

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, S E P T E M B E R 20, 1804.))

Miscellany.

TOM KING,

OR, MONSIEUR TONSON.

HERE liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
 Half some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight in town, yclip'd Tom King,
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to teaze and smoke,
 In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing.

From a jovial club this King was known,
 With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
 Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
 Could crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
 And nose a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

From a frolic was a high delight—
 Ere he would hunt for day and night,
 Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown:
 For a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 Once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
 At fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot the Seven Dial's height:
 As there all around and clear the coast,
 As usual, dozing on his post,
 A lamp display'd a twinkling light.

At this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest plodding foreign artizans,
 Down at that time by name of refugees—
 To shun the rod of persecution from their home,
 And quell'd the inoffensive rage to roam,
 And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

At first two friends were saunt'ring thro' the street,
 In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
 When in a window near, a light they view;
 And through a dim and melancholy ray,
 They seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 As towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

At the door he gave a thund'ring knock
 At time we may suppose near two o'clock,
 "I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here?"
 "Thompson," cries t'other, "who the devil is he?"
 "Know not," King replies, "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

At sometime a little Frenchman came,
 A hand display'd a rufflight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
 A gold strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
 A waister'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
 Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

With thus untimely rous'd, he court'ously smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Sending his head politely to his knee—
 "Sare, sare, vat want you, dat you come so late;
 Beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait;
 Prey tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"I" replied King, "I merely thought to know,
 If by your house I chanc'd to night to go—
 But really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
 Say I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 Among the folks who in this street do dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here."

The Frenchman thought not pleas'd to find
 Business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 He begg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
 With unalter'd courtesy he spake,
 "No, sare, no monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and t'ward home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed;
 But King resolv'd, not thus to drop the jest,
 The next night with more of whim than grace,
 He made a visit to the place,
 To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before,
 As footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
 Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;
 With the knocker, thunder'd then again,
 On his post determin'd to remain;
 And off indeed, he made the door rebound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
 And r'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep,
 He wag salutes him with a civil leer;
 As drawing out to heighten the surprize
 He sees the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
 "Is there—Mr. Thompson—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
 "Sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night,
 And here he laboured with a sigh sincere)
 To monsieur Tonson in de world I know,
 To monsieur Tonson here—I told you so;
 Indeed, sare, dere no monsieur. Tonson here."

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose,
 The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—
 'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
 And then he utter'd in a piteous cry,
 "Sare, 'pon my soul, no monsieur Tonson here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster—
 Anxious she strove his errand to inquire,
 He said "'tis vain your pretty tongue to tire
 "He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay—
 At last he wakes—he rises, and he swears,
 But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And trait in rage began his crest to rear—
 "Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?"
 "Sare, I tell you, sare, tree one two nights ago,
 "Got tam I swear, no monsieur Tonson here."

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife,
 Between the harras'd Frenchman and his wife,
 Which would descend to chafe the fiend away;
 At length to join their forces they agree,
 And trait impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray!

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Utter'd the old inquiry, calmly stood—
 The name of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,
 He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
 With, "Well I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short our hero with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
 So fond of mischief was this wicked wit:
 They threw out water—for the watch they call,
 But King, expecting, still escapes from all—
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit!

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
 On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
 At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
 He trends again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well known haunt to trace.
 "Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
 "My poor old Frenchman, I suppose is dead—
 "Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
 He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears;
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
 With ruff-light as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full fore—
 Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
 "Begar! here's monsieur Tonson come again!"
 Away he ran—and se'er was heard of more.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF PIZARRO, THE CONQUEROR OF PERU.

PIZARRO here was born. A greater name
 The lists of glory boast not. Toil, and want,
 And danger, never from his course deterr'd
 This daring soldier. Many a fight he won:
 He slaughter'd thousands; he subdu'd a rich
 And ample realm. Such were PIZARRO's deeds;
 And Wealth, and Pow'r and Fame, were his reward
 Among mankind!—There is another world.
 O reader! If you earn your daily bread
 By daily labour; if your lot be low,
 And hard, and wretched—thank the gracious God
 Who made you, that you are not such as he!

FROM A LATE LONDON PRINT.

ANECDOTE OF BOISSY.

I THINK it may not be unserviceable to our times, once more to call to mind, and to relate the following history, as an admonition to young people who start aside from their serious studies, and rush into the arms of the muses to starve in rapture.

BOISSY, the author of several dramatic pieces, that were received with applause, met with the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittingly—his works procured him fame but no bread. He languished with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest poverty.

But, melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had friends who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him.

Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency. The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seem'd to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour and deliverer; and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, list'ned with participation, when he declaim'd with all the warmth of poetic rapture, of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospects of futurity; and at length resolv'd to accompany him in death. But she could not think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and better world.

They were now firmly resolv'd to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice of the most horrible—of starving: Accordingly they fought in their solitary and deserted department, their deliverer, in his most ghastly form. Their resolution, their fortitude, were immovable.

They lock'd the door, and began to fast. When any one came and knock'd, they fled trembling into the corner, and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying asked for bread; but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door.—O what a sight!

He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a word. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and wife had their arms thrown over him.—The child stretch'd out its little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor! they had never heard the burbling open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend.—Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy; and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the looks, with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying.

Their friends hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with all the troubles of the world; and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friends hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child to eat; who, with one hand, held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans rous'd them at last from their death-like slumber. It seem'd at once to awake a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embrace.

Nature did her office. Their friend procur'd them strengthening broths, which he put to their lips with the utmost caution; and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation mov'd her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procur'd him the profitable place of Contrôleur de Mercure de France, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outliv'd him.