

THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 30, 1792.

Accurate Descriptions of the elegant Carriages built for the Use of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York, on the 18th of January, 1792, being the Day appointed for the Observance of her Majesty's Birthday.

PRINCE of WALES'S STATE COACH.

THIS elegant carriage was built by Mr. Leader. The ground of the body is gold, enriched with sprigs of oak and laurel. The paintings on the pannels all relate to Britannia and her principal attributes. In a large oval medallion, on one side, she is represented in her infancy, nursed and protected by Amphitrite and her Sea Nymphs, and surrounded by Guardian Angels, who, agreeably to the suggestion in Thomson's Ode, are supposed to be singing, "Rule Britannia." The opposite painting represents her in maturity, seated in state, accompanied by Wisdom, Virtue, Valour, Law, and Liberty. The square compartments on the end pannels represent the same personage in peace and war; in the latter, terrible to her enemies; and in the former, the patroness of Genius and Science. Above the medallion, immediately under the glasses, is a broad border, or *freize*, painted in *Ghiaro Oscuro*, representing, by infant Genii, Commerce, Agriculture, and Astronomy, on one side; Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture on the other. On the one end National Happiness; and, on the other, Plenty rewarding Industry and Ingenuity.

nulty. On the upper pannel behind is a circular medallion, representing the fame of Britain. All these paintings are beautifully executed by Smirke. The lining is of scarlet striped velvet, ornamented with gold lace; a rich piece of embroidery, composed of the star and feathers, appears in the center of the roof. The festoon curtains are of blue satin, trimmed with gold fringe. The carriage is decorated with a beautiful display of foliage ornament, richly carved, and gilt with various coloured gold. The cranes are of reeds encircled by oak leaves; in the fore and hind parts the feathers, supporters, and other ensigns of royalty are introduced; on the foot-board, the judgment of Hercules is carved in a masterly manner. The seat-cloth is of the same velvet as the lining, richly ornamented with gold fringe and lace, with festoons of rich embroidery at each corner. The harness is of red morocco leather edged with blue, all the buckles and ornaments being water-gilt. The ornament, which has the newest effect in this display of elegance and splendour is this—at the corner and over the doors of the carriage, where the coronet has hitherto been placed; the feathers of his Royal Highness's Crest appear, executed in silver, and rising above the carriage to the height of about six inches. In the center of the roof are his Royal Highness's coronet and cushion.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York's State Coach.

The shape is of Berlin; the colour of the body is a light green, richly powdered with gold shells, surmounted with silver primroses. On the doors are his Royal Highness's full coat of arms in an oval shield, and in another shield the Prussian Eagle, the whole encompassed with a rich mantle. In the side pannels, in medallions, is her Royal Highness's cypher. In a deep border, above the pannels, (the ground drapery of ermine, festoon fashion, turned up with crimson, tied with cords of gold), are a number of oval and round shields, charged with the Duke's arms. Their Royal Highnesses' complicated cypher in the circles, and the Prussian Eagle in an oval alternately round the carriage, united by a beautiful wreath of oak leaves and acorns; the frames of the doors are mouldings of silver, and the corners mounted with large silver pillars, wreathed with a laurel of gold, the tops bearing coronets of gold. The upper part of the body is richly adorned with festoons of silver, and

and medallions charged with their Royal Highnesses' cypher. The inside is lined with a rich crimson velvet, embroidered with a beautiful fancy lace, with sleeping cushions of white satin; in the centre, the Prussian Eagle, radiated with silver beams, surrounded with ivy, the tassels all headed with gold; the curtain in front green satin and gold. The carriage is of Berlin fashion, the ground blended with crimson and Saxon green, ornamented with carvings of gold, emblematically devised, and justly adapted to the dignity the whole is intended for. The hammer-cloth displayed much elegance, simplicity, and taste. The harness is black, mounted with silver.

Anecdotes respecting the Death of the late benevolent Mr. Howard.

IN Dr. Aikin's Memoir of Mr. Howard, we find the following account of that excellent man's death, conveyed to Dr. Aikin by Mr. Howard's servant, who travelled with him:

"The winter being far advanced, on the taking of Bender, the Commander of the Russian army at that place, gave permission to many of the officers to visit their friends at Cherson, as the severity of the season would not admit of a continuance of hostilities against the Turks. Cherson, in consequence, became much crowded; and the inhabitants testified their joy for the success of the Russians, by balls and masquerades. Several of the officers, of the inhabitants of Cherson, and of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who attended these balls, were almost immediately after attacked with fevers; and it was Mr. Howard's idea, that the infection had been brought by the officers from Bender. Amongst the number who caught this contagion, was a young lady who resided about sixteen miles from Cherson; when she had been ill some little time, Mr. Howard was earnestly requested to visit her.

