
THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 23, 1792.

The Enormities committed by the Natives of Africa on each other, to procure Slaves for the Europeans, proved by the Testimony of such as have visited that Continent.

(Continued from Page 9 and concluded.)

WE have seen that there are no less than sixteen sorts of extraordinary punishments, which, in the moments of passion and caprice, are inflicted on the wretched African slaves; but there are others not yet mentioned; and, strange as it may appear, many women (frequently of respectability and rank) not only order, and often superintend, but sometimes actually inflict, with their own hands, severe punishments on their slaves.

It is painful to mention women on this occasion, but, when it is considered how much the explanation of their conduct will shew the iniquity of the system of slavery, and its baneful influence on those most disposed to benevolence and compassion, I proceed, without further apology, to observe, that General Tottenham mentions an order for a whipping by the wife of a planter, whom the General was visiting, though the husband had declined it. A lady is represented by Mr. Cook as having her domestics flogged every Monday morning. Capt. Cook mentions a woman, of respectable condition, as sending her servant to be flogged for a mistake only. Lieutenant Davison has often known a mistress send her domestics to be punished without telling them for what. He has seen a slave whose

nostrils had been slit by her mistress's order, and a Negro girl flogged by order of her mistress, who died in two days of her wounds.

Dr. Harrison states that a Negro was flogged to death by his mistress's order, who stood by to see the punishment.

Lieutenant Davison has seen several Negro girls at work, in the presence of their mistresses, with a thumb screw on, and he has seen the blood gush out from the end of their thumbs.

Dr. Jackson observes that the first thing that shocked him in Jamaica was a lady superintending the punishment of her slaves, ordering the number of lashes, and, with her own hands, flogging the driver if he did not punish properly.

Capt. Cook relates that two young ladies, in Barbadoes, displeased at the pregnancy of a female slave, tied her neck and heels with her own garters, and then beat her almost to death with the heels of their shoes. Capt. Cook came in during the beating, and saw it himself. He further states that he saw a woman beat a female slave most unmercifully: having bruised her head almost to a jelly, she threw her with great force on the seat of the child's necessity, tried to stamp her head through the hole, and would have murdered her had she not been prevented. The girl's crime was the not bringing money enough from on board a ship, where she had been sent by her mistress for the purpose of prostitution!!!

Lieutenant Davison states that the clergyman's wife, at Port Royal, was remarkably cruel. She used to drop hot sealing wax on her Negroes, after flogging; he was sent for as surgeon to one of them, whose breast was terribly burnt with sealing wax. Mr. Forster also says that he has known a Creole woman, in Antigua, drop hot sealing wax on a girl's back, after a flogging.

Having now stated the substance of the evidence on the subject of offences and punishments, I come now to a custom too general to be passed over in silence.

Dalrymple, Forster, Capt. Smith, and Wilson, and General Tottenham, assert that it is no uncommon thing for persons to turn off their slaves, when past labour, to plunder, beg, or starve. Mr. Clappeson knew a man who had an old woman slave, to whom he would allow nothing. Messrs. Giles and Cook state that, when the slaves were past labour, the owner did not feed them. General Tottenham has often met such; and, once in particular, he met an old woman, past labour, who told him that her master had set her a drift to provide for herself. He saw her, about three days afterwards, lying dead in the same place.

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This custom of turning them off when old and helpless is called—giving them free.

As a proof how little the life of an old slave is regarded in the West Indies, Mr. Coor says that, when he was dining with an overseer, an old woman, who had run away a few days, was brought home; after dinner the overseer and the clerk took the woman to the hothouse, a place for the sick; Mr. Coor soon heard a most distressful cry, and soon after the clerk came to him, in great spirits, and said, "Well, Mr. Coor, old Quasheba is dead. The overseer threw a rope over, I was Jack Ketch, and hauled her up." Mr. Coor said, "You have killed her, I heard her cry." The clerk answered, with a curse, "What signifies killing such an old woman as her? she was good for nothing."

But it appears that the aged are not the only persons whose fate is to be commiserated, when they are disabled; for the young are abandoned to equal misery. General Tottenham saw a youth, about 19, walking in the streets, entirely naked, with an iron collar about his neck, with five long projecting spikes. His body, before and behind, his breech, belly, and thighs, were almost cut to pieces, and with running sores all over them, and you might put your finger in some of the wheals. He could not sit down, his breech being in a state of mortification, and it was impossible for him to lie down from the projection of the prongs. The General asked him who inflicted this punishment. He said, it was his master, and as he could not work, he would give him nothing to eat.

Here it may be asked, are the slaves, under these various acts of cruelty, without redress? To which it may be answered that, with respect to the ordinary punishments, the power of the overseer is under little or no controul.

Mr. Terry says, that slaves, though severely punished for trifling faults, dare not complain for fear of worse treatment; he has known them punished for so doing, though their complaints were just. Mr. Cook has also known slaves punished for complaining to the master, or the attorney. Mr. Coor has known the attorney wink at the oppression of slaves, because he has a per centage on the crop, and the more the overseer pushes them, the more the attorney gains.

Messrs. Davison, Fitzmaurice, and Cook, say that some attorneys live 30, 40, or 50 miles from the estate, and of course the slaves cannot go to complain. They state also that, on some estates, one person holds the office of attorney and overseer at the same time, so that he is under no controul.

