a larger sum than ten. At length, it was agreed that he should pay twelve guineas. Some other conversation passed, in the course of which Lord Camelford observed that Turnbull, (a soldier who shortly before had robbed the mint) had made a bungling business of it, and did not know how to set about an affair of that kind, or he might have effected his escape. Having appointed six o'clock in the evening to go off, they parted. Adams was to call for him at the inn.

During this interval, Adams consulted on the business with his brother, who had a share in the boat, and they both agreed to acquaint Mr. Newport, the collector, with the conversation which had passed with the stranger. Mr. Newport accordingly planned that the person should be suffered to enter the boat, and then be seized. At the time appointed, Adams called at the inn, and his passenger accompanied him to the water-side. He recommended him to put on one of his great coats as he would be cold, which he did. Lord Camelford then entered the boat, in which were four men, and having seated himself, Mr. Newport seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner!" He surrendered without opposition, and was immediately taken to the custom-house, where, on being asked his name, he replied, "Camelford." Those, however, who held him

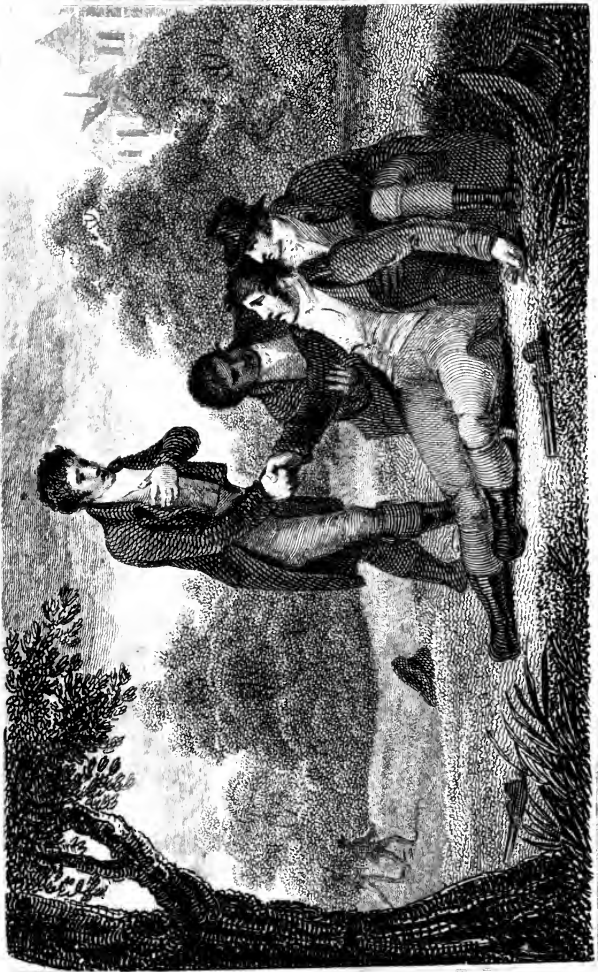
in custody, were totally ignorant of the rank of their prisoner, nor did they know who he was till their arrival with him at the Secretary of State's office in London. When taken, they found on him a brace of pistols, and a two-edged dagger, about eight inches in length, and rather curved. In his pocket he had also a letter in French, addressed to some person at Paris.

On Saturday the 18th of January, about eleven at night, he was put into a post chaise, and the next morning was escorted by Mr. Newport, and the two Adams's, whose boat he had hired, to the Duke of Portland's office, where he was recognized. A privy-council was immediately summoned, and Mr. Pitt dispatched a messenger to Lord Grenville, who was at Dropmore, requesting him to come instantly to town. The privy-council met about six, and examined Mr. Newport the collector, and the two boatmen. At ten, Lord Grenville arrived in town, and had a long conference with Mr. Pitt, but did not see Lord Camelford, who was committed to the custody of Johnson, a king's messenger.

His lordship, after several examinations, was discharged from custody; the lords of the council being fully satisfied that his intentions were such only as he had represented, and that he had been influenced by no other motive, than the wish to render a service to his country. His Majesty's pardon was issued under the great seal, to discharge his lordship from all the penalties of







*Death of Lord Camelford.*

act, passed during the preceding session, which without reference to motives, made the mere act of embarking for France a capital crime.

It was not long after this extraordinary whim, that his lordship again obtruded himself upon the notice of the public, though in a different manner. On the night of the 2d of April, 1799, during the representation of the farce of the *Devil to Pay*, at Drury Lane Theatre, a riot took place in the box-lobby, occasioned by the entrance of several gentlemen, who appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, and who began to break the windows in the doors of the boxes. They were proceeding to demolish the chandeliers, when the ring-leader was taken into custody by one of the constables belonging to the theatre. Lord Camelford was, at the same time taken into custody, and likewise conducted to the watch-house, being charged by a Mr. Humphries with assaulting and wounding him. His lordship being well known to the constable of the night, the latter took his word for his appearance the next morning at the Police Office in Bow Street.

Mr. Humphries there stated, that he went to look into one of the boxes for some friends, when his lordship came and pushed him away. He remonstrated against this rude conduct; when Lord Camelford, instead of making an apology, struck him a violent blow on the face, which knocked him down some stairs near the box-door; and when he got up, his lordship again knocked him down the stairs, and after-

wards gave him several violent blows on the face and head. His lordship denied the charge, and asserted that Mr. Humphries had first assaulted him, by endeavouring to push him from the box-door, but the evidence against him being confirmed by the testimony of one of the box-keepers, and a fruit woman belonging to the theatre, the magistrate observed, that he was bound to believe it, and called upon his lordship for bail, to answer the complaint at the Westminster Sessions. Two gentlemen who attended his lordship, offered to become bail, but not being housekeepers, they were rejected by the magistrate. Application was then made to the master of the Spring Garden Coffee-house, who became bail for his lordship. The magistrate, by the desire of Lord Camelford, applied to Mr. Humphries, to know if he would be satisfied with an apology; but the latter declined it, saying he was determined to bring it into court for the sake of public justice. He was then bound over to prosecute, and afterwards preferred a bill of indictment, which was found. Soon after, he gave notice to his lordship, that he would not follow it up, but would bring an action against him in the Court of King's Bench for the assault.

The cause accordingly came on to be tried before Lord Kenyon and a special jury, on the 16th of May. Mr. Gibbs, who was counsel for the plaintiff, stated the case of his client, as follows: On the 2d of April, the nephews of the late

Mr. Montgomery Campbell, the East India Director, who were at Eton school, were on a visit in town, and in the evening were taken to Drury Lane theatre, whither Mr. Humphries went for the purpose of meeting them. He went to the front boxes by the way of Vinegar Yard. It was necessary to ascend about four steps to get into the lobby: these the plaintiff had ascended, and was looking through the glass of the door of one of the boxes, to see whether his company was there. At that moment Lord Camelford advanced, and pushed him away. He enquired the reason of this conduct, when his lordship without any other provocation, struck him with his fist in the face, and knocked him down the steps. He got up, and again asked the cause of this treatment, but the only answer he received, was another blow, which again knocked him down the steps. Mr. Humphries, as soon as he was able to rise, again requested to know the reason of such strange conduct, told him his own name, and desired to know who it was that so grossly insulted him. Having repeated his question, and no reply being made, he told him he was a *scoundrel*. Lord Camelford instantly returned to the attack, and again knocked him down; and at last left him with one of his eyes almost beaten out, and wounded over the eye near the temple. For this assault Mr. Humphries conceiving himself entitled to large damages, demanded redress of the jury.

Mr. Gibbs then proceeded to call his witnesses.—James Bennet the box-keeper stated, that before the first blow was struck, he saw the two gentlemen looking through the glass door of the box, and heard one of them say, he had as much right to look through as the other, on which he was immediately knocked down. He corroborated all the other particulars. Being asked whether Lord Camelford struck or only pushed Mr. Humphries, he repeated it was a blow he gave, and said that Mr. Humphries, after being knocked down, enquired in the mildest tone of voice, the reason of his conduct. On his re-examination, he said the defendant was a tall, powerful man, nearly six feet high, and the plaintiff, a short man, and comparatively weak. His testimony was confirmed by Catherine Brown, a fruit-woman, and Mr. Joseph Cooper, who had gone into the house that night at half-price. The personal injury sustained by Mr. Humphries, was proved by Mr. Borlase, the surgeon, who had attended him.

Mr. Erskine for the defendant stated, that his lordship had been uniformly desirous to refer the affair to private arbitration; but that in the shape in which the question was then brought forward, it was impossible for the jury to discover who had provoked the quarrel. The fact was, these gentlemen were both standing up, and looking into the boxes, when a dispute arose, but which had given the first provocation there was no evidence to prove. Mr. Erskine seemed chiefly

to rely upon the argument, that the plaintiff after receiving the first blows, ought to have appealed to the by-standers instead of provoking the defendant by the expression he had used. After some observations from Lord Kenyon, the jury retired a very short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages five hundred pounds.

To detail all the adventures in which Lord Camelford was concerned, would far exceed our limits. The following account of one out of the many nocturnal frolics, with which he diverted himself, will serve to shew the eccentricity of his character. Returning home one morning about one o'clock, accompanied by his friend Captain Barrie, and passing through Cavendish Square, they took it into their heads to chastise the guardians of the night, for not exercising due vigilance. Four watchmen whom they found asleep at their posts, were soon awakened by the powerful impression made by the assailants on their shoulders. Two of them started up, but were soon extended on the ground; meanwhile the other two, springing their rattles, brought a whole host of their colleagues to the attack. A contest of an hour ensued, when they at length succeeded in taking their fashionable antagonists into custody, after many blows and bruises had been inflicted on both sides. The captive heroes guarded by nearly twenty watchmen, all armed, were conveyed to the watch-house, where his lordship seemed to feel himself quite at home.

The captain who had been the greatest sufferer in the fray, by no means liked his birth, or the treatment he had received. He furiously threatened to cut a port hole through the side of the cabin, and was proceeding to execute his menace, when a second scuffle ensued; but being overpowered by the number of his enemies, he was obliged to make himself contented with his situation. The next day the watchmen carried their prisoners in triumph to the Police-office in Marlborough-street, where they were gratified with a present of a guinea a-piece, and his lordship and the captain being discharged, returned home to refit the damages their rigging had sustained in the unequal encounter.

This, however, was far from being the only night his lordship passed in a watch-house. He was often an inmate of those at the west end of the town, and on such occasions, he generally prevailed, either by force, or more persuasive methods, on the constable of the night to resign his place to him. He would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all delinquents that were brought in by the watch, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising the lenity of his disposition, by invariably directing the offenders to be discharged. In a word, there was no whim, no caprice, however eccentric and irregular, but what he determined to gratify, let the consequences and the cost be what they might.

In 1801, when the return of peace was celebrat-



ed by a general illumination, no persuasions could induce Lord Camelford to suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's in New Bond-street. In vain his landlord represented the inconveniences that would infallibly result from this singularity; his lordship continued inexorable. The mob assailed the house, and a shower of stones was discharged at the windows. Irritated by this attack, his lordship sallied out armed with a pistol, which he however prudently exchanged for a stout cudgel. With this weapon he maintained a sharp contest for a considerable time, till overpowered by numbers, he was severely beaten, and after being rolled in the kennel, was obliged to retreat in a deplorable condition. The windows were completely demolished. It is said, that on the succeeding nights of illumination, his lordship had in waiting a party of sailors, ready to let them loose on his opponents in case of a repetition of the outrage.

The presence of his lordship was often known to have a powerful effect in repressing the impertinence of the *petit maitre*, and the insolence and contumely of the coffee-house buck; and, indeed, in inspiring all with a cautious selection of language, lest they should afterwards be called to expiate a slip of the tongue with their blood. Of the terror which the very name of Lord Camelford struck to the minds of the would-be gentlemen of the day, the following is a ludicrous example, while it instances in his lordship a degree

of moderation which, from his general character, we should scarcely have supposed him to possess.

Entering one evening the coffee-house in Conduit-street, which he frequented, meanly attired as he often was, he sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a dashing fellow; a first-rate blood, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with his lordship, and in a most consequential tone, hallooed out, "waiter! bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles. and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but again directed his attention to his paper. The waiter soon after re-appeared; and, with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out, mimicking the tone of the buck: "Waiter!-bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the other box, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out; "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. "Who? Lord

Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. "Lord Camelford!!! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away* without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

His irritable disposition which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to the final and fatal catastrophe. Lord Camelford had for some time been acquainted with a Mrs. Simmons, who had formerly been in the keeping of Mr. Best, a friend of his lordship. Some officious person had represented to him, that Best had said something to this woman to his prejudice. This information so much incensed his lordship that, on the 6th of March, meeting with Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales's coffee-house, where his lordship usually dined, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present: "I find, Sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best replied, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Simmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." The use of epithets like these admitted but of one course, according to the laws of honor, and a meeting was immediately proposed for the fol-

lowing morning. Each of the parties having appointed his second, it was left to them to fix the time and place.

In the course of the evening Mr. Best transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of: but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. Mr. Best then left the coffee-house in considerable agitation, and a note was soon after delivered to his lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. A regular information was accordingly lodged at Marlborough-street; but notwithstanding this precaution, such was the tardiness of the officers of the police, that no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock the following morning, when some persons were stationed at Lord Camelford's door, but it was then too late.

From the coffee-house Lord Camelford went on Tuesday night to his lodgings in Bond-Street. Here he inserted in his will the following declaration, which strongly marks the nobleness of his disposition,—“ There are many other matters, which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word; should I therefore lose

my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the King, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

His lordship quitted his lodgings between one and two on the morning of Wednesday the 7th of March, and slept at a tavern, with a view to avoid the officers of the police. Agreeably to the appointment made by their seconds, his lordship and Mr. Best met early in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and here Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on him to retract the expressions he had used. "Camelford," said he, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honor, you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall." To this remonstrance Lord Camelford replied: "Best, this is child's play; the thing must go on."

It has nevertheless been asserted, that after reflecting on the whole affair, Lord Camelford in his heart acquitted Mr. Best, and that he acknowledged, in confidence, to his second, that he himself was in the wrong; that Best was a

man of honor, but that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation, was, that his lordship entertained an idea, that his antagonist was the best shot in England, and he was apprehensive lest his reputation might suffer, if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person.

Accordingly his lordship and Mr. Best on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a post-chaise in which were the two seconds. On their arrival at the Horse and Groom, about a quarter before eight, the parties dismounted, and proceeded along the path leading to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and they took their stations at the distance of thirty paces, which measured exactly twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. A space of several seconds intervened, and from the manner and attitude of Mr. Best, the people who viewed the transaction at a distance, imagined that he was asking whether his lordship was satisfied. Mr. Best then fired, and his lordship instantly fell at full length. The seconds, together with Mr. Best, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man: you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed several persons who were at work

near the spot, and who hastened towards the place, when Mr. Best and his second thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners now approached, and called to his fellow-labourers to stop them. On his arrival, Lord Camelford's second, who had been supporting him as well as he was able, ran for a surgeon, and Mr. Thompson of Kensington soon afterwards came to his assistance. His lordship then asked the man why he had called out to stop the gentlemen, and declared that "he did not wish them to be stopped; that he was himself the aggressor, that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him too." Meanwhile a chair was procured, and his lordship was carried to Little Holland House, the residence of Mr. Ottey; messengers were dispatched for Mr. Knight and Mr. Home, and an express was sent to acquaint the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, his lordship's cousin, with the melancholy catastrophe. That gentleman, after sending information of the circumstance to the noble relatives of his lordship, hastened to the place. Mr. Knight the surgeon, and Captain Barrie, his lordship's most intimate friend, were by his bed-side, and Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, his clothes were cut off, and the wound being examined by the surgeons, was immediately pronounced to be mortal.

Lord Camelford continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening his sufferings somewhat abated, and by the help of

laudanum he got some sleep in the night, so that in the morning he found himself much relieved. During the second day his hopes revived considerably, and he conversed with some cheerfulness; yet the surgeons, who were unremitting in their attentions, would not give his friends the slightest hopes. To the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, who remained with him till he expired, his lordship expressed his confidence in the mercy of God; he said, he received much comfort in reflecting, that however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man. In the moments of his greatest pain he cried out, that he sincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the sins he had committed. "I wish," says Mr. Cockburne, "with all my soul, that the unthinking votaries of dissipation and infidelity could have been present at the death-bed of this poor man; could have heard his expression of contrition after misconduct, and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator, could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue: I think it would have made impressions on their minds, as it did on mine, not easily to be effaced."

He lingered free from acute pain from Thursday till Saturday evening, about half past eight, when a mortification having taken place he expired, apparently without sense of pain.

Thus died Thomas Lord Camelford, in the prime and full vigour of life. He was a man says the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, whose real charac-



ter was but little known to the world; his imperfections and his follies were very often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues he manifested, were but little heard of. Though too violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintance he was mild, affable, and courteous; a stern adversary, but the kindest and most generous of friends. Slow and cautious in determining upon any important step, while deliberating, he was most attentive to the advice of others, and easily brought over to their opinion; when, however, his resolutions were once taken, it was almost impossible to turn him from his purpose. That warmth of disposition, which prompted him so unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many prisons in the metropolis, from the various receptacles of human misery, he received numberless petitions; and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty suppliant, but he was more often the reliever of real sorrow, and the soother of unmerited woe. Constantly would he make use of that influence, which rank and fortune gave him with the government, to interfere in behalf of those malefactors whose crimes had subjected them to punishment, but in whose cases appeared circumstances of alleviation. He was passionately fond of science, and though his mind, while a young seaman, had been little cultivated, yet in his

later years he had acquired a prodigious fund of information, upon almost every subject connected with literature. In early life he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of the ships in which he served, and to enable him to gain such triumphs, he had read all the sceptical books he could procure; and thus his mind became involuntarily tainted with infidelity. As his judgment grew more matured, he discovered of himself the fallacy of his own reasonings, he became convinced of the importance of religion, and christianity was the constant subject of his reflections, his reading and conversation.

On the morning after his decease, an inquest was taken at the White-Horse, Kensington, before George Hodgson, Esq. the coroner for Middlesex, when the jury, after viewing the body, unanimously returned a verdict of wilful murder, against some person or persons unknown. A bill of indictment was consequently preferred against Mr. Best and the seconds, but it was thrown out by the grand jury.

On Sunday, March the 11th, the body of Lord Camelford was opened, when it appeared that the ball had penetrated the right breast, between the fourth and fifth ribs, breaking the latter, and making its way through the right lobe of the lungs, into the sixth dorsal vertebra, where it lodged, having completely divided the spinal marrow. In the chest there were upwards of six quarts of extravasated blood, which had compressed the lungs so as to prevent them from performing their functions. From the time of

receiving the wound, all the parts below the divided spinal marrow, were motionless and insensible; and as his lordship could not expectorate, the left lung became filled with mucus, which ultimately produced suffocation and death.

The body was removed to Camelford House, whence on the 17th it was conveyed to the vault in Saint Anne's church, Soho, till arrangements should be made for its removal to Switzerland, in compliance with his lordship's desire.

The day before his death, Lord Camelford wrote with his own hand a codicil to his will, in which, in the most particular manner he described the place where he wished his body to be buried, and assigned his reasons for this extraordinary request. He prefaced his wish by stating that persons in general have a strong attachment to the country which gave them birth, and on their death-bed usually desire that their remains may be conveyed to their native land, however great the distance, for the purpose of interment. Although it might appear singular, his desire was the very reverse of this, and he begged that his dying request might be literally fulfilled. "I wish my body," says he, "to be removed as soon as may be convenient to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains." This place is situated on the borders of the lake of St. Pierre, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and three trees

stand upon the particular spot. He desires that the centre tree may be taken up, and on his body being there deposited, immediately replaced, and that no monument or stone might mark the place of his interment. His lordship adds, that "at the foot of this tree he formerly passed many hours in solitude contemplating the mutability of human affairs." As a compensation to the proprietors of the spot described, he left them one thousand pounds. In another part of his will he desired that his relations might not wear mourning for him.

His lordship bequeathed the principal part of his fortune to his sister Lady Grenville, who was the sole executrix, together with the family estates, producing nearly 20,000*l.* per annum; and afterwards in default of issue to the Earl of Chatham's family, who are next in the entail. The title is extinct. Exclusive of bequests to Captain Barrie and Mr. Accum, the chemist, who assisted him in his laboratory, his lordship left considerable sums to be devoted to charitable purposes.

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## ISAAC BARROW.

**T**HIS eminent mathematician and divine, was born in 1636. He was first placed in the Charter-House, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, whence he was sent to Cam-

bridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When King Charles advanced him to the dignity of master, his majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in his humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1662, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, in 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice chancellor. He died in 1677, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

He was a man of considerable courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate:—Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where he was walking in the garden, before day light (for he was a very early riser,) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury. The doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a

mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty; at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation.

As a proof of his wit the following is recorded:—Meeting Lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him:—“Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie.” Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with “My lord, I’m yours to the ground.” Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with “Doctor, I’m yours to the centre;” which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with “My lord, I’m yours to the antipodes:” upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him), exclaimed, “Doctor, I’m yours to the lowest pit of hell!” on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, “*There*, my lord, I leave you.”

Dr. Barrow was not only remarkable for the excellence but also for the extraordinary length of his sermons, which he always transcribed three or four times, finding it extremely difficult to please himself. Dr. Pope gives us the following instances. He was once requested by the bishop of Rochester, who was also dean of Westminster to preach at the abbey, and was at the same time desired not to be long, for the auditory loved short sermons and were used to them. He

replied that he would shew his lordship his sermon, and taking it from his pocket put it into the bishop's hands. The text was, "He that uttereth slander is a liar;" and the sermon was divided into two parts, one treating of slander, the other of lies. The bishop desired him to content himself with preaching only the first part, to which he consented not without some reluctance, and that alone took up an hour and a half. On another occasion he preached, upon the invitation of the same prelate at the abbey on a holiday. The servants of the church, who on all holidays, Sundays excepted, were used to shew the tombs and effigies in wax of the kings and queens, fearing lest they should lose that time in hearing which they thought they could more profitably employ in receiving, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, nor would they suffer it to cease till they had obliged him to dismount from the pulpit. But the longest sermon he was known to have preached, was one on the subject of charity, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at the Spital, in speaking which he spent three hours and a half. Being asked when he had finished if he was not tired, he replied: "Yes indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long."

In person Dr. Barrow was low of stature, slender, of a pale complexion and extremely negligent in dress; which inattention exposed him to some inconveniencies and was apt to prejudice his hearers against him, where he was not

known. Of this Dr. Pope gives a very remarkable instance in the following words: "Dr. Wilkins, then minister of St. Lawrence Jewry, being forced by some indisposition to keep his chamber, desired Dr. Barrow to give him a sermon, the next Sunday, which he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at the time appointed he came, with an aspect pale and meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed, his collar unbuttoned, his hair uncombed, &c. Thus accoutred he mounts the pulpit and begins his prayer. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation. There was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews and cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that I confess, I thought all the congregation were mad; but the good doctor seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeds, names his text and preached his sermon to two or three gathered or rather left together, of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, the eminent nonconformist was one. He afterwards paid Dr. Wilkins a visit and commended the sermon, saying, he had never heard a better discourse. I asked the doctor what he thought when he saw the congregation running away from him, "I thought," said he, "they did not like me or my sermon,



and I have no reason to be angry with them for that."

"There were then in the parish a company of formal, grave and wealthy citizens, who having been many years under celebrated ministers, had a great opinion of their own skill in divinity and their ability to judge of the quality of a sermon. Many of these went in a body to Dr. Wilkins to expostulate with him for suffering such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit. Mr. Baxter just then happened to be with Dr. Wilkins, who suffered his parishioners to run themselves out of breath in their abuse of Dr. Barrow, and when they had done speaking he replied: 'The person that you thus despise is a pious man, an eminent scholar and an excellent preacher; for the truth of the last I appeal to Mr. Baxter, who heard the sermon you so vilify. I am sure you believe Mr. Baxter a competent judge, and that he will pronounce according to truth.' Mr. Baxter very candidly gave the sermon the praise it deserved, and said that Dr. Barrow preached so well, that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long. On hearing this high encomium pronounced by such a person, they became ashamed, confounded and speechless. At length after some pause, they confessed one after another, they did not hear one word of the sermon, but were led to dislike the preacher by his unpromising garb and appearance. After they had recovered a little from their shame, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to prevail on Dr. Barrow

to preach again, engaging to make him amends by bringing their wives and children, their man-servants and maid-servants, in a word, their whole families to hear him, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced. Dr. Wilkins promised to use his utmost endeavor for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more in his pulpit, but in vain, for no persuasions could induce him to comply with the request of such conceited, hypocritical coxcombs.”

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*Mr. Macklin & the Amorous Baronet.*

## CHARLES MACKLIN.

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CHARLES M'Laughlin, for that was the real name of the subject of this article, was descended from the M'Laughlins of the north of Ireland, a clan as much distinguished for antiquity as for being principals in the various civil wars of that country. His immediate ancestors resided near Londonderry, and at the celebrated siege of that town in King William's time, he had three uncles within the walls and three without, who, though fighting on opposite sides, behaved with a bravery; that to use his own expression, kept up the blood of the M'Laughlins. Some time after this his father died and the little farm which he held was given up to a near relation, a Protestant, in trust for the widow, who was a Catholic, and her children.

The time of Macklin's birth is involved in uncertainty. Many plausible reasons have been adduced to prove that he came into the world in 1690, though he himself at an advanced period of his life, fixed that event in 1699. An uncle by the mother's side, who was a Roman Catholic priest, undertook the care of young Macklin's education, and as he lived three miles from his

father's dwelling, the boy had to travel that distance every day, sometimes not too well equipped with the requisites of a wardrobe. By his own confession he benefited very little from his uncle's good intentions, as he was very idle and very dissipated, staying whole days from school, engaged in robbing orchards and other boyish freaks, so that on his father's death, he could only read English, with a broad Irish accent, though in other respects, as he said, he was accounted a very *cute* lad.

Near the residence of his family lived a relation of the Besborough family, a widow lady of considerable fortune and great humanity, who seeing young Macklin running about her grounds and observing him to be a boy of some spirit and sharpness, hospitably took him under her roof; in order to rescue him from those vices and follies which a life of idleness is but too apt to produce, especially in young minds. Here he was farther instructed, and received the first bias towards the profession in which he afterwards appeared to such advantage. The occasion of it was as follows: During the Christmas holidays, the tragedy of the Orphan was got up among some young relations of the family of his protectress, when the character of Monimia was assigned to young Macklin. The figure and cast of his countenance must render it difficult to believe that at any time of life Macklin could perform this part with any degree of propriety, but by his own account, he not only

looked the gentle Monimia, but performed the part with the highest applause. The play was repeated three times before several of the surrounding gentry and tenants, and each time he acquired additional reputation. It was undoubtedly this accident that decided Macklin in the choice of his future profession. Had it not been for the casual production of this play, the chances were great against his ever thinking of the stage, but this little part, no matter how well or ill performed, roused and directed the energies of his mind to that particular point; and though many years had elapsed before he actually commenced a regular performer, the stage was what he most reflected on as the future object of his pursuits.

His friends however determined otherwise, and at the age of fourteen bound him apprentice to a sadler in the neighbourhood; but sedentary habits so far disagreed with young Macklin that he abruptly quitted his master and travelled on foot to Dublin, with a few shillings in his pocket without any previous acquaintance, or any other design than the boyish idea of seeking his fortune in the metropolis.

How he contrived to exist there at first, it is impossible to say: all that is known on this head is, that after he had been some time in Dublin, he became settled as a badgeman or porter to Trinity College; and being a youth of keen observation and a determined spirit, he made himself very acceptable to the scholars and fel-

lows, who occasionally gave him various pecuniary aids, in addition to his stipulated allowance.

It is difficult to fix the precise time of Macklin's coming to England, or the cause of his leaving his native country, but it was probably to indulge his propensity for the stage, which had by this time grown into a passion. He first joined several strolling companies, and repairing to London in 1725, was engaged by Mr. Rich, the manager of Lincoln's Inn theatre for that season. Here Macklin's love of dissipation led him into many scenes of riot, gaming and intemperance, which probably prevented him from making that improvement in his professional studies which he might otherwise have done; for at the end of the season he was told by the manager that "he had better go to grass for another year or two." Macklin took his advice and went with a strolling company into Wales.

In his rambles in Wales and Bristol he was engaged in many frolics and adventures which indicated a strong propensity to all such pleasures as were within his reach. He was, by his own account, a great fives player, a great walker, a great bruiser, a hard drinker and a general lover; and as he was various in his parts as an actor and a cheerful companion, he was so much sought after that all the time which was not dedicated to his profession, was spent in those pursuits. It was about this period that in order to accommodate the sound of his name a little more to English ears, he changed it from M'Laughlin to



Macklin; but among his companions he was more frequently distinguished by the appellations of "Wicked Charley" and "The Wild Irishman," which sufficiently indicate what must have been his general character and conduct.

While he was at Bristol, he paid great attention to the daughter of a gentleman who lived near Jacob's Wells. After much solicitation a night was appointed to receive him, and one of the parlour-windows was left unbolted for the purpose of his getting into the house. Macklin had that night to play Hamlet and Harlequin which made him late. On his setting out he was overtaken by a very heavy shower of rain, which almost drenched him to the skin; and to make matters still worse, just as he had raised the sash of the window and was stepping in, he happened to overset a large china jar full of water, which made such a noise as to alarm the family. The young lady who best judged the cause of it, was the first to run down to see what was the matter; when she advised her lover to make the best of his way out of the house, in order to save his reputation and her own. Macklin complied, and the lady felt her escape so sensibly, that reflection overcame her love, and she never spoke to him afterwards. To do Macklin justice, he used to relate the catastrophe of this story with considerable pleasure, hoping that this accident might have saved a young woman from a life of disgrace and misery, and

feeling himself free from the reflection of his being the author of such a misfortune.

Macklin having spent some time in strolling companies, returned to the metropolis. Covent Garden about this time was a scene of much dissipation, and that place and the vicinity of Clare-Market were the rendezvous of most of the theatrical wits. The ordinaries of that day were from sixpence to a shilling per head, and the latter were frequented by much of what is denominated good company. The butchers of Clare-Market, then very numerous, were stanch friends to the players, and whenever a disturbance was dreaded, the early appearance of those formidable critics made an awful impression.

Macklin entered into all these eccentricities, and from the strength of his constitution and unceasing love of society, rendered himself eminently conspicuous. He belonged to a club which held a weekly dinner at St. Albans, and was called the Walking Society. It consisted principally of the performers of both houses who piqued themselves on their walking, and who engaged on no account whatever to ride or go in any vehicle, but to walk the twenty miles backward and forward the same day. Macklin frequently said he felt no inconvenience from these long walks; but, on the contrary, he believed they added to his health.

In 1735 a fatal accident had nearly crushed all Macklin's hopes of rising into celebrity in his profession. In a dispute behind the scenes at

Drury Lane, about a large wig which Mr. Hallam had on, and which Macklin claimed as his property, the warmth of his temper so far overcame his prudence, that he struck his opponent with his cane, which entered his eye, penetrated to the brain and occasioned his death. He was, in consequence, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, but no malicious intent appearing in evidence, he was acquitted.

The period of Macklin's marriage is equally uncertain with that of many other events of his life. - His wife was Miss Grace Purvor, an early friend of the celebrated Mrs. Booth, a woman of much reading, strong sense and much knowledge of the world. She was also esteemed a valuable actress in second-rate characters, and so particularly excelled in narration, that old Cibber to the last used to call upon her in an evening to hear her anecdotes, which he always listened to with pleasure and repaid with applause.

Fleetwood was at this time manager of Drury Lane where Macklin was engaged. His experience and humility so gained on the manager, that after the secession of Theophilus Cibber, he made Macklin his principal adviser. But though this intimacy with Fleetwood opened him a more easy way to professional eminence, than he could otherwise have found, he was near paying very dear for it in another way. Fleetwood had by his excesses and imprudences about this period become so deeply involved in debt, that

he made no scruple of obtaining money or security of every body he could. Though conscious of his incapacity to pay, he still continued to borrow ; his best friends were not exempted from his arts and promises, and Macklin used to say that the person, the address, the manners and the solicitations of Fleetwood, when under the necessity of borrowing appeared so artless, so unpraetised, and so delicately embarrassed as made his attacks irresistible, and none but those who had repeated experience that he was merely acting this part could avoid the snare.

He had often borrowed small sums of Macklin without repaying them, but frequently mentioning his obligations and repeating his assurances of repayment. These sums borrowed sometimes after a snug benefit night, sometimes after a lucky run of play, for Macklin was then a gambler, he did not much press him for ; considering them as so many nest-eggs in Fleetwood's hands, and as a kind of security for his engagements at the theatre. Macklin, however, soon found himself far surpassed in worldly knowledge by his chief, and that he was destined to be the scape-goat to save the manager from his embarrassment.

Fleetwood, finding himself hard pressed for a considerable sum of money, for which he must either go to prison or give security, prevailed upon Macklin in one of those irresistible moments of solicitation to become his bondsman, to the amount of no less than three thousand

pounds. Macklin soon saw his error, but too late to remedy it: he found the manager plunging more and more into difficulties and consequently saw less hopes of his being able to take up this bond. With this gloomy prospect he went down to Bristol to perform, during the summer; when toward the close of the season, hearing some fresh anecdotes of Fleetwood's embarrassment, he resolved, on his return to London, to make one desperate push to disengage himself from an affair which very seriously threatened his future liberty and hopes.

On his return to London he settled his plan of operation which was, either to frighten the manager so as to get himself released from his security, or to break with him entirely and seek redress at law. His first step on his arrival, was to call at the manager's house, and being told that he was attending the Prince of Wales, (the father of his present majesty) in viewing the curiosities of Bartholomew Fair, he instantly hastened to the spot, and felt a presentiment that this very circumstance might turn out to his advantage. He proceeded to Smithfield and soon discovered the manager, who was accompanying the prince and his suite by torch-light to the different booths. Here he assumed the actor, and calling up into his face as much terror and alarm as he could, pulled the manager by the sleeve, and told him he must speak with him. The following conversation then took place:

*Fleetwood.* Good God ! Macklin ; is it you ?  
What's the matter ?

*Macklin.* Matter enough (hastily and seemingly terrified) I have just broken out of Bristol jail, where I believe, I have killed the jailor in my escape, and here I am.

*F.* My dear friend, I am heartily sorry for this accident, but how can I relieve you ?

*M.* Sir, I have no time to trifle—I was put into Bristol jail for a small debt I incurred on my wife's delivery and in consequence of a bad season. In this situation I received a letter from the holders of the bond, for which I am security for you, demanding payment or threatening me with imprisonment, which you know must, to a man in my circumstances, be an imprisonment for life.—I therefore broke jail and now want to be released from my bond.

*F.* Well, well, my dear friend, compose yourself; I will, in a little time, do every thing in my power to relieve you.

*M.* I can't wait, by G--d, Sir ; it must be done instantly, or I'll—

*F.* Hush, hush, my dear friend ; consider, the prince is just before us, and I should be ruined were he to overhear this conversation.

*M.* (Seemingly in an increased rage) Don't tell me of prince or emperor, God or Devil, I must have this affair settled directly, or I'll blow you, myself and all to the devil.

*F.* Good God ! the man's mad ! But Mac,

my dear Mac, compose yourself a little. Every thing shall be settled directly ; now do go home, and meet me at the Bunch of Grapes in Clare-Market, this night at ten o'clock, and you may depend upon it every thing shall be settled to your satisfaction.

*M.* No trifling, Sir. Can I depend on you ?

*F.* Most certainly.

*M.* Well then I'll give you the meeting.

Fleetwood was punctual to his promise and brought with him, as his most particular friends, Mr. Forrest, a solicitor, Mr. Havard and Paul Whitehead, the poet. Macklin told his case, which certainly was a pitiable one, but under the exaggeration of the actor made every one of the company, except Fleetwood, feel deeply for his situation. He, however, heard him with great seeming commiseration, and then asked him to point out any line in which he could possibly assist him. To this Macklin replied, that if he could get him released from the bond, the sum he owed in Bristol was not above thirty pounds, which perhaps he could borrow so as to regain his liberty. "And as to the jailor (continued he) we have hitherto been upon such intimate terms, that if the fellow happens to be more frightened than hurt I myself will become his surgeon." Fleetwood could make no reply, but resting his head on his hand, remained seemingly in great agony of mind, for some minutes, in that situation. At length Paul Whitehead

asked Macklin if his being released from the bond would perfectly content him, and being answered in the affirmative, he said that he would take upon himself the responsibility for the debt. The poet, however, paid dearly for his generosity; Fleetwood's affairs became more and more involved, and he went to France, leaving to his friend the horrors of several years' imprisonment as a remuneration for the extraordinary liberality of his conduct.

In 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," which had been laid upon the shelf for forty years to make room for an alteration from the same play by Lord Lansdowne, called the Jew of Venice. The piece had a successful run through the whole of the season, and for many seasons afterwards. It established his reputation not only as an actor, but also as a critic, and he enjoyed the credit of reviving a play which, perhaps, had it not been for his research might have been lost to the stage for ever.

About this time commenced Macklin's acquaintance with Garrick, which continued with all the warmth of the most intimate friendship till the quarrel took place in 1743 between the principal performers and the manager, who was desirous of reducing their salaries. Macklin and several of the most eminent of the company among whom was Garrick, now openly revolted, and a formal agreement was signed, by which



they obliged themselves not to accede to any terms which might be proposed to them by Fleetwood without the consent of all the subscribers. The contest between the manager and the seceders became soon very unequal. The latter found all applications for a new patent ineffectual. There was now no remedy left, but to agree with the manager upon the best terms that could be obtained. Some of the principal actors, and such as were absolutely necessary to the conducting of the Theatrical machine, were admitted to favour upon equal terms, and were allowed the same annual stipends which they enjoyed before the secession; others of less consequence were abridged of half their income.

The manager ascribed this revolt of the players principally to Mr. Macklin; and him he determined to punish. To the rest he was reconciled; but eternal banishment from his theatre was the doom which he pronounced on the man who had been once his favourite adviser, and his bosom friend. Macklin had no inclination to become the 'scape goat in this business, and he urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of their agreement, by which it was covenanted, that neither of the contracting parties should accommodate matters with the patentee without the other. Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge the justice of Macklin's plea; he declared that he was ready to do all in his power to fulfil his agreement; but as the manager continued obstinate in his resolution to exclude Mr. Macklin,

it could not reasonably be expected that he should, by an obstinate perseverance in a desperate contest, greatly injure his own fortune, and absolutely be the means of starving eight or ten people whose fate depended on his accommodating the dispute with Fleetwood. - He offered Macklin a sum to be paid weekly out of his income, for a certain time, till the manager could be brought into better temper, or he should have it in his own power to provide for himself suitably to his rank in the theatre. These proposals were peremptorily rejected by Macklin, who persisted in his claim of Garrick's absolutely fulfilling the tenor of their compact, but the latter, notwithstanding the perseverance of Macklin, accepted Fleetwood's proposals, and entered into an agreement with him, for that season, at a very considerable income. This laid the foundation of a coolness between them which ended only with the life of Garrick.

Lacey, who succeeded Fleetwood in the management, brought about a revolution in the theatre, in 1747. He forgot all former disputes, and engaged Macklin and his wife at a very considerable salary. In the spring of 1748, Sheridan, the then manager of the Dublin theatre, offered him and his wife eight hundred pounds per year, for two years, which he accepted, and they soon after landed in Dublin to perform their engagements. But Macklin's disposition to jealousy and dissatisfaction still prevailed; for scarcely had he been a month in Dublin, when he be-

gan to find out that the manager chose to perform tragedies as well as comedies at his theatre; that his name stood in larger characters in the play-bill; and a variety of such grievous matters; not considering that his and his wife's salary was fixed at all events for two years, and that any reasonable arrangement which the manager might adopt for his own emolument, would the more enable him to perform his contract; but consideration was lost upon a man of Macklin's temper, when once resolved; he therefore gave a loose to his passions, which at last became so intolerable, that, according to the language of Trinculo, "tho' Sheridan was king, Macklin would be viceroy over him;" which the former not agreeing to, determined him to shut the doors of his theatre against both him and his wife. This, however, so far from bringing him to reason, provoked his irritability the more. He several times presented himself at the stage-door—no admittance. He then sent the manager an attorney's letter—no answer. He then commenced a chancery suit; and, after waiting the whole winter unemployed; he returned to England several hundred pounds minus, and a snug law-suit upon his shoulders into the bargain. On his return to England, he commenced manager at Chester for that season, and in the winter was engaged at Covent-Garden theatre, where he continued till towards the close of the year 1753, when having obtained from Mr. Garrick the use of his theatre for one night,

he took a formal leave of the stage, in a prologue written on the occasion, in which he introduced his daughter, as an actress, to the protection of the public.