"He saw her first on Sunday, December 27. He visited her again in the middle of the week, and a third time on the Sunday following, January 3. On that day he found her sweating very profusely; and, being unwilling to check this, by uncovering her arm, he passed his under the bed-clothes to feel her pulse. While he was doing this, the effluvia from her body was very offensive to him, and it was always his own opinion that he then caught the fever. She died on the following day. Mr. Howard was much affected by her death, as he had flattered himself with the hopes of her amendment. From

January 3d to the 8th, he scarcely went out ; but on that day he went to dine with Admiral Montgwinoff, who lived about a mile and a half from his lodgings. He staid later than usual ; and when he returned, found himself unwell, and thought he had something of the gout flying about him. He immediately took some Sal Volatile in a little tea, and thought himself better till three or four o'clock on Saturday morning, when feeling not so well, he repeated the Sal Volatile. He got up in the morning, and walked out ; but, finding himself worse, soon returned and took an emetic.

“ On the following night he had a violent attack of a fever, when he had recourse to his favourite remedy, James’s Powder, which he regularly took every two or four hours till Sunday the 17th : for though Prince Potemkin sent his own physician to him, immediately on being acquainted with his illness, yet his own prescriptions were never interfered with during this time.

“ On the 12th he had a kind of fit, in which he suddenly fell down ; his face became black, his breathing difficult, and he remained insensible for half an hour. On the 17th he had another similar fit. On the 18th he was seized with hiccuping, which continued on the next day, when he took some musk draughts by direction of the physician. About seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 20th of January, he had another fit, and died in about an hour after. He was perfectly sensible during his illness, except the fits, till within a few hours of his death. This event he all along expected to take place ; and he often said that he had no other wish for life, than as it gave him the means of relieving his fellow-creatures.”

Dr. Aikin thinks it highly probable that Mr. Howard fell a sacrifice to the imprudent use of James’s Powder.

Anecdotes of the late Major Baggs.

THE following particulars of this eccentric character, who made a considerable figure in the world, for a long period, were communicated to us by a gentleman who had frequent opportunities of observing his conduct, and on whose candour we can rely :—

When Major Baggs first obtained a company, he had the late unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald for his Lieutenant, and then began a friendship between them, which, after a continuance of many years, ended in a duel !

As soon as he had got the rank of Major, he retired upon half-pay, and ever after devoted himself entirely to deep play, which he pursued with an eagerness and a perseverance beyond example. When so ill as to be unable to get from his chair, he has been brought to the hazard table, where he has seemed suddenly to revive at the rattling of the dice.

He once won seventeen thousand pounds at hazard, by throwing in, (as it is called) fourteen successive mains.

He went to the East Indies in the year 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home over land. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped being put to death, by escaping in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. His companion was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released by the interference of Sir Robert Ainslie, the English Ambassador.

He won 6000*l.* of Mr. O——, some years ago at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord O——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his Lordship, in presence of Mr. D——, the Banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O—— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note for the remainder at a distant period—Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down, and therefore some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed, that he thought his Lordship had offered very handsome terms—“Sirrah,” (said Baggs in a passion) “hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you can know nothing about.”

When he fought Fitzgerald, he was wounded in the leg, and fell, but being down, returned the first, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after.

He never could hear of Fitzgerald's unhappy fate without visible delight, and “grinning horribly a ghastly smile.”

He is supposed to have utterly ruined by play upwards of forty persons.

At one time in his life he was worth more than a hundred thousand pounds.

He had fought eleven duels.

He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature; and when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion.

He was very generous to persons he liked, and a certain Naval Lord highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation

tion at Paris some years ago, found a never failing resource in the purse of the Major.

He lived at Paris for several years, in the greatest splendor.

His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentlemanlike.

While he lived at Avignon he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and their friends. —He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the King's private parties, of whom, it is said, he one night won 1500l.

He died January 1, 1792, in the seventieth year of his age. —His death was occasioned by a cold, caught in the Round-house, when he and many others were carried thither by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table, in St. James's-street.

Eheu ! Nullis ille bonis flebilis occidit !

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 89.)

NATURAL history, though not totally overlooked by our navigators, was not cultivated with the assiduity to which it was entitled. That discerning spirit, which is awake to every the minutest production in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, was but in its infancy. The pernicious metals, indeed, were sought after with eagerness; but this was the result of avarice, not of philosophy. Botany, in particular, the love of which is now so widely diffused, was, comparatively, in a very imperfect state. However, there was a beginning with regard to it, which promised something of a brighter day. Indeed, it is from Queen Elizabeth's reign that we must date the true era of botanical science in England. This era commenced in Dr. William Turner, a Protestant physician and divine, who was raised to the Deanry of Wells by King Edward the Sixth, fled abroad in Queen Mary's persecution, and was restored to his former dignity by Elizabeth. He was undoubtedly the earliest writer among us that discovered learning and judgment in the knowledge of plants. Nor were his enquiries confined only to plants, but extended to other branches of natural history ;

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for he wrote on birds, fishes, and mineral waters. But it is as a botanist that he was chiefly distinguished. His banishment on account of religion was favourable to his medical and botanical studies: For at Bologna he had the opportunity of attending the lectures of Lucas Ghinus, who was the first person that erected a separate professorial chair for the science of botany.