As to such of the extraordinary punishments as did not terminate in death, such as dropping hot sealing wax, cutting off ears, and the like, it appears that the slaves had no redress whatever. In the instance cited of the doctor clipping off the ears of a female slave, no more notice was taken of it, says Mr. Coor, than if a dog's ears had been cut off, though it must have been known by the magistrates. In the dreadful instance of a planter's breaking his slave's leg with an iron bar, to induce the surgeon to cut it off, as a punishment, Mr. Dalrymple observes that it was not the publick opinion that any punishment was due to him on that account, and that he was equally well received in society as before.

With respect to such punishments as have terminated in death, it is to be observed that there are no less than seven specific instances mentioned in the evidence, in which slaves died in consequence of the whipping they received, and yet in no one of them was the murderer brought to account.

Mr. Dalrymple says that one of the murderers boasted of what he had done; and Dr. Jackson, speaking of another murderer, says, no attempts were made to bring him to justice. People said it was an unfortunate thing, but they dwelt chiefly on the proprietor's loss.

There are also seven specific instances of extraordinary punishments terminating in death. In one of them, viz. that of throwing the slave into the boiling cane juice, Mr. Terry says the overseer was punished; but his punishment consisted only in replacing the slave, and leaving his owner's service. In that of killing the slave by lighting a fire round him, and putting a hot soldering iron into his mouth, the overseer's conduct, Mr. Giles tells us, was not even condemned by his master; nor in any of the rest were any means whatsoever used to punish the offenders.

In those mentioned by Mr. Woolrich he says, neither of the offenders were called to an account, nor were they shunned in society for it, or considered as in disgrace.

We find, indeed, an instance (and the only one of the kind mentioned) of a white man hanged for the murder of another's slave; but it is remarkable that he is represented as having been hanged more because he was an obnoxious man, than that the murder of a slave was considered as a crime: for Mr. Dalrymple states that the chief justice of the island (Grenada) told him, that he believed if this murderer had been a man of good character, or had had friends, or money to have paid for the slave, he would not have been brought to trial: He was of a
very

very bad character, and had been obliged to leave Barbadoes upon that account.

Such appears to have been, in the experience of the different evidences cited, the forlorn and wretched situation of the slaves. If it be asked whether some new laws have not lately been passed in some of the islands with a view of amending the situation of slaves, it must be answered in the affirmative; but Capt. Giles and Mr. Cook, long resident in Jamaica, and since the passing of the act, know of no legal protection that slaves have now against injuries from their masters. Mr. Clappeson, examined expressly on this subject, says that no regard is paid to these laws, nor did he ever hear of any prosecution for such disregard, and that slaves are still treated as before.

Mr. J. Terry says, that, as to the act passed in Grenada, the opinion there was that it never would have the intended effect. The clergymen of the parish where he resided, never performed the duty the act imposed on them, and he never heard any complaints against them for the non-performance of it. Mr. Dalrymple also believes that the Grenada act will prove ineffectual; because, as no Negro evidence is admitted, they who abuse them will do it with impunity.

Having now mentioned the principal facts contained in the evidence offered to Parliament, by the petitioners of Great Britain, in behalf of the abolition of the slave trade, I shall close all with the words of Mr. H. Ross, who resided from 1761 to 1782 chiefly in Jamaica, and was in every parish in the island. He says, as the result of his most serious reflection, that the slave trade ought to be abolished; not only as contrary to sound policy, but to the laws of God and nature; and were it possible to convey a just knowledge of the extensive misery it occasions, every kingdom of Europe must unite in calling on their legislature to abolish the inhuman traffic. This, he tells us, is not a hasty, or a new sentiment; he publicly delivered the same opinion seventeen years ago, at Kingston, in Jamaica, in a society consisting of the first characters of the place, on debating the following question—"Whether the trade to Africa for slaves was consistent with sound policy, the laws of nature and morality?" This question was discussed at several meetings, and at last it was determined by the majority, *That the trade to Africa for slaves was neither consistent with sound policy, the law of nature, nor morality.*

This determination is certainly just; to be cruel in the degree West India planters are said to have been, is to be truly diabolical.

The History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Second.

[From the New Annual Register for the Year 1790.]

(Continued from Page 64.)

IN the course of our work, the illustrious Sir Walter Raleigh will call for our notice on various accounts, and he will especially be mentioned under the next reign. We here only introduce him as one of the bold adventurers of the time, in which respect he was little inferior to any of his contemporaries. Nor did his enterprises end in the actions and splendour of the moment, but, in a very important instance, were accompanied with permanent effects. To him was owing the design, and the expeditions, which produced the discovery and the settlement of Virginia, a colony long of no small consequence as a part of the territories of Britain, still highly useful to this country in the way of commerce, and now one of the principal of the United States of America.

Thomas Cavendish was the second Englishman that sailed round the world. No man before him had ever compassed the globe in so short a space of time, and few have performed greater things abroad, or returned to his country in superior pomp and triumph. His last voyage was rendered unfortunate by the mutinous disposition of his crew.

