

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

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

Miscellany.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO FASHION.

A LAS! 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 crawl 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 fore perplex,
The subject of his verbe;
There's many a one, who on a better text,
Perhaps, might commend worse.

Then think 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, sire 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 ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee, thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on 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 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. FRENCH,
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 (viz. 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 Hains should come, of whose veracity I could no more doubt than of his understanding. The account he gave was this: *Jonathan Pyrab* was a member 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 morrow at 12 o'clock, you shall have such a storm of thunder and lightning, as you never heard before since 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 within three days. I give you a *third sign*: I shall be ordered to advance in the first line; if I am a false prophet, 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 general battle of Fontenoy (1745). He was ordered to advance 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 Character.

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 figure 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 station. When he appeared in public, or upon duty, his dress and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private, even his brother-officers were for sometime ignorant. He did not mix with them, and he partook of none of their expensive pleasures and amusements. At length it was discovered, that he fared worse, 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 promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After serving 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 utmost parsimony; and even those who esteemed him the most were obliged to allow that his love of money (which they considered as a sort of disease) exceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his transactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never 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 astonished at receiving an invitation to dine with their colonel 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 politeness. 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**, "and in justice to myself, I must take this occasion to explain a conduct which hitherto must have appeared 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 extent. At length, by various misfortunes, I was obliged to stop payment. I called my creditors together, 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 engage 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 misfortunes, 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 creditors 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 thinking that the conduct of **gen. W** was truly noble. Of men's actions in public life it is often difficult to form a just estimate. The statesman may be applauded for measures which are not his own, and a general or an admiral may be distinguished for all his fame to a lucky accident, which, without his star, has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. 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 excellence and worth, is certainly the pleasanter, if not 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, however, 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 intrusted 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 gallantly 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 eminent hazard of his own life, two children from drowning 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 before 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 danger 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 measured the next day, (when the hole was entirely closed with new-ice) and found to be 75 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 into 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 bubbles 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.