The work which has secured Dr. Turner's reputation to posterity, and entitles him to the character of an original writer, is his History of Plants, which has gone through several editions. What he says concerning the virtues of plants he has drawn from the ancients; but, in numberless instances, he has given his opinion of their qualities in opposition to those sages. He no where takes any doubtful plants upon trust, but appears to have examined them with all the precision that was then capable of being exercised. His acquaintance with English plants, to many of which he first gave names, was much beyond what could at that time have easily been imagined. In forming a judgment of his merit as a botanist, a proper regard must be had to the age in which he lived, and to the little assistance which he could derive from his contemporaries. All things considered, he will appear to have exerted uncommon diligence and great erudition. From the silence of succeeding herbalists concerning Dr. Turner's writings, it may be remarked that he did not meet with the honour which was due to him; but Ray, at the distance of nearly a century, was sensible of his worth.

Contemporary with Turner was Dr. William Bulleyn. That part of his works which has the nearest connection with the subject before us, is his "Bulwark of Defence; or a Book of Simples, being an Herbal in the form of a Dialogue." Bulleyn's specific knowledge of botany seems, however, to have been but slender. His chief praise arises from his zeal for the promotion of the useful arts of gardening, the general culture of the land, and the commercial interests of the kingdom. For the information he has left on these affairs he is entitled to the gratitude of posterity. It may be observed, by the way, that horticulture was not in so low a state as hath usually been represented.

Dr. Thomas Penny, whose name has almost sunk into total obscurity, deserves to be mentioned, as a man of great attainments in the natural history, and especially in the botany, of his time. Knowledge of this kind was eagerly sought for by him in foreign parts; and he collected many plants in Switzerland, and

and from the confines of France. Nor were his acquirements in natural history confined merely to plants; for he was one of the first Englishmen who had studied insects. It appears, from his letters to Camerarius, that his acquaintance with entomology was extensive, allowance being made for the period in which he flourished.

Henry Lyte, a gentleman of family and fortune, was the next after Turner, who published an English Herbal; and though he does not rank among original writers in botany, his work seems to have been well received. It was professedly a translation from the French version of the Dutch Herbal of Dodoens. In its arrangement, though in that respect it was far from being perfect, it had a great advantage over Turner's book. From Lyte himself, however, little or no accession was derived to English botany; for he has not the credit of being the first discoverer of a single species of rare growth. His only merit was that of transplanting foreign stores into his own country.

Matthias de Lobel, a foreigner who settled in England, contributed largely to the emolument of English botany. The earliest of his publications was the "*Stirpium Adversaria*," in the execution of which work he is thought to have exhibited the first sketch, rude as it is, of a natural method of arrangement. This, however, extends no farther than to throwing the plants into large tribes, families, or orders, according to their external appearance, or habit of the whole plant or flower; without establishing any definitions or characters. The author was sensible of the want of a better arrangement than the mere alphabetical order, or that which is formed from the supposed qualities, and uses in medicine. Lobel's strong attachment to the study interested him powerfully in the investigation of new plants, and enabled him to make large accessions to knowledge; for, in consequence of his travels over various parts of England, he discovered many vegetables before unnoticed, and added a number of species to the *Grasses*. On the whole, his *Adversaria* has great merit, abounding with much curious intelligence and some new discoveries.

The last botanist we shall mention is Gerard, an author long held in high estimation. Indeed, there are numbers of persons still living, who can recollect, that when they were young in science, there was no better source of botanical information, in the English tongue, than the herbals of Gerard and Parkinson, the latter of whom will be noticed in the next reign. In the point we are treating of, the voyagers whom we have celebrated

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were of considerable use. The novelties introduced by them excited a degree of attention which at present cannot easily be conceived. Raleigh, in particular, appears to have possessed a larger share of taste for the curious productions of nature than was common to the seafaring adventurers of that period. In one respect posterity will rank our navigators among the greatest benefactors to this kingdom; for, if tradition is to be credited, they were the means of introducing the most useful root that providence has held forth for the service of man. The return of Raleigh, and the fame of his numerous discoveries and collections, brought over from the Continent the celebrated Clusius, who added more to the stock of botany in his day, than all his contemporaries united. He visited England for the third time, to partake in the general gratification.

John Gerard was now in the vigour of life, and there can be no doubt but that he felt the influence, and reaped the benefit of the circumstances that have been enumerated. It was an additional advantage to him, that he engaged the patronage, and superintended the garden of Lord Burleigh, who was himself a lover of plants, and had the best collection of any nobleman in the kingdom. Gerard's own garden contained nearly eleven hundred sorts of plants, of foreign and domestic growth. In 1597, came out his "Herbal, or general History of Plants," which comprizes, in three books, the whole vegetable kingdom. This volume, from its being well timed, from its comprehending almost the whole of the subjects then known, from its being written in English, and from its being ornamented with a more numerous set of figures than had ever accompanied any work of the kind in this country, obtained great repute; and in consequence of its afterward being so fortunate as to acquire a very learned editor, its character was so firmly established, that it maintained its precedence, as a popular performance, for more than a century. By Gerard's connection with the great, and his situation in London, he was enabled to maintain an extensive correspondence, both with foreigners and his own countrymen; and his success in procuring new exotics, as well as scarce indigenous plants, was equal to his diligence and ingenuity. In fact, to him and his friends we are indebted for the discovery of many new English plants, and his name will be remembered by botanists with esteem, when the utility of his Herbal is superseded.

