

MARYLAND GAZETTE

T H U R S D A Y, J U N E 26, 1806.

Miscellany.

EPIGRAM, ADDRESSED TO FASHION.

ALAS! cries Damon—plaintive bard,
My Delia's heart I find so hard,
I would she were FORGOTTEN!
But strait he answered—'I recant,
For how can hearts be ADAMANT,
When all the breast is COTTON!

TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humbly crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight,
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is one who might,
One day, roast me.

Thou'rt welcome to a rhymer sore perplex'd,
The subject of his verse;
There's many a one, who on a better text,
Perhaps, might comment worse.

Thou shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
But quietly, like me, spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblem of the ways
Of Satan, fire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eyes run round the room,
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen;
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy slimy webs were thought
(And 'twas a likeness true)
To emblem laws; in which the weak are caught;
But which the strong break thro'.

And if a victim in thy toils is seen,
Like some poor client is that wretched by;
Thou warrant thee, thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care of earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and love's delightful dreams,
So easily destroy'd.

So does the statesman, while the vengers sleep,
Self deem'd, secure his wiles in secret lay;
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong;
For, Spider, thou'rt art like the Poet, poor,
Whom thou has help'd in song.

Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains."

From the Charleston City Gazette.

MR. FRANKAU,
Although I am not disposed to place much confidence
in fortune telling, or pretensions to prophesying in
modern days, especially if they lay claim to divine
revelation; yet the following is so singular and
has been so exactly fulfilled, that I cannot excuse
myself without transcribing it, and sending it for
insertion in your paper. A SUBSCRIBER.

An extraordinary prediction relating to the downfall
of the House of Bourbon, and the House of Austria.

Authenticated by the late Rev. Mr. WESLEY.
A LITTLE before the conclusion of the late war
(from 1740 to 1747) in Flanders, one who came
from thence, gave us a very strange relation. I knew
not what judgement to form of this, but waited till
John Bull should come, of whose veracity I could
no more doubt than of his understanding. The ac-
count he gave was this: *Jeanathan Eyrah*, was a mem-
ber of our society in Flanders; I knew him some years,
and knew him to be a man of unblameable character.
One day he was summoned to appear before the board
of general officers. One of them said, "What is this
we hear of you? We hear you have turned prophet,
and that you foretell the downfall of the bloody house
of Bourbon; and the haughty house of Austria. We
should be glad if you were a real philosopher, and if
your prophecies came true; but what sign do you give
us that you are so, and that your predictions will come
to pass?" He readily answered, "Gentlemen, I give
you a sign; the morning at 12 o'clock, you shall have
heard a rum of thunder and lightning, as you never
heard before. Note you came into Flanders. I give

you a second sign: as little as you expect any such
thing—as little appearance of it as there is now, you
shall have a general engagement with the French with-
in three days. I give you a third sign: I shall be or-
dered to advance in the first line; if I am a false pro-
phet, I shall be shot dead at the first discharge; but
if I am a true prophet, I shall only receive a musket
ball in the calf of my leg."

At twelve next day there was such thunder and
lightning as they never had in Flanders. On the
third day, contrary to all expectation, was the gene-
ral battle of Fontenoy (1745). He was ordered to ad-
vance in the first line, and at the very first discharge
he received a musket ball in the calf of the left leg.

From a London Magazine.

An Instance of true Honour in a high military Cha- racter.

MR. W— obtained an ensigncy in the army
when rather more advanced in life than most of the
captains of the present times, who make so fine a fi-
gure upon all occasions, in their green, red and white
feathers, and whose heads, at every assembly, rival
those of our most fashionable ladies. From the time
Mr. W— joined his regiment, he was distinguished
for an unwearied attention to the duties of his sta-
tion. When he appeared in public, of upon duty,
his dress and deportment were always decent and pro-
per. Of his manner of life in private, even his bro-
ther-officers were for sometime ignorant. He did
not meet with them, and he partook of none of their
expensive pleasures and amusements. At length it
was discovered, that he saved work, and lived on less
than any private soldier in the regiment. The good
sense and the known spirit of Mr. W— preserved
him from the ridicule and contempt with which this
discovery might otherwise have been attended. His
merit as an officer meanwhile recommended Mr.
W— to the notice of his superiors—he was pro-
moted from time to time; but no promotion ever
made any alteration on his mode of life. After serv-
ing with distinguished reputation under king William,
Mr. W— went to Flanders, in the beginning
of the duke of Marlborough's campaigns, in the course
of which he was promoted to the rank of general,
and obtained the command of a regiment. Although
his income was now great, he still lived with the ut-
most parsimony; and even those who esteemed him
the most were obliged to allow that his love of mo-
ney (which they considered as a sort of disease) ex-
ceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced
to acknowledge, that in all his transactions he was
perfectly honourable, and that his love of money ne-
ver led him to commit injustice.

