

John THE Master
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Authentic Memoirs of Lord Howe.

(With an elegant Engraving of that Officer.)

RICHARD HOWE, viscount Howe, baron Clenawly in the kingdom of Ireland, and baronet, is now rear admiral of the white squadron of his majesty's fleet; commander in chief of the naval forces in North America; one of his majesty's commissioners for restoring to their forfeit rights such Americans as may return to their allegiance; member in the present British parliament (as well as in the two last) for the Borough of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness, in Devonshire; and a privy counsellor.

His lordship was second son of Emanuel Scrope Howe, lord vis. Howe, by the present viscountess dowager Howe (who was heiress to her father, baron Kielmansegg, a count of the German empire, and master of the horse to king George the second, as elector of Hanover.) He was brought up early to a sea life, and was a lieutenant in the navy when his father died, March 29, 1735, and his first commission, as post captain, was dated April 10, 1746.

His lordship's elder brother, George Augustus, succeeded to the honours of his family, January, 1777.

ther, but being killed at the attack of Ticonderoga, July 5, 1758, and dying without issue, they devolved to the present peer, who on the tenth of March, in the same year, had married the daughter of — Hartopp, Esq; lieutenant governor of Plymouth, by whom he has issue, one daughter.

In the year 1768, his lordship was colonel of the Chatham division of marines, and treasurer of the navy, but he quitted these employments on his being advanced to the rank of admiral; was succeeded as colonel of marines by the hon. Samuel Barrington, and as treasurer of the navy, by Sir Gilbert Elliot.

His lordship's abilities as a seaman and an officer were so well known, that his late royal highness the duke of York was put under his care, to imbibe from him (when captain of the *Magnanime*) the knowledge necessary for the great naval offices he was destined to fill. And we may add, that Lord Howe's great and eminent services to his country in the late war, will transmit his name with honour to posterity.

tered for my bargains."—"What do you mean, Eugenio?"—"Mean! come into this closet, and I will shew you."

The friends then went together into a small dressing room, and while Eugenio was opening his wardrobe, to produce his vouchers, Polydore was examining two pictures that were stuck against the wainscot, in very indifferent frames. "Where the devil did you get these? cried he, in a transport.—"Prythee be quiet; you cannot flatter me there;" replied Eugenio. "I bought that trash upon my own judgment, when I first set out a picture fancier, and before I knew one master from another." "Did you so?" answered his friend; "Why then to speak with that openness of heart, which is ever the consequence of true friendship, and good champagne, I must declare to you that I would rather have these two shabby-looking fellows, than all your fine-dressed gentlemen in your grand apartments."—"You are not in earnest, sure!"

"Indeed I am; and I am very sorry to see that you are so much alarmed. Let us finish our champagne, and think no more of these matters to-night:—to-morrow morning, over a dish of tea, we will coolly examine your collection, one by one, and bring them to a very just, but severe trial"—They did so, and the sentence was, that the two discarded pictures in the closet were excellent in their kind; but that the others were, at best, tolerable copies, or very indifferent originals; that Eugenio had been greatly imposed upon; that he had given himself up into the hands of connoisseurs who had used him most unmercifully; and that there was no way of avoiding the mischiefs of conversing with them, but by following the advice which Ulysses gave his companions, in order to escape the Syrens; which was, to close up his ears for the future against their delusions. Such advice to such a man is certainly worthy his attention: every Eugenio should, while he trusts up his ears, open his eyes, and draw his purse-strings as close as he can.

Fugitive Thoughts on the Celebration of the Christmas Holidays.

THE different methods of keeping this season of the year are a matter of curious inquiry with the generality. Christmas is looked upon as a festival, in the most literary sense, and held sacred by gormandizing and drinking in an eminent degree. It is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious number of turkeys and chins, and collars of brawn, that trilled up as presents to the metropolis on this

occasion. The revenue from the malt-tax, and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of the twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably.

As to persons of high rank and fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the months of July and August. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupt the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few, who remain, are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time, for the Theatres, at this season, are opened only for the reception of school-boys, apprentices, and servant-wenchies; and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded by the ill-bred inhabitants of Stony-batter, Cross-lane, and James's-street.

On the other hand, there is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this merry season, as those of the lower class, who are rejoiced, from levying the taxes which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes.

