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Miscellaneous.

The following is an extract from the "Travels of Monsieur de Noak," who in April, 1813, was appointed American consul for the city and kingdom of Tunis. He sailed on his mission from Charleston in May, on board the letter of marque schooner *Joel Barlow*, bound for France. After a passage of thirty-five days the vessel approached the French coast, but on the evening of the 31 of July was captured by the British frigate, the *Briton*, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines; then attached to the blockading squadron off Rochefort. Mr. Noak describes the disappointment this unlooked for change of prospects occasioned in himself, and the sensations it produced in the crew, but he seems to have met the event like a philosopher, and being provided with comfortable lodgings, he went to sleep with the consolation of knowing that "it is not in mortals to command success." He then proceeds thus with his narrative.—*George A. Alvertiser.*

The next morning I awoke refreshed with an agreeable night's rest, the first I had experienced for some time. An invitation was sent to us to take breakfast with the captain, which was accepted. Sir Thomas Staines received us with much politeness and civility. He fired us, it is true, no consolation on our capture, nor dealt out unmeaning expressions of regret which I was satisfied he could not feel.—He appeared to be about the age of forty, with a frank manly countenance, the interest of which was somewhat heightened by his having lost an arm in an engagement with a French frigate, in the Bay of Naples, which he fought with a sloop of war. He informed us that we were near land, and in fact pointed out the island of Oleron, which was in sight. "Had you continued the chase long," said he, "you would have run ashore;" another motive for being reconciled to our fate. After breakfast was concluded, he took us into his front cabin, where a choice selection of books was neatly arranged, and while he apologized for his absence, recommended them to our notice. We approached the land near enough to distinguish the small cottages and the green banks, a sight extremely refreshing after a long voyage.

The captain invited us to visit the ship, which was in fine order, and was one of the largest of her class—the men healthy, and apparently with a full complement. I could see no disparity of force between this frigate and any of ours, and took occasion to make the observation to the captain. He admitted that the *Briton* was a large frigate, but contended that our constitution and the United States were heavier ships, mounted more guns, and had in general the best and most select crews.—We now approached the squadron at anchor in Baque roads, consisting of four sail of the line and some smaller vessels. When preparing to anchor, the flag ship of the admiral commenced signals which were answered by our vessel. The officer, after having made out the report of the signals, reported to the captain that the admiral directed him to send for letters. I could not but admire this telegram to mode of communication, and consider it as one of the most ingenious and useful inventions for the conveyance of orders, and interchange of opinions and sentiments, that nautical expediency could devise. Indeed, for an extensive naval force, like that of Great Britain, it is indispensable. A boat put off from the frigate, which soon returned with letters and papers, and reported that nothing new had transpired.

I did not forget that this was the fourth of July, a day of jubilee in our country; when every citizen gave loose to joy on its return; toasted the heroes of our independence, and united in a solemn convocation for the preservation of our rights and liberties. It was a melancholy reflection, to think on the day and all its joys, the proud display of our citizens in arms, the streaming banners, the roar of artillery, the joyful smiling faces—contrasted with our situation, on the deck of a British frigate, and so immediately under the protection of its flag that we could not escape. The captain, whether he was aware that this was the birthday of our independence, or was disposed to permit us to be alone, stated that he was to dine with his officers. "There is my cabin," said he, "there is wine and music—make yourselves at home." We accepted of this cordial and frank invitation, and took possession of his cabin, and while virtually and substantially prisoners of war, we ordered the band to strike up a gay air, while we drank to the day and prosperity to our arms. I subsequently discovered that Sir Thomas Staines was aware that the fourth of July with Americans was a day of rejoicing, and had ordered a "sloop of wine" to be dealt out to our sailors, who were quietly seated on the gun-deck; an act of liberality which reflected honor on his character. The next morning, another signal