But of all the navigators of the age, Sir Francis Drake stands the highest in celebrity and reputation; nor would it be possible, in the narrow limits to which we are confined, to do justice to his merit. Happily, it is not needful; for his name is in the heart and the mouth of every man that has the least acquaintance with the naval history of England. He was the first of our countrymen who completely surrounded the earth, and the first Commander in Chief by whom this had ever been performed; for Magellan died in his voyage. Drake was possessed of all the qualities that are necessary to constitute a hero. Of navigation, in every branch he was a perfect master; and especially of astronomy, and the application of it to the nautical art. He was endued with that ardent mind which prompted him to adventures, and that indefatigable patience which enabled him to surmount difficulties. His intrepidity was such as never to be shaken, and his judgment so clear as never to be perplexed. In quicksightedness, and in public spirit, he had no superior.

superior. Every thing was done by him that could be expected from a man who preferred the honour and profit of his country to his own reputation or private gain; and in making war he did not act from a principle of cruelty or revenge, or carry hostilities farther than was necessary for his own advantage and defence. His notions were free and noble, and the nation stands indebted to his memory for benefits infinitely greater than are commonly imagined. He was the chief spring of our navigation to the West Indies; for though he was not the first that went thither, the expeditions to that part of the world were very much inspired by his two prosperous voyages, in which he acted with extraordinary caution, filled the seamen with confidence, and displayed the practicability of attacking the Spaniards with success. It was in consequence of the light he gave, and the spirit of emulation which his fame had roused, that future adventurers engaged in enterprizes of a similar nature, and were led to the formation of settlements which have been productive of important and durable advantages. Not to mention many other circumstances, which might easily be enlarged upon, he was, in fact, the author of our trade to the East Indies. The books, papers, and charts, that were found in an East India ship, which he took in his return from his expedition to the coasts of Spain, furnished the information which encouraged the undertaking of a commerce with those parts, and produced an application to the Queen, for establishing our first East India Company.

Among the navigators of the reign, Sir Richard Greenville, who was the conductor, though not the framer, of the settlement of Virginia, ought not, perhaps, to have been forgotten; and the same may be said of many other famous seamen. But in an age which was so productive of great men in the line we are treating of, the names of no small number must be sought for, and will be read with pleasure, in the annals more peculiarly appropriated to their exploits. It must here be sufficient to have touched upon some principal characters, so far as they are connected with the History of Knowledge.

In looking back upon the eminent persons that have been specified, a remark occurs, which, though of a general nature, and sufficiently obvious, will perhaps be forgiven. It is, that illustrious men are far from being always fortunate and happy, in proportion to their abilities and exertions. Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake, each of them departed this life in his last voyage, subdued by vexation and disappointments. Thomas Cavendish died of a broken heart, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert,

Gilbert, with the bark in which he sailed, was swallowed up in a tempestuous sea.

The travellers of this period make a figure much inferior to that of the navigators. Of those at least, who wrote in consequence of their travels, scarcely any are to be met with but Giles Fletcher, Ambassador to the Court of Muscovy. On his return home he published a treatise, entitled, "Of the Russe Commonwealth; or the Manner of Government of the Russe Emperor (commonly called the Emperor of Muscovia) with the Manners and Fashions of the People of that Country." The subject was new; Russia being then almost as little known as the remotest regions of the earth. It is a curious performance, and is now become scarce, having been suppressed at first, lest it should give offence to a Prince in amity with England, and having since gone through only one complete edition. The book is divided into three general parts, comprehending the cosmography of the country, its policy, and œconomy or private behaviour. Under the head of policy are considered the ordering of the state, judicial proceedings, and warlike provisions. Many young men, in the same reign, made the tour of France and Italy, and some there were who extended their visits to other kingdoms. But it was not then the custom for almost every traveller to publish an account of what he had seen; a matter which now, perhaps, is carried to an excess. To this disposition we owe indeed a variety of entertaining and valuable works; but there may be instances in which gentlemen might have spared their narratives and their lucubrations without any very sensible injury to the world.

Richard Hakluyt deserves to be mentioned with particular honour in connection with the navigators and travellers of the age. Though he was no voyager himself, excepting to France, as Chaplain to the Ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford, or a principal attendant upon him, every thing relating to discovery excited, from his earliest youth, his warmest zeal and study. Public lectures, in the science of cosmography, were read by him at Oxford; and his various works place him in high esteem as a naval historian. He was peculiarly solicitous to wipe away the reproaches that had been cast upon his own countrymen, by doing justice to their spirit of enterprize and adventure. From this disposition proceeded his chief publication, entitled, "The Principle Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the remote, and furthest distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these fifteen hundred years."

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This collection, which first appeared in 1589, in one volume, folio, was extended in 1598, to three volumes. It still maintains its utility and its reputation; for the author was faithful and indefatigable in searching out and recording whatever was to his purpose.

So many expeditions could not be undertaken, or so many discoveries made, without producing a large accession to knowledge of various kinds. The science of geography was immediately and directly promoted, being rendered at once more accurate and more extensive. In other respects, a far better acquaintance was acquired with the globe we inhabit. The manners of men were seen and examined in their different states of civilization; and on the whole, the view of our countrymen must have been enlarged to a very considerable degree. In such a succession of new and diversified objects, the minds of men acquired a strength and a vigour to which they had hitherto been strangers.

(To be continued.)

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 70.)

HERE I must recount an event which happened that winter, which became the source of all my misfortunes, and to which I must intreat my readers will pay the utmost attention; since this error, if innocence can be error, was the cause that the most faithful and the best of subjects became bewildered in scenes of wretchedness, and was the victim of misery, from his nineteenth to the sixtieth year of his age. I dare presume that this true narrative, supported by testimonies the most authentic, will fully vindicate my present honour, and my future memory.