What induced Macklin to quit the stage in the full vigour of fame and constitution (as he was then, according to his own calculation, but fifty-four), was one of those schemes which he had long previously indulged himself in, of suddenly making his fortune by the establishment of a tavern and coffee-house, in the Piazza, Covent-Garden, to which he afterwards added a school of oratory, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, founded upon the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian societies, under the title of "The British Inquisition." The first part of this plan was opened on the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shilings), where every person was permitted to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he should choose—a bill of fare, we must confess, very encouraging, even in those times, and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company for some time. Dinner being announced by public advertisement, to be ready at four o'clock, just as the clock had struck that hour, a large tavern-bell which he had affixed to the top of the house, gave notice of its approach. This bell continued ringing for about five minutes; the dinner was then ordered to be dished, and in ten minutes afterwards it was set upon the table:

after which the outer room door was ordered to be shut, and no other guest admitted. Macklin himself always brought in the first dish, dressed in a full suit of clothes, &c. with a napkin slung across his left arm. When he placed the dish on the table, he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the sideboard, which was laid out in a very superb stile, and with every possible convenience that could be thought of. Two of the principal waiters stood beside him, and one, two, or three more, as occasion required. He had trained up all his servants several months before for this attendance; and one principal rule, which he had laid down as a *sine qua non*, was, that not one single word was to be spoken by them whilst in the room, except when asked a question by one of the guests. The ordinary, therefore, was carried on by signs, previously agreed upon; and Macklin, as principal waiter, had only to observe when any thing was wanted or called for, when he communicated a sign, which the waiters immediately understood, and complied with. Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb shew. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped "that all things were found agreeable;" after which, he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and, making a low

bow at the door, retired. Though all this had the shew of a formality seemingly trenching too much on the freedom of a social meeting, it appeared to have a general good effect: the company not only saw it as a thing to which they had not been accustomed, but it gave them by degrees, from the example of taciturnity, a certain mixture of temper and moderation in their discourse; and it was observed, that there were fewer wrangles and disputes at this ordinary, during the time Macklin kept it, than could well be expected in places which admitted of so mixed an assembly of people. The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, templars, and lounging men of the town.

Of the other part of this plan, which he called "The British Inquisition," it is impossible to think, without ascribing to the author a degree of vanity almost bordering on madness. By this plan, he not only incited a discussion on almost the whole circle of arts and sciences, which he was in a great measure to direct, but took upon himself solely to give lectures on the comedy of the ancients, the use of their masks, flutes, mimes, pantomimes, &c. He next engaged to draw a comparison between the stages of Greece and Rome, to conclude with lectures upon each of Shakspear's plays, commenting on the different stories from which his different plots were taken, the uses which he made of them, with strictures on his fables, morals, passions and manners. In respect to his knowledge of ancient comedy, and

his attempt to draw a comparison between the Greek and Roman stage, he must have obtained it (if he made any literary enquiry at all) from Dryden's prefaces, and other detached English writers on the subject, as he was totally unacquainted with either the Greek or Latin languages, and did not understand French well enough to avail himself of their criticisms. As to the original of Shakespear's stories, and the uses he made of them, he was still in a worse predicament, as this required a course of reading in the cotemporary writers of Shakspear's age, too multifarious either for the grasp of his mind, or for the time which, from other avocations, he could bestow on it, so that to every body but himself, Macklin stood in a very ridiculous point of view, under the responsibility of large promises, with very little capital to discharge them.

Of his illustration of Shakspear's plays, we believe there are no records, as he was not quite fool enough to print them, nor has even ridicule consigned them to memory: but as a proof of what he was capable of doing as a critic in this line, we subjoin the following proposal he made to Garrick, as a kind of grateful compensation to him, for giving him the use of his theatre for one night, and for writing a farewell epilogue for him on the same occasion. In his conversation with the manager about the great run of *Romeo and Juliet*, he told him, that as the town had not properly settled whether Barry or he was

the better-Romeo, he meant ultimately to decide that question in his next lecture on that tragedy. Garrick, who was all alive to fame, instantly cocked his ear, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Mac, how will you bring this about?" "I'll tell you, Sir; I mean to shew your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, Sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that by G—, Sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, Sir, after having fixed my auditors' attention to this part, then I shall ask, But how does Garrick act this? Why, Sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him *just like a thief in the night.*" At this Garrick could hold out no longer; he thanked him for his good intentions, but begged he would decline his purpose, as, after all, he thought it a question better left to the opinion of an audience than the subject of a lecture.

With these qualifications as a critic, much success could not be augured from the lectures. The event turned out so, as, in a little time, the few who resorted to his rooms gave up all ideas of improvement, and the whole assumed an air of burlesque, which was still heightened by the gravity of Macklin, who trusting to the efficiency of his own powers, appeared every night full dressed,



dictating to the town with all the airs of superior intelligence. Foote stood at the head of the wits and laughers on this occasion. To a man of his humour, Macklin was as the dace to the pike, a sure prey. He accordingly made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and, by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a continual roar. Macklin sometimes made battle, but it was Priam to Pyrrhus: he now and then came out with a strong remark, or bitter sarcasm, but in wit and humour Foote was greatly his superior. Foote likewise had the talent of keeping his temper, which still added to his superiority. One night as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism; he therefore cried out with some authority, "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, Sir," says Foote; "Pray *do you?*" The ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew on such a burst of laughter, as silenced the lecturer for some minutes, nor could he then proceed till called upon by the general voice of the company.

Another time, Macklin undertook to shew the causes of duelling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any

other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order. "Well, Sir, what have you to say on this subject?" "Only to crave a little attention," says Foote, with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words." "Well Sir, go on." "Why, then, Sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?" "O'clock!" says Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?" "Pray, Sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin, on this, pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. "Very well," says Foote; "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgement, and Macklin concluded his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Another night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford, one of the company was praising Macklin on the great regularity of his ordinary, and in particular his manner of directing the waiters by signals. "Aye, Sir," says Macklin, "I knew it would do. And where

do you think I picked up this hint? Well, Sir, I'll tell you; I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke of York, who, you know, Sir, first invented signals for the fleet." "Very apropos, indeed," says Foote, "and good poetical justice, as *from the fleet* they were taken, so *to the fleet* both master and signals are likely to return."

All this, though galling to Macklin, was fun for the public; and if it had ended here, would, perhaps, have served Macklin in a pecuniary way, as much as it hurt his feelings in another; but Foote did not know when he had enough of a good thing: he introduced him into his theatre at the Haymarket, where neither cut so good a figure as they did in the British Inquisition; and Macklin, in return, retorted in all kind of abuse and calumny. The public at last grew tired of the controversy, from being taken out of its proper place, and the British Inquisition soon after this began to feel a gradual decay in all its departments. Most people besides the projector saw the seeds of a speedy dissolution in the first principles of this scheme. In the first place, it was upon a large, expensive scale, and quite novel in this country; it, therefore, not only required a greater capital than Macklin was master of, but much greater talents, as he had neither learning, reading, figure, or elocution, for the oratorical part; nor assiduity, knowledge, or temper, for keeping a coffee-house and tavern. Whilst he amused himself

with drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, by poring over the Athenian Oracle or parliamentary debates, his waiters, in return, were robbing him in all directions. His cook generally went to market for him, and his principal waiter was his principal butler; in short, Macklin had left himself little more to do in the essential parts of this business, than paying the bills; and these soon poured in upon him so fast, that he could not even acquit himself of this employment. Accordingly, the next winter ultimately decided the question, as we find him a bankrupt on the 25th of January, 1755, under the title of vintner, coffee-man, and chapman.

On his examination before the commissioners of bankruptcy, every part of his character appeared free from imputation except his prudence, as it appeared he lost his money partly by the sums incurred in building and fitting up the rooms, and partly by the trade not being adequate to such a scale of expenditure. One circumstance, however, should not be omitted here, which redounds to his character as a father, which was, that it was proved, by sufficient documents, that he laid out no less than twelve hundred pounds on the education of his daughter—an education not ill bestowed, as it respected exterior accomplishments, but which made so little impression on her gratitude, that, at her death (which happened when her father was above eighty years of age, and when it was well known he was far from being independent) she bequeathed the best part

of her fortune to strangers, giving him, at the same time, such an eventual title to the other part, as was worse than absolute neglect; it was a legacy in mockery, as if she only thought of her father to tantalize him with fruitless expectations.

Though Miss Macklin was not handsome, she was genteel in her person, and being highly educated, was fashionable in her manners and deportment. She was, besides, a rising actress, and gave specimens of her singing and dancing in occasional entertainments, which made her a great favourite with the town. Some days previous to her benefit, whilst Macklin was sitting at breakfast, a loud knocking at his door announced Baronet, at that time as well known on the turf, as he has since been in the character of a noble lord, and great legal practitioner. After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Macklin hoped "he would do him the honour of breakfasting with him;" which the other very frankly accepted of, and the conversation became general—the stage, of course, formed one of the topics, when the baronet took this opportunity to praise Miss Macklin in the highest strains of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At last, after a short pause (arising, as Macklin thought, from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets), the baronet began the following curious conversation:

—“After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible to her merits. I mean to be her friend, not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage—I mean to be her friend for life.” “What do you allude to, Sir?” says Macklin, roused at this last expression. “Why,” said the other, “I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life; and as you are a man of the world, and ’tis fit you should be considered in this business—I now make you an offer of four hundred pounds per year for your daughter, and two hundred pounds per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates, during both your natural lives.” “I was at that time,” says Macklin, “spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the baronet, I desired him instantly to quit my apartments, telling him at the same time, I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy, in thus attempting the honour of a child through the medium of her parent. He affected not to mind me, and was proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprung from my seat, and holding the knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bade him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument into his heart, as the due-reward of such base and infamous proposals. Sir (continued the veteran),

I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time. By G—d, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down the stairs as if the devil was in him. He ran across the garden in the same manner, thinking I was at his heels: and so, Sir, I never spoke to the rascal since.”

Macklin now joined Barry in founding a new theatre in Dublin, and in the spring of 1757, went to Ireland with Barry and Woodward, who was admitted as partner, and was present at laying the foundation stone of Crow Street theatre. About September of the same year, Barry having obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to his new theatre, and arranged every other matter relative to his great design, returned to London, leaving Macklin as his *locum tenens*, who, to do him justice, was so very vigilant and industrious in all the departments of his trust, that upon Barry's return to Dublin, towards the close of the summer of 1758, the theatre was nearly ready for their performance. Mrs. Macklin died about this time, before her husband could receive any benefit from her engagement, and he seemed much afflicted at her loss, as her judgment and good sense often kept him within the pale of propriety. Crow-Street theatre opened on the 23d of October, 1758. Macklin joined this corps as soon as decency for the loss of his wife would admit; but such was the versatility of his temper, that he not only quitted his engagements with Barry and Woodward, and re-

turned to London in December, 1759, but made an engagement to perform at Smock Alley (the opposition house) towards the close of that season; which, however, he did not fulfil. Macklin had now greater projects than joining the Irish theatres: at this time he obtained an engagement at Drury-Lane, at a very considerable salary; and, besides, brought out his farce of "Love-a-la-Mode," which, though it met with some opposition in the beginning, afterwards received such applause both in London and Dublin as made amends for all his former dramatic miscarriages, and crowned him with no inconsiderable share of reputation. Of the origin of this little piece Macklin was often heard to speak with a pleasure which most men take in telling of events which, from trifling beginnings, lead to prosperous consequences. It was as follows:

Some time before their going to Ireland, Barry and Macklin had been spending the evening at a public house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where they had been joined by an Irishman who had been some years in the Prussian service, and who, from his first appearance attracted their notice. In his person he was near six feet high, finely formed, with a handsome, manly face, and a degree of honesty and good humor about him which prejudiced every body in his favor. He happened to take his seat in the same box with Macklin and Barry. The latter who was himself a native of Ireland, perfectly understood



the character of his countrymen, and could tell many agreeable stories in their way, soon scraped an acquaintance with the stranger and brought him into the full blow of self-exhibition. He told them of his birth, parentage and education in Ireland; of his being originally designed for a priest and following an uncle of his to France, who was of that profession, for the purpose; that *luckily* his uncle died and left him at liberty to follow his favorite propensity, in compliance with which he enlisted in the Prussian service, and was in most of the early battles of the great Frederic who rewarded his services with a lieutenancy; and that he had just come over to England to receive a legacy left him by a relation. He likewise gave a long account of his amours in France and Prussia, accompanied with some humorous Irish songs, which made him on the whole a most diverting character. He was, at the same time, so extremely simple and unsuspecting, that when Macklin, who passed himself off for an Englishman, attributed his success with the ladies to his having, in common with all Irishmen, a tail behind, he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat to convince him of his mistake, assuring him that "no Irishman was in that respect better than another man."

Macklin, who seldom wanted observation in his profession, perceived that this was a character which would stand prominent in comedy. He therefore drew him out in all his absurdities, till he had satisfied himself in sketching the full out-

line of the portrait. The next day he communicated his idea to Barry, who highly approved of it, and by way of encouraging Macklin, offered him a wager that he would not produce a dramatic piece on the subject in the course of three months. This was accepted, and Macklin, according to his own account, produced a comedy in five acts, sketched out in plot and incidents, without having all the parts of the dialogue filled up in the course of six weeks. Barry was so pleased with this that he paid him his wager, Macklin pledging himself at the same time to finish it before the end of the season. On submitting it to the judgment of his friends, he, after their advice, reduced it to two acts; in which shape its success fully answered his expectations.

Love-a-la-Mode was succeeded by the True Born Irishman, and various other pieces; among the rest the True Born Scotchman, which was afterwards extended to five acts, under the title of "The Man of the world." For many years the exhibition of his talents was shared by the English and Irish metropolis. About the year 1767, a division took place among the numerous managers of Covent Garden theatre, where Macklin was then engaged, owing, as was alleged, to the assumed authority of Mr. Colman. As it was next to an impossibility for a man of Macklin's bustling spirit to remain an unconcerned spectator, he joined the party in opposition to Colman. The consequence was a paper-

war among the critics, and a chancery suit among the parties. Macklin was involved in the latter, which he entered into with as much spirit and alacrity as if he had been the solicitor instead of the client. This suit, according to the usual custom of the law, continued several years; and as Macklin always thought he understood whatever business he engaged in better than any one else, he undertook himself to answer all his bills in chancery, and his method partook of his usual originality. Whenever he had a bill to answer or any other law question to state to his solicitor, he gave notice to his family to have a constant fire kept up in his study, and not to be interrupted, on any account whatever, till such time as he should chuse to be visible. Accordingly, on the days of his engaging in this business, he locked himself up in this apartment, where his food, linen and every other convenience he wanted were sent in to him in dumb shew. Here he likewise slept, and whenever a thought struck him in the night, he was up at his desk with all the ardor of a poet laboring for immortality. These bills did not disgrace the profession by an improper brevity. The causes of complaint, though some of them very frivolous were all set down with their accustomed length and gravity, so that Macklin's rustication, as he called it, sometimes continued for a month or six weeks. He then came out into the world tiring his acquaintance with the process and effects of his lucubrations till the next bill arrived.

After a wearisome contest of many years, which must have interrupted him greatly in the course of his profession, he however obtained his cause, a victory which, taking in his loss of time and uneasiness, left little more than an empty boast.

Macklin thus continued actively engaged in his professional pursuits with scarcely any visible declension of his powers, till, in November, 1788, while representing the part of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, he for the first time began to lose his recollection. The audience had the indulgence to impute this want of memory as much to the extreme length of the part as to the very advanced age of the performer; but he was conscious of something more serious than a casual lapse of recollection, and in a short address to the audience, informed them, that unless he found himself more capable he should never again venture to solicit their attention. He however rallied after this, so as not only to gain his usual applause, but to encourage a hope that his theatrical labors were not yet at their final close.

His last attempt was on the 7th of May following, in the character of Shylock for his own benefit. To prevent any disappointment, Mr. Ryder had studied the part, and was ready dressed to supply any deficiency. The prudence of the precaution was afterwards apparent. When Macklin had dressed, he went into the green room, and going up to the late Mrs. Pope, asked if she was to play that night. "To be sure I am," replied she, "don't you see that I am dressed for

Portia?"—Ah! very true rejoined Macklin; I had forgot. But who is to play Shylock?"—The imbecile tone of voice, and the inanity of look which accompanied this question, excited a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. After some pause Mrs. Pope answered: "Why you, to be sure. Are you not dressed for the part?" He then seemed to recollect himself, and putting his hand to his forehead, pathetically exclaimed: "God help me, my memory I am afraid has left me." He however, went upon the stage and delivered two or three speeches in a manner that evidently proved he did not understand what he was repeating. After a while he recovered himself a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse his powers, but in vain. Nature could assist him no farther, and after pausing some time as if considering what to do, he then came forward and informed the audience that as he found himself unable to finish his part he hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute. The apology was received with a mixed sentiment of indulgence and commiseration, and at the age of ninety, by his own account, Macklin retired from the stage for ever.

Notwithstanding this decay of memory which incapacitated Macklin for professional business, he was far from feeling the infirmities of so advanced an age in the private habits of life. He lived much abroad as usual, took long walks, related anecdotes with tolerable recollection; his conversation was replete both with entertain-

ment and information, and was often enlivened by that quickness and severity of repartee for which at an earlier period he had been particularly distinguished.

Being one evening in company, he was asked whether Mr. Macklin, the late print-seller in Fleet Street, was any relation of his; to which he answered rather shortly: "No, Sir, I am the first of my name. There was no other Macklin before me, as I invented it merely to get rid of that d—d Irish name M'Laughlin."—"But might not such a name exist without your knowing it?" said a dignitary of the church who was present. "No, Sir," replied Macklin in a growling tone. "Why now I think of it," rejoined the other "there was a printer of that name toward the close of the sixteenth century, near Temple Bar;" and appealing to one of the company very conversant in black letter learning, he continued: "I believe you might have seen books of his printing."—"O yes," answered the other; "several with the name of Macklin at the bottom of the title page." "Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now?" exclaimed several of the company. "Say now?" replied Macklin, "why all I have to say is this (looking the two antiquarians full in the face) that black-letter men will lie like other men."

Those who knew Macklin most intimately at this period, never once had an idea but that a man of his longevity, his high situation in the theatre, and above all his intimate know-

ledge of the world, had sufficiently provided for his independence; but the fact turned out otherwise. With all the advantages he possessed, Macklin had neglected to make a provision for old age; or perhaps like the French wit, he had lived so long that he might think death had forgotten him, and was loth to take precautions, for fear of putting his adversary in mind of him. The truth was, that though Macklin was always well paid both as an actor and a writer, yet he never continued long in any one engagement, so that what he gained by an advance of salary, on the one hand, he lost by travelling expences, shifting of lodgings, and intervals in which he was unemployed, on the other. He was, besides, fond of law-suits and seldom out of the courts, a situation that generally leaves a man considerably out of pocket. In the management of his private affairs he was always extremely reserved, and not less punctual: for whether he was fixed in winter quarters or strolling through the country, he always discharged every current debt at the end of the season, or of his engagement. For this purpose he had a bound quarto book in which he entered the receipts of the different tradesmen. Many a time has he been seen trudging through the streets with this book under his arm; and on being challenged with this peculiarity, he used to reply: "I keep this as a check upon my tradesmen; for those people are sometimes troubled with short memories, and can

rememehr nothing out of book ; so this gives them their cues occasionally."

The calls of an honest man, cannot, however, be long answered without money, and Macklin's removal from the stage was succeeded in a few years by the want of that necessary article. In this dilemma his friends were consulted, and by their advice his two celebrated pieces "The Man of the World," and "Love-a-la-Mode," were published by subscription, under the superintendance of Mr. Arthur Murphy. This plan produced near sixteen hundred pounds, part of which was expended by the trustees appointed for that purpose, in purchasing an annuity of two hundred pounds for Macklin's life, and the remainder was applied to his immediate relief.

This change in his circumstances seemed to produce an immediate effect on Macklin's spirits; but toward the conclusion of 1793, a visible alteration took place both in his mind and person. The ravages of time now began plainly to appear; his face no longer presented any degree of character; his eye had lost all use in describing the movements of the mind, and instead of that erect form and firm step which he had heretofore exhibited, and which seemed to denote a man of fifty, he now shewed all the infirmities incident to advanced age.

Still he occasionally frequented the pit of both theatres, but seemed totally insensible to what was passing before him. Even his favorite part



of the Jew, the part which first established, and supported his fame above half a century, he did not know when it was represented, but frequently asked what was the play, and who was the performer; without any other remark than a repetition of the same question.

Three years he lingered in this unenviable condition; till, at length, growing weaker and weaker, he imperceptibly expired on the 11th of July, 1797, aged by his own computation only ninety eight years, but from very strong and probable circumstances, not less than one hundred and eight.

In respect to Macklin's character as the head of a family, nothing could be more correct and respectable. The reputation he acquired as an actor, and more particularly as an author, was not a little extraordinary considering his want of education, and proves that he must have been a man of strong natural abilities, which could not have failed to raise him to still higher distinction, had they been properly cultivated. It was said of him that, sensible of this defect in his education, he occasionally read in the morning for the purpose of shewing off at night, and the following instance of this is related on the authority of Foote.

Being engaged to sup with some men of science, and ambitious of cutting a figure independent of common conversation, Macklin prepared himself in the morning by reading a philosophical treatise on the properties of gun-powder. This

might be supposed an anomalous subject for common conversation, and rather difficult to be introduced; but whether it was the only book he had at hand, or whether it was the eccentric turn of his mind, this was the *great gun* he had prepared to fire off that evening. A long time however passed before an opportunity presented itself, and perhaps a much longer interval would have elapsed, had not Macklin thought of an expedient,—suddenly starting from his chair and exclaiming: “Good God! Was not that a gun fired off?”—“A gun!” exclaimed the company, in amaze. “Aye, there it is again,” said he; “and I am sure some accident has happened below stairs.” On this the landlord was called up; and he having soon satisfied the company that there was no such thing, Macklin then took up the cue. “Well,” said he, “though my hearing has been deceived in respect to the report of a gun, yet the properties of gunpowder are in many other respects of a very singular nature”—and then went on in that track of reading in which he had previously instructed himself, with great parade of philosophical knowledge.

To heighten the absurdity of Macklin’s literary character, he was peculiarly attached to philosophical and metaphysical books; and as he had no previous knowledge laid in to comprehend those books, it may be easily supposed how he detailed them. With this exception his conversation was lively, humorous, shrewd and entertaining, except in case of flat contradictions, or questions

that he could not readily answer; these embarrassed him and he would often reply in the rudest manner.

Such was Macklin, to whom, notwithstanding all his eccentricities, may be applied the character given by Dr. Johnson of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, that were mankind divided into two classes of good and bad, he would stand considerably within the former.

Men are perhaps best exhibited by some little familiar strokes in their character; we shall therefore exhibit some of those little sallies which distinguished Macklin's conversation, and which will shew, however correct and sensible he was at other times, that neither good sense nor knowledge of the world are sometimes sufficient to restrain the irritations of temper or the grosser particles of original education.

A notorious egotist one day in a large company indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities, which it was well known that he never possessed, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others when he frequently met with very unsuitable returns. "I could tell you, Sir," said Macklin; "the cause is impudence—nothing but stark staring impudence."

A person praising Garrick's generosity upon a certain occasion, Macklin quickly replied: "Did you see this yourself, Sir?"—"No, Sir, but I heard of it"—"Aye, *hear* of it! (sarcastically)—yes, you'll *hear* a great many things of this kind

of Garrick, for he has toad-eaters in every corner: and the fellow will talk a great deal himself about charity, generosity, &c. while he is at his own table; but let him once turn the corner of Southampton Street, and meet the ghost of a farthing, all his resolutions will vanish into air."

One of the band of Covent-Garden who played the French horn, was likewise relating an anecdote of Garrick's generosity. Macklin who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always took fire at the praises of Garrick, called out: "Sir, I believe you are a trumpeter." "Well Sir," said the poor man, quite confounded, "and if I am, what then?"—"Nothing more, Sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession."

But notwithstanding these biting parts of his character, his conversation at other times was liberal, pleasant, and instructive; and he generally observed upon common things in his own way with singular force and perspicuity. Speaking of one of our naval victories he emphatically exclaimed: "Ah, Sir, an English man of war is the thing after all. She speaks all languages; is the best negociator and the most profound politician in this Island. She was always Oliver Cromwell's ambassador. She is one of the honestest ministers of state that ever existed, and never tells a lie; nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman, Dutchman or Spaniard to bamboozle her, or give her a saucy answer."

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## GEORGE MORLAND.

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**I**N a work, the professed object of which is to delineate the lives and actions of eccentric and remarkable characters, few persons can more justly claim a place than the celebrated artist, George Morland. Though blest with talents, which, if prudently applied, might have raised him to affluence and distinction, such was the unfortunate bent of his disposition, that he associated only with the meanest of mankind, and a life of alternate extravagance and distress was terminated by his death in a spunging-house.

George Morland was born in the year 1763. His father was a portrait painter in crayons; and his talents, though respectable, were not of the first order. In early life he had made a considerable figure, but having lost much property by engaging in schemes not conducted with prudence, he retired from the world in disgust, and educated his family in that obscurity to which the narrowness of his circumstances confined him.

George, in his infancy, is said to have manifested a predilection for the art; and it is certain, that in the exhibitions of the society of artists,

to which his father belonged, were shewn drawings by his son, when only four, five, and six years old, which would have done credit to youths who were learning the art as a profession. From this time his father obliged him to study without intermission the practice of every department of the art.

He was at this period confined to an upper room copying drawings or pictures, and drawing from plaister casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighbourhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained by such close application to his business as to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment to his youthful companions by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this unremitting diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice was the ruling passion of his father; and this passion was so insatiable, that he kept his son incessantly at work, and gave him little, if any, other education. To this cause must doubtless be attributed all the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's first original compositions were

## GEORGE MORLAND.

dictated by his father. They were small pictures of two or three figures taken from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. These, though infinitely inferior to his later productions, were much admired; many fell into the hands of engravers, and the engravings made from them first brought Morland into notice.

Some gentlemen, to whom the elder Morland was known, wished to patronize the youthful artist: from one he borrowed two capital pieces by Vernet, which George copied in an admirable style. Mr. Angerstein permitted him to take a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and on this occasion the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition was strikingly displayed. The original was at Blackheath, whither the two Morlands went to copy it. Mr. Angerstein wished to notice the youth, and to observe the progress of the work; but he refused to begin his picture till he had obtained a solemn promise that he should be overlooked by no person whatever. The promise was given; he painted the picture; associated with the servants while he remained in the house, and no encouragement or intreaties could bring him into the company of the generous and public-spirited proprietor.

A friend, who was going to pass the summer at Margate, advised old Morland to send his son

to that place to paint portraits. The plan appeared a good one, and was adopted. George, with his picture of Garrick and some others, took lodgings for the season; customers flocked to him, his portraits pleased, and he began a great number. Unfortunately, the society of accomplished women or rational men, made him feel his own ignorance and insignificance; hence every one who sat to him was an object of disgust. The pig-races, and other elegant amusements projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate, engaged the whole of his attention, and the portraits were thrown aside to be completed in town. Instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he only brought a large cargo of unfinished canvasses; and as the engagements of the watering place are forgotten in the capital, very few of them were afterwards completed.

Though, in this expedition, he obtained very little pecuniary advantage, he gained several points that were of considerable consequence. He acquired the reputation of being an artist who possessed considerable talents; he emancipated himself from paternal authority; and instead of handing a sketch slyly out of the window to raise a few shillings, he did what he pleased, and fixed what price he thought proper on his labours. By means of the money thus obtained, he was enabled to make many acquaintances, who unfortunately contributed to fix his character for life. The lowest among the professors of



his art now became the companions of Morland. To these he was equal in intellect, and superior in talent; he was likewise superior to them in a circumstance which will always obtain from such persons what ignorant men covet, the adulation of their associates. A ride into the country to a smock-race or a grinning-match, a jolly dinner and a drinking-bout after it, a mad scamper home with a flounce into the mud, and two or three other *et ceteras* formed the sum of their enjoyments. Of these Morland had as much as he desired, and as he was the richest of the set, by the community of property among such jolly dogs, he commonly paid for them more than his share.

About this time Morland married, and became acquainted with Mr. J. R. Smith the engraver, who then dealt largely in prints, for whom he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. Every one was acquainted with the subjects, and felt the sentiments they conveyed, so that the prints which Mr. Smith made from those paintings, had an unprecedented sale, and extended Morland's fame not only throughout this kingdom, but even over the continent. The subjects were probably suggested by Smith, as they displayed more sentiment than Morland ever seemed to possess. His peculiar talent, as it now burst forth with full splendor, was landscape, such as it is found in sequestered situations, and with appropriate animals and figures. He was extremely fond of

visiting the Isle of Wight, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from that spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending their fish to the neighbouring market-towns, were scenes he most delighted in, when he attempted sea-shore pieces; and the Isle of Wight afforded him abundant opportunities to gratify his taste and fancy. In this his constant summer excursion, he was once recognized at a place called Fresh-water Gate, in a low public house, known by the name of *the Cabin*. A number of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics formed the homely group: he was in the midst of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when his friend called him aside, and intreated his company for an hour. Morland, with some reluctance withdrew from the Cabin; and the next day when his friend began to remonstrate on his keeping such company, he took from his pocket a sketch-book, and asked him where he was to find a true picture of humble life unless in such a place as that from which his friend had taken him. The sketch was a correct delineation of every thing in the Cabin tap-room, even to a countenance, a stool, a settee, or the position of a figure. This representation his memory had supplied after leaving the house, and one of his best pictures is the very scene he then sketched;

a proof that his mind was still intent on its favorite pursuit, the delineation of nature in her homeliest attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing farther than an eagerness to partake of the vulgar sensualities of his surrounding companions.

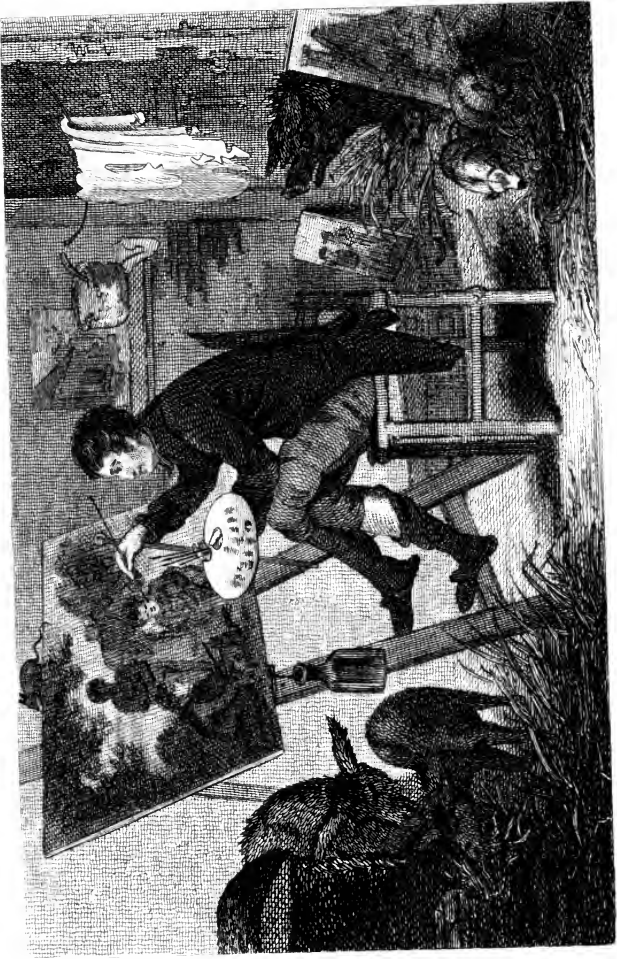
During one of these excursions a friend, at whose house he resided, having gone to London, left an order at his departure with an acquaintance at Cowes, to give Morland his own price for such drawings or pictures as he should think proper to send. The gentleman entrusted with this commission, though highly respectable both in his moral and professional character, had, nevertheless, a very incompetent knowledge of, and as little true relish for the fine arts. Morland's pictures were always sent in with an accompanying solicitation for cash according to the nature of the subject. These demands were regularly complied with, until at length a small but highly finished drawing was transmitted with a demand, as usual, for a sum proportionate to its merit. Struck with the apparent disparity between the size of the drawing and the sum required, which seemed out of all proportion, the conscientious agent positively refused to advance a shilling until he had transmitted the drawing to his friend, who was then in London. This was accordingly done, and instructions were immediately sent back to take the drawing and as many others as the artist might offer at the same price. On the receipt of this liberal and

explicit order, the agent at Cowes hastened to find out Morland and instantly paid the money, but not without observing that he thought his friend deranged in his intellects.

During Morland's stay at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, he and his fellow travellers were apprehended as spies, when the former, in his vindication produced several drawings which he had just finished at Cowes, but these the officers ingeniously construed into confirmations of their guilt. They were accordingly escorted by a numerous body of soldiers and constables to Newport, where, after being separately examined before the bench of justices, they were at length discharged with a strict injunction to paint and draw no more during their stay in the island.

The manner in which he painted rural subjects obtained so much notice, that his fortune might now have been made; purchasers appeared who would have taken any number of pictures he could have painted, and paid any price for them he could have demanded, but here the low-bred dealers in pictures stepped in, and completed that ruin the low-bred artists had begun. His unfortunate peculiarity assisted them much in this plan; the dislike he had for the society of gentlemen made him averse to speak to one who only wished to purchase his pictures. This peculiarity, his friends the dealers took care to encourage to such a degree, that men of rank and fortune were often denied admittance to him.





*George Horland, the celebrated Painter.*

when he was surrounded by a gang of harpies who pushed the glass and the joke apparently at the *quiz* who was refused admittance, but in reality at the fool who was the dupe of their artifices. They in the character of friends purchased of him all his pictures, which they afterwards sold at very advanced prices. This was carried to such an extent, that gentlemen who wished to obtain Morland's pictures ceased to apply to him for them, but applied to such of his *friends* as had any to sell; so that he was entirely cut off from all connection with the real admirers of his works, and a competition took place among those by whom he was surrounded, each striving to obtain possession, and to exclude all the rest from a share in the prey.

For this reason all were anxious to join in his country excursions and his drinking-parties, and to haunt his painting-room in the morning, glass in hand, to obtain his friendship. Thus his original failing was increased, his health and his talents were injured, and by the united efforts of of the crew, his gross debauchery produced idleness and a consequent embarrassment of his circumstances, when he was sure to become a prey to some of this honest set. It frequently happened, that when a picture had been bespoken by one of his friends who advanced some money to induce him to work, if the purchaser did not stand by to see it finished, and carry it away with him, some other person, who was lurking about for the purpose, and knew the state of

Morland's pocket, by the temptation of a few guineas, obtained the picture, and carried it off, leaving the intended purchaser to lament his loss, and to seek his remedy by prevailing on Morland to paint him another picture; that is, when he was in the humour to work for money he had already spent; in making which satisfaction he certainly was not very alert. Thus all were served in their turn, and though each exulted in the success of the trick, when he was so lucky as to obtain a picture in this way, yet they all joined in exclaiming against Morland's want of honesty in not keeping his promises.

Mr. Hassell, himself an artist and the biographer of Morland, had once sold one of his pictures to a gentleman, who it was stipulated should have the companion within a given time. Notwithstanding half the price of the latter was paid in advance, and the subject had been dead-colored, yet convinced that all remonstrances on the necessity of honor and punctuality in his engagements would have been ineffectual, the following stratagem was employed. Morland was an early riser, and in summer would frequently be at his easel by six in the morning and sometimes even sooner. Aware of this, Mr. Hassell procured two of his acquaintances to personate sheriff's officers, whom he stationed at the White Lion, opposite to Morland's house at Paddington, with instructions that they should take their breakfast in a room of the inn directly facing his painting-room, and occasionally walk to and fro



before the door. This plan being arranged, he obtained admission into the artist's study, where he found him as he expected, already at work, and requested he would then finish what he had so repeatedly promised; but so far from producing any effect by his entreaties, the more he urged them, the more jocular Morland became on the occasion. After waiting some time Hassell carelessly opened a part of the shutter, as if to see the state of the weather, and pretended to express some surprize at two men who appeared to be watching the door of Morland's house. The artist who was easily alarmed and perhaps, at that moment, had sufficient cause for apprehension, now went to the window himself to reconnoitre and instantly affirmed that they were waiting for him. He was deeply impressed with this idea, which his companion endeavoured to confirm; and accordingly recommended that the door should be kept closely shut, till it was ascertained whether these persons were actually waiting for him, or there was some probability of their going away. He then renewed his solicitations that Morland would finish the picture, which he enforced by shewing him the other moiety of the price in hard cash, care having been previously taken to secure the entrance of the house, and orders given that all comers should be answered by the servant out of a two pair of stairs window, that Morland had not been at home all night. This had the desired effect. No interruption occurred, and all

supplies for that day being apparently cut off, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and finished a landscape and figures, one of the best pictures he ever painted, in less than six hours after he had dead-colored it. Having now succeeded, Hassell in order to remove his friend's apprehensions, pretended to recollect the countenance of one of the persons in waiting, and in a few minutes demonstrated to Morland the truth of his observations, by taking the picture wet as it was, and transferring it to one of them to carry home.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington. At this period he had reached the very summit of his merit and also of his extravagance. He kept at one time no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered as a horse-dealer. Frequently horses for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next for less than half that sum; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a *douceur* for the renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was remarkable, nor his talents were by any means adequate to counter-

poise. His wine-merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct he heaped folly upon folly to such a degree, that a fortune of ten thousand a year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

No man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross was the mode in which it was served up, the more highly was it relished. If an ostler or post-boy applauded his observations he was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair of leather breeches little the worse for wear. His acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of London that was not known to him; nor was there a blood-horse of any note whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

An inn at Highgate, where the sovereign judges of the whip generally stopped on their return to the country, to refresh themselves and their horses, was a favorite resort of Morland's. There he used to take his stand, and there indeed he was completely at home; receiving the compliments of every one that offered them, in return for which he always considered it his duty to pay the reckoning. With a pipe in his mouth he would frequently parade before the door of this house, and hail the carriages as they passed in succession before him; and from being so well

known he was generally greeted in return with a familiar salute from the postilion. The consequence he attached to this species of homage as an illustration of his great merit was such as almost to exceed belief.

Among other instances of his eccentricity the following is given by Mr. Hassell.—“A lady whose sister the writer afterwards married, went with her husband in consequence of ill health, to reside at Paddington, and had been promised a sucking pig by Morland, who was intimate with the family. As the writer was walking towards Paddington, one summer’s morning, to enquire concerning the health of his relative, he observed a man posting before him with a pig, which he held in his arms as if it had been a child. The piteous squeaks of the little animal unaccustomed to such a mode of conveyance, attracted the notice of numerous spectators, both from the doors and windows as he passed along. Struck with the laughable conduct of the bearer of the pig, the writer determined to follow him, as the adventure promised some humor, and the more so as the pig-bearer would set the pig down to every dog that barked, and there were not a few, and pitted him against the dog. From this a chace would sometimes ensue, and the pig-hunter having overtaken the animal, would hastily snatch it up and jog on as before. In this manner he pursued his course through several of the streets of Marylebone till he reached the house of the writer’s friend, where to his no small surprize, the man

with the pig knocked and readily obtained admittance. Conceiving him to be some person connected with the people of the house, the writer thought of nothing but creating a laugh by reciting the singularity of the adventure; but how great was his astonishment upon entering the dining room to find this original character, with the pig yet under his arm, introduced to him as Mr. Morland the painter."

It was about the year 1790 that our artist, who was lineally descended from Sir Samuel Morland, an eminent mathematician of the seventeenth century, was assured by his solicitor that he was the undoubted heir to the dormant baronetage, and was advised to assert his claim. He, however, sagaciously remarked that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures as well, and obtain him as much respect, as if *Sir* was prefixed to it; for there was more honour in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman. George's aversion to fashionable life was probably a strong motive for his renouncing this honor.

Mr. Hassell, in his memoirs of the life of this eminent artist, relates two circumstances in which his love of low company subjected Morland's pride to sensible mortification.

One day Mr. J. R. Smith, by whom Morland was then employed, called in company with Mr. J. Bannister to see what progress he had made in a picture which was upon the easel. Satisfied with what he saw, Mr. Smith was about to take

his leave, when Morland proposed to accompany him in his morning's ride, which Mr. Smith declined, saying in an abrupt and emphatical tone: "I have an appointment with a *gentleman* who is waiting for me." Morland immediately felt the keenness of the shaft levelled at him, and understood the insinuation that he was not a fit companion for Mr. Smith or Mr. Bannister, and gave vent to his splenetic humor in the most vulgar and indecent language.

The other was a more humorous occurrence, and originated in an invitation which Morland had received from a gentleman who resided at Hadley, and who agreed to meet him at Highgate. There were some other gentlemen in company, and among the rest Mr. Hassell who relates the anecdote. On their way to Barnet they had reached the turnpike-gate at Whetstone, when a kind of lumber or jocky cart intercepted their progress, and two persons seated in the vehicle were seen disputing with the gate-keeper about the toll. In consequence of this interruption there was only room for one horse to pass at a time. Morland was endeavouring to make good his way, when one of the *gentlemen* in the cart, looking up, vociferated: "*Vat Mr. Morland vont you speak to a body?*" It was particularly observed that the artist endeavored to shun this greeting, and wished to pass on in silence; but his old friend was not to be put off so easily, and still continued bawling out to him until at length he was obliged to recognize his compani-

on and crony Mr. Hooper, the tinman and celebrated pugilist, who by this time had extended his hand to give Morland a hearty fraternal shake. He had no sooner done this than turning to his comrade the charioteer, he introduced a chimney-sweeper to Morland's notice; calling out: "*Vy, Dick; don't you know this here gemman? 'Tis my friend Mr. Morland.* The sooty knight instantly put out his hand and forced the officious welcome upon Morland, notwithstanding the latter made many awkward attempts to avoid the squeeze. The chagrin he manifested upon this occasion clearly evinced that his pride was very sensibly hurt; if, indeed he ever possessed what may be termed virtuous and commendable pride; for he always endeavored to clear himself from the imputation of this rencontre with his brother of the brush, by declaring that the tinman had forced his company upon him, and that the chimney-sweeper was a perfect stranger to him; which, however, considering Morland's habits, was not very probable case, nor was it easily accredited.