There were other persons in Queen Elizabeth's reign, who were zealous promoters of gardening and botanical knowledge; and who, by their liberal communications, promoted the de-

signs of Lobel and Gerard. But, for an account of them, we must refer to Dr. Pulteney's Historical and Biographical Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England; a work, to which, on the present occasion, we have been peculiarly obliged. Among those of eminent station, who patronized the science, were Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Edward Zouch, who brought plants and seeds with him from Constantinople, and Lord Hunfdon, "who," says Gerard, "is worthy of triple honour, for his care in getting, as also for his curious keeping such rare and strange things from the farthest parts of the world."

(To be concluded in our next.)

On the Danger of joking with great Personages.

By the late JONATHAN RICHARDSON, Esq.

IT is very necessary to observe time and place in making free with greatness. "Alexander, who killed his old and beloved friend Clitus, for ridiculing him on the title that he assumed of son of Jupiter;" (2. Curt. VIII. 1.) when, before that time, "the philosopher Anaxarchus, on occasion of a thundering and lightning that astonished and terrified the whole army, said to him: "Well, son of Jupiter, and can you do as much?" only answered, with a smile, "Yes, sure, but that I will not frighten my friends, as you would have me do, in serving up at my table the heads of princes and governors instead of those of fish." *Plut. Alex.* p. 64.

"Some domestics of the Cardinal of Arragon, whose sister the great Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, had married, having had a jest put upon them, of cutting off the skirts of their garments behind, without their perceiving it, the King asked his barber, (a person in great favour with him for a man in his post) if he had ever heard who had done it? the barber, thinking the King asked it in order to divert himself, said, it was himself that had done it, and, with a great deal of laughter, told all the manner from the beginning to the end.—The King heard the story, and ordered the barber's nose and lips to be cut off, for a warning to all others, how they diverted themselves with their betters." *Don Juan Vitrian Comment on Ph. de Comines*, c. 36.

"The poet Philemon was better off with Magas, King of Cyrene, whom he had ridiculed upon the stage, by name; for being afterwards thrown on his coasts by a storm, the King learning whom he had got, sent a soldier with orders that he should draw his sword, as to strike off his head for his insolence, but only touch his neck lightly, and go off without saying a word.—And then sending him a parcel of children's playthings, as to an empty trifler, let him depart." *Plut.*

I do not find this fright had the same effect upon the poet, (who by no means wanted for imagination) as it had upon "a Swedish gentleman, (I think) who having committed a vile murder, the King, though great intercessions were made for him, as being the last of a noble family, could not be induced to pardon him; yet at last he was over ruled; but still insisted, he should undergo the shame and terror of a public execution, and the headsman had orders only to strike him, blindfolded, with a switch, yet he was dead with the conceit."

"I do not know which is most to be admired, the (present) candour of the Prince, or the courage of the Minister, when Mæcenas seeing Augustus condemning criminal after criminal, cried out to him from the court, "come down executioner;" and the Emperor came down." *Dion. Aug.* "So when the philosopher Athenodorus, having observed the danger Augustus ran, by admitting ladies in private (for he was extremely amorous, but very decent, which was indeed having taste) he caused himself to be brought into the Emperor's chamber in a close chair, as if a lady, and when the Emperor expected quite another visit, rushed out upon him with a drawn dagger, and said to him, "Oh! my dear Emperor, if this had been a traitor!" The good Prince acknowledged his friend's warm zeal;"—(*Ibid*) but it might have admitted another interpretation, if he had happened to have been in another humour, or had less friendship for Athenodorus.

"Our Charles II. was once told by his over-officious trifler of a barber, as he was shaving him, "he thought that none of his Majesty's officers had a greater trust than he." "Oy" said the King, "how so, friend?" "Why," said he, "I could cut your Majesty's throat when I would." The King started up, and said, "odd's fish, that very thought is treason; thou shalt shave me no more."

Plutarch tells a story just like this, of Dionysius's barber, who hearing some talk of the tyranny of this Prince being established and secure, that he had nothing to fear from any man: "You say this," said he, "before a man who can put an end to it every day of his life, as he has his razor daily at his throat." He was not so well off with his untimely jest, as honest Charles's; for Dionysius being informed of it, ordered him to be crucified. *Plut. on Garrulity* (IV.) p. 232.

Alexander suffered Apelles to tell him very freely, that "he had better not talk of painting, for that the very boy who ground his colours would laugh at him;" and another time, Bucephalus neighing at a horse he had painted, when Alexander seemed not at all affected with the picture itself, he told him that "his horse understood painting better than he."

There are certain moments when the great will bear severe jokes, and even insults; but then it is mere humour, and you can hardly ever tell how to judge when they will do it, and if you miss, you put your hand into a lion's mouth.

