

a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and expressed a great desire to be introduced to him, which her situation rendered impossible without the assistance of a friend; and that having learnt this circumstance by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together. The captain was confused; replied, that he must be imposed upon; and he doubted whether he ought not, to resent it. The duke, however, soon relieved him from his difficulty by introducing him to the dining-room, where to the captain's amazement, his wife and children were seated at table; the duke having sent for them from Yorkshire. After dinner the duke presented the astonished captain with the deed of an ample annuity, saying—"I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money better."

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *bercetui*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country; the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent.—I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the Historian might be short and precarious.—I will add two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or, at least, five quarto volumes:—1. My rough MS. without any intermediate copy, has been sent to press.—2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and of the printer; the faults and merits are exclusively my own.

LATE DR. JOHN MOORE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In the former part of his Grace's life he was the Curate of Brackley, in Northamptonshire, in which at that time resided a plumber of the name of Watts, who, having a comfortable independence, kept an open table every market-day for the neighbouring Gentlemen and Clergy.—Amongst his guests on such occasions was Mr. Moore; but ceasing to be frequent in his visits, Mr. Watts inquired the cause: the reply was, "Mr. Watts, I am at this time ten pounds in your debt, which I am unable to pay, and I feel a little delicacy in intruding on your hospitable table." Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual, adding, that he had twenty pounds more at his (Mr. Moore's) service. In the course of their lives Mr. Watts fell into decay, and the poor Curate became Archbishop of Canterbury. In this elevated rank he did not forget his humble friend, but made his latter days comfortable, and after his death settled an annuity on his widow, who died lately, at the advanced age of 97, up to which time the annuity was regularly paid by his Grace's family.