Morland's dress and equipage at this period were completely changed from the affectation of excessive foppery to the appearance of extreme neatness. Scarcely a week elapsed but he sported a pair of new gloves and leather breeches; so that on the last-mentioned occasion, it was ludicrous to observe him with a clean glove on one hand and the marks of the sooty squeeze on the other. This was a joke which he never liked to

hear repeated, though for a considerable time afterwards *sweeps, your honor*, was a standing jest among his friends and never failed to make the laugh go round.

In one of Morland's excursions from London, he was surprized by a friend seated in the midst of the smuggling crew of the celebrated Johnson. In the centre of this motley group was placed a half anker of gin, into which each of the company dipping a glass tumbler, drank off his quota and then passed it to his neighbour. Morland also when it came to his turn, quaffed his portion with as much pleasure as any of the rest, nor was it till the keg was drained that he left his associates. It was a sort of hobby-horse that led him into this low company. He was extremely vain when he could be thought a person of consequence among such rabble; but in the end he smarted for his weakness. He endeavored to assume the same character as his associates, and the liberty and coarse freedom with which he was in consequence greeted, frequently made him ridiculous.

In the course of the years 1790, 1791 and 1792, when Morland's best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing without scruple or hesitation, embraced their offers indiscriminately; for there was scarcely one of these liberal friends whose purse he did



not make free with, and that too, almost at the time, and on the same occasion.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith Esq. to visit him at his seat at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the purse he had thus collected, very opportunely served his purpose. Accompanied by one of his trusty friends commonly known by the appellation of *Dirty Brookes*, a notorious debauchee, who fell a sacrifice to his excess, away he set out upon this rural excursion. This journey was kept a profound secret from his accommodating friends the picture dealers; and his absence consequently excited a considerable deal of alarm, which was not a little augmented by a report industriously circulated, as a good joke, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. The sudden shock which this intelligence occasioned, proceeded less from the apprehension of losing the sums they had lent him, than from the disappointment of their speculative schemes. It would require the spirit of Hogarth's pencil, correctly to depict the lengthened countenances of these outwitted speculators when they first compared notes together. It was however unanimously agreed to make all possible enquiries about the artist, who meanwhile was priding himself on having thus taken in the knowing ones.

No sooner had he returned from this excursion than he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits. This,

however, he would not encourage, but from this moment studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together:

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should become an inhabitant of a goal, that he actually visited the King's Bench prison *incog.* to ascertain how he should like confinement; yet, so great was his dread of the apprehended evil, that he declared nothing but absolute necessity should ever compel him to a surrender of his liberty.

It was now that he began to feel the ill effects of having involved himself in debt. If he walked the streets, he was sure to be dogged, or to imagine himself dogged by some lurking creditor, before he could reach his habitation, where, notwithstanding all his precautions he was frequently discovered. Whenever he surmised this to be the case, he would suddenly decamp, and in a few days his trusty dependents would be dispatched to fetch away his implements.

The consequences attendant on the imprudence of Morland's conduct were frequent distress, the spunging-house and the goal, except he had the good fortune to escape into a retirement unknown to all but some trusty dealer, who, for the time took all his works, and paid him a stipulated sum for his support. On one occasion to avoid his creditors, he retired from public observation, and lived in great obscurity near Hackney. Some of the neighbours from his

extreme privacy and other circumstances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged bank notes; which suspicion being communicated to the bank, the directors sent some police-officers to search the house, and if any indications of guilt should appear, to take the offender into custody. As they approached, they were observed by Morland, who naturally concluding them to be a bailiff, and his followers in quest of himself, immediately retreated into the garden, went out at a back door, and ran over the brick fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling, opened the front door, when the police officers entered, and began to search the house. An explanation took place; she assured them, with unaffected simplicity, evidently the result of truth, that they were mistaken, and informed them of the cause of his flight. As they discovered in the house little more than some excellent unfinished pictures, which excited in them some respect and admiration, they said they were convinced of the mistake, and retired. On communicating the result of their search to the directors, and informing them that they had made no discovery of bank notes, but that it was the retreat of Morland the painter, and giving them an account of his flight to avoid them as bailiffs, the directors commiserating the pecuniary embarrassment of this unfortunate genius, and to compensate the trouble they had

unintentionally given, generously presented him with forty pounds.

It has been related that at another time he was found in a lodging in Somerstown, in the following extraordinary circumstances. His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin in one corner of the room; an ass and her foal stood munching barley-straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cupboard, and he himself was whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel, with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting or rather kicking, for his portrait on the other. This story has however, been positively contradicted by his biographer, who says: "As for that part of it which relates to the child, we can positively assert that he never had one; the rest of the story may in some parts be true; for when he lived in the Lambeth road, he had an intimate of the long-eared tribe and a few other singular lodgers: but that any person who ever knew Morland could have supposed him bold enough to stay in a room with a corpse by himself is perfectly ridiculous. He was remarkably timid and so nervous, that he never attempted to exercise his profession till he had drunk sufficient to subdue the irritability resulting from his over-night's excess.

The department of his art in which Morland shone forth in all his glory, was picturesque landscape. For about seven years that he painted

such subjects he was in his prime, and though the figures he introduced were of the lower order, yet they were consistent with the scenes, and had nothing that created disgust; but when his increasing irregularities led him from the wood-side to the ale-house, his subjects assumed a meaner cast, as they partook of the meanness of his society, for he still painted what he saw. Stage-coachmen, postillions and drovers drinking, were honoured by his pencil; his sheep were changed for pigs; and at last with the true feeling of a disciple of Circe, he forsook the picturesque cottage, and the woodland scenery, and never seemed happy but in a pig-stye. At this time one of his most favourite resorts was the top of Gray's Inn Lane, where it opens into the fields; there he might be seen for hours together amidst the accumulations of ashes and filth, quaffing copious draughts of his ordinary beverage, and sketching the picturesque forms of nightmen, dustmen and cinder-wenches, pigs, half-starved asses, and hacks in training for the slaughter-house.

Morland's embarrassments were far from producing any change of his conduct, and at length conducted him through the hands of a bailiff into that confinement of which he had entertained such well-grounded apprehension. This, however, did not render him unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging without controul, all his favorite propensities. There he could mingle with such companions as were

best adapted to his taste, there, in his own way, he could reign and revel surrounded by the very lowest of the low. His constant companion in this theatre of indolence and dissipation was a person who went under the familiar appellation of *My Dicky*. This *Dicky* a waterman by occupation, was his confidant and picture salesman. If accident detained the purchaser of a bespoke picture beyond the time he had stipulated to send for it, *My Dicky* was always at hand to carry it forthwith to the pawnbroker's. To one of these places Morland once dispatched this man with the picture of a farm-yard, on which he demanded three guineas, and as the picture was wet from the easel, he requested that particular care should be taken not to injure it. Too much care sometimes defeats its intention; this might possibly have been the case in the present instance, for while the pawn-broker was going up stairs to convey the picture to a place of security, his foot unfortunately slipped, and his clothes coming in contact with the canvas, totally obliterated the head and fore-part of a hog. The dealer in money unable to remedy this accident, returned the painting with a polite note, apologizing for the accident and requesting the artist to restore the head of the animal and retouch the damaged parts. This to use Morland's language upon the occasion, was a *good one*. No sooner was the picture again in his possession than he made a peremptory demand of five guineas for complying with the request of the pawn-

broker, accompanying this demand with an intimation that if the picture was not returned in as perfect a state as when it was sent, he should commence an action against the pawnbroker for the recovery of thirty pounds, the value at which he estimated the picture. In this dilemma, the latter thought it most prudent to comply with the demand, and in less than an hour the whole business was adjusted to their mutual satisfaction.

Morland, when distressed was never barren in expedients, as the following whimsical circumstance will serve to demonstrate. He had been making sketches of the coast near Deal and was returning to town on foot, accompanied by his brother in law, Mr. Williams, the engraver. The extravagant humors of the preceding evening had drained their exchequer of every shilling. Morland began to feel the calls of nature for refreshment, but the difficulty was how to procure it. Observing a low-built house by the road side, over which was placed an animal intended for a bull, our artist, who was seldom at a loss for a pretext to enter a public-house, went in and under the pretence of enquiring the way expressed his surprize to the landlord that he did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. Boniface alledged his inability to get it repaired on account of the charge, observing that it was good enough for his humble dwelling; but Morland offering to paint him a new one for five shillings, he immediately acquiesced, and

commissioned him to make a trial of his skill. A new difficulty now occurred. Morland was without implements which could not be procured at a smaller distance than Canterbury, to which place, the landlord was, with some difficulty prevailed upon to send. In the mean time the travellers had bespoken a dinner, exhausted several pitchers of good ale, and taken at least a quantum sufficit of spirits, all which could not be paid for but by painting the sign. Instead of five shillings, the sum contracted for, the reckoning amounted before the bull was finished to ten, and the chagrined landlord reluctantly suffered the travellers to depart on Morland's explaining who he was, and promising to call and pay on a future day. Their host had, however, no reason to repent his bargain; for Morland on his arrival in London, having related this adventure at one of his usual places of resort, the singularity of the story induced a gentleman who entertained the highest opinion of his performances, to set off privately in quest of the Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas.

About three years before his death Morland received a severe stroke from the palsy, which gave so rude a shock to his whole frame, intellectual and corporeal, that, sometimes while in the act of painting he would fall back senseless in his chair, or sleep for hours together.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty it was common for him



to have four guineas a day and his drink, an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eaves-dropper snapped up his picture, and he was left to obtain what redress he could.

By this conduct steadily pursued for many years, he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society, nor did he wish for any, but that of the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry, and from which he was taken by a Marshalsea writ for a trifling sum. When removed to a place of confinement, he drank a large quantity of spirits, and was soon afterwards taken ill. The man in whose custody he was, being alarmed at his situation, applied to several of his friends for relief; but that relief if it was afforded came too late. The powers of life were exhausted, and he died at the age of forty one years. Thus perished George Morland, whose best works will command esteem so long as any taste for the art remains; whose ordinary productions will please so long as any love for a just representation of

what is natural can be found ; and whose talents might have ensured him happiness and merited distinction, if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against the snares which are continually preparing by interested knavery for the inexperience of youth.

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## THE HON. WILLIAM MONTAGU.

**T**HIS officer equally distinguished for his intrepidity and his singularities, was the younger son of Viscount Hinchinbroke. He entered at an early age into the naval service, and was appointed a lieutenant under Captain Robert Long, who, in the action between Admirals Mathews and Lestock and the combined French and Spanish fleets, commanded the *Russel* of eighty guns. That officer entertained a high opinion of Mr. Montagu, but observing in him a degree of impetuosity which, at times appeared rather too romantic for a moderate and prudent man to display, he gave him the familiar appellation of his "Dragon."

Having gone through various intermediate stages of promotion Mr. Montagu was appointed in 1746 to the *Bristol* of fifty guns, in which, the year following, he displayed his characteristic intrepidity under Lord Anson, in the defeat and capture of, de la Jonquière's squadron. On

this occasion Captain Montagu and Captain Fincher in the *Pembroke* of sixty guns, bore down upon the French ship *L'Invincible* of 74. When the *Bristol* began to engage, Captain Fincher endeavored to get in between her and the enemy, but not finding sufficient room, he hailed Captain Montagu requesting him to put his helm a-starboard, or the *Pembroke* would run foul of his ship. To this Captain Montagu replied: "Run foul and be d—d: neither you nor any man in the world shall come between me and my enemy."

Captain Montagu was snatched at an early period of his life from the service of which he promised to become a distinguished ornament. He died on the 10th of February, 1757.

The whimsical eccentricities which pervaded the general conduct of this gentleman, procured him, both in and out of the service, the familiar appellation of *Mad Montagu*. Some of these anecdotes are almost too extravagant for belief; we shall relate one or two which are well authenticated. In coming up the channel, during the time he commanded the *Bristol*, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward-bound Dutch merchantmen: he fired at several, in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorised by custom and his general instructions. The Dutch aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way. Captain Montagu pursued, but, on overtaking

them, took no other satisfaction than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which they are accustomed to ornament the extremity of their rudders. When those were brought on board, he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humour could invent, and writing under them the names of the twelve Cæsars. Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and being involved in a nocturnal affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black eye. The following day, previous to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boat's crew to black, with cork, one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the cockswain both: the whimsical effect may be easily conceived.

When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to go to London. The admiral informed him, that "the complexion of affairs was so serious, that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge could carry him." Mr. Montagu is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge, having pre-

viously stored it with provisions and necessaries for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew were instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had actually been coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him his permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper.

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### M. DE VANDILLE.

**T**O judge from the circumstances in which this extraordinary French miser began life and those in which he ended his career, he must have been a greater proficient in the art of saving than even Elwes, Dancer, or any other of the most notorious characters of that class which the country has produced. He was born about the year 1663, and after holding for some time a civil situation at Boulogne, he removed to Paris. His extreme wealth was equalled only by his sordid disposition.

To avoid noise and visits he lodged in an upper room, and had no other servant than a poor old woman, whom he allowed only seven *sous* a week, or one penny a day.

In 1735, this man possessed upwards of seven hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied upon the body of a single shilling,

from the age of sixteen to that of seventy-two. At the last mentioned period, on a hot summer's day, he bargained for a quantity of wood for fuel, and afterwards took an opportunity of stealing as much as he could carry from the same pile. The weight of the burthen, together with the heat of the weather, threw him into a fever. He then, for the first time in his life, sent for a surgeon to bleed him, but he desired to know his terms, which being mentioned, Vandille thought them exorbitant: an apothecary was then applied to, who was equally high in his demand. At length he sent for a common barber surgeon, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a-time. "But," said the miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times," answered the man. "And what quantity of blood do you propose to take?" "About eight ounces each time," replied the operator. "That will be nine pence!—too much!—too much!" exclaimed old Vandille. "I have determined to go a cheaper way to work—take the whole quantity at once, that you propose to take from me in three times, and that will save me sixpence." Thus being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vast treasures to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir. Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering; and his death by an unprecedented stretch of parsimony.

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## CHARLOTTE D'EON DU BEAUMONT.

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**IT** is not improbable, that to the success of this lady in personating the male character the present age is indebted for the many instances of women, who have assumed the same disguise, and have acquired distinction, especially in that profession which would appear to belong exclusively to the other sex. It is true, that she not only gained celebrity in the capacity of a warrior, but also in that of a negociator. But here we may be permitted to remark, that the latter appears much more congenial with the constitution of the female mind, and that, in our opinion, any woman with a good education and a sound understanding, might easily become a proficient in the arts of political intrigue. The successes of Mademoiselle d'Eon were, however, but temporary, and she is a striking example of the disappointment which sooner or later awaits those who step out of the path which nature designed them to pursue.

Charlotte Genevieve Louise Auguste Andrée Timothée d'Eon du Beaumont, doctor of civil law, advocate of the parliament of Paris, censor of belles lettres and history in that metropolis,

captain of dragoons, and aid du camp royal to the Count and Field Marshal de Broglio, knight of the order of St. Louis, secretary of embassy to the Duke de Nivernois, ambassador from the court of France to that of England, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary herself to the same court, was born October 4, 1728, at Tonnerre, a village in the province of Burgundy. Her family is remarked as an ancient one in the genealogical books of heraldry in France. Her grandfather and father were successively intendants of their municipality; and her mother was the daughter of M. Du Charenton, a commissary to the French armies in Spain and Italy.

At the very early age of six years, for reasons as curious as singular, her parents made her assume the dress of a boy. This was to comply with the whimsical desire of her uncle. This gentleman, her father's brother, having conceived a strong antipathy against the women of his time, from some disappointment he met with in his youth, was so irritated at the female world, that he shunned their company, and lived secluded with only one man servant. In consequence of this antipathy, he made his will, leaving a considerable property to Mademoiselle D'Eon's father, and the bulk of his fortune to his son, in case he should have one, and a reserve in case he should have none other than female issue. This circumstance put her father on the contrivance of dressing his daughter in male attire, and she received an education as such, suitable to her fu-



ture expectation. At fourteen years of age she made her first appearance at Paris, and soon after, her uncle died, and left her the promised patrimony, which, though moderate, enabled her to figure like a gentleman, and to hold an honorable rank in society.

Not long afterwards, she was sent to the College Mazarine in that city, where she was no less distinguished for her proficiency in letters, than for the regularity of her conduct. At twenty she removed from that seminary, when she learned to ride the great horse, and to fence, which latter exercise has been always one of her favorite pursuits. She then became doctor of civil and of canon law, and was received advocate of the parliament of Paris.

Amidst all these employments and studies, she found time enough to compose some various pieces for literary works, both in Latin and French, insomuch that she was soon taken notice of by the Prince of Conti, who was one of the few that knew the secret of her sex, and who had long honored her family with his protection. This nobleman introduced her in 1755 to Louis XV. to whom he communicated the secret, as a person very capable to conduct a business he had much at heart, a reconciliation between his court and that of Russia.

Mademoiselle D'Eon went to Russia as reader to the empress Elizabeth, and having succeeded in the very arduous undertaking, in which she was engaged as a woman, was again sent to that

court, in 1756, in conjunction with the Chevalier Douglas, as a man, and in an open and avowed diplomatic situation. Their negotiations were so powerful, that they prevailed upon the empress Elizabeth to join the armies of France and Austria with eighty thousand men; whom she had originally destined for the assistance of the king of Prussia.

On her return to Paris the same year, the Chevalier, D'Eon, as she was now called, was charged by Elizabeth with a packet for Voltaire, containing some presents from the empress to induce him to soften the character of Peter the Great in his History of Russia, as well as some papers in manuscript. Some time afterwards, a similar packet of medals and manuscript papers being sent by another hand, the last of these articles alone reached M. de Voltaire, who laughingly said: "Whenever the Empress of Russia does me the honor to make me another present, I hope she will put it into the hands of M. D'Eon."

No sooner had she arrived in her native country, than she was commissioned to communicate the plan of the Russian military operations to the court of Vienna, and while she was in that city, the news arrived of the famous battle of Prague.

The Count de Broglio entrusted her with dispatches to the court of France, giving an account of the victory obtained over the King of Prussia. Charged with these dispatches, and with the treaty concluded between Russia and France,

Mademoiselle D'Eon set out in a stage waggon for Paris. She had not, however, proceeded above fifteen leagues on her journey, when at the famous mountain of Melch in Lower Austria (two hundred and fifty leagues from Paris) and late at night, her carriage was overturned, and she broke one of the bones of her ankle. She stopped merely to have it set, and pursued her journey with such expedition, that she reached Versailles thirty-six hours sooner than the courier dispatched from the court of Vienna to that of France; and without getting out of her carriage she delivered her dispatches into the hands of M. de Rouillè, then secretary of state for foreign affairs. They were immediately taken to Louis XV. who ordered a lodging to be prepared for her, and sent one of his surgeons to attend her. She was confined to her bed for three months, and on her recovery was presented by her sovereign with a lieutenancy of dragoons, a situation she had long been anxious to obtain, and was sent a third time to Petersburg as secretary of embassy to the Marquis de l'Hôpital. She returned from that court in 1759; and, being desirous to distinguish herself in her military character, she was permitted to join her regiment in Germany, as captain of dragoons, and as aid du camp to the Count and Marshal de Broglio.

At the engagement of Ultrop our heroine was twice wounded. At that of Ostervich, at the head of fourscore dragoons and forty hussars, she

charged the Prussian Battalion of Rhés, which she completely routed, and took the commanding officer prisoner.

In 1762 her sovereign intended to have sent her ambassador to Russia, to replace the Baron de Breteuil; but the death of the emperor Peter the Third having occasioned a change in the politics of that court, this appointment did not take place. In September of the same year she was sent to London, as secretary of embassy to the Duke de Nivernois, ambassador from France to that court, to conclude the peace of 1763. On her arrival in London she was fortunate enough to prove of essential service to her court in the following manner: The Duke de Nivernois over zealous in behalf of his court, changed several articles in the ultimatum of the treaty, which gave such umbrage at St. James's, that the Count de Virey, who had a great share in the whole negociation, sent for M. D'Eon, and told her plainly, that if the duke did not withdraw his ultimatum, and replace it with that agreed upon between the two courts, he might order his chaise to the door as soon as he pleased, and return to Paris. The duke, both enraged and perplexed, said, that neither the dignity of his court, nor his own honor would allow him to withdraw an ultimatum given in the name of his king. An open coolness was the consequence between the British ministry and the Duke de Nivernois.

The Chevalier D'Eon, aware of the consequences, told the duke, that if he pleased, she

would relieve both him and the English ministry from their perplexity. "How is it possible?" asked the duke. "Nothing more plain or easy," replied the Chevalier. "I will tell Lord Bute and Lord Egremont, that, from zeal to serve my court, I changed some words and phrases in the ultimatum unknown to you, and that all this difficulty has been entirely owing to me. Every tongue will rail, every mouth open upon me. With all my heart. You may tell them too, that, if they desire it, you will send me back to France." The duke, transported with joy, caught her in his arms, and approving the expedient, D'Eon immediately executed the plan proposed, and harmony was immediately restored. The Duke de Nivernois had the generosity to give a particular account of the transaction to the king, and the Duke de Praslin, stating how essentially M. D'Eon had served the cause on this occasion, as the signing of the preliminaries of the peace in 1763 soon followed. Her conduct in this business was so agreeable to the king of England, that he desired, contrary to the usual etiquette on these occasions, that she might carry to France the ratification of the treaty of peace concluded between his court and that of Versailles; and her own sovereign, as a mark of his approbation, honored her with the order of St. Louis.

When M. de Nivernois quitted his embassy, Mademoiselle D'Eon was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of London. Her disputes

with M. de Guerchy, who succeeded M. de Nivernois, are related with great spirit, in one large volume quarto, entitled, *Lettres, Memoires, et Negociations particulieres du Chevalier D'Eon*. Whatever part the French ministry might chuse to take in these disputes, her sovereign still continued to honor her with his protection and confidence, and she remained in epistolary correspondence with him till the time of his death.

Louis XV. had from time to time given her pensions of different values; one of three thousand livres in 1757; another of two thousand livres in 1760; and in 1766, a third, from his own privy purse, of twelve thousand livres. The warrant for the latter was in the following terms:

“ Out of gratitude for the services which the Sieur D'Eon has rendered me in Russia, with my armies, and in other commissions which I have given him, I grant him a pension of twelve thousand livres, to be paid to him half yearly, in whatever country he may be, except in time of war with my enemies, and till I think fit to confer on him some post, the salary of which shall exceed the amount of this pension.

“ LOUIS.”

“ Versailles, the 1st of April, 1766.”

This pension was continued to Mademoiselle D'Eon by the late king of France, with an express order for the resumption of her sex, and on condition that she should wear the dress of a

woman. He permitted her, at her own particular request, to retain the cross of St. Louis.

Since the peace of 1763 Mademoiselle D'Eon has resided chiefly in London, where the sprightliness of her wit, the variety of her information; and the openness of her character, procured her many respectable friends. To one of them, Mr. Peter Gaussen, (one of the directors of the bank of England upwards of thirty years) she paid her tribute of regard in a Latin epitaph which she wrote, and which made its appearance in some of the periodical publications.

She had not resided long in England before a communication made by a certain midwife to the servants of the Count de Guerchy, brought her sex in question, and rendered it a subject of general speculation. Numberless bets were laid, and judicial proceedings were instituted for the recovery of one to the amount of ten thousand pounds. In the examinations of the witnesses in this case, the sex of the chevalier was proved beyond all possibility of doubt. After this affair she found it impossible any longer to continue her disguise, and ever afterwards appeared in her female habiliments.

But though she assumed the dress of a woman, her manners were still masculine. An instance of the power of habit occurred when she was dining with a party of ladies of the first distinction, and who, after the repast, as usual, quitted the room. In ascending the stairs, Mademoiselle D'Eon, instead of holding up her drapery, trod

upon it several times, and turning to a lady who was behind her, exclaimed, " I wish there were no such things as petticoats in the world!"

In 1770 M. D'Eon saved England, France, and Spain, from a ruinous and expensive war, that was near taking place, on account of the dispute relative to Falkland's islands. M. D'Eon, who since the year 1755 had held a private and constant correspondence with Louis XV, represented to his majesty in the strongest manner, the little value of those barren islands, scarcely worth the powder and ball it would cost to take and keep them. The truth of this observation made so deep an impression on the French monarch, that he prevailed on the king of Spain to adopt pacific measures with respect to England.

In 1769 and 1770 Dr. Musgrave, a gentleman of a respectable family and of established character as an eminent scholar and able physician, having dexterously seized the moment of a general election, printed and distributed among the people a Remonstrance, tending to persuade them, what in general, they already believed, that the French court had paid immense sums of money to the Princess of Wales, Lord Bute, the Duke of Bedford, the Lords Egremont and Halifax, and the Count de Virey, not forgetting to implicate the Chevalier D'Eon, towards effecting a general peace. This Remonstrance set the whole nation in a flame. The court, the peace of 1763, and all those who had any hand in it, became the objects of universal detestation, and



things went so far, that, in 1770, the parliament was obliged to take up the affair very seriously.

M. D'Eon, regardless of the expence, was not content with opposing the popular scandal advanced by Dr. Musgrave, and a number of other writers, who without any proofs whatever, attempted to support these disgraceful reports, but also by her public depositions, contributed to throw discredit on the doctor's allegations, and he was reprimanded by the speaker of the house of commons, as a disturber of the public tranquillity.

In 1778 Mad. D'Eon visited her native country; and during her long stay at Versailles, in that and the following year she exerted her utmost endeavors to prevent the Count de Vergennes from interfering in the American war. All her arguments and persuasions were, however, of no avail, since her secret protector, Louis XV, was now no more. The Count de Vergennes, indeed, listened willingly to what she had to say, but M. de Maurepas would neither permit her an audience, nor allow her to see the king, which she eagerly desired. On the contrary, he ordered her to leave Paris, and retire to Tonnerre, her country residence. She accordingly returned to Versailles to pack up her papers, but was there taken so ill that she was three weeks confined to her chamber. The Count de Maurepas now lost all patience; he caused her to be forced away in the night, and conveyed to a castle which be-

longed to the ancient dukes of Burgundy at Dijon.

It was at this juncture that Maurepas, to amuse himself no doubt, proposed to marry M. de Beaumarchais to Mad. D'Eon, saying: "It was a certain way to enrich her, without proving any expence to the king; that in a short time after the marriage, she might be divorced without being guilty of any great violence to her husband; and that she might then publish a memorial against Peter Augustus Caron de Beaumarchais, who would answer it both in prose and verse, and make some fun for the laughers of Paris."

Finding her efforts ineffectual, Mad. D'Eon returned to England, where we believe she has ever since resided. Some years afterwards, in 1783, she engaged in a public fencing match in her female dress, with the famous Chevalier de St. George, a celebrated master of the art, and reputed the best swordsman in Europe. This trial of skill took place in the great saloon at Ranelagh, before an assembly composed of persons of the highest distinction.

In the summer of 1790 the chevalier was about to quit England; when, with that honor and spirit which had ever accompanied every one of her transactions during the course of a long and very eventful life, she publicly advertised the sale of her curious and valuable library, manuscripts, and other curiosities to satisfy her

clamorous creditors. This was an honorable instance of probity, when it is also considered that these debts and demands had accrued by no fault or imprudence of her own. Her master Louis XVI. to enable her better to perform this duty to her creditors, had confided a considerable sum out of his own privy purse for that purpose. The agent for the conveyance of it was an English nobleman, who was prevented from accomplishing his trust by dying in his way home. This unfortunate accident threw her into very distressed circumstances, and made her too miserable to taste the benefits of life in a foreign country where she was looked on as an interloper. The particulars of this transaction are related at length in the preface to the catalogue of her books, and with the heirs of the nobleman she has long been at law for the money thus intrusted. The sale began the 5th of May, 1791, at Christie's, in Pall-Mall; and besides books, prints, medals, statues, it consisted of uniforms, fire-arms, sabres, swords, and petticoats, gowns, muslins, silks, jewels, and every other accoutrement that might be worn by a dragoon officer, or a lady of distinction, who, to use her own expression on the occasion, "to pay every one their due, as far as lay in her power, was resolved to take nothing away but her honor, and the regret of leaving England."

What caused Mademoiselle D'Éon to relinquish her intention, we know not, but probably the turn which the French revolution now

began to take, prevented her from revisiting her native country, where the property she possessed was involved in the general wreck. The disappointment of her hopes by the unfortunate circumstance alluded to above, plunged her into great distress; and we are informed, that for many years she has resided in the neighborhood of the King's Bench, where she is still living amid the pressure of indigence, and the infirmities of age.

Every feeling mind will certainly be disposed to regret that a female, who once made such a distinguished figure, and whose services were certainly deserving of a permanent reward, should thus in her declining years be consigned to poverty and oblivion.

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### HUGH SMITH.

**THIS** gentleman was the son of an eminent surgeon and apothecary at Hemel Hempstead, and served a regular apprenticeship, after which he went to Edinburgh, and there graduated with much credit. On his first coming to London he lived in Mincing Lane, and in 1759 published an "Essay on the Blood, with reflections on Venæsection."

The next year Dr. Smith commenced a course of Lectures on the theory and practice of physic, which was assiduously attended by the city physi-

ians, surgeons, apothecaries and medical students. In about three years his lectures grew into such estimation that the pupils of St. George's Hospital made a most respectful application to the doctor to deliver his course at the west end of the town. This he complied with, and his lectures were very numerous attended at the Piazza Coffee-house for several years. About the year 1763 Dr. Smith was unanimously chosen physician to the Middlesex Hospital, and in 1770 he was elected an alderman of Tower Ward, but his numerous professional engagements obliged him in about two years to resign his gown.

About the year 1780 the doctor purchased a large and elegant house at Streatham, to which he very frequently retired for ease and relaxation: but the gentry of Surry were continually requesting his advice and visits, so that his intention of enjoying a country retreat were wholly disappointed. At length he had the misfortune to lose his only son, who had attained to manhood, which affected his spirits so much that he determined to leave Streatham and retire to Stratford in Essex. Here he died on the 26th of December, 1790.

Dr. Smith, like many other young men, started with a very moderate patrimony. It has long been observed, "that the physician who walks on foot, may walk at his leisure." The truth of this axiom was certainly found by doctor Smith, who continued to lose one, two, or three hundred pounds a year, till he was resolved to make

one bold push and get into a carriage at once. The experiment answered, for he prospered ever after, and as his practice increased, his skill and success established his reputation beyond dispute. On his coming to reside near Blackfriars bridge, his practice was equal to that of any physician in London. But he benevolently set apart two days for the poor in each week; from those that were very poor he never took a fee; and for those who were of the middle rank in life he would never take above half-a-guinea. Among numerous other instances of kindness, he made it a rule never to take a fee from any inferior clergyman, any subaltern officer, or any public performer. He went even beyond this gratuitous bestowal of his assistance, and frequently gave pecuniary aid, as well as advice. The general conduct of Dr. Smith was marked with many little whimsicalities. Though hurried and fatigued by the increasing number of his patients, and the incessant demands for his advice, that patient was surest to engage his attention, who was—a sick sportsman. Better than the fee was it to be a master of a good pointer; to have invented some new device about a fowling-piece, was the best chance of obtaining a prescription; and a good shot, with a tale of shooting, would undoubtedly have kept the doctor from a duchess who was dying. This small foible was at last so well known, that numbers affected to be sportsmen, who were so weak that they could not have walked over a stubble, and who held

forth on the pleasures of the field, when they had unfortunately been confined to their beds.

With a sufficient fortune he left behind him a large collection, capable of supplying the physician and equipping the sportsman. Added to A Treatise on Physic, were the greatest number of fowling-pieces and pointers in the possession of any doctor in medicine now alive. He kept them as memorials of the field, when the days of sporting were gone by; and to the latest hour, when he could walk out into his garden, he would enumerate the sets which Ponto, now chained up had made, how he ranged the fleetest of the fields, and never blinked his game.

The doctor invented a contrivance to the sight of a gun, which in the opinion of Manton, the celebrated gun-smith, made more bad shots than any article since their first invention; but he was partial to his own idea; and seldom missing himself, he thought that he had found out the art of making others equally successful.

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## BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

**T**HIS theatrical hero appears to have been an exact counterpart of a late celebrated artist whom we recently had occasion to notice. Between their failings, their fortunes, and their exits from the stage of life, there is a truly striking correspondence.

Bridge Frodsham was descended from an ancient family, settled in the town of Frodsham, in Cheshire. He possessed considerable genius, aided by a liberal education, which was begun at Westminster, though inauspiciously interrupted by youthful imprudence. He was born in 1746, at the same time with the late George Colman, and the unfortunate and dissipated Robert Lloyd. Frodsham remained but a few years at Westminster, before he ran away and joined a company of players at Leicester, where he was noticed and encouraged by John Gilbert Cooper, Esq. who then resided at that place. From Leicester he removed in a short time to York, and in the company belonging to the theatre of that city he continued during the rest of his life.

Such was the infatuation of the public at York, and indeed so superior were Frodsham's talents to those of all his coadjutors that he cast them all into the shade. This superiority was by no means a fortunate circumstance for Frodsham. It filled him with vanity and shut-up every avenue to improvement; nor had he any opportunity for observation, as no actors of any high repute were ever known to tread the York stage, and he was never more than ten days in London.

On this occasion Frodsham had obtained a fortnight for holidays, which occasioned great lamentations at York, for the good people of that city were certain that if Garrick saw Frods-



sham it would be a woeful day for their stage. He was not only young and vain, but self-opinionated in a superabundant degree, as the following anecdotes of his behavior in London will evince.

On his arrival in the metropolis he left a card at Garrick's house, "Mr. Frodsham, of York," with the same ease as if he had been the first gentleman in the county. Mr. Garrick judged this conduct of a country stroller rather familiar and extraordinary. It excited his curiosity to see the York actor, who was accordingly admitted the ensuing day. Some slight conversation ensued, during which Garrick was astonished at the young man's freedom and affability. Garrick imagined that he was come to procure an engagement, and expected every minute that Frodsham would prefer his petition for that purpose; but no such request being made, after a considerable delay, which Garrick was neither accustomed to nor relished, he urged pressing business, and presented the York Roscius, as he was called, with an order for the pit, desiring he would that night favor him with his attendance, to see him perform *Sir John Brute*, accompanied with an invitation to breakfast the ensuing morning. At the same time he asked Frodsham whether he had seen a play since his arrival in London. "O yes," replied Frodsham, "I saw you play *Hamlet* two nights ago," and added that it was his own favorite character. "Well," said Garrick, pray now, how did you approve,

Frodsham? I hope I pleased you ;"—(for that night he judged his performance to be particularly happy.) Frodsham replied: "O yes, certainly, my dear Sir, vastly clever in several passages; but I cannot so far subjoin mine to the public opinion of London, as to say I was equally struck with your whole performance in that part." Perhaps Garrick was never thrown into such profound astonishment by any actor with whom he conversed. "Why," stammered he; "why now—to be sure now—why I suppose you in the country—Pray now Mr. Frodsham, what sort of a place do you act in at York? Is it a room, or riding-house, occasionally fitted up?"—"O no, Sir, a theatre upon my honor."—"O sure, why my Lord Burlington has said that—Why will—will you breakfast to morrow, and we shall have a trial of skill, and Mrs. Garrick shall judge between us—Good day, Mr. York, for I must be at the theatre, so now pray remember breakfast." Frodsham promised he would, and retired. Though Garrick himself related the circumstance afterwards, and laughed heartily at it, yet it is certain that at the time he was greatly piqued and astonished at so strange a visit from a country actor; yet wishing to satisfy his curiosity, he had done it for once at the expence of his pride and dignity.

The following morning, the York hero, faithful to his appointment, arrived at the manager's house in Southampton Street. During breakfast Mrs. Garrick waited with impatience, full of

various conjectures why the poor man from the country did not take courage, prostrate himself at the foot of majesty, and humbly request a trial and engagement. As Frodsham did not, as they expected, break the ice, Garrick was obliged to do it. "Why now, Mr. Frodsham—why now—well that is—I suppose you saw my Brute last?—Now no compliment, but tell Mrs. Garrick—well now, was it right? Do you think it would have pleased at York? Now speak what you think." "O certainly," replied Frodsham, "certainly; and upon my honor, without compliment, I never was so highly delighted and entertained; it was beyond my comprehension. But having seen you play Hamlet first, your Sir John Brute exceeded my belief; for I have been told, Mr. Garrick, that Hamlet is one of your first characters; but I must say, I flatter myself I play it almost as well; for comedy my good Sir, is your forte. But, your Brute, Mr. Garrick, was excellence itself! You stood on the stage in the drunken scene flourishing your sword, you placed yourself in an attitude—I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time, and with your eyes you seemed to say—D—n it, Frodsham, did you ever see any thing like that at York? Could you do that Frodsham?"—The latter part of this harangue did not probably go down so smoothly as the tea at breakfast; and the ease and familiarity with which it was accompanied and delivered not only surprized but mor-

tified Garrick, who expected adulation and the bended knee.

Garrick, as is well known, not only loved but swallowed flattery with the utmost avidity; he had it daily served up, not only by dependents, inferiors and equals, but by persons of higher rank; therefore, to hear a country actor speak slightly of his Lord Hamlet was too much to bear; and, to borrow the words of Sir Archy Macsarcasm, "was varp new." After much affectation of laughter, and seeming approbation of all Frodsham had said, he began: "Well now, hey—for a taste of your quality—now a speech, Mr. Frodsham, from Hamlet, and Mrs. Garrick bear a wary eye." Frodsham, with the utmost composure spoke Hamlet's first soliloquy without the slightest symptom of timidity, or indeed allowing the London Roscius to be in any respect a better Hamlet than himself; Garrick all the time darting his fiery eyes into the very soul of Frodsham. This was a custom of Garrick's with all whom he deemed his inferiors, as if he meant to alarm and to convey from those eyes to the beholder an idea of his own extraordinary intelligence. On Frodsham his formidable looks had no such effect, for had he noticed Garrick's eyes and thought them penetrating, he would have comforted himself with the idea that his own were equally brilliant or even still more so.

When he had finished Hamlet's first speech, and that beginning—"To be or not to be!—

Garrick said: "Well, hey now, hey! you have a smattering, but you want a little of my forming; and really in some passages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve." "Tones! Mr. Garrick!" replied Frodsham tartly; "to be sure I have tones, but you are not familiarized to them. I have seen you act twice, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber strange tones, and they were not quite agreeable to me on the first hearing, but I dare say I should soon be reconciled to them."—"Why now," answered Garrick, confounded with astonishment, "nay, now that is—why now really Frodsham, you are a d—d queer fellow—but for a fair and full trial of your genius my stage shall be open, and you shall act any part you please, and if you succeed we will then talk of terms." "O," said Frodsham with an indifference bordering on contempt, "you are mistaken my dear Mr. Garrick, if you think I came here to solicit an engagement. I am a Roscius at my own quarters. I came to London purposely to see a few plays, and looking on myself as a man not destitute of talents, I judged it a proper compliment to wait on a brother genius: I thought it indispensable to see you and have half an hour's conversation with you. I neither want nor wish for an engagement; for I would not abandon the happiness I enjoy in Yorkshire for the first terms your great and grand city, could afford." So saying, he withdrew with a neg-

lignant bow, leaving Garrick standing in an attitude of mute surprize.

The particulars of this interview were related by Garrick himself, who declared, that he never met with such a strange mixture of merit, genius and eccentricity as in Frodsam, and the latter, without any idea of offence, weakly judged that his fame was equally known with that of his brother Roscius. In fact the applause he received at York from every ale-house had intoxicated his brain as much as the plentiful potations of *York burgundy*, with which and other potations he too soon terminated his life and fame. He had been so loaded by the lower classes with more honors than he could carry, that he had not a serious reflection to inform him of the impropriety of his behaviour towards Mr. Garrick. The difference of fortune he well knew, but allowed Garrick, no superiority in point of professional talents. He observed that when he was speaking to Garrick he of course supposed that the manager knew he was speaking to as good a gentleman as himself, and an actor on much the same footing with respect to merit. The encouragement he received in his best days at York, was certainly flattering, and that cause, combined with his own high opinion of himself, confirmed him in the idea that he was secure of the highest applause from all the nobility of England, because a few of them saw him in the York race-week.