was observed from the flag-ship, which, after was stationed on the right, which, on our ensome interchange was made out to be "send France, struck up *God save the King*." "Sir the American gentlemen on board." Our captain ordered the question to be asked, "with no occasion to stand up when God save the King is played, though we are accustomed to do it." We did not avail ourselves of this deverse with you," said he, as he ordered the heat permission, but stood up until the air boat to be prepared.—you can see his list of prizes and their value; as he is particular in keeping a register." We got into the boat, and shortly found ourselves on board the *Bulwark* 74, commanded by Captain North, and bearing the flag of rear admiral Durham. The admiral received us as very courteously, & made several enquiries as to our voyage, news in America, and prospects of the duration of the war; and, as was anticipated, he showed us a list of American vessels captured within one year, the value of which, according to his computation, exceeded 800,000 sterling, an amount that I could not conceive would have been hazarded on the coast of France. "Your merchants," he observed, "have too much enterprise for the prosperous issue of their expeditions; they calculate erroneously, that if one vessel arrives safe out of three, that they will be no loser. If even," said he, "this was the case, it is impossible that the aggregate profits of the one will cover the loss of the two. But it must be known, that in the aggregate, one vessel out of three does not arrive however." said he, with a smile. "I like enterprise; and if your insurance companies do not complain, they will never hear any objections on my part." He assured us, in conveying an idea of the profits incident to his command, that his share of the prizes would not fall short of 10,000; "and under such circumstances, I have no objection to the continuance of the war." The admiral then invited us to visit the ship, gave orders to have the armoury, carpenter's and other rooms lit up, while he politely accompanied us through every part, and explained the various facilities and peculiar advantages of each department. The ship was in elegant order; the armoury displayed every species of warlike weapons, arranged with taste and fancy, and in the highest state of preservation. The carpenter's and riggers' department were equally worthy of observation, and every thing in short indicated convenience and comfort, and an organization which we could hardly believe a vessel of war capable of sustaining. The admiral, on our departure, invited us to return to dinner, saying with much frankness and hospitality, "I'll have the grange thrown out and catch you some French turbot." On our return to the *Bloom*, we learnt that the schooner had been sent to England, commanded by a lieutenant, midshipman, and two more; and that our captain was on board. We also discovered that the admiral had disposed of our French passengers by forcing them on board a little fishing smack out of Rochelle, contrary to the prayers and entreaties of the fishermen, who assured the officers that they would be impressed the moment of their arrival. I should like to have gone on shore on the same terms; but in reply to my solicitations, I was told that I must be sent to England—an event by no means desirable, as it subjected me to delay and additional expense. At four o'clock we were conveyed to the *Bulwark*, and found several captains and officers, to whom we were separately introduced. "We have caught the turbot for you," said the admiral, "and, with a good glass of charet, you may, if you please, imagine yourself in France"—a meagre substitute for the reality. "We supply our lives with French wine," said he, "from the *class-marees*, which are small coasters, generally laden with wine and those not worth sending in when captured we let go, after replenishing our stock." The conversation at dinner was sprightly, and on general subjects. I discovered that most of the officers were experienced men and were familiar with important national, as well as political subjects, which were handled with delicacy and address—no reference at any time was had to the war, and no remark even remotely made, served to indicate to us our situation. While partaking of a choice desert, which, on board of a vessel having no connection with the shore, appeared rather singular; a young midshipman entered the cabin, and handed the admiral a folded paper; which, after reading, he emitted and reached to me, saying, "will you have a bill of the play?"—and I read, with no small surprise, the following written bill:—"This evening, by permission of rear admiral Durham, will be performed, on board his majesty's ship *Bulwark*—a celebrated play, in five acts, written by John O'Keefe, esq. called *Wild Oats*; or the *Strolling Gentleman*. After the play, a hornpipe will be danced. The whole to conclude with Foot's afterpiece of the *Mayor of Garret*. Performance to begin at half past seven o'clock. *Vivat Rex et Regina.*" "Here, sir," said the admiral, "what do you think of that? Shall we patronise the drama?" "By all means," said I—"there is no reason why Neptune should not be dramatised; but of all arts, the histrionic art is the last I should think could be perfected at sea." "Don't think so," said the admiral, "we have as excellent a company of comedians as any ship in the fleet, and I'll warrant you'll say so. A boy announced that the play was ready, and we arose to visit this nautical theatre. On the gun-deck, some fifteen paces from the officer's ward room, we found it fitted up with a neatness, as well as ornament, that was really surprising. Scenery, drapery, stage doors with knockers, foot-lights, and all the paraphernalia necessary to a well organized and well governed stage. A full band of music