Francis Baron of Trenck was the son of my father's brother, consequently my cousin-german. I shall speak, hereafter, of the singular events of his life. Being a Commander of Pandours in the Austrian service, and grievously wounded in Bavaria, in the year 1743, he wrote to my mother, informing her he intended me, her eldest son, for his universal legatee.

This letter, to which I returned no answer, was sent to me at Potsdam. I was so satisfied with my situation, and had such numerous reasons so to be, considering the kindness with which the King treated me, that I would not have exchanged my good fortune for all the treasures of the Great Mogul.

On the 12th of February, 1744, being at Berlin, I was in company with Captain Jaschinsky, Commander of the Body-guard, the Captain of which ranks as Colonel in the army, together with Lieutenant Studnitz, and Cornet Wagnitz. The latter was my field comrade, and is at this present Commander General of the Cavalry of Hesse Cassel. The Austrian Trenck became the subject of conversation, and Jaschinsky asked if I was his kinsman: I answered yes, and immediately mentioned his having made me his universal heir. "And what answer have you returned?" said Jaschinsky—"None at all."

The whole company then observed that, in a case like the present, I was much to blame not to answer; that the least I could do would be to thank him for his good wishes, and intreat a continuance of them. Jaschinsky further added, "desire him to send you some of his fine Hungarian horses for your own use, and give me the letter; I will convey it to him, by means of Mr. Boffart, Legation Counsellor of the Saxon Embassy; but on condition that you will give me one of the horses. This correspondence is a family, and not a state, affair; I will make myself responsible for the consequences."

I immediately took my Commander's advice, and began to write; and had those who suspected me thought proper to make the least enquiry into these circumstances, the four witnesses, who read what I wrote, could have attested my innocence, and rendered it indubitable. I gave my letter open to Jaschinsky, who sealed and sent it himself.

I must omit none of the incidents concerning this letter, it being the sole cause of all my sufferings. I shall therefore here relate an event, which was the first occasion of, the unjust suspicions entertained against me.

One of my grooms, with two led horses, was, among many others, taken by the Pandours of Trenck. When I returned to the camp, I was to accompany the King on a reconnoitring party. My horse was too tired, and I had no other: I informed him of my embarrassment, and his Majesty immediately made me a present of a fine English courser.

Some days after, I was exceedingly astonished to see my groom return, with my two horses, and a Pandour trumpeter, who

who brought me a letter, containing nearly the following words.

"The Austrian Trenck is not at war with the Prussian Trenck, but on the contrary is happy to have recovered the horses from his hussars, and to return them to whom they first belonged, &c."

I went the same day to pay my respects to the King, who receiving me with great coldness said, "Since your cousin has returned your own horses, you have no more need of mine."

There were too many who envied me to suppose these words would escape repetition. The return of the horses seems infinitely to have increased that suspicion Frederic entertained against me, and therefore became one of the principal causes of my misfortunes: It is for this reason that I dwell upon this and such like small incidents, they being necessary for my own justification, and were it possible, for that of the King. My innocence is indeed at present universally acknowledged, by the court, the army, and the whole nation; who all mention the injustice I suffered with pity, and the fortitude with which it was endured with surprise.

We marched for Silesia, to enter on our second campaign; which, to the Prussians, was as bloody and murderous as it was glorious.

The King's head quarters were fixed at the convent of Kamenz, where we rested fourteen days, and the army remained in cantonments. Prince Charles, instead of following us into Bohemia, had the imprudence to occupy the plain of Strigau, and we already concluded his army was beaten. Whoever is well acquainted with tactics, and the Prussian manœuvres, will easily judge, without the aid of calculation or witchcraft, whether a well or ill-disciplined army, in an open plain, ought to be victorious.

The army hastily left its cantonments, and in twenty-four hours was in order of battle; and on the 14th of June, eighteen thousand bodies lay stretched on the plain of Strigau. The allied armies of Austria and Saxony were totally defeated.

The body guard was on the right; and previous to the attack the King said to our squadron, "Prove to-day, my children, that you are my body guard, and give no Saxon quarter."

We made three attacks on the cavalry, and two on the infantry. Nothing could withstand a squadron like this, which for men, horses, courage, and experience, was assuredly the

first in the world. Our corps alone took seven standard and five pair of colours, and in less than an hour the affair was over.

I received a pistol shot in my right hand, my horse was desperately wounded, and I was obliged to change on him the third charge. The day after the battle, all the officers were rewarded with the Order of Merit. For my own part, I remained four weeks among the wounded, at Schweidnitz, where there were sixteen thousand men under the torture of the army surgeons, many of whom had not their wounds dressed till the third day.

I was near three months before I recovered the use of my hand: I nevertheless rejoined my corps, continued to perform my duty, and as usual accompanied the King when he went to reconnoitre. For some time past, he had placed confidence in me, and his kindness toward me continually increased, which raised my gratitude even to enthusiasm.

I also performed the service of Adjutant, during this campaign, a circumstantial account of which no person is better enabled to write than myself; I having been present at all that passed. I was the scholar of the greatest master the art of war ever knew, and who believed me worthy to receive his instructions; but the volumes I am writing would be insufficient to contain all that personally relates to myself.

I must here mention an adventure that happened at this time, and which will shew the art of the great Frederic in forming youth for his service, and devotedly attaching them to his person.

I was exceedingly fond of hunting, in which, notwithstanding it was severely forbidden, I indulged myself. I one day returned, laden with pheasants: But judge my astonishment, and fears, when I saw the army had decamped, and that it was with difficulty I could overtake the rear-guard.