The same reason which had induced Frodsham to call on Garrick, likewise caused him to wait on Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden theatre, fearful lest that manager should arraign him of deficiency in point of good breeding. He had otherwise not the least inclination to bestow an hour on that gentleman; for having been informed that Rich's genius was superficial, that he neither understood plays, Greek, nor Latin, but encouraged pantomime only, he held him in the utmost contempt. From Rich he experienced a very different reception from that of the Drury Lane manager. He found Rich with three or four cats about him, teaching a young lady to act. After he had been some time in the room, Rich viewed him through a very large reading-glass, took snuff, and said: "Well, Mr. Frogsmire, I suppose you are come from York to be taught, and that I should give you an engagement. Did you ever act Richard, Mr. Frogsmire?"—"Yes, Sir." "Why then you shall hear me act," said Rich, who then spoke a speech in a most ridiculous manner. When he had finished, Frodsham peevishly told him he did not visit him or come from York to be taught or to hear him act; he came merely for a little conversation and to visit his Elysian fields. But as Rich loved leisure, and had little curiosity, he replied, that unless Mr. Frogsmire would with humble attention listen to his Richard, he would not hear Mr. Frogsmire at all. Rich was proceeding with—

'Twas an excuse to avoid me !  
Alas, she keeps no bed !"

when he was suddenly interrupted with—" I wish you good morning."—and thus ended unthinking Frodsham's second managerial visit,

Frodsham now returned to York, where he was joyfully received. He was not forgotten by Garrick, who often related to his performers the story of the mad York actor, as he termed him ; and Rich, without thinking of any such trifling occurrence, continued teaching young pupils to act, stroked his cats, and the York Roscius was never more remembered by him.

The last night Frodsham ever spoke on the stage he had been playing Lord Townly and was apparently in high spirits. " Ladies and gentlemen," said he, " on Monday evening *Coriolanus* : to which will be added, (looking seriously and laying his hand on his heart) *What we must all come to.*" He might, perhaps have had at the moment, a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, which took place only three days afterwards, on the 26th of October, 1768.

By Mr. Wilkinson, from whose Memoirs the principal part of the preceding anecdotes are taken, Frodsham is thus characterized : " He was naturally a good actor in spite of himself ; for though London improves and matures, and is the most enviable theatrical situation, yet genius will be found in every rank, soil and station. But his mind, his understanding and superabundant good qualities were all warped and undermined by habits of nocturnal dissipation ; his failings were unfortunately aggravated by



frequent applications to the brandy bottle in the morning, for the purpose of correcting qualms. The inevitable consequence of such conduct was, that he became enervated, disordered, deranged, and dropsical, and died at the age of thirty-five.

“He was awkward merely from the want of modelling, and became worse by being told by his drunken inferiors off the stage that all he did was right. But if he had been caught at a proper time when wild, by such a man as Garrick, and he would have really taken pains with him, the York hero would most assuredly have done honor to a London stage.”

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## THOMAS BRITTON.

**A** CHARACTER so truly remarkable as that which occupies the following pages is fully entitled to a place in this collection, and the more so, as the singularities for which Britton was distinguished were not, as in the generality of mankind, the consequences of follies, failings or vices.

Thomas Britton was born at or near Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. From his native county he went to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coal-man. After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up for himself. On this he went back to Northamptonshire, and after he had spent the money, returned to London, where, notwithstanding his master

was still living, he set up the small coal-trade in a building which had been a stable, but which he converted into a house, near Clerkenwell-Green.

What particular circumstance directed Britton's attention to subjects totally unconnected with his business we are not informed; but it is probable that the acquaintance which commenced, soon after he was settled in the above-mentioned situation, between him and his near neighbor Dr. Garanciers, led him to the study of chemistry. He not only became a proficient in that science, but even contrived a moveable laboratory which was universally admired by all of the profession that happened to see it: and a gentleman from Wales was so much taken with it, as to carry Britton with him into that country to build such another.

Besides his great skill in chemistry, Britton was not less celebrated for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practical part of which he was also a considerable adept. What will appear still more extraordinary, is, that notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, a musical concert was held at Britton's house, which was attended by the most distinguished professors, as well as by many persons of the highest rank and fashion.

Of the origin of Britton's concert we have an account written by a near neighbor of his, the facetious Edward Ward, author of the London Spy, and many doggerel poems, coarse it is true, but not devoid of humor or pleasantry, and who

at that time kept a public-house at Clerkenwell. In one of his publications entitled, "Satirical reflections on Clubs," he has bestowed a whole chapter on the small coal-man's club. From the account there given we learn that "this club was first begun, or at least confirmed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a very musical gentleman, and who had a tolerable perfection on the bass viol." Ward farther says, that "the attachment of Sir Roger and other ingenious gentlemen, lovers of the muses, to Britton, arose from the profound regard that he had in general to all manner of literature; that the prudence of his deportment to his betters procured him great respect; and that men of the greatest wit, as well as some of the highest quality honored his musical society with their company. Britton was, indeed, so much distinguished that when passing along the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as these: "There goes the famous small coal-man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen." Ward adds, and speaks of it as of his own knowledge, and indeed the fact is indisputable, that Britton had made a very good collection of ancient and modern music by the best masters; that he had also collected a very handsome library, which he had publicly disposed of to very considerable advantage: and that he had still in his possession many valuable curiosities. He farther observes that, at the

first institution of this concert it was performed in Britton's own house, but that some time afterwards he took a convenient room out of the next to it. What sort of a house Britton's was, and where it stood shall now be related.

It was situated on the south side of Aylesbury Street which extends from Clerkenwell Green to St. John's Street, and was the corner-house of the passage leading by the Old Jerusalem Tavern under the gate-way of the Priory into St. John's square. On the ground-floor was a repository for small coal; over that was the concert room, which was very long and narrow, and had a ceiling so low that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarcely be ascended without crawling. The house itself was low and very old, and in every respect so mean as to be a fit habitation only for a very poor man. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, this man, despicable as he might seem, attracted as polite an audience as ever the opera did, and ladies of the first rank in the kingdom, in the pleasure which they felt at hearing Britton's concert, forgot the difficulty with which they ascended the steps that led to it.

The reader will probably feel some curiosity to know who were the persons that performed in Britton's concert. Perhaps when he is informed that Dr. Pepusch, and frequently the celebrated Handel played the harpsichord, it will be unnecessary to repeat the names of the rest. It has

been questioned by some whether Britton had any skill in music or not, but they certainly could not be aware that he frequently played the viol de gamba in his own concert.

Britton's skill in old books and manuscripts is mentioned by Hearne, who in the preface to his edition of Robert of Gloster, refers to a curious manuscript copy of that historian in Britton's possession. The account of the means used by him and other collectors of ancient books and manuscripts about this time, given by one of that class, includes some intimation of Britton's pursuits and connections.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century a passion for collecting old books and manuscripts prevailed among the nobility. The chief of those who sought after them were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Dukes of Devonshire. These noblemen in the winter season, on Saturdays, the parliament not sitting on that day, used to resort to the city, and dividing themselves, took different routes, some to Little Britain, some to Moorfields, and others to different parts of the town inhabited by booksellers. There they would enquire in the several shops as they passed along for old books and manuscripts; and some time before noon would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row, where they were frequently met by other persons engaged in the same pursuits. A conversation on

the subject of their enquiries ensued, and while they were thus engaged and as near as possible to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton, who by that time had finished his round, arrived clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Batemen's shop window, would go in and join them. After a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, the above-mentioned noblemen adjourned to the Mourning Bush at Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

The singularity of his character, the course of his studies, and the collections he made induced suspicions that Britton was not the man he appeared to be. Some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings, others for magical purposes, and Britton himself was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian and a jesuit. These, however were ill-grounded conjectures; for he was a plain, simple honest man, perfectly inoffensive and highly esteemed by all who knew him, and notwithstanding the meanness of his occupation was always called *Mr. Britton*.

The circumstances of this man's death are not less remarkable than those of his life. There resided in Britton's time near Clerkenwell Close, a man named Robe, who frequently played at his concerts, and who being in the commission of the peace for Middlesex was usually denominated

Justice Robe. At the same time one Honeyman a blacksmith by trade, who lived in Bear-Street near Leicester-Square, became very famous for a faculty which he possessed of speaking as if his voice proceeded from some different part of the house from where he stood. In a word he was one of those who are known by the appellation of ventriloquists, and was himself called "the talking smith." The pranks played by this man would, if collected almost fill a volume, but in this place the following anecdote may suffice. During the time that Dr. Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house near the Church in Holborn, Honeyman had the assurance to get himself admitted under the pretext that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. He did not remain long in the room, but made such good use of his time that the doctor, though one of the stoutest and most athletic men of his time, was almost terrified into fits.

This man Robe was foolish and wicked enough to introduce to Britton, for the sole purpose of frightening him, and he was but too successful. Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced, as from a distance the death of poor Britton within a few hours, with an intimation that the only way to avert his doom was for him to fall on his knees immediately and say the Lord's prayer. The poor man did as he was bid, went home, took

to his bed and died in a few days, leaving his friend Mr. Robe, to enjoy the consequences of his mirth. His death happened in September, 1714, and on the first of October he was buried in the church-yard of Clerkenwell, being attended to the grave by a great concourse of people, especially by those who had been used to frequent his concerts. At the time of his death he was upwards of sixty years of age.

“He was,” says Hearne, the antiquary, “an extraordinary and valuable man, much admired by the gentry, even those of the best quality, and by all others of inferior rank, that had any kind of regard for probity, sagacity, diligence and humility. I say, humility, because though he was so much famed for his knowledge, and might therefore have lived very reputably without his trade, yet he continued it to his death, not thinking it to be at all beneath him.”

Britton was in his person a short thick-set man, with a very honest, ingenuous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant, both painted by his friend Mr. Woolaston. One of them is in the British Museum, and the occasion of painting it, as related by the artist himself, was this: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Woolaston. But having always been accustomed to consider himself in two capacities, namely, as one who subsisted by a



very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life far above his own, he could not, consistently with this distinction, pay Woolaston a visit, dressed as he then was. He, therefore, in his way home, varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick Lane, determined to cry small coal so near the artist's door as to stand a chance of being invited in by him. Accordingly, he had no sooner turned into Warwick court and cried small coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Woolaston who had never heard him there before, threw up the sash and beckoned him in. After some conversation Woolaston intimated a desire to paint his picture; Britton modestly complied; and then and at a few subsequent sittings the artist painted him in his blue frock and with his small-coal measure in his hand. A print was taken from this picture, after which Mr. Hughes wrote the following lines that were inscribed underneath it:

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell  
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;  
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,  
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.  
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove  
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove,  
Let useless pomp behold and blush to find  
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

Britton was a married man, and was survived by his wife. He left little behind him, except his books, his collection of manuscripts and printed music and musical instruments, which were afterwards sold by auction.

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## JOHN BENBOW.

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WE have already remarked, that British seamen are distinguished for a species of eccentricity peculiar to themselves. Among the numberless instances that might be adduced to justify this observation, is to be ranked that meritorious officer Admiral Benbow.

He was descended from a very respectable family in the county of Salop, and born in 1650; his uncle, Thomas Benbow, Esq. and his father John Benbow, Esq. possessed moderate estates in that county. On the rupture between Charles and his parliament, these two brothers were among the first to venture their lives in the royal cause; and they were both colonels in the king's army. The two Benbows greatly impaired their fortunes by their adherence to this prince; whose distresses did not shake their loyalty; for when Charles II. attempted to regain the crown, they were very active in his cause. In the well-known battle of Worcester they were both made prisoners. Thomas was found guilty of being in the king's service, and was shot at Shrewsbury on the 19th of October, 1653. John, however, contrived to make his escape, and concealed himself.

till after the réstoration, when he obtained a small appointment in the Tower, very inadequate to his sufferings and deserts, and which was barely sufficient for the scanty support of himself and family.

His son John, the subject of the present article, was bred to the sea, and brought up in the merchants' service. The cause of his introduction into the royal navy was not the least remarkable circumstance of his life. The particulars of this circumstance, related by Campbell are as follow :

Benbow was master of a vessel in the Mediterranean trade, when, in 1686, he was attacked in his passage to Cadiz, by a Sallee rover, against whom he defended himself, though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him; but were quickly beat out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went a-shore, and ordered his negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads, in a sack. He had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue enquired of his servant what he had in his sack. The captain replied, salt provisions for his own use. That may be, answered the officers, but we must insist upon seeing them. Captain Benbow alleged, that he was no stranger there; that he did not use to run goods: and pretended to take it very ill that he was suspected. The

officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that, if they were not satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased; but that otherwise, it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation.

The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house, Mr. Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with the greatest civility; told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle; but that, since he had refused to show the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employment obliged them to demand a sight of them; and that as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the showing of them could be of no great consequence, one way or the other. "I told you," said the captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use; Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service." The Spaniards were exceedingly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who, with so small a force, had been able to defeat such a number of Barbarians. The gallantry of this action being reported to Charles II, of Spain, he invited the captain to court, where he was respectfully received, and dismissed with a handsome present. His catholic majesty also wrote a letter of recom-

mendation to King James, who, on the captain's return, gave him an appointment in the navy.

After the revolution he eminently distinguished himself by several successful cruises in the Channel; where he was employed at the request of the merchants; and not only did his duty by protecting the trade, and annoying the enemy, but was also remarkably careful in examining the French ports, gaining intelligence, and projecting schemes for disturbing the French commerce, and securing our own. For this reason he was generally chosen to command the squadrons employed in bombarding the French ports; in all which expeditions he displayed an equal share of bravery and conduct; being always present in his boat, as well to encourage, as to instruct, the seamen and engineers. His valour and activity soon procured him a promotion to a flag.

When it was resolved in 1701, to send a squadron to the West Indies, Benbow was mentioned to King William as a fit officer to command it; but his majesty observed, that Benbow was only just returned from that station, where he had met with nothing but difficulties; and that it was reasonable some other officer should take his turn. Some others were accordingly proposed, but either their health or their affairs were so deranged, that they most earnestly desired to be excused. "Well, then," said the king jocosely to some of his ministers, "I find we must spare

our beaux, and send honest Benbow." His majesty, therefore, sent for him, and asked him whether he was willing to go to the West Indies, assuring him, that if he had any objection, he would not take it at all amiss if he desired to be excused. The gallant admiral bluntly replied, that he did not understand such compliments; that he had no right to choose his station, but he would cheerfully execute his majesty's orders to whatever quarter he might think proper to send him.

Benbow was accordingly appointed to the command of the West-India squadron, and soon after his arrival on that station, fell in with the French Admiral Du Casse near Santa Martha, on the coast of Spanish America. On the 24th of August, 1702, he brought the enemy to action, and during the engagement in which he was shamefully deserted by some of his captains, the gallant admiral's right leg was shattered by a chain-shot. He was carried from the deck to be dressed; and while the surgeon was performing the operation, one of his lieutenants expressed great concern for the unfortunate accident. "I am sorry for it too," replied the intrepid Benbow, "but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation. But do you hear, if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." He then ordered himself to be carried up, and placed with his cradle on the quarter-deck, where he continued giving his orders.

The fight was continued till night, and next morning the admiral sent to the captains of the ships under his command, desiring them to keep their line, and behave like men: upon which Captain Kirby of the *Defiance*, went on board the admiral, and told him he had better desist, the French were very strong, and from what had passed, he might guess that he could make nothing of it. Benbow, not a little surprised at this language, calmly replied, that this was only one man's opinion, and immediately made the signal for the other captains to come on board. To his no small mortification, however, they all concurred with Kirby; and together with him signed a paper, purporting that nothing more could be done. Being thus deserted by his officers, the brave admiral was obliged to desist from the pursuit of the enemy, and returned to Jamaica, though he could not forbear declaring publicly, that it was contrary to his own judgment, to the prejudice of the service, and the greatest dishonor that ever happened to the English navy.

The French admiral, on his arrival at Carthage, sent Benbow the following letter, which proves the little prospect he had of escaping:

“ SIR,

“ I had little hopes on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin; it pleased God to order it otherwise, and I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains, who de-



serted you, hang them up, for, by God, they deserve it.

“ Yours,

“ DU CASSE.”

Benbow having reached Jamaica, was there joined by Rear-admiral Whetstone; and indignant at the conduct of his captains, he issued a commission to that officer to assemble a court-martial for their trial. Captains Kirby and Constable were tried first. The former being convicted of cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty, was condemned to be shot; Constable was convicted on the two latter charges, and sentenced to be cashiered and imprisoned. Captain Wade was convicted on the same charge as Kirby, in addition to which, it was proved, that he was drunk during the whole of the action. Captain Hudson died a few days before the trial commenced, and thus escaped the ignominious fate of his associates. Captain Vincent of the Falmouth, and Captain Fog, of the admiral's ship, the Breda, were also tried for having, by Kirby's persuasion, signed a paper, purporting that they would not fight under Benbow's command. This was proved; but as the admiral testified that they behaved with gallantry during the action, the court mitigated their sentence; but for the sake of discipline, they were suspended, till the lord high admiral's pleasure should be known. The boisterous manners of Benbow, who was a rough seaman, but remark-

ably brave, honest, and experienced, had produced this infamous confederacy, in which Captain Walton of the Ruby, while heated with the fumes of intoxication, had also joined; but he afterwards renounced the engagement, and fought with the greatest intrepidity till his ship was disabled.

Kirby and Wade were sent home in the Bristol; great interest was made to the queen in their favor, but to no purpose. Warrants for their immediate execution were sent to all the ports, and they were accordingly shot on the 16th of April, 1703, the same day they arrived at Plymouth.

As for Benbow, his health continued to decline, principally from the chagrin occasioned by this miscarriage, and on the 4th of November, 1702, he expired.

Benbow was one of those officers whom the tars have been remarkably fond of claiming as their own. He and his contemporary, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, were indeed deserved favorites with them. They were both sailors, rose by being sailors, and were more proud of that character than of their flags. By a long course of obedience, they learned to command, and directed those who served under them as much by their example as by their orders; and though they were highly distinguished in their profession, yet after many years' employment, they left behind them small fortunes, but great reputations.

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## SAMUEL FOOTE.

**T**HIS gentleman has numerous claims upon our notice; for, whether we consider him as a dramatic writer, a wit, an eccentric character or a lively companion, we cannot withhold this testimony that he was a most extraordinary man.

Samuel Foote was born about the year 1727, at Truro in Cornwall, of which county his father was a useful magistrate. His early talent for wit and humor manifested itself before he quitted the paternal roof, and he has been heard to say that he was the father of many that were then called good things, when he was but a mere child.

He commenced his education at one of the three principal grammar schools at Worcester, under the care of Dr. Miles, a particular friend of his father's. Many stories are related of the freaks of young Foote while he resided at this school, such as his being the leader and contriver of a celebrated barring out, blacking his master's face while asleep, forming artificial earthquakes under his chair, and others of the like kind.

Though these frolics marked the general eccentricity of his mind, the following circumstance first unfolded those peculiar talents for mimicry by which he was afterwards so much distinguished.—Being at his father's house during the Christmas recess, a man in the parish had been charged with a bastard child. The family were conversing about this affair after dinner the day before it was to be heard by the justices, and making various observations. Samuel, then a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, was silent for some time; at last he drily observed: "Well, I forsee how this business will end as well as what the justices will say upon it." "Aye," said his father, somewhat surprized at the boy's observation, "well Sam, let us hear it." On this the young mimic dressing up his face in a strong caricature likeness of justice D—thus proceeded:

"Hem! hem! here's a fine job of work broke out indeed! A *feller* begetting bastards under our very noses, (and let me tell you, good people, a common laboring rascal too) when our taxes are so great and our poor rates so high—why, 'tis an abomination. We shall not have an honest servant maid in the whole neighborhood, and the whole parish will swarm with bastards; therefore I say let him be fined for his pranks very severely. And if the rascal has not money (as indeed how should he have it?) or can't find security, (as indeed how should such a *feller* find

security) let him be clapped up in prison till he pays it.

Justice A—— will be milder and say: Well, well, brother, this is not a new case, bastards have been begotten before now, and bastards will be begotten to the end of the chapter; therefore though the man has committed a crime—and indeed I must say, a crime that holds out a very bad example to a neighborhood like this—yet let us not ruin the poor fellow for this one fault. He may do better another time and amend his life. Therefore as the man is poor, let him be obliged to provide for the child according to the best of his abilities, giving two honest neighbors as security for the payment.”

The youngster mimicked these two justices with so much humor and discrimination, as to set the table in a roar, and among the rest his father, who asked why he was left out, as he was also one of the quorum. Samuel for some time hesitated but his father and the rest of the company earnestly requesting it, he again began:

“Why, upon my word, in respect to this here business, to be sure it is rather an awkward affair, and to be sure it ought not to be; that is to say, the justices of the peace should not suffer such things to be done with impunity. However, on the whole, I am rather of my brother A—’s opinion, which is, that the man should pay according to his circumstances and be admonished—I say admonished not to commit so flagrant an offence for the future.”

So correct was the picture which he drew of the justice that it obtained the warmest approbation of the whole company and even of his father, who, so far from being offended, rewarded him for his good humor and pleasantry.

After passing through his school with the character of an arch, clever lad, Foote went out in the course of election for Worcester college, Oxford, where he was put under the care of the provost, Dr. Gower. The doctor was a man of considerable learning, but rather of a grave, pedantic turn of mind, and pedantry was to Foote an irresistible object of satire. He studied the ridiculous in every character, and having once entertained it, he filled the canvass by means of his own luxuriant imagination.

It cannot appear surprizing that Foote's conduct should subject him to frequent lectures, which the doctor delivered in a sour, dogmatical and pedantic manner, accompanied with a number of hard words and quaint phrases. The pupil being prepared for these, would interrupt him, and after begging pardon with great formality; would take from under his arm a large folio dictionary with which he was always provided on these occasions, and pretending to find the meaning of a word would say: "Very well, Sir, now please to go on."

Notwithstanding his fondness for fun and pleasure, Foote was not idle in respect to study; ambition frequently induced him to turn his attention to his books, and thus besides rendering

himself a very competent Greek and Latin scholar, he pursued a course of *belles lettres* reading very rare in young men of his description.

On quitting College, Foote entered himself of the Temple with a view, as his friends hoped, of becoming a member of that society, but the study of the law was little suited to the eccentricities of such a character. During his continuance in the Temple he was one of the greatest beaux, even in those days of general dress, as well as one of the most distinguished wits that frequented the Grecian and Bedford Coffee-Houses.

Foote continued in the Temple but a very few years, and yet this period was long enough to exhaust a considerable fortune; which with economy might have enabled him to live independent of any profession. But he was incapable of the ordinary restraints of life; he dashed into all the prevailing dissipations of the time, and what the extravagance of dress and living had not done, the gaming-table finally accomplished. For some time he struggled with embarrassments and at length directed his attention to the stage.

His first theatrical attempts were inauspicious. They taught him that tragedy was not his forte, and he afterwards appeared in various comic characters with success. Still he was not satisfied with himself; he thought he could employ his powers to greater advantage, and after long meditation, he at length struck out a new and untrodden path, by appearing in the double

character of author and performer. Accordingly in these capacities he opened the Haymarket-theatre in the spring of 1747, with a dramatic piece of his own composition, entitled, "The Diversions of a Morning."

This piece consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters in real life, whose manner of expression and conversation the author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and still more happily represented on the stage, by an exact imitation not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons of those whom he intended to delineate. Among these characters there was a certain physician, who was much better known by the singularity of his manners, appearance and conversation, than by his eminence in his profession. A celebrated oculist, then in the meridian of his popularity, was another subject of his satire; and in the later part of the piece, under the character of a theatrical director, he took off, with great humor and accuracy, the several styles of acting of the performers of both theatres.

In this career Foote was checked by the interference of the magistrates of Westminster, instigated by Mr. Lacey, the patentee of Drury-Lane theatre. Foote however, had discovered that his plan was too good to be abandoned; he was sensible that he had nothing to do but to evade the act of parliament limiting the number of play-houses, and then every thing was likely to



flow in the same prosperous channel as before. Instead, therefore, of advertising his exhibition by its former title, he now only issued the following card:

“Mr. Foote’s compliments to his friends and the public, and hopes for the honor of their drinking tea with him, at the little theatre, in the Haymarket, every morning at play-house prices.”

The whim and novelty of this card drew crowds of people of all descriptions, some in expectation of a real dish of tea, and all, except a few who were in the secret, ignorant of the real species of entertainment. While the audience were on the tiptoe of expectation, the manager came forward and acquainted them, that as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, while tea was getting ready, proceed with his instructions before them.

The joke was successful, and he not only proceeded without molestation that morning but through a course of forty others, that season, in thus giving tea to crowded and splendid audiences.

In the ensuing spring he produced another piece of the same kind, which he called “An Auction of Pictures,” in which he introduced several popular characters, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting justice of peace for Westminster, Cock the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This as well as a subsequent production entitled, “The

Knights," had a considerable run. What perhaps gave the highest zest to the latter was the conclusion, which consisted of a feigned concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlesque of the Italian opera. The principal performer in this novel species of entertainment was a man well known at that time by the appellation of *Cat Harris*, of whom the following curious anecdote is related.

Harris, being engaged by Foote for this purpose, had attended several rehearsals, at which his mewling gave infinite satisfaction to the manager and the performers. At the last rehearsal, however, Harris was missing; and as nobody knew where he lived, Shuter was prevailed upon to find him out if possible. He enquired in vain for some time, and was at length informed that he lived in a certain court in the Minories. This information was sufficient for a man of congenial talents like Shuter; for, the moment he entered the court he set up a cat solo, which instantly roused his brother musician in his garret, who answered him in the same tune. "Ho! ho! are you there my friend?" cried Shuter: "come, come away; the stage waits for us, and we cannot begin the opera without you."

About the close of the season of 1748, Foote had a considerable fortune left him by a relation of his mother, which enabled him once more to move in all that splendor of dissipation which was so congenial to his temper. This being the third fortune left him, he set up a dashing car-

riage and chose the following motto, as emblematical of the event: *Iterum, iterum, iterumque*. He remained some time in London, in order to accustom his friends to this great change of fortune, and then repaired to the continent to add one more English dupe to the intrigues and fripperies of the French nation.

As he kept up no correspondence with any of his friends, during his continuance abroad, the public knew nothing about him; their invention, however, was not idle. Some said that he had been killed in a duel; others that he died of a fever in consequence of his intemperance, and not a few positively reported that he was hanged. He contradicted all these reports by his appearance in London in 1752. From this period till 1761, he continued to perform at one of the theatres as fancy or interest directed his choice, generally for a stated number of nights, and in these engagements he usually brought out a new piece.

In 1760 he again opened the Haymarket theatre, with such a company as he could hastily collect. The success of this attempt suggested to him the idea of occupying that theatre when the others were shut up, and from 1762 till the season before his death he regularly performed there and acquired a very considerable income.

At that place, in the summer of the last-mentioned year, he brought forward a new piece in three acts called "The Orators," the design of which was to expose the prevailing passion for

oratory, the affair of the supposed Cock-lane ghost, and the debating society held at the Robin Hood. In working up these materials, some real characters were as usual to be sacrificed, and as Dr. Johnson was said to be a believer in the Cock-lane ghost, he was looked upon as a proper object for the purpose. This secret was not so well kept as to prevent it from coming to the ears of Johnson, who came to an immediate determination. He employed a friend to buy for him one of the stoutest oak cudgels that could be procured in town, and at the same time caused it to be made known both to the author and the public, that he intended to plant himself in the first row of the stage-box on the first night of representation, and if any buffoon attempted to take him off, or treat him with any degree of personal ridicule, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection.

This rough declaration, and the well known character of Johnson for keeping his word softened the rigor of Foote. He now thought it safer to relinquish the tiger for the lamb, and therefore took up in exchange the late George Faulkner, printer of the Dublin Journal, a man who had nothing to recommend him to the finger of scorn, but a long life of industry, integrity and hospitality, unoffending manners and the misfortune of having lost a leg. It is true he had about him some trifling peculiarities of manner, but as these were attended with no vices,

they ought to have been considered as pardonable weaknesses demanding indulgence rather than reprobation. Such however, is the propensity of human nature for personal scandal that the comedy was principally supported by this character; and crowded audiences were found repeatedly roaring at a few common place stories told in a ridiculous manner by a man hopping upon one leg.

Faulkner soon found ample revenge in the dispensation of providence, for in a very short time Foote was himself reduced to the condition of the person whom he held up to ridicule for this accidental misfortune. Early in the year 1766, he was on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, accompanied by the late Duke of York, Lord Delaval, Sir Francis Blake Delaval and other gentlemen, when some of the party, wishing to have some fun with this prince of all fun and humor, purposely drew him into a conversation on horsemanship. Foote, who had on most occasions a strong spice of vanity about him, roundly asserted that though he generally preferred the luxury of a post-chaise, he could ride as well as most men he ever knew. They urged him to a trial next morning at the chace, and mounting a high-spirited horse of the duke's, he had scarcely set spurs to the sides of the animal, when he was thrown with such violence as to fracture one of his legs in two places. He was obliged to submit to amputation, which was performed so skilfully, that, except the necessity of using a cork leg, he felt ever afterwards as little inconvenience as

could possibly result from such an accident. He was the first to advise amputation, and both before and after it was performed turned his jokes upon his own situation, as he observed, "he was then prevented from jesting with other people."

The Duke of York to alleviate this accident by every instance of kindness in his power, obtained for Foote a royal patent to erect a theatre in the city of Westminster, with a privilege of exhibiting dramatic pieces there, from the fourteenth of May to the fourteenth of September, during his natural life.

Here money flowed plentifully into Foote's pocket and was lavished as usual, with no less extravagance. In 1768 he produced his well known comedy of "The Devil upon Two Sticks," the receipts from which exceeded his most sanguine expectations. There was little or no demand for any variation in the theatrical bill of fare during the whole season; so that it alone was said to have produced him between three and four thousand pounds. Twelve hundred pounds of this sum he lodged at his banker's, as a deposit for future contingencies; besides five hundred in cash, which he intended to take over with him to Ireland, where he was engaged for the ensuing winter.

His usual dæmon of extravagance, however, still haunted him; for, taking Bath in his way to Holyhead, he fell in with a nest of gamblers, the usual attendants on this fashionable place of

resort, who, finding him with full pockets and high spirits, availed themselves of their superior dexterity with considerable success. Several of the frequenters of the rooms saw this, but it was too common a case for private interference; besides, friendship is not the usual commerce of watering places. At last his friend Rigby, then paymaster of the forces, who happened just then to be at Bath, took an opportunity to tell him how grossly he was plundered; and further remarked, "that from his careless manner of playing and betting, and his habit of telling stories when he should be minding his game, he must in the long run be ruined, let him play with whom he would."

Foote, who perhaps by this time had partly seen his error, but was too proud to take a lesson in the character of a *dupe*, very ridiculously and ungratefully resented this advice. He told his friend with an unbecoming sharpness, "that although he was no politician by profession, he could see as well as another into any sinister design laid against him: that he was too old to be schooled: and that as to any distinction of rank between them to warrant this liberty, he saw none: they were both the king's servants, with this difference in *his* favour,—that he could always draw upon his talents for independence, when perhaps a courtier could not find the king's treasury always open to him for support."

On receiving this return, Rigby, as may be well imagined, made his bow, and walked off;

while the dupe went on, and not only lost the five hundred pounds which he had about him, but the twelve hundred at his banker's, and thus, stripped of his last guinea, was obliged to borrow a hundred pounds to carry him to Ireland.

Foote continued actively engaged in writing and acting till his propensity to personalities unfortunately for himself, involved him in the altercation with the Duchess of Kingston, concerning a production of his pen, entitled, "The Trip to Calais," an account of which having been given in the life of that lady in a preceding volume, it will be unnecessary to go over the ground again in this place.

From the first report of Foote's *Trip to Calais* being in contemplation, obscure hints and inuendoes appeared occasionally in the newspapers, relative to his private character; which, from various circumstances, as from their particularly appearing in the newspaper of which Jackson, the adviser of the Duchess of Kingston, was editor, the public unanimously attributed to this man. Soon afterwards this plan of calumny began to assume a more settled form; and a report was industriously circulated about the town, that a charge would soon be brought forward in a judicial form against the manager of the Haymarket theatre, for an attempt to commit a very odious assault.

Scarcely had the dispute subsided, when those foul imputations were renewed in a legal charge against Foote, brought forward by a drunken



coachman whom he had dismissed, but the accusation clearly appearing to originate in malice, he was honourably acquitted.

Though he had many respectable persons much interested in his behalf, none seemed more anxious than his old friend, and fellow labourer in the dramatic vineyard, the late Mr. Murphy; who, as soon as the trial was over, took a coach, and drove to Foote's house in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, to be the first messenger of the good tidings. Foote had been looking out of the window, in anxious expectation of such a message. Murphy, as soon as he perceived him, waved his hat in token of victory; and jumping out of the coach ran up stairs to pay his personal congratulations: but alas! instead of meeting his old friend in all the exultation of high spirits on this occasion, he saw him extended on the floor, in strong hysterics; in which state he continued near an hour before he could be recovered to any kind of recollection of himself, or the object of his friend's visit. On the return of his senses, finding himself honourably acquitted, he received the congratulations of his friends and numerous acquaintances, and seemed to be relieved from those pangs of uncertainty and suspense which must have weighed down the firmest spirits on so trying an occasion. But the stigma of the charge still lingered in his mind; and one or two illiberal allusions to it, which were made by some unfeeling people preyed upon his heart. The man who for so many years had basked in

public favour, who was to live in a round of wit and gaiety "or not to live at all," was ill calculated to be at the mercy of every coarse fool, or inhuman enemy.

This scandalous prosecution gave such a shock to Foote's spirits as he never recovered. He was the first to perceive the change in his constitution which long anxiety had produced, and resolved to secure an annuity for his life independent of his professional labors. This design he accomplished by disposing of his property in the Haymarket theatre, to Mr. Colman, in January 1777. A few months afterwards he was seized with a paralytic stroke while on the stage, but recovered sufficiently to spend the summer at Brighthelmstone.

Having regained some portion of his health and spirits, he was advised by his physicians to try the south of France during the winter. He accordingly proceeded to Dover, where he arrived on the twentieth of October, on his way to Calais. The wind proving unfavorable that day, and his spirits recovering a little of their usual tone, he played off a number of whimsical sallies of humor, of which the following may serve as an instance :

Going into the kitchen of the inn to order a particular dish for dinner, the cook, understanding that he was about to embark for France, and perhaps willing to have a satirical stroke at the fashionable mania of visiting that kingdom, boasted that for her part she had never

once been out of her own country. Foote, who had humor of every kind ready for all occasions, instantly replied: "Why cookey, that's very extraordinary; as they tell me above stairs, that you have been several times all over *grease*, (Greece)—" They may say what they please above stairs," replied the cook, "but I was never ten miles from Dover in all my life." "Nay, now, that must be a fib," answered Foote, "for I have myself seen you at *Spit-head*." The servants, by this time, caught the joke, and a roar of laughter ran round the kitchen. In this Foote joined as heartily as any of them, and concluded with giving them a crown to drink his health and a good voyage.

This flash of merriment was, however, but the last blaze in the socket. The very next morning, while at breakfast, he was seized with a shivering fit, which obliged him to return to his bed. Another fit succeeded, and lasted three hours. He then seemed composed and inclined to sleep, but soon began to breathe low, till at length, with a deep sigh, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His remains were removed to his house in Suffolk Street, and were interred in Westminster Abbey.

Foote married in early life, but had no children by this union. Soon after this marriage, the following remarkable circumstance occurred. He and his wife were invited to spend a month in Cornwall; when, to their great surprize, on the first night, as they were retiring to bed,

they were entertained with a concert of music, seemingly under their window, and executed in a capital style. It lasted about twenty minutes. On relating the circumstance next morning to his father, and complimenting him on his gallantry, he absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and doubted the possibility of its occurring. The young couple, however, were positive as to what they had heard, and Foote was so impressed by it, that he made a memorandum of the time, which turned out to be the very night on which his maternal uncle, Sir John Dinely Goodere was murdered by his unnatural brother Captain Goodere.

Mrs. Foote was kept so much in the background by the gay, licentious, eccentric life of her husband, that little is known of her history, except that she was the very reverse of him. Implicated, however, as she was in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes, in which his singularity is not the least remarkable feature.

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay a visit to his old fellow-collegian, but was much surprized on hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened, and found him in a dirty two pair of stairs back room with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery,

“Why, is not this better,” said he, “than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and the thousand various ills that flesh is heir to? This is a mere temporary confinement, without pain, and not very uncongenial, let me tell you, to this sharp biting weather; whereas the above disorders would not only give pain and confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again.” He continued laughing in this manner, till the doctor heard something stir behind him in the bed, on which he rose, and said he would call another time. “No, no,” said the other, “sit down; ’tis nothing but *my Foot*.” “Your foot!” replied the doctor; “well, I want no apologies; I shall call another time.” “I tell you again,” said his friend, “’tis nothing but *my Foot*; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly.” On this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and with much confusion and embarrassment apologized for her distressed situation.

A connection formed on such discordant principles as Foote’s, could not be supposed to be either very endearing or very permanent. Accordingly at one time, in order, as he said, to make Mrs. Foote’s life more comfortable, he took it into his head to part from her. After an absence of some months, his friends remonstrating on this injustice to a woman who had never offended him, an accommodation was brought about, and Costello, a friend of Foote’s, was com-

missioned to escort the lady to Blackheath, where her husband then resided. They were to travel from town in a one-horse chaise, and Costello, who always piqued himself on his driving, ran so close to a broad-wheeled waggon, as to throw them both into the middle of a ditch; where they were not only beplastered with dirt, but the lady had her face much bruised and disfigured. Murphy, who was to be one of the party at this dinner of reconciliation, soon afterwards came in. Meeting Foote in the back parlour, he enquired if the lady had yet arrived. "O yes," said Foote; you will find her above in the drawing-room: and there you may learn geography from her face, as it is a complete map of the world. On one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black Forests; here the Red Sea, and here (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the rocks of Silly."

A man of Foote's volatile disposition was ill calculated for the sober pleasures of matrimony. His wife died in good time for both parties, before age came on to excite still more distaste in her husband; and before, as might probably have been the case, he had disgraced himself by adding ill treatment to neglect.

Foote's mother, who brought a large fortune to her husband as heiress of the Goodere estates, was, toward the end of her life, from a carelessness and dissipation so peculiar to this family, in a great measure a dependent on the bounty of

her son; who allowed her a pension of one hundred pounds a year. Under one of her temporary embarrassments she wrote the following laconic epistle to Foote:

“ DEAR SAM,

“ I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother

“ E. FOOTE.”

His answer, scarcely less laconic, was as follows:

“ DEAR MOTHER,

“ So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

“ SAM. FOOTE.”

“ P. S. I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the mean time let us hope for better days.”

Foote's more familiar days were passed with a few friends; and one or two needy actors or authors who constantly hung upon him, and to whom he was kind in his purse, his table, and advice. Yet, as “ no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, so these intimates were witnesses occasionally to great dejection of spirits. Foote would suddenly fall from the height of mirth to the lowest note of “ moping, musing melancholy,” then burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming that his follies had made him many enemies, and

his extravagance would bring him to a work-house." These however, seemed to be but momentary fits of despondence, occasioned by a previous waste of animal spirits; for he instantly seized the first object of ridicule that presented itself, and with a spring of fancy that seemed to rebound in proportion as it had been compressed, he again blazed out in all his meridian brightness.

A striking illustration of this versatility of disposition is afforded by the following anecdote:— Foote, at a very early period of his life, formed an acquaintance with Sir Francis Blake Delaval, which continued with uninterrupted friendship till the sudden death of the latter. The sorrow of Foote on receiving intelligence of this event was pungent and sincere. He burst into a flood of tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for three days. On the fourth, Jewel, his treasurer, calling on him for the arrangement of some urgent business, he, with swoln eyes and a faltering voice, enquired when Sir Francis was to be buried. "Not till the latter end of next week, sir," replied Jewel; "as I hear the surgeons intend first to dissect his head." This last expression, as in instances of madness, striking the chord of his ruling passion, he suddenly exclaimed: "And what will they get there? I'm sure I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find any thing in it!"

A similar instance of the predominance of



Foote's favorite passion was afforded by the death of Holland of Drury-Lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick. Foote had a long intimacy with Holland, and a sincere regard for him. He died of the small-pox, about the year 1768, leaving Foote a legacy, and appointing him one of the bearers at his funeral, which office he performed with sincere sorrow. Looking in at the Bedford Coffee-house the same evening, he was asked, whether he had attended the remains of his old friend to Chiswick. "O yes, poor fellow," replied he, the tears scarcely dry upon his cheeks; "I have just seen him shoved into the family oven."

Of Foote's readiness at *bon-mots* and repartee, we shall now present the reader with a few examples from among the numbers that might be adduced.—Baron Newman, the celebrated gambler, being detected in the rooms at Bath in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room where they were playing. The baron meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of the usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor. "Do," said the wit, "why, 'tis a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Mrs. Reddish, playing the queen in Richard III. one evening at Drury Lane, and being of a very coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote who she was. Being told that her name

was Reddish, he exclaimed: "Reddish! Reddish! pray what Reddish?"—"Why zounds, sir," said Foote, "don't you see? Horse-Reddish, to be sure."