Perhaps, take all together, the best way would be to have as little to do with them as you can. The Turks say, "No grass can grow on the spot where the Grand Signor's horse has once trod."

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 93.)

THE campaign passed in different manœuvres, marches, and counter-marches. Our corps was the most fatigued, as being encamped round the King's tent, the station of which was central, and as likewise having the care of the vanguard: we were therefore obliged to begin our march two hours sooner than the remainder of the army, that we might be in our place. We also accompanied the King, whenever he went to reconnoitre; traced the lines of encampment; led the horse to wa-
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ter; inspected the head quarters; and regulated the march and encampment, according to the King's orders; the performance of which robbed us of much rest, we being but six officers to execute so many different functions.

Still further, we often executed the office of couriers, to bear the royal commands to detachments. The King was particularly careful that the officers of his guards, whom he intended should become excellent in the art of tactics, should not be idle in his school. It was necessary to do much, in order that much might be learnt. Labour, vigilance, activity, the love of glory, and the love of their country, animated all his Generals; into whom, it may be said, he infused his spirit.

In this school I gained instruction, and here already was I selected, as one destined to instruct others: yet, in my 40th year, a great General at Vienna told me, "My dear Trenck, our discipline would be too difficult for you to learn; for which indeed you are too far advanced in life." Agreeable to this wise decision was I made an Austrian invalid, and an invalid have always remained: a judgment like this would have been laughed at, most certainly, at Berlin.

If I mistake not, the famous battle of Soor, or Sorau, was fought on the 14th day of September. The King had sent so many detachments into Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia, that the main army did not consist of more than 25,000 men. Neglecting advice, and obstinate in judging the enemy by numbers, and not according to the excellence of discipline, and other accidents, Prince Charles, blind to the real strength of the Prussian armies, had enclosed this small number of Pomeranian and Brandenburg regiments with more than 86,000 men, intending to take them all prisoners.

It will soon be seen, from my narrative, with what kind of secrecy his plan was laid and executed.

The King came into my tent about midnight; as he also did into that of all the officers, to awaken them: his orders were, "Secretly to saddle, leave the baggage in the rear, and that the men should stand ready to mount at the word of command."

Lieutenant Studnitz and myself attended the King, who went in person, and gave directions through the whole army: meantime, break of day was expected with anxiety.

Opposite the defile, through which the enemy was to march to the attack, eight field-pieces were concealed behind a hill. The King must, necessarily, have been informed of the whole plan of the Austrian General, for he had called in the advanced
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posts from the heights, that he might lull him into security, and make him imagine we should be surprised in the midst of sleep.

Scarcely did break of day appear before the Austrian artillery, situated upon the heights, began to play upon our camp, and their cavalry to march, through the defile, to the attack.

As suddenly were we in battle array; for in less than ten minutes we ourselves began the attack, notwithstanding the smallness of our number, the whole army only containing five regiments of cavalry. We fell with much fury upon the enemy (who at this time were wholly employed in forming their men at the mouth of the defile, and that slowly, little expecting so sudden and violent a charge), that we drove them back into the defile, where they pressed upon each other in crowds: The King himself stood ready to unmask his eight field-pieces, and a dreadful and bloody slaughter ensued in this narrow place; from which the enemy had not power to retreat. This single incident gained the battle, and deceived all the hopes of Prince Charles.

Nadasti, Trenck, and the light troops, sent to attack our rear, were employed in pillaging the camp. The ferocious Croats met no opposition, while this error made our victory more secure. It deserves to be noticed that, when advices were brought to the King that the enemy had fallen upon and were plundering the camp, his answer was, "So much the better; they have themselves employment, and will be no impediment to our main design."

Our victory was complete, but our baggage was lost; the head quarters, utterly undefended, were totally stripped; and Trenck had, for his part of the booty, the King's tent, and his service of plate.

I have mentioned this circumstance here, because that, in the year 1746, my cousin Trenck, having fallen into the power of his enemies, who had instituted a legal process against him, was accused by some villainous wretches, of having surprised the King in bed at the battle of Sorau, and of having afterward released him for a bribe.

What was still worse, they hired a common prostitute, a native of Brunn, who pretended she was the daughter of Marshal Schwerin, to give in evidence that she herself was in bed with the King when Trenck entered his tent, whom he immediately made prisoner, and as immediately released him.

To this part of the prosecution I myself, an eye witness, can answer: the thing was false and impossible. He was informed
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of the intended attack. I accompanied the watchful King from midnight till four in the morning, which time he employed in riding through the camp, and making the necessary preparations to receive the enemy; and the action began at five. Trenck could not take the King in bed, for the battle was almost gained when he and his Pandours entered the camp, and plundered the head quarters.

As for the tale of Miss Schwerin, it is only fit to be told by school-boys, or examined by the Inquisition, and was very unworthy of making a legal prosecution against an innocent man at Vienna.

This incident however is so remarkable that I shall give, in this work, a farther account of my kinsman, and what is called his criminal process; at reading which the world will be astonished. My own history is so connected with his that this is necessary, and the more so because there are many ignorant or wicked people at Vienna, who believe, or affirm, Trenck had actually taken the King of Prussia prisoner.