In this my distress, I applied to an officer of hussars, who instantly lent me his horse, by the aid of which I rejoined my corps, which always marched as the vanguard. Mounting my own horse, I tremblingly rode to the head of my division, which it was my duty to precede. The King however had remarked my absence, or rather had been reminded of it by my superior officer, who for some time past had become my enemy.

Just as the army halted to encamp, the King rode toward me, and made a signal for me to approach, and reading my fears in my countenance said, with a smile, "What, are you just returned from hunting?"—"Yes, your Majesty;—I hope—"

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Here, interrupting me, he added, "Well, well, for this time I shall take no further notice, remembering Potzdam:—But however let me find you more attentive to your duty."

(To be continued.)

Singular Instances of Subterraneous Fires.

WE include in this appellation the several species of fires that proceed from the earth, whatever be their cause, or however they may be produced; such as those which kindle themselves in mines, pits, common sewers, and even in the bosom as it were of the sea. Almost every writer who treats of the breaking up of mines, gives us instances of these singular phænomena, which are more common than are generally imagined, and since the discovery of the inflammable air of marshes and swamps, have no longer appeared equally wonderful.

A coal mine opened in the mountains near Briançon for the use of the French troops, had been worked many years without inconvenience or accident of any kind, when, in February 1763, the workmen were interrupted in their labours by a phænomenon which they had never before seen, and by which many of them were considerably injured. The mine had been shut up for a single day only; in the mean time an inflammable vapour had collected near the works, which took fire with a considerable explosion when the men entered with their candles. The danger they ran, and the injury done to others, who not believing the account of these men, were resolved to have the demonstration of their senses, determined the proprietors to abandon the mine and open another: but the precaution was useless; they still found the same enemy.

M. Pajot, Intendant of the Province, hearing of the accident, examined the workmen, who informed him, that when they approached the works of the mine, the flames of their candles gradually increased in length, and that the explosion almost instantly took place.

From the report of M. Duhamel and M. de Montigny, who were deputed by the Academy to inquire into the matter, we learn, that a similar phænomenon was known in the coal mines in Hainault by the name of *feu brison*. A whitish vapour, somewhat resembling a spider's web, issued with violence through the crevices in the walls of the works. This vapour is very inflammable, and makes so violent an explosion when it

it takes fire, as to strike down and nearly deprive of life every workman who does not take the precaution of throwing himself prostrate on the earth; for it is to be remarked, that the vapour exercises its chief force towards the upper part of the mine, while little or no effect is felt at the bottom.

Hook, in his Philosophical Collection, tells us that a similar accident happened in the mines near the Mendip Hills, in the county of Somerset. Several workmen were thrown by the explosion from the end of the mine to the entrance; and the effort of the inflamed matter, he says, is sometimes so great, as to carry away the machine at the mouth of the mine.

The Philosophical Transactions mention various phenomena of this kind observed in the Newcastle mines and those of Lancashire. In 1750, three men, who were at work in one of the former, were so forcibly struck by the explosion of the inflamed matter, that their limbs were separated from their bodies.

These transient inflammations sometimes produce permanent fires, and sometimes kindle without the action of any foreign cause. In a mine in the parish of Feugerolles in Forez, the fire kindled of itself, and consumed the whole bed of coals. A similar accident destroyed in the same canton a part of the mountain called Viale. In 1738 the fire kindled in like manner in a mine near St. Etienne, but by great exertion, the communication was intercepted, and the fire extinguished.

These inflammable vapours are not the only ones which the workmen have to apprehend in coal mines. There is another less terrifying, but equally dangerous. It does not take fire; on the contrary, it extinguishes the lamps and candles, and stifles, in the space of a few minutes, every person in the mine. It is called by the name of foul air.

In the mines of Hainault and Auvergne these vapours are frequently announced by a kind of mist or fog; sometimes, however, they are absolutely invisible. They are also found in coal-pits or mines both in England and Scotland. The Philosophical Transactions mention eight persons who were suffocated in one day at the bottom of a ladder placed at the entrance of a mine belonging to Lord Sinclair in Scotland.—Such are the dangers to which the miners are exposed; let us now examine what method they take to guard themselves from them.

In the Lancashire mines, when the men are obliged to discontinue their work, they send into the mine, before they enter it again, a man dressed in a kind of coarse sack with sleeves, which

which covers him from head to foot, so that he can only see by means of two pieces of glass placed conveniently for that purpose; the shirt or sack is made perfectly wet. The man holds a lighted candle in his hand. When he arrives to the place where the vapour is collected, he throws himself on the ground, and waits in this posture till the vapour, which appears in the form of a small cloud, approaches him. He then sets fire to it with his candle. It flames, and puts the air in violent commotion; the men may then enter without danger. This operation ought to be made in time, as the vapour will soon increase by new exhalations, and the cloud become so considerable that it cannot be set on fire without the utmost risk. This method, however, manifestly affords no remedy to the vapour called foul air.

In the mines of Hainault, they employ means less dangerous, and at the same time more sure. They open at regular distances pits, which, in the language of the country, are called *bures d'airage*, or vent-holes. They place as many as possible at the extremities of each gallery. The air has in this case a free passage in the mine, and carries off these formidable vapours. When the circulation is not sufficiently quick, they increase it by suspending in the pits, near the extremities of the galleries, large pans of lighted coals. The rarefaction of air occasioned by these fires attracts the air of the mine, which is at the same time replaced by that which enters through other apertures.