Foote, who lived in habits of intimacy with Lord Kellie, took as many liberties with his face, which somewhat resembled in appearance a meridian sun, as ever Falstaff did with his friend Bardolph's. His lordship having cracked some jokes upon one of his friends rather too coarsely, an Irish gentleman, who heard of it, said, if he had treated him so, he would have pulled him by the nose. "Pull him by the nose!" returned Foote, "you might as well thrust your hand into a furnace."

The same nobleman coming into the club one hot summer night, dressed in a somewhat tarnished suit of laced clothes, the waiter announced "Lord Kellie."—"Lord Kellie!" repeated Foote, looking him full in the face at the same time, "I thought it was all Monmouth Street in flames."

When a celebrated empiric first set up his chariot, he consulted Foote about the choice of a motto. "What is your crest?" asked the wit. "Three mallards," answered the doctor. "Why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack, quack, quack.*"

Being at dinner in a mixed company soon after the bankruptcy of one friend and the death of another, the conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account

for this?" said a master builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," rejoined the latter, "except we could suppose the world was built by contract."

Rich, the patentee of Covent Garden theatre, had many eccentricities of character; and one of the number was his constant forgetfulness of the names of his performers as well as those of his most intimate friends. In a conversation one day with Foote, he called him *Muster Footy*. The other looking grave upon this, Rich made an apology, and said he was so unfortunately absent in that respect, that it was no unusual thing for him to forget his own name.—"Why that is singular enough," said Foote; "for though I knew you could never *write* it, I did not think you could forget it."

A person talking of an acquaintance of his who was so avaricious as to lament the prospect of his funeral expences, though a short time before he had been censuring one of his relatives for a parsimonious temper, observed: "Now is it not strange that this man would not take the beam out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people's!"—"Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure of selling the timber."

A gentleman in the country having just buried a rich relative who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expences of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands

and other incidents. "Why, do you bury your attornies here?" asked Foote gravely. "Yes to be sure we do : how else?"—"Oh ! we never do that in London."—"No !" said the other, much surprized : how do you manage?"—"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."—"Indeed !" said the other in amazement ; "what becomes of him ?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter, is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Though no man could discover the failings of others more readily than Foote, yet as it often happens, his eyes were not always open to his own. Soon after the publication of his comedy of the "The Author," his friends were laughing at the absurdity of persons piquing themselves on the antiquity of their family ; when one of the company who knew Foote's weakness in this point, observed, that however people might laugh at family, he believed there never was a man well descended who was not proud of it. Foote, catching the bait, instantly replied : "No doubt, no doubt : for instance now, though I trust I may be considered far from a vain man, yet being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud, of it, as indeed you shall see I may be." Here the servant was ordered to bring down the family

pedigree; which he began elucidating with all the vanity and folly he so successfully ridiculed in his Cadwallader.

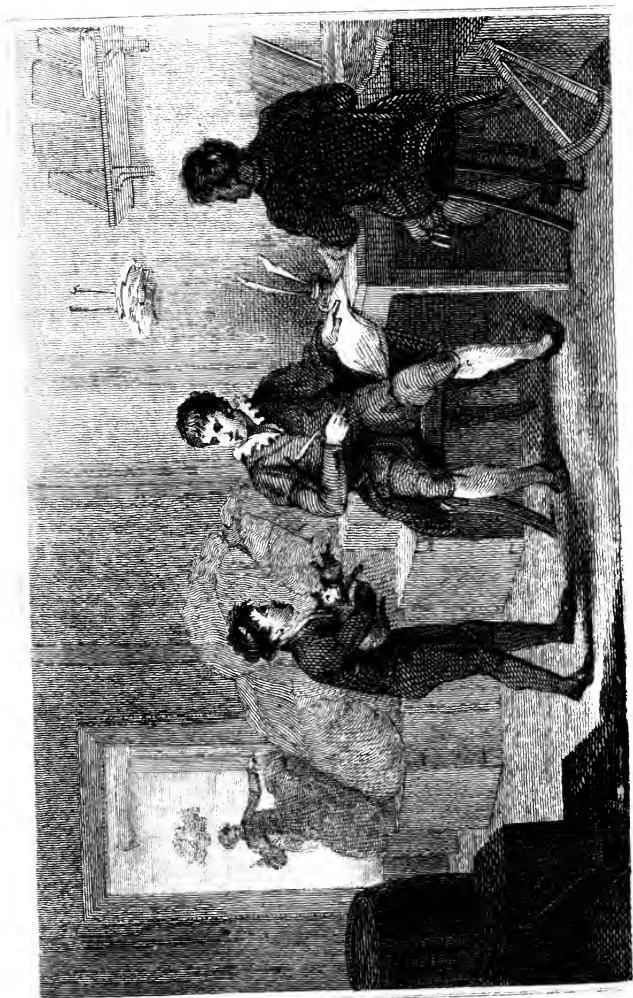
A person one day making some reflections before Foote, on the pleasure of paying our debts, he with that air of ridicule and promptitude of mind for which he was so eminently distinguished, begged the company would hear the other side of the question, namely, the advantages of not paying our debts. "This," continued he, presupposes a person to be a man of fortune, otherwise he would not gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expence of keeping accounts; and makes other people work in order to give ourselves repose. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice and encourages generosity; as people are most commonly more liberal of others' goods than of their own: while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive christianity which would inculcate a constant communion of all property. In short it draws on us the inquiries and attention of the world while we live, and makes us sincerely regretted when we die."

Foote added one more to the melancholy catalogue of men of genius whose inadvertencies have involved them in continual embarrassments. Though the heir and possessor of three successive fortunes, and the natural inheritor of as much wit and humor as ever fell to the lot of one man, yet was he so thoughtless about pecuniary affairs,

that he was often at a loss for the supply of the day which was passing over him; and except the income which he derived from the sale of his theatre, and which died with him, he did not leave as much behind him as discharged his funeral expences.

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## SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

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IT cannot be doubted that many fabulous circumstances have crept into the early history of this remarkable character. As no authentic account of his life is extant, and it is impossible, at this distance of time to ascertain the truth of many particulars recorded of him, we are obliged to follow the popular tradition, leaving it to the judgment of the reader to decide what he ought to believe and what to reject.

Whittington was a native of Shropshire, which he left at an early age, about the year 1368, and repaired to the metropolis. By the way he chiefly subsisted on the charity of well-disposed persons, and on his arrival in London, he made an application to the Prior of the hospital of St. John's Clerkenwell, where he was kindly relieved; and being handy and willing, was soon put into an inferior post in the house. How long he remained here, is uncertain, but to this charitable foundation he was certainly indebted for his first support in London. His next reception was in the family of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, whose house was in the Minories, near the Tower. Here he undoubtedly acted as under scullion, for his keep only.

In this situation he met with many crosses and difficulties ; for the servants made sport of him ; and particularly the cook, who was of a morose temper, used him very ill, and not unfrequently with a sturdy arm, laid the ladle across his shoulders ; so that, to keep in the family, he had many a mortification to endure ; but his patience carried it off, and at last he grew used to her choleric disposition.

This was not the only misfortune under which he laboured, for lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost ready at times to dispute the possession with him, and full as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, so that he knew not what to think of his condition, or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service, and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after a merchant came to dinner, and it raining exceedingly, he staid all night. The next morning, Whittington having cleaned his shoes, this gentleman gave him a penny. Going along the streets on an errand, he saw a women with a cat under her arm, and desired to know the price of her : the woman praised her for a good mouser, and told him sixpence ; but he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have her. He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day,

lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague ; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give him a greater blessing for his endeavours, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes. Just at this juncture he had a ship ready to sail, and all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities ; but his young mistress being present, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, she ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses. Being however, constrained to come, he said he hoped they would not jeer a poor simpleton for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could lay claim to as his own, was but a poor cat, which he had bought for one penny, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. On this the young lady offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that according to the custom, what he ventured must be his own. He then ordered him to bring his cat, which he did, but with great reluctance, and with tears delivered her to the master of the ship, called the Unicorn, which had fallen down to Blackwall, in order to proceed on her voyage.

No sooner had this vessel arrived at Algiers than the intelligence reached the Dey, who immediately ordered the captain and officers to wait upon him with presents; for then, as well as now, nothing could be done without a bribe. After this first ceremony was over, trade went on pretty briskly, at the conclusion of which, his Moorish majesty gave a grand entertainment, which, according to custom, was served upon carpets, interwoven with gold, silver, and purple silk. This feast was no sooner served up than the scent of the various dishes, brought together a number of rats and mice, who unmercifully fell on all that came in their way.

These audacious and destructive vermin did not shew any symptoms of fear upon the approach of the company, but, on the contrary, kept to it as if they only were invited. This excited the astonishment of the captain and his people, who, interrogating the Algerines, were informed, that a very great price would be given by the Dey, for a riddance of these vermin, which were grown so numerous and offensive, that not only his table, but his private apartments, and bed, were so infested, that he was forced to be constantly watched for fear of being devoured.

This information put the English immediately in mind of poor Dick Whittington's Cat, which had done them great service on the passage: and wishing to serve the youth, thought this the best time to come forward

with the little industrious animal. Accordingly she was brought the next day, when her presence suddenly kept off most of the vermin; a few only of the boldest daring to venture forward, she dispatched them with wonderful celerity. This pleased his Highness so much, that he immediately made very advantageous proposals to the factor of the ship for the possession of this surprising and useful animal. At first the crew seemed very reluctant to part with her; but his liberality soon overcame every objection; and her purchase amounted, in various commodities, to several thousand pounds. During the time the English remained here, her industry in destroying those vermin so completely pleased the Moorish Chief, that, on their departure, he again loaded them with rich presents.

The cook, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, incessantly persecuted the youth on account of his penury, so that he grew weary of enduring it, and resolved rather to try his fortune again in the wide world, than lead such a disagreeable life. Accordingly he set out early on Allhallows morning, resolving to go into the country, and get into a more agreeable service.

As he went over Finsbury Moor, since called Moor-fields, his mind began to fail; he hesitated, and halted several times: he grew pensive, and his resolution left him. In this solitary manner he wandered on till he reached Holloway, where he sat down upon a large stone, which is stil

called Whittington's stone. Here he began to ruminate upon his ill-luck, and in the depth of his meditation, he suddenly heard Bow bells begin to ring. This attracted his attention; and as he listened, he fancied they called him back again to his master. The more he hearkened, the more he became confirmed in this notion, conceiving the bells expressed the following distich:

“Return again Whittington,  
“Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

This proved a happy thought for him; and it made so great an impression on his fancy, that finding it early, and thinking he might get back before the family were stirring, he instantly returned, and entered unperceived, to pursue his usual daily drudgery.

Things were in this situation when the news arrived of the success of the voyage. When the bill of lading was presented to the merchant, the principal part was found to belong to Whittington, amongst which was a cabinet of rich jewels, the last present of the Dey. This was the first thing brought to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, it being deemed too valuable to remain on board. When the servants' goods for their ventures were all brought up to be divided, Whittington's portion was too bulky to be unpacked before them; but the pearls and jewels alone were estimated at several thousand pounds.

This story, however improbable, is not with-

out a parallel in the history of another country, for in a description of Guinea, published in 1665 it is recorded, how Alphonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and being, presented by the king with his weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice; and an ointment to kill their flies; this he improved within five years to six thousand pounds on the place, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years traffic, became, not like Whittington the second, but the third man in the kingdom.

The humility of Whittington's mind prevented him from displaying the least degree of arrogance, petulance or superciliousness on this sudden change of his fortune. At first he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scullery, but Mr. Fitzwarren, who, it would appear took him into partnership, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest, introducing him at court and to the principal characters in the city.

In this new career Whittington's success must have been truly extraordinary, for we find that in a few years, King Edward III. being at war with France, and soliciting of his subjects a subsidy to carry it on, Whittington paid towards the contribution offered by the city of London, no less than ten thousand pounds, an astonishing sum in those days, for an individual's share, when it is considered that history has almost left us in the dark as to the remuneration expected. Be that as it may, history places it in the forty-sixth year of the king's reign, A. D. 1372. The suc-

cess did not answer his great preparations; for his fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and he was forced to disband his soldiers.

What contributed much at this time in favour of Whittington, was the absence of the Lombard merchants, who withdrew themselves from London, on account of the oppression of the king, which became excessive towards the latter end of his reign, for continual draughts to support his ambition in France. These, and the Jews abroad, conducted at that time the whole financial commerce of the city of London; but Mr. Whittington, upon their departure, came in for a considerable share of it.

In the 52d year of Edward's reign, the Lords and Commons granted the king a poll-tax, of four-pence a head, for every man and woman passing the age of fourteen years, beggars excepted. The king demanding of the city of London to advance him 4000l. upon this poll, and the Mayor, Adam Staple, proving backward in complying, he was by the king turned out of that office; and Sir Richard Whittington put into his place, to finish the year; and this is the first mention of his being knighted, and of his great importance in the city at that time, being only about ten years after his first coming thither.

According to Stow, Sir Richard Whittington was a great dealer in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls, which were universally worn at that time by the ladies. In 1377, the first year of king



Richard II. he was called by summons to the parliament that met at London.

In 1395, the eighteenth of this king's reign Edmund, Duke of York, the king's uncle, held a parliament at London, the king being absent in Ireland, and relating to the citizens the great streights the king was reduced to in Ireland, they granted him a tenth upon their personal estates; first protesting that they were not in rigour of right obliged to it, but that they did it out of affection. The mission to this parliament, we are particularly informed by Sir Robert Cotton, from Leland's papers, was managed by the uprightness of Sir Richard Whittington. It also appears from the parliamentary Rolls, that the citizens only granted this for four years, on condition that it should be bestowed upon the wars; that the king should be advised by his council; and that the wars ceasing before the time expired, payment might determine.

Thus he grew in riches and fame the most considerable of the citizens, greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, several hundreds of whom he publicly or secretly assisted or supplied.

About this time it was that he married his master's daughter, Miss Fitzwarren. According to the pretorian banner, once existing in Guildhall, but destroyed by the fire which consumed the city archives, Whittington served his first mayoralty in 1397. He was now near forty years of age, and was chosen into the office by his fellow citizens, whose approbation of his conduct, after having once before filled the office

when put in by king Edward, is a proof that he was a good, loyal and patriotic man.

He was one of those who went from the city to the Tower to King Richard II. to put him in mind of his promise to relinquish the government; and was upon that constituted one of the king's proxies to declare his renunciation. According to Stow and Collier, he assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. when he took the oath of homage and allegiance to him. He assisted at the great council which that king soon after summoned, to demand aid of the Lords spiritual and temporal against his enemies, the kings of France and Scotland, who were then preparing to invade England; in which council the city of London, as well as the barons and clergy, unanimously granted the king a tenth to support him in the war, which was undertaken by Charles IX. of France to restore his father-in-law, Richard II. who was yet alive. Whittington's name stands second, Scroop, archbishop of York, being first, of those privy counsellors who were commissioned to treat on the king's part with the earl of Northumberland, about the exchange of castles and lands. But the designs of Whittington and the city were frustrated by the death of the unfortunate Richard.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406. His third and last service of mayor happened in 1419, in Henry the fifth's time, in which situation he behaved with his usual prudence. Though age had now taken off much of his activity, yet he was the most vigilant magis-

strate of his time. Soon after Henry's conquest of France, Sir Richard entertained him and his queen at Guildhall, in such grand style, that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject;" and conferred upon some of the aldermen the honour of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said, he would endeavour to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore, and threw into the fire, the king's bond for 10,000 marks due to the company of mercers; 12,500 to the chamber of London; 12,000 to the grocers; to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, 3,000 marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, in his house in Grub-Street, beloved by the rich and the poor. By his wife he left two sons. He built many charitable houses, founded a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael. Here he constructed an handsome vault, for the sepulchre of his father and mother-in-law, and the remainder of the

Fitzwarren family, and there himself and wife afterwards were interred.

In 1413, he founded an alms-house and college in the Vintry. The latter was suppressed by order of council in king Edward VIth's time: but the former, on College-hill, still remains.

The munificence of Whittington, it would appear, though he was an inhabitant of Vintry Ward, was felt and acknowledged all over the city. The library of the famous church of the grey friars, near the spot where Christ Church, in Newgate-street, now stands, was founded by him in 1429. In three years it was filled with books to the value of 556l, of which Sir Richard contributed 400l. the rest being supplied by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar. This was about thirty years before the invention of printing. He also rebuilt Newgate, contributed largely to the repairs of Guildhall, and endowed Christ's Hospital with a considerable sum.

Whittington, as well as his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, were both mercers. How long he lived is uncertain, as his Latin epitaph in the church of St. Michael Paternoster, in the Vintry, where he was buried, does not specify his birth.—His will, however, is dated December 21, 1423, In the above-mentioned church, Sir Richard Whittington was three times buried; first by his executors, under a handsome monument; then in the reign of Edward VI. when the parson of the church thinking to find great riches in his

tomb, broke it open and despoiled the body of its leaden sheet, then burying it a second time. In the reign of Queen Mary, she obliged the parishioners to take up the body, and restore the lead as before, and it was again buried; and so he remained till the great fire of London violated his resting place a third time. This church also, which his piety had founded, together with a college and alms-houses near the spot, became a prey to the flames in the great conflagration of 1666.

The capital house called Whittington College, with the garden, was sold to Armagill Wade, in the second year of Edward VI. The alms-houses which he founded for thirteen poor men, are still supported by the Mercers Company, of which he was a member, and in whose custody are still extant the original ordinances of Sir Richard Whittington's charity, made by his executors, Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove.—The first page, curiously illuminated, represents Whittington lying on his death-bed, his body very lean and meagre, with his three executors, a priest, and some other persons standing by his bedside.

Dame Alice, the wife of Sir Richard, died in the 63d. year of her age; after which he never remarried, though he outlived her near twenty years. At last he expired like the patriarch, full of age and honor, leaving a good name and an excellent example to posterity. The following

curious epitaph is said to have been cut on the upper stone of his vault, and to have continued perfect till destroyed by the fire of London :

M. S.

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,  
 Sir Richard rightly nam'd ;  
 Who three times Lord Mayor served in London,  
 In which he ne'er was blam'd.

He rose from Indigence to Wealth,  
 By Industry and that,  
 For lo! he scorn'd to gain by stealth,  
 What he got by a Cat.

Let none who reads this verse despair  
 Of Providence's ways :  
 Who trust in him, he'll make his care,  
 And prosper all their days.

Then sing a requiem to departed merit,  
 And rest in peace till death demands his spirit.

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## JEMELJAN PUGATSCHEW.

**T**HE adventures of this impostor, who, during the reign of Catharine II. gave the Russian court no small degree of uneasiness, are truly singular and romantic. He has been generally looked upon as a mere savage, without learning or abilities, but the following pages will give a very different impression of him. The lives of

illustrious persons are perused with a species of enthusiasm; yet as vice has its heroes as well as virtue, the story of a man eminently distinguished for duplicity and political hypocrisy, may afford equal entertainment and instruction.

Jemeljan Pugatschew was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct in the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden. He died as he had always wished, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle between the Russians and Turks, near Bucharest, towards the end of the year 1734, leaving Jemeljan his only son, then an infant under the care of his mother; who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and lived in the family of a nobleman, where he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and was remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukrain.

Jemeljan, upon the death of his uncle, became a chieftain among these erratic people, and, from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependents, who lived like most of the Cossacks on the banks of the Don in continual warfare with the neighbouring Tartars. Among the

strangers which belonged to the troop Jemeljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprize, had accompanied him from Poland; the one Boispré, a Norman; and the other Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage associates. In one of their excursions Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off a considerable booty, and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jemeljan soon after became so fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people.

The charms of this woman made an impression upon the chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing any probability of succeeding to his wishes from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern



almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villainy. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and, not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party.

One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party, under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and, in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that, while Capelini should feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred. The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the villain, who, through a thicket behind which he was posted, observed all their movements; notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure gradually advance towards the place which was to secrete the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; when he ar-

rived within a few paces of the unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pommel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and, without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern which was not twenty spaces distant. His first care was to recover the unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief for a considerable time, refused to take any nourishment; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her. At length Capelini arrived, and threw this unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavoured to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruellest kind; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of his prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner.

The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villainy being discovered. As one crime leads to ano-

ther, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate; but Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying this unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, after many intreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that during his absence his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which at the same time were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate.

Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispré, who had for some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the plausible tale he had related to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispré and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at this detection, fell at the feet of this brave man who

had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, or liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispré ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately dispatched one of them to Pugatschew, with the news that he had discovered Marvea, with whom he continued, and endeavoured to administer comfort to her in her expiring moments.

The Cossack chief immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troop, when Boispré, taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini: "See there," says he, "the ravisher of thy wife." Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispré and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of these unpolished people with grief and horror. Pugatschew, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but for the strength of his constitution and the cares of his friends.

The odious Capelini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski,

and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature under this dreadful circumstance, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had been suspended according to his sentence.

We have no further account of this extraordinary man, till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lascy, in the month of October 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behaviour during the siege recommended him so much to the favour of general Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the first cause of his, some years after, assuming the title of Peter the III. and of the rebellion of Orenburg. The anecdote is as follows. When Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had shown, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the general, remarking he might be taken for the emperor's brother from the extraordinary

likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him, whether his mother was ever at the court of Holstein, (the birth-place of Peter the Third) "No, and please your excellency," returned Pugatschew with great readiness, "but my father has often been there." The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talents for a repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lascy, thus proceeded:—"But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and, if by an unfortunate event (which heaven forbid!) we should lose our monarch as the Portuguese formerly did their King Don Sebastian, this Jemeljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire."

This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regarding as a presage of the part which would be played some years after by Pugatschew, made a deep impression on the mind of the latter, who solemnly declared, previous to his execution, that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter the III. he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an oracle which called him to empire and to glory.

While this singular character was in the Rus.

sian service, he lived in a strict intimacy with his old friend Boispré, who had left the Ukraïn with him, and been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by this friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received without suspicion into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young Countess of C—— showed him so much partiality, that Boispré encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe an alliance with Count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be a very advantageous one. In short, after some time, this adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp.

Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians supposing their rights infringed by the imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surprized at hearing Count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that fa-

mily had been long extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was no doubt lucky for him, that, at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some days with the old count, at the castle near Neuhausel. Boispré immediately posted to the last mentioned place, and acquainted his friend with the dangerous ground he stood upon. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and the count, that one of his particular friends had in an affair of honor dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian ambassador: "I must depart immediately," said he, "for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither as to a place of greater security." This reason satisfied the count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues from the count's estate. When they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father-in-law's palace, and possessed himself of a considerable quantity of jewels and plate which he immediately sold to some Jews, and, quitting Vienna, took their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, having eluded the search of the count who had become outrageous at discovering the base trick which had been played him.

In the year 1773, the inhabitants of the governments of Casan and Orenburg, in the Asiatic portion of the vast Russian empire, having for



some time manifested great discontent on account of the imposts laid on them for the support of the war with the Turks in which Russia was then engaged, and the continual draughts of men for the armies, Pugatschew endeavoured to convert this disaffection into an engine to promote his ambitious designs. The observations of General Tottleben, though made so many years before, had produced an impression upon his mind which time had not been able to erase. Encouraged by his resemblance to the dethroned emperor, he had the audacity to assume the name and character of that unfortunate monarch, and openly aspired to the imperial crown of all the Russias. Notwithstanding this palpable imposture, such was the ignorance and dissatisfaction of the inhabitants of the provinces where he first published his pretensions, that he was soon joined by great numbers of partisans.

This insurrection became so formidable, that the Empress Catherine was obliged to send a considerable force against the rebels. During the whole of the year 1774, Pugatschew contrived to find employment for the Russian forces, though his adherents were defeated in several obstinate engagements. At length through the treachery of the Cossacks, he was delivered into the hands of the Russians, by whom he was conveyed in chains to Moscow, where on January 23, 1775, he and four of his accomplices were executed according to their sentences. Pugatschew and his principal associate named

Perfilieff were beheaded; the three others were hanged; eighteen were knouted and sent to Siberia, amongst whom was an officer who had been instrumental in fomenting the rebellion. As soon as Pugatschew was brought upon the scaffold, the detail of his crimes and his condemnation were twice deliberately read; he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and declared to the people, in a short speech, that he was not the person he had given himself out to be, but a Don Cossack, by name Pugatschew. His head was fixed on an iron spike over a wheel, on which his body and Perfilieff's were placed; and his limbs were exposed in four different parts of the town, where they remained till the next day; when all the bodies were burnt, together with the scaffold.

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## ANDRE BAZILE.

A SLAVE belonging to the galley at Brest, named André Bazile, a native of Nantes, went into the naval hospital the 5th of September 1774. He complained of a cough, of pains in his stomach, and cholic, for which Dr. Courcelles, who attended during that quarter, administered medicines which seemed to relieve him. He was still there on the first of October, when Fournier, another physician of the hospital, entered on his quarter. He complained of vomit-

ings, which greatly exhausted him, and of pains in his stomach. Being unable to draw from him any circumstances tending to explain the cause of his malady, the physician administered such medicines as he judged suitable for his case. On the 10th of the same month he died, and Fournier, suspecting some internal derangement, desired that he might be opened. This operation was performed the following day. The stomach was found to be greatly distended, and in it were felt several hard substances. Fournier considering this observation worthy the attention of his colleagues, suspended the operation till the afternoon. However, as the body was opened, he wished to follow the wind-pipe throughout its whole length, and to come at it, he removed the heart and the lungs to the opposite side. As this was not done with sufficient precaution, it occasioned a rupture of the wind-pipe, about the middle, by which a piece of wood, of a black colour, commencing at the beginning of that canal, and reaching to the stomach, was exposed to view. Notwithstanding the singularity of this new discovery, Fournier waited the arrival of his colleagues to gratify his curiosity.

At three in the afternoon, about fifty persons, consisting of physicians, surgeons, pupils, and officers of the institution had assembled. Having examined the position of the parts, they proceeded to open the stomach, which had the form of an oblong square. The piece of wood above-mentioned, was first extracted, and proved to be

a piece of a hoop, eighteen inches in length, and one inch in breadth. To the utter astonishment of all present, fifty-two pieces of various kinds of substances were found in the stomach. Among these were a knife, pewter-spoons, pieces of glass, iron and wood, from one to eight inches in length, nails, pieces of tin, leather, horn, &c. &c. An inventory of all these substances was drawn up in the presence of the spectators, in which the dimensions of each are exactly noted. The wind-pipe, the stomach, and all the intestines had become quite black within; all the substances had contracted the same appearance, and also an extremely fetid smell, which they retained after they had been repeatedly washed.

“We cannot,” says Fournier, who published these observations,” but regret the silence observed by this unfortunate man with regard to the nature of his malady. Had it been possible to suspect it, I should have endeavoured to obtain from him some information, capable of throwing some light on such an extraordinary phenomenon. After his death, I made all possible enquiries concerning his character, constitution, and mode of life, the result of which was as follows:—Being of a melancholy disposition, and even somewhat insane, he had served thirteen years as a marine, but had been discharged as deranged in his intellects. Among other things, his comrades often persuaded him that he was very ill. He believed them, and used on such occasions to betake himself to bed. He was at that time accounted a great eater.

On his discharge he returned to Nantes, where some time after, he was condemned to the galleys. One of his townsmen who shared the same punishment, and was imprisoned with him, declared, that he had often seen him scrape the mortar and the plaister from the walls of his prison, and put it in great quantities into his soup, saying, that it strengthened him, and gave him spirits. Sometimes, according to the same person's account, he had a voracious appetite, which was announced by an abundant salivation, and at such times, he ate as much as would satisfy four men; but when he had nothing to appease this appetite, as was frequently the case, because he was so passionately fond of tobacco, that he often sold his allowance to procure it, he swallowed stones, buttons from his clothes, pieces of leather, and other small substances. Having likewise interrogated those who rowed with him on the same bench in the galley, they informed me that two days before he went into the hospital, they had seen him swallow two pieces of wood, four or five inches in length. Notwithstanding all my enquiries, I could not, however, learn when he swallowed the enormous piece of hoop of the length of eighteen inches. After he went into the hospital, he took very little solid food, which is not surprising when we consider the multitude of strange substances with which his stomach and wind-pipe were filled. One of the female attendants recollected to have heard him say, that "he had a thousand d——d things

in his belly, which would kill him," but as he was looked upon as mad, very little attention was paid to this expression. In all probability his digestive juices were vitiated by some cause or other, and occasioned at intervals, that extraordinary hunger; and, having nothing to appease it, he swallowed every thing that came in his way.

It appears that he had contracted this habit by degrees, that he had at first accustomed himself to swallow small bodies, which passed by the ordinary way; and unfortunately persuaded himself that larger would do the same. Though it is extremely easy to demonstrate, that the complaints with which he was afflicted were a necessary consequence of what was discovered after his death, it is just as impossible to conceive and explain, why the symptoms he experienced were not much more acute, alarming and decided; and in particular, how he could possibly swallow a piece of wood, eighteen inches long, without any rupture of the pharynx and wind-pipe, and without choaking himself. It would be vain to attempt to account, by reasonings, for a fact so wonderful and incomprehensible.

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#### EPHRAIM LOPES PEREIRA D'AGUILAR.

**T**HE late Baron d'Aguilar may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. "The elements were so mixed

up in him" as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue: of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness. Courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised toward the conclusion of it by his meanness and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna. His father was a native of Portugal, but, in 1722, quitted that country on account of his religion, and came to England. In 1736 he went to Vienna, where he submitted to the imperial court proposals for farming the duties on tobacco and snuff. In this undertaking he was so successful, that he afterwards became not only a confidant of the empress Maria Theresa, but was appointed her cashier. About the year 1756 he returned to England with a family of twelve children, and in 1759 died, very rich, leaving his title to his eldest son, the late baron, and the subject of these pages.

In 1758 the baron was naturalized, and married the daughter of the late Moses Mendes da Costa, Esq. whose fortune was stated, by report, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was settled on her previous to marriage. By this lady the baron had two daughters, both of whom were living at his death, and inherited his large property.

Having been left a widower in 1763, the baron

a few years afterwards married the widow of Benjamin Mendes da Costa, Esq. who likewise brought him a considerable fortune. During his first, and for some time after his second marriage, the baron lived in the highest style of fashion, in Broad-Street Buildings, being extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and keeping several carriages, and upwards of twenty servants. But on the commencement of the American war, having lost an estate of fifteen thousand acres on that continent, this and other losses, together with domestic disagreements, induced him to alter his plan of living. On the expiration of his lease he removed from Broad-Street Buildings, renounced the character of a gentleman, became rude, slovenly, careless of his person and conduct, totally withdrawing himself from his family connections and the society of the gay world.

This alteration in the manners and temper of the baron, led to a separation from his wife, who fortunately possessed an independent income. Though he had quitted his elegant mansion, he had still abundant choice of a residence. He had a field and two houses at Bethnal Green, which he kept shut up, being filled with rich furniture, laid by after his seclusion from the world and from his family. A large house at Twickenham, formerly his country retreat, was also kept shut up, and in the same predicament was another of his country seats at Sydenham. In addition to these, he purchased a town house in



Shaftesbury-Place, Aldersgate-Street, where he generally slept, and the lease of another in Camden-Street, Islington, together with some ground close to the New River, which he converted into a farm yard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to adopt those of the farmer; but his farming speculations he carried on in a manner peculiar to himself. His farm yard at Islington was a real curiosity of the kind. From the state in which the cattle were kept, it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm Yard!" These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low, preying upon others. His hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry; for though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress. He never replied or took any notice of these unpleasant salutations, but availed himself of the first opportunity to make good his retreat. It is unknown for what purpose he kept the cattle, unless it were for amusement, as he derived from them little or no emolument. The only reason he

ever assigned for stinting them to such a scanty allowance of food was, that they might know their master; for it should be observed, that he was very fond of homage.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to send from the Starvation Yard, to his field at Bethnal Green, to grass, sending a servant that distance to milk them. Here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die, one after another, of want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcass. Once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow, and charged him with selling his property. He confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and ten pence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business. He was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were manifold and secret. He was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he

did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He has been known to take into his houses fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years. So far his conduct might have excited the emulation of the christian, but what followed disgraced the character of man: too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a deceiver in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife. A partial reconciliation was effected; and after repeated visits, he took up his abode entirely at her house. No sooner had he established himself there, than he began, in the most arbitrary manner to enforce his authority over the servants, and at length to treat the lady herself with a rigor she could not endure. She found an opportunity of quitting him and repairing to her relations at Hackney, and by their advice, instituted legal proceedings against her husband. The baron was present in the Court of King's Bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favor of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face upon the occasion. But he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous; for at the

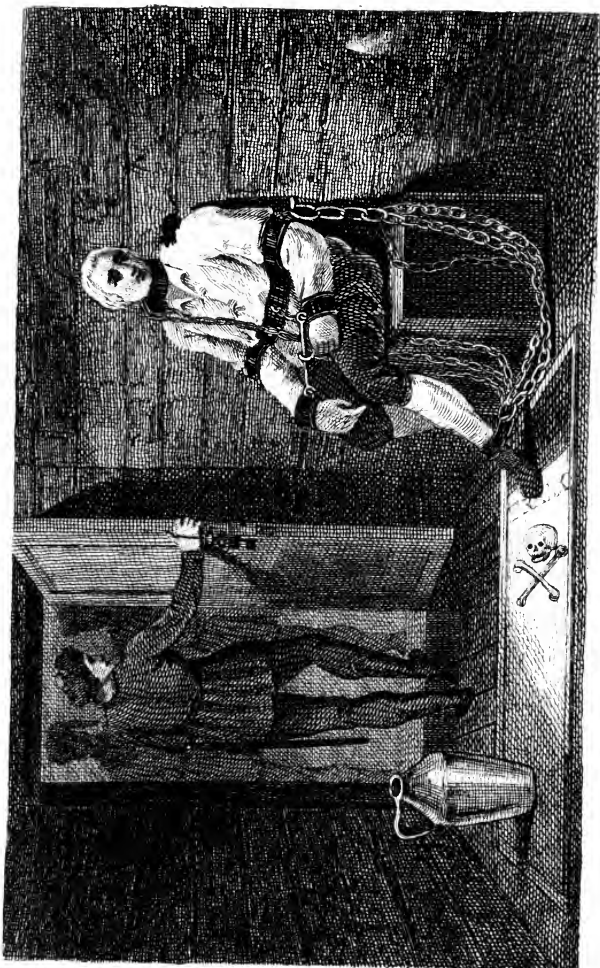
conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife. "Pray, gentlemen," said he; "make her pay half the expences, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The *poor* baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of 200,000*l.* His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days, during which he had a doctor, whom he would not admit into his presence, but sent him his urine every day, accompanied with a guinea for his fee. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and his dangerous situation, he would allow no fire to be made in his house. His youngest daughter sent several times in his last moments requesting permission to see him; but with dreadful imprecations, to which he was much addicted, he declared she should never enter his presence.

The baron's large stock of goods was sold by auction after his death. His *lean* cattle fetched 128*l.*; his diamonds were valued at 30,000*l.* and his plate amounted to 7*cwt.* Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal, and twelve of indigo, worth together about 10,000*l.* These articles he had purchased many years before at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

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*Imprisonment of Baron Brench.*

## FREDERIC TRENCK.

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**BEFORE** we commence the narrative of the life of this truly remarkable man, we must premise that it is a faithful abstract of the memoirs published by himself. If therefore the reader should find any particulars which appear exaggerated or too extraordinary for belief, he must attribute the fault to the subject of this article himself, and to the want of other materials with which to compare the circumstances of his history.

Baron Frederic Trenck was born at Königsberg in Prussia, on the 16th of February, 1726, of one of the most ancient families in the country. His father who died in 1740, with the rank of major-general of cavalry, bestowed particular care on the education of his son and sent him at the age of thirteen to the university of his native city, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.

It was not long before he began to manifest that hot and impetuous disposition, and those violent passions which were probably the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. At this period the barbarous practice of duelling was very common in the university of Königsberg, where it was con-

sidered honorable to send a challenge. By the time Trenck was sixteen he had been engaged in three affairs of this kind and in all of them had wounded his antagonist. In 1742 he was introduced as a cadet into the body-guards of the king, who was so highly pleased with the talents which he displayed as to give him a cornet's commission in the space of six weeks. His majesty likewise equipped him splendidly for the service, and in 1743, selected him to instruct the Silesian cavalry in the new manœuvres, an honor never before granted to a youth of eighteen.

During the following winter Trenck's corps was garrisoned at Berlin, where a table was kept at court for the officers, and where he associated with the celebrated literati whom Frederic II. had assembled round him.

Trenck was now near six feet high, and nature had endowed him with every requisite to please. It was about this time that his heart began to feel a passion which eventually drew down upon him the indignation and severity of his sovereign, though he would himself fain ascribe it to a very different cause. The object of his love was the princess Amelia, the king's sister, and from the notice which Trenck himself takes of this affair it is not improbable that the first advances were made by the lady. He informs us that he was appointed to escort another of his majesty's sisters who had been married to the king of Sweden, as far as Stettin. "Amid the tumult," says he, inseparable from occasions like these, on which



it was my duty to maintain order, a thief had the address to steal my watch and cut away a part of the gold lace from the waistcoat of my uniform, and escape unperceived. This accident brought on me the raillery of my comrades, and the lady alluded to thence took occasion to console me, saying, it should be her care that I should be no loser. Her words were accompanied by a look I could not misunderstand, and a few days afterwards I thought myself the happiest of mortals."

This amour it was Trenck's interest to keep as profound a secret as possible. His mistress supplied him with more money than he could spend, so that he made the greatest figure of any officer in his corps. The style in which he lived was remarked, and it was known that the income of the estate left him by his father was inadequate to support such an expenditure.

Never did the days of youth glide away with more apparent success and pleasure than those of Trenck during the first years of his residence at Berlin. His good fortune was, however, but of short duration. In the beginning of September, 1744, war broke out between Austria and Prussia. In the course of the campaign the baron received from his sovereign the order of Merit, and when it was ended, returned to Berlin, where he says he was received with open arms. He became less cautious in regard to his amour, and perhaps was more narrowly observed. A lieutenant of the foot-guards having indulged in

some impertinent jokes on the subject, Trenck bestowed on him such an epithet as he thought he deserved, on which they drew their swords and his antagonist was wounded. It would appear that his intrigue was no longer a secret to the king, for the next Sunday when the baron presented himself to pay his respects to his majesty on the parade, he addressed him in these remarkable words: "The thunder begins to roll and the bolt may fall: beware." This warning probably made little impression on Trenck, and obliged the king to have recourse to severity; for a short time afterwards being a few minutes too late on the parade, the king remarked it, and made this neglect a pretext for sending him under arrest to Potsdam; nor did he recover his liberty till three days before the army marched to commence the second campaign.

During this campaign some letters passed between the baron and his cousin who held a command in the Austrian army opposed to that of the Prussian monarch. This correspondence was made the ostensible reason of Trenck's being sent under an escort of fifty hussars from the army to Glatz and there confined. Whether Frederic had any fresh reason for this act of severity, whether he had received any new provocation from Trenck, or was instigated by the malicious insinuations of persons inimical to the baron it is impossible to determine.

On his arrival at Glatz, he was not confined in a dungeon, but was lodged in a chamber belong-

ing to an officer of the garrison, and was allowed his own servants to attend him. His first care after this painful reverse was to establish a safe correspondence with the princess, who endeavored to soothe his mind and sent him a thousand ducats. He wrote to the king, requesting to be tried by a court martial, and desiring that no favor might be shewn, if he should be found guilty. No answer was returned, and Trenck thought himself justified in using every possible means to obtain his liberty. To this end he employed the supplies he had received from the princess in bribing some of the officers of the garrison, but his plan was ungratefully betrayed by a prisoner, whom he intended to rescue from bondage at the same time with himself.

Trenck's situation now became much more unpleasant. He was closely confined in a chamber, for having endeavored to corrupt the king's officers, and was guarded with greater caution. This treatment was insupportable to his impatient temper, and he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of escape.

The window of his apartment looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel. With a notched pen-knife he sawed through three iron bars, and with a file, procured from one of the officers, he completed the business of effecting a passage through five more which barricaded the window. This done, he cut his leathern portmanteau into thongs, sowed them end to end, added the sheets

of his bed and safely descended from this astonishing height. The night was dark and every thing seemed to promise success, but a circumstance he had never considered was, that he had to wade through moats full of mud, before he could enter the city. He sunk up to the knees, and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the centinel and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck was stuck fast in a ditch.

Having failed in a subsequent attempt, the result of sudden indignation and resentment, made in open day and in the face of the guard, the severities of imprisonment were still farther increased. With no better success he attempted to seduce a part of the garrison, who had secreted arms, with the intention of giving liberty to all the prisoners and retiring into Bohemia. The design was betrayed by an Austrian deserter who had been entrusted with the secret, and Trenck now appeared to his sovereign in the light of a conspirator, desirous of corrupting the officers and soldiers of the king, and involving them in a participation in his treasonable designs. Nor was this the whole of his misfortune. His money was expended; and the princess, with whom he had kept up a continual correspondence, now wrote that she durst do no more for him.

