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REAL FRIENDSHIP.



REAL FRIENDSHIP is rarely to be found. Antiquity furnishes but few instances of it; the present age scarce one. The example I shall produce of this generous, disinterested, & virtuous passion, is not from our own country, but from

the history of Poland.

Octavius and Leobellus, two young Gentlemen of Wilna in Lithuania, where bred up together; and were inseparable companions; they seemed to have but one will, or two bodies actuated by one soul: So that reason and justice always regulated their sentiments when they differed. While they were at the University, Octavius fell in love with Paulina, a Lady of superior rank, both as to birth and fortune, and moreover destined, by her relations, for Gelafius, a young Nobleman, whose haughtiness, in his address to the young Lady gave her such a disgust towards his person, that the preferred Gentleman Octavius, in her heart to the Nobleman Gelafius, supposing that the Lady's aversion to him was occasioned by his rival Octavius, threatened him with his resentment. Octavius only answered, That inclination was free, and if he could engage that of Paulina, it was not his resentment that should make him desist. The consequence of which answer was, that they were thoroughly displeas'd with each other.

Gelafius prevailed with Paulina's relations to forbid all intercourse and correspondence between her and Octavius, and to oblige her to look upon Gelafius as one desig'n'd to be her husband; which increased her aversion to Gelafius, and her affection for Octavius. Gelafius in his efforts, and resolv'd to remove his rival. Being inform'd by spies, hired on purpose, that Octavius frequently entertained Paulina at her window, he took with him a friend, named Megafius and a servant had formed an ambush, near Paulina's house, to intercept the lovers. At the time expected, Octavius advanced with his friend Leobellus, who at the appearance of Paulina, by a signal given, retreated to give the lovers an opportunity to converse; but immediately the servant fell upon Leobellus, while Gelafius and Megafius took the task of dispatching Octavius. Leobellus soon disabled the servant, and flying with speed to the assistance of Octavius found him with his back to a wall, maintaining a very unequal fight; and, at the first thrust he laid Gelafius dead; and then turning upon Megafius wounded him and made him fly; he himself having received no hurt; but Octavius was desperately wounded.

This affair was represented, by Megafius, to the friends of Gelafius, to be a treachery contriv'd by the two friends, who had assisted them in the dark; which being depose'd before the Magistrate, Octavius was taken but Leobellus made his escape, concealing himself, with hopes to find an opportunity to prove his own

and his friend's innocence. However Octavius was tried, and upon the sole evidence of Megafius, was sentenced to lose his head; and he was already brought upon the scaffold, to be executed, when Leobellus, rushing through the crowd, called to the executioner to stop his hand for that he himself was the only person guilty; and, mounting the scaffold, declared the truth of the matter to the Magistrate, cleared his friend, and offered his own life to satisfy the law. The whole multitude cried pardon, and the Magistrate carried back the two friends to the Hall, to rehear the case. When, in the presence of the palace of Wilna, the two friends generously contending which should die to save the other, he patiently heard every circumstance of this dark affair; and having heard, with pleasure and surprise, Leobellus plead for his friend's discharge, said, 'So far am I from judging you guilty, or condemning you to death that I cannot but look upon what you have done to be a glorious action. I therefore acquit you both, and resigne Octavius to lose his head for his treachery and perjury; and request, as a favour, to be admitted the third into your friendship.' He also procured Octavius the happiness of Paulina; married Leobellus to a relation of his own, and recommended them both to advantageous posts in the Court of Poland.

A Relation of the Conspiracy against Peter III. Czar of Muscovy, extracted from a suppressed Book, entitled Russian Anecdotes.

PETER III. was at Oranienbaum, attended with a splendid court: the Empress was at Petershoff with a small retinue. Prince George of Holstein, the Emperor's Uncle, was returned to Petershoff with his family, to give some orders relative to the Emperor's approaching voyage into Germany. The whole city of Petershoff enjoyed that profound tranquillity and was wrapped in that silence and repose, that seldom precedes great revolutions. All of a sudden the storm arose, and spread universal Terror among all ranks and orders. In the midst of this confusion the Empress appeared escorted by a company of guards, who cried continually, *Long live the Empress Catherine!* while the brutal multitude joined in the cry, without knowing or enquiring what it meant. Prince George of Holstein hearing the noise, observing the banners placed before the Imperial palace, and seeing all things in confusion, mounted his horse in order to join the Emperor at Oranienbaum, attended by a single hussar. He was stopped by a troop of the horse guards; one of these barbarians pulled him off his horse, and another had his pistol cocked to shoot him through the head, had not a third more humane, prevented it. He was brought in at a wretched carriage in the gate of the palace, where an order was to conduct him to his house, and to keep him prisoner there with his whole family. At his father's house, he found his house plundered, his children robbed and stripped almost naked, and his officers and servants shut

up in a cellar. In the mean time all the other regiments, with the clergy and colleges, were assembled in the palace by an order from the Empress. Astonishment, terror, discontent, desertion, and malice, were painted in their faces; a manifesto was drawn up to exhort the people to thank heaven for having inspired them with perjury and treason, and the oaths were taken to Catharine, who, the same evening, marched with her guards and a train of artillery, to seize the person of the Emperor, and disarm his German troops. This prince had passed the night very quietly at Oranienbaum, and the next morning went to Petershoff, with an intention to dine with the Empress; some say, with a design to secure her person—and this is not improbable. Surprised not to find the Empress there, he gulfed at the mystery, though all possible precautions had been taken to cut off all intelligence from him. His first resolution was to oppose force to force, and to defend himself with his German troops; but by old Munich's advice he repaired to Cronstadt, where the fleet lay. Here he was told by an officer, that there was no Emperor in Russia, and that the reins of government were in the hands of Catharine. It was unluckily but about half an hour before his arrival, that the officer had received orders from the Empress to make the whole garrison take the oath of allegiance to her alone. The Emperor returned to Oranienbaum, and though he had with him 300 hussars and dragoons well mounted, and ready to spend the last drop of their blood in his service, though the road to Livonia was open, and a formidable army, in which he could confide, was ready to receive him in Germany, though his retinue was more than sufficient to triumph over all the obstacles he could meet with in his way, yet he surrendered himself to the Empress in a manner more humbling and painful to a generous mind, than death itself in its worst form: for nothing can be more ignominious than the abdication of the throne, which he was forced to sign when he fell into the hand of his snail-like consort, an abdication which piety ought to have hindered his enemies to publish. After this, he was brought to Petershoff where he was separated from his favourite Howarditz, and his mistress the countess Woronzoff, and was sent from thence to Roblitz, about 18 miles from Petershoff, where none, even of his menial servants, were permitted to follow him. As soon as the news of the Emperor's imprisonment reached Petershoff, and the people had time to return from their intoxication, repentance, shame, and discontent, discovered themselves in many who had been concerned in this revolution. The guards more particularly, were accused of their perfidy, accused each other of treason, and only wanted a bold leader to set Peter at liberty, and to restore him to his throne.

Our author mentions no more of the circumstances of the death of this prince than the dreadful cries that were heard from his chamber the day he expired, which intimated the most