All animal and vegetable substances are in a state of putrefaction, and inclosed in places where they have no free communication with the air, produce inflammable matter that frequently takes fire of itself. The following curious instance happened July 25, 1757.

Mr. Garnier, a master mason, accompanied by two of his workmen, went to examine the shore of a privy, the conduit of which was supposed to be stopped up. The entrance of the sewer was closed up by means of a stone that fitted it exactly. Upon taking up the stone, a blue flame was seen round the edge of it. Having taken a lighted candle in order to look into the vault, Mr. Garnier was incapable of distinguishing any thing on account of a very thick vapour, with which the cavity was filled, and the very strong smell which issued from it. The blue flame seen round the stone did not at all terrify him, as he had witnessed similar phenomena on similar occasions, and he was desirous of ascertaining the state of the vault. For this purpose he made use of a method that increased the fire in
a most

a most alarming manner. That he might be able to see clearly to the bottom of the vault, he threw into it a piece of lighted paper. The flame communicated to the inflammable vapour with which the vault was filled, and so considerable a fire issued from it as to pass the opening of the vault, and extend into the court, where it ascended to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. In this state it continued to flame for the space of half an hour, when it appeared to be extinguished. In a few minutes however it revived; but it was merely for an instant, when it totally ceased. The flame was of a beautiful blue, and the noise it made was like the sparkling of fire in a blacksmith's forge. The neighbours were singularly alarmed, and were scarcely able to support the sulphureous odour which it diffused. It was attended however with no fatal consequences. The workmen felt a sharpness and violent burning in the breast, which continued for the space of a fortnight, and occasioned a slight spitting of blood.

The conduit being stopped up was found to be the cause of this phenomenon. The vapour of the vault having no vent became condensed, and being of a sulphureous nature readily took fire. On the under surface of the stone a whitish and sulphureous matter had collected nearly an inch thick, which caught fire the instant a light was applied to it, and even by simply rubbing it.

In 1664, an inhabitant of Rome, who had a house on the banks of the Tiber, was desirous of emptying a pit situate behind a dunghill. The men whom he employed had nearly finished the undertaking, when one of them descended into the pit with a lighted candle; but scarcely had he arrived half way, when he exclaimed with all his might, desiring to be drawn up again, on account of the extreme heat which he felt, added to a most sulphureous and insupportable smell. He was drawn up, and a second descended, having, like the first, a lighted candle in his hand. As soon as he was in the middle of the pit, a blue flame issued out of it, which continued for several minutes. The man was a shocking spectacle; his hands and face were scorched, his beard and hair entirely consumed, and his clothes had caught fire.

The late M. Raouil, Counsellor in the Parliament of Bourdeaux, wrote to the Academy in the month of July 1740, that there was in the Priory of Tremolac, five leagues from the town of Belgerac, an inflammable and burning rivulet. It was discovered by a person catching craw-fish, who, in order to discover where the fish concealed themselves, made use of lighted straw.

flaw. As long as this man walked upon the gravel of the bed nearly horizontal with the stream, the water did not take fire; but when he came to places more unequal, and where there are frequent hollows, the water took fire instantly; it was a blueish flame; the Abbe of the Priory made the experiment several times, and always with success. From the observations of M. Bourgiere and M. Pelissier de Barri made upon this rivulet in 1764, it is evident that there ascends from the bottom of certain waters an æthereal principle susceptible of inflammation. They perceived when they walked in the water, that they disturbed a fine slime, but not clayey, from which a great quantity of bubbles proceeded, which, burning upon the surface of the water, diffused an inflammable vapour. The flame, from their account, was of a blueish colour, and nearly of the same heat as lighted paper. It burns till the vapour is consumed, when it is in vain to endeavour to re-kindle it, till the water has had time to form new vapours. These gentlemen add, that the same phænomenon is observable in almost all the streams, pools, and reservoirs of the canton.

Mr. George West, apothecary of Hermanstadt, wrote to Mr. Henry Volgnad July 2, 1763, that four leagues from this town there issued, from a mountain covered with vines, a stream, the water of which was so inflammable at its source, that when a light was brought near it, it took fire, and burnt like brandy. The flame rose to the height of about three feet, and communicated to every combustible substance that it touched. This water, when once set on fire, burned for a considerable time, and could only be extinguished by throwing earth upon it. Though on fire, the water still continued cold; it had a sulphureous taste, but no smell was occasioned by the flame. If the water was taken from its basin, it flamed no longer. The inhabitants of the canton pretend that the eruption of this fountain took place about 20 years before; it was not till 1762, that its inflammable property was discovered, upon occasion of some rushes which the villagers set on fire near the fountain, when the water flamed for the first time, and continued to burn night and day for many weeks.

We read in the Journal des Scavans for the year 1684, that in the Palatinate of Cracow, in the middle of the mountain whose soil is slimy, full of grayish flints, and commonly covered with herbs and odoriferous flowers, there is a large fountain, the water of which is clear, and at its source of an agreeable odour and taste. It issues out with violence, and bubbles so loud as to be heard at a great distance. The water of this fountain

rises higher and higher as the moon approaches its full, and falls again when the moon is in its wane. When a lighted torch or candle is plied to the bubble of this water, it burns like spirits of wine; but it is only at its source, that it has this quality. The flame, though very subtle, will consume wood; it is extinguished by striking the surface of the water with besoms made of the branches of trees.