Being thus abandoned entirely to his own exertions, Trenck contrived to procure money from a friend at Schweidnitz, and the inferior officers being still favorable to his views, he prevailed

upon one of them, Lieutenant Schell, not only to aid him in his escape, but to be the companion of his flight. This plan, however, like all the preceding, had nearly failed, and that at the very moment when it was about to be put into execution. The night appointed for this purpose was that of the fourteenth of December, when Schell mounted guard. The governor had prohibited the officers to enter Trenck's apartment, and being informed by a spy, who was likewise a prisoner, that Schell was then with Trenck, he gave orders that the lieutenant should be taken from the guard, and put under arrest. Schröder, a brother officer who was dining at the governor's table when these orders were issued, conceiving that Schell's intention was discovered, ran to inform him of the circumstance, and to give him warning to provide for his safety.

“Schell,” says the baron in his Memoirs, “might easily have provided for his own safety by flying singly, Schröder having prepared horses on one of which he himself offered to accompany me to Bohemia. How did this worthy man act toward his friend in so critical a moment? Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, “Friend we are betrayed; follow me, only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies.” As we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel, “I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment, stand where you are.” Into this

room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisades, and afterwards escape in the best manner we were able.

“ We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quaad. Schell started back, sprung upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was not there very high. I followed and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, begging me to dispatch him and fly. Instead of complying with his request, I took him in my arms, for he was a small, weak man, threw him over the palisades, and afterwards getting him on my back, began to run without very well knowing which way I went.

“ The sun had just set as we took to flight. No one would run the same risk we had done by making so dangerous a leap, and before they could go round the citadel and through the town in order to pursue us, we had got full half a league. The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases it was generally impossible to escape, unless the fugitives had got the start full two hours before the alarm guns were fired, the passes being immediately stopped by the peasants and hussars.

Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I set him down, and looked round me, but darkness came on so fast that I could see neither town nor citadel. Schell's mind was all confusion; he despaired of our escape, and still entreated I would not let him be taken alive. Having promised by all that was sacred, to save him from an infamous death if no other means were left, and thus raised his spirits, he looked round, and knew by some trees that we were not far from the city gates. He directed me to the Neiss, and taking him again on my shoulders, I carried him to the river, which was a little frozen. I entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade, and when I could not feel the bottom, he clung round me, and thus we safely reached the opposite shore."

Having thus gained the mountains, the fugitives continued to wander about all night, and when day appeared, they thought themselves near the frontiers; which are twenty miles from Glatz, when to their great terror they heard the town-clock strike. Overwhelmed with hunger, cold, fatigue, and pain, they perceived a lone house, on the side of the mountain, to which they proceeded. Here they found two horses belonging to an old peasant, with which they made free, and arrived without accident at Braunau, on the Bohemian frontiers.

After a residence of three weeks at that place, Schell recovered his lameness, and Trenck, who was utterly destitute of money, having left all he

possessed behind him in the prison, now resolved to travel on foot to his mother, in Prussia, in order to obtain a supply, and then enter into the Russian service. Schell refused to abandon him, and they accordingly set out on this expedition. They had travelled above a fortnight and reached Ozenstochowa in Poland, when three Prussian officers, who pretended to be merchants, arrived at the inn where they passed the night. These officers were sent by Fouquet, the governor of Glatz, who had obtained information of their route, for the purpose of carrying them back to that fortress. They endeavored to purchase the acquiescence of the landlord in their plan, which he honorably refused, and informed the fugitives of the scheme laid to entrap them.

Notwithstanding this intelligence and the probability of being way-laid by this party, our adventurers resolved to continue their journey. The landlord had told them that their enemies had only one musket, Trenck had also a musket, and an excellent sabre, and each of them was provided with a pair of pistols. On the second day after they had quitted their honorable host, they had not been an hour upon the road before they discovered a carriage, which, on a nearer approach they knew to be that of their enemies, who pretended it was fast in the snow and called for help. Guessing this was an artifice to entrap them, Trenck and his companion turned about thirty paces from the road, answering they had no time to give them help. On this their ene-



nies took their pistols from the carriage and pursued them full speed, calling to them to stop. A conflict ensued, in which Schell was wounded, and two of the assailants lost their lives.

Schell's wounds some time afterwards rendered it necessary for his companion to leave him behind for the purpose of his recovery, and he proceeded by himself. After a variety of adventures he reached Elbing, where he met his former tutor Brodowsky, who wrote so affectingly to his mother that she came to see him at that place, and brought with her a relief for his necessities. By her he was persuaded to relinquish his intention of entering the Russian service and to go to Vienna to his cousin, who possessed large estates in the Austrian dominions, and to which our adventurer was the next heir.

Trenck accordingly went to Vienna, where he arrived in the month of April, 1747, accompanied by his faithful friend Schell, who found means to procure a lieutenant colonel's commission in an Austrian regiment then serving in Italy. At Vienna, Trenck found his cousin, the celebrated partisan and colonel of Pandours, imprisoned and involved in a most perplexing prosecution instituted by officers whom he had broken for various offences, and favored by persons in high official situations, with whom he had refused to share the spoils he had amassed.

The baron as it may be supposed, on his arrival at Vienna, made every exertion in behalf

of his cousin, who appears to have been most unjustly persecuted. He was permitted to have free access to him and to procure him any assistance he might need. By these means he became acquainted with all his secrets. A revision of the suit being at this time instituted, his ungrateful kinsman thought he should be able to gain his cause without obligation to the baron. As he was a man who stuck at nothing that could in any way promote his views, he had determined to rid himself of our hero, and even employed assassins to take away his life. This circumstance is thus related by Trenck.

“I left him one evening to return home, taking under my coat a bag with papers and documents relating to the prosecution, which I had been examining for him and transcribing. Leaving the arsenal I crossed the court and perceived that I was followed by two men in grey roque-laures, who pressing upon my heels, held loud and insolent conversation concerning the runaway Prussian Trenck. I found they sought a quarrel, and supposing they were two of the accusing officers broken by Trenck, endeavored to avoid them. They quickened their pace. I turned round and in a moment received a thrust with a sword in the left side where I had put my bag of papers, which accident alone saved my life. The sword pierced through the papers and slightly grazed the skin. I instantly drew and the heroes ran. I pursued; one of them tripped and fell. I seized him; the guard came

up : he declared he was an officer of the regiment of Kollowrat, shewed his uniform, was released and I was taken to prison. The town-major came next day and told me I had intentionally sought a quarrel with two officers. I was alone, and could produce no witness ; I must of course be in the wrong and for this remained six days in prison. No sooner was I released than they sent to demand satisfaction for the pretended insult. The proposal was accepted and I promised to be at the place appointed by them within an hour.

“ I went to my cousin to ask his assistance, related what had happened, and as the consequences of this duel might be very serious, desired him to give me a hundred ducats that I might be able to fly if either of them should fall. Hitherto I had expended my own money on his account, and had asked no reimbursement, but what was my surprize when this wicked man said to me with a sneer : “ Since, good cousin, you have got into a quarrel without consulting me, you will also get out of it without my aid. As I left him he called me back to tell me, ‘ I will take care and pay your undertaker,’ for he certainly believed I should never return alive. I now ran, half despairing to Baron Lopresti, who gave me fifty ducats and a pair of pistols, with which I cheerfully repaired to the field of battle. Here I found half a dozen officers of the garrison. I had no second, but an old Spanish captain of invalids, who met me going in all

haste, and having learned whither, insisted on accompanying me.

“Lieutenant K—n was the first with whom I fought and who received satisfaction by a deep wound in the right arm. On this I desired the spectators to prevent farther mischief; for my own part I had nothing more to demand. Lieutenant F—g next entered the lists, with threats which were soon quieted by a lunge in the belly. Hereupon Lieutenant M—f second to the first wounded man, said very angrily: “Had I been your man you would have found a very different reception.” My old Spaniard of eighty, proudly advanced with his long whiskers and tottering frame, and cried: “Hold! Trenck has proved himself a brave fellow, and if any man thinks proper to assault him farther he must first take a breathing with me.” Every one laughed at this bravado from a man who could scarcely stand or hold a sword. I replied: “Friend, I am safe, unhurt and want no assistance. Should I be disabled you may then, if you think proper, take my place; but as long as I can hold a sword, I shall take pleasure in satisfying all these gentlemen one after another.” I would have rested myself a moment, but the haughty M—f enraged at the defeat of his friend, would not give me time, but furiously attacked me, and having wounded him twice, he wanted to close and sink me to the grave with himself, but I disarmed and threw him. None of the others had

any desire to renew the contest. My three enemies were sent bleeding to town; and as M—f appeared to be mortally wounded, and the Jesuits and Capuchins of Vienna refused me an asylum, I fled to the convent at Keltenberg; but by the good offices of Baron Lopresti had liberty to appear, in a week, at Vienna.

“The blood of Lieutenant F—g being in a corrupt state his wound though not dangerous in itself, made his recovery doubtful. He sent to entreat I would visit him, and when I went, having first requested I would pardon him, gave me to understand I ought to beware of my cousin. I afterwards learned that the treacherous Trenck had promised him a company and a thousand ducats, if he could find means to quarrel with and dispatch me, and the lieutenant being deeply in debt was the more easily induced to accept this infamous offer.”

The baron having now full conviction of the ingratitude and malignity of his kinsman resolved to abandon him to his fate. He quitted Vienna with the intention of going to Holland and embarking for the East Indies, but at Nuremberg, meeting with a body of Russians commanded by General Lieuwen, a relation of his mother's, he was prevailed upon to enter into the Russian service. The peace of 1748 afterwards followed, and Trenck proceeded with the troops to Russia, by way of Dantzick, where he narrowly escaped being entrapped by the Prussians.

At the Russian court Trenck was received with the highest distinction, and was on the road to honors and emoluments, when he received intelligence of the death of his cousin, at the fortress of Spielberg, who left him his heir on condition that he should only serve the house of Austria. Nothing but the immense property which his cousin was known to have possessed, and the persuasions of his friends could have induced Trenck to return to Vienna, which, in his heart he had renounced for ever.

To that metropolis he however returned, and there by the glorious uncertainty of the law, he found all his expectations disappointed, and out of the large estates and immense wealth of his cousin he received no more than sixty three thousand florins, with which in the sequel he purchased the lordship of Zwerbach in Austria.

In the month of March, 1754, his mother died, and he took a journey to Dantzick to settle some family affairs with his brothers and sister, his own estates in Prussia having been confiscated. Here an amicable partition of his mother's effects was made, and he remained with his brothers and sister a fortnight. Trenck's only acquaintance at Dantzick was the Austrian resident, to whom he brought letters of recommendation from Vienna. The politeness of this man's conduct was only a cloak for the basest perfidy; for in conjunction with the Prussian resident, he secretly prevailed on the magistrates of Dantzick to deliver the baron into the hands.

of the king of Prussia, who having been informed of his journey sent to demand him. The magistrates, too weak to resist, complied with this requisition, seized the baron, who was at the same time plundered of all the property he had about him, and delivered him to a party of Prussian soldiers. A close carriage was provided, and the unfortunate Trenck was conveyed to Berlin, and through Spandau to Magdeburg, where he was conducted to a dungeon expressly prepared for his reception.

“This dungeon,” says the baron, “was built in a casemate, ten feet long and six broad. Two doors shut close on each other, and there was a third at the entrance of the casemate. The light came through a window, at the opening of the arch of the vaulted roof, and went through a wall seven feet thick. Though it gave light enough, it was placed in such a manner that I could see neither heaven nor earth; I could only perceive the roof of the magazine. On the inside and outside of this window were bars of iron, and in the substance of the wall between them a grate of wire, worked so close together, that it was impossible to distinguish any object either within or without. Besides all this, the window was guarded with pallsades on the outside, to prevent the centinels from approaching, and giving me any assistance. My furniture in this horrible abode, consisted of a bedstead, fastened to the floor, for fear I should remove it to the window, and get upon it, a

mattress, a small stove, and near the stove a box, fixed against the wall, and intended to serve me for a seat. I was not permitted to have any instrument of iron, and my allowance for four and twenty hours, was a pound and a half of ammunition bread, and a jug of water. Though I had always been a great eater in my youth, I was nevertheless obliged to throw away half my bread, it was so exceedingly mouldy.

“ Judge, reader, what I suffered from hunger the eleven long months that I lived on this involuntary regimen! for I should have required at least six pounds of bread a day to satisfy my appetite. I had no sooner received and devoured my allowance, than I felt again the attacks of hunger. I was, however, obliged to wait the revolution of the twenty-four hours, before I could hope for relief. Hunger seldom permitted me to sleep; and when it did, I instantly dreamed that I was sitting at a table covered with the most delicious viands, and that I was devouring them with the greatest voracity: I thought that the company wondered at my appetite. But as my dream did not fill my stomach, the illusion was not of long duration: I waked, the dishes disappeared, and left me nothing but chagrin. My cravings, however, became every day more pressing. This kind of suffering prevented my closing my eyes, and rendered my situation a thousand times more dreadful; the want of sleep doubling the duration of time, and consequently that of my torments.



“ Prayers and representations were all to no effect. The answer was ; “ it is forbidden by the king’s express order to give you more.” General Borck, commandant of Magdeburg, a man of a cruel and severe disposition, said to me one day, when I begged him to make a small addition to my portion : “ You gormandized long enough on the king’s plate, which Trenck stole from him at the battle of Sorau ; but you must now learn to eat our ammunition bread in your dirty hole. Your empress has not sent money for your support, and you neither deserve the bread allowed you, nor the expence you occasion.”

In consequence of his attempts to escape, the king ordered a new dungeon to be built in such a manner as to put it out of his power to have any communication with the centinels. Giving a description of his second dungeon, he says,

“ My prison having been built of lime and plaster, in the short space of eleven days, and I having been committed to it immediately after, it was thought that my sufferings could not be of long duration. Indeed, during the first half year, the water dropped continually from the vaulted roof upon my body ; and I can assure my readers, that for the first three months I did not know what it was to be dry. My health, however, did not suffer.

“ When the officers came to visit me, (which was every day after the relief of the guard) they were obliged, before they entered, to leave the

doors open for a few minutes, as otherwise the exhalations from the walls, added to the thickness of the air, extinguished the candles.

“Left to myself in this horrid abode, without friends, without assistance, and without consolation, my imagination filled with the most dreadful images, and the most calculated to drive a man to despair, I cannot conceive what it was that withheld my hand from completing the tragedy. Twelve o'clock, however, struck, and my tomb was opened for the first time. Pity and commiseration were painted on the faces of my keepers; but the profound silence they observed, and the time they employed in opening the doors, to the locks and bolts of which they were not yet accustomed, inspired terror.”

In this dismal place he was not thought sufficiently safe without the additional horrors of cumbrous irons. Round his neck was a collar of a hand's-breath; to the ring of which the chains and their whole weight were appended. These chains he was obliged to sustain with one hand, day and night, for fear of being strangled. Above the elbows were two irons to which a chain was fixed behind his back that passed up to the neck collar. These however were removed a month after they were put on, as the baron fell ill. A broad iron rim was rivetted round his body, between which and the bar which separated his hands there was another chain. The bar two feet in length was ironed to the handcuffs, so that he could only bring the ends of his fingers in.

contact. The chains were also fixed to a thick iron staple in the wall, a triple row of chains descended to the right foot, and the whole weight, the projecting neck-collar acting as a lever, was enormous.

The confinement of the unfortunate baron in this dreadful cell continued nine years and five months, during which time he made many astonishing but fruitless attempts to escape. These had no other effect than of rendering his confinement still more severe; all possible means being taken to render him perfectly secure by adding strength to his fetters and making alterations in his dungeon.

It would be impossible to introduce into this brief account of the life of Trenck, a narrative of the various expedients he employed for disencumbering himself of his irons, cutting through bars, bolts and doors, undermining his prison, gaining over the officers and centinels to his interest, or to describe the numberless extraordinary incidents which from time to time occurred during his operations, the keenness of his disappointment on the detection and frustration of his plans, and the hardships and fatigues which he underwent during the long period of his captivity.

We shall therefore be contented with introducing a few anecdotes of his confinement, tending partly to shew the singularity of his character and the manner in which he passed his time when not engaged in projects for the recovery of his freedom.

After one of the many unsuccessful attempts which he made for that purpose, being very strictly examined and asked where he concealed all his implements, he replied: "Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend. He brings me every thing I want, supplies me with light; we play whole nights at piquet, and guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power." Some of the persons present were astonished, and others laughed; at length as they were barring the door of his dungeon, he called out: "Come back gentlemen; you have forgotten something of great importance." In the meantime he had taken one of his files from the place of concealment. When they returned: "Look you, gentlemen," said he, "here is a proof of the friendship which Beelzebub has for me, he has brought me this in a twinkling." Again they examined and again they shut the door. While they were doing this, he took out a knife and ten louis d'ors, called, and they returned muttering curses; he then shewed them the knife and louis d'ors. Their consternation was excessive, and Trenck diverted himself under his misfortunes, by jesting at the shortsightedness of his keepers. It was soon rumored through Magdeburg, especially among the simple and vulgar, that the captive Trenck was a magician to whom the devil brought all he asked.

One major Holzhammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen of

ferred him fifty dollars for permission to see Trenck through the door, being extremely desirous to have a peep at a wizard. Holzkammer informed Trenck of the circumstance, and they jointly determined to sport with the man's credulity. The major furnished the baron with a mask with a monstrous nose, which he put on when the doors were opening and threw himself into an heroic attitude. The affrighted citizen drew back, but Holzkammer stopped him, saying: "Have patience a few minutes and you will see him assume quite a different countenance." The burgher waited, the mask was thrown aside, and Trenck's face, whitened with chalk, made a ghastly appearance. The burgher again shrunk back; Holzkammer kept him in conversation, and Trenck assumed a third farcical form. He tied his hair under his nose, fastened a pewter dish to his breast, and when the door a third time opened, he thundered out: "Begone rascals, or I'll wring your heads off." They both ran, the silly citizen, eased of his fifty dollars, being the first to scamper away. The major in vain enjoined the burgher not to reveal what he had seen. In a few days Trenck, the magician, was the theme of every alehouse in Magdeburg, and the person was named who had seen him change his form thrice in the space of an hour. Many false and ridiculous circumstances were added, till the story at length reached the ears of the governor. The citizen

was sent for, and offered to swear to the truth of what himself and the major had seen. Holzkammer in consequence, received a severe reprimand, and was put under arrest for some days.

Trenck having read much, having lived and seen a great deal of the world, was but little troubled with vacuity of thought during the tedious period of imprisonment. The past events of his own life and those which had happened to others, revolved so often in his mind, that they became as familiar and connected as though they had been written in the order in which they occurred. Habit rendered him so perfect in this kind of exercise that he could compose speeches, fables, odes, and satires, all which he repeated aloud, and had so treasured them in his memory that after he had obtained his freedom he committed to writing two volumes of these his prison labors.

Another kind of employment likewise contributed to beguile the days of his captivity. On the appointment of a new lieutenant governor, who was a very humane man, Trenck's doors were suffered to stand open several hours daily, to admit light and air. Having the advantage of light he now began to engrave for amusement, with a nail on the pewter cup, out of which he drank, satirical verses and various figures, and at length attained such perfection in this art, that his cups were considered as master-pieces both of composition and execution, and were sold as

rarities. His first attempt, as may be well imagined, was rude. His cup was carried to the governor, who shewed it to his visitors and sent him another. He improved by practice, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. Thus engaged, a whole year passed swiftly away, and his expertness obtained him the permission of candle light. The king gave orders that all these cups should be inspected, as Trenck was desirous by his verses and devices to inform the world of his fate. This command, however, was not obeyed; the officers making a considerable profit of the exertion of his talents and selling the cups at last for twelve ducats a piece.

The difficulties of this kind of engraving will be conceived when it is recollected that Trenck worked by candle light on shining pewter, attained the art of producing light and shade, and by practice could divide a cup into thirty two compartments as regularly with a stroke of the hand, as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so small that it could not be read without glasses. In this employment Trenck could use but one of his hands, both being separated by the bar, and therefore held the cup between his knees. His only instrument was a sharpened nail, yet with this rude graver he inscribed two lines on the rim alone.

Some of these cups fell into the hands of persons of the highest distinction. The female branches of the royal family of Prussia saw and

admired them, and one which was presented to the emperor of Germany, made so strong an impression on his consort, Maria Theresa, that she immediately commanded her minister to make every exertion for Trenck's deliverance.

Peace, however, was concluded between Austria and Prussia, and nothing was done in his behalf. Finding himself neglected, he now resolved to resort to his old expedients which he had for some time relinquished, in consequence of the mild treatment of the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, the then governor of Magdeburg, and the hope of regaining his liberty by other means. He opened a hole in his floor, which he had made some time before, and formed a subterranean passage for the purpose of escaping. One day while thus engaged, an accident befel him which threatened to terminate at once his captivity and his life. We shall relate it in his own words.

“While mining under the foundation of the rampart, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage. What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away: but the small quantity of air soon became so foul, that I a thousand times wished myself dead and made several attempts to strangle



myself. Farther labor began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were inconceivable, and I imagine that I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I recovered a little, and again resumed my labor; but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand so as to be able to turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball and turned round. I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labor was to remove the sand from underneath the stone and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and thus I at length once more reached my dungeon.

“The morning was advanced; I sat down so exhausted that I supposed it impossible to cover up and conceal my hole in time. After half an hour’s rest, however, my strength returned: again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended, when the resounding locks and bolts announced the approach of my visitors. They found me pale as death: I complained of the head-ache, and continued some days so much affected by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but perhaps of all

my nights of horror this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth, and after three and twenty years had elapsed, my sleep was still haunted with this incident. After this whenever I worked in my cavity, I always hung a knife round my neck, that in case I should be again so inclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was several hundred times obliged to creep, but no danger could deter me from endeavoring to obtain my liberty."

About this time Trenck sustained the severe loss of a companion which for two hours had contributed to beguile the solitary yea of his captivity. This was a mouse which he had tamed so perfectly, that the little animal was continually playing with him, and used to eat out of his mouth. One night it skipped about so much, that the sentinels heard a noise, and made their report to the officer of the guard. As the garrison had been changed at the peace, and as Trenck had not been able to form at once so close a connection with the officers of the regular troops, as he had done with those of the militia, one of the former, after ascertaining the truth of the report with his own ears, sent to inform the commandant that something extraordinary was going on in the prison. The town major arrived in consequence early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floor, the

walls, the baron's chains, his body, every thing in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked the cause of the last evening's bustle. Trenck had heard the mouse, and told them frankly by what it had been occasioned. They desired him to call his little favourite; he whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped upon his shoulder. He solicited that its life might be spared, but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising however on his word of honour, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterwards loose in his chamber, the mouse who knew nobody but Trenck, soon disappeared, and hid itself in a hole. At the usual hour of visiting his prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up his legs, seated itself on his shoulder, and played a thousand tricks, to express the joy it felt on seeing him again. Every one was astonished, and wished to have it. The major to terminate the dispute, carried it away, gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days after was found dead.

At length, through the interference of the imperial ambassador at Berlin, Trenck was restored to the enjoyment of that liberty of which he had been nearly ten years deprived. He hastened to Vienna, but what was his astonishment to find that he was escorted like a prisoner from Prague to that metropolis, and on his arrival there, kept in confinement at the barracks. In this state of

captivity he continued six weeks, through the contrivance of those who, during his absence, had been the trustees of his property, and who now wished it to be generally believed that he was insane; in order that they might still retain the management of his affairs. He obtained his liberty through the interposition of colonel, afterwards field marshal, Count Alton, and, indignant at the treatment he had received, determined to quit Vienna.

Trenck accordingly went to the baths of Aix la Chapelle, and where in 1765, he married the daughter of the former burgomaster De Broc. He now settled at Aix la Chapelle, where he was largely engaged in the wine-trade, in the prosecution of which he also visited England. Much of his time was likewise occupied in writing, in unmasking the deceit and impostures of the monks who swarmed in that part of Germany where he resided, and in conducting a newspaper which he commenced. The rancour of the priests exposed him several times to the risk of assassination: but his extraordinary escapes from all their machinations at length persuaded the credulous multitude that he was invulnerable. So enraged were the Jesuits and monks by the asperity with which he attacked their proceedings, that a day was appointed on which the baron's writings were to be burned before his house, the house itself razed to the ground and its inhabitants massacred. His wife received letters warning her to fly with her child-

ren for safety, which advice she from terror obeyed. Trenck and two huntsmen remained, provided with eighty four loaded muskets. These he displayed in the gallery before the window, to shew that he was resolved to make a desperate defence. The appointed day arrived, and the jesuit Father Zünder, with the baron's works in his hand, attended by all the students in the town, appeared ready for the attack. The other monks had incited the townspeople to a general storm, but no man had the heart to appear in the market-place, while Trenck stood prepared to give them so warm a reception.

In the year 1780, the baron removed with his wife and family to Vienna, where they were received with distinguished favor by the empress Maria Theresa, whose sentiments towards Trenck seemed to have undergone a total alteration. She settled a pension on him, and promised still farther to befriend him and his family. He purchased the lordship of Zwerbach, and his prospects seemed to brighten, when the death of the empress once more drew a cloud over the scene. The pension granted by that sovereign to Trenck's wife was suppressed by her successor, and Nature seemed to have united with fortune to persecute him even in his rural retreat. Repeated floods, hail-storms and other calamities ravaged his little manor and reduced him to poverty.

At this juncture died Frederic the Great, the inveterate persecutor of Trenck. Frederic Wil-

liam II. immediately sent him a passport to Berlin; the confiscation of his estates was annulled, and his surviving brother had declared the baron's children his heirs. Early in 1757, he accordingly proceeded to Berlin, where the king received him with the most condescending affability. He had also an interview of two hours with his former mistress the princess Amelia, and if we are to believe the account of a recent writer, the sensations of either were far from being of the most agreeable kind. The ravages of Time during upwards of forty years, and the deep traces which grief had impressed on the countenance of the one and hardship and misfortune on that of the other, produced feelings little short of mutual disgust. Five days after his departure from Berlin, the princess expired.

Trenck now pursued his journey to Königsberg; where his only remaining brother impatiently awaited his arrival. Here he found himself in the midst of relations and kinsmen of all degrees who came to compliment him on his return to the place of his nativity. Here also it was that for the first time he learned how the vengeance of the great Frederic had extended to the rest of his family, and in what misfortunes it had involved them.

He returned to Berlin, and after the king had conferred on him a pension of twelve hundred dollars, hastened back to Vienna. In November 1788, Trenck undertook another journey at Berlin, to try what farther could be done to advance his interest there; but perceived so many changes

In the course of a single year, and so many parties contending with each other for power, that he resolved to defer his design till some more favourable opportunity.

Quitting Berlin with the intention of returning once more to Vienna, he paid a visit by the way to General Count Solms, at Königstein, a celebrated fortress in Saxony, of which he relates in his memoirs the following interesting circumstances, which could not fail to remind him forcibly of his own situation at Magdeburg.

“When I was there (at Königstein) parts of the rock were blown up to form casemates. In doing this was found a dungeon hollowed out of the solid rock to the depth of sixty fathoms. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which lay a human skeleton; and by its side the remains of a dog. Horrible spectacle to a heart endued with the feelings of human nature! Even now the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice. One of these was private secretary to the court of Saxony, and in 1756 betrayed its secrets to the king of Prussia. He was taken in Poland, and has now been thirty-four years in a dungeon. He still lives, but his appearance is rather that of a wild beast than of a man—Another is one Colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden, will recollect the horrid poison scheme which was detected, but was thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was the chief in this conspiracy. He was by birth an Italian,

possessed a Calabrian heart, was a bold and handsome man, and was the favorite of the dowager electress. He has still many friends in Dresden, and enjoys more liberty than his fellow prisoners. Where he is, however, he must die, and cannot accuse his imprisonment of injustice. —The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the king of Sweden and brought to Königstein in a mask. When he was taken he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the law of nations. This man is excluded from the light of day. No one sees him; no one speaks to him; and on pain of death, no one must know who or what he is. From what I could learn he is no criminal; he has had no trial, but some state or love intrigue at the Swedish court has brought on him this fate. He has no deliverance to hope for but in death, for the elector has promised the king of Sweden, that he shall never more behold the light of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eye: he shrugs his shoulders, looks up to heaven, and says. ‘It is the elector’s order, and: I must obey. God help him!’

“It is not difficult to guess what passed in my mind at the thought of such victims: my blood curdled when departing, I cast an eye back on the grave of living beings, and when I recollected that I too was in Königstein, I looked forward



with terror lest the door should be shut on me likewise. With a heavy heart I returned to Dresden."

In that city Trenck was prevailed upon to visit France, and in every part of that country, where his history had been worked up into dramatic exhibitions, he was received with universal enthusiasm.

He arrived in February 1789, at Paris. The reception he there experienced surpassed every thing he had hitherto met with. He had scarcely been three days in the French capital, before his arrival was generally known, and he received visits or invitations from all the people of consequence. Ladies too came, excited by curiosity, to see him. Feasts and entertainments were given in his honor, and in most houses the desert was enriched with allusions to his imprisonment and adventures, with triumphal arches and laurel crowns.

Paris was at this time the focus of those intrigues which immediately preceded the revolution; and it is natural to imagine, that a man of so impetuous and restless a spirit as Trenck could not forbear to mingle with them. At this juncture also appeared Mirabeau's "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Berlin," to which Trenck printed a reply, exposing the malignity and falsehoods of that publication. Mirabeau, however, had sufficient weight to suppress this vindication by menacing Trenck's bookseller, and finding this expedient successful, he himself printed a surreptitious edition of the work, previously taking care

by various alterations to pervert the sense of the original. Nor was the baron more successful in his publication of a French translation of his memoirs; which was attended with considerable expence, but the commencement of the revolution attracting the whole of the public attention, left him a considerable loser by the speculation.

The emperor had granted him a pension of fifteen hundred florins on condition that he would subscribe an engaged not to publish any thing either in the Austrian dominions or elsewhere. The baron, however, was guilty of an unpardonable breach of faith. He went to Hungary, and no sooner had he arrived at Buda, than he committed to the press a work in favor of the French revolution, in which he had the temerity to declare, that the convulsion in France ought to serve as a model for other states, and that he had himself contributed much to that event. He was in consequence arrested by order of the Hungarian government, and conducted under an escort of twelve grenadiers, to Vienna, and confined in a mad-house, where it was supposed he would end his days. In 1791, however, he was again set at liberty, but was obliged to sign a new promise to live quietly, to behave loyally, and not to travel without assigning a reason, or without having obtained permission for that purpose.

Such is the account which has been given of Trenck's conduct on this occasion, in various publications, but he himself relates the circum-

stance of this business in a very different manner. He states that, on his accession to the Austrian throne, the emperor Leopold to whom he was previously well known, required the assistance of his pen in support of his power in Hungary, where a serious ferment had taken place. He employed his talents with such success, that the malcontents, headed by the clergy, were highly exasperated. The latter were particularly indignant at the asperity with which he attacked them in several of his performances. He received several anonymous letters, warning him not to accept invitations to the tables of certain nobles from whom there was reason to apprehend attempts on his life. He went, however, undaunted, but no one had the courage to execute such a design. One attempt was actually made in the house of an Hungarian count, but frustrated by the caution of a trusty servant, to whom, at a side-board, they positively insisted on filling for Trenck out of a particular bottle of wine. At Buda, he purposely walked every evening on the bridge of boats, to show that he was not afraid, and there assassins were once planted to throw him into the Danube. As he always went well armed, they were, however, afraid to attack him. At length the business was carried to such a pitch, that the Pandours came to him, and offered him their assistance to throw all the bishops in the diet out of the window. Trenck inculcated peace, patience, and quietness, and has-

tened post to Vienna to receive farther orders from the monarch.

Immediately on his arrival, he had a private audience, and the emperor's first words were, "Trenck, there are complaints of you already made to me, but I am not irritated against you. You go too violent to work; you are in extreme danger. It is absolutely necessary that I should recal you from Hungary, and I cannot publicly afford you protection. You are not ignorant of clerical vengeance." Trenck then asked, if his majesty was displeased with his writings or conduct in Hungary. The answer was, "No: on the contrary, I am indebted to you for them, but I dare not protect you."—"If so," replied Trenck, "I fear nothing; I will cheerfully return." "Only be more moderate, be more cautious," were the emperor's last words.

Again he hastened to Buda, and wrote in all thirteen pamphlets during the sitting of the diet, and contributed greatly to the favorable issue of affairs in Hungary. The clergy and monks were, however, too embittered against him for unveiling their designs not to entertain ideas of vengeance. "One of them," says Trenck, "with the most artful malice, selected passages from my *Macedonian Hero*, a work published twenty-six years before, to prove that I had then entertained designs against monarchs in general, and endeavoured to render them objects of distrust to the people. To these, he added extracts from

a book, in which I had spoken of the origin of the French revolution in a way to deter all people from copying it; which, taken by themselves, appeared to convey a meaning totally different from what they bore when considered with the context. The devil himself could not have acted with more malevolence. His conclusion from these was, that I sought to stir up the people against the nobility and clergy, and that as my writing and conduct in Hungary had procured me a great number of partizans, particularly among the Protestants, his majesty would do well to forbid my writing any more, as being a dangerous man in that country; to prevent my visiting it again; to cause me to be narrowly watched, or to secure my person."

Though the emperor secretly approved of all Trenck's proceedings, yet the baron relates that he was obliged to acquiesce in the plan of the above-mentioned engagement, in the form of a bond, and which he was threatened with confinement if he refused to subscribe. He acknowledges having been sent a prisoner from Buda to Vienna for some neglect of military etiquette, and confined for nineteen days in his own house, in the latter city. Irritated at this treatment, which originated with the prince of Coburg, the baron demanded public satisfaction or his discharge, renouncing his pension and his rank in the army, and also claiming the bond he had signed on compulsion. The emperor not only returned the bond, but accepted his resig-

nation of his rank, increased his pension from nine to fifteen hundred florins, but gave him permission to employ his talents in whatever manner he pleased.

“When I found,” says the baron, “that I could obtain no satisfaction for the gross treatment I had received from the military court, having sought justice in vain, I appeared in public and at the theatre. Every one stared at me with astonishment; for my enemies had spread a report, that I had excited a rebellion in Hungary, had been conveyed to Vienna, chained hand and foot, and thence sent to the Spielberg for life. The very day, on which I was at the play, and held my head erect in the midst of my abject enemies, who wished me joy of my good fortune, a counsellor declared on his honor, in a private company, that he saw me shut up in the tower destined for the reception of lunatics; and the public papers had already incarcerated me as a traitor in the most dreary dungeon.”

Trenck informs us, that the emperor Leopold not only treated him on all occasions with the greatest friendship, and condescension, but even intimated his design to compensate him for the injustice he had sustained, with respect to the Hungarian estates of his cousin. Unfortunately for the baron's hopes, the monarch, before he could accomplish his intention, was snatched away suddenly by the hand of death, after a very short reign, and with him died all the expectations of Trenck.

The baron, affected by this disappointment, quitted Vienna, resolving to traverse Europe in quest of an asylum where his pen might be employed with the greatest security and advantage. This intention he intimates in the following terms: "literature is now my hobby-horse, on which the Belisarius of Austria and Prussia will probably prance throughout Europe; those parts of it excepted where fire and faggot threaten heretics like me, till he finds some corner secure from ministerial rancor, and prelatical vengeance, whence the thundering voice of truth may pierce the remotest region of the atmosphere, and crowned with conviction, subside into gentle murmurs, when the rigid censor, backed by his satellites, has threatened it with fetters in vain. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the public will yet be greeted with a numerous progeny from my fertile pen. But should sovereign commands operate universally throughout Germany to bring back the times of the crusades, I will learn the language of savages, and write for the Hurons the biography of our European monarchs and ministers of state, in plain honest terms; and dispatch my faithful pictures to the inquisition at Rome and Madrid, where they who wish to have genuine copies of them may apply."

It does not appear, however, that Trenck executed this intention; or at least if he did, it is more than probable, that the infirmities attendant on the advanced period of life he had now attained, prevented him from attracting any

portion of public attention. He lived in obscurity a few years, and died in 1797. Thus terminated the career of a man, who, doubtless, possessed an ardent and extraordinary genius, and who might have raised himself to the greatest honors, under the patronage of the greatest monarchs of the earth, had he possessed less impetuosity and more prudence.

Trenck left a family of eight children out of eleven his wife had brought him during their union. Two of his sons were in the military service of Prussia, and one in the imperial army. His pension of fifteen hundred florins was continued to his family after his decease.

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MARY ANNE TALBOT,

ALIAS

JOHN TAYLOR.

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“ Now began the first engagement,  
Bold she fought amongst the rest.”

OLD BALLAD.

**T**HE adventures of this extraordinary woman, will not fail to recal to the mind of the reader, the well-known ballad of Billy Taylor, whose gentle, but heroic fair one followed him to sea; where

She all bedaub'd her hands and face, Sir,  
With their nasty pitch and tar.”

Her adventures are indeed such as well merit *reflection* from an *eccentric* mirror. We must premise, however, that in the narrative which we are about to present, we have nothing of originality to offer; its substance being taken from a far more extended account of Mary Anne Talbot, said to be written by herself, in *Kirby's Wonderful and Scientific Museum, or Magazine of Remarkable Characters*, published by R. S. Kirby,

London-House Yard, St. Paul's; in whose service the said Mary Anne Talbot now is.

According to the account here mentioned, she is the youngest of sixteen natural children, whom her mother, who died in child-birth of twins, had by the late Earl Talbot. Of her mother's name, or family, nothing is known. She is understood to have been born in London, on the 2d of February, 1778, in the house, since occupied in part by Mr. Gosling, the banker, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This information she derived from an elder sister. For the first five years of her life, she was kept at nurse, at a little village about twelve miles from Shrewsbury. She was then removed by the orders, as she supposes, of some friends of Lord Talbot's (that nobleman being then dead) to Mrs. Tapley's boarding-school, in Foregate-Street, Chester; where she was educated, during the period of nine years, under the eye of her only surviving sister, already alluded to, who was the wife of a Mr. Wilson, of Trevalyn, in Denbighshire. Mary Anne regarded this sister as her parent, till she was about nine years old; when the latter one day informed her of the contrary, and shewed her a miniature of her deceased mother. This portrait made such an impression on her mind, that its features have never been erased from her memory.

Mrs. Wilson, her sister, informed her, that, previously to her marriage, she was known as the Hon. Miss Dyer, the name of the family in which

she had been brought up, and possessed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, besides an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Mary Anne did not long enjoy the protection of her sister, who unfortunately died in child-birth, in the prime of life. Within three months after her decease, a Mr. Sucker, of Newport, in Shropshire, assumed the authority of a guardian over Mary Anne, took her from school, and placed her in his own family, where he treated her with great severity, and inspired her with an absolute dread of his person. This she afterwards construed into a premeditated plan, that she might throw herself in the way of some person who would take her off of his hands. We are at a loss to conjecture the motive for this conduct; but certainly it must have been a bad one.—In a short time, Mr. Sucker introduced her to a Captain Essex Bowen, of the 82d regiment of foot, whom he directed her to consider as her future guardian, appointed to superintend her education abroad. This gentleman, who professed an inviolable attachment to her family, escorted her to London, early in the year 1792. A youthful mind, like hers, was naturally delighted with the prospect of such a journey, and of arriving at such a metropolis. Captain Bowen conveyed her to the Salopian Coffee-House, Charing Cross, to the landlady of which he introduced her as his charge. He was not long before he effected the seduction of this infantine unfortunate; after

which he threw off the mask of tenderness, and evinced manners of the most ruffian stamp. Without a friend to consult, or from whom to seek relief, it cannot be thought surprising that she should become the passive instrument of his will.

In consequence of an order from his regiment, this son of Mars now found himself compelled to embark for St. Domingo; but, determined on taking with him his young *protégée*, he compelled her to assume the attire of a foot-boy, remarking, that her figure was well adapted to such an office. Aware of his peremptory disposition, in a paroxysm of phrenzy and despair, she yielded to the base proposal, and assumed the name of John Taylor. She accordingly sailed from Falmouth, for the West Indies, in the Crown transport, Captain Bishop, on the 20th of March, 1792. Never, from the time that she went on board, did Captain Bowen suffer her to eat with him, but compelled her to live and mess with the ship's company. During their passage out, they suffered great distress of weather; the pumps were kept constantly at work; their guns, water, and part of their provisions, were obliged to be thrown over-board; the crew were on the short allowance of a biscuit per day, each; for eight days they were wholly without water, excepting what they caught in their watch-coats, &c. from the heavens; but though poor Mary Anne participated in all these hardships, she cautiously

concealed her sex! Her health became visibly impaired; but after her arrival at Port-au-Prince, she soon recovered.

Her stay, however, at St. Domingo, was but short, Captain Bowen's regiment being immediately remanded to Europe, to join the troops on the continent, under the command of the duke of York. Under the threat of sending her up the country, and disposing of her as a slave, her *protector* now compelled her to enrol herself in the regiment, as a drummer; in which capacity she re-imbarked and accompanied him to the coast of Flanders. Previously to her arrival at head-quarters, she was given to understand that she must be the drudge and foot-boy of Captain Bowen, as before, whenever the performance of her duty, as a drummer, would permit. Her feelings were dreadfully galled; but no opening yet presented itself for her relief.