Never yet was there a traitor of the name of Trenck; and I hope to prove, in the clearest manner, the Austrian Trenck as faithfully served the Empress Queen as the Prussian Trenck did Frederick, his King. Maria Theresa, speaking to me of him after his death, and the snares that had been laid for him, said, "Your kinsman has made a better end than will be the fate of his accusers and judges."

Of this more hereafter: I approach that epocha, when my own misfortunes began, and when the sufferings of martyrdom attended me from youth onward till my hairs grew grey.

A few days after the battle of Sorau, the usual camp postman brought me a letter from my cousin Trenck, the Colonel of Pandours, antedated at Essek four months, of which the following is a copy.

"Your letter, of the 12th of February, from Berlin, informs me you desire to have some Hungarian horses. On these you would come and attack me and my Pandours. I saw, with pleasure, during the last campaign, that the Prussian Trenck was a good foldier; and that I might give you some proofs of my attachment, I then returned the horses which my men had taken. If however you wish to have Hungarian horses, you must take mine, in like manner, from me in the field of battle; or, should you so think fit, come and join one who will receive you with open arms, like his friend and son, and who will procure you every advantage you can desire: &c.

At first I was terrified at reading this letter, yet could not help smiling. Cornet Wagenitz, now General in Chief of the Hesse Cassel Forces, and Lieutenant Grotthausen, both now alive, and then present, were my camp comrades. I gave them the letter to read, and they laughed at its contents. It was determined to shew it to our superior officer, Jaschinsky, on a promise of secrecy, and it was accordingly shewn him within an hour after it was received.

The reader will be so kind as to recollect that, as I have before said, it was this Colonel Jaschinsky who, on the 12th of February, the same year, at Berlin, prevailed on me to write to the Austrian Trenck, my cousin; that he received the letter open, and undertook to send it according to its address; also that, in this letter, I in jest had asked him to send me some Hungarian horses, and, should they come, had promised one to Jaschinsky. He read the letter with an air of some surprise; we laughed, and, it being whispered through the army that, in consequence of our late victory, detached corps would be sent into Hungary, Jaschinsky said, "We shall now go and take Hungarian horses for ourselves." Here the conversation ended, and I, little suspecting future consequences, returned to my tent.

I must here make the following observations :

1st. I had not observed the date of the letter brought by the postman, which, as I have said, was antedated four months : This however the Colonel did not fail to remark.

2dly. The probability is that this was a net, spread for me by this false and wicked man. The return of my horses, during the preceding campaign, had been the subject of much conversation. It is possible he had the King's orders to watch me; but more probably he only prevailed on me to write that he might entrap me, by a fictitious answer. Certain it is, my cousin Trenck, at Vienna, affirmed to his death he never received any letter from me, consequently never could send any answer. I must therefore conclude this letter was forged.

(To be continued.)

A R E F L E C T I O N.

THERE is nothing that hath a greater tendency to preserve the mind from contagion, than a reverential idea of the Supreme Being, and a constant recollection of his omnipresence.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

OBSERVATIONS *on the SLAVE TRADE, and on the USE of SUGAR.**To an humane, generous, and benevolent Publick.*

I Congratulate you on the spirit you seem disposed to manifest in your attempt to suppress an horrid enormity, by denying yourselves the use of sugar, after a majority of the British House of Commons have thought proper to continue it; I mean the impious slave trade. I congratulate you, and wish you success. Indeed I am pretty clearly convinced that reformation in any department must begin with you. The love of gold, and the love of pleasure, are vast impediments to those that are more immediately under their baneful influence. They will not see, nor understand, but shut their eyes against the truth.

Slaves there have been, says the self-sufficient superficial writer, and always will be. Why so? It is true, we read in the days of Abraham, of those who were bought with money; but the command concerning them is an intimation of mercy, and the direction to the children of Israel was, "Ye shall not oppress a stranger, for ye know the soul of a stranger, (very emphatical indeed!) for ye were strangers in the land of Ægypt." But yet I believe an Ægyptian bondage was mercy, when compared with the sufferings of the poor Africans.

But we live under a much purer dispensation. Some practices were then tolerated that are now clearly culpable. The Christian having the Great Restorer of Nature for his teacher, a teacher infinitely superior to a Seneca, a Socrates, or a Plato, embraces the purest system of morals, and regarding his instructions, the matter is no longer dubious. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do even so them, for this is the law and the prophets." The gospel, rightly and properly understood, is a system of benevolence. The whole indeed of Revelation teaches compassion to the inferior part of the creation; and they that disregard it, though they may now exult at the idea, will not have long to triumph. But the argument is now in favour of man—and why oppress the poor Africans?—Do they injure us, molest us, or are we in any danger from them? Certainly not!—But are there not monsters in the shape of men to be found, who can traverse a vast tract of ocean after them? Barbarously seizing on their defenceless persons, tearing them from their dearest and nearest connections, amidst surprize,

rapine, murder, and fire, treating them with the utmost barbarity while in their power, and then selling them to wretches as inhuman and unfeeling as themselves, where the dreadful scene is carried on, till completed in their destruction, and that probably long wished for before it arrives. And all these barbarities for no other reasons but because we are stronger than they are, for the sake of sordid gold, and the cultivation of only a luxury.