There are various other phenomena of this kind equally curious with those which we have mentioned; but we shall close our list with giving an account of one observed near Brosely, in the county of Salop, at the commencement of the present century, which occasioned the utmost alarm to those who were witnesses of it.

The fountain of Brosely, says the account given of it at the time, made its first eruption in 1700. Two days before, the inhabitants had been alarmed by a tempest the most violent they had ever witnessed. The hurricane had scarcely ceased, when a new phenomenon terrified them still more. They were roused from their sleep about two o'clock in the morning by a most tremendous noise, and the earth trembled to such a degree that they conceived the general dissolution to be approaching. Those who had the courage left their houses, and repaired to the place whence the noise proceeded, to enquire into its cause. About two hundred persons were assembled, seven or eight of whom ventured to approach a small hill, or rather mountain, about an hundred yards from the river Severn, and at the foot of which was a foundery. They soon perceived that the noise proceeded from thence; all the surface of the ground was in a violent agitation; it rose and sunk several times in the space of a minute. One of the company, more daring than the rest, made with a knife a hole in the ground of a few inches diameter. Immediately there issued from the place a water-spout, which rose six or seven feet high. The eruption was so violent as to throw down the person who made the hole. Shortly after having put a lighted candle to the water-spout, it took fire, and was in a flame. The same experiment having been repeated many times, the proprietor of the land, desirous of preserving so singular a curiosity, had a cistern made on the spot, upon which he placed a lid, leaving at the same time an opening for the gratification of the public. The moment a candle is applied to the opening made in the lid of the cistern, the water takes fire and burns like spirits of wine, as long as the external air is prevented from exerting its power; but as soon as the lid is raised, the flames disappear. The heat of the fire is such,
that

that meat put into a pot and placed on the hole in the lead of the cistern, will be cooked as expeditiously as in the hottest furnace. The most surprising circumstance is, that notwithstanding this fire, the water has not the least warmth, but is as cold as that of springs in general. The fire therefore does not reside in the water; it is merely perhaps an inflammable vapour, which takes fire and burns, as *naphtha* burns in water.

Anecdote, under the Four Stages of Cruelty, from the second Volume of Hogarth illustrated; by Mr. Ireland.

I Remember once seeing a practical lesson of humanity given to a little chimney-sweeper, which had, I dare say, a better effect than a volume of ethicks. The young foot-merchant was seated upon an ale-house bench, and had in one hand his brush, and in the other a hot buttered roll. While exercising his white masticators, with a perseverance that evinced the highest gratification, he observed a dog lying on the ground near him. The repetition of "poor fellow, poor fellow," in a good-natured tone, brought the quadruped from his resting place: He wagged his tail, looked up with an eye of humble entreaty, and in that universal language which all nations understand, asked for a morsel of bread. The sooty tyrant held his remnant of roll towards him, but on the dog gently offering to take it, struck him with his brush so violent a blow across the nose as nearly broke the bone.

A gentleman who had been, unperceived, a witness to the whole transaction, put a sixpence between his finger and thumb, and beckoned this little monarch of May day to an opposite door. The lad grinned at the silver, but on stretching out his hand to receive it, the teacher of humanity gave him such a rap upon his knuckles with a cane, as made them ring. His hand tingling with pain, and tears running down his cheeks, he asked what that was for? "To make you feel," was the reply. "How do you like a blow and a disappointment? The dog endured both! Had you given him a piece of bread, this sixpence should have been the reward; you gave him a blow; I will therefore put the money in my pocket," which he accordingly did, leaving the boy to lament his own barbarity and folly.

This was an admirable method of giving a lesson, and no doubt made a deep impression.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to Sciolus's Question, inserted August 29.

THE solution to this question at length would be too copious for the limits of the Entertainer; for which reason I must omit the whole operation, and refer the reader to pages 180 and 181 of Simpson's Algebra, 5th edit. where a general rule is given for solving questions of this nature: By proceeding agreeably to which I find the value of x , in the present case, equal to 2880553288.

Answer, by W. S. of Exon, to Pyreneus's Rebus, inserted the 5th of December.

PLACE the initials right and true,
TOTNES they will present to view.

†† We have received the like answer from A. Pinn, of Exmouth; E. Taylor, T. Sparkes junior, T. Whicker, and J. Gooding, of Exon; J. Ralph, Wellington; J. Tucker, of Penryn; Dreadnought; J. Rees, Bristol; W. Seaman, Calverleigh; Dares, Chudleigh; Young Tyro, W. Baker, Totnes.

A CHARADE, by J. T. of Exeter.

MY first is an insect that floats in the air;
For my second pray search in the sea:
My first and my second ye wits make appear,
Then my whole you will quickly display.

An ENIGMA, by J. K. C. near Wells.