Subjected to all the alarms, and terrors, and hardships of a campaign; compelled, during the frequent skirmishes which took place, to keep a constant roll upon the drum, to drown the heart-piercing cries of the wounded and of the dying, whilst her comrades were falling around her, the feeling mind may picture her sufferings, but no pen can adequately describe them. Towards the end of the siege of Valenciennes, on the very day that the Hon. Mr. Tolamache was killed, this unfortunate woman received two wounds: one from a musket-ball, which, glancing between her breast and collar-bone, struck her rib; the other,

on the small of her back, from an accidental stroke of an Austrian trooper's broad-sword. From the dread of her sex being discovered, she carefully concealed her wounds, the cure of which she at length effected by the assistance of a little basilican, lint, and Dutch drops.

In the attack upon the town, her tyrant was killed; but, notwithstanding the brutality with which he had treated her, she could scarcely suppress the sudden emotion which she experienced on the intelligence, or check the tear which started for his fate. She, however, searched for, and found his body; by which means she obtained the key of his desk, where she found several letters relating to herself. They were part of a correspondence between Captain Bowen and Mr. Sucker. These she carefully preserved, by sewing them up under the shoulder-straps of her shirt.

Though relieved from her cruel oppressor, Mary Anne's situation was yet truly distressing. She was in a strange country, without a friend, labouring under excruciating pain, and her wounds so situated that she could not reveal them without discovering her sex. In this dilemma, she determined to quit the regiment, and endeavour to return to England; to which resolution she was prompted, in part, by having discovered, from Mr. Sucker's letters to Captain Bowen, that she had been grossly imposed on, in pecuniary concerns, money having been remitted for her which she never had received. She accordingly

threw off her drummer's dress, assumed that of a sailor-boy, which she had reserved, and at length, by a circuitous route, avoiding towns and populous places, she reached Luxembourg. That town being in the possession of the French, she was not permitted to proceed any farther. From necessity, she here engaged with the commander of a French lugger, which she took for a trader, but soon found to be a privateer. This was in September, 1793. She was here subjected to the severest drudgery of the vessel. The Frenchman cruised about for four months, but without success, till he at last fell in with the British fleet, then in the Channel, under the command of Lord Howe. Mary Anne, with a spirit of patriotism, which does her great credit, obstinately persisted in refusing to fight against her country-men, though severely beaten by the French captain. After a slight resistance, the lugger yielded; and Le Sage (the captain) and his crew, were carried on board the Queen Charlotte, to be examined by Lord Howe. Being questioned by his lordship, she stated, that, being without friends in England, she had accompanied a gentleman to the continent in the capacity of foot-boy: on the death of her master, she had, in the utmost distress, reached Luxembourg, under the hope of obtaining a passage home; but, finding that impossible, she had been forced to enter into Le Sage's vessel, having experienced, from the inhabitants of the place, no attention to her distress; chiefly, as she supposed, from being English. Her de-

termination, she added, from the moment that she engaged with the Frenchman, was to desert on the first opportunity that appeared favorable to her design, of getting to England; but, had she known that Le Sage's intentions had been hostile toward her countrymen, she would rather have perished than entered his ship.

Fortunately for our heroine, his lordship's enquiries were not too minute: she obtained a favorable dismissal, and was afterwards stationed on board the Brunswick, commanded by the late Captain Harvey, to whose memory a monument has since been erected in Westminster Abbey. Her post in the Brunswick was that of powder monkey, on the quarter-deck. She had not been long on board before her cleanliness, and general manners, attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who questioned her respecting her friends, and whether she had not clandestinely quitted school, to try the sea. Finding, by her answers, that she was not altogether what she appeared, Captain Harvey most generously solicited her confidence, and proffered his services in her behalf. She related to him such of her adventures as were consistent with the concealment of her sex: he seemed much concerned, and appointed her to serve as principal *cabin-boy*.

In the spirited action, to which the gallant Captain Harvey owed his death, Mary Anne was very actively engaged. Just before the coming up of the Ramilies, she received a severe wound above the ancle of her left leg, by a



grape-shot, which struck on the aftermost brace of the gun, and rebounding on the deck, lodged in her leg. Three times she attempted to rise, but without effect; and, in the last effort, the shattered bone penetrated the skin, so as wholly to incapacitate her for standing, had she been able to rise. Subsequently to this, a musket-ball perforated her thigh, a little above the knee of the same leg. She lay in this crippled state till the action was over, when she was conveyed to the cock-pit; but, though subjected to the most excruciating pain, the grape-shot could not be extracted, through fear of injuring the tendons, amongst which it lay. On the arrival of the Brunswick at Spithead, Mary Anne was conveyed to Haslar Hospital; from which, after four months' attendance as an out-patient, having experienced a partial cure, she was discharged. During the period here alluded to, she derived her support from money which she had previously received from her benefactor, Captain Harvey.

Soon after her discharge from the hospital, she entered on board of the Vesuvius, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. In this ship, which belonged to Sir Sidney Smith's squadron, she sailed from Spithead, cruised for some time off the French coast, and went to Gibraltar and back, without meeting with any occurrence deserving of notice. Off Dunkirk, however, the Vesuvius fell in with a couple of privateers; and, being of

inferior force, she was boarded and captured, after having maintained a running fight for seven hours. Mary Anne states, that she served as a midshipman, on board of the *Vesuvius*, though she received only the pay of a common man; and that she, and another young midshipman, named William Richards, were taken on board one of the privateers; whilst the rest of the crew of the *Vesuvius* were conveyed on board of the other. Having been deprived of their dirks, Mary Anne and her companion were taken to Dunkirk, and confined in the prison—formerly, we presume, the convent of the nuns of St. Clair—in Church Street. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, endured a severe illness, and was treated with much cruelty. In the earlier part of her confinement, she projected a plan for escape, in conjunction with Richards. Their intention was to leap from the top of the prison; but being detected, they were afterwards confined in separate dungeons; where, Mary Anne declares, it was so dark, that, for eleven weeks, she never saw day-light; her only allowance, all that time, being bread and water, lowered down to her by a cord. Her bed was nothing but a little straw, which was never changed. Once she was so ill, for two days, as to be incapable of quitting her miserable pallet, and her wretched pittance of bread and water was drawn up untouched. Nature, however, performed the part of a skilful physician; and, when she recovered,

her sorry fare was devoured with more genuine *gout*, than the pampered appetite of an epicure enjoys over his daintiest dish.

Mary Anne's imprisonment was not wholly un-serviceable. Among the prisoners was an ingenious German, who lessened the hardships and privations of his confinement, by the disposal of various trinkets, which he manufactured, in a peculiar manner, from gold wire. By frequent and attentive observation, Mary Anne acquired the art, which she turned to some account after her arrival in England. If her statement be correct, the chains of the bracelets which her majesty wore in the royal procession to St. Paul's, in commemoration of our great naval victories, were made by her, whilst she worked with a jeweller, of the name of Loyer, in Denmark-Street, by order of Messrs Gray and Constable.

An exchange of prisoners at length took place, about five weeks after her recovery, and Mary Anne obtained her liberty; but, from the time of attempting to escape, she did not see her friend Richards, till she met him by chance in London.

From certain physical causes, into an explanation of which it is here unnecessary to enter, the first obtusion of light always produces a distressing sensation in the eyes of persons, who have been confined, for any considerable length of time, in darkness. Mary Anne experienced this sensation in a very painful degree; particularly as she was altogether in a very weak state, and as the surrounding country exhibited a chalky

appearance. The reflection of light, from a white surface, is far more powerful than from a superficies of any colour whatsoever; a circumstance to which, in a great measure, may be ascribed that dreadful disorder, the ophthalmia. The sun's rays are reflected, with accumulated brilliancy and heat, from the white and burning sands of Egypt.

Mary Anne intended to return immediately to England, but chance gave her adventures another direction. Whilst passing through Church-Street, she overheard a gentleman enquiring for a lad, who might be willing to go to America, in the capacity of ship's steward, and immediately tendered her services. The person proved to be a Captain Field, of the *Ariel*, an American merchantman. A bargain was struck, and it was agreed that she should have fifty pounds, beside what she could make, for the passage from Dunkirk to New York, and thence to England, part of the money to be advanced to fit her out. She accordingly sailed for New York, in August, 1796. Whilst in America, she resided chiefly on shore, with captain Field's family, at Rhode Island. Whether the American fair ones have any peculiarity of taste in their love affairs, we know not; but Mary Anne, who seems to have been a great favorite with all the family, actually made a conquest of the Captain's niece! Nor was this an attachment to be easily broken off. The young lady—the *American* young lady—went so far as to propose marriage; and, to the

last hour of her beloved's residence at Rhode Island, did she indefatigably endeavor to accomplish her object. Previously to her departure, Mary Anne was under the necessity of presenting her portrait to her *mistress*; for which she sat, in the full uniform of an American officer, and paid the sum of eighteen dollars.

Mary Anne had not proceeded more than two miles from Rhode Island, towards the ship, to sail for England, when she was overtaken by a servant, informing Captain Field and herself, that her *enamored* was in strong fits. Humanity of course compelled their return, and they found the young lady in the state described. With great difficulty she was recovered; and our heroine, who certainly supported the male character with considerable address, soothed her with the promise of speedily returning from England, and then took her final departure; leaving the love-sick fair "to sigh alone, and think on what was past."

After a favorable passage, the *Ariel* arrived in the Thames, in the month of November, 1796. Captain Field intended to remain in England no longer than was necessary to discharge his cargo, and obtain a fresh one; and, as he had behaved with great kindness towards Mary Anne, she determined to proceed with him, on a trading voyage, up the Mediterranean. Another inducement to this determination was, that he had frequently intimated his intention of retiring, and

of resigning the command of the ship to her, in the course of another voyage or two.

A fresh adventure now presented itself, which afforded additional proof that Mary Anne was by no means deficient in courage. Captain Field having engaged a couple of fresh hands, his *steward* took their descriptions, &c. in the cabin, whilst some loose cash and bank notes were lying on the desk. The money did not escape notice. In the middle of the night, a crash was heard at the upper cabin door, as though it had been forced. Alarmed at the instant, our heroine sought for the tinder-box; instead of which her hands alighted on a brace of pistols: unfortunately they were not loaded. A more violent attempt was now made, at the inner door; when, recollecting the situation of a sword, she seized it, and at the instant when the door gave way, by a third effort, she made a thrust. Neither groan nor noise was heard: the intruder retired in silence. From the difficulty she had found, in drawing the sword back, Mary Anne was convinced that it must have wounded deeply. Having found the tinder-box, she obtained a light, made the door secure, and sat up till morning. One of the new hands was then found to be in bed, being unwell, as he said, from an accident which he had met with, the evening before, in getting into his birth. When Captain Field came on board, the man was examined, and was found to have received such a wound in

the thigh as sufficiently revealed the nature of his accident. Being in a dangerous state, he was sent to St. Thomas's Hospital; and, as the ship sailed before he was cured, he escaped prosecution.

Some days after this, she went on shore, accompanied by the mate, both of them in sailors' clothes, for the sake of amusement. Just as they were about to land, at St. Catherine's Stairs, they were assailed by a press-gang; and, as Mary Anne was somewhat obstreperous, she was tumbled-out of the boat, and received a wound on the head from a cutlass. They were afterwards taken on board the tender, whence the mate, having his protection in his pocket, soon obtained his liberation. Our heroine was less fortunate: she had left hers in the ship; and, as the mate was violently attached to Captain Field's niece, he informed the regulating officer, that his companion was an Englishman; thus thinking to rid himself of a dangerous rival. Mary Anne received her liberty only by the disclosure of her sex. After this event, she sent for her friend Captain Field, to whom also she imparted her secret. He was anxious for her to continue her disguise, and return with him to America, but that she declined.

We have now arrived at what may be considered as an epoch in the life of our heroine. From the period here alluded to, her adventures have been confined to *terra firma*; and we may perhaps find it expedient to relate the remainder

of them, with more brevity than we have hitherto adopted.

Finding herself at leisure, after her discharge from the tender, she made numerous applications to the Navy Pay-office, Somerset-House, for money due to her for service on board the Brunswick and the Vesuvius; but, meeting with repeated disappointments, her language was one day somewhat indecorous, and she was conveyed to Bow-Street. There she underwent a long examination, but was at length dismissed; and several gentlemen, commiserating her sufferings, entered into a subscription, from which she received twelve shillings a week, till she got her money from the Navy-office, in the name of John Taylor.—By the recommendation of some of the gentlemen, who thus interested themselves in her behalf, she was placed in a lodging, the keeper of which was strictly enjoined to break her, if possible, of her masculine habit. This, however, would have been a task not easily to be accomplished; as will be evident from the following facts.

Whilst living on the money which she received, as wages, from the American captain, she used to frequent the theatres, and certain well-known houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where she was soon known as a *bon compagnon*. Thus she became acquainted with Haines, the notorious highwayman, who, at a subsequent period, atoned for his crimes, by swinging in chains upon Hounslow Heath. Ig-



ignorant of his profession, she one evening, in a fit of low spirits, mentioned the shortness of her cash; when Haines, clapping her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Damn it, my fine fellow, I'll put you up to the best way in the world to get the supply you stand in need of." Leaving the house together, he proposed an *excursion upon the road*, and actually furnished her with money to equip herself on the occasion, her sailor's habit not being thought adapted to the purpose. She accordingly bought a pair of buckskin breeches, and boots, and met Haines, with six others, at a place appointed, on the following evening. There she also received a brace of pistols; but, when every thing was ready for their departure, thoughts of danger, dishonor, &c. flashed across her mind, and she prudently declined the enterprise.

This adventure inspired her with serious ideas of seeking employment, and led her to apply to Mr. Loyer, the jeweller, whom we have already mentioned. She remained with him some time; but, not receiving pay equal to what she thought herself entitled to, she left his employ. Whilst with him, however, she became a member of a lodge of Odd Fellows, at the Harlequin, in Drury-Lane; and is probably the only female belonging to that society. At the time of admission, her sex, of course, was unknown.

Mary Anne did not continue long in the lodging which had been provided for her. She considered her landlady as ungrateful, for represent-

ing her as unbecomingly inclined to masculine propensities, such as smoaking, drinking of grog, &c.; though she protests that she never took any of the latter without inviting the ingrate to participate, and that she was never backward in taking a good allowance.

In the month of February, 1797, the grape-shot, which had remained in her leg from June, 1794, worked out of itself. This she attributed to her too free use of spirituous liquors. Her leg being in a very bad state, she obtained admission into St. Bartholomew's Hospital; whence, after having several pieces of shattered bone extracted, she was discharged. The cure, however, was not complete: she has since been in different hospitals, and under the care of several medical men, but without receiving permanent relief.

The subject of this sketch had at one time acquired so much notoriety, that a female mendicant adventurer, of five feet ten inches high, attempted to pass herself off, in a light horseman's dress, as the John Taylor, who had fought in the Brunswick. Suspected of being an impostor, she was taken before Justice Bond, at Bow-Street. Mary Anne was then in the Middlesex Hospital; but, on being sent for, attended, to confront her double. When the *real* Simon Pure appeared, the woman soon confessed the imposition, and was sent to the House of Correction.

On returning from this business, Mary Anne

had an accidental rencontre with a hair-dresser, who, mistaking her for another person, to whom he owed a grudge, knocked her down, cut her head, and materially hurt her wounded leg, by kicking her. For this unmanly act—for Mary Anne was then in female attire—*le friseur* was tried at the next quarter sessions, and sentenced to pay ten pounds, as a compensation for the injury inflicted.

In 1799, Mary Anne was a second time an inmate of the Middlesex Hospital, whence she escaped without the loss of a limb, by a very remarkable circumstance. Previously to her going in, she had taken the charge of a little motherless boy, about three years old. The child, during her confinement in the hospital, was under the care of two young ladies. Unfortunately, they took the infant to dine with them, on board of a West Indiaman, in the river; and, through want of attention, he fell over and was drowned; at least, so the case was represented. At the moment when Mary Anne received this distressing intelligence, her leg had been ordered for amputation, and was in a state preparatory for that operation. Frantic at the loss, and regardless of consequences to herself, she removed the screw bandage from her leg, and walked to Hermitage Stairs, off which the child was understood to have been drowned, without experiencing the slightest pain or impediment in her progress. The body of the child, however, was never found; and Mary Anne had some reason for thinking,

that, instead of having been drowned, he had been carried off.

About a fortnight after this event, her leg became as bad as ever, and she obtained admission into the Mary-la-bonne Infirmary, where she obtained considerable relief.

Amidst her sufferings, Mary Anne has the consolation of enjoying a pension of twenty pounds a year from her majesty; and, at different times, she has received handsome presents from several noble personages, amongst whom are the duke and duchess of York, the duke of Norfolk, &c. Once, at Buckingham House, after having petitioned the duke of York, she had the honor of kissing her majesty's hand in private.

It is now requisite to state, that, in consequence of the recommendation of Justice Bond, Messrs Winter and Hay, of Long Acre, wrote several times to Mr. Wilson, of Trevallyn, to procure some particulars relative to the birth and expectations of Mary Anne, but without receiving any answer. She therefore determined on a personal application to Mr. Sucker. She accordingly went to Shrewsbury, in the mail, and proceeded thence to Mr. Sucker's residence, at Newport, in a return chaise. She declined mentioning her name, but sent in word, by the servant, that a lady wished to speak with him. This effort failing of success, she returned to Shrewsbury, procured an ensign's uniform, hired a horse, rode back to Mr. Sucker's, and sent in a message, that a gentleman, knowing the late Captain Bowen,

had something to communicate. She now obtained an audience; and, on enquiring of Mr. Sucker, if he knew Miss Talbot, or could give any information concerning her, she received for answer, that he had known her well, and that she died abroad in 1793. He had letters, he said, in his possession, which informed him of that fact. By a certain mark upon her forehead Mary Anne instantly proved the falsehood of his assertion, identified herself as Miss Talbot, drew her sword, and declared that he was her prisoner, and should account to her, for what she supposed he had defrauded her of. He appeared surprised and confounded, repeatedly exclaimed that he was a ruined man, and, trembling, abruptly left the room.

Mary Anne now went to Shrewsbury, intending to consult a lawyer on the business; but not meeting with one, she returned to Mr. Sucker's, with the intention, if possible, of getting some information respecting her family, &c. She learned, however, that her *ci-devant* guardian had suddenly left his house; and in less than three days after, he was found dead in his bed, without having evinced any previous symptoms of illness, at a place a little distance from Newport.

Much distressed at her disappointment, Mary Anne would have proceeded to Mr. Wilson's, at Trevallyn, but was incapacitated for want of money: she therefore returned, spiritless to London.

At a loss for an eligible mode of employment, she at one time, turned her attention to theatri-

cals, and became a member of the Thespian Society, in Tottenham-Court Road. At such theatrical *seminaries*, it is customary for the embryo performers to assume such characters as happen to hit their fancy, rather than to confine themselves to such parts as nature may have furnished them with the requisites for. Mary Anne, however, neither raved as Richard, nor sighed as Romeo; but figured away as Juliet, Floranthe, Irene, Adeline, Lady Helen, &c. sometimes favouring the audience with low comedy, in such parts as Mrs. Scout, and Jack Hawser. In the latter, it may be presumed, she was quite *au fait*. This pursuit, however, proved more pleasant than profitable, and Mary Anne was compelled to decline it.

This lady, in the course of her adventures, has occasionally fallen into very extraordinary scrapes. Once she was robbed of all her clothes, by a soldier's trull, who was afterwards transported; and, but for charity, she would not have had an article to wear. Another time, by the malice of her landlady's sister, she was summoned before the commissioners of the stamp-office, for wearing hair-powder without a licence. On this occasion, she *wittily* defended herself, by stating, that though she had never worn powder as an article of dress, she had frequently used it in defence of her king and country. The consequence was, that a handsome collection was made for her in the office. An order was one day left at her lodgings, purporting to be signed by Colonel

Fisher, who was represented to have interested himself greatly in her behalf, for nine guineas, on the house of Cox and Co; but, on enquiry, it was treated by Colonel Fisher as a forgery, by which Mary Anne had nearly been involved in very unpleasant circumstances.

Some time after this, she was arrested, at the suit of her landlady, for upwards of eleven pounds, and thrown into Newgate, whence she was liberated by the Society for the relief of persons confined for small debts; the plaintiff consenting to take five pounds, though she had previously refused six guineas, for her demand. Before the period of her emancipation, however, Mary Anne had nearly been *turned out* of Newgate. At one of the evening *convivial* meetings, which are holden in that abode of jollity and misery, having equipped herself in male attire, she officiated as president of a club; and, after a regale of singing, smoking, and drinking, when the hour of separation arrived, she was conducted into the lobby as a stranger. A remonstrance, however, on her part, set things to rights.

She had not long quitted Newgate, before she was plunged into fresh troubles. A person had become indebted to her, for washing, mending, &c. and for money lent, which she had pledged her clothes to procure, to the amount of thirty-eight pounds. She believed him to be a man of property, but he did not pay her, and she was compelled to arrest him. About the same time, being in great distress, her trunk, containing all

her letters and papers, with some needle-work which she had in hand, was stopped for a week's rent; a circumstance which enabled her debtor to enter a *non pros* to her action, from her inability of producing the papers, requisite to prove the debt. Whether she ever renewed the process, or obtained the money, we know not. She arrested her landlord, in an action of trover, for the property detained; but, owing to some error in the proceedings, her suit, for that time, failed.

On taking a survey of the numerous incidents in the life of this female, it will be admitted, that few have experienced a succession of such unusual adventures. That she is deficient in that firmness, and rectitude of mind, which shield their possessors from error, as well as from crime, must we think also be admitted. From her early misfortune, she has ever been an object of pity; but, whilst we commiserate her sufferings, and extol her intrepidity, let us be careful of setting her up as an object of admiration, or as a model for the youthful mind to emulate. She must be regarded, rather as a beacon, to warn from danger, than as a friendly light, to lead to safety.

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### LA MAUPIN.

**THIS** female, who acquired extraordinary celebrity as a singer in France in the seventeenth century, was one of the numerous in-



stances, in which a stage heroine fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported; and committed, with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband Mons. Maupin, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, for the superior attractions of a fencing master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists. In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in the character of a man in a favourite piece was received with admiration, and the most extravagant applause; and, she won the affections of a beautiful young lady, the only child of a wealthy merchant in the latter city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent. The discipline and correct intercourse of such a society, did not suit the views and temper of La Maupin; she was also alarmed by certain religious doubts and scruples, suggested by the fair fugitive, who began to repent of her rash and unwarrantable conduct, in quitting her father's house, with all

that was decent and respectable in society, for a female bravo, whom she dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved. Interrupted in her designs, and irritated by the opposition, this theatrical miscreant, set fire at midnight, to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and, in the general confusion, secured by force her unhappy victim, and fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized after an obstinate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others. The fair but frail young lady, was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, this notorious murderer, this seducer of innocence and incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but the siren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful intercessors, that the execution of her sentence was delayed, and this abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffen-

sive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment and actually caned him before all the audience! This indignity was submitted to without a murmur; and basking in the warm sunshine of public patronage, she exercised for several years, a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers and people. At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis XIV. La Maupin insolently paraded the rooms in men's clothes, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet, such was the public infatuation, or so polluted at that period the fountain of justice in France, that this infamous woman was again pardoned!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which she accepted, and for a short time insulted the inhabitants of Brussels as an appendage to the loose pleasures of the sovereign; but her reign, which could only have been prolonged by discreet management, and gentle conduct, was by her eccentricities rapidly shortened. The satiated Elector with a mixture of cruelty and kindness sent this virago a purse of forty thousand livres, by the husband of a new mistress, who informed her that a carriage

was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtezan threw the purse at the messenger's head, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs!

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin; as old age and infirmity came on she quitted the stage, and associated with her forsaken husband, who in her accumulation of wealth overlooked his domestic disgrace. After a life of impudence and vice, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or conviction, thus replied to certain doubts and questions, naturally arising in the breast of so great a sinner: "Your peace is made with heaven—and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

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## JOHN STANLEY.

**THIS** eminent performer and composer of music, was born in 1713. He was blind from his infancy, but acquired a profound knowledge of music, and became master of his majesty's band of musicians. He was also organist to the

society of the Temple, and of St. Andrew's Holborn. Dr. Alcock, who had been a pupil of his, speaks of his scientific knowledge in the most exalted terms, and adds, that "most of the musicians contrived methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it: that it was common, just at the service of St. Andrew's church, or the Temple was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary; even Mr. Handel himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful." Dr. Alcock also informs us of a number of very extraordinary circumstances concerning this admirable man. "I was his apprentice," says the doctor, "and the first year I went to him, I remember his occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, mississippi, shuffle-board, and skittles, at which games he constantly beat his competitors. To avoid prolixity, I shall mention his shewing me the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city, and the adjacent villages, both on horse-back and foot, places that I had never been at before; his playing very neatly and correctly all Correlli's, and Geminiani's twelve solos, on the violin. He had so correct an ear and memory, that he never forgot the voice of any person he had once heard; I, myself have divers times been a witness of it: and in April, 1779, as he

and I were going to Pall-Mall to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met us who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice, said "How do ye do, Mr. Stanley?"—when he, after pausing a little while, replied, "God bless me, Mr. Smith! how long have you been in England?"

If twenty people were seated at a table near him he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously announced to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, and toward the conclusion of his life, when he lived on Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would often take them the most pleasant road and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment: each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle; but those marks were so delicately made, as scarcely to be seen by any person not previously apprized of it. His hand was generally the first that was arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain to the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards.

He could also distinguish colors; tell the precise time by a watch; name the number of persons in a room on entering it; direct his voice to each person in particular, even to strangers after they had once spoken; miss any person absent and tell who that person was. In a word, his conceptions of youth, beauty, symmetry and shape were, in a person in his situation truly wonderful attainments. He died in May, 1786.

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**NAT: BENTLEY.**

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## NATHANIEL BENTLEY.

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A GERMAN traveller who recently visited our island, in describing some of the traits of the national character of its inhabitants observes: —“ What particularly astonishes a stranger at the first sight of an English town and commands his admiration, is the pleasing appearance which is so universally exhibited in the exterior as well as the interior of their habitations, as to convey a high idea of the prosperity of this country and the happiness of its inhabitants. No where do you observe any thing that bespeaks poverty, any thing dirty, neglected or decayed; signs of wealth and good management are evinced in the high degree of order, cleanliness, neatness, excellence and preservation of every object. The inside as well as the outside of the houses in England betrays, in these respects, the prevailing disposition of this people. This peculiarity in the national character of the English commands our highest esteem, and deserves to be held up as a pattern for the imitation of all other nations.” He then proceeds to remark on the

dress of the people who crowd the streets of London, and says: "In all other places of the kind that ever I saw, the great majority of pedestrians consisted of people, who, if not dirtily, were however, shabbily dressed; here on the contrary, persons in squalid and shabby apparel belong to the exceptions."—Of these exceptions, a most conspicuous one was the subject of the following pages.

Nathaniel Bentley, Esq. late the proprietor of a hardware shop, known by the characteristic appellation of the *Dirty Warehouse*, and himself distinguished by that of *Dirty Dick*, was the son of a gentleman of the same name, who carried on the same business in those premises. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house. He gave his son a good education, but being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him as well as his servants in the most unreasonable manner. In consequence of his unmerited severity, young Bentley ran away from his father, and was absent several years. How he was employed during this period we are unable to state, but it is supposed that he then contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterwards manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment. His father who possessed considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his own money; and laid down his

own coach, making use of her's. Though a dissenter, he gave a bell to the church of St. Catherine Cree, in which parish he resided, on condition that a peal should be rung on his birth-day, as long as he lived.

Mr. Bentley died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son, who, perhaps, desirous at that time to relinquish business, at first intended to dispose of the stock, trade and lease of the premises for which he was in treaty with a Mr. Bliss, of Pall Mall. The latter proposed to pay half the purchase money and to give undeniable security for the remainder, but these terms were rejected by Mr. Bentley. At that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these he now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence he left a person to attend to his business, who being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father and for some years after that event, Mr. Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall Street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a man of fashion. At this period his favorite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation of Louis XVI. to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the

most accomplished English gentlemen then at the French court. He spoke several languages, particularly French and Italian with great fluency, and associated with characters of the highest respectability. The last time he went to Paris, he committed the care of his shop to two persons whom he thought he could trust, and on his return paid their demands, without requiring any vouchers, observing he was most likely to have the most correct accounts by having none.

At what time Mr. Bentley began to assume that appearance from which he derived the familiar appellation of *Dirty Dick*, we cannot ascertain. Though he occasionally appeared at masquerades, assemblies, and other public places in the most elegant attire, yet his appearance at home was such as fully to justify the above epithet. He generally attended in his shop without a coat, while the remainder of his dress and his whole person exactly corresponded with the appearance of his warehouse. A gentleman once venturing to give him some advice respecting the propriety of a little more attention to personal cleanliness, he replied: "It is of no use, Sir; if I wash my hands to day they will be dirty again to morrow." On returning from any place of public entertainment his elegant attire was immediately thrown aside for his shop cloathing, which he mended himself; and it was also said that he made no secret of washing and mending his own linen, and of purchasing his shoes at Rag Fair. Before the hair-powder tax was in-

roduced Mr. Bentley frequently paid a shilling for dressing that head which he afterwards seemed to think unworthy even of a comb. On one occasion he sent for a puff, but would not have it when told that the price was sixpence. "Why!" cried he, "they used to be two shillings a dozen, and that's only two-pence a piece," and rather than give the sum demanded he made shift with the foot of an old stocking.

Among other stories that are related of Mr. Bentley's frugality, it is said that he once purchased a live goose for the sake of the wings to clean his goods. He employed a woman to go to market for him on this occasion, with a particular charge to buy a young one and gave her three-pence for her trouble. The goose, however, proved to be old, which he did not discover while eating the flesh, but by endeavoring to crack the breast-bone, on which he sought the woman, in order to recover the three-pence he had paid her. He often sent in the name of *Dirty Dick* for very small quantities of vegetables, and was seldom known to have any fresh meat, though he would occasionally indulge himself with small pieces, called cuttings. In his living, it is reported that he never exceeded eighteen pence a day, for he observed that if he had followed the examples of many other people or even his own former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have spent the remainder of his days in prison. When told that other people could

not live as he did, he would reply: "Every one can that pleases"—insisting, that it was no hardship to him, though, in his early days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time and three servants to attend him.

Having once invited some persons of high respectability to supper, after transacting business with them to a considerable amount, they came to appointment, and found him in his shop. He received them with great politeness, requesting them to excuse him a few minutes and went out. He soon returned with a pound of cheese, a loaf and two pots of porter, which he placed on his dirty counters, saying: "There, gentlemen, is your supper, and it is the best which the business we have been transacting will afford."

Mr. Bentley's house, which was of a large size had originally a front of white plaster which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior and both with the figure of its extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters, and tea-trays, which Mr. Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have proceeded from parsimony, yet notoriety.

rather than avarice seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system he found by experience that he excited much curiosity and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate, that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. In addition to this, it has been related, that the neighbors, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expence of painting and repairing the front of his house, but this Mr. Bentley as constantly refused, alledging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the *Dirty Warehouse* of Leadenhall Street, that to alter its appearance, would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The appearance of this extraordinary place and its no less extraordinary inhabitant is described with much spirit in the following lines:

“ Who but has seen (if he can see at all)  
 ’Twixt Aldgate’s well-known pump and Leadenhall,  
 A curious hard-ware shop, in general full  
 Of wares from Birmingham and Pontipool!  
 Begrim’d with dirt, behold its ample front,  
 With thirty years’ collected filth upon’t;  
 See festoon’d cobwebs pendant o’er the door,  
 While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew’d around the floor.

“ Behold how whistling winds and driving rain,  
 Gain free admission at each broken pane,

Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out  
 With urn or tray, knife case, or dirty clout !  
 Here snuffers, waiters, patent screws for corks ;  
 There castors, card-racks, cheese-trays, knives and forks !  
 Here empty cases pil'd in heaps on high ;  
 There packthread, papers, rope, in wild disorder lie.

“ O say, thou enemy to soap and towels !  
 Hast no compassion lurking in thy bowels ?  
 Think what the neighbours suffer by thy whim,  
 Of keeping self and house in such a trim !  
 The officers of health should view the scene.  
 And put thy shop and thee in quarantine.  
 Consider thou, in summer's ardent heat,  
 When various means are tried to cool the street,  
 What must each decent neighbour suffer then  
 From noxious vapours issuing from thy den.

“ Say, if within the street where thou dost dwell,  
 Each house were kept exactly like thy cell ;  
 O say, thou enemy to brooms and mops !  
 How long thy neighbours could keep open shops  
 If following thee in taste, each wretched elf,  
 Unshav'd, unwash'd, and squalid like thyself,  
 Resolv'd to live ?—The answer's very plain,  
 One year would be the utmost of their reign :  
 Victims to filth, each vot'ry soon would fall,  
 And one grand jail-distemper kill them all.

“ Persons there are, who say thou hast been seen  
 Some years ago, with hands and face wash'd clean ;  
 And would'st thou quit this most unseemly plan,  
 Thou art, 'tis said, a very comely man :  
 Of polish'd language, partial to the fair,  
 Then why not wash thy face, and comb thy hair ;  
 Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,  
 New paint the front, and wear a cleaner shirt ?”

The confusion which prevailed in the interior  
 of this place was not less remarkable than its ru-  
 inous appearance without. Gold ear-rings,



trinkets and other valuable articles lay buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing perhaps can convey a better idea of the disorder of Mr. Bentley's shop and business than the following anecdote. The traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham, called upon him and obtained an order to a considerable amount which was duly executed. About two years afterwards he waited upon him for payment for the goods. Mr. Bentley not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller after repeated applications, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, requested permission to search for the goods, which he thought he should know. After spending much time and trouble, he at length discovered the bale of goods, unpacked, exactly as it was sent from Birmingham. The traveller was agreeably surprized at the circumstance and Mr. Bentley being convinced, honorably settled the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that Mr. Bentley had in his house a blue room, for the same purpose as that mentioned in the popular story of Blue-beard; but this is thought to have been set on foot by himself for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. It is however, asserted as a fact, that he had a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Mr. Bentley was engaged to be

married to a young lady; and previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared every thing for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation Mr. Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex, and if asked the reason he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant and was therefore determined never to keep one again. Some person who enquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house, he answered with a smile: "No Sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice" added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though Mr. Bentley kept no servant in his house he employed a poor man by the hour to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions and hand the shutters which he himself put up and took down every night

and morning. This man had directions when Bentley was above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down just as he was, half shaved or perhaps half naked. Notwithstanding his oddities he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies in particular were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Mr. Bentley led the kind of life we have already described till his lease of the premises expired, and in February, 1804, he quitted them, with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favor. For thirty years he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas 1802, and during the next year Mr. Bentley was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a view of the apartments. This permission attracted great numbers of visitors, by one of whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given.

The first objects that attracted attention were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop and the

rusty bolts, bars and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the stair-case displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where was seen a jack, spit, &c. the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not moved for many years. - It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop-windows. Here also was a clock, which was once handsome, and no doubt regulated the movements of his father's family, but now so disguised with dirt, as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years' filth it had accumulated, than to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying pan without a handle, curiously mended with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small-coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table, and a bottomless chair made useful by the cover of a packing box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat and sword. Beside the tin flour-vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist's pipkin supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a

piece of broken looking-glass curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which from the accumulated dirt and rubbish must have been softer than the bare boards.

Next to the kitchen was a small study apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Mr. Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue room, by which it has already been mentioned in this narrative. The secretary and book-case contained some valuable works; the counter-part was his jewellery casket from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

The dining room contained a large round mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christening. Here the looking glasses and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate once of highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble side-board, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece elegant

ly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling indicated the former respectability of the place. The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for except the corner was turned up the visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full of pipkins and phials, of which Mr. Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful, as they contained poison enough to destroy half London.

The second floor was truly a repository of rubbish and filth. In one of the rooms was a heap of feathers, which had been the contents of a bed that had fallen to pieces on being moved, and adjoining to this was a small apartment once his mother's favorite dressing room, but long converted into a workshop, and which contained the remains of a forge, work-bench, tools for jewellery, smith's work, japanning and other operations. In the passage lay all the account-books of his father, who no doubt would have been equally mortified and irritated, could he have returned to witness his son's proceedings.

In one of the garrets were found fragments of a four-post bedstead, relics of blankets, pillows and bedding, but no description can convey any idea of their rotten and filthy condition. This had evidently once been Mr. Bentley's chamber. It also contained a heap of old shoes and several baskets of foul cast-off linen. In another of the garrets was a table covered with globes and astronomical instruments, telescopes, compasses

and books, and here Mr. Bentley is said to have spent much time in the study of the heavens.

Such was the appearance of the interior of this building, which remained for twenty years the wonder of every spectator. Mr. Bentley, before he quitted the premises, was at length obliged to submit to the disagreeable necessity of putting them in repair. To avoid any legal discussion on the subject of dilapidations, he paid down without hesitation the sum at which the surveyor estimated the expence of the repairs; but in this business he manifested his accustomed singularity, not suffering the laborers to enter the ground-floor but compelling them to descend into the cellar through its window, and to go up to the top and other parts by a ladder raised against the front, so as not to interrupt the business of his shop.

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Bentley finally quitted that business which for forty years he had conducted in a manner so truly extraordinary. It may be supposed that his time would now hang heavy upon his hands, after being for so long a period accustomed to the active pursuits of trade. We are, however, convinced that this opinion is erroneous, for Mr. Bentley, as it appears from the preceding account, possesses an enlightened and well-informed mind, and sufficient resources within himself to pass his time agreeably, either amid the bustle of business or the calmer hours of retirement.

## GEORGE BARRINGTON.

**G**EORGE Barrington, whose crimes and whose talents have excited the astonishment of his contemporaries, was born about the year 1755, at Maynooth, a village in the county of Kildare, Ireland. His father's name was Henry Waldron, (that of Barrington being only assumed); he was a working silversmith and his mother followed the occupation of a mantua-maker and occasionally joined with it the profession of midwife. Owing to a law-suit in which they were engaged with a relative for the recovery of a legacy to which they conceived themselves entitled, their circumstances were by no means affluent. Though unable to procure their son the advantages of a superior education, they had him instructed at an early age in reading and writing; and afterwards, through the bounty of a medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, he was taught the principles of arithmetic, and the elements of geography and English grammar.

When he had entered his sixteenth year he had the good fortune to attract the notice of a dignitary of the church of Ireland, of an ancient and illustrious family and ample fortune, but more distinguished by his learning and benevolence than by the factitious advantages derived



from noble birth and extensive possessions. Through his interest young Waldron was placed at a free grammar-school in the Irish capital, where his patron proposed he should fit himself for the university; and to make an appearance equal to that of the youths with whom he was to associate, his generous protector supplied him with money and every other necessary that could render his situation at the school not only comfortable but also respectable.

These advantages he enjoyed but a short time, for the impetuosity of his passions hurried him into an action by which he lost his patron's favor for ever. When he had been about half a year at the grammar school, he was involved in a quarrel with a lad much older and stronger than himself. Some blows passed in which Waldron suffered considerably; but in order to be revenged he stabbed his antagonist with a pen-knife, and had he not been prevented would probably have murdered him. For this atrocious offence the discipline of the house was inflicted with proper severity, which irritated the youth to such a degree that he formed the resolution of abandoning not only the school but likewise his family and friends. His plan of escape was no sooner formed than it was carried into execution; but previous to his departure he found means to steal ten or twelve guineas from the master and a gold repeating watch from his sister. With this booty he safely effected his escape from the school-house, in the middle of a still night in

the month of May, 1771; and pursuing the great north road from Dublin all that night and the next day, he arrived late in the evening at Drogheda without interruption.

This journey he performed almost without halting, without rest and without food, not thinking himself secure till he reached Drogheda. There he entered an obscure inn, where he fell in with a company of strolling players. This led to an acquaintance, which, though formed with precipitation, was nevertheless kept up from choice and affection for several years. Price, the manager of this strolling company having lived some time in London, in the capacity of clerk to a pettifogging attorney, was intimately acquainted with the town, and all the arts of fraud, deception or violence, which are practised in it by the most unprincipled classes to procure money. For indulging these vicious propensities he subjected himself to the lash of justice, and was at this time an involuntary exile in Ireland, till the expiration of the term for which he was to be transported. This man soon became the confidant and counsellor of the young fugitive. By his advice he renounced his paternal name, assumed that of Barrington, entered into the company, and in the course of four days was initiated into his new profession, performing the part of Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, as usual with some applause to a crowded audience, in a barn in the suburbs of Drogheda, without the assistance of a prompter.

Though the reception he experienced was highly flattering, yet Price as well as himself thought it would not be proper for him to appear in public so near the scene of his late depredations. It was therefore resolved that the whole company should without delay move northward and if possible proceed to the distance of sixty or eighty miles from Dublin before they halted for any length of time. To defray the expences of travelling money was absolutely necessary, and recourse was had to Barrington's assistance being the first that offered. He complied with a good grace, giving Price the gold repeater, which was disposed of for the general benefit of the strollers. This act of capricious liberality rendered him extremely popular among his new associates.