Might I not address these miscreants in the language of the poet?

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the forest, and invade the fold.
So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side.
Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor!

Thou mayest assume the name, but neither thou nor thy vindicators can have any pretensions to its privileges, and it is not the least of thy guilt that thou dar'st pretend to belong to Him, whose every action was benevolence, and man his neighbour. And if thou wert a convert to so great a teacher, thou wouldest know that neither colour, complexion, animosity, or enmity, made any difference, but that wherever thou findest a fellow man defenceless and distressed, he had a claim to thy kindest offices; or as Soame Jenyns well expresses it, "A Christian is a citizen of the world, and his neighbours and countrymen are the inhabitants of the remotest regions, whenever their distresses demand his friendly assistance." Blush ye barbarous men, and all ye vindicators of this horrid traffic, when you view the character of a Christian so unlike your own.

I might congratulate you also, my benevolent countrymen, on the advantages you may receive as to your own health, and that of your families, by this generous self-denial.—I apprehend it is a fact not reasonably to be controverted, that even the most temperate exceed in point of quantity of nourishment. Now let the rich sweet puddings, the luscious deserts, and all those varieties that are frequently brought forward, of which
sugar

sugar is a grand ingredient, be set aside, and what a temptation to excess will be cut off?

There are some, I allow, that can eat any thing, or do any thing, without feeling much injury to the habit or compunction of spirit: As to these,

————— 'Twere needless to offend,
By useless censure whom we cannot mend.

But I am pretty certain that less head-achs, less stomach complaints, less lowness of spirits, and less need of medicine will be experienced by many, by denying themselves of these luxuries.

Banish sugar from the nursery.—Let children be rationally and properly fed, and not foolishly taught to gratify the appetite, at the expence of the constitution; they would probably be free from disorders, and much expence saved. Let the honest yeoman instead of the trash he purchases at fairs and markets (pleasing the palates of his little ones at the expence of their health) buy something useful for them in the way of apparel. He would render them real service, and save not a little by keeping the apothecary at a distance from them. And do ye, that are generous and benevolent on right principles, look forward with pleasure to the day fast approaching, when tyrants, oppressors, and Gallia-like rulers shall either be changed or crushed, and pure religion with her fair attendants, undissembled charity, and modest liberty, expand itself over the whole habitable world.

Your's, &c.

HUMANUS.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to his own Question, inserted the 24th of October.

THE third term of the given expression is printed affirmative instead of negative; correcting which and adding $100x^2$ to each of the equations, we have $x^4 + 4x^3 + 18x^2 + 28x + 49 = 100x^2$; the \square root of which is $x^2 + 2x + 7 = 10x$, or $x^2 - 8x + 7 = 0$; whose roots are 1 and 7. Again, by dividing the original equation by this last, there results $x^2 + 12x + 7 = 0$; and the roots of this are $-6 + \sqrt{29}$, and $-6 - \sqrt{29}$. So that the four required roots are 1, 7, $-6 + \sqrt{29}$, and $-6 - \sqrt{29}$.

Answer, by R. Gilbert, of Crediton, to Sciolus's Question, inserted October 31.

LET x represent the number required; then by the nature of the question $x^8 = x^3$ by multiplying denominators

$$\frac{\quad}{6561} = \frac{512}{\quad}$$

we have $512x^8 = 6561x^3$. This equation solved gives $x = 1.6654$, the required number.

† We have received the like answer from William Upjohn, of Shafton; and William Stephens junior, St. Hillary.

Answer, by W. W. of Sturminster, to T. Pasmore's Charade, inserted December 12.

COCKSWAIN's an officer, without a doubt,
Which your charade most plainly doth make out;
'Tis his the motions of the boat to guide,
When it doth thro' the boisterous ocean glide.

††† We have received the like answer from J. Ralph, of Wellington; J. Whiteway, Dartington; J. Rees, Bristol; R. Liscombe, Newton Abbot; W. S. H. C. Granger, and Thomas Sparkes, junior, of Exeter; Fidelio, Bath; A. Pinn, Exmouth; J. Duckham, and Abfalom, of Taunton; S. Hill, near Dawlish; and John Tucker, of Penryn.

Answer, by J. Duckham, of Taunton, to the Rebus inserted the 12th of December.

THE place is EXETER where you reside,
The initials will the same at once decide;
A city fam'd for loyalty and trade,
Where many an useful article is made.

§§ We have received the like answer from Fidelio, of Bath; Thomas Sparkes, junior, Juba, H. C. Granger, and W. S. of Exon; W. W. of Sturminster Newton; W. R. of Treneague; Copernicus, of Creed; T. Walker, Hem-yock; Abfalom, of Totnes; J. Whiteway, of Dartington; and S. Hill, near Dawlish.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, by *W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.*

THE equations here subjoin'd, if solv'd aright,
A famous poet they'll present to sight.

$$ax + z = c = 245$$

$$xaz = d = 1200$$

$$xxaazz = e = 1440000$$

$$ax + z + y = 261$$

Whose values denote the places in the alphabet for each letter.

