

\* unanimously conferred upon me this day, than of that unjust sentence which you passed upon me with so much infamy the year before. But it gives me the utmost concern, upon your account, when I see that it is easier to merit your favour and applause by flattery, and conniving at the rogueries of a pack of villains, than by a frugal and uncorrupt administration of the public revenues.' He then disclosed all the frauds and thefts which had been committed that year in the treasury, which he had privately minutated down for that purpose. The consequence was, that all these, who just before had been so loud in his praise, were struck dumb with shame and confusion; but he himself received those high encomiums, which he had so justly merited, from every honest citizen.

THE following anecdote is related of Sir Charles Coote, afterwards Earl of Montrath, who was a brave officer in Ireland in the reign of King Charles I. A council of war being held on an enterprise that appeared very hazardous to undertake; the relieving Geashill castle, he said, 'That if they made haste, they might easily pass the defiles and caufeways, before the enemy could assemble to oppose them: To which a person replied, 'Perhaps it might be so, but when the country was alarmed, how should they get back?' To which Sir Charles directly answered, 'I protest I never thought of that in my life: I always considered how to do my business, and when that was done I got home again as well as I could, and hitherto I have not missed of forcing my way.' His advice was followed, and the castle relieved.

THE family arms of Pope Innocent XII are three cups, which he ordered to be inverted, implying, that instead of filling, he intended to pour out and distribute, adding this motto, *Alia, non sibi*. To others, not to himself; but Paquin placed the comma after the word *non*, and thus quite altered the meaning, though with too much truth.

IN the times of Addison and Steele, players were held in greater contempt than, perhaps, they deserved. Honest Basscourt, Verbruggen, and Underhill, were extremely poor, and assumed no airs of insolence. They were contented with being merry at a city feast, with promoting the mirth of a set of cheerful companions, and gave their jest for their reckoning. At that time, it was kind to say something in defence of the poor good natured creatures, if it were only to

keep them in good humour; but at present, such encouragements are unnecessary. Our actors assume all that state off the stage, which they do on it; and to use an expression borrowed from the Green Room, every one is up in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters; more provoking still, the public seems to forget them too.

Macrobius has preserved a prologue, spoken and written by the poet Laberius, a Roman knight, whom Cæsar forced upon the stage, written with great elegance and spirit, which shews what opinion the Romans in general entertained of the the profession an actor.

*Necessitas ejus cursus transversi impetum, &c.*

What! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,

And save from infamy my sinking age.

Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,

What in the name of dotage drives me here?

A time there was, when glory was my guide,

Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside,

Unaw'd by pow'r and unappal'd by fear,  
With honest thrift I held my honour dear,  
But this vile hour disperses all my store,  
And all my hoard of honour is no more.

For ah! too partial to my life's decline,  
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine.  
Him I obey, whom heaven itself obeys,  
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.  
Here then at once, I welcome every shame,  
And cancel all threescore a life of fame;  
No more my titles shall my children tell,  
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;  
This day beyond its term my fate extends.

For life is ended when our honour ends.

A SURGEON of one of his Majesty's ships, a young gentleman of as much veracity as skill in his profession, relates the following little anecdote, in a letter to his friend:

'I was reading in my birth, when I heard a scratching between the linding and side of the ship, which continuing for some time, with intervals that indicated fear, I supposed it to proceed from rats ascending, between the ribs, to issue from an hole formed by the removal of a plank of the linding, to keep the ship sweet and airy. This vacancy is about two feet from the deck of my birth. Sure enough, a rat soon appeared, and, after well surveying the place, retreated with the greatest caution and silence, whilst I sat quite motionless, employing no other faculty but that of