Having now procured the necessary funds they set out for Londonderry, where it was soon discovered that Barrington had made a conquest of the lady who acted the tender Belvedera, to his Jaffier. Her name was Egerton; she was the daughter of an opulent tradesman of Coventry, from whom she had eloped at the age of sixteen with a lieutenant of marines. With him she fled to Dublin, where in less than three months he infamously abandoned her to all the horrors of penury. Reduced to this extremity she readily embraced a proposal made her by Price to join this company as a resource against actual want. Young and beautiful, it is not surprising that Miss Egerton should excite a corresponding flame

in the bosom of a youth of such ardent passions as Barrington. He returned her love with sincerity, and the connection was only dissolved by her death. She was drowned in the eighteenth year of her age in crossing the river Boyne, in consequence of the culpable negligence of the ferryman.

The supply of money obtained from Barrington being exhausted by travelling expences and other incidents, the company, on their arrival in Londonderry found themselves reduced to circumstances of extreme indigence. In this dilemma Price insinuated to our adventurer that a young man of his address and appearance might easily introduce himself into the public places to which the merchants and dealers of that commercial city generally resorted, and that he might without difficulty find opportunities of picking their pockets and escaping unnoticed. The idea pleased Barrington, and the fair offering a favourable juncture, the design was carried into execution by him and Price the very next day with great success; their acquisitions amounting at the close of the evening to about forty guineas in cash and above one hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes. Though the circumstance, from its rarity in that part of the country, excited considerable alarm, yet neither Barrington nor his accomplice was suspected. They resolved, however, to leave Derry, and accordingly, after playing a few nights as usual with more applause than profit, they removed to Ballyshannon, where Barring-

ton may be considered as having commenced the business of a professed pickpocket in the summer of the year 1771, and in the sixteenth year of his age.

At Ballyshannon, Barrington spent the autumn and winter of 1771 with the company to which he belonged, playing two days in the week and picking pockets whenever opportunity offered. This business though attended with some danger and certain infamy, he found more lucrative than that of the theatre, where his fame and his proficiency by no means kept pace with the expectations raised by his first appearance.

He accordingly commenced what is called a gentleman pickpocket, by affecting the airs and importance of a man of fashion ; but was so much alarmed at the detection and conviction of his preceptor Price, (who was sentenced to transportation for seven years,) that he hastened to Dublin, where he practised his pilfering art during dark evenings. At one of the races in the county of Carlow, he was detected picking the pocket of a nobleman, but on restoring the property his lordship declined any prosecution, and Barrington accordingly left Ireland, and for the first time appeared in England in 1773. On his first visit to Ranelagh with a party, he quitted his friends and picked the pockets of the Duke of Leinster and Sir William Draper, of a considerable sum ; and also took from a lady a watch, with all which he got off undiscovered and rejoined his friends.

In 1775 he visited the most celebrated watering places, particularly Brighton, and being supposed a gentleman of fortune and family, was noticed by persons of the first distinction. On his return to London he formed a connection with one Lowe, and became a more daring pick-pocket. He went to court on the queen's birthday, as a clergyman, and not only picked several pockets, but found means to deprive a nobleman of his diamond order, and retired from the palace without suspicion. This booty is said to have been disposed of to a Dutch jew.

In the course of the winter of 1775 the celebrated Russian prince Orloff visited England. The various circumstances of his history, the high favor he enjoyed at the court of his sovereign and the valuable presents he had received from her were frequently mentioned in the public prints. Among the rest a gold snuff box set with brilliants and valued at the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds particularly attracted the attention of Barrington. It was not long before he formed a plan for obtaining possession of it. A favourable opportunity one night presenting itself at Covent Garden theatre, he contrived to get near the prince and found means to convey the precious trinket out of his excellency's waistcoat pocket into his own. This operation however, was not performed with such dexterity as to escape detection. The prince felt the attack so impudently made upon him, and immediately seized the depredator by the

collar. During the confusion that ensued, Barrington slipped the box into the hand of the owner, who was doubtless well pleased at having recovered it so easily. The delinquent was nevertheless secured and committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, previous to his examination at Bowstreet for the offence. On this occasion he represented himself as belonging to an affluent and respectable family in Ireland, adding that he had been educated for the medical profession, and had come to London to improve himself in it. This plausible representation he accompanied with so many tears, and seemed to rest so much on his being an unfortunate gentleman rather than a guilty culprit that prince Orloff declined to prosecute and he was dismissed by the magistrate with some wholesome admonition.

This adventure had however no influence over Barrington's subsequent conduct. He had in fact gone too far to recede; his character had excited universal alarm and he was shunned by those, who before the discovery of his practices countenanced him and enjoyed his company as a young man of no ordinary abilities. Thus situated, he found the avenues to reputation in some measure shut against him, and he was obliged to recur to his former pursuits as a pickpocket, in which character he occasionally attended both houses of parliament.

Being one day in the House of Lords, when an appeal of an interesting nature was expected to come on, a gentleman recognized his person,

and applying to the usher of the black rod, he was disgracefully turned out. He now threatened revenge, upon which a warrant was granted to bind him over to keep the peace; and as he could find no surety, he was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, where he remained some time. On being released he returned to his old profession, and was, about three months afterwards, detected in picking the pocket of a low woman at Drury-Lane theatre, for which, being indicted and convicted at the Old Bailey, he was sentenced to three years hard labour on the Thames, and in the spring of 1777, was put on board the hulks at Woolwich; but after sustaining something less than a twelvemonths' punishment, he was again set at liberty, in consequence of his good behaviour, through the interference of Messrs. Erskine and Duncan Campbell, the superintendants of the convicts.

In less than half a year after his release he was detected picking the pocket of a lady in St. Sepulchre's church, during divine service, and being convicted of this offence, on the clearest evidence, at the Old Bailey, he was again sentenced to labor on the Thames, for five years, and pursuant to this sentence he was once more removed to the hulks at Woolwich about the middle of the year 1778.

On this second confinement he either found his sufferings more intolerable, or his situation more desperate than during his former period of punishment. Such was his disgust of life that he



resolved upon suicide, and accordingly stabbed himself with a penknife. The wound though deep and dangerous, did not prove mortal; it healed slowly, and having been inflicted on the breast, it produced after two years, apparent symptoms of consumption.

In this deplorable situation Barrington had the good fortune to attract the notice and to interest the benevolence of a gentleman of rank, who happened to visit the hulks to enquire into the state of the convicts. He exerted his influence in Barrington's favor and procured his release, on condition of his leaving England. To this Barrington gladly consented, and was supplied with money by his generous deliverer. He now went to Dublin where he was shortly after apprehended for picking the pocket of an Irish nobleman of his gold watch and money, at the theatre, but was acquitted for want of evidence. Here, however, was his first display of elocution; for, having received a serious admonition from the judge, he addressed the court with considerable animation, and enlarged, with great ingenuity, upon what he termed the force of prejudice, insinuating that calumny had followed him from England to Ireland.

On his acquittal, he deemed it most prudent to leave Dublin: he therefore visited Edinburgh, where being suspected he was obliged to decamp. He now returned to London, and braving danger, frequented the theatres, opera-house, pantheon, and other places of public resort; but was at

length taken into custody. Having being acquitted for want of evidence of the charge brought against him, he was unexpectedly detained for having returned to England in violation of the condition on which his majesty was pleased to grant him a remission of his punishment, and was accordingly confined in Newgate during the remainder of the time that he was originally to have served on the River Thames.

On the expiration of his captivity he returned to his former practices, but with greater caution. He was at length apprehended for picking the pocket of Mr. Le Mesurier, at Drury-Lane play-house, but effected his escape from the constable; and while the lawyers were outlawing him, and the constables endeavouring to take him, he evaded detection by travelling in various disguises and characters through the northern counties of the kingdom: he visited the great towns as a quack-doctor, clergyman, and rider, but was at last apprehended in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and removed to London by a writ of Habeas Corpus. He now employed counsel, and had the outlawry against him reversed; was then tried for stealing Mr. Le Mesurier's purse, and acquitted in consequence of the absence of a material witness.

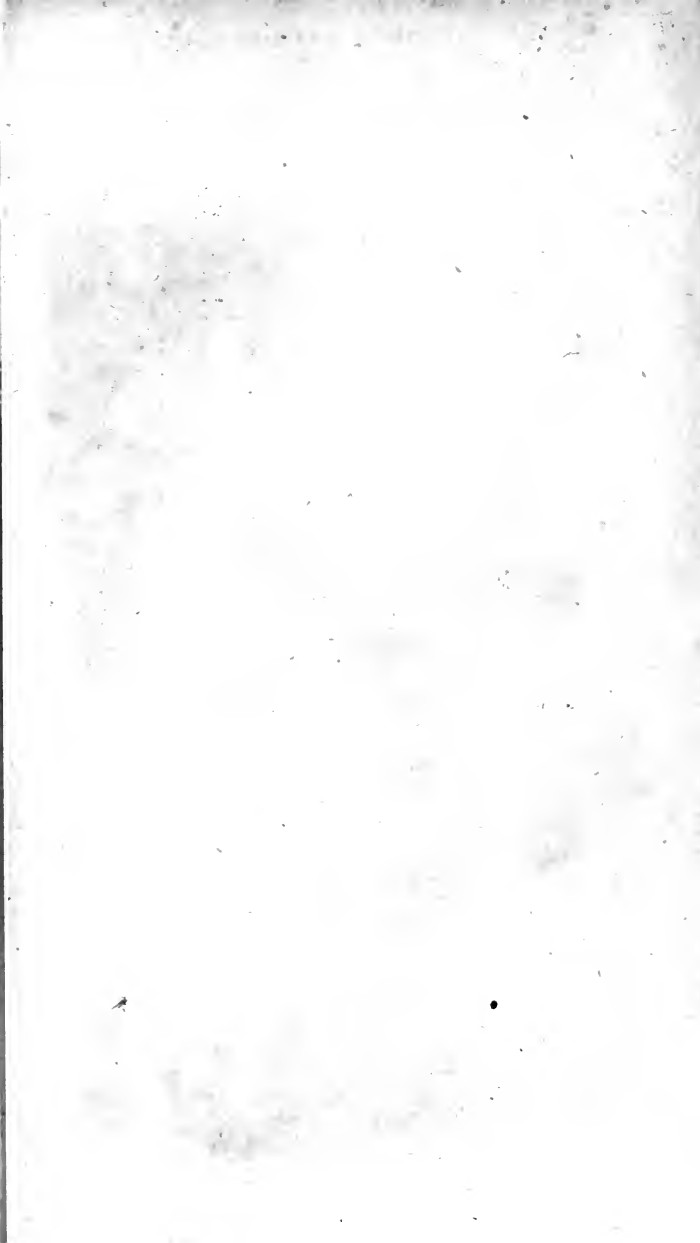
Being once more enlarged, he had the presumption to visit Dublin again, where having been soon suspected; he with difficulty escaped to England; but soon after his arrival, was taken into custody, for picking the pocket of Henry

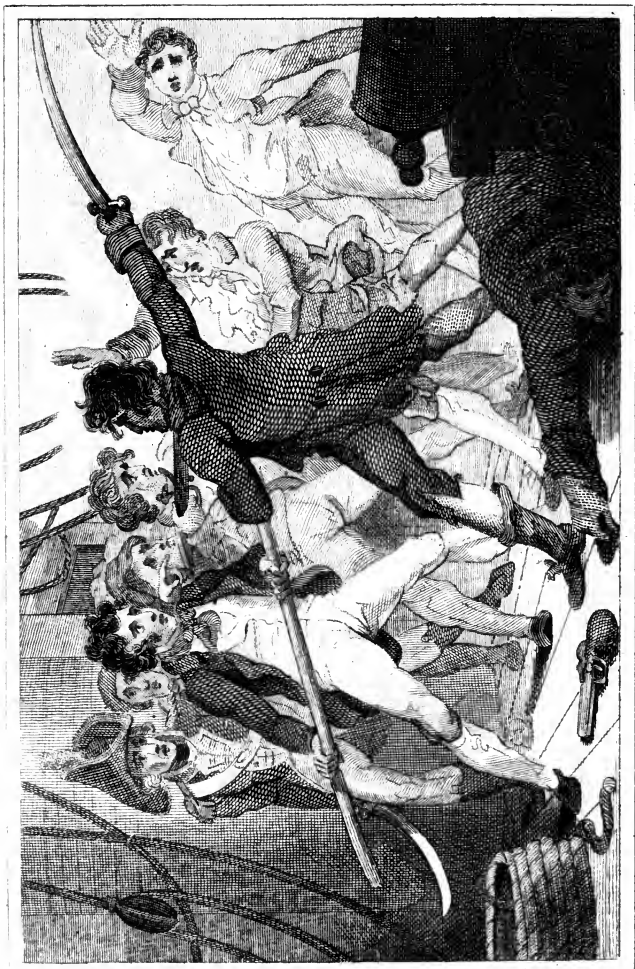
Hare Townsend, Esq. at Epsom races. For this he was tried at the Old Bailey, Sept. 1, 1790, and found guilty, notwithstanding he made an ingenious defence. On Sept. 22, the Recorder pronounced the sentence of transportation on him for seven years, when Barrington addressed the court to the following effect :

“ My lord,—I have a great deal to say in extenuation of the cause for which I now stand convicted at this bar ; but upon consideration, I will not arrest the attention of the honourable court too long. Among the extraordinary vicissitudes incident to human nature, it is the peculiar and unfortunate lot of some devoted persons, to have their best wishes and their most earnest endeavours, to deserve the good opinion of the most respectable part of society, entirely frustrated. Whatever they can say, or whatever they can do, every word and its meaning, every action and its motive, is represented in an unfavourable light, and is distorted from the real intention of the speaker or the actor. That this has been my unhappy fate does not seem to stand in need of any confirmation. Every effort to deserve well of mankind, that my heart bore witness to its rectitude, has been thwarted by such measures as those, and consequently has been rendered abortive. Many of the circumstances of my life I can, without any violation of truth, declare to have, therefore, happened absolutely in spite of myself. The world, my lord, has given me credit for abilities, indeed, much greater than I

possess, and therefore much more than I deserved, but I have never found any kind hand to foster these abilities. I might ask where was the generous and powerful hand that was ever stretched forth, to rescue George Barrington from infamy? In an age like this, which, in several respects, is so justly famed for liberal sentiments, it was my severe lot, that no noble-minded gentleman stepped forward, and said to me: 'Barrington. you are possessed of talents which may be useful to society. I feel for your situation; and as long as you act the part of a good citizen, I will be your protector: you will then have time and opportunity to rescue yourself from the obloquy of your former conduct.' Alas, my lord, George Barrington had never the supreme felicity of having such comfort administered to his wounded spirit. As matters have unfortunately turned out, the die is cast—and as it is, I bend resigned to my fate, without one murmur or complaint." Having concluded his neat address, rendered more forcible by his pathetic manner, he left the bar with a respectful bow, and thus withdrew from public life in Europe, to act a new part in a new hemisphere.

From the period of this conviction Barrington's conduct has been such as to retrieve the disgrace with which he had loaded the former portion of his life. Soon after the ship in which he with many other culprits embarked for Botany Bay, had left England, a circumstance occurred





which may justly be asserted to have laid the foundation of his subsequent good fortune.

The humanity of the captain had induced him to release many of the convicts who were in a weakly state from their irons and to permit them alternately ten at a time to walk upon deck. Two of them, who were Americans, formed the design of seizing the ship and prevailed on the majority of their comrades to enter into the plot. It was agreed that on the first favorable opportunity, part of those who were on deck should force the arm-chest, overpower the centinels and then give a signal for those below to join them. This design was planned with great secrecy and executed with equal spirit and audacity. One day the captain and most of the officers being below, Barrington, who was the only person on deck, except the man at the helm, hearing a scuffle on the main deck, was going forward, when he was stopped by one of the Americans, followed by another convict, who made a stroke at him with a sword wrested from one of the centinels, but it was put aside by a pistol which the other had just snapped at him. Snatching up a handspike which was fortunately within reach, he brought the foremost to the ground. The man at the helm, quitting the wheel, called up the captain; and Barrington meanwhile kept his situation, guarding the passage of the quarter-deck. His antagonists retreated a few paces, but being joined by many others, were rushing upon him, when the discharge of a blunderbuss from behind,

our hero, wounding several, they retreated; and Barrington being by this time joined by the captain and the rest of the officers, the mutineers were, in a few minutes driven into the hold. An attempt of this kind required the most exemplary punishment; accordingly two of the ringleaders were immediately hanged, at the yard-arm and several others severely flogged.

Order being restored the captain paid Barrington many handsome compliments for his conduct, to which he attributed the salvation of the ship, promised him a recompence for his services, and directed his steward to supply him with every thing he wanted during the voyage. Accordingly on the arrival of the ship at the Cape of Good Hope, he gave Barrington a draft on a merchant there for one hundred dollars, with permission to go on shore as often as he pleased. Nor was this all; for when they reached the place of their final destination the captain made such a favorable report of Barrington's character and merits to the governor of Port Jackson, that he immediately appointed him superintendant of convicts at a kind of colony from the parent settlement, called Paramatta, where a convenient habitation was assigned him.

Barrington's conduct in this situation has been marked by such undeviating rectitude as not only to obtain him the esteem of the governor and other officers, but also to procure him in 1796, the appointment of High Constable of Paramatta, with a salary of fifty pounds a year; on



which occasion the governor complimented him on the faithful discharge of his duty, the integrity and uniform uprightness of his conduct, and general behavior during his whole residence in the colony, which his excellency observed, completely obliterated every trace of his former indiscretions.

In this situation Barrington has realized his own modest presumption, "that he might be looked upon as a man endeavoring to do well, and proving that his promotion in the new colony did really enable him to effect some good in the decline of his life, to counterbalance his former indulgence of that proneness to evil to which human nature is ever too much addicted."

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## NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON.

**T**HIS celebrated mathematician was born in 1682, and when a twelvemonth old lost, by the small-pox, not only his sight but his eyes also which came away in an abscess. Notwithstanding this, he shewed, while a boy, a great propensity to mathematical studies: he could perform the most difficult arithmetical problems and make long calculations by his memory, and form in his mind new theorems for their more ready solution. He made himself master of the works of Euclid, Archimedes and Diophantes, from hearing them read in their original Greek; and being

aided in his studies by a memory of uncommon strength, he would quote the most beautiful passages of the great Latin poets in conversation with the utmost propriety. He was also particularly well versed in the writings of Cicero, and dictated Latin in a familiar and elegant style.

At the age of twenty five Mr. Saunderson went to the university of Cambridge, not in the character of a scholar but of a master. For a young man without sight, without fortune or friends, and untaught except by himself, to set up for a teacher of philosophy in an university where it then reigned in the utmost perfection, might at first appear rather preposterous; but no sooner did he open his lecture than it was crowded with auditors, and the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton, his *Optics* and *Arithmetica Universalis* were illustrated and explained by Mr. Saunderson in such a manner as gained him universal admiration. In a word, the nature of light and colors, the theory of vision, the effects of glasses, the phenomena of the rainbow and other objects of sight were treated of in lectures by this man, who had been blind, in a manner, from his birth, with a perspicuity which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

The extraordinary merits of Mr. Saunderson soon acquired him great reputation, and secured him the friendship and respect of the greatest mathematicians of his time. The principal of these friends and patrons was the great Sir Isaac Newton, whose candor and generosity were equal to

his genius. Through his interest Mr. Saunderson was chosen in 1721, to succeed Mr. Whiston as Lucasian professor of mathematics. In 1728, when King George II. visited Cambridge, he desired to see a person endowed with such remarkable accomplishments. He accordingly waited on his majesty and was by his royal mandate created doctor of laws. He died at Cambridge in 1739.

Dr. Saunderson possessed the sense of feeling in the most acute perfection. He could discover the least difference of rough and smooth on a surface, or the smallest defect of polish, and in a set of Roman medals actually distinguished the genuine from the false, though the latter had been counterfeited so as to deceive the eye of a connoisseur: but the professor having no eye to trust to could feel a roughness in the new cast sufficient to detect them by. He could perceive the least alteration in the atmosphere and knew when a cloud passed over the sun; he could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree, even if the air was calm.

He had a board perforated with holes at the distance of half an inch from each other. In these pins were fixed, and by drawing a piece of twine round their heads, he could delineate all rectilinear figures used in geometry sooner than any other person could with a pen. He had another board with holes made in right lines for pins of different sizes, by the help of which he could calculate and set down the sums, products,

or quotients in numbers as readily as others could in writing.

He had a refined ear, a vast genius for music and could distinguish to the fifth part of a note. By this sense he knew any person with whom he had once conversed. He could judge of the size of any room into which he was introduced, of the distance he was from the wall; and if ever he had walked over any pavements in courts, or piazzas which reflected sound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could tell exactly whereabouts in the walk he was placed merely by the note it sounded.

By the strength of his memory he could multiply, divide and extract the square or cube root, to many places of figures, could go along with any calculator in working algebraical problems, and infinite series, and correct immediately the slips of the pen either in signs or numbers. In the knowledge of mathematics he was equal to any of his contemporaries, and in his address as a teacher he was perhaps superior to them all.

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## MARTHA STANINOUGHT.

**T**HIS female in her younger days lived as a servant in various families of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, at which time she shewed occasionally symptoms of great eccentricity. Toward the conclusion of her life she was in a state of insa-

nity, and was supported by an allowance from the parish, and private bounty. Her leading idea was, that her brother John was entitled to the crown of Great Britain, and that she ought to be considered and treated as queen. Under this impression, she always carried in her hand as symbols of her right, a seal, a triangular piece of French chalk, a dollar, or a French half-crown, and the title page of some act of parliament. She was greatly offended if she was not addressed by the title of "Your Majesty;" and when she was at church, which she attended regularly, she always made a formal protest against praying for the king and queen when the prayer was read; and if the word Society occurred in the service, always called out "No Society." Her mind was frequently distressed by her apprehension, sometimes that the state, sometimes that the Catholic faith was in danger; but excepting her insanity on the subject of royalty, her conduct was perfectly correct and inoffensive. She was very neat in her appearance, and very civil in her behaviour, if treated with respect. She always refused to take alms, though she would accept a loan in lieu of her revenue, and frequently repaid it when she received her allowance, which accumulated during her absence on her different journies. She was well known on the road, as she spent great part of her time in travelling, visiting frequently *her* cathedral at Norwich, and *her* courts at Westminster. In her progress to town she was

taken ill at Leisten, in Suffolk, and treated with the utmost attention; her imagination remaining to the last impressed with her ruling idea. In her health she bestowed dignities on her favourites; and in her illness she promised handsome rewards to her faithful attendants. She died at Yarmouth in November, 1804, aged seventy.

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## RICHARD NASH.

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**RICHARD NASH**, Esq. to whom the city of Bath owes so much of its present prosperity and importance was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, in 1674. His father, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house, sent him for education, to Carmarthen school, and thence to Jesus college Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law.

The first method he took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity in gallantry. Before he was seventeen he went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue; he offered marriage, which was accepted; but the affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, he was sent home from the university with necessary advice to him and proper instructions to his father.

The army appearing the most suitable profession for displaying his inclination for gallantry, he purchased a pair of colors and dressed to the utmost extent of his finances. Finding, however, that the company of the fair sex was not to be procured without expence, and that his scanty commission could never procure him the means

of defraying it, he quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple, and there went to the very summit of second rate luxury.

It had long been customary for the inns of court to entertain the monarch on his accession to the crown or on some such remarkable occasion with a revel and a pageant. This ceremony was last exhibited in honor of king William, and Nash was chosen to conduct it. This he did so much to the satisfaction of the king that he made him an offer of knighthood. Nash however refused the honor, which, considering his excessive vanity appears somewhat extraordinary. "Please your majesty," replied he, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least competent to the support of my title."

Though Nash acquired no riches by his office, yet he gained many friends, or what are more easily obtained, many acquaintances, who often answer the end as well. Besides his assurance, he had in reality some merit and some virtues. An instance of his humanity is related in the Spectator, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his account to the masters of the Temple, among other articles he charged, for making one man happy, ten pounds. Being questioned as to the meaning of so strange an item, he acknowledged that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the



experiment. He added, that, if they did not chuse to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The master struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled as a proof of their satisfaction.

Nash, as he often played tricks with others, received occasionally very severe retaliations. Being at York and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, provided he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed, but the dean passing by, unfortunately knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade!" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," replied Nash, pointing to his companions. Some time afterwards he won a wager of still greater consequence by riding naked through a village upon a cow.

Nash was now thirty years old, without fortune or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto led a life of expedients, and was by profession a gamester, alternately exposed to the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish. About this time the city of Bath became frequented by people of distinction. Several physicians of eminence had praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies. Still the amusements of the

place were neither elegant nor conducted with delicacy. The city was mean and contemptible, the pump-house was without a director, and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of the age, in resentment of some affronts he had received there, conceived a design of ruining the city by writing against the efficacy of its waters. He accordingly published a pamphlet by which he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

Such was the state of things when Nash first visited Bath, and hearing of the threat of the physician, he humorously assured the people that he would charm away the poison of the doctor's toad, as the venom of the tarantula was usually charmed, that is, by music. He was, therefore, immediately empowered to set up the force of a band of music against the poison of the doctor's reptile; the concourse of people very sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed him by all ranks.

After his appointment to be master of the ceremonies, an office for which nature seemed to have particularly qualified him, we behold him directing pleasures which none had better learned to share. We see a kingdom beginning with him and sending off Tunbridge as one of its colonies. He established regulations for the balls, which he would not suffer to continue a moment after eleven o'clock, lest invalids might commit irregularities which would counteract the effect

of the water. Even the royal family had not influence enough to make him deviate from any of his rules. The princess Amelia, once applying to him for one dance more after he had given the signal to withdraw, he assured her royal highness that the established rules of Bath resembled the laws of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all his authority.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses in which ladies and gentlemen were to appear. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron, and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner. But he found more difficulty in attacking the irregularities of the gentlemen; and for some time strove but in vain to prohibit the use of swords. At length a duel which took place between two gamesters, in which one of them was run through the body, helped to promote his peaceable intentions. He undertook to prohibit the wearing of swords at Bath, and whenever he heard of a challenge given he instantly had both parties arrested. The gentlemen's boots also made a desperate stand against him. The country squires were by no means submissive to his usurpations, and probably his authority alone would never have carried him through, had he not enforced it with ridicule. In a short time few ventured to appear at the assemblies at Bath in a riding-dress; and whenever any gentleman, through ignorance or haste, appeared in the

rooms in boots, Nash would make up to him, and bowing in an arch manner would tell him he had forgotten his horse. By such means he at length obtained a complete victory.

Nash's equipage was sumptuous. He usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat, and assigned as a reason for this singularity that he did it purely to secure it from being stolen. His dress was tawdry though not perfectly genteel: he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he in some measure mixed the fashions of the preceding age with those of the period in which he lived.

It may be asked what finances were to support all this finery, and whence he procured the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity. For these he was indebted to his talents as a gamester, which alone enabled him at this period to keep up so genteel an appearance. When he first figured at Bath, there were few laws against this destructive amusement. The gaming-table was the constant resource of despair and indigence, and frequently the ruin of affluent fortunes. Whithersoever people of fashion resorted, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With these Bath swarmed, and among this class was Nash to be numbered in the beginning, only with this difference, that he wanted the corrup-

heart too commonly attending a life of expedients, for he was generous, humane and honorable, even though by profession a gamester.

When the earl of Townshend, the father of the present marquis, was a youth, he was passionately fond of play, and was never better pleased than in having Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very painful remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship, in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too, and as he approached the gulph, seemed more eager for ruin. He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake and he lost that also. But when the generous gamester found his imprudent antagonist sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned the whole, only stipulating that he should be paid five thousand pounds, whenever he thought proper to make the demand. He never made any such demand during his lordship's life, but some time afterwards, his affairs being on the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, by whom it was paid without hesitation.

Tho' gaming first introduced Nash into polite company, this alone could scarcely have carried him forward without the assistance of a genteel address, much vivacity, some humor and some wit. In the early part of his life he had profes-

sedly enlisted himself into the service of the fair sex. Nature had by no means formed Nash for a *beau garcon*; his person was clumsy, and peculiarly irregular; yet even with those disadvantages he made love, became an universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. But Nash did not long continue an universal gallant. In the earlier years of his reign, he entirely desisted from his attempts to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, a guardian of their reputation and a friend to their virtue. This character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity and success.

Whatever might have been Nash's excellencies or failings, there was one quality in which few surpassed him. This was his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. Before gaming was suppressed, and while he was in the meridian of his life and fortune, his benefactions were generally found to equal his other expenses. The money he acquired without pain, he gave away without reluctance: and when unable to relieve a wretch, who sued for assistance, he was often seen to shed tears. A gentleman of broken fortune one day standing behind his chair, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not forbear whispering to another who stood by: "Heavens, how happy would all that money make me!"—Nash over-

hearing him, clapped the money into his hand, and cried : " Go and be happy."

About this period every season brought some accession of honor to Mr. Nash, and the corporation of Bath found that he was absolutely necessary for promoting the welfare of the city. They erected a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Pope and Newton. It was on this occasion that the earl of Chesterfield wrote that severe but witty epigram, the last lines of which were so deservedly admired and ran thus :

The statue plac'd the busts between,  
 Adds to the satire strength ;  
 Wisdom and wit are little seen,  
 But folly at full length.

The example of the corporation was followed by all his acquaintance of inferior rank. He was treated in every respect like a great man ; he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible, and while he enjoyed the homage of the vulgar and the familiarity of the great, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him. If a cringing wretch called him, his Honor, he was pleased, internally conscious that he had the justest pretensions to the title. If a beggar called him, my lord, he was happy, and generally sent the flatterer away happy too.

The success Nash sometimes met with led him when late in life, to mistake his true character. He was really agreeable, but he chose to be thought a wit; he therefore indulged his inclination and never cared how rude he was, provided he was thought comical. His usual way when he said any thing clever was to strengthen it with an oath, and to make up its want of sentiment by asseveration and grimace. He used to tell surprising stories of his activity when young. "Here I stand, gentlemen," he would say, "that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped, for three hundred guineas, with Count Klopstock the great leaper, leaping-master to the prince of Passau; you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain. Every body concluded that he had the match; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes nor stockings, mind me, I fetched a run, and went beyond him, one foot three inches and three quarters, measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pately's own standard."

In the torrent of insipidity which he was in the habit of uttering there were sometimes found very severe satire, strokes of true wit and lines of humor. He rallied very successfully, for he never felt the joke of another, and drove home his own without pity. With his superiors he



was familiar and blunt; the inferiority of his station secured him from their resentment, but the same bluntness which they laughed at, was by his equals regarded as insolence. Though no great wit, he had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and of rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. Most of them, however, were of a contrary description.

One day in the Grove, at Bath, he joined some ladies, and asked one of them who was crooked, whence she came. "Straight from London," replied she. "Confound me, madam," exclaimed Nash; "then you must have been damnably warped by the way." She had soon, however, an opportunity to be revenged. Sitting the following evening in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism and could tell the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, Sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was." This anecdote is introduced into a celebrated romance, and the reader may be assured that the fact happened as recorded.

Being once asked by queen Anne, why he would not accept the honor of knighthood, he replied: "Lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who had just been knighted, should call him brother."

Nash used sometimes to visit the great Dr. Clarke. The divine was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned

and intimate companions, with that freedom, gaiety and cheerfulness which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor looking out of the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher to his friends, "let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming."

He was one day complaining to the earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play, in the following manner: "would you think it, my lord, that d—d bitch, fortune, no later than last night tricked me out of five hundred. Is it not surprizing that my luck should never turn, that I should thus eternally be mauled?" —"I don't wonder at your losing money," returned his lordship, "but all the world is surprized where you get it to lose."

Doctor Cheyne, when Nash was once ill, wrote a prescription for him, which was made up accordingly. The next day the doctor calling to see his patient, found him up and well, on which he asked if he had followed his prescription. "Followed your prescription!" cried Nash, "no. Egad, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of a two-pair of stairs' window."

It would have been well had he confined himself to such sallies, but as he grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed in some measure insensible of the pain his attempts at wit gave others. On asking a lady to dance a minuet, if she refused, he would often demand, if she had bandy legs. He would endeavor to ridicule natural defects,

he forgot the deference due to birth and quality, and mistook the manner of settling rank and precedence on many occasions.

The evening of his life began to grow cloudy, and Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he had once been. His fortune was gone, and he had nothing but poverty in prospect. To embitter his hopes he found himself abandoned by the great, whom he had long endeavored to serve, and was obliged to fly for protection to those of humbler stations, whom he had once affected to despise. He now began to want that charity he had never refused to any, and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret.

The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the admonitions of the grave who aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependents who had formerly flattered his fortunes; but particularly the contempt of the great, who quite forgot him in his wants, all concurred to prey upon his spirits and sour his temper; and the poor man of pleasure might have terminated his life very tragically had not the corporation of Bath resolved to grant him an allowance of ten guineas a month. This bounty served to keep him from actual necessity, though far too inconsiderable to enable him to support the character of a gentleman; so that he who had been accustomed in the early part of his life to affluence and prodigality, must comparatively have pined on this pittance in actual indigence.

In this variety of uneasiness his health began to fail. He had received from nature a robust constitution, which even intemperance could scarcely impair. His aversion to physic was frequently a topic of raillery between him and Dr. Cheyne, who was a man of some wit. When Cheyne recommended his vegetable diet, Nash would swear that his design was to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar. "Aye," the doctor would reply, "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as thou art. It was but last week, gentlemen, that I attended this fellow in a fit of sickness; there I found him rolling up his eyes to heaven, and crying for mercy. He would then swallow my drugs like breast-milk, yet you now hear how the old dog blasphemes the faculty." What Cheyne said in jest was strictly true. Nash dreaded the approach of death more than the generality of mankind, and was generally very devout while it threatened him. Though he was somewhat more the libertine in action, none believed and trembled more than he; for a mind neither schooled by philosophy, nor encouraged by conscious innocence is ever timid at the appearance of danger. At length on the third of February, 1761, he expired at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, aged upwards of 87 years, and was interred at the expence of the corporation, in the abbey church of that city.

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THE END

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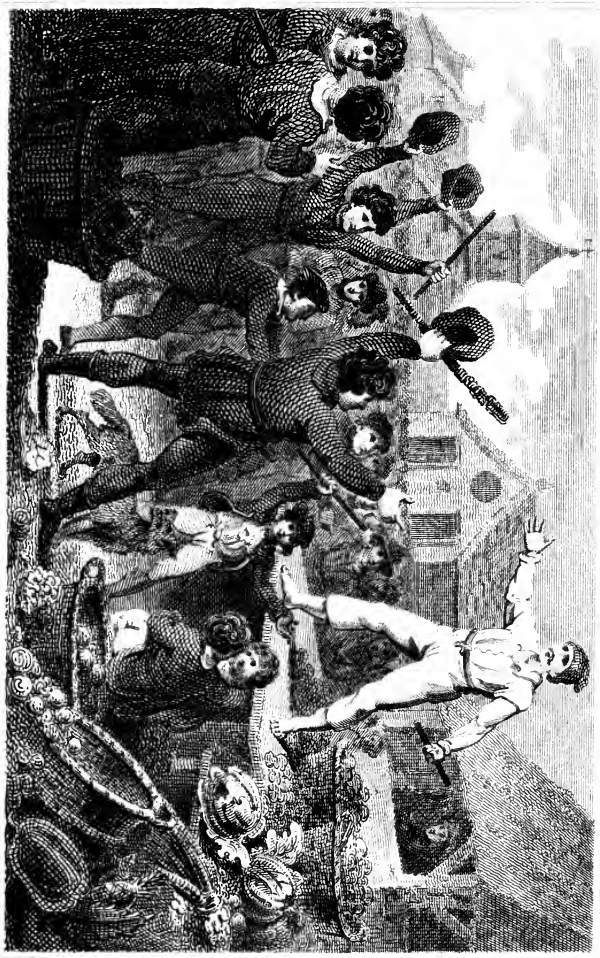
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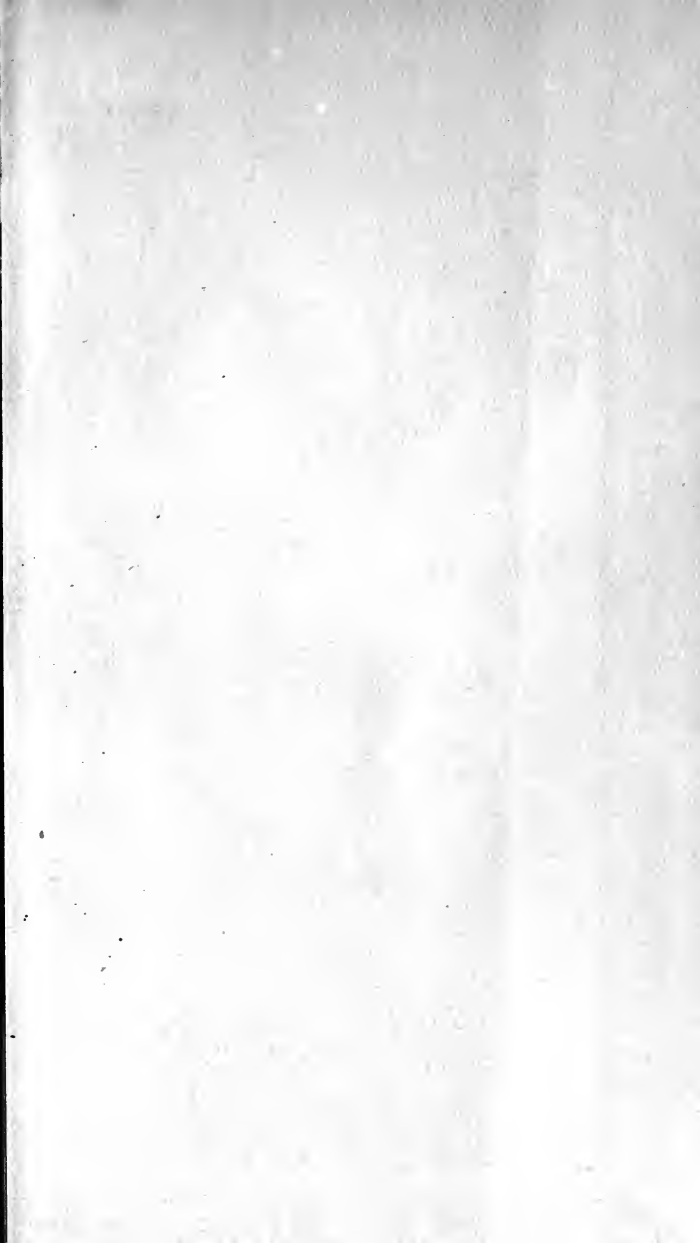
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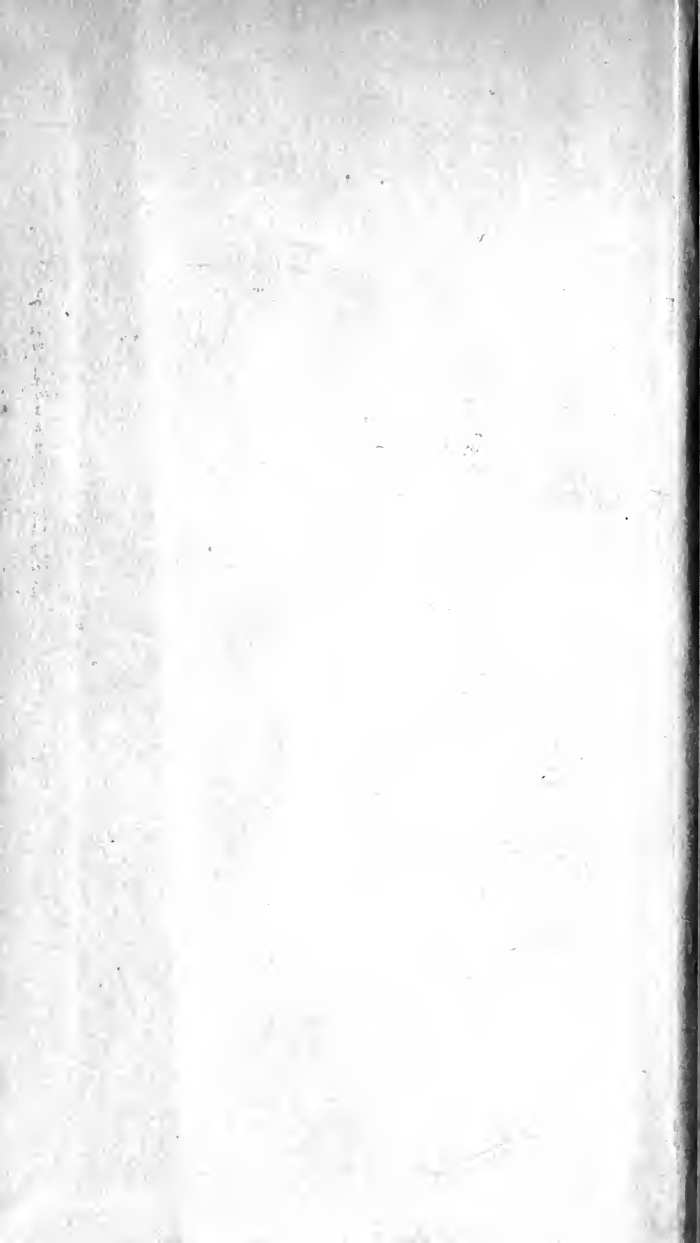
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