A QUESTION, by *R. Gilbert, of Crediton.*

COASTING along the shore I saw two headlands; the first bore N. N. W. the second N. E. and after sailing E. S. E. 3-4ths easterly 25 miles, the first bore from me N. W. the second N. by E. 1-4th easterly. Required the distance of each of the headlands from the first place of observation, as also their bearing and distance from each other.

A CHARADE, by *Salon, of Totnes.*

MY first is a flavour;
My second's a tree;
My whole is in Cornwall,
Gents, what can it be?

A REBUS, by *W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.*

A Monarch trace who sway'd Britannia's isle;
A valiant Greek by Telegonus slain;
An empire name, where commerce deigns to smile,
And peace and plenty both united reign.

Procure your maps, then search th' Atlantic o'er,
An isle from thence with care expose to view;
A northern constellation next explore;
And last a king whom brave Ulysses slew:

These diff'rent parts will tell, when join'd aright,
An instrument on which I take delight.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Reflections written in a Country Church Yard.

WHILST others taste the balmy sweets of life,
And catch its fragrance ere it flies away,
Far from the reach of envy or of strife,
Thro' life's dull round pursue their blameless way.

My lot, perhaps, in some dark vale may fall,
In some lone cot by grey hills compass'd round,
Where long liv'd ivy creeps along the wall,
And keeps the tott'ring mansion from the ground.

Where from the neighb'ring church-yard yews I hear,
The moping owl sends forth her nightly shriek,
Where mis'ry drops the agonizing tear,
And gentle sympathy learns how to weep.

Where oft the new-made widow'd mother weeps,
And mourns her husband with unnumber'd tears,
Who silent now beneath the green turf sleeps,
Nor heeds the swift flight of revolving years.

To ye, who peaceful from the world have fled,
The crush of empires no dire changes brings ;
Nor aught to you, who're number'd with the dead,
The wreck of kingdoms, or the fall of kings.

But who can tell unless who's felt the grief,
Of mourning hapless o'er a widow'd bed ?
Whose poignant sorrow can find no relief,
With her he lov'd whose ev'ry joy is fled.

Perhaps here lies now mould'ring in the dust,
Retir'd from noise, and from the ills of life,

In the cold bosom of the earth to rest,
A tender mother, and a faithful wife.

Soft as the rain refreshing long-parch'd ground,
So soft her gentle, soothing accents fell,
Diffusing sweetness unto all around,
Like Hybla's honey from its waxy cell.

Clos'd are those lips whose sweet sounds us'd to charm,
Ev'n envy list'ning to her soothing song ;
She ev'n the heart of avarice could warm,
By truths which came persuasive from her tongue.

Dim are those eyes which us'd to shine so bright,
Which rivall'd Phœbus in his eastern ray ;
Clos'd are those now in everlasting night
Which brought new lustre to the blaze of day.

So beauty falls, so beauty silent lies,
Secure from rough blasts, and the ruder storm ;
Pale is her damask cheek, and dark her eyes,
Companion for the solitary worm.

True bliss is not a plant of earthly soil,
It lives not here, but blossoms far away,
Not to be rear'd by any human soil,
But blows in regions of eternal day.

What e'er my fate in this false world may be,
Where'er perchance my hapless lot may fall,
Be mine the care to honour and obey
The one great God who wisely governs all.

B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

T H E R O B I N.

A SONNET to LAURA.

COME, sweet Robin, come to me,
A welcome here you'll find ;
From rain, sweet bird, I'll shelter thee,
And from the piercing wind.

Bound

Bound is the lake in icy chains,
 No food the fields bestow;
 No verdure on the trees remains,
 But all is lost in snow.

Haste, quickly haste, from yonder thorn,
 My humble cheer partake;
 Nor longer sit, sweet bird, forlorn,
 Beside the snow-clad brake.

When summer comes with rosy feet,
 And deck'd with flowers so gay,
 Then haste, my bird, with song so sweet,
 My labour to repay.

If, haply, you my Laura see,
 That sweet rose of the vale!
 From the tall top of beechen tree
 Tell thou this faithful tale.

Thy Edmund dies, and dies for thee,
 Oh! haste with all thy charms;
 And he who once has shelter'd me,
 Shall take thee to his arms.

B.

Elegiac Sonnet to the Willow, in the Character of Laurence Sterne's Maria.

By Mrs. HUGHES.

GENTLE WILLOW, lend thy shade,
 Hang thy sheltering foliage low;
 Screen, ah! screen a wandering maid,
 Screen her from yon world of woe!
 Lower still thy branches bend,
 Waving as the zephyrs play,
 Till they to the stream descend,
 And shield me from oppressive day.
 So may that stream unceasing flow,
 And deck thee in eternal green!
 So may thy shade still deeper grow,
 Till not a sun-beam pierce between!
 And, Philomel, with sweetly plaintive song,
 For ever chant thy verdant boughs among.