cloud, all at once emerging into glorious brightness: the latter, the
Mark and model of the time
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristsy of virtue.
So good, so kind, so cheerful, so domestic
so loving and beloved; doomed first to horrid violation, and then by her own hands to death
are drawn with a strength and beauty, worthy of the highest admiration. The equestrian statue of Tarquin, shattered by a flash of lightning, is an incident, that for sublimity and grandeur, is scarcely equalled in the whole drama.
The following scene, in the third act, well represented, would electrify an audience:
The forum, the populace fill the stage. Brutus is disce
vered upon the forum. The dead body of Lucretia is
in a bier beneath Coriolanus, Luccius and the female attendants of Lucretia; stand around her corpse.
Valeant omnia etia sunt.
Br. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance we have told our story
And now, to say one word of the imposture,
The mask necessity has made me wear
When the ferocious malice of your King,
King do I call him?—When the monster Tarquin,
Slew, as most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus and my elder brother,
Envy at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
Eut in the false face I have worn so long?
1st Rom. Most wonderful!
2nd Rom. Silence! he speaks again
Br. Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? behold this dagger,
Clothed with gore! behold that frozen corpse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was form'd
The very shrine and sacristsy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild
And never resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine
Can I conceive beyond her; the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darts, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring ripe from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet tiny rose
How from the shade of those ill neighboring plants
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but arr'd in purest grace,
She bloom'd unsullied leafy. Such perfection
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
To long forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,
And turn'd desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! oh, my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome: our age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task, all ran,
And mothers tuning to their daughters, cried
There, there's Lucretia! now, I ask ye where she lies!
Tha' beautiful flower, that innocent sweet rose
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone!
All. Sexus shall die!
Br. But then—the king—his father—
1st R. What shall be done with him!
2d R. Speak Brutus!
3d R. 'Tis I!
Br. Say, would ye seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do! Ask ye your consciences
Which saw us poison'd brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
Ask ye a sacred street, where Tullius drove
O'er his dead father's corse, 'twild cry, revenge!
Ask ye our senate house whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, revenge!
Go to the tomb, where lies his murder'd wife
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son,
Their unappas'd ghosts will shriek, revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves shall justify the cry
And swell the general sounds, revenge, revenge!
All. Revenge! revenge!
Br. And we will be revenged, my countrymen;
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name,
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.
1st R. Live Brutus!
2d R. V. chant Brutus!
3d R. Down with Tarquin!
2d R. We'll have no Tarquin!
1st R. We will have a Brutus!
3d R. Let's to the capitol, and shout for Brutus.
Br. I, your king!
Brutus your king!—No fellow citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strong one kingly fibre, yes, but once—
By all the gods, th' dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it enwound my heart.
Pal. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus!
Brutus, the new record'd Brutus, by Sybil,
By both an prophetess foretold, shall lead us.
Br. Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars.—On! Brutus leads you!
Exeunt; the mob shouting.

BRUTUS, OR THE FALL OF TARQUIN.
We commenced the perusal of this Play with sentiment of the most eager curiosity, and it is no exaggeration to say, we concluded it with feelings of the highest admiration and pleasure. The circumstance of a young American, destitute of patronage, and without literary celebrity, having pronounced a successful *Tragedy* on the British boards—taking too, as the ground work of his drama, the identical foundation attempted to be built upon by several of their own writers in vain; we confess sharpened our appetite, and created in our mind high expectations. To say that in the perusal of this production, all our favorable anticipations in regard to it, were realized—that we were satisfied—were faint praise. We read it with deep attention, and upon concluding it, we know not whether we felt most of admiration for the performance, or of gratitude towards its author. Mr. Payne has not only reared a monument to his own fame, but has conferred honor upon the land of his nativity.
The story of the pollution of Lucretia, and the consequent expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, is familiar to every historical reader. Mr. Payne observes in his preface that seven plays had been written upon this subject, that two only were thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. He acknowledges that in his play he has adopted the conceptions and language of his predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which he had prescribed. He observes, "This has been so done, as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property—such obligations, to be culpable must be secret; but it may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available, without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition."
Mr. Payne has laid his plot with the sagacity of one, well aware of the advantages of stage effect. His scenes are short; the action is busy, we had almost said hurried, and various—the language always appropriate, and frequently sublime. The characters of Brutus and Lucretia are extremely interesting. The former sheathed in the "mask necessity made him wear," to shelter him from the power of Tarquin; suddenly throwing off the "false face he had worn so long," like the orb of day for a time obscured by a passing

cloud, all at once emerging into glorious brightness: the latter, the
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TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

FROM THE AURORA.

The novel circumstance of a tragic drama from an American pen, induces us to publish the following extract of a letter from a Philadelphian now in London; the tragedy is written by Mr. Payne, who is, we believe, a native of New-York state, and who, like Shakespeare, made his debut as a dramatic performer before he became a dramatic writer: we see by the public papers that this tragedy is in rehearsal at our own theatre, and it is said will be brought forward in a week or two.