This gift was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries; but the Christmas-boxes now are almost demanded as a right, by our journeymen, and other servants, who commence beaux and belles for the holidays; in consequence of which, the sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies from the kitchen, and the galleries with critics from the work shop, while the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-boards employ the holiday gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but, before the end of it, has committed a robbery on the till for more.

The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting with as much pleasure as the treat of a new-elected Alderman, or a Lord Mayor's-day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the game-act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret the loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable housewives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend their mince-pies without meat, which, we are assured, were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would indeed look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violati-

on of Christmas; and have remarked with concern, the disregard that has been shewn of late years to that old English repast; for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas as pancake to Shrove-Tuesday, tansy to Easter, furnity to Mid-lent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas-day.

I say nothing of those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, as, from the emptiness of the churches and the little attention that is paid to religious duties by most ranks of people, it appears a sacred observation of these holidays is not the taste of the present enlightened times. Nor is the laudable old hospitable usage of keeping open house in the country for the poor neighbourhood any longer regarded, any more than the humane custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the necessitous. These presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are transmitted as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe to his patron.

These modern refinements, so different from the manners of our ancestors, will, no doubt, make the reader exclaim with me,

O Tempora! O Mores!

Humourous Anecdote of the Countess of Chesterfield, daughter of the first Duke of Ormond.

THIS Lady was a celebrated beauty, and the greatest coquette of the gay court of Charles the Second. She was beloved by the Duke of York, and idolised by Count Hamilton, whose jealous temper had given her a great deal of pain. In one of his fits of vexation, he persuaded the Earl, her husband, who treated her with great severity, to carry her from the pleasures of dear London, in the midst of the month of December, to pass her Christmas at his seat, called Bradley-hall, in Derbyshire. She soon discovered the treachery of her gallant, and, pretending great sorrow for having offended him, contrived to inveigle him to visit her in her retreat, through all the real inconveniencies of bad roads, dreadful weather, and dark nights, with the additional terrors of imaginary precipices and bogs, which she had painted in her letter, to exaggerate the miseries of his journey. A cold dirty cottage was provided for his concealment, and at midnight her maid let him into a paddock, under promise of an interview. The night began with rain, and ended with frost; so that, when the day approached, he was in a manner cased with ice. He quitted his station in despair, and retired to his cabin, where the servant soon after informed

him, that he had better return to London as fast as possible, as the Earl was constantly with her lady, and had some suspicions of the Count's intending a visit to his wife. The unfortunate enamorado sallied out, and found the country by no means so dreadful, with respect to bogs and precipices, as it had been represented to him. In short, he returned to London the next night, and the Duke of York having received a narration of the whole adventure from the injured fair-one, the amorous Count continued the ridicule of the gay Monarch, and his merry court, for a considerable time afterwards.

The Life of Thomas Coryate.

TOM CORYATE, of vain-glorious memory, was a man of a remarkable queerness of aspect, and of as singular a character. He had learning but he wanted judgment*, which is, alone, equivalent to all the other qualities of the mind. He travelled over a great part of Europe on foot, and distinguished himself by walking nine hundred miles with one pair of shoes, which as he informs us, he got mended at Zurich. He afterwards travelled into the Eastern countries; and seems to have been as frugal in meat and drink, as he was in shoes; as he tells his mother in a letter to her, that in his ten months travels betwixt Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but "three pounds, living reasonably well," for about two-pence a day." He sometimes ventured his life, by his ill timed zeal for Christianity; having on several occasions publicly declared Mahomet to be an impostor. He delivered an oration to the Mogul in the Persian language, and spoke that of Indostan with such volubility, that he was an over match for a notorious scold in her mother tongue. He, like other coxcombs, died without knowing himself to be of that character, in 1617 †.—The most singularly remarkable of his books is entitled, "Crudities hastily gobbled up in five months travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhesia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands:" Lond. 1611. 4to. Before this book are about sixty copies of verses by the poets of the age, who tickled the vanity of the author, while they made a jest of the man. This book has been lately republished.

N O T E.

* He had a head mishapen like that of Therfites in Homer, but the cone stood in a different position; the picked part being before. See "Fuller's Worthies," in Somersetshire, p. 31.

† Had he lived, says Mr. Aubrey, to return into England, his travels had been more estimable; for though he was not a wife man, he wrote faithfully matter of fact. MSS. In Musæ. Ashmol.