In one of the last years of the war, gen. W—
and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent.
About the middle of winter his officers were astonish-
ed at receiving an invitation to dine with their col-
onel for the first time. Most of the principal officers
in the garrison received with equal surprise a similar
invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to
the general's house, where they were received with a
kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding from a mind at
ease, and satisfied with itself, more engaging to the
feelings of our guests than the most finished polite-
ness. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind
were placed upon the table; and as the general knew
that some of his guests did not dislike their glass, he
pushed the bottle briskly about. The company were
more and more astonished; at length some of them
took the liberty to express what all of them felt. "I
do not wonder at your surprise," said general W—,
& in justice to myself, I must take this occasion
to explain a conduct which hitherto must have ap-
peared extraordinary to all of you. You must know,
then, that I was bred a linen-draper in London.—
Early in life I set up in business, which for sometime
I carried on with success, and to a considerable ex-
tent. At length, by various misfortunes, I was
obliged to stop payment. I called my creditors to-
gether, and laid my affairs before them; and though
they lost very considerably; they were so satisfied with
my conduct, that they immediately gave me a full
discharge, and some of them even urged me to en-
gage in business anew. But I was so disheartened
with my former ill success, that I could not think of
hazarding myself in the same situation again. At
length, I resolved to go into the army, and by the
interest of one of those creditors, who was satisfied
of the fairness of my conduct, and who pitied my
misfortune, obtained an ensigncy. But though my
creditors were satisfied, I was far from being so.
The idea that they had suffered by me dwelt upon
my mind, and I felt that I could enjoy nothing while
my debts remained unpaid. Happily I have at length
accomplished that object. The last packet from
England brought me a full acquittance from my cre-
ditors of all I owed them, principal and interest.—
Till now I possessed nothing which in justice I could

call my own. Hitherto you have seen me act as a
rigid steward for others; now I must entreat that my
friends will assist me to enjoy an income far beyond
my wants."

I believe my readers will agree with me in think-
ing that the conduct of gen. W— was truly noble.
Of men's actions in public life it is often diffi-
cult to form a just estimate. The statesman may be
applauded for measures which are not his own, and
generally on an admiral may be honoured for the
same to a lucky accident, which, without his skill,
has crowned him with victory, unexpected and un-
expected. But gen. W—'s merit was all his own,
and ought to be rated the higher for this reason, that
it was not of that splendid kind which figures most in
the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of ex-
cellence and worth, is certainly the pleasantest and
the best and most effectual mode of instruction. To
cite opposite examples in our own time, by way of
contrast to this instance in the reign of queen Anne,
would be an ungrateful task. I may mention, how-
ever, in order to take off the idea of that distinction
which some men have arrogated to themselves, from
a contempt of the obligations of justice, that the pre-
eminence which rank or high life formerly used to
claim in that respect, is now in a great measure lost.
Now-a-days there are tradesmen who dissipate their
own money, and waste that with which others have
entrusted them, with all the sang froid of the best
bred people of fashion; and we may meet with more
than one man of spirit behind the counter, who can
cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly
as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

From a late Philadelphia paper.

[Cases like the following do honour to humanity, and
ought to be recorded.]

THOMAS LANCASTER.

THE managers of the Humane Society lately
awarded to Mr. Thomas Lancaster, merchant, of this
city, an *Honorary Certificate*, handsomely framed, for
his extraordinary exertions in rescuing, at the emi-
nent hazard of his own life, two children from drown-
ing in the Delaware.

This certificate has been seen and admired by several
gentlemen. The following are the circumstances
respecting the rescue of the children, viz.

On the 23d of January, 1805, a boy was sliding
on some thin ice that had been formed the night be-
fore over part of a large air hole in the Delaware,
and broke in. Two men, in attempting to save him,
broke in also, but soon got out. In the mean-time
the boy went under the thin ice, and could be seen
through it, floating down with the tide. Thomas
Lancaster was in front, near Market-street, and seeing
others run to the river, he ran also, and saw the
ferry-men standing on the edge of the main body of
ice that then covered the Delaware, and extending
their boat-hooks to where the boy appeared, they
broke the thin ice, and the boy's back came up, but
they were not able to get to him. There being no
chance of saving him in this way, Thomas Lancaster
went to the lower side of the air hole, and in about
a minute the body came floating down, about four
feet below the surface of the water, with his face
down; and when he came within the distance of
eight feet, Thomas Lancaster dove in. The tide was
so strong, that he, with the boy, were in great dan-
ger of being carried under the main body of ice—but
by extraordinary exertions, and the assistance of
others, he rescued the body from the water. The
lad was apparently dead when taken out, but being
carried to the ferry-house, kept by Cadwallader Evans,
he was by proper care soon recovered. The distance
that the boy drifted, part of the way under ice, and
whole of it under the surface of the water, was mea-
sured the next day, (when the hole was entirely
closed with new ice) and found to be 73 feet.

In August last, some boys were bathing in Dock
slip, at high tide, when a carter got two or three of
them into his cart, and drove a considerable distance
into deep water; then turning his cart suddenly
round, he whipped the boys and made them jump in-
to the water. One of the boys not being able to
swim, sunk; but the unfeeling carter drove off.—
Some gentlemen were in Front-street, and saw these
circumstances; but from their distance, were unable
to afford any relief. At this interesting moment,
they saw Thomas Lancaster at the end of Hamilton's
wharf, trying to get off his coat, and without being
able to extricate his arms; as no time could be lost,
he leaped in and freed himself while swimming. He
could only discover where the body was by the bub-
bles that came up; he dove down in 64 feet water,
and brought up the child apparently dead, who was,
however, by suitable care, restored to life, and to the
affectionate embraces of a grateful mother.