READER, your humble servant here I be,
Just come to town to see what I can see;
After the toils and troubles I have taken
I'm just arriv'd in time to save my bacon.
But why so strange? What makes you look so shy?
What! don't you know me? Bless me! why 'tis I.
Well, if you can't recall my name to mind,
Take these few hints, and then the rest you'll find.
Excuse my freedom, and I will relate,
My famous pedigree from ancient date:
Know then, my ancestors were wond'rous gay,
Constant attendants on the park and play;

And all the public places of resort
 They did frequent, and join the revell'd sport;
 So great their fame, they were by most address'd,
 Most did caress, and were by most caress'd;
 Deck'd with the richest gems that wealth could buy,
 The rainbow scarce their colours could outvie;
 But as the fairest flow'rs must soon decay,
 And all its fragrant beauties wear away,
 So comes old age, which causes woeful strife,
 Their freedom's gone, and they're doom'd slaves for life.
 Thus as the fates decree they backward reel,
 Doom'd to be cut, and rack'd upon a wheel;
 And when these brutal services are pass'd,
 Into a sea their poor remains are cast,
 Where dashing waves in wild contention roar,
 Which their existence end, and they're no more.
 Then from my parents' ruins 'tis I spring,
 And strait become the present mystick thing;
 Dragg'd from the ocean like a drowned rat,
 I then appear all shivering and wet;
 But some good Christian, who's a stander by,
 Sees my condition with a pitying eye;
 And thence by my conductors being led,
 I'm kind and gently plac'd in a warm bed;
 But mark, alas! what yet I'm doom'd to bear,
 Toss'd in the blankets—hung up in the air;
 Then thump'd and beat by a huge fellow stout,
 (If I had brains he'd surely beat 'em out)
 Then like the torments us'd in days of yore,
 Which tortur'd men their secrets to explore,
 I'm forc'd to drink what quantity I can,
 Then squeez'd till I disgorge the same again;
 These, and with other punishments I strive,
 And yet o'er all their cruelties survive;
 And as the sailor safe arriv'd on land,
 Views the rough deep while on the beach he stands,
 So I from these terrific scenes releas'd,
 Dread not the future, nor regret the past.



†*† In the Enigma inserted in the Entertainer for January 2,
 Line 20, for *Aframia*, read *Afranius*.

§+§ Several Pieces of Poetry lately received are much too in-
 accurate for Insertion.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines addressed to a young Lady, between seven and eight Years of Age, who presented the Author with an elegant Bouquet of artificial Flowers.

SWEET GIRL! thy imitative powers,
Astonish and delight;
Sure nature never painted flow'rs
More perfect to the sight.

The ruddy rose, Narcissus pale,
The pink of various hue,
The humble lily of the vale,
The violet so blue.

Long may the rose of health adorn
Thy cheek, my lovely maid;
There bloom each bright succeeding morn,
And never, never fade.

Emblem of innocence! we see
The pale narcissus shine;
Pure as that flow'r, Oh! 'may'st thou be,
Such innocence be thine.

The pink resembles human life,
Chequer'd with good and ill;
But may'st thou find throughout the strife,
The good prevailing still.

Avoid disgusting, hateful pride,
Whate'er your fate may be;
And let the humble lily guide
You to humility.

So shall you, like the violet,
 In choicest sweets abound ;
 So shall you live, whate'er your fate,
 Diffusing pleasure round.

Tepsham.

N.

*An Ode written at Eaglehurst, (which commands a View
 of Spithead) October 10, 1790.*

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. Poet Laureat.

PROUD o'er yon distant surge, behold
 Britannia's fleet majestick ride !
 Where, as her flags in many a fold
 Float high in æther's ambient tide,
 Warm courage beams from ev'ry eye,
 Stern indignation's pulse beats high ;
 And, kindling at the warlike sight,
 Vengeance, with firm but temperate voice,
 Responsive to a nation's choice,
 Demands the promis'd fight.

How mild the sun's meridian rays !
 How blue the heavens ! how soft the breeze
 That o'er the waving forest plays,
 And gently curls the rippling seas !
 But soon November's wintry hour,
 Arm'd with the tempest's tyrant power,
 Shall rouse the clouds' embattled host,
 Sweep from the woods their leafy pride,
 And dash the wave's infuriate pride
 Against the howling coast.

So in each ship's stupendous womb,
 Now gently floating on the deep,
 Peaceful as is the silent tomb,
 The dæmons of destruction sleep.
 But wak'd by war's terrifick roar,
 Prompt o'er each desolated shore
 Their hell-directed flight to urge ;
 And leading slaughter's horrid train,
 With hetacombs of warriors slain,
 To load th' empurpled surge.

What

What tho' at proud Iberia's chiefs
 The spear of vengeance Britain aims,
 Shall she not mourn a people's griefs,
 Their dying sons, their weeping dames?
 Nor shall she ev'n with tearless eye,
 Yon gallant navy e'er descry,
 Returning o'er the western flood;
 For ah! the laurel's greenest bough
 That ever crown'd Victoria's brow,
 Is surely ting'd with blood.

Tho' blaze the splendid fires around,
 The Arcs of Triumph proudly rise,
 Tho' fame her loudest pæan found,
 And notes of conquest rend the skies,
 Alas! in some sequester'd cell,
 Her slaughter'd lover's funeral knell,
 In every shout the virgin hears;
 And as the strain of victory flows,
 More swell the widow'd matron's woes,
 And faster fall her tears.

Tho' from this cliff, while fancy views
 Yon squadrons darken half the main,
 She drest in glory's brightest hues
 The pride of Albion's naval reign;
 As reflection's mirror shows
 Attendant scene of death and woes,
 Th' exulting hopes of conquest cease:
 She turns from war's delusive form,
 To deprecate th' impending storm,
 And breathes her vows for peace.

*Epigram on a Person who refused to walk with the
 Author because he was not dressed well enough.*

FRRIEND Jem and I, both full of whim,
 To shun each other both agree—
 For I'm not beau enough for him,
 And he's too much a beau for me.

Then let us from each other fly,
 And arm in arm no more appear,
 That I may ne'er offend thy eye,
 That you may ne